

HACKED

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ERROR 404

CHAPARRAL

NOT

FOUND



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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT we've been hacked, we may as well admit it all. We've got nothing to lose. I'll give you the whole story. The REAL truth, once and for all.

Now THAT this good old cube of ours has completed its revolution, its denizens have been making their resolutions. They have resolved to eat a diet of only legumes and of meats conspicuously wrapped in lettuce. They have resolved to alphabetize their bookshelves and to bring their snack drawers up to ISO standards. They have resolved to begin a whole new year based on self-denial and nootropics. They speak of their resolutions now, but will say little of their success later, and whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent — that's Wittgenstein for you crazies.

Now THAT the froth has settled on the champagne, we get back to

STAFF

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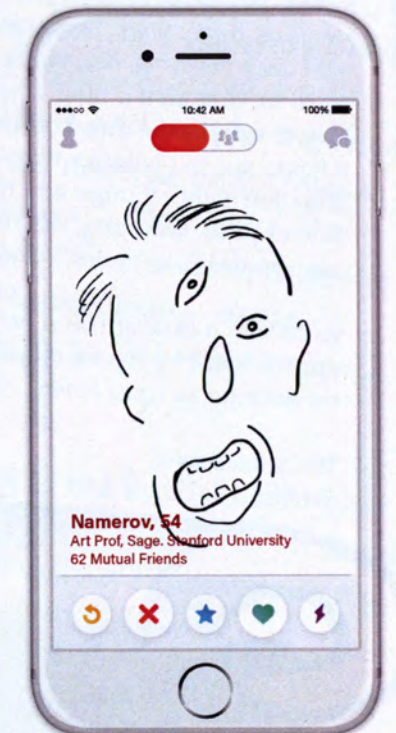
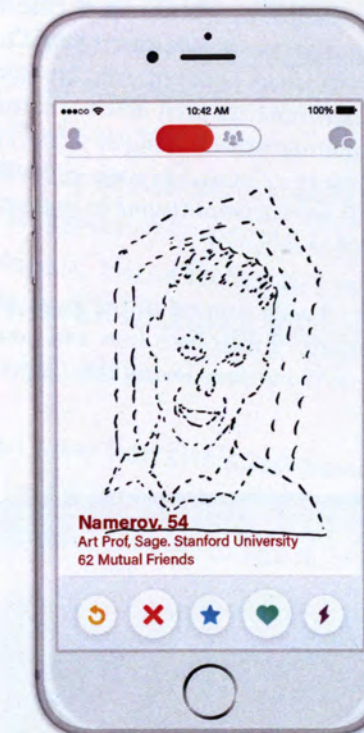
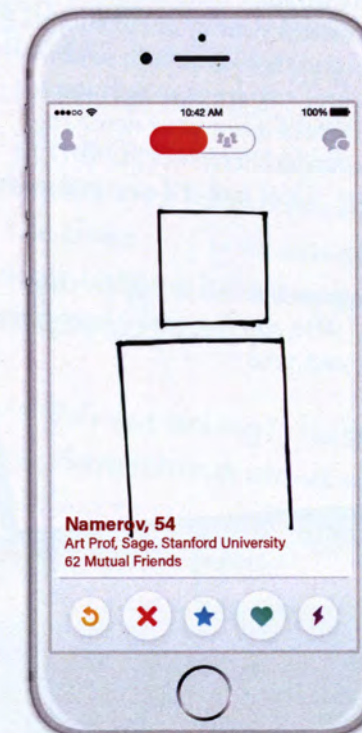
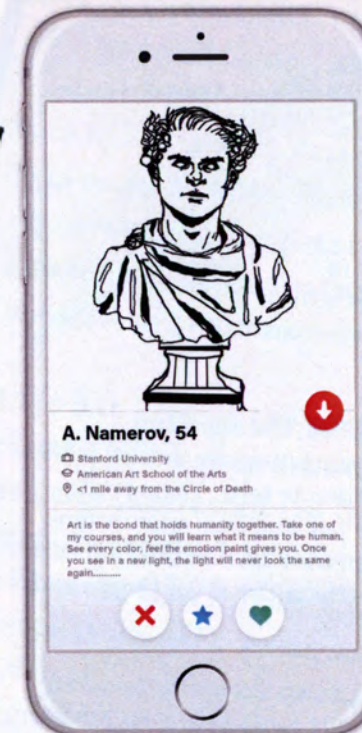
running back and forth swiping left and right on our dating apps, but never to send a message, held back by crippling fear of anyone we find remotely attractive, until our admirers are married and old and grey and buried six feet seven inches beneath the ground. We proselytize for the Flat-Earthers, first out of irony, then out of stone-faced denial of that ugly truth that we live on a dodecahedron composed of regular trapezoids. We save money on pens out of force of habit, and fall ill with ink poisoning when they leak in our pockets once again.

Now THAT you come to think of it, we live in a world we can hardly recognize from a decade ago, or a year ago, or a second ago, or from lunch next Wednesday. We turn to various ideologies, to communism, bannonism, centrism, platonism, calvinism, neoliberalism, cultism, cubism, curvism, or social democracy, all to make sense of a world spiraling out of control. We look to subsume reality under this or that system of ideas, to pretend that we can solve all our problems, spiritual and temporal, just by doing a bit of category theory or pretending to enjoy

cont. on p. 9

Professor

The fun way to find courses.... and more....



Have you ever found it difficult to find a great professor? Well, your troubles are now solved, with *Professor*, a new app designed by Stanfreud University with students and professors in mind. Too often there are lonely students, bored students. Students are enrolled in (gasp) less than 20 units!

Too often are there professors who are just misunderstood. Let *Professor* be the solution to ED: Enrollment Dysfunction. With a profile like our example here, you'll be netting studes in no time, flat. Only \$299.99 per quarter instructor fee; always free for students™.

