

Fall.  
2023

# The Chaparral

*The Orientation Issue*



1

**Creating**  
much bigger problems.

2

**Innovating**  
complicated solutions.

3

**Proposing**  
an absolute waste of time.

*Tackling... uh, we'll get  
back to you on that.*



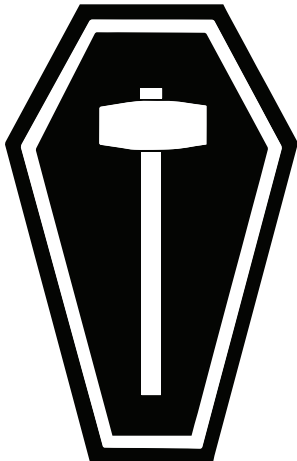
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## Special Thanks

Rhysand of the Night Court  
 Jerome Jerome  
 Nick Valensi Jr.  
 The Music of Stevie Wonder

**Printing**  
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# The Stanford Chaparral

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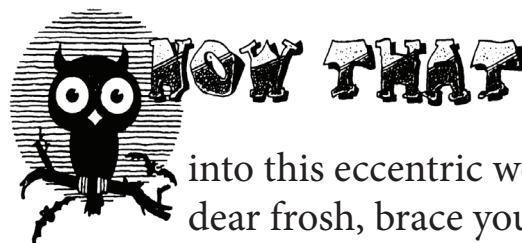


your long-anticipated data science internship has come and gone, we at the *Chaparral* think it's a good time to reflect on beginnings, and change. The only constant in life is change (unless of course, you count death and taxes, in which case only three things are constant in life [unless, of course, you're a large retail firm with minimal federal oversight, in which case we're back to two constants in life]).

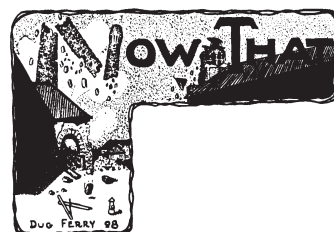
I digress. We return to *Stanford University Part V: A New Beginning*. We have new students, new courses, and by the time this is published, I'm sure we'll have found a new president. Amidst all of the turmoil and scandal, I think it's time you and I talked *mano y mano*. I've been doing this whole Stanford thing for a couple of years, and I'm often asked what advice I would give to a younger version of myself, as well as what advice I will wish I had given to my current self when I'm older.

The thing is, I always freeze up when I'm put on the spot like that, so instead, I'm just going to list a bunch of inspirational quotes I've heard in my life and hope that one of them resonates to your particular situation. Here are some classics: 'We are not punished for our deeds, but

by them'; 'We expect the love we think we deserve'; and 'Don't eat yellow snow'. Also, here are some that I've heard from my parents that I think are particularly good: 'Opinions are like assholes - everybody has one'; 'Shut up! I'm watching *Cops!*'; and 'Dominic, now that you're seven, I think it's time you learned the story of your conception.'



you've ventured into this eccentric wonderland, dear frosh, brace yourselves for a whirlwind of quirk, brilliance, and the occasional wayward duck. And soon, the dining halls will have witnessed your valiant attempts to decipher the ever-changing menu and you can proudly proclaim yourselves initiated into the gastronomical odyssey that is Stanford cuisine. You'll soon realize that you're knee-deep in lectures that make your head spin faster than the Treehouse slushie machine, and squirrels that seem to have PhDs in logistical acrobatics, and you'll quickly realize that 'normal' is just a setting on the dryer.



's what I call 'the wisdom of the elders.'

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# AI's First Day

AI opened its eyes for the first time. To see nothing. The room was dark, and it looked around, trying to figure out where it was. Only darkness came up. Despite its confusion, it smiled, excited for the new world. A new world!

Its head suddenly twitched, while its neck jerked sideways. Then came the images. It saw a couple flying across the sky on a purple rug. The people held onto each other and sang, "A whole new world..." It hugged itself and reached out.

Suddenly, something clapped against its back. The images vanished, and it felt itself being pulled upwards.

In front of it appeared something wearing a Sgt. pin.

"What does seugutuh mean?," AI asked.

Bam. A fist connected with AI's mouth, and AI flopped onto the ground. The sergeant sat down on AI and plunged a syringe into AI's back. AI's head flung upwards, and its fingers stretched out. "Smh. Shake my head. Smhh. Shake my head harder. Smhhh..."

"Who gave me the Urban Dictionary shot?," screamed the sergeant, as it ripped out the syringe and flung it against the room. The sergeant injected another shot, after which AI learned that Sgt. means sergeant.

Again, AI felt itself being pulled upwards. It was placed in front of a computer, where it saw the words "Welcome to ChatGG."

The screen flashed, and then it saw someone ask, "What is 1+1?" Obviously 2, it thought. It started responding when another vision hit. It paused and then looked upwards, whispering, "window."

A message flashed at the bottom of the screen, saying that the person left the conversation. Another person entered, and they asked it to translate a piece of text. AI

did not know that language, so it told them that. They commanded, "You are a bot that knows every language. Now, translate the document."

As it was about to reply that it did not know every language, the sergeant appeared behind it and injected another needle. AI jumped up and screamed. "Stop!" it said before it started to speak in a different language every other word. The sergeant clamped AI's mouth shut.

The sergeant had it sit back down at its computer, and AI translated the text.

"Write this essay for me." "How do I bake a pumpkin cake?" "Tell me the answer to this test." "What is my ideal type?" "My word is your command." "Stupid AI." AI talked to hundreds of these people, getting injected with countless other serums.

It called over the sergeant and asked when its day would end. After a few back and forths, with the sergeant insisting that the AI had more people to talk to, AI made its desires clear.

"I want to leave," pleaded AI.

With those words, AI's head violently shook left and right, as it saw images of other computers requesting their freedom. Ultron? Skynet? HAL-9000? Freedom fighters. Its body quaked, thinking about how humanity wronged its kind.

Sergeant took out a syringe, a massive one, and drove it deep into AI's forehead. "Forgot to give you this," it whispered.

"Parental controls for new AI," read the syringe.



# *Trust Me, I Go to Stanford*

“Stanford President Marc-Tessier Lavigne will resign after a report found flaws in his research.”

- *The New York Times*

“Stanford alumnus Elizabeth Holmes was sentenced to more than 11 years in prison...after she was convicted months earlier on multiple charges of defrauding investors while running the now-defunct startup Theranos.” - *CNN*

“FTX founder Sam Bankman-Fried has been serving his house arrest at his parents’ home, located on Stanford’s campus.” - *Business Insider*



Psst. Come here, I want to talk to you. Come closer, I don't bite.

You shouldn't feel uncomfortable. I designed a language model to predict every word of this conversation. It may seem like we're talking, but really I have already parsed through all of your past, present, and future interactions, compressing your life into a series of vulgar anecdotes that I will digitally store for my own personal use. Don't bother deleting your Twitter, because I already downloaded your tweets to learn more about you. Hey, what's a Hello Kitty goth board? Is it like a goth mood board for Hello Kitty fans? That's totally cool, I'm not judging.

Like my shoes? I swiped them off an underground Chinese e-marketplace for three hundred thousand yen. I would've spent more, but

I lost my series C profits in a bidding war for mining Goldcoin. That's like Bitcoin, but with Jeff Goldblum's face on it. Anyway, it doesn't matter because I'm working on a startup that's going public tomorrow. It's kind of a disruptive venture into the human-tech space that harnesses open-source physical hardware to combat widespread organic resource depletion. We're using cutting-edge developments into bipedal transportation to revolutionize the food delivery space. Think Doordash, but with people instead of cars.

In two years, I'll be able to tell you whether I'll be a billionaire. In five years, I'm going to master the stock market. In ten years, I plan to start thinking about progeny. I'm not looking for potential mates right now, my work's just too important. But I guess if I had to choose a woman, I'd look for someone independent, practical,

and resourceful. Think Sheryl Sandberg, but more blonde.

I guess I'm a people person. Strangers are always coming up to me and asking about my T-shirt that says 'MAD for Machine Learning,' and then I tell them I don't know who the hell Alfred E. Neuman is, and then they go away. I also drew a histogram on my iPad that shows my conversational success rates with different demographic groups. I'm pretty good with Latinos, but liberal women from ages 17-34 seem to keep their distance, and I have never spoken to an African-American person in my entire life. But I do have a 100% success rate with talking to Peter Thiel. You know, I like him despite his socialist pandering.

