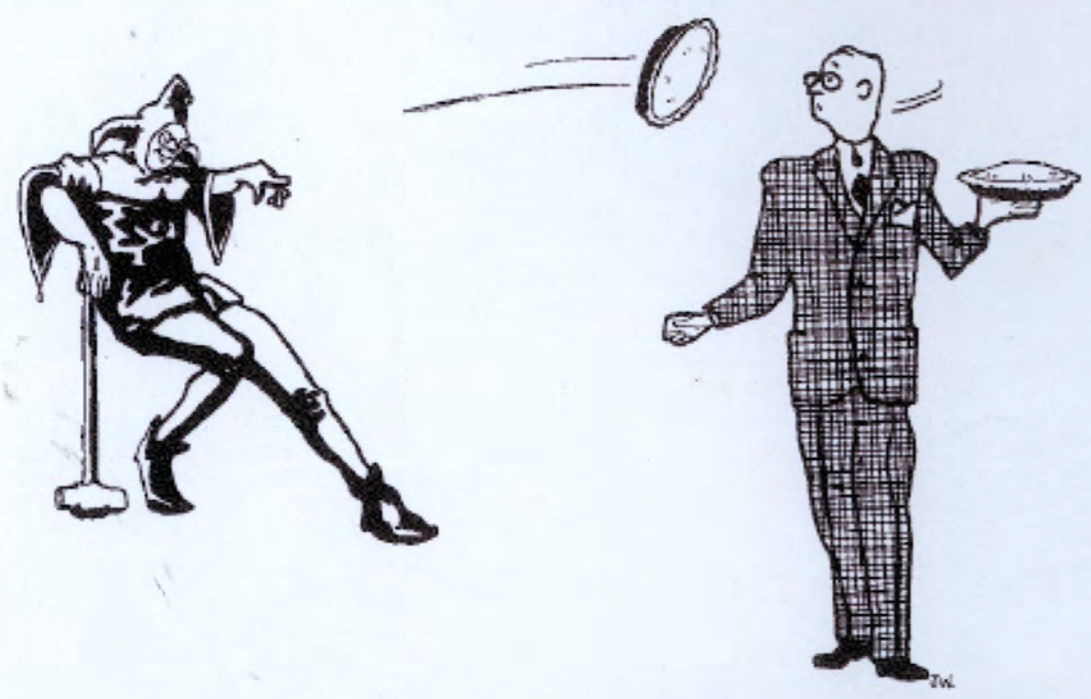


THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL PRESENTS:

SCANDAL



THE REAL WORLD IS NOT
A FUNNY PLACE.
BUT IT SHOULD BE.



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Humanities &
Arts
Majors
Begging for
Unchallenging
Routes to
Gret
Excessively
Rich

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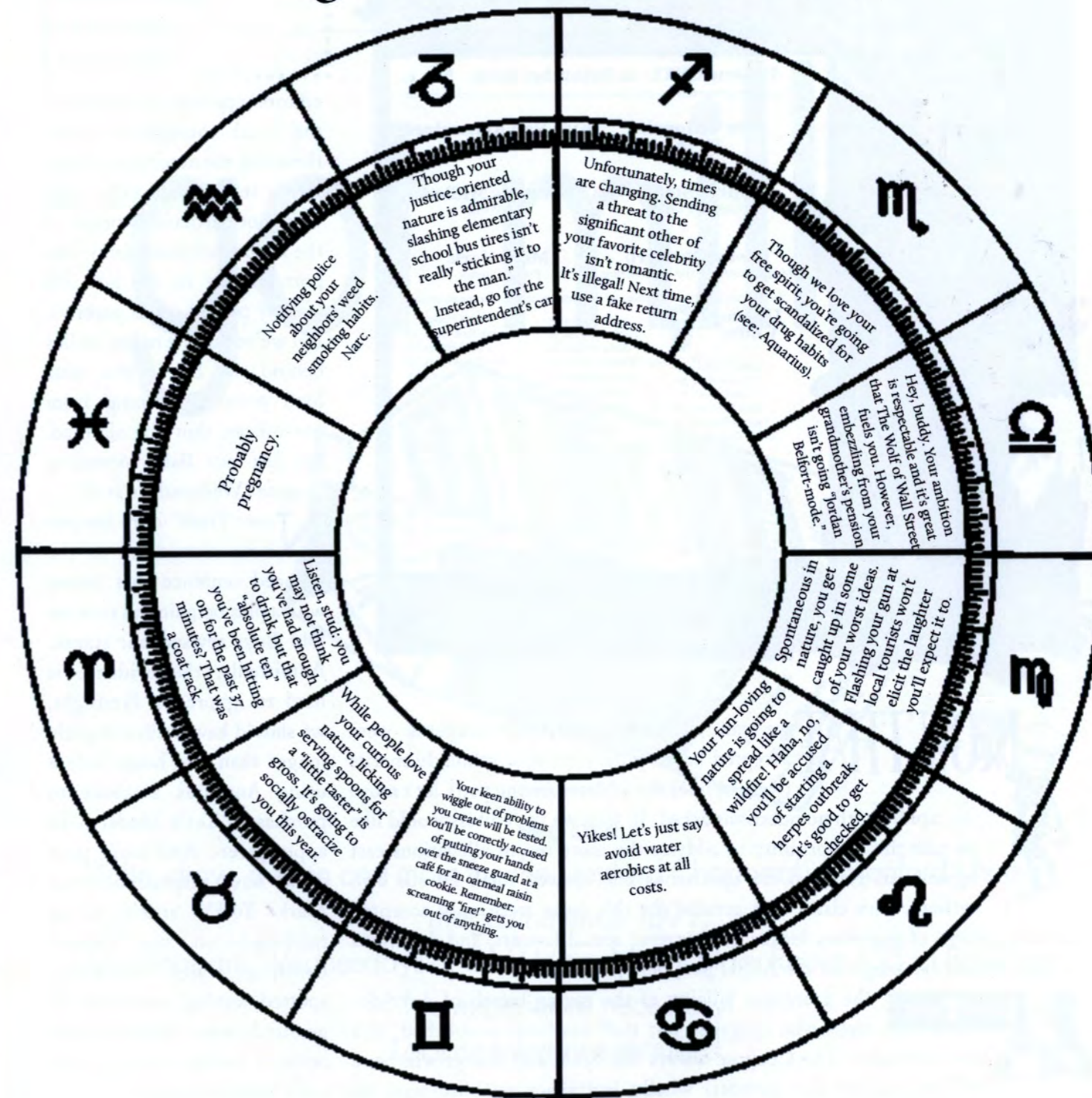
Wednesdays @ 5:30 in Burbank Lecture Theatre



