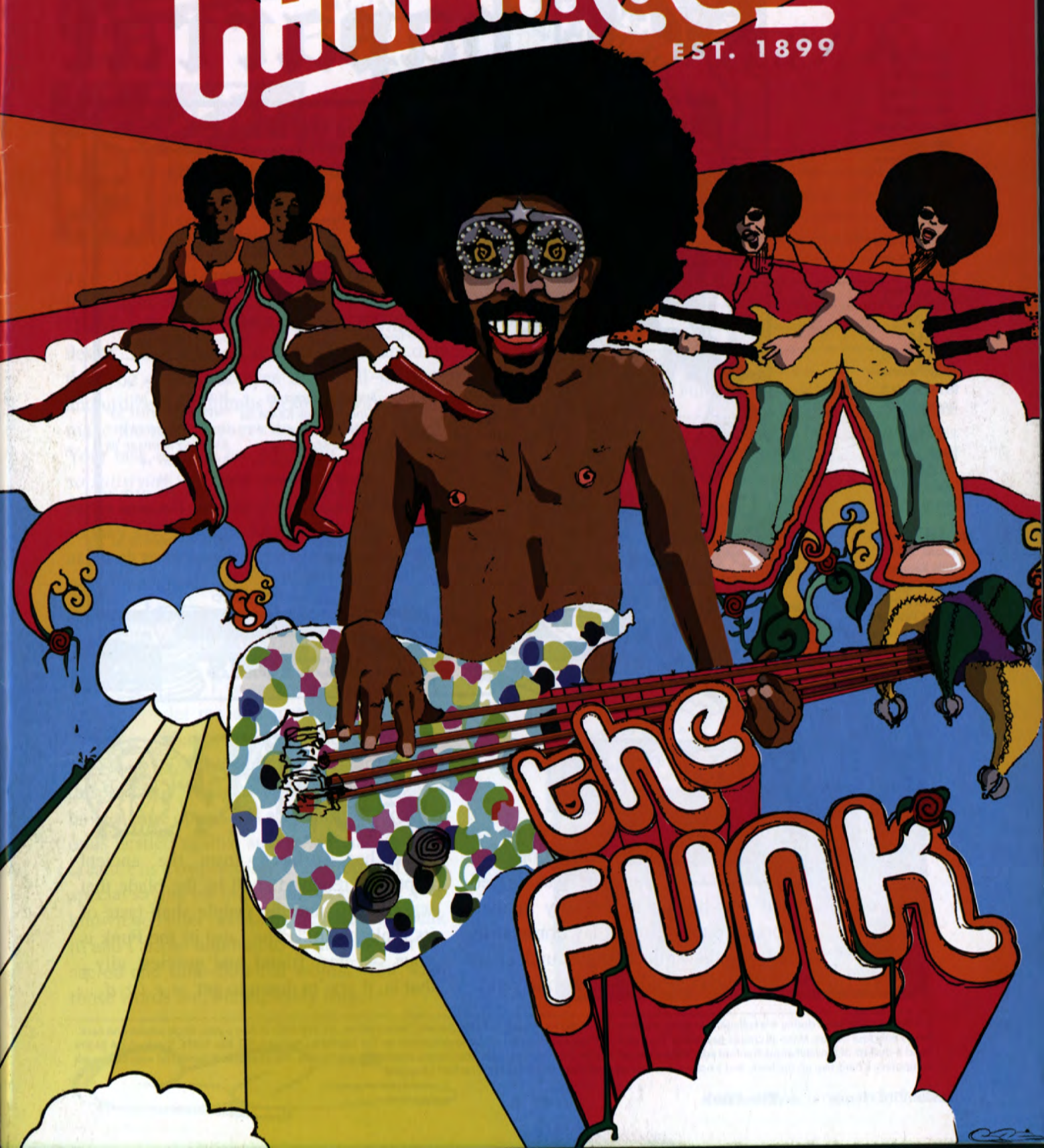


THE STANFORD
CHAPARRAL
EST. 1899



**the
FUNK**

Staff

'11
David Kessler
Simone Perrin
St. Gardfingers

'12
Josh Alvarez
Isaac Bleaman
Nick Gardner
Tamarind King
Reyna Kontos
Alexei Koseff
Spencer Leroux
Jarrod Marks
Riley Matthews
Ellis Reid