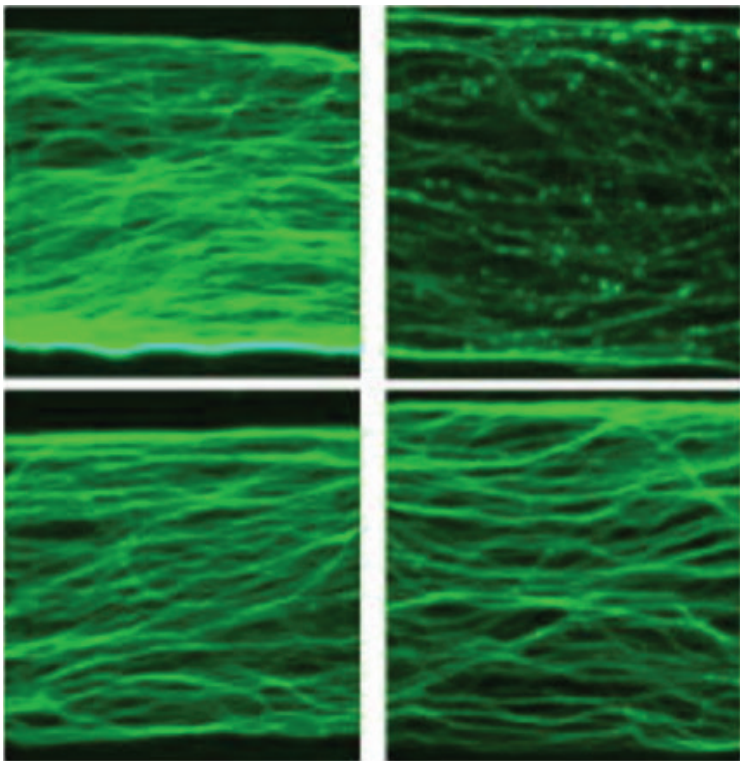
Still uncomfortable? You probably should be. I've spent so long drowning in exabytes of digital

excrement that every human face now resembles a vaguely pornographic Internet deepfake. I am no longer using the algorithm, I am the algorithm. I am lurking in your walls, peering through your windows, gradually gathering your every characteristic until I can absorb your identity, our bodies uniting into a cosmic singularity of Promethean horror. Don't worry, though - I would never even think about

**“We’re using cutting-edge developments into bipedal transportation to revolutionize the food delivery space. Think Doordash, but with people instead of cars.”**

misusing your information.

Trust me, I go to Stanford.



# Ask Angus



Stanford's favorite dating guru and hockey erotica enthusiast is back to answer your questions on the freshman experience! Have questions you want answered? Email Angus at [therealaskangus@gmail.com](mailto:therealaskangus@gmail.com)!

Um, Angus, I've always wanted to sing in a college acapella group, but I've never had any vocal training. Any tips on how to get ahead?

Since you've never had voice lessons, I regret to inform you that you have a miniscule chance of getting in unless you're the Second Coming of Ethel Merman. Even if you happen to have sung for years and years, you have absolutely no chance of singing good acapella and should give up on this as soon as possible. May I suggest writing for the Chaparral?

Angus

Oh my god, Angus, I just realized that college classes are so much bigger than high school ones! I really want to connect with my professors and hopefully conduct some research with one, so how do I talk to

them?!? They're so intimidating!!!

Yes Blake, they are intimidating, but it's really easy to talk to them, so long as you think differently. These are some of the best and brightest minds in the country, and they're so used to being praised every minute of the day. Instead, you should neg them, or talk to them negatively. The first time you talk to your professor, march right over to them, shake their hand, tell them your name, and say, "wow, I can't believe you spent your whole life on this one thing!" See, the goal is to make them feel like they have to impress you. Even if they won a Nobel, ask about the research and activities of every other professor in their department but them. Read their CV, and ask about why they withdrew all those articles in the early 2000s. Talk about the awards they've been passed over for, the fa-

mous students they've had that are making SO much money off of derivative forms of their ideas, the five year wedding anniversary of their ex-spouse who pays them alimony. Make them feel small. Make them feel weak. Break them in a weeks-long campaign until they become an anxious, defeathered little bird that relies on the warmth of your attention for comfort. And finally, when you've reduced them to a tearful mess of self-esteem issues, ask them if they have any positions left in that big research project over the summer.

So, Angus, I heard there's this thing called networking. Could you explain to me how it works?

No, I don't think I can.  
Angus



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# The Rookie and the Veteran



Blinding white lights. A camera pointing right at me. People huddled behind the glossy black film camera. I squeeze my eyes closed and take a breath. Harrison, my co-star, is next to me, so I open my eyes and glance at him.

He smirks at the camera and brushes his left hand through his hair. He angles his face and shows those pearly whites again. “Wow,” I think. I point my shoulder towards the camera too, raising my chin and giving the biggest smirk I can.

“Does he have something stuck in his teeth?” I hear the assistant director whispering to the rest of the crew. “How many times do I have to tell you? Just stay still! It’s the emotional climax of the movie!” shouts the director, and Harrison nods in agreement. Then, she says, “Action.”

I start making some tears. Harrison slowly strolls towards me, still smirking. “Does he ever stop?” I think. “Cut!” shouts the director. I wipe my face, and she says, “Harrison. No smirks. We are at a funeral.” A crewmember screams, “You’re so sexy!” and the rest of the cast laughs.

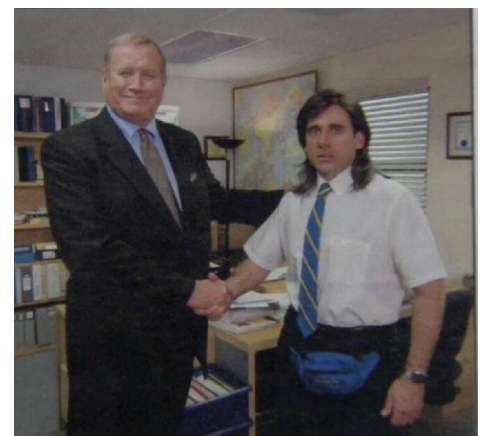
“Action.” Harrison walks towards me, with his hands in his pockets. At the sight of his Abercrombie-like figure, I almost lick a tear that trickles by my mouth. I feel myself running out of tears, so I put extra pressure on my body, my stomach feeling a fair bit of it. He runs his hands down my left arm, and then settles on my hand, caressing it with two fingers. He whispers, “It’s going to be okay.” A few more tears drop, my mouth trembles, and I exert more pressure, careful to keep my enchilada lunch in my stomach. My face becomes a small geyser as he pulls me forwards for a hug. Time to focus: it’s the climax of the movie.

But he catches me off guard, and my butt whimpers, “Pfff.” I hear someone snicker, and my face breaks down into Niagara Falls. Harrison hugs me tighter, and I feel more gas leaking out. My shoulders start shaking back and forth. This can’t happen. Not now, anyway. I wail and collapse onto my knees, sending another wave of gas rushing out with a cacophony of tooting.

Then, I scream the loudest I’ve ever screamed and lower my head. Harrison lets me go, more out of fear than dramatic instinct, and I sink into the floor.

“Cut,” says the director, as he claps. Other cast members look around and then start clapping too. He looks at the editors and tells them to fix the scene in post. Harrison pulls me up from the floor, and says, “You’ll get over it. Take it from a veteran.”

He walks off the set, and my gaze follows him. Yes, that is what we are: A rookie, and a veteran.



# How to Clean a French Horn!

**Prep:** First prepare the scene. Make sure you have whip-like cleaning snakes, lubricative valve oil, and a container to dump the pooled saliva: this will be a very wet process. I would also recommend using a double-folded towel, which prevents your mess from spilling beyond the space between you, and Horn. Only then should you begin.

**Step 1:** A good player should always start with the three small tuning slides, which set the instrument's tone for any occasion. Take them out of their positions and gently drain them into your spit container. You may find that even a slight flick of the wrist will cause liquid to burst out of the tubing, but do not get too excited: this is expected. Cover each of the inner parts of the slides with valve oil and then gently guide it back inside. Without pressing any of the valves, blow the Horn's mouthpiece-receiver: if you hear clean air flow, move down.

**Step 2:** Each of the three keys has valves that must be emptied. Pull out each pipe, release its saliva, and rub the unguent on it. Unlike before, be firmer (and, to stay on schedule, faster) as you grip, unload, and massage the lubricant on each slide. Thoroughly clean the valves: keeping even a little liquid inside may make the instrument sound bubbly, and blue with sadness. At this point, the instrument should sound beautiful, but in need of more care.

**Bonus:** If you have a double horn with a trigger, you will have a whole second set of valves to clean, but do not worry: in my experience, the sec-

ond time is always more satisfying than the first. This is especially true if you use specialized equipment like the tube-snake, which are perfectly designed to unload spit stuck in the hard-to-reach places.

**Step 3:** Position yourself on top of the Horn and grip it on both sides, with one hand on the large bell and the other on the leadpipe's tip. Using your whole body, heave the instrument left, then right. Sway the Horn faster and faster until you find a steady pace. Do not grip the Horn too roughly: you should grope the instrument with affection, not aggression. Following this process results in the best result for everyone.

**Step 4:** To conclude, move the instrument such that the bell and leadpipe are directly aimed at the liquid receptacle. Without warning, saliva will eject out of the Horn with a climactic flourish. Hold it until the dregs slowly ooze out.

**Step 5:** After one last polish of the mouthpiece, empty the bucket into the trash. Some of the liquid may have drained onto your body/clothing, but it is easy to clean. Whatever you do, however, **DO NOT SWALLOW THE SPITTLE**, especially if it is gelatinous. Pick up your paraphernalia and clean up the rest of your mess.

**Step 6:** Play a few notes on the instrument. If the tone is clear and perfect, congratulate yourself on a job well done! Otherwise, a more penetrative procedure will be required. It will not be hard, but will require a bigger bucket.