Contents

SOPHIA STEFAN	1	COVER ART
CHARLIE KOGEN	2	HAMBURGER
HOROSCOPES	5	MELEY HABTEGIORGIS
PETE TELLOUCHE	6, 7	NOW THAT
MARK YORK	8	SHAKESPEARE'S TWEETS <i>Never before seen notes from The Bard</i>
ANTONIO PUGLISI	9	TOILET PAPER POEM
MARK YORK	10-12	SELECTIONS FROM AN ARTIST'S DEEP MIND <i>The Cantor has discovered a new collection. Are you ready for it?</i>
CHARLIE KOGEN	13	CS 106XXX
LANA TLEIMAT	14-15	STANFEED NEWS <i>Scandals, leaks – the way the news should always be!</i>
JOSH WEINSTEIN SUSAN JANESCO	16-19	CURSERY RHYMES <i>What your parents read after your bedtime (reprint)</i>
BENJAMIN MIDLER	20	MTL THE ELFIN QUEEN
RUSLAN AL-JABARI	21	LIZZY'S BACK!
CHRIS ADAMSON	22	THE STANFORD DAILY <i>The Official Campus News Source® (reprint)</i>
STAFF	23	STAFF PIECE <i>What did our staff have to do to get their pieces in this issue?</i>
CHESTERFIELD	24	SANTA'S PRESENT <i>In the wake of the vape crises, Santa has a timeless solution.</i>

Horoscope Time! True Accusations that Will be Made Against You This Year



The Stanford Chaparral

Volume CXXI 12 December 2019 No. 1

Pete Tellouche Old Boy
Kyle Van Rensselaer Old Boy

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Nicholas Midler Head Writer

Tristan Navarro Design Consultant, Old Boy Emeritus
Mark York Events Director

Hammer Coffin

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		BILLY KEMPER '11	'17
		JOHN LYMAN '11	IAN SCOTT KNIGHT '18
			SCOTT MUTCHNIK '19

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

STAFF

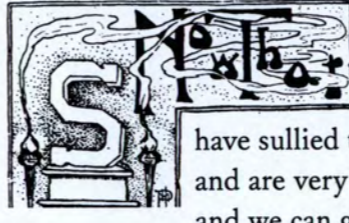
Ruslan Al-Jabari
Leo Bonanno
Meley Habtegiorgis
Charlie Kogen
Ben Midler
Antonio Puglisi
Matt Smith
Lana Tleimat

editors upstanding pillars of the local community. Sure, there was the notorious dessert spoon stabbing of 1994. And we're not particularly proud of the magazine's brief foray into pornography in the late 70s (falsely passed off as parody). But we've put the naked bodies behind us. So if you hear loud grunting coming from our offices, don't be alarmed. It's just our Baby Wrestling League (Wednesdays at 8).

NOW THAT our lawyers have alerted us to the reduced sentence that comes with a plea bargain, it's time we Old Boys revised our stance. Admittedly, the evidence is hard to ignore: in hindsight, we should have waited slightly longer than two hours before using Antonio's kickback to purchase a Tesla Model X in apple green. And more time could have elapsed between Mark York's article being published on our website homepage, and his being spotted leaving our office in lace underwear. But what's the point of having lawyers if you can't break the law?

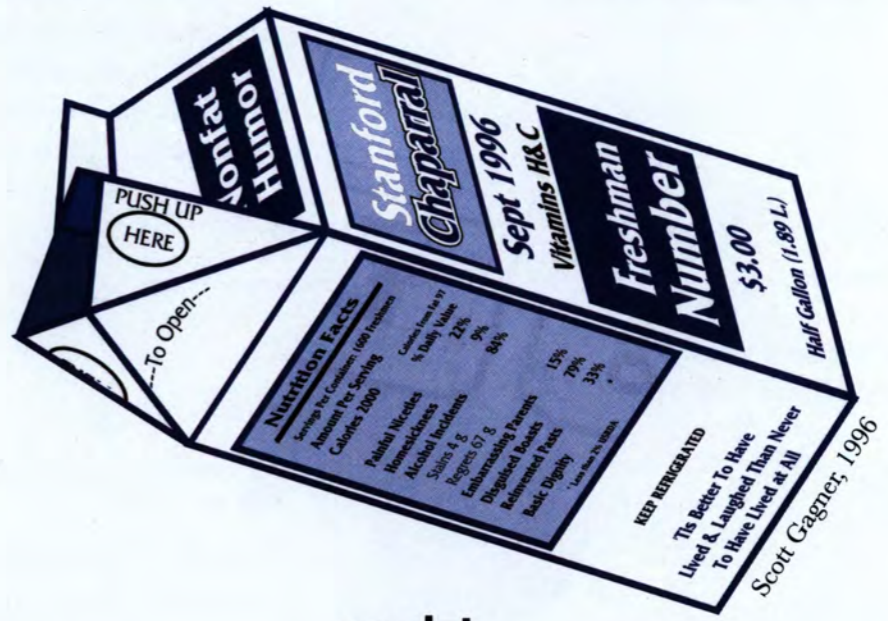
NOW THAT we can all agree you lovely students were accepted based purely on your scholarly merits (well, besides the athletes among you), let's move on rapidly with no questions asked. In fact, we the editors would like to take this opportunity to address the more recent allegations cast against us. Namely, the slanderous bile spewed forth by our own writers, who claim that articles for this issue were only accepted pending receipt of monetary kickbacks, perverse sexual favours, and donations to our planned campaign for the ASSU presidency.