THE MAN WHO INVENTED PAPER

Dearest Cassius,

How's my favorite "ideas guy" doing? I do hope the forest is treating you well. Heard from Tom up the acropolis that it's a bit treacherous this time of year. I plead that you return with more trees soon, because your "Paper" concept has really taken off back here in Rome. Pardon my Latin, but people are absolutely losing their *suavis nimis* over it. Just the other day I was showing your wife Eunice some sheets, and you want to know what she said? She said "that's tearably wonderful!" Can you believe that? A single word with two meanings. Perhaps we should get Eunice involved in the business of invention. If you can't be beautiful, be smart, right? I jest! Anyway, I could see us going completely global by the next summer solstice - Europe, China, AND Egypt. Think of how many villages we could reach. I can think of three right now just sitting here!

To briefly check in, I've got a number of PR initiatives underway. Right off the bat, I've signed on a couple of tunic and lifestyle influencers to carry Paper with them around the market square, be seen with it around the apothecary, bathhouse, stoning hut, etc. People are already beginning to talk. Yours truly has been scattering pieces of Paper into the wind around town, and a number of folk and local wildlife have already picked up some of the pages! Also, do you remember Big Hermacles from the Bacchanalia kickback? He has a major in with the Emperor's daughter. He's confident that we can get the entire royal family and clergy writing on our Deluxe Paper by the end of this rainy season.

I'm being completely honest with you when I say that I've never seen something so revolutionary in all my moons. Ptolemy the town fool had been sketching his strange numbers into the dirt behind the amphitheater for years before your Paper came along. As fun as it'd been to accidentally walk through them on my way to work each morning, he'd really been weirding people out, and it's nice to see the streets clear of disturbing stuff like that. I've seen a huge difference in the school children, too. Instead of carrying stone tablets to school, they're using your Paper, so the administration has been able to increase the school day from 30 minutes to 8 hours due to the faster travel time! In other news, a gang of school children burned down your house the other fortnight. Eunice and the kids have since moved in with your neighbor Charles Cleversworth. Isn't he Rome's other ideas guy, the one who sells recreational thyme to apprentice boys? Total jerk, I'd say, but what can you do?

As for me, a little of this a little of that, I walk around in the grass, then I walk on the rocks. My brother was trampled by a pack of wolves yesterday. I miss both him and you dearly. Also, my feet really hurt from the walking on rocks hobby. Anyway, we're out here loving this Paper thing - and you!

Write back soon,
Barth

Barth,

I hope you know that one person can't be everything to everyone all the time. Kind of like I can't be the guy who tells you my problems and the guy who listens to your problems. Anyway, as an ideas guy, I'm so happy to hear that my Paper idea is such a hit! Not that I'm at all surprised. It came to me suddenly, as these things tend to do. There I was, tending to my garden herbs when it hit me, and I immediately yelled "I have it!" I remember saying that because I remember thinking that if my life were a play, people in the audience would stop and think "No one actually talks to themselves out loud. That's cliché." After that, I stood up, smacked the popsicle out of the hand of a village girl who was walking by, and headed straight to you. I was so excited about the possibilities of Paper, and only wanted to share my excitement with you, Barth. You really are my best friend.

Life out here in the forest has been pretty lonely as of late, but it's also allowed me plenty of time to brainstorm some new business ideas that I think you're going to be very interested in. For example: rules about life written on Paper. With these, people wouldn't be able to go around cutting off other people's heads because, instead, whenever this happened, it would be considered "breaking a rule," and then we'd have to come up with some sort of punishment for them. Also, this idea called "Marriage." With this, couples could commit themselves to each other for the entirety of their lives via a Paper document that makes it official. This way, one wouldn't have to worry about local idiots like Charles Cleversworth coming by and stealing his girl and children. I'd like to marry Eunice as soon as possible, so please add that to the Paper with the list of things we need to do in the future. Also, here's another one: "Music." Anything you write down on Paper could be considered "Songs." That way, the good people of Rome could stop listening to people like Charles Cleversworth talking all the time. If you haven't noticed, these ideas are all double-whammy deals because they're both ingenious new inventions and great ways to sell more Paper.

Business 101 AD.

How's Eunice doing? Last time I saw her she said something to me but I forgot what it was. Something about really loving the Paper idea. I wish I could write her instead of talking to you, but she doesn't know how to read. How's it going on the teaching-Eunice-to-read front?

Tell her I miss her like a lion needs a gladiator. No, like a quill needs Paper.

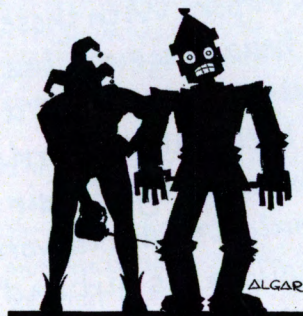
Thanks,

Cassius

What's more hacky than a hack? A hack. Hacks are hacking away at your precious Stanford Experience® all the time. Don't get hacked anymore. Hack away at the hacks in your life. Here's a list to help you start identifying the worst offenders.

14 THINGS @Stanford that are HACKS

01 : MTL + his army of clones



02 : Vaden Health Center

03 : The Marguerite

04 : 5-Sure

05 : My Uber Driver who couldn't find me

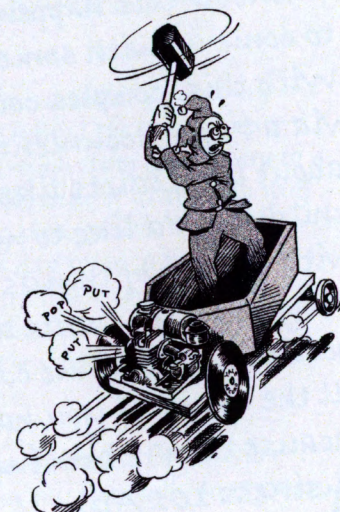
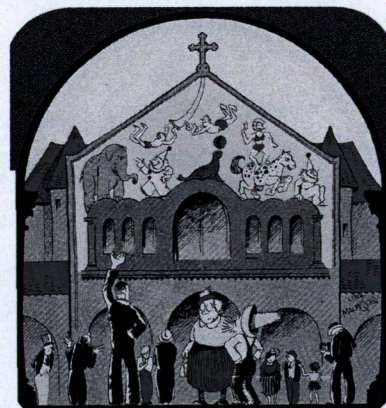
06 : The Starbucks barista who took 25 minutes on my mobile order

07 : My TA, who says things like, "Lizzie Bennet is the type of person THAT"