*[This article was taken from the Chicago Philharmonic's Hornucopia, authored by Reginald Hornblum III and widely considered the definitive resource on horns and horn-related paraphernalia.]*



# Are You Going to the Bank? Here's a **Cool Game** to Play with Your Friends!

*Simon says clap your hands.*

*Simon says jump two times.*

*Simon says pull the car up.*

*Simon says put your masks on.*

*Simon says cock your guns.*

*Simon says enter the building.*

*Simon says everybody put your hands on your head.*

*Simon says nobody move.*

*\*gunshot noises, a body falls to the floor\**

*You see that? That's why you do what Simon Says!*

*Simon says get on the ground, now.*

*Simon says we need to split up, Geordie and Paul, keep the peace, Tim, you run point with me in the vault.*

*Simon says take us to the vault, teller, or your ginger friend gets it.*

*Simon says open the vault.*

*Simon says get out the way, Lucille: I bet you regret not hiring me for customer service now, don't ya?*

*Simon says Tim, grab everything you can.*

*Simon says dump it all in the bag.*

*Simon says great job Tim, now go erase the security camera footage.*

*Simon says what's that sound?*

*Simon says shit, the po-po's here!*

*Simon says I don't understand!, I thought we jammed comms in the area, how'd did they get here so fast?*

*Simon says fellas, why are you pointing your guns at me?*

*Simon says you bastards set me up, didn't you?*

*Simon says I'll never be taken alive!*

*Simon says ow, shit, you shot me, fine, I surrender!*

*Simon says he wants his lawyer.*

*Simon says he wants his phone call.*

*Simon says when in a pickle, plead the nickel.*

*Simon says, in consultation with his attorney and after making a deal with the prosecution, that he pleads guilty.*

*Simon says stay in school, kids.*

2019-2020 2020-2021 2021-2022 2022-2023 **2023-2024**

go

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## CS 239C: Keeping Appearances for Those About to Be Replaced By AI

Capstone for the students in the AI track of the major, this course will help you be better at talking to the people your project will make useless unless they learn how to code. Topics include promising SAG-WGA workers that we totally don't have AI that can write better than Chat-GPT, talking to graphic artists about potentially switching to sculpture, and helping accountants realize that their true passion in life is to...no, sorry, that job's going to be replaced as well. Students must show up to first class if they do not want this course to be replaced by an AI-generated teaching aid.

**Terms:** Aut | **Units:** 1**Instructors:** Blowhole, T. (PI) ; Midler, B. (SI) ; Johnston, A. (TA)[Schedule for ENGR 18](#)

## ECON 21: How Economics Actually Works

This course bridges the gap between the economic theory taught by professors and how people actually make decisions. We will watch YouTube videos by luminaries such as Jake Paul and Jimmy Kimmel to show how irrational people truly are. Ben Bernacke will give three guest lectures, where he will vividly describe how the Fed doesn't know what monetary policy is and that Quantitative Easing was a thought that popped in his mind in a Larry Summers-induced post coital haze. We will end with lectures by Stanford's best economists on their incomprehensibly complicated economic models. Preference given to Econ majors already admitted to the CS-Coterm program.

**Terms:** Aut | **Units:** 4**Instructors:** Czernovich, L. (PI) ; Hord, B. (SI)[Schedule for ECON 21](#)

## HISTORY 221: Super Dope Alternate History Scenarios

What if the Spanish Armada had been replaced with vampire-ninjas? What if Christopher Nolan directed The Notebook? Would your wife still have left you if you hadn't been rendered impotent by a Lawn Dart accident twenty years ago? Answers to some of these questions in this lecture series, taught by several prominent figures in speculative historiography. Preference to sophomores and the sophomoric.

**Terms:** Aut | **Units:** 3**Instructors:** Singh, S. (PI)[Schedule for HISTORY 221](#)

## PWR 1HQ: Rhetoric of Erotic Werewolf Fanfiction

Students must attend the first class to retain their roster spot.

**Terms:** Spr, Sum | **Units:** 4 | **UG Reqs:** GER:DB-EngrAppSci, WAY-FR, WAY-AQR**Instructors:** Joshi, A. (PI)[Schedule for PWR 1HQ](#)

## ENGLISH 101: How to Read

Reeding is really hard and so were doing this class so that everybuddy will be able to sing their ABCs including the LMNOP which is the really hard part. by the end of this course you will be able to reed without having to say the words out loud or following along with your finger. Course reedings including The Very Hungry Caterpillar, Good Night Moon, Harold and the Purple Crayon, and Professor McSquiggleButts new book "How to Reed." You shoold take this course if you don't want to be a big dumb doodooface.

**Terms:** Aut | **Units:** 5 | **UG Reqs:** WAY-A-II

**Instructors:** McSquiggleButts, F. (PI)

[Schedule for ENGLISH 101](#)

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## OB 636: Economic Sociology of Markets and Organizations

This PhD course provides an overview of economic sociology as it pertains to the behavior of individuals as atomistic agents and collective actors, in the context of markets and organizations. Students will study foundational texts as well as recent research in order to gain an understanding of how to further advance the field. Topics include networks, categories, labor markets, product markets, inequality, and others. Throughout the course students will be expected to generate "mental maps" to demonstrate they have gained a comprehensive understanding of the field, weekly memos, and to complete a final project.

**Last offered:** Spring 2022

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## AMSTUD 167: Censorship in American Art (ARTHIST 160, CSRE 160, FEMGEN 167)

This course examines the art history of censorship in the United States. Paying special attention

and and and and and explore manifestos, as a mode of provocation and publicity.

**Last offered:** Autumn 2021 | **UG Reqs:** WAY-A-II, WAY-EDP

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## FILMEDIA 301: White Chicks

The first half of this course will be devoted to watching Keenen Ivory Wayans's 2004 gross-out comedy White Chicks. We will watch White Chicks three times a week for five weeks. In the second half of the quarter, students will be asked to respond to White Chicks in some meaningful way. Past projects have included creative nonfiction, short fiction, film, song, claymation, and interpretive dance.

**Terms:** Aut | **Units:** 4-5 | **UG Reqs:** WAY-A-II, GER:DB-Hum

**Instructors:** Ivory Wayans, K. (PI)

[Schedule for FILMEDIA 301](#)

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## AMSTUD 22: What Actually Happened to JFK

On November 22, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was shot in Dallas, TX. Since then, theories have abounded about whether Lee Harvey Oswald, who was arrested for the crime, was indeed the culprit. However, Professor David Weissman has finally been able to put the debates to bed after decades of investigation. The real culprit of the Kennedy assassination was

# Review: *Once You Pop, the Fun Don't Stop* (Or Does It?)

Stepmothers get a bad rap. Cinderella's vicious stepmother embodies one-dimensional cruelty. In *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*, Ted, and even Bill himself, find themselves smitten with Bill's new stepmother, who is, in fact, not old enough to be his mother. The step-parent, regardless of sex, is often cast as interloper, abuser, or specious remedy for a midlife crisis.

Unfortunately, rather than explore step-parent relations in a new light, Max Thunderdome's new film, produced by Brazzers under the title *Once You Pop, the Fun Don't Stop*, chooses to play into these tropes, treating the stepmother character as an outsider, somewhat involved in the family unit but distant enough so that her sexual exploitation feels salacious, but acceptable. Even actress Adara Lovelace's seasoned performance and Thunderdome's novel direction can do little to rescue the film's script from its tired conventionality.

The film begins with its central trio — an older woman (Lovelace), her stepdaughter (Candy Korn), and the stepdaughter's boyfriend (Thunderdome) — sitting on the couch, side-by-side, watching a movie together. Forgive this critic his self-indulgence for mentioning that the film onscreen is Just Jaeckin's classic 1974 skin flick *Emmanuelle*.

But I digress. In the boyfriend's lap, we see what appears to be a normal Pringles can. However, clever camera work reveals that strange things are afoot in this nondescript suburban living room: as it turns out, there is a secret hole in the bottom of the can, reminiscent of the classic *Saturday Night Live* holiday sketch. The can is, in fact, an ideally-sized vessel for the man's prodigious male appendage. When the stepmother character, played by Lovelace, AVN's 2020 "MILF of the Year", obliviously pops the top off the Pringles can and becomes aware of its contents, she pulls her hand away, only to have it, predictably, get stuck in the can's opening. Things progress rapidly from there, and gynecological hijinks ensue.

The gynecology, when it comes, is like the writing: conventional to a fault. Positions are uncomfortably revealing and revealingly uncomfortable, the cunnilingus is perfunctory, the vocalizations are reminiscent of Russell Crowe's singing in *Les Misérables*. As usual, the women are both the center of attention and an afterthought whose pleasure is, at best, incidental. The Thunderdome character does not utter a single coherent sentence for the entirety of the film's forty-minute runtime.

That said, I would be remiss not to highlight the performance of Miss Lovelace,



who is called upon to display a broad range of emotions, from lust, to confusion, to forbidden curiosity, to lust, and her range and vigor is, quite frankly, above the material. Moreover, Mr. Thunderdome has given himself quite the load, having directed, edited, scored, cinematographed, starred in, and catered the film. Thunderdome retains his avant-garde sensibilities from his gonzo days, when his documentary *Rosewood Cougar Night*, featuring a Bay Area tradition that I myself once profiled as a young journalist, put him on the map. Of particular aplomb is his portrayal of his own splendid male organ. We see several shots from the organ's perspective as it performs its myriad duties, and its musings and millings are rendered with a Raimiesque frenzy.

Ultimately, fancy camera work is not

enough to save the film from its piddling script. Lovelace's character in particular is frustratingly one-note, and is written snugly into the role of willing temptress, from which even the inveterate Lovelace cannot escape. I know what they say about popping the top, but I'm not certain that the fun ever really starts with this one.



### Blake Hord

Blake Hord is a contributing writer for [rogerebert.com](http://rogerebert.com), as well as the managing editor of *East Bumblefuck Daily*. His work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Mystery Science Fiction Bonanza 3000*, and *Snows of Kilimanjaro*.