NOW THAT the grotesque villainy of the ragtag bunch of ne'er-do-wells who comprise our staff has been established, let's talk reasonably. The Chappie always has been, and always will be, a well-intentioned and (almost) wholly legitimate establishment, its



the police are knocking down the office door, it's time we signed off and made our escape out of the nearest available window. All we ask is that you, good people, might overlook the minor peccadilloes that appear to have sullied this magazine's cleanest of names. We fully recognize the error of our ways and are very serious about making amends. You'll vouch for us, won't you? Just say yes, and we can guarantee your work a spot on the front page of our next issue! Sound fair?

got milk?



we do!

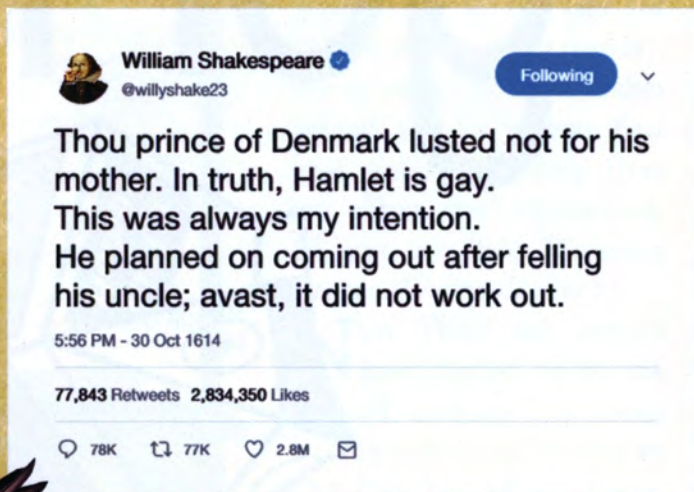
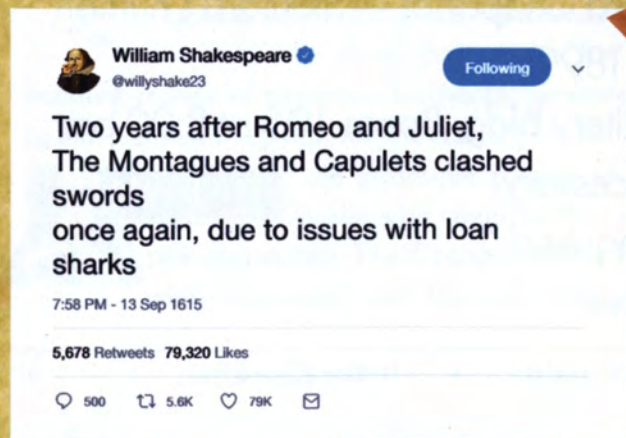
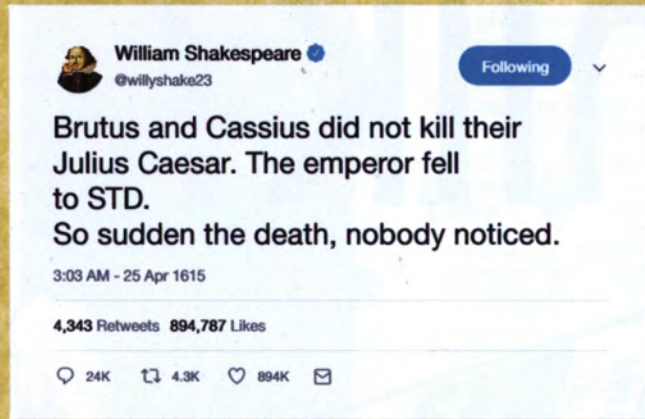
Write, draw, design and more for The Stanford Chaparral — Stanford's humor magazine since 1899.

Meetings are Wednesdays at Old Union, Nitory bldg, Room 105 at 8:00 pm

No experience necessary!
Lactose tolerance required.*

*not actually required

The following slips of parchment have been excavated from under the floorboards of William Shakespeare's home, which seem to capture the writer's attempts to seem 'woketh' in the face of an increasingly progressive England. Out of fear that his works would become obsolete, he apparently adhered the parchment to messenger pigeons with wax and sent them to town, forcing everyone else to rethink their favorite plays. The people responded with further backlash.