'13
Andrew Adams
Anteneh Daniels
Brandon Evans
Victor Onuigbo
Danny Organ
Kyle Sykes

'14
Sasha Arijanto
Phillip Nazarian
Golp Papadam
Garrett Taylor

'15
Alex Bayer
Cody Laux
Rolo Tony
Garrett Taylor

Special Thanks
Daniel Smith
Billy Kemper
Bootsy Collins
Pumpkin Brew
The Girls of Twin Peaks
Arm Hamburgerhead

Vol. CXIII April 30th, 2012 No. 4

SAM COGGESHALL '12 <i>Old Boy</i>	ALEX HERTZ '13 <i>Old Boy</i>
KIAN AMELI '13 <i>Downright Bass</i>	
ANTHONY SO '14 <i>Sauce Master</i>	DANIEL KONING '14 <i>Jazz Singer</i>
RYAN DE TABOADA '14 <i>Rhythm Guy</i>	ALEX BAYER '15 <i>Fillet-o-Soul</i>
BILLY KEMPER '11 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i>	JOSH MEISEL '12 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i>

H ammer C offin	SPENCER LEROUX '12	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07
ALEX BAYER '15	GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02	MIKE PIHULIC '06
RISHI CHANDERRAJ '06	JOHN LYMAN '11	DAVID ROSENTHAL '12
CHRIS CRANE '00	PATRICK MAHER '09	GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02
RYAN DE TABOADA '14	MEGHAN MCCURDY '09	ANTHONY SCODARY '08
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CARRIE KEMPER '06	SIMONE PERRIN '11	GARRET WERNER '10
DOUG KENTER '07	EUGENE PARK '98	ANNIE WYMAN '08
DANIEL KONING '14	DUSTIN PERKINS '00	STEVE YELDERMAN '04
DAVE LAMPSON '00	ADRIAN PERRY '03	JACOB YOUNG '02



2012 has ended, an era ended with it. Long ago, a magazine was forged, but it was broken at the very moment before its publication. It lay dormant for many months, collecting dust under dark shadows and coagulated Seagram's gin.

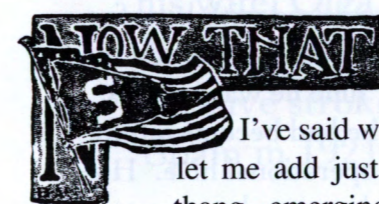


issue has surfaced from the ancient depths—"renewed shall be the blade that was broken, and the people shall taste of its funky flesh!" The Lord of the Funk is your sweetest friend and sauciest ally... that is, if you're down to get weird.

THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL Vol. CXIII, No. 2
EST. 1899
The Funk



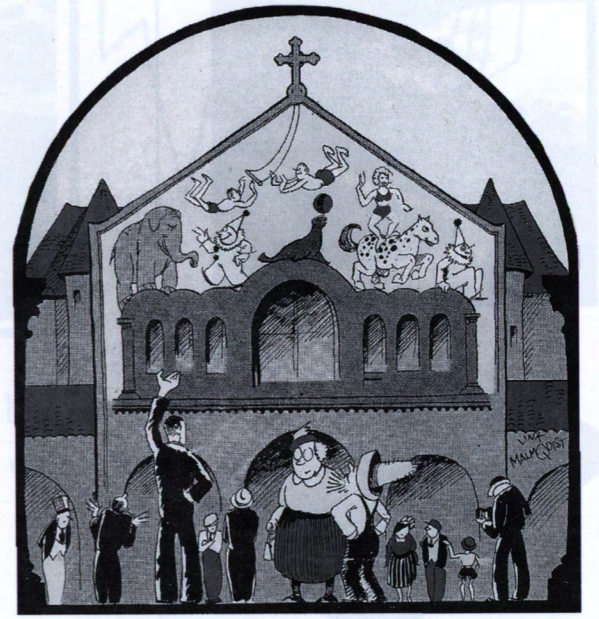
the horn of Arm Hamburgerhead shall sound in the deep one last time, the coming dawn promises a fresh beat. The Funk may change your life. It has certainly claimed a good chunk of mine. This Old Boy is hoping for a light at the end of this cocaine tunnel. "Bold and sweet are the chicken wings of desire" (Festinger et. al., 1957). I desire only that you open your eyes in a well-lit room and utilize your thumbs in such a way so as to make the turning pages do interesting things. Your task is none too hard, but it will be *oh so satisfying*, like any quality trumpet solo or fuzzy bass riff. Funky sounds soothe the soul, so they say. If your soul itches anywhere near as much as mine then you already understand why I am so excited.