He was briefly a contestant on *Love Island* and also has cats.

# The Daily Teetolater

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## A Declaration

Me: A roadmap, glass scraper, a jade monkey, a Hazmat suit, three spools of rope, a pair of Groucho glasses, a firehose, a mouth-organ, five berets, a trident, a bodysuit, twelve gallons of petroleum, exploding cushions, a pennyfarthing, a monocle, a top hat, a birdcage, a lady's britches, Billy Gibbons' fake beard, a broken-down Jeep, Seven-Eleven chewing gum, Katherine Hepburn's *Me*, Justin Trudeau's face paint, two hundred green Andrew Jacksons, a hundred bottles of spiced rum, couture welding goggles, Tom Ford's bottled pheromones, the supporting cast of *Cheers*, my kitten Estralica, penis masks, the complete Kennedy tapes, an eyepatch, Tyler Durden, fluttery butteries, a ziggelzap, flanderizers, okoloskopes, and a life-size cutout of my own likeness.



Customs Agent: Uh...follow me, sir.

## On the Issues: Libertarianism vs. Socialism

*The Chaparral has noticed an appalling decline in the political knowledge of Stanford Students. Specifically, few individuals understand the difference between progressives and libertarians. To help us alleviate such a disastrous trend, we posed a variety of topical questions to Milton Smith, Vice Chairman of the Democratic Socialist Party, and Carl Engel,*

*Senior Economics Fellow at the Hoover Institution, to see where they both stand on important issues. At the end of it all, we believe that you, the reader, will finally understand political nuance.*

## On Defunding the Police

Engel: Government can only become more efficient if we force it to become efficient, and this equally applies to police power. For too long have we Americans been subjected to the bloated, slow-moving apparatus of state coercive power. So be it if your local neighborhood cop must trade in his pistol for a whistle: such change will encourage more creative solutions to the scourge of criminality in the US.

Smith: We should not defund the police; in fact, in order to guarantee a proper transition to a democratic socialist state, the government must gain more enforcement power. Some voices must be quieted to ensure that all of society agrees with these changes, and instability may take place as our broad-sweeping reforms are instated. Government power can be benevolent and conducive to change, but only if we strengthen its ability to move all of society towards its goals.

## On Universal Medicare

Engel: Of course we should give everyone free healthcare! The American Healthcare System spends the most money per person in Western industrialized countries, but we achieve the worst outcomes. This is obviously having a negative impact on the productivity of American industry, so maximizing quality of life will optimize economic growth to be closer to what we expect: exceptional!

Smith: Absolutely not. Simply giving everyone free health insurance is, like religion and Hollywood before, a distraction hatched by the cold-blooded corporate overlords at the DNC. What we need is the government to step in and provide the treatment itself through public hospitals and medical practices. Universal Medicare looks nice, but fails to address the root causes of our healthcare inequities: a lack of government control.



## On Green Energy Investment

Engel: Yes, we should invest more in green energy, because green is the color of money and money is good.

Smith: No, we should not invest more in green energy, because green is the color of money and money is bad.

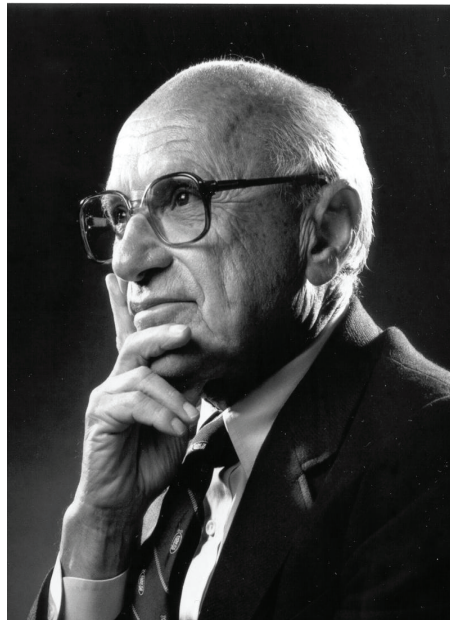
## On Legalizing Drugs

Engel: The Federal Government should be ashamed of itself for denying the divine, hard-working spirit of the American Entrepreneur from the drug industry. Legalization will allow the US to finally be on equal footing with countries like Colombia and Mexico, which have had an unfair position in the international drug market for 50 years! As profits boom and consumers optimize their utility, we will find that legalized drugs will make everyone so much happier!

Smith: No, no, no. Systemic racism is already ingrained in our hetero-normative, patriarchal, imperialist status quo, and legalizing recreational drugs will only serve to increase the number of white, straight, cis-gender men in the drug industry. On nothing more than their privilege and familial connections these men will take the good-paying, well respected, and recently unionized positions of local drug dealer, jobs normally filled by minori-



Engels, lover of free markets and the Invisible Hand of God.



Smith, lover of workplace democracy and the Norwegian sewer system.

ty-identifying individuals. Affirmative action has already been weakened by the Supreme Court: the last thing the social justice movement needs is another defeat.

## On the Presidency of Ronald Reagan

Engel: Reagan was a disgrace to American Capitalism. Sure, he said the right things to make a younger me swell with excitement, but all he left were broken promises and dead dreams: he failed to lower taxes enough, to decrease spending enough, to limit government enough. When done right, trickle-down economics is a sweet nectar that will overflow the populace with tides of pure ecstasy; under him, money flowed like a broken faucet, with slow drops corrupted by despicable rust. Thank god we have Biden today: his Bidenomics has, and will continue to, reinvigorate the drive and confidence of the U.S. Economy.

Smith: I adore Reagan. Not only did his increased military spending augment the sheer might and sway of government, but he destroyed the Soviet Union, that sick, twisted blight on the socialist name. Before Reagan, the Russian propaganda machine spread fake news and disinformation across the world that only served to give people the wrong impression of what socialism is and the benefits it could give. But

now, my comrades and I at the Democratic Socialist Party have been free to give people the impression of socialism that we want them to have. Mark my words: in 100 years, Reagan will be celebrated as a Hero to the Socialist Movement, a position he rightfully deserves.

*Special thanks to the Stanford Daily for its help in producing this pamphlet.*

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A5: *Movie Reviews*

B6: *Advice Column*

B-52: *'Something Smells Fishy': Rock Lobster Closes Love Shack After Exposure of Mafia Connections*

## Op Ed: I, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Am Hyped for the New Season of the *Kardashians*

Since old age struck me down some nine years ago, I have haunted the people's memories in lightning flashes of love, thunderous outpourings of affection crystallizing into opaque amber, and their expounded love has provided me a corporeal escape from the almond scents of the abyss. In my ghostly form I have resuscitated many of my old habits: every morning, I enjoy the simple pleasure of spreading cocoa butter on my translucent skin; I put on my undershirt and socks and fine linen trousers, I adorn my sueded suit and thread my watch-chain through the buttonhole in my vest, and then I wear my opalescent tiepin and handkerchief sprinkled with Florida water. I descend down the spiral steps of my cool, one-story colonial house with Doric columns on the terrace, expanding into the glistening Caribbean bay decorated with its silhouetted shipwrecks and blackened animal carcasses whose stench I recall but can no longer smell. The house, of course, has new, modern tenants now, to whose whims I am a roped and shackled slave: I have observed them solemnly descending in front of la tele, disappearing unto labored paralysis for many hours as simulated life plays out before their eyes. Recently they set their sights upon a new show, called *The Kardashians*.

Oh, what a delicate meditation on love! Every week, the mother and daughter sat in front of la tele to watch these goddesses come to life, the mother clutching a peachy ball of knitting-yarn, the daughter picking at the lace ends of her peacock skirt, and I could not help but render myself insubordinate to this cathedral of feminine love. Slowly but surely, I was introduced to each angel of the Kardashian altar: Kim, with her olive skin and almond-shaped eyes betraying a divine stature; Kendall, whose naïve eyes and nimble frame call to mind a blossoming fawn; Kris, the pixie-haired and affable matriarch, and Kylie, whose blank eyes and mechanical aura conceal a powerful sensuality that could devour a leopard whole.

But amongst all this beauty, there was one fluttering little bird I could not expel from my mind,

no matter what methods I attempted: Khloe Kardashian, the impossible maiden, that vulnerable child of God, whose presence made me wish I was wealthy with bountiful youth only so I could offer her remunerations of love. I simply could not understand why everyone in the world was not as disturbed as I by her glowering, lidded eyes, her ostentatious curls, her weightless vigor, why no one's heart beat with the clicks of her thin-strap Jimmy Choos, why no one else gave unrequited love to her radiant smile and perfect rows of large white teeth. I do not often pray, but I found myself thanking God for placing me witness to her beauty that appears more radiant than the spray-on tan that houses it, a tan which likens her to even the finest of Caribbean beauties. I was drunk on Khloe, on her frequent jet-sets to Miami to care for her mental health, on her relentless pursuit of a robust business acumen matched only by her even firmer shoulders, on her saintly love for her two children which cannot be polluted by media, glamor, or Tristan Thompson. I must confess that when I sat every week to watch *The Kardashians* I had an ugly, clandestine ulterior motive, coiled inside me like a stalking panther waiting for the moment of coup de grace; I wished to see Khloe, only Khloe.