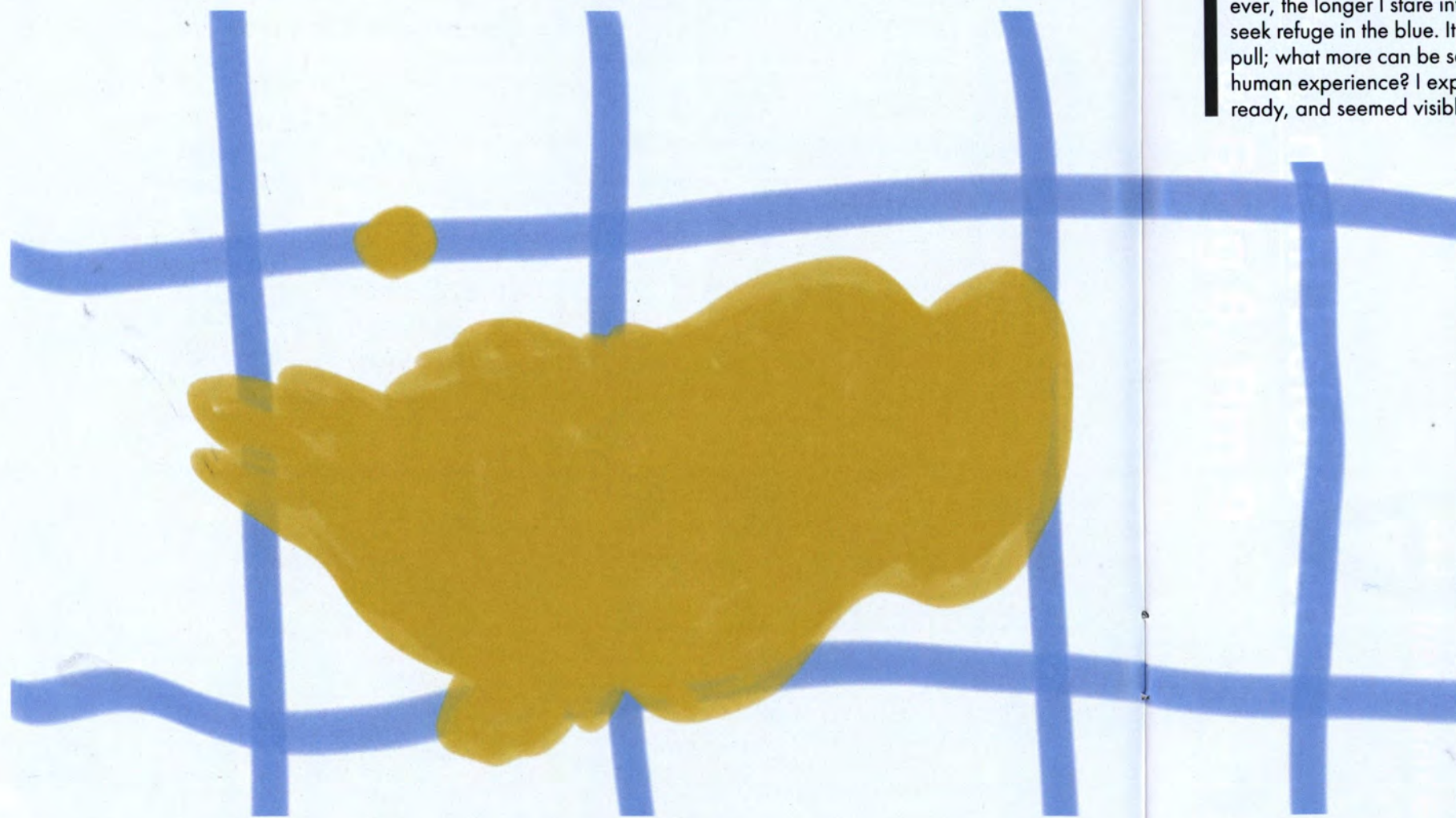
I must confess to you, with much regret
a deed to disrupt your well-laid plans
after I use our schools toilette
I often do not wash my hands
it was not spite or misanthropy
that led us to this tragic scene
but the laziness of man, you see
brought this lapse in my hygiene
at times there is no paper left
or else the trash bins overflowing
so hardly my jeans do I wet,
to my appointment I must be going.
I don't trust those modern devices
who purport to dry me off with air
you can't win me with your artifices
you engineers with your modern tools

I admit at times I cannot flee,
under my fellow's discerning stare
I fulfill my obligation to society
and clean my fingers with extreme care
If there is no soul in sight
from the crack of my stall door
then I sally forth in delight
my hands no wetter than before

no need to file a claim
and raise a community alert
if public safety is your aim
this threat to you will be mere
I assure you there's no danger
look not upon each friendly arm
extended forth from a stranger
with perpetual alarm
I'll soon be removed
you will not bear my life of sin
as soon as my application is approved
I'm off to study medicine

Selections From an Artist's Deep Mind

by Mark York



This newest exhibit at the Cantor Arts Center is built around the collections of a now unnamed artist from Sacramento. Despite recent revelations regarding the artist, Stanford University maintains the historical significance of these works and believes we should not shy away from the discussion to be had.

Morose Purple

My mother left me a lofty inheritance, which I used to tour the New World. I have learned a lot not only about myself but most importantly about human nature and my relationship with our species's lengthy history. "Morose Purple" is a dialogue between two parts of myself. This particular shade of red was chosen using a strict set of parameters to best represent my condemnation towards humanity's darkness. The cool, darker strokes of blue represent my quiet resignation at this aforementioned evil. Despite my initial desire to flee the hard questions of this piece, I cannot ignore the anger. However, the longer I stare into it, my eyes seek refuge in the blue. It is a push and pull; what more can be said about the human experience? I experienced this firsthand when I told my waitress of this brave, artistic vision; naturally, she was not ready, and seemed visibly bored. Oh, but how suddenly she switched to anger when I wrote a haiku in the place of a tip.



Friction

All art is political - though sometimes, our opinions do not align. Such is the case with "Friction." This asymmetry can lead to some tension that the artist must reconcile. This piece, for example, is a Whig. When I get up in the morning, I have barely begun to peruse the papers before this masterpiece blabbers on about how Andrew Jackson can "suck it." I cannot take my nightly shot of brandy before I hear about how the Whigs went against the Democrats "before it was cool." This constant back-and-forth makes Thanksgiving awkward, of course. At the dinner table, I often end up shouting at the painting - "at least the Democratic Party had opinions! Now that Jackson is out of office, you are obsolete, sir!" Then, I realize I've gotten spit on the mashed potatoes. Needless to say, this is all part of the artistic process.



My Mona Lisa

Of course, not just anyone can be inspired like me. It takes a certain luster, per se, to be this good, and you cannot obtain that in universities or high school art classes or gainful employment. For instance, I have come to mull over philosophy while seated at the fine culinary establishment that is Shake Shack. I'm most stimulated when my hamburger - or as

I like to call it, Salisbury Steak - drops onto my bosom, sauce and the whole shabang. Then, like the IRS, my muse comes to me aggressively, and lingers still as I make every reasonable attempt to live out the rest of my day. She has found her way onto my checkered shirt, and I simply have too many questions. A single splatter, lost in a sea of wool - is she lonely? Or is she watching us? I can never know, but I just had to immortalize her. Truly, mustard is my Mona Lisa.