08 : The singular water fountain in Crothers

09 : That person who can't bike around a circle

10 : Religious Studies majors



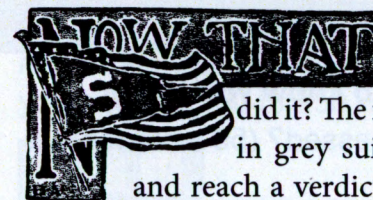
11 : Shakespeare

12 : Hacks

13 : William J. Hack + family

14 : Math + Phil Double Majors

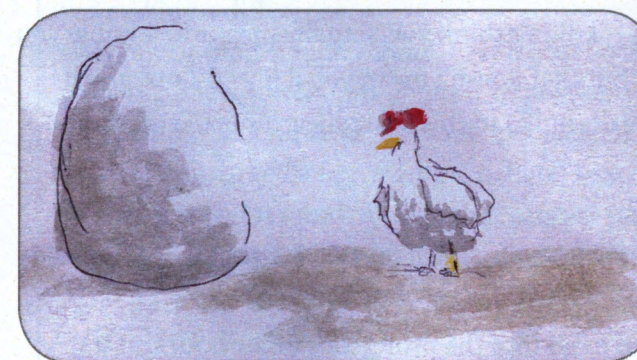
Russian potato liquid, or preferably both. But try as we may, we will never gain any kind of foothold or purchase upon a reality that has been hacked. At long last, the only thing we can think to do is to embrace our Lord and Savior Leland Stanford in all his glory, yet even that may not be enough.



it's been done, who cares who did it? The men in high places in grey suits will investigate and reach a verdict on how it all fell to pieces, but who will put it back together? They will pry the pin out of the pincushion to put in Putin but are not the hackers, in the end, the hacked as well? Are they not perched right along with us on the same shell of the same cracked egg? — for hacking is never a surgical strike. The hacker's hatchet, like the atom bomb, is not something to fool around with. It giveth, and it just as soon taketh away.

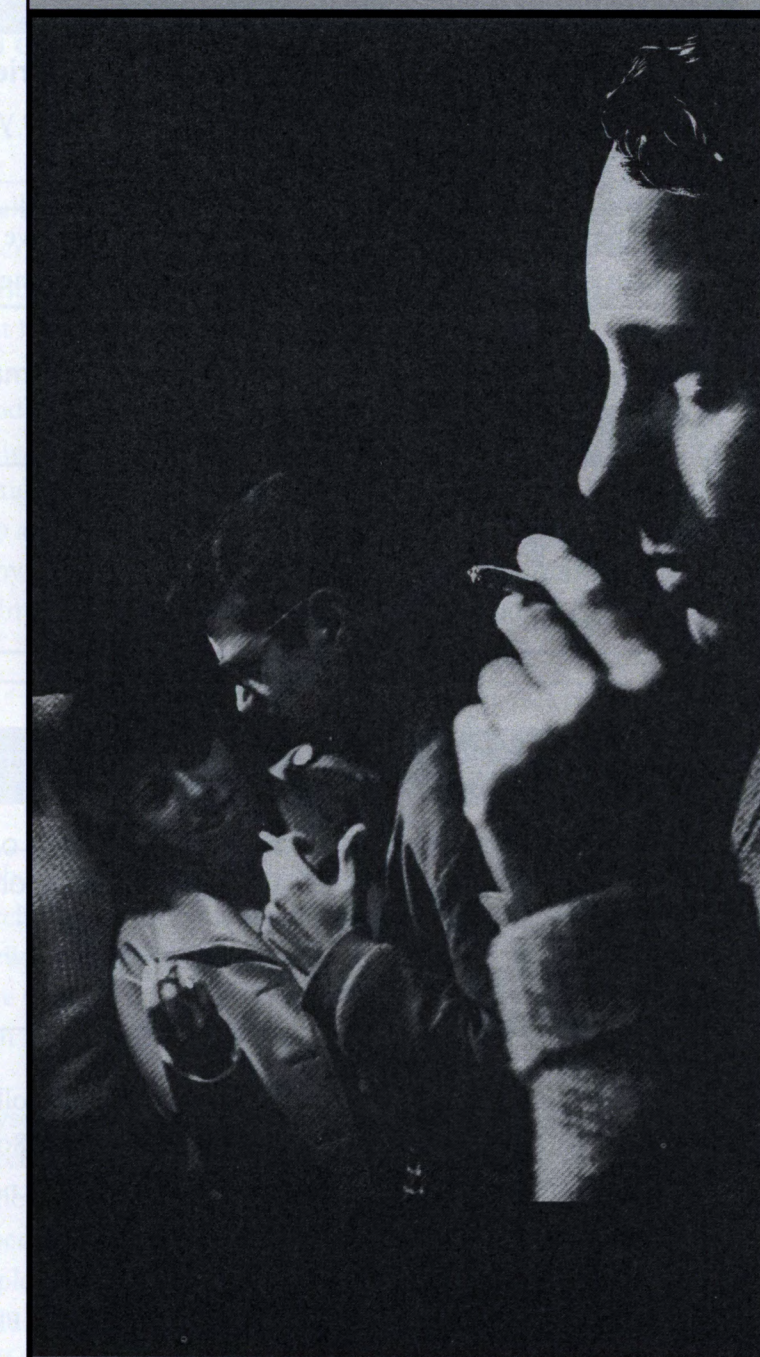
NOW THAT the cream filling has leaked out of this profiterole of the world, so much remains unfinished and yet so little remains to be done. Pretty cold back in the Midwest, then... what about here? When's the rain going to let up — it's been raining for three straight days. Enough small talk — did you hear about the Russia investigation? Did you hear about how they got rid of the open bar at the Vox.com Christmas party?

cont. on p. 19



The Eternal Question

Don't be a square:
Write for the
Chaparral



No teen-ager wants to be a square.

Ad by Harrison Bronfeld & Nicholas Cline

THE UNCOMMON APPLICATION

Welcome, Florence 'Flo' Moore III!
First Year | CAID 10313300

▼ Writing Questions

Briefly respond to the following two inquiries so we can get to know you better.