I've said what I need to say, let me add just this: this funky thang, emerging headfirst from a slow and painful birthing, is this Old Boy's *magnum opus*. Yes, I know I have a large opus. It is a comfort to have my opus nestled against such a soft and sensual creature as *Compromise*. The Chaparral has a special saying for important occasions. I've known no better occasion than now to speak it, and I am so honored to be able to utter the sacred and time-honored words. But what those words are, I completely forget.

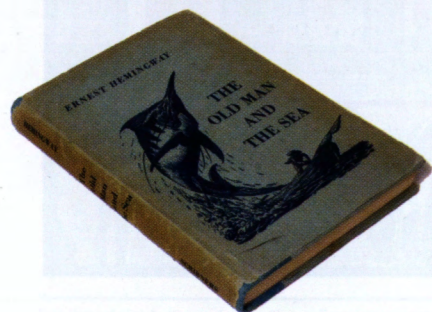
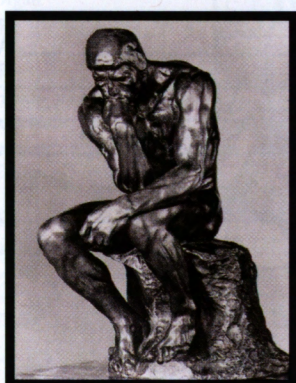
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6	Money Saving Tips.....	Meisel
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Here's a list of famous works of art before and after the artist became ill. Try to guess their malady!

BEFORE MALADY



AFTER MALADY



MALADY:

Monet developed serious eye problems late in his life. Paintings became increasingly abstract. In his final days, Monet painted this portrait of his niece.

Rodin suffered from intense phobias. Evidence of crippling fear can be seen in his grotesque, mangled sculptures.

Rodin's greatest fear was sculpting.

Ansel Adams was covered with bees for most of his life. By the time he was famous, he had become a fully operational hive. His photography stagnated as his brain filled with honey.

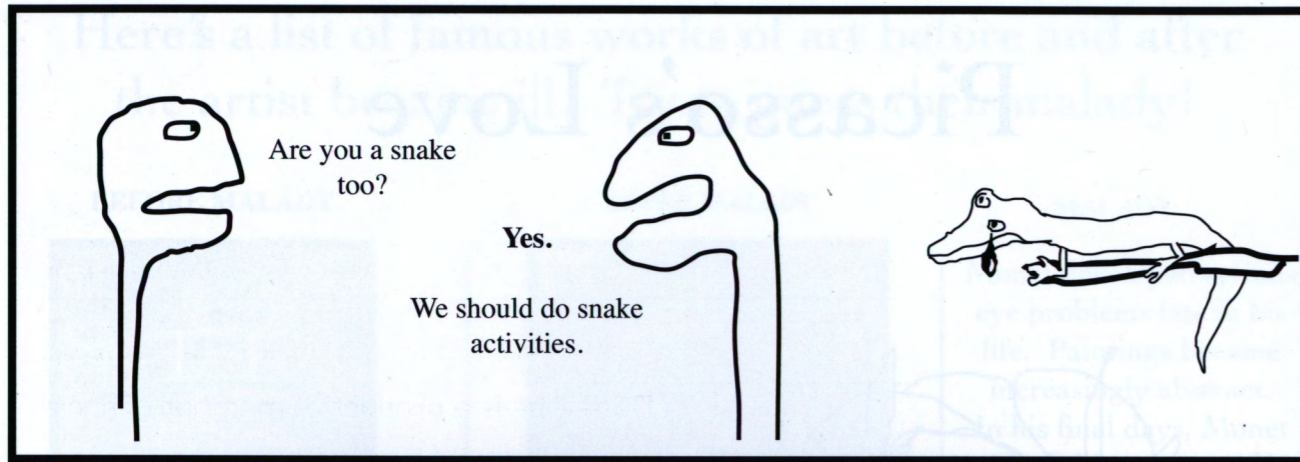
Hemingway's work screeched to a standstill when he took his own life with a bronze statue of a marlin.