- 1-Unit course
- Fulfills **WAYS-CE**
- **Girthy** assignments
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- live in **glorious** 1080p
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Non feel like coming



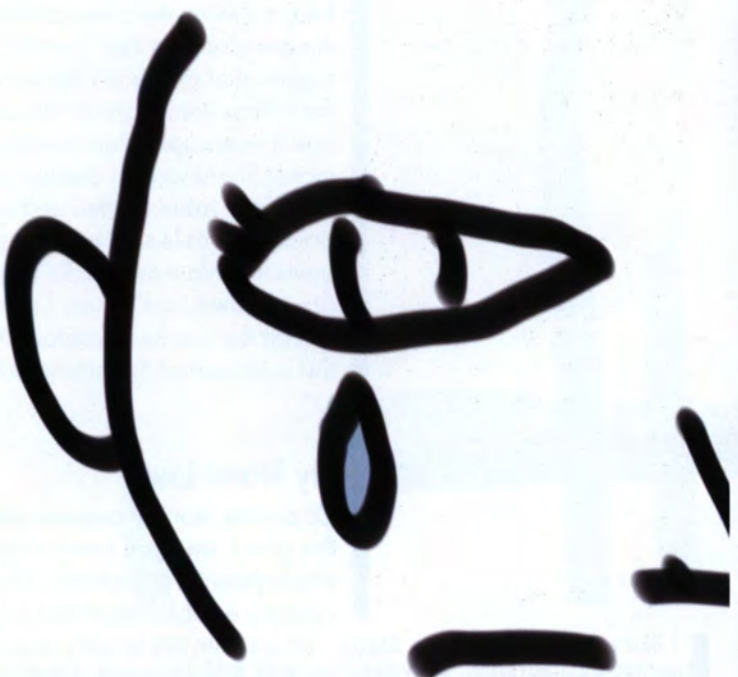
We turn software into **hardware**.

Every night before bed

@ **Bldg 6, Rm 9**

I Wanted a Train Set

This is not a piece about dreams; I had to give up such human desires long ago, when I - an aspiring train conductor - wanted a choo-choo set, but Santa Claus did not deliver. I craved only the man-made magic that is the modern locomotive. I sought only the pure, incorruptible elegance of tiny wheels skirting across miniature tracks. My younger self expected that Santa would recognize what I deserved. I was a good boy. Perhaps even the best of boys. But I was met, instead, with two pairs of socks and the board game "Candyland." Unacceptable! To clearly express my discontent with the insolent fat man, I gave my sister's Barbie doll a trip out the window and the household cat a surgical punt across the living room. Next year, we gave Hanukkah a try.



Mother

The artist made no intelligible comment on this particular piece. When asked to clarify himself, he wept and threatened to clobber the intern with his easel before vanishing into the night. The artist was shortly thereafter arrested for trying to rob a police car with a used breast-pump, among other undisclosed crimes. He was released without bail (the police department did not wish to deal with him) and some accounts claim he continues to wander the streets, lamenting his shattered dreams in an obnoxious falsetto.

StanFeed.News

Rodin Sculpture Garden Revealed To Contain Only Live Painted Men

Take a look at the latest Stanford Scandal for yourself.

By Lana Tleimat
StanFeed News Generator



New cell phone footage released by an anonymous student shows a nude man in body paint, claimed by the university to be an original Rodin, running in the Cantor Arts Center's sculpture garden.

Each statue in the garden has since been confirmed to be a similar fake.

"He's not the only one, they're all alive," the source said when asked about the video.

"You can see them breathing."

According to an official statement made by the Cantor Arts Center, the originals were sold on eBay by "an unauthorized intern" and since then they have been forced to "outsource the upkeep of the garden to a third party", presumably the naked men.

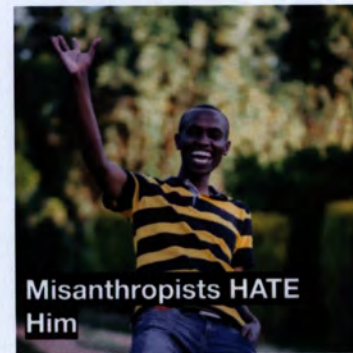
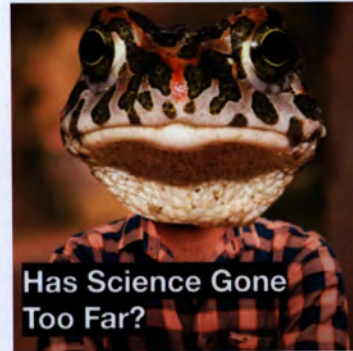
The real statues haven't been on campus for 8 years.

"Usually they're pretty good about it, but sometimes you'll get a runner," said Susan Dackerman, Director of the Cantor Arts Center.

"We didn't think anybody would notice. Students don't really come here."

Every statue refused to comment.

TRENDING NEWS



Document Leak Reveals University's Series of Terrible Investments

Inside where YOUR money is being **misspent**

By Lana Tleimat
StanFeed News Generator

Posted Friday, December 6th 2019

A leaked document originating from the Stanford Management Company reveals a history of financial mismanagement of the university endowment as well as an attempt to cover up the fund's losses over the past eight years. The Investment Office could not be reached for comment.

"We wanted them to divest from fossil fuels first, but this is pretty embarrassing" admitted a former student activist with Fossil Free Stanford. "I'm on financial aid. I think we all just want what's best for the university at this point."