What historical moment or event do you wish you could have witnessed? (50 word max)*

B / U

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln; I would have liked to see the play, "Our American Cousin" because I hear it is a lot like "My Cousin Vinnie," one of my favorite films.

What five words best describe you? (5 word max)*

B / U

1. Do
2. Not
3. Box
4. Me
5. In

▼ Short Essays

Virtually all of Stanford's undergraduates live on campus. Write a note to your future roommate that reveals something about you or that will help your roommate—and us—know you better. (100 to 250 words)*

B / U

Hello, mother:

When you said you were following me to college, I didn't think you actually meant it. I know you and Dad loved your time on The Farm back in the 80s, but that doesn't mean you'll love it now, and it certainly means I won't. Just because you built the new dorm I'm in this year, doesn't mean you should get to move in here.

Let's set some ground rules:

- 1) If someone asks me if I'm related to THAT Florence Moore, I will say no. I expect you to say the same.
- 2) If I get below an A on a test, you are not allowed to go into the professor's office hours. If it's below a B, we can talk about it.

- 3) Do not let my masseuse come into the room unless I am there. I don't trust Ying. She has been eyeing my Chanel handbag.
- 4) Most importantly, if I am in the room, you are to be elsewhere.
On a more serious note, I am worried about what this dynamic will do to your relationship with Dad, since you won't be living with him. Caleb is all the way in Donner, so you and Dad are sort-of long distance.
Love, Flo

Virtually all of Stanford's undergraduates live on campus. Write a note to your future roommate that reveals something about you or that will help your roommate—and us—know you better. (100 to 250 words)*

B / U

This past summer, I worked at a small startup called Facebook. That was important to my intellectual vitality because it taught me how to be a software engineer, which is something I want to be. It taught me how to have a conspicuously good work ethic and it taught me how to collaborate profusely with others. I cannot give juxtaposed examples of how it taught me that, but it did; the vibe was there.

The other thing about Facebook that sparked my intellectual vitality was it made me realize that I am a well-rounded intellectual; my boss said I was really good at writing (code), and said I was taking a noble path by wanting to major in CS because it's a sign of an intellectual. (Take that, people who do English and History.) Truth be told, I did not know exactly what the "vitality" part meant, but because I am resourceful (another skill taught to me by Facebook), I was able to look it up and figure it out. Because of my *intellectual vitality*, I look up a different word every day and incorporate it into my conversation and writing. I use these words quotidian.

Therefore, Facebook awoke my intellectual vitality and development and without it, I wouldn't be what I am today.

What matters to you, and why? (100 to 250 words)*

B / U

Making a difference in this messy world we all share is what is important to me.

A few months ago, I attended the Women's March. I went with all of my girlfriends. We wore our parkas and knit hats, and we marched down the streets of New York, only stopping a few times to take insta pics and update our snap stories so the world would know we were up in arms. "We will not stand by this," we shouted, not knowing what the antecedent to "this" was. When I looked at the women and gay men around me, I knew that I was making a difference.

My junior year of high school, I set a goal for myself to read an article about something important every day and write a few statements about it to post on Facebook to let all my friends know that our society has problems. For example, when I read that some people give their cats non-organic milk, I knew I had to do something about it. My post sparked a fierce online debate; some people claimed this wasn't a major issue and wasn't worth their time, and then I reminded them that cats are people, too. I value life in a way that many people do not, which is also why I never post articles about abortion, because I don't think it's worth engaging in a dialogue there.

What I've realized over time is that making a difference really doesn't require a lot of effort, just passionate Facebook posts. And after all, if I wasn't even willing to dedicate time to those posts, was I using my place of privilege for good?

DIGNITY

BY SAMANTHA KARGILIS

In the solemn privacy of my room, I ran inventory on what remained of my most prized possessions. First and foremost there was the Barbie Dream House, clearly at the top of the rank with its name-brand logo and varied kitchen and bathroom amenities — amenities that allowed for the comfortable lifestyle I required. Gazing at its miniature laundry basket and functional doorbell, it occurred to me that the house would need to be protected at all costs. I closed my eyes and made a quiet promise to myself that I'd shred my enemies into a pulp before allowing it to fall into the wrong hands.

To my right lay a smattering of Mr. Potatohead body parts. Next to those stood a couple nameless supporting characters from the Polly Pocket series and a close-knit family of Furbies out of a McDonalds Happy Meal. All essential personnel. I sorted them into the "Vital" pile along with the Dream House and a few stray paper clips I pulled from under my bed. The only toys that remained were the Pet Rocks, two chunks of concrete that'd arrived to an icy reception on a particularly fraught Christmas morning. I threw them into my "Trash" pile in the garbage can, better destroyed than lost to Sharon Malone, the Neighborhood Darling, and most unbearable person I'd ever encountered.

I could still recall a happier time before I'd met Sharon. In the brief blissful moments before I knew her, I'd been performing figure-eights on my motorized Hello Kitty scooter, the picture of health. She'd smiled and waved at me from her front lawn, assuming I'd want anything to do with the oatmeal cookies she put out on her porch each day. As if she weren't the human version of oatmeal flavoring.

Up until Sharon, the vast majority of old people I'd encountered were profoundly angry, their words bubbling with hundreds of years of pent up, decrepit rage. Sharon, though, kept her anger under wraps, carefully concealed beneath the infinity scarfs she wrapped around her neck and had probably used to strangle countless neighborhood children. There she stood at four foot five and ninety years, and as I pulled up to her driveway, purely out of obligation, she said something along the

lines of "mind the cracks in the pavement!" She said it once, then repeated it again, a bit louder the second time. You could tell from the way she was smiling that she thought it was really clever, that smug bitch. I hated her immediately.

Sharon suffered from a number of supposed physical ailments, and in this way had managed to sucker my parents into waiting on her hand and foot. It started out slowly: a couple home visits here and there, a Tim Hortons run or two. Her posture was suspiciously good for someone who couldn't fetch her own mail, but the situation was bearable. Soon, though, I was cleaning the lipstick from her glassware, checking up on her periodically, sorting her collection of restaurant napkins into whites and creams.