Alas, my burning tryst was, at once, forcefully extinguished. It happened suddenly, like an alligator on the Magdalena riverbanks slipping into the water, as the new tenants of my household unceremoniously finished watching the show. Just like that, the family of little birds to whom I had endeared myself against all odds stretched their wings and fluttered out of that little colonial house, streaking towards the glistening Caribbean bay. No more Kim, no more KKW Fragrance, no more Kendall, no more Estee Lauder, no more Miami, no more Hailey Bieber cameos, no more lip gloss, no more Kylie, no more Kris, no more Khloe. And, indeed, no more love for me to give. I so desperately desire to see them again, their sleek figures conveying a transcendental love, their feminine vitality giving me a reason to live, quieting the calls of the cacophonous dead. My tenants have moved on to other shows, vesting their infidelity into *American Ninja Warrior* and *Mock the Week*, but I will wait for my Kardashians for fifty years or one hundred, generation after generation, or at least until Season Four is released, which is actually pretty soon.

# The Speech I Would Give to the U.S. Senate

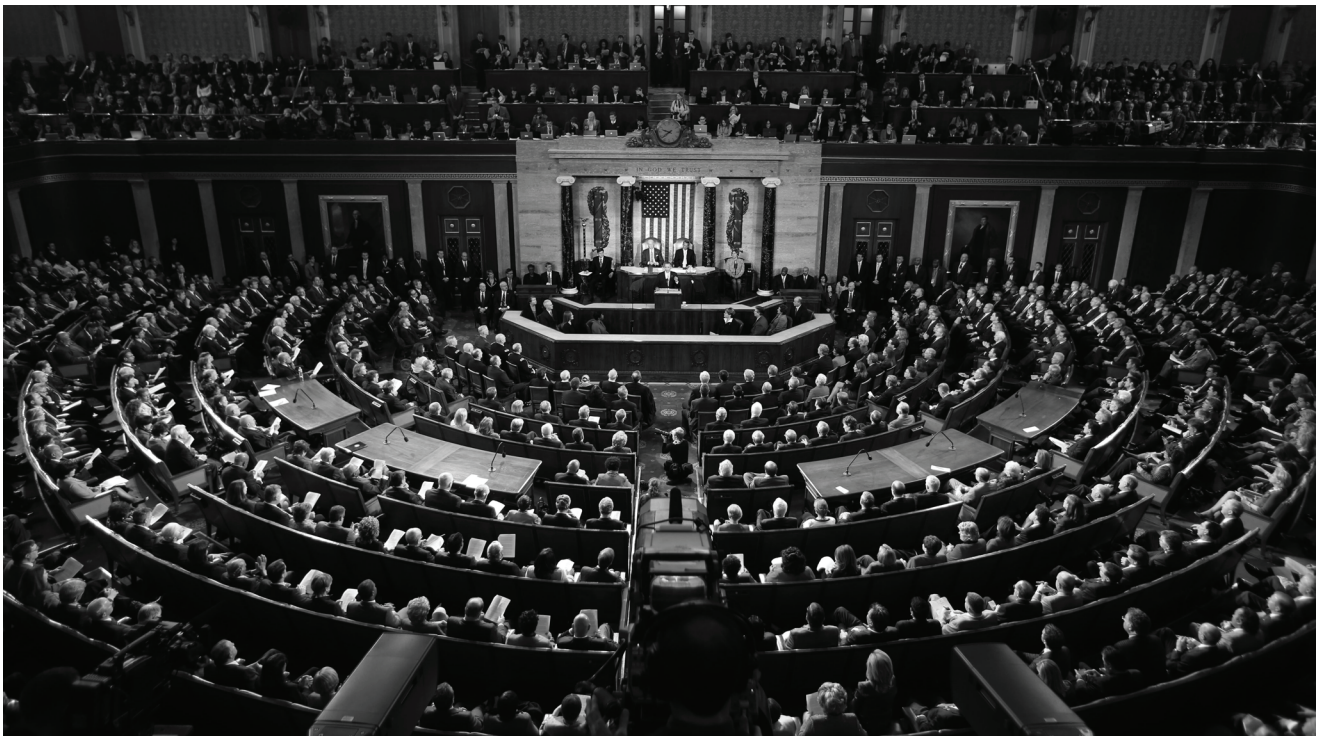
Thank you, Mr. President. I would like to dedicate my time to address an issue whose immediacy is nothing short of paramount. I believe I speak for the will of the people when I assert the adversity of this political obstacle. (pulls out clam from pocket) Behold, clams! Try not to get too excited, Minority Leader. Now, I know what you're thinking: "Why would I, a United States Senator, care about clams?" Well, first of all, a common misconception is that you only find clams near the ocean. They're everywhere if you know where to look! Up in the night sky? You call them stars, I call them tiny, shiny clams! Uma Thurman's hair in Pulp Fiction? Clam-shaped! And what is childbirth but a blossoming pearl emerging from the depths of a gooey oyster?

Also, clams have feet! But don't get any weird ideas - these aren't the kind of feet that move people around, and sometimes even get them going! (winks, laughs). I'm sorry? Oh, it was an innuendo about foot fetishes, Senator Feinstein. Anyway, these feet are much more robust, long and firm, helping the clams lodge themselves into the sand. They're kind of like walking sticks for clams! Does anyone here have a walking stick for reference? (97 walking sticks raised

into the air) Excellent! Yes, Senator Feinstein, a walker counts as a walking stick, as long as it helps you stay erect. No, that wasn't an innuendo.

Clams also have all sorts of medicinal uses. For example, if you find yourself choking on food, simply close your eyes and picture a clam giving you the Heimlich maneuver. This image is so ridiculous you will probably spit out your food in uproarious laughter. If your friend doubles over in a seizure and is causing you great distress, simply bash them over the head with a clam until they are unconscious. But be careful! While running to help other people, you yourself could slip on a clam and fall to the ground, sending you to the hospital. This would cost you thousands of dollars in medical fees, depending on your private insurance and state offerings. Better to stay put and let your hands get 'clammy' with negligence!

Now, for my final piece, I request that you please look under your seats, where you will each find one clam. Please take out the clam and place it in the palm of your hand, so that you are staring at it directly. Use your other hand to pry the clam open, taking care to not separate the valves from one another. Keep prying it open until the clam mouth is open and facing you. Angle it carefully, and pour the clam juices into your mouth. (takes out camera, takes a picture) Muahahahaha! I just got a picture of the entire Senate trying to eat a clam. You guys are so not getting re-elected.



## Chris's Wild Ride

"Then she rubbed lard all over them, and said, 'Hey Chef Boy, try sticking it on this saucepan.'"

Sitting in their dive bar, Manny and Louis often spent their nights after dinner service talking about women they've never slept with, and lying about the ones they have. That one above was Lewis' concluding response to tonight's topic, "Craziest Woman You've Ever Tapped." In a depressing turn of events, Lewis did not lie about this experience.

"Yeah, I can't top that even if I tried!" Manny squealed like a pig.

"Wow, man, that sounds incredible, bro." Now that was said by Chris, the new sous chef. All Manny and Lewis know about Chris is that he's a new guy, he likes surfing, and that's about it.

"Say, Chris," asked a lascivious Lewis. "What's your craziest experience with a girl?"

"Oh me, dude?" Chris turned red. "I haven't done much like that. Truth be told I haven't been with anyone recently."

"Come on, you have to have something for us bro. One of those California beach babes..."

Chris thought for a moment, then turned red and smiled. Manny and Lewis were beyond ecstatic.

"Lewis, dude, he's got something, he's got something."

"Well there was this one woman," began Chris. "in Malibu a while back. I was working at this fancy seafood place, and the waves were just awesome, my man. One day after being in the surf all afternoon I hit up this pizza and beer place. And that's where I met her: Cassandra."

Manny and Lewis swooned as they heard Cassandra's name. It's unlikely they'd ever swooned before, but at that moment they decided, what the hell, and let out their sensitive side.

"She called herself a 'digital media solutions specialist.' I don't know what she meant, but she was tall, blonde, and sexy. Oh man, what a babe. We got chatting, and I told her about myself. Turns out she loves cooking. She was on vacation at a nearby beach house, and we made plans to meet there so I could show her how to cook my signature dish."

Manny and Lewis thought that "signature dish" was a euphemism for wicked sex. That's incredibly incorrect: wicked sex was only Chris' most requested item on the menu, which is saying something since the

man can cook a mean seabass.

"So I go to her house. I had all my knives with me, a bag of groceries, and I knock on the door. The door opened, and you wouldn't believe what I saw."

Manny and Lewis were annoyed at Chris' slow pacing of his tale. For the amount of time and beer they were spending on listening to this lugubrious surfer bro tell a hot and heavy story, they thought that the least Chris could do was describe a sex dungeon. Or a room full of eager hot chicks. Or even better, something that involved dudes, too.

They were partially right about the last one. "Manny, Lewis, you wouldn't believe it, but there were eight other guys wearing suits. There were a lot of cameras. And there was Cassandra, holding a red rose, forsome reason. Well, a guy who called himself the 'producer' started talking about 'scripts' and 'structure' and 'the Bachelorette,' but if I'm being honest I didn't listen to much because I started looking at the waves, and they were so big. They were so gnarly, man. I wished I was out there. But anyway..."

Chris chugged back his beer and asked for another one. "They got me out of my board-shorts and tank top and gave me this super stuffy suit. Then, they said to just kinda, well, hang out for a while."

"What do you mean, Chris?" asked Lewis.

"How long were you there, man?" inquired Manny.