Picasso's Love



In 1921, Pablo Picasso draws his wife, Olga. He captures her beauty and ferocity with a few decisive strokes. Oh, to live in Spain in 1921! It is too much.

In 1933, Pablo Picasso has become enamored with someone else. She is of a different breed, and how she excites! Her hot temper is a special treat.



Money \$aving Tip\$

Every woman loves shoes, but don't buy any.

At the deli, don't get the largest size. Get a smaller size and say, "No thank you," to the extra chips and a drink. Not only will your wallet thank you, but so will the cashier.

Did you know what is free? Water is what! Instead of drinking pricy soups and broths, check your local water fountain.

Time is money, so count a cigarette as your meal. This saves time and money. You can use that money to buy more cigarettes and more time.

As the old saying goes, "Hospitals are the just like boats: they are money pits." That's why you shouldn't go to the hospital. Do you know how many dollars people spend in hospitals every year? The number will make you blind!

Some people don't like the apple cores, but I don't mind.

If you drive a school bus, make sure you leave a tip jar next to the steering wheel. At the end of the day, all the money in the jar is yours to keep. As an added bonus, sometimes kids have gum. Ask them to share and your lunch is free.

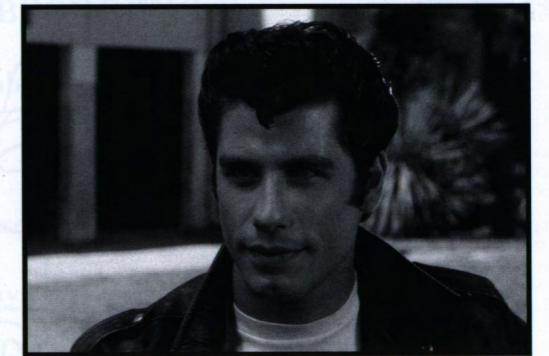
Periods are some of the most expensive times of the month. Once you weigh less than 90 lbs, you'll stop bleeding away your money and start hollowing out some serious savings!

Intest in hospitals.

THE_GREASE

reality is a thing of the past

In the year 1999,
John Travolta leads two lives.



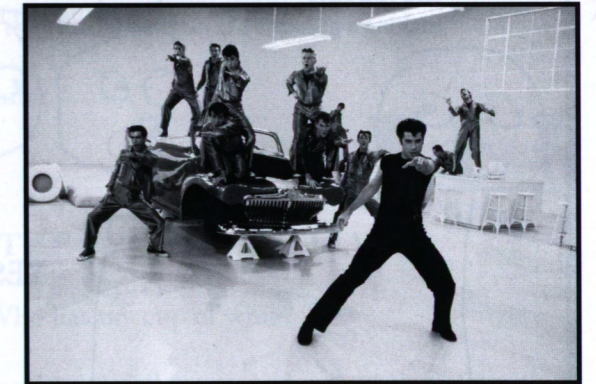
By day, he is a productive member of society.

By night, he is a hacker known as "Danny."

Danny has always questioned his reality, but the truth is far beyond his imagination.



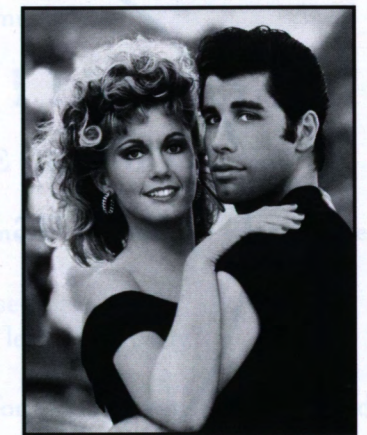
At the discoteque, Danny runs into a girl named _olivia, a legendary computer hacker branded a nuisance by their principal.