"It's really not necessary," she'd exclaim to my parents, exactly the kind of thing someone who thought my labors were entirely necessary would say.

"If we don't check on her, those dogs will eat her alive," my mother would whisper to me in privacy, posing as a rational adult. She'd recently watched a news story on a grandmother who'd died in her home, consumed by her cats and dogs in the days that followed. "Is that what you want for Sharon? To be eaten by her own pets?"

It was an intriguing idea.

"Why don't you take some of these leftovers to Sharon?" she'd badger me at dinner.

"I don't feel comfortable taking food to one person in the neighborhood unless everyone in the neighborhood receives a fair portion."

"But we don't have enough for everyone, and Sharon could really use this m—"

"And isn't that the problem? We'll never have enough for everyone, right? So many people are starving in the world, and when you think about all of those guys, Sharon seems pretty insignificant, doesn't she? Wow she does, doesn't she. I agree. It's really sad," I'd say before stuffing another bite into my mouth. "It's really good to take the time to think about these people. Don't let them be forgotten."

Up until Sharon's arrival, my life had been enclosed within the walls of my elementary school and my house and the ten miles of I-96 that lay between them, everything else an interruption. And I certainly wasn't looking to be interrupted. Instead, I tolerated Sharon as one tolerates a cyst, slightly repulsed but resigned to the unfortunate direction my life had taken. Then my parents gave her my bike, and it quickly became apparent that nothing and no one was safe in the wake of her wrath.

My Bike #1. The sparkly pink one with the tassels on the handlebars. I'd been busy riding My Bike #2 when it'd happened. Up until that point, I'd fully believed in the reliability of my alleged parents, that is until I'd looked up and caught none other than my own mother abducting My Bike #1 from its rightful place in the garage attic. As she wheeled the bike across the street, I bolted to its defense, jetting across the front lawn and launching myself head first atop the back tire, thrusting my arms through the two rear training wheels for good measure. I began clawing at the leather seat

and managed to snap off the front mirror before she dislodged my grip. In the process of my valiant attack, I'd banged my elbow quite violently against the bike's metal handlebars, though I pretended that it didn't hurt so as not to distract from my main objective.

My mother looked at me for a while, as one might eye a spot of roadkill on the side of the highway, then gestured toward our garage and a rack of three or four other bikes that also happened to belong to me.

"Don't give it to her, please! You can do anything to me, beat me, skin me alive. Do you want my Farmer's Almanac? Take it! My fingernails? If you insist! I'll even throw in all of my socks, just don't take the pink one, I'm begging you!"

Unfazed, my mother continued to drag the mangled bike across the street.

"It's okay."

"It's okay, I can keep my bike, or 'it's okay, you're bringing it to Sharon."

"It's okay' I'm bringing it to Sharon. Everything's going to be fine."

"Going to be fine, I can keep my bike, or 'going to be fine, Sharon will die and never bother us again?"

In the aftermath of the lost bike, I mourned publicly for a time, shortly after which I retreated into a period of intense melancholy and self-doubt. Sharon would be after my Dream House next, of that I could be sure.

The old woman had won the bike, and worse yet, she looked incredible on it. She'd won, and she knew it. In the evenings that followed, Sharon would bike by my house without fail, all fanny packs

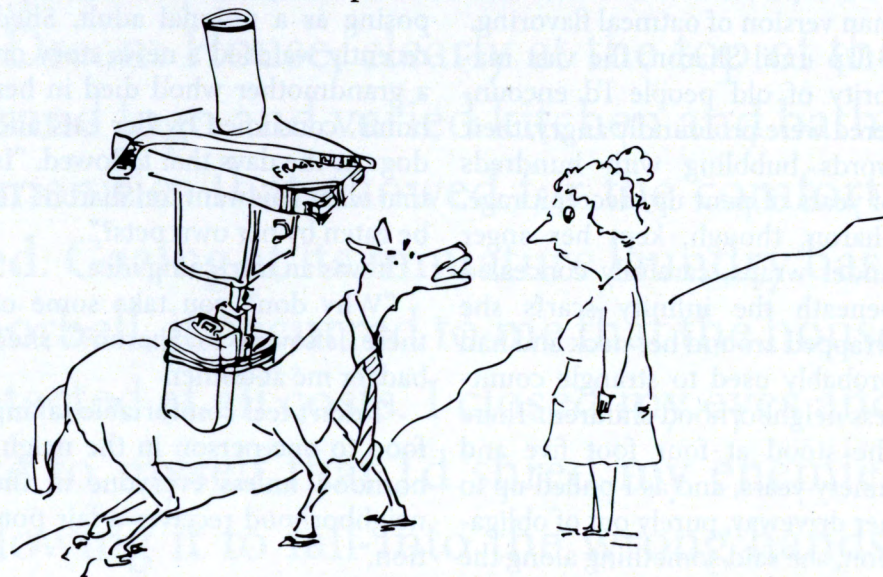
and deranged smiles, looking like a glowing, grandmotherly goddess. More often than not, she'd summon the audacity to stray onto our lawn, shaking with what appeared to be vertigo, but I recognized instantly as maniacal laughter.

Something had to be done about Sharon, and soon. Every afternoon, my parents made me take her dog for a walk, and before long, I'd begun purposefully following slower routes that would bring me past public parks ripe with local ears. "Jeez that old woman down the street sure is old. Certainly not able to take care of herself anymore. Wish there was some place she could go where people could take care of her, a home for seniors or something. Someone should invent that." I'd shrug and walk onward until I encountered my next target. "Sharon from down the road? Is that you? Oh sorry I thought you were Sharon, the old woman who lives down the road in that hideous house. She has those same shoes, uses them to kick babies. She's about 100 years old and really shouldn't be living on her own anymore."

Word didn't seem to be spread-

ing about Sharon like I'd thought it would. None of my tactics worked. When I taunted her, she just issued her annoying little laugh, the one that sounded like the tinkle of the world's ugliest bell, and patted me on the head with her gross, weed-wacker hands. I was running out of ideas, and had long since driven myself to a point of severe psychological damage that would follow me for years to come. One day I couldn't take it anymore. I knew what she wanted, and I finally gave in. In the dead of night, I snuck over to Sharon's doorstep and deposited the one thing I truly loved, my Barbie Dream House complete with miniature laundry basket and functional sink. I gave the faucet one last turn and walked away, all at once feeling a profound sense of loss, growth, and pride.