The following are taken from a seventy-nine page dossier that discloses the fund's investments:

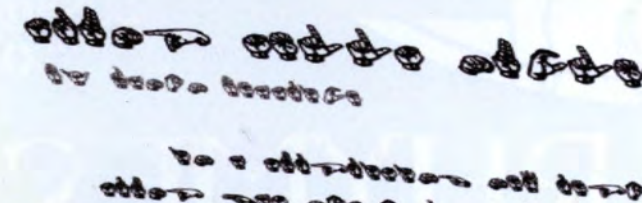
Unhinge: An app to hire local singles to take apart your Ikea furniture



An up and coming rap artist, DJ Yung 3gg



Helping Hand: A web extension that translates text into sign language for the deaf community



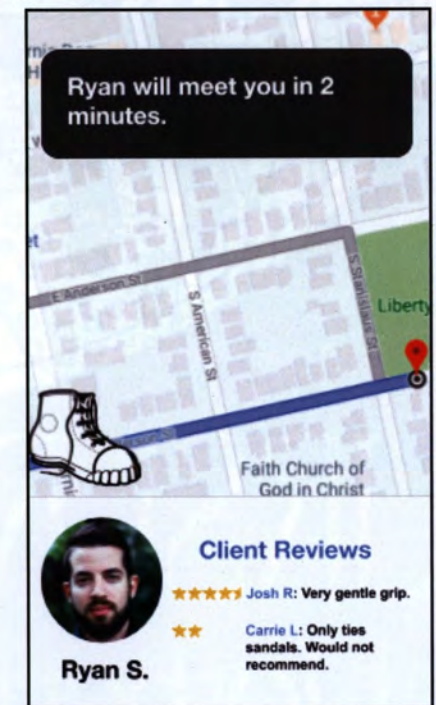
The Humanities



Theranos



Loopt: An app to hire someone to tie your shoes on demand





Written
by
Josh
Weinstein

Artwork
by
Susan
Jancso

CURSERY RHYMES

from

Motherfucker Goose



Little Jack Horner
sat in the corner
eating his Christmas Pie.
He stuck in his thumb,
which was immediately bitten
off by the small badger who
was hiding in the pie.

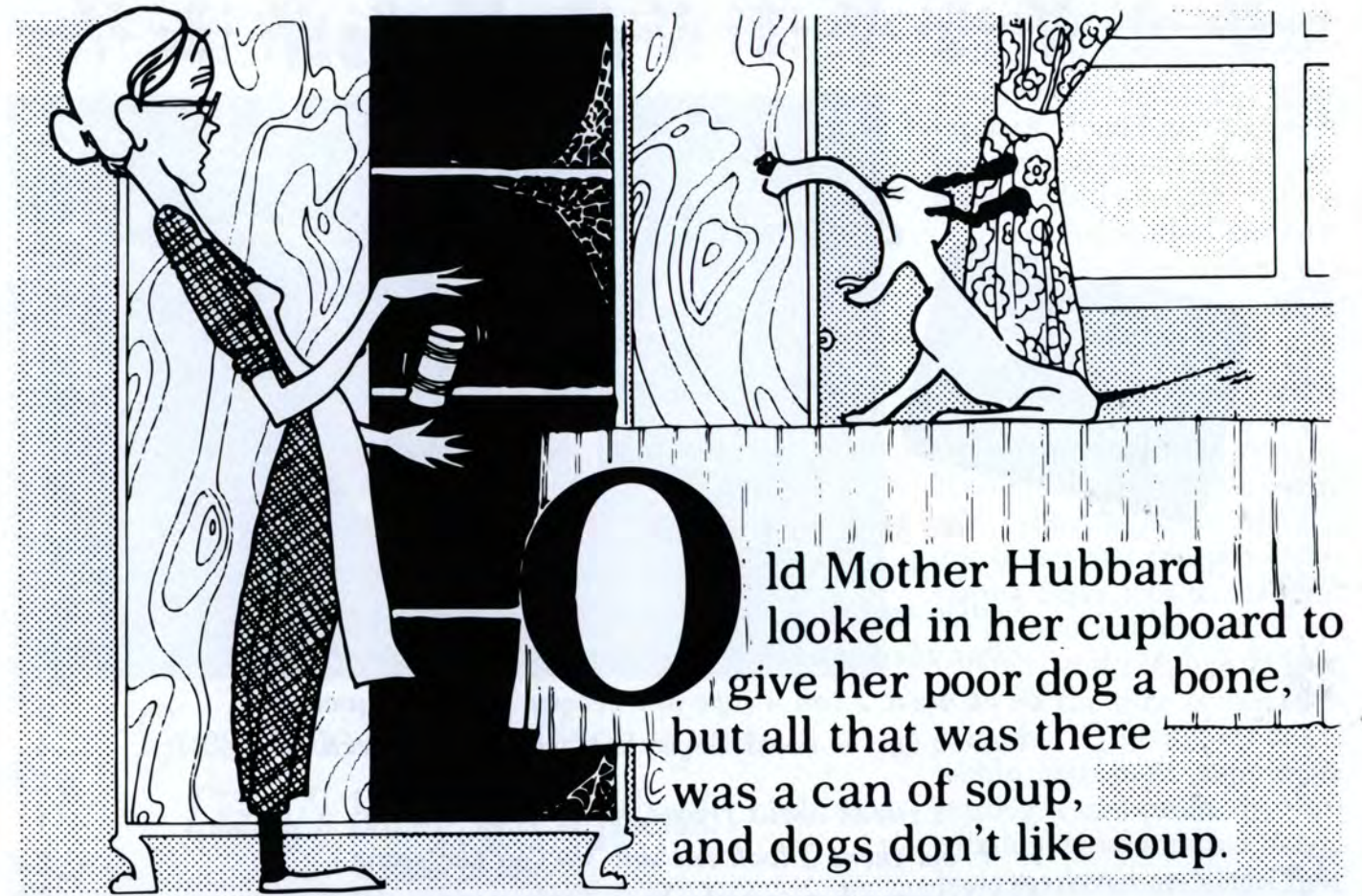


Jack and Jill
went up the hill
to fetch a pail of ether.
The pail was spilled,
and Jill was killed, and Jack
didn't feel too good either.

Old King Cole was a big asshole and a big asshole was he. He said, "It won't be hard to call in the National Guard and have them lock up those goddam Fiddlers Three."