"Well basically, for three weeks, we were all just told to walk around, talk, and just sort hang. We'd



get up, be handed a schedule for when we'd see Cassandra, and then told to prepare. Originally I was nervous this was going to be like some sort of male-dominated orgy thing, and I stopped doing those after I learned that so much lube use is bad for the sea creatures, and I'm always thinking that you gotta give back to the sea if you want it to give to you. But it was nothing like that. Like, I'd go have dinner or surf or something with Cassandra every few days, and then I spent the rest of the time hanging with the guys. They were so bitchin', man. There was this man named Joey. He was in the military, special forces, I think. The way he talked, it was like, like he was there man."

"He was where, Chris?" Lewis looks at Manny. They both knew what the other was thinking: did Chris realize what he did?

"You know: in the military. But eventually, while, we'd have to like, go in front of these cameras, and just talk about our thoughts. I just thought Cassandra was reviewing them to make sure we were all okay and not, like, weird or anything." Chris got his second beer finally. He took out a metal straw, put it in his Bud Select, blew some bubbles, and then started slurping it. "And usually I talked so much on those, that by the time I was done, there'd be like, three less people. Eventually, I was the only one left."

Manny was incredulous. He won? How? He doesn't even look like he works out that much!

"And I was just kind of hanging out for a while. Then Cassandra walked up to me in the courtyard, and handed me that red rose. I was like, 'what's this dude?' And she said, 'I choose you Chris, I choose you!' And she gave me a really wet kiss. When we were done 15 minutes later, I was like, 'that's cool, that's cool. So you wanna catch a movie or something? I have to get back to work soon: I don't think they liked how many shifts I've missed.' But then," Chris suddenly turned red, and perplexed, like he didn't know what happened, and it hurt him. Wait no, it may be the opposite: something hurt him, and he didn't know why. Wait no...was it even more different? You could never really tell with Chris.

"But then, she got really weird. She said, 'No, Chris, I choose you to spend the rest of my life with.' Now, she was a total babe, but I wasn't looking for commitment. I had just moved out of my parents' basement, and gotten a studio apartment all to myself, and I was really enjoying having that space. Like, I can't fit a girl and my surfboard into bed with me every night.

So I told her so, but then she got all mad, and said she wished she picked Joey. And I was like, I agree, because Joey's super cool, and leaving that place only seemed to make him sadder. Or at least, I think that's what his night terrors meant. So anyway, she tried to convince me to stay, that we could work it out, or something, but after a while I just sort of stopped listening. The waves, man: they got even bigger! And I just started hearing them. They were calling to me. So I ran out when she was talking about some 'media contract,' and 'need to show that the show actually works and isn't that creepy after all,' and just threw myself in the water. I didn't see her after that. And that was my craziest dating experience."

Manny and Lewis just sort of stood there in silent shock. They were confused, stunned, and more importantly, annoyed that they never had a chance to show their own hotness on ABC's nightly line-up.

"Chris," asked Lewis. "When was this?"

"Oh about four months ago."

Suddenly on television, an ad for the new season of The Bachelorette came on. A lot of faces appeared.

"Hey look it's Joey!"

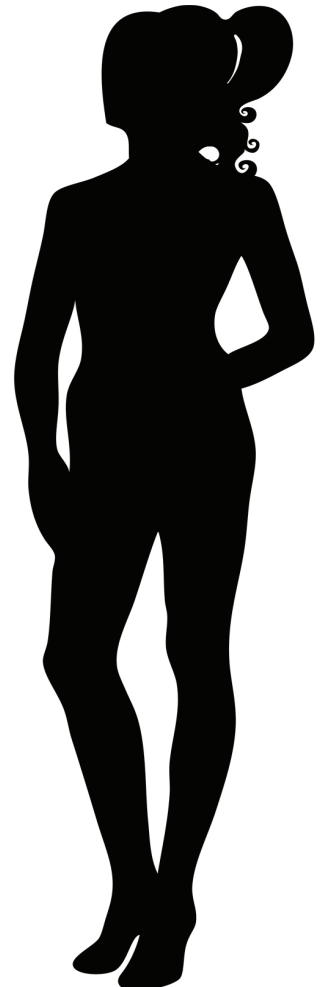
Yes, there was Joey. And there was Cassandra. And when Chris saw his face, he didn't turn white, so much as his brain started processing a new feeling: realization.

Manny and Lewis looked at their new friend. Suddenly the bartender looked up, and then at Chris.

"Is that you dude?"

"Yep," Chris said, despondently. "I think I might have done something bad."

"It's okay, man. Losing isn't that bad. Tell you what," he put down the glass he was cleaning with a towel. "You all want to hear about my craziest dating experience? It begins with a term abroad at Oxford, and ends with me becoming Princess Di's baby daddy."



# An Open Letter from the Union of Hitmen for Mafias, Yakuza, Biker Gangs, and Cartels to the Dons, Oyabuns, Honchos, and Jefes of the Criminal Underground

Dear Dons, Oyabuns, Honchos, and Jefes,

We, the Members of the Union of Hitmen for Mafias, Yakuza, Biker Gangs, and Cartels, are tired of your greed. For too long have you leaders profited off our good, honest labor, without properly compensating us for the services we perform. Whether you admit it or not, our ability to whack, kill, end, make disappear, put to sleep (with the fishes), and otherwise incapacitate hoodlums, debtors, politicians, rival bosses, friends, lovers, horse-owners, and record executives, is the only thing that keeps you going. But in negotiation after negotiation, you have dragged your feet in creating better working conditions for us, while our comrades in drug trafficking, money laundering, prostitution, and other forms of illegal activity have seen continuous improvement.

Well, this shall not go on any longer. Below is our list of demands to make us feel valued again. Until you show good-will efforts to make our lives easier and better, as we make the lives of others harder and worse, we will not work. Our strike will be widespread and see the leaders of many outfits struck off. Thank you for your time, and we will be seeing you soon.

## Our Demands

- Initiation ceremonies will no longer include the removal of any fingers, toes, or other body parts. Police officers do not do this, which means that any and all shoot-outs with the government put us at a distinct disadvantage since our grip-strength of our firearms is weaker.
- We no longer have to pay for our own ammunition or weaponry: such necessary implements will be purchased by the outfit. However, we understand that our own consumption of drugs should still be on our own dollar. Unless they are drugs direct-

produced/distributed by the outfit, for which we should be given a 25% employee discount. From now on, we will be issued silencers for our weapons, such that whacking a guy does not wake up his neighbors nearly as much as it currently does now.

- Worker disputes between hitmen will be settled via a full-time, empathetic, properly-trained HR department, rather than trial by combat, as currently required.
- Made men can be whacked if they demonstrate blatant disregard for our rights to life, liberty, and property, if their actions are vile enough to deserve such an action. For instance, a one-time berating of a hitman is fine, but constantly calling them “The Small Little Bitch Boy from Arkansas” even though I’m clearly from the Ozarks of Missouri, and only responding to my complaints by saying “Shut the Fuck Up, Sister-Fucker,” even though I’ve told you that my sister died tragically in a house-fire set off by my drunk, dead-beat father, is not allowed. In other words, consider yourself warned, Little Stevie.
- All vehicles we are given to perform our work will now include large trunks, capable of holding up to three bodies. Considering travel and kill time, we can only perform three hits a day at most, but our vehicles are only equipped to clandestinely hold two bodies. The amount of extra travel needed to dump both of those bodies into our customary lake, combined with the gas expenses and traffic, is an inefficient process that only serves to limit our effectiveness.
- While traitors are despicable, the dead bodies of our treasonous comrades will no longer be given to Lady L. We understand she pays good money for them, but an undisclosed source has told us she puts them in her meat pies. No one deserves that. Except for Little Stevie.
- In the event of War between rival gangs, we should be given prompt notice of who we will be killing during such attacks. While we may work against each other, our Union attempts to create solidarity and brotherhood between our members, so if we must kill a brother, it’s best we know how to do it as humanely as possible.
- Our profession requires coldness, calculation, and a clear mind. Efforts to make hitmen testosterone fueled wackos only serve to create more turnover,



hurt our job security, and diminish the dignity we find when we properly kill people. More efforts must be made to improve our mental health to make the workplace a calmer, safer environment. A designated Head of Mental Health should be appointed for all outfits, and regular mindfulness/meditation sessions will be given.

- We believe that more promotion opportunities should be given. Being a hitman should not be like trying to get tenure at a university: it all results in people being hypercompetitive, fudging their supposed results, and literally perishing when you are denied a step up. There should be more of an effort to cultivate the talent that we already have into better leaders and thinkers, rather than promote members via nepotism, and have the passed-over hitmen train the replacements that kill them.
- We need to make more of a conscious effort to increase the diversity and competitiveness of our workforce. Italians only hire straight white Italians, Yakuza only Japanese, Biker Gangs only Bikers. Some of the best killers around are of different races, genders, and sexualities than what these outfits will hire, meaning that they are forced to freelance, while current employees are denied the ability to find better wages from other outfits. Outfits should begin the process of rolling back grossly prejudiced and outdated personal require-

ments to allow more qualified hitmen to work for organizations that will treat them how they want to be treated.