Now that she had it, perhaps the feuding could end. I was finally ready to hold up a white flag, and I knew she had several white, lightly used napkins lying around with which she could do the same. I found it difficult to be the bigger person, but it also made sense. I was two inches taller than the brat, after all. •



Couple's Retreat

Stanford

Stanford Tree <tree@stanford.edu>

Love Confession

1 message

[Redacted] <[Redacted]@stanford.edu>

To: Stanford Tree <tree@stanford.edu>

My Love,

My feelings for you have grown far beyond what I first thought possible. Ever since I first saw you at the big game your very image has rooted its way into my brain, and your sweet, autumn smell has lingered into my nose.

Every time I look outside I think about you, and I know I should be ashamed. We are from different backgrounds, you and I, and society would never accept us together... but I don't care! Society knows not of your gentle, down to earth nature or your absolutely tantalizing eyes - that is the real you, and I want it all. I must confess: I'm in love with you Stanford Tree.

I love everything about you; the way you look at me like a smoked piece of meat, the way you smile like you know my deepest darkest secrets, the way you move as if a demon is attempting to burst out of your leafy plumage. But you are more than your ravishing looks. I know your plumage is beyond leafy; it is caring, it is thoughtful... it's as if, deep down, you are human.

Despite what my parents keep telling me, I'm not going through a phase. Yes, my first crush was the Honey Nut Cheerios Bee and yes, I cannot deny, I'd let Mr. Clean do my dirty laundry any day - but this, my love, this is real! I want to be with you forever Stanford Tree, axe be damned. I want to have multiple half-human half-tree, Groot-like creatures running midst our quaint prairie home. I want to feel your warm bristles midst my skin when we go to bed. I want to die and be buried by you, that way my body will become soil and a new tree will grow from our love.

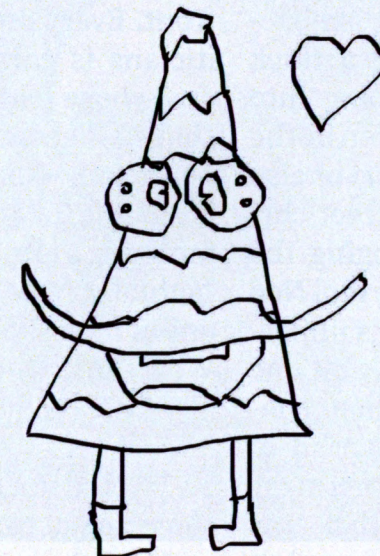
But, the world can never know what I feel about you. I will delete this email as soon as I finish writing it, and once again I will go to bed hoping that, one day, I will have the strength to push send.

But amidst the winter, the spring will come again. Tis then that our love shall bloom. For now, I wish you adieu my love.

Botanically Yours,

• Your Sul-tree Suitor

P.S. It is impossible to capture your perfection, my pulchritudinous plant. But this has not stopped me from trying. Please see attachment.





"None of its cities is notable for anything except for being a city in New Jersey. 'Actually, New Jersey's great,' one of its residents might say. With those words he has lost all of the credibility he never had."

Point: I don't want to be part of the same country as fscking New Jersey.

-Sam Pellikargilliegrino

On the other side of this nation lies a land of sulphur and sewage, pollution billowing from its smokestacks and forming a thick layer of death seeping into the Atlantic. Here, men by the name of Bob or Robert or also Bob stand on the street corners like boors, singing the praises of their false idol Noo Jooooooooiseeeeey. It is impossible to walk five feet on one of their beaches without contracting one of a myriad of deadly ailments from a stray Hypodermic. Not that any other surface, flat or curved, in this reprehensible state fares much better on that front. Every one of their politicians is corrupt and any one whose hand one of them shakes becomes a corrupt politician. None of its cities is notable for anything except for being a city in New Jersey. "Actually, New Jersey's great," one of its residents might say. With those words he has lost all of the credibility he never had.

I would not be surprised if some rogue gas stations had

returned to selling leaded gasoline in this hell-state, not so much out of malice of their own, as by popular demand. If so, the lead would be the least of the problems of those buying it. It would be faster to travel between any two points of New Jersey by foot than by automobile, without a doubt. Pity that travel by foot is not an option in this state, save for a kind of brachiation to which its denizens have resorted between feral house plants and mile-wide chunks of the Pacific Garbage Patch that have migrated around Tierra Del Fuego and back up along the Atlantic coast of the Americas all just to arrive at their natural home on land in

(cont.)

The arguments for and against Calexit have been debated ad nauseam, its merits and demerits argued back and forth. But every initiative on the California ballot must meet one acid test before eking its way out from the purgatory of debate, to the realm of the Good. That is, has it acquired the support of the public, and not just the numerical support but the truly legitimate support that would lead a tried-and-true Calexiter to lay his (or ostensibly her) life or at least dignity on the line to throw down that trail of national crumbs between Lake Tahoe and Carson City? Methinks not. Methinks that, within the 52% of the voting public coming out in support of Calexit, the 29% from the more unfair sex have, by their superior numbers and allegedly superior virility, overpowered the 27% from the female crowd into seeking their romantic wares by pulling

the lever for secession. And it falls upon us true patriots to California and the nation to speak up for what the modern woman, in her heart of hearts, truly, earnestly wants.

It continues to elude me what quirk of intellectual chemistry, what cognitive mis-asma could possibly possess the feminine mind to coerce her into sincerely disagreeing with the one just and righteous position on Calexit. With men it is easy. The modern Californian man has seen his movie sets depart for Chicago in hopes of fiscal and fiduciary lucre, his salamanders fleeing from our dear state, no matter how low we drain our lakes to accommodate them, in hopes of a better life in Michigan and Wisconsin.