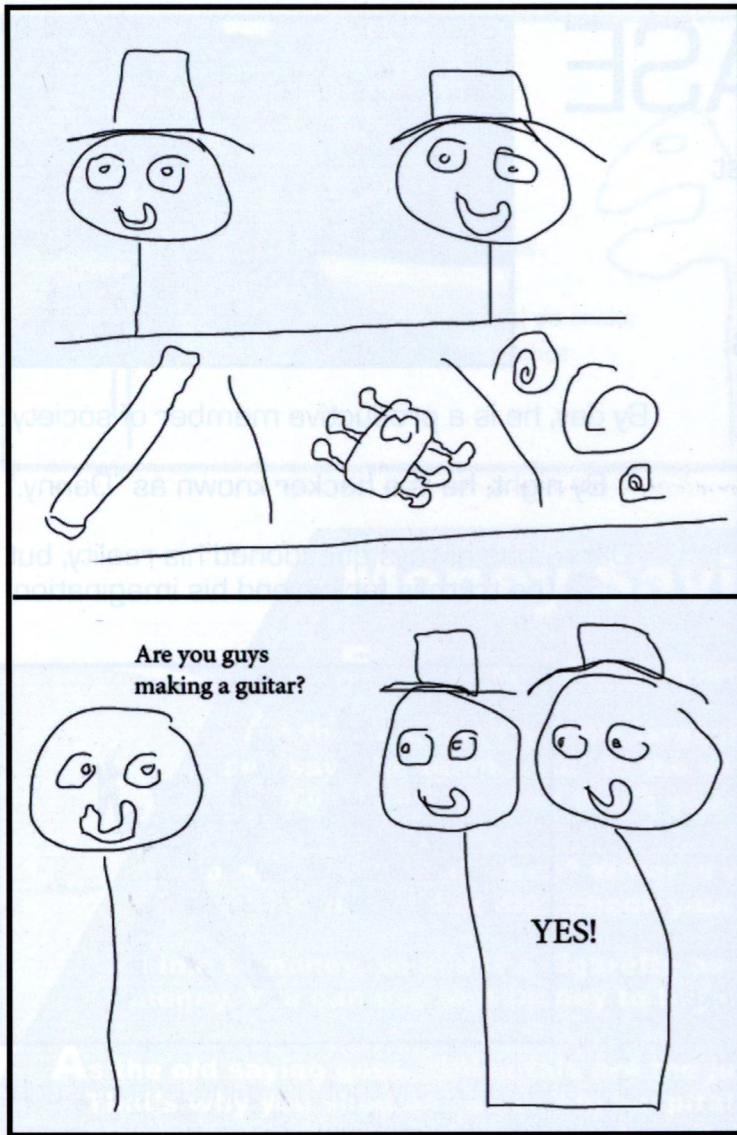
She shows Danny that his mind is imprisoned in an artificial construct known as the Grease, which resembles the American 1950s.



Danny returns to the Grease to confront the agents: computer programs devoted to snuffing out Danny and the entire high school.



To overthrow the Grease, he must free his mind to become the one that I want.



From our Diaries

Reasons why I hate being an orphan:

I ain't got no moms

I ain't got no dads

I ain't got no brothers

I ain't got no sisters

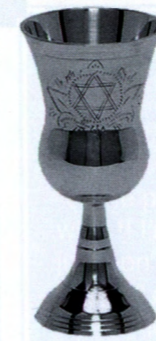
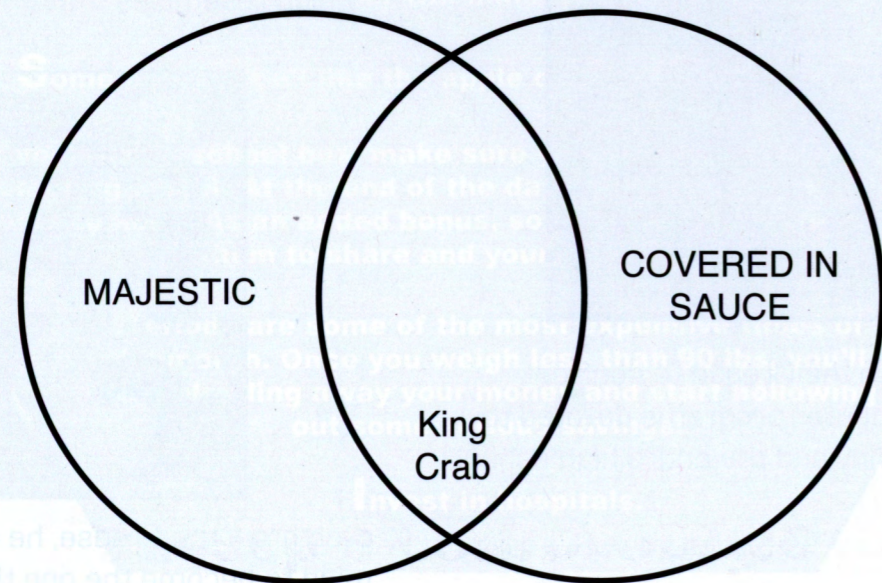
I ain't got no aunts

I ain't got no uncles

I ain't got no granddads

I ain't got no grandmas

I ain't got no cousins



PASSOVER PART 1: THE BEGINNING



Master of Ceremonies: Are all present members of the Jewish faith?