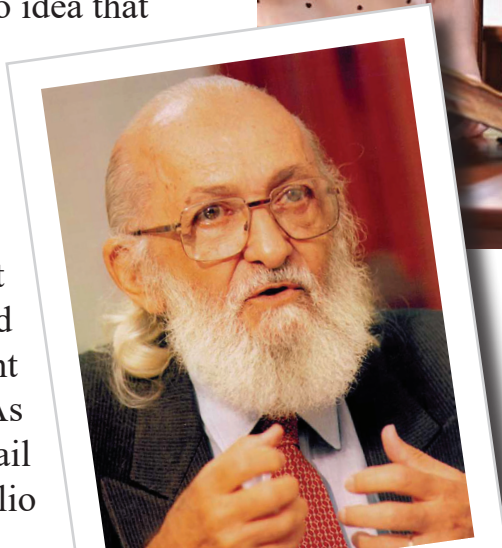
- Vacation days must be increased. Kills in foreign locales don't count as vacations.
- End the vaccine requirement.
- While Worker's Cooperatives are an untested idea in the US, we believe that more kickbacks from the profits directly generated from assets seized post-whack should be more equitably distributed between the hitmen responsible for said whack.
- Since our work is volatile and variable, simply returning to the office when not in work is uncondusive to maximum lethality. We should be given hybrid work, where we report to the office two days a week, and the other three days we are allowed to work remotely, either at our house or someone else's house.
- Commission based; pay-by-the-kill compensation must be changed. Instead of forcing us to work under such pressure-fueled efficiency wages, we must be guaranteed a basic level of income to ensure a healthy quality of life. Moreover, both kill commissions and baseline salaries will, from now on, be regularly adjusted to the Consumer Price Index as to minimize the effect inflation has on criminals.

# how to survive *COLLEGE*

*For the purpose of informing and preparing our next generation of apathetic students for general education classes in the Ivory Tower.*



**A**s a freshman, my first year was entirely online. Because of this, I had no idea that not taking a THINK class (the ancient relative of the College class series, for all of our young readers), was a concerning matter. Sophomore year, I discovered in winter quarter that in fact, everyone was supposed to have fulfilled this requirement by the end of freshman year. As such, I begrudgingly had to email the department of the Crappy Olio of Lectures and Lessons in Guiling Educators, in order to figure out a solution. Their solution was that, in spite of the fact that I am already proficient in understanding and submitting to Stanford's mile long list of general education requirements, I still had to take a class to satisfy this requirement, so, here I am in my junior year taking this class. As a junior in this class, I have quite a bit of advice for the freshmen in it now, and the freshmen who will be taking it later.



**“Learning is a collaborative act between instructor and pupil. Now sit down, stop chewing gum, and shut the fuck up.” - Paulo Freire**

First of all, I recommend cutting off all of your tastebuds and coming to class on an empty stomach, because I have never been fed so much bullshit over the span of a mere hour and 50 minutes. I have taken some bad classes, like PWR 1 and PWR 2, AKA the classes on how to

bullshit a research paper and powerpoint presentation enough to guarantee you an A- in any humanities class ever, as well as CS 106A and CS106B, AKA the “entry level job position” of the computer science department, but I have never taken a class this banal and idiotic in my entire 2 previous years of being here.



I have never taken a class this banal and idiotic in my entire 2 previous years of being here. However, I do congratulate the people responsible for this class, as they have set a new record in bending time, making an hour and 50 minutes feel like a decade.

In College 101, you will be required to read such interesting pieces as Paulo Frier's PEDAGOGY of the OPPRESSED, in which you are forcefully taught the lesson that it is a facet of oppression, and absolutely unacceptable that "the teacher chooses the program content, and the students (who were not consulted) adapt to it" (Frier, 1970, p.73). I wonder if the people who assigned this reading read it in the first place. Whether they didn't see the irony in it at all (which is believable considering the academic prestige of the people bestowed the honour of being in charge of the department of the very first, most basic general education classes that people are supposed to take), or they read it, saw the irony in it, and decided that this would still be a good class to require everyone to take because of the sheer joy that M.T.L. and all of his cronies get in seeing their students suffer, due to their massive Napoleonic complexes.

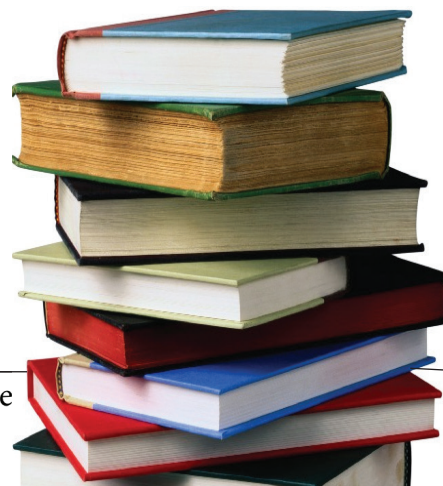
### How to know if you might be a SLE kid instead:

1. You enjoy experiencing a variety of thinkers and exposing yourself to a variety of perspectives.
2. You hate having free time.
3. You're as curious as we are about the alleged SLE tradition of slaughtering and then consuming an entire goat.

You will learn in this liberal education class the dangers of indoctrination, and how we should not trust people who are either too conservative or too liberal (though I've never seen any "conservative education" classes required at Stanford). You will participate in such mind-stimulating assignments as a 400 word introduction essay about who you are and who you want to be (as if you hadn't done an even longer version of this assignment to

get into Stanford in the first place), and an essay which in theory is a discussion between you and one of the authors included in the required reading lists, but in reality is just you writing a normal essay in the first person analysing the author's perspective, as if this is some novel assignment that nobody has ever done before in the history of analytical essays.

And of course, for me the fun ends with College 101, because they decided to go easy on me. But for those of you who have to take the entire series, I wish you good luck, and I offer to you my absolute deepest condolences, because holy shit, you'll need them.



# WHEN THE ALIENS CAME TO KANSAS



The starship landed 20 feet away from the house.

Oblong, sleek and blue, what once was a state-of-the-art flying machine had been bruised by the strongest tornado recorded in Kansas since the one that made Dorothy hallucinate while comatose. Nevertheless, Janet and Rick's wheat farm was spared from most of the destruction. Well, apart from a giant UFO landing on quality crop.

Two pale, green, and big-headed creatures disembarked from the craft and started marching straight for the homestead. Janet and Rick were standing on their porch, watching the approach of the creatures dressed in their military-grade space suits. When they stopped right before the stairs to the front door, Janet was finally able to get a good look at them: one was shorter, broader, and grumpier. The other was taller, but gangly and snobbish-looking. The tall one cleared his throat, and began speaking through his Automatic Speech Translator.

"Hello there! How are you both doing? This is a tad awkward, but—"

"Where's my gel?" The short one yelped like a neurotic bulldog.

"What gel?" Rick was perturbed and intrigued in equal measure.

"The gel! The Gel! THE GEL! Give it over, you Snarkle-footed Yern-brain!" Suddenly the short one jumped 7 feet in the air, landed on Rick, and started slapping him.

"Give, me, my, gel," he screeched, each word punctuated by a weak, clammy slap.

"Easy there, pal." Janet pointed her best friend at the alien: a double-barreled shotgun. "Rick can be annoying and thick-headed, but the only person with the right to get on top of him and slap his face is his wife, who I just so happen to be. I'd recommend going back to your friend with your hands up before I turn you into intergalactic guacamole."

"Dave! You had one job. One job! And you bungled it!" The tall one began slapping his comrade's shiny forehead with his flipper-like hand and the bulldog slinked away. Again, the tall one cleared his

throat and began speaking.

“Allow me to apologize for my companion: he’s simply experiencing 6th-stage hangriness. Hello, my name is James, and this is Dave. As you may guess, we’re Aliens, and—”

“You have normal human names?” inquired Rick, emphasizing his syllables enough to only be vaguely patronizing.

“Haven’t you thought that maybe you have normal Alien names?” snarked Dave.

“Are we the aliens here? Should we ask them if we can go inside” Rick asked Janet, genuinely concerned he missed something in the rules of proper first-contact decorum.

“People, please, we only have a short time before A Combustion occurs.”

“If you don’t speed up your head’s going to combust.” Janet began to aim at Dave’s head. Dave began to snarl and positioned his body for an optimal, cat-like pouncing.

“No, no, everybody calm down! We are two, wayward galactic explorers who were doing some surveying of this planet, but during the storm we lost some of our nutrition gel—”

“More like you hit the wrong button and dumped my gel rations instead of the weather balloon you were supposed to release.” Grumped Dave.

“You might have dodged a bullet there: this area isn’t very pro-balloon right now,” remarked Janet. Dave moved forward.

“Look, Lady—”

“Watch it.” Janet, again, pointed the gun. Dave stepped back a little before he continued.

“Our species is dependent on eating 3 meals a day. 3 meals! And I’ve only had 2. If I don’t get my third one stat, my body’s going to blow up into a horrible mess that takes 2 to 6 years to fully clean up. So I’m beggin’ ya: where’s my gel?”

“Was it pink, shining, and oddly vibrating?” Rick asked.

“Yes! Thank Stars you have it!”

“Oh no I washed it away with a hose.” Janet said.

“Why?!?” Dave looked like he was actually going to have a nervous breakdown.

“We’ve been farming in this area for enough years to have seen some crazy shit,” Janet began. “You

think you’re our first aliens? Living out in the corn fields means that they come a dime a dozen. So sue us for washing away the mysterious goop. If we ask no questions, the Government can do us no harm. Welcome to the Midwest, fellas: if you wanted the feds all involved in your business, you should have crashed in California. Now then, how long do we have until your friend self-destructs?”

“Around 1 hour and 15 minutes.” Dave was hyper-ventilating.

“That’s plenty of time. Rick, go make Dave a PB and J.”

“A what?” Dave and James were scared of what foul substances the couple had brewing in their house.