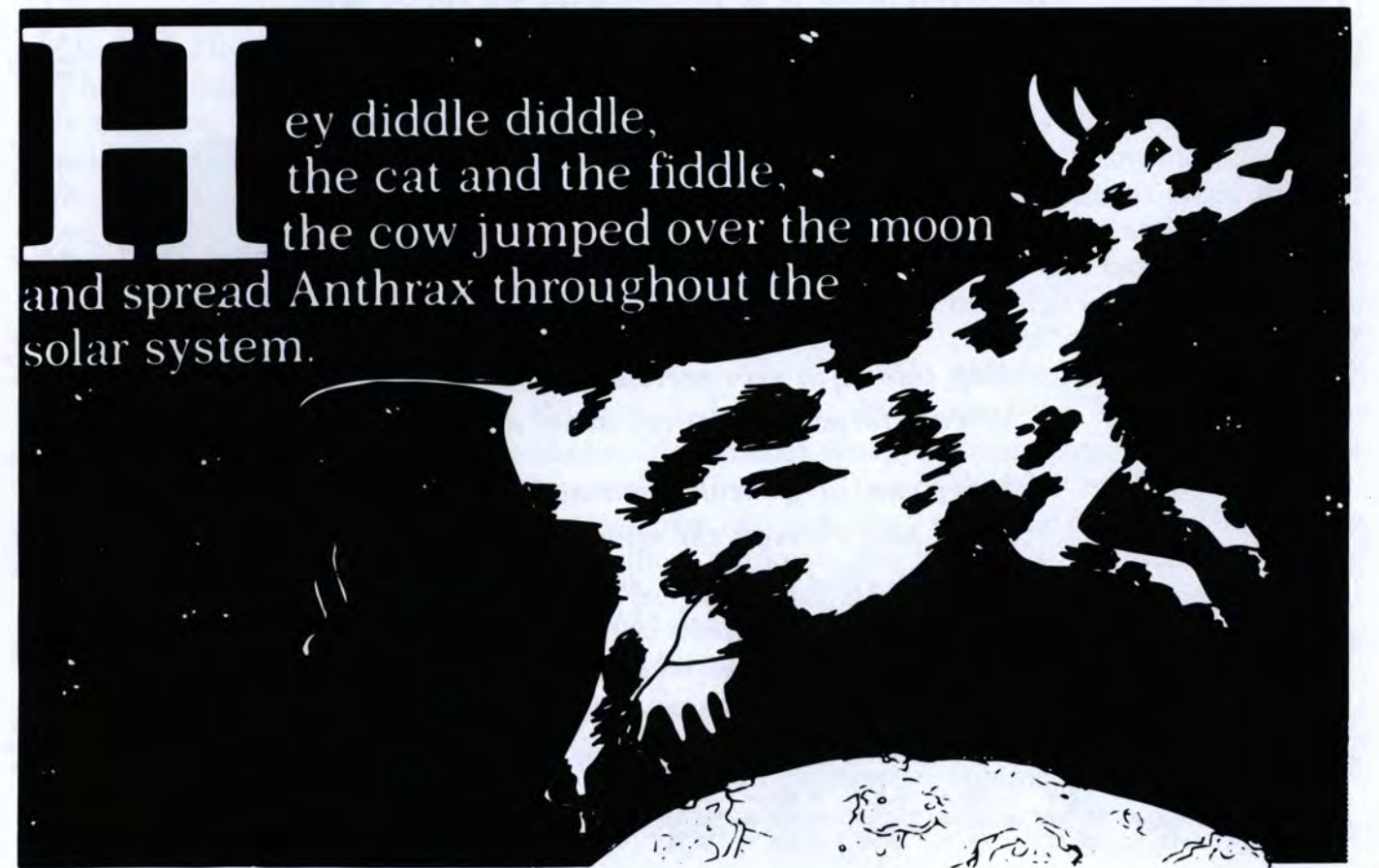


Little Miss Muffet sat in a sensory deprivation tank nearly every day. But the circuits overloaded, and Miss Muffet exploded, and blew her poor mind away.



Old Mother Hubbard looked in her cupboard to give her poor dog a bone, but all that was there was a can of soup, and dogs don't like soup.

Hey diddle diddle,
the cat and the fiddle,
the cow jumped over the moon
and spread Anthrax throughout the
solar system.



M.J.L.:
The Elfin Queen

by
Benjamin Midler



*You know me as Marc Tessier-Lavigne.
As president, many meetings I do convene.
I enjoy my work, though. Guess I have the gene.
But there's more to my job than it may seem.
For at night I don a cape and become the elfin queen!
Tasked by the board to prevent mistakes unseen.*

*I sneak about from Twain to Green.
From there I look out and survey the scene
And detect what is to be done with my eye so keen.
Yesterday I helped a student with poor hygiene.
Alas, he made a mess around the latrine
So now he's encased in polytetrafluoroethylene.*

*Being an elf is not as easy as it may seem.
Sometimes I just have to rest at a canteen
Where I eat some chow mein.
And drink lots of caffeine.
My thin elfin skin needs lots of sunscreen.
When I forget, I turn red as an adzuki bean.*

*Sometimes, as I sneak about at night unseen,
I'll peer through the window of a teen.
With my elfin powers, I glimpse their dream.
And oh my! Such things obscene!
I would describe what I have seen.
But I have no wish to demean
A certain dean.*



News Flash



Guess who's back? Back again. Lizzy's back. Tell a friend.

by Kuslan Al-Jabari

Theranos CEO and founder, Elizabeth Holmes is reportedly heading back to Stanford, after dropping out to pursue her dream as a professional Steve Jobs impersonator and a clown juggalo/gigolo.

"At this, like, stage of my life, I have realized how important, like, a Stanford degree is" said the former somebody.

After retaking the SAT and getting a whopping 1240, Ms. Holmes decided to join the Stanford Sailing Team, famously known for its highly rigorous training and high SAT scores (by sailors' standards).