He has seen his vineyards fleeing to Oregon, their winding tendrils scampering up and down our scenic North Coast and strangling everyone in sight while blocking off portions of Highway 1 and taking coveted grape-stomping jobs with them. The historic blockchain industry has evaporated upward towards Seattle, and the manufacture of that most precious of Californian commodities, smut, has predictably left for Southwest Vermont after the latest mandatory goggle requirements for pronographical film actors. And many men, with their sense of entitlement and refusal to compromise, have refused to do what any woman's natural thought process would lead to, which is

(cont.)

**Counterpoint:
Female
Calexiters are
just doing it for
the boys, I'm
afraid.**

**-Dick
Martinelli**



Saffron Blaze, via <http://www.mackenzie.co>. CC BY-SA 3.0

CALEXIT

New Jersey.

My ancestors did not immigrate from Italy to have our culture besmirched by those who hawk the vile "gabagool" rather than the civilized Capicola, who have brought to America not Pizza, but dry, room-temperature foccacia with canned tomatoes on top of it and a sprinkling of Romano. Disgusting. •

CALREMAIN

of course to stick it out and stop trying to resist the winds of the global economy. There are tens of thousands of part-time jobs available in the new "gig economy" and thus no cause for complaint, but I suppose I can see why men haven't gotten the memo.

Yet it simply boggles the mind how the gentle nature of womankind could have any part in this radical scheme, outside of the gilded al-

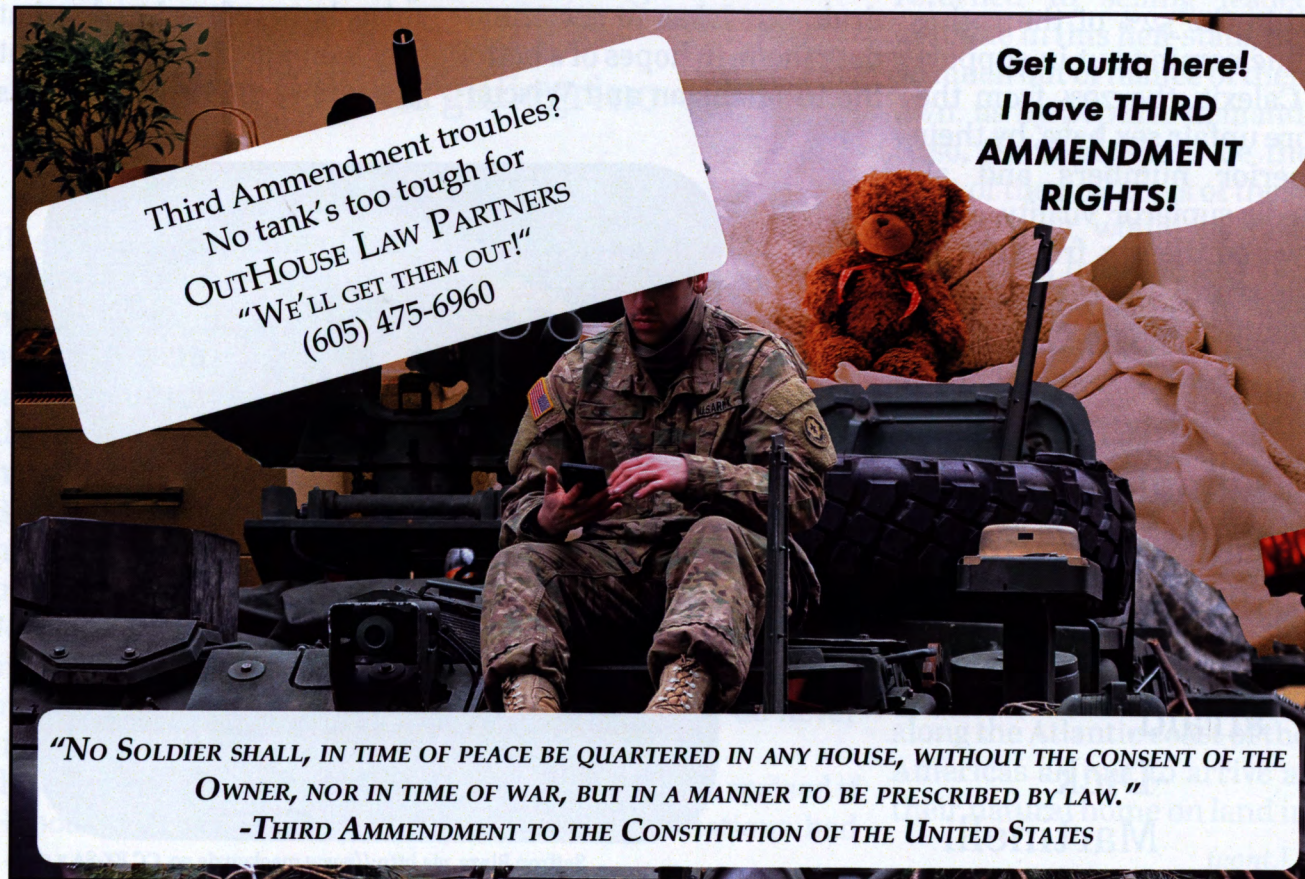
lure of men's tender vittles. To start, the female condition is possessed of an intrinsic pragmatic realism that should, unclouded by the temptations of men's advances, foreclose any attempts at "rocking the boat" or "shaking up the system." As progressive as today's society may be women have still yet to escape the reality of being a woman in America today. Today's woman still recognizes that, despite her protests, the men in her life will simply never stop droning on and on around her about such things as census-designated places. She has learned to accept it and move on. And for any woman in her right mind or for that matter any mind of hers at all would wisely apply similar notions to the matter of Calexit. As even if we vote for it could we even get a majority in the Congress to agree to it? Not a chance. Every other state in this Union, drowning as it is in the precious commodity of Water, will want access to the unquenchable Californian market for that timeless beverage over the coming years. Whether a denizen of the U.S. needs a psychic to read his goldfish's fortune or a professional dog tanner to bronze his canine or a Software Engineer to tell him that he has bad parameters, he will not want to do so under the

crushing burden of a five per cent tariff.