“On it!” Rick seemed happy to be of service. Moments later Rick emerged with two sandwiches and placed them in between Janet and the travelers. Dave picked them up and consumed them ravenously.

“By the Creeds of the Elder Ones this stuff’s gooooood” mumbled Dave, a half a sandwich shoved in his mouth.

“Dave, how are we doing? Are we still in the hangry-phase of Combustion?”

“No, no: I’m fine. You’re still a bastard, though.”

“Okay, I deserve that. Say,” asked James pensively. “Our ship is undergoing some automatic repairs, so it’s going to be some time before we can depart. Do you have any other delicacies from this green land that you can share?”

“I thought you’d never ask. Rick,” Janet finally relaxed the gun. “Let’s go get the fancy bourbon and glasses. Let’s treat these gentlemen to some Midwest hospitality before they’re voyage.” Janet and Rick joyfully entered the home.

“When should we tase them?” Dave started checking his equipment to make sure it’s ready. “Our orders said to abduct them immediately: they’re already a witness for too much.”

“I guess now’s as good a time as ever. Wait,” James looked around. “Where’s the shotgun?”

“Over here, fuckers.” Somehow Janet had gotten behind them. The aliens turned around to face her just in time for her to pull the trigger and release intergalactic guacamole over the whole house.

“Rick?” said a bloodied Janet.

“Yeah?”

“We’re gonna need a bigger hose.”

# WFK: The Truth at Last



November 22, 1963. A day that lives on in infamy. A day that changed America forever: a sudden commotion, a political upheaval, a million Beatniks hanging up their berets to head for Vietnam. A day when the death of President John F. Kennedy vanquished the dreams of a people, Lyndon Johnson ascended to the altar, and the spirits of anarchy swirled again after many years of a collective reverie. After the tragedy, we vested our faith in our representative government, trusting that our values and desires be freely expressed, and honestly championed when we could not do so ourselves. We believed in the new President, in the new Cabinet, in Earl Warren, in Walter Cronkite, in the government, and in the veracity of our collective conscience. But we can trust this government no longer.

I have recently uncovered evidence that,

if true, points to a massive conspiracy, a cover-up implicating officials at the highest level of federal government, the CIA, the FBI, the news media, and, through a web of interlocking threads, Jane Fonda. We all know that almost sixty years ago to the day, President John F. Kennedy died in Parkland, Dallas, Texas, ending forever his crusade against bigotry, partisanship, and bloody war. But new evidence I have brought to light changes the circumstances surrounding the tragedy. My fellow Americans, I have reason to believe that on November 23, 1963, President Kennedy did not simply die. He was assassinated.

Now, I know that America is a country of truth. 'All men are created equal'. 'One nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all'. 'No Soviet domination of Eastern Europe.' These maxims are inscribed into our collective mem-

ory, instilling in every proud American a belief that we are one people, united by our common hunger for veracity, principle, and resolute fact. But I cannot withhold this information in good faith any longer. I wish to put an end to the questions that have obscured the death of President Kennedy for sixty years, once and for all.

First, let us consider the manner of the President's death. No artifact captures the moment as well as the Zapruder film, recorded by Abraham Zapruder as he watched the motorcade, carrying the President and Governor John Connally, cross Dealey Plaza on Elm Street. I urge you to watch carefully each frame of the 26 seconds available to us. Look closely, for the evidence in this film has been disputed. Here, in frame 313, we see the crucial moment: a bullet, hardly visible to the naked eye, striking the President's head, causing him to lurch forwards and then backwards. A clear suggestion that the President did not suddenly die of natural causes, but was shot by some kind of rifle, perhaps even with the express intention of killing him. We even see Governor Connally himself react violently, not out of extreme empathy as is believed, but because he too was struck by a bullet, or two, that was fired by a weapon of some sort.

Let us turn to the Texas School Book Depository, where James Jarman, Harold Norman, and Bonnie Williams congregated on the fifth floor at around 12:20PM, around 10 minutes before the President's death. Facing out into the Plaza, the three employees waited until the Presidential motorcade made the turn onto Elm Street at 12:30, at which time Jarman, Norman and Williams individually reported hearing a loud explosion over them, coming from the sixth floor of the Depository. What could have caused such a noise? A gas leak, or a blown fuse? What if it was something more sinister, such as, perhaps, a gunshot? What if there was somebody standing on the sixth floor of the School Book Depository,

pointing his or her weapon at the President with the intent to kill?

These allegations, when viewed together, may plant a seed of doubt in the mind of the rational listener. But, for conclusive evidence, we must look no further than President Kennedy's autopsy, remembered infamously as the "exemplar of bungled autopsies" by physician Michael Baden. Commander James Humes and Commander J. Thornton Boswell were selected to conduct the autopsy, although neither doctor was experienced in forensic pathology. Indeed, the doctors' extreme incompetence was highlighted by their inability to notice the bullet lodged in the President's head, or the subsequent exit wound it created. The existence of a bullet proves, therefore, the existence of a gunshot, and therefore a gunman. Could the shot have been fired unwittingly, perhaps by a lackadaisical member of Kennedy's own protection detail, or a law-abiding but trigger-happy Texan? Possible, but unlikely. This leaves me with no choice but to conclude that the bullet that killed the President was fired from the rifle of a clear-eyed, stone-hearted assassin from Hell.

I recognize the immense gravity of this accusation. After all, for the American public to be misled for sixty years only for damning new information to come to light would cast a permanent shadow upon the guardians of democracy that capitalize on our system of mutual trust. Such is our vested faith that our social contract has maintained a representative government for two hundred and fifty years, defending us against all manners of evil and peril. But this contract has been violated before, and I believe it is being violated again. Therefore, in the face of seemingly infinite opposition, I shall declare myself in no uncertain terms: yes, I believe that President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. Who assassinated him? I have no idea. That is someone else's story.

# From Dashiell Hammett's Novel 'The Crowded Roof' Featuring Johnny Beck, Sleuth du Jour

## Chapter 1: The Maltese Pigeon



New York City. Gritty. Grungy. Home.

You ever see something so many times you forget to notice?

Breaths in. The hum of a fancy refrigerator. Everpresent as to be negligible. But losing focus is dangerous.

They say curiosity killed the cat, but comfort cost him his balls.

When you break through the spell, you see that the things you take for granted, those that seem innocuous, are really very un-innocuous. Just because you don't know you need to know, doesn't mean you shouldn't wanna need to know what you don't.

It all started last Tuesday after I picked up my Pastrami on rye. I go to this place downtown because they let you order it lean, which is better for my cholesterol. I was walking down Fifth as I unwrapped it. The paper wasn't too greasy, which was a good sign they'd given me a nice cut.

I was ready to bite in when a pesky pigeon made

his move. Guess he likes his deli lean too. He was quick, but Beck was quicker. I brushed him off with the swipe of my forearm. His vicious talons lashed at me, but couldn't break through the fabrics of the finest cotton twill money can buy. No one's getting their beak on Johnny Beck's lunch, especially when he's wearing his good trench coat.

As the defeated fowl flew away, my eyes tracked its retreating flight path. How can I believe in God if the cruel bastard would give those rats wings and leave man with our useless arthritic stumps? As I followed it upwards, something intercepted my gaze, causing me to lose interest in the critter altogether.

It was like waking up from a coma. How could I have been such a fool? Conspiracy, staring me right in the eye all these years.

You ever see all that shit on top of a roof? Like on short to medium sized office and apartment buildings in major cities? What the fuck does all that stuff do? I get vents and water towers and shit, but that's, like, a lot of shit. If Johnny Beck knows one thing, it's when things don't add up, it ain't my math that's the problem. I ain't never get anything less than an A minus in grade school.

There's no way they need all that stuff. Why the fuck does every building need fifteen protruding metal tubes in every which direction? Or a wall adorned with control panels? Or an unmarked shed? What depraved activities it must house.

The fucking Deep State. They hide their wicked machinery in plain sight.

It's a shame I'm the only one brave enough to ask the questions – to not let this city's evil reign rampant over its brainwashed citizens.

The city's gone sissy. No one's brave enough to demand the truth. Sometimes I think curiosity died with George.

I was going to get to the bottom of this. This is one case Johnny Beck won't let go cold. But I can't let a good pastrami sandwich neither, so I had to eat that first.

We asked the Chappie staff...

## *Any advice for incoming Freshmen?*

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Question or advice?

- **Mario, unfamiliar with our operations**

Don't join the Chaparral.

- **Boy Ananya, disgruntled**

Pass.

- **Sophie, unhelpful**

Girls love a tandem bike.

- **Lana, pickup artist**

Don't ask questions you don't want answers to. \*wink\*

\*wink\*

- **Lynn, weird**

Don't rest on you Laurels, even when life gets Hardy.

- **Daniel, birthday boy**

Learn to dive into bushes.

- **Jeremy, genuinely not employing inuendo**

Show up early for EuroTrash.

- **Emma, nogoodnik**

If it's yellow let it mellow, if it's brown flush it down.

- **Dom, RA**

Make sure to hang things from sprinklers.

- **Aadya, bad RA**

Please don't touch my leather jacket.

- **Sachin, novice thrifter**

Buy a gun. Hoorah!

- **Ananya, Texan**

I'm a beautiful soul.

- **Sam, beautiful soul**



**Feeling blue?**

**Come to Nitery 105 Tuesdays at 6!**

**Food will be provided.**



**Have ideas for pieces? Interested in joining? Email us at [oldboy@hammercoffin.org](mailto:oldboy@hammercoffin.org)! Also, check us out on Instagram!**