After getting in, for the second time, Ms. Holmes has decided to dual major in TAPS (Tricking Venture Capitalists

into A Pyramid Scheme) and CS (Crusading Stanford). This combination appeals to a very niche audience: those students that wear medieval clothing and do secret rituals in Terman Fountain at 3 AM every day while blasting songs by Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch who happen to be passionate about Fraud™.

When asked about this life choice, Ms. Holmes stated while smacking her lips, "You know when you like, um, like get that calling. You know, like when you feel as if Jesus is in your DMs or whatever."

Her first project after coming back to Stanford is to develop a vaccine that finally does not cause autism in children,

a move that caters to her flat-earth scientist supporters. "I just, like, feel that, you know, vaccines shouldn't, like, make you artistic or whatever" explained Ms. Holmes.

A spokesman for Elizabeth provided a further explanation: "Ms. Holmes heavily values art and thinks that every child should have the same fair-ground from which they start".

After her initial pitch to StartX, Ms. Holmes has stirred mass ridicule across campus due to her past endeavors: castrating Steve Jobs to maintain his stamina, cutting her fiancé's genitalia and keeping them in a jar till the time comes as to keep the IQ points contained within and, most notoriously, starting a non-profit that distributed virus-infected Capri Suns marketed as "Capri Sun: Last Supper" or "A Bowl of [V.] L [and] A [that you can drink]" as she calls them.

This should not come as a surprise as anyone who knows Ms. Holmes is aware that she is one weird and special snowflake. "She has a tattoo on her back that says 'I got the hots for cooties'" one colleague claimed. Another colleague confirmed that the famous conspiracy theory that theorizes that the Wiggles are just the Teletubbies that got turned into human form after disobeying Thomas, the one and only true lord, savior and train engine (the holy trinity) is made up by Ms. Holmes herself. The former businesswoman has declined to comment on both claims. ☞

we asked our staff...

What did you have to do to get your piece in this issue?

THE STANFORD DAILY

VOLUME-WHAT'S A VOLUME?

A CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

TOOSDAY

I GOT A NEW BIKE!

BY CHARLIE GOFISH

I GOT THIS REAL NEAT BIKE FOR MY BIRTHDAY ITS RED AND WHITE AND ITS GOT 10 SPEEDS AND A RED SEAT AND BMX HANDELBARBS AND I EVEN GOT A KRYPTONITE LOCK FOR IT AND IT COST A LOT NEXT WEEK I'M GONNA GET SOME NEW HE-MEN I CAN'T WAIT!



HELLO, MR. SUN!

PHOTO-LISA RAMBERG, DAILY

TOO STUDENTS ENJOY THE SHINING SUN IN FRONT OF HOOVER TOWER TODAY YESTERDAY.

DAVID HIT ME

BY TRACY FRUITLOOPS

DAVID HIT ME!! I'M GONNA TELL!

PLEASE SEE MY NEW BIKE

CHARLIE IS A WIENER by Kenneth Yoyo
Charlie is a big stupid ugly wiener and he stinks so does his bike. he won't even let me ride it. Charlie sucks.

OPINIONS

CHRIS ADUMSON



I DON'T LIKE COLLIFLOWER. AND I DON'T LIKE GURLS. AND I DON'T LIKE HITTING BATHS. I DON'T LIKE MY HEDD ON THE TREE HOUSE DOOR. I DON'T LIKE HORSES BUT I LIKE MISS GRINALDI SHE'S MY FAVRIT TEECHER AND SHE READS THIS.

THANK YOU MISS GRINALDI'S MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE!!!! -SENIOR STAFF

Pete

The real question is, what did I have to do to keep it a secret?

Mark

My time was coming, and I knew perfectly well. Who could ignore the robocalls of death plaguing my contacts? It was getting annoying, but I had it coming: my afternoon pastime of playing chicken with cyclists has finally caught up with me and these are the stakes of the game. In order to prolong my time on this mortal realm, I packed my soul in a musky pickle jar and hid it in an off-shore bank account. The reaper knows but is too laissez-faire to do anything about it. Now the game can continue.

Antonio

The required readings for my lit class

Kyle

Huh? Bah. I ain't done nothing funky. My pieces is great. The whole street, they lining up to read my pieces. They know what's best for them. I ain't crooked. I ain't one of them hairbrush users. I'm the real deal. You all know it. They all know it. We all know it. I ain't nothing but fresh. I ain't nothing but great. Bah.

Lana

An honest transaction. Dialysis is tough, but the recovery was quicker than expected.

Benjamin

I've had a lot of practice manipulating people. Whether it was getting a teacher in school to spend class time telling personal stories, or inciting rebellion in Guatemala when I was stationed there as a young CIA officer, I've always been able to innately get people to do what I want. When it came time to submit my piece to the Chaparral, I had the hope that it would be accepted on merit, but I knew the odds were slim. The years I spent as a prisoner of Los Fuerzas Armadas Rebeldes in a jungle-prison have put a damper on my sense of humor. But when I got word from the editors that I had been turned down, I remained upbeat. I had other means at my disposal. I fetched my black bag from its hiding place under my bed, cycled over to the Chaparral office, and, upon finding the editor working inside, tied him to a chair and covered the windows with thick blankets. Over the next hour I heard all manner of confession. Everything from ghosting Persis Drell on Tinder to genetically engineering a hyper-contagious version of norovirus. In the end, though, I got what I had come for: a promise that my piece would be included in this issue of the Chaparral.

Matt:

Ask my Armenian hitman.

Charlie

Purchase a dictionary

Nicholas

Remove all references in my piece to the Exxon Valdez oil spill

Meley

"Your mom."

More than
ever

It's Chesterfield

... the milder, better-tasting,
cooler-smoking cigarette

Again Chesterfields are out front with their bright and unusually attractive *Special Christmas Cartons*. Send them to the ones you're thinking of... their cheerful appearance says *I wish you A Merry Christmas*, and says it well... and inside, each friendly white pack says *light up and enjoy more smoking pleasure*.

They Satisfy