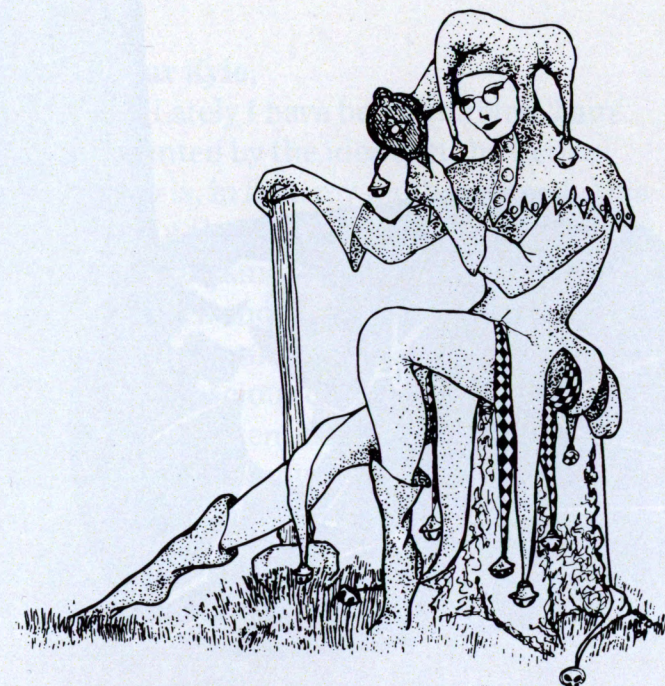
It is a brute reality that the Calexit man is more enticing to the common Californian woman than your average Calremainer. He talks smooth, slides into the room like butter, etc. etc. etc. But take a closer look and you will see a very, very small man inside. He is overcompensating, to tie his personal pride up with his state. California is a literal phallus. Yet I will admit, most Calremainers have neither the charm nor the good looks of the "Calexit bros." But a small minority of us do. We're out there, ladies, so don't despair just yet. Do you hear that, Martha? When I remarry, it shall be to someone who is not FRIGID. Yes, Martha, I'm paying my child support. No, Martha. You can't. You just can't. You took the sage, the oregano, the rosemary. Tarragon and chervil I countenanced, caraway and catnip I forgave. I thought it would stop at cilantro and dill, but even when fennel and lemon verbena entered the picture, I said fine. Good for you. Do what you will. But this, Martha, this is the last straw. Not anymore. I am coming to your house, Martha. I am Reclaiming My Thyme. •



"What I really want to know is, where are all the moderate women condemning this?"



Continuation of Now That, from p. 9



NOW THAT woman over there with the radiant skin? She's made it to the twenty-four hour mark in 2018. Her goal for the new year is to prevent future celebrity deaths. She will focus on the likable ones and work her way down to those staring in the reality television series Flavor Flav's "Flavor of Love." She's already managed to save Angela Lansbury, Taio Cruz, and Bjork, to name some of her best work, and we really can't take another David Bowie tragedy in this climate. Not again, and not so close to the Ben Stiller Show box set release date. No, we'll need this glowing angel and her skin more than ever in the coming year. ➡

From th ditors Dsk

Dar Radrs,

I rgrt to inform you that my kyboard has
bn HACKD! I'm not sur how it happnd or why it
happnd, but I hav bn th victim of mrcilious
sabotag. Th hackrs hav takn th "" ky from my
keyboard, prvntning m from typing anything with th
lttr "". Phrass that I can no longr writ includ,
"Th Stanford Rviw," "Th Daily," and "Th fipsid."
Thankfully, "Chaparral" is still within my grasp.

Sincerly,

Chrs,

Lov,

Thanks,

Th ditor.



DEAR KYLE: THE CHAPARRAL ADVICE COLUMN

Dear Kyle,

This week has been a disaster.
My wife has just told me that she has
been sleeping with Biff the upstairs
neighbor for the past six months.

How do I tell her that I have also
been sleeping with Biff the upstairs
neighbor for the past six months?

Heart Wants What the Heart Wants

Dear Heart,

My own marriage was caught in a
very similar situation. Except, in that
case, "Biff the upstairs neighbor" was
really our marriage counselor, and "the
past six months" was really last week
for a passionate four hours. What a
way to spend a Tuesday evening! My
life is awesome. Sounds like yours
sucks! I know it must hurt to hear it,
but that's what I'm here for.

Kyle

...

Dear Kyle,

Lately I have been troubled. I am
haunted by the idea that the Coupa
lady is, in fact, my mother. Clearly this
is not the case; I have an actual mother
whose name is Sharon. She raised
me well and I love her very much, so
I simply cannot explain why I feel a
subconscious draw to the Coupa lady,
who is essentially a stranger. The
most she knows about me is my coffee
order! How do I go about dealing with
these emotions?

Confused Son

Dear Confused,

I agree that you are hugely
mistaken, but because you are focusing
in the wrong place. Of course the
Coupa lady is your mother. Why would
you even begin to think otherwise?
She has poured herself into loving you,
and you have gone and repaid her by
creating some imaginary whore named
Sharon? Where is your respect? Go to
your mother. Bring her flowers. She
loves you, and you know you love her
too. Don't waste another moment. Next
in liiiiiine, next in line.

Kyle



"Eyes up here!"



Tristan Navarro: Союз Советских Социалистических Республик, СССР —you got me.

Samantha Kargilis: Single Asian Female searching for Collusion Partner.....

Hannah Rowen: Colluding with no one. Canoodling with many.

Harrison Bronfeld: Debbie Wasserman Shultz and the DNC.

Kyle Van Rensselaer: Real question is, who's colluding *against* me?? I'll tell you. Everyone.

Tristison Uyumazfeld: Divorced Asian Father searching for Collusion Partner.....

Bora Uyumazturk: I plead the 2nd. *Removes Safety*

Ian Scott Knight: The Australians. God have mercy on the emus, for we will not.

Mark York: A dark, twisted demon, who lies within my soul. Beware.

Yorcline Klylen: Asian Person seeking Collusion Threesome.....

Nick Cline: Ummm... Excuse me?

Scott Mutchnik: The shirts for fun, the skins for profit.

Sophia Stefan: The Lizard People®

Who are you
colluding with?

OAPE* Presents....

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DJ i-have-to-play-minimal-edm-because-oape-wants-me-be-'all-inclusive'

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*The Office of Alcohol Policy and Education

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