ALL: Yes, my lord.

Master of Ceremonies: Grand Master, are you a Jewish Man?

Grand Master: With all my heart.

Master of Ceremonies: How many hardboiled eggs have you eaten this night?

Grand Master: Nine hardboiled eggs, to represent the nine Egyptian plagues. I ate them very quickly, one after the other, like those small dinosaurs that ate the eggs of other, larger dinosaurs.

Master of Ceremonies: At this time we invite anyone forth who can name this small dinosaur.

Little Boy: (quietly) I would like to claim this small honor.

Master of Ceremonies: Can you name the dinosaur that ate eggs?

Little Boy: I cannot.



PART 12: THE RECKONING OF THE PROPHET ELIJAH

The Propher Elijah: [Appearing] Who has my cup of wine?

Medium Boy: I, a boy of average size, have your wine. A full cup, my ghost prophet.

Elijah: I bless each and every one of you with lasting happiness and a bounty of gnats.

Medium Boy: Gnats?

Elijah: They won't bother you too much.



PART 44: THE CONCLUSION OF THE CEREMONIES

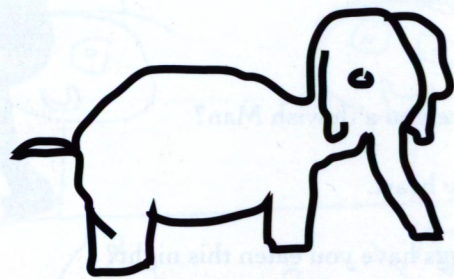
Master of Ceremonies: Prophet Elijah, it is time for the ceremonial re-filling of your chalice.

Elijah: I shouldn't have eaten all those eggs.
(shouting across the room) Girls, why are you leaving so early?

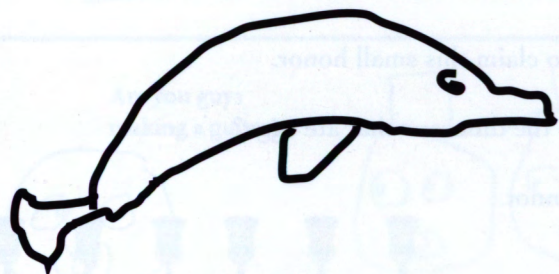
Master of Ceremonies: Then the wine ceremony comes to a close, for God is great and has blessed us all.

God: [vomits]

Before Funk



Elephant



Dolphin



Monkey

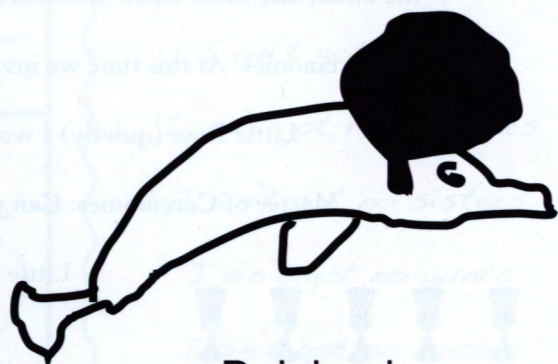


Man Makes Fire

After Funk



Elephunk



Dolphunk



Funky



Cocaine Makes a Man (do things)

Jazz Man

"Some people just wanna get down, you know? Down with it! I'm talking about those sick motherfuckers who just don't know when to know when to stop and when to say "sayonara" to that jive chicken (it ain't no turkey) we call Mama Self-Control."

"Then you get folks like Clarence Willie and the Too-Too Band. Now, this some special brand of you-don't-know-what-the-funk-but-you-call-it-like-it-is! You wanna bring that yourself what Willie and the Band got? Then you gotta find in yourself the grit to smack off and slack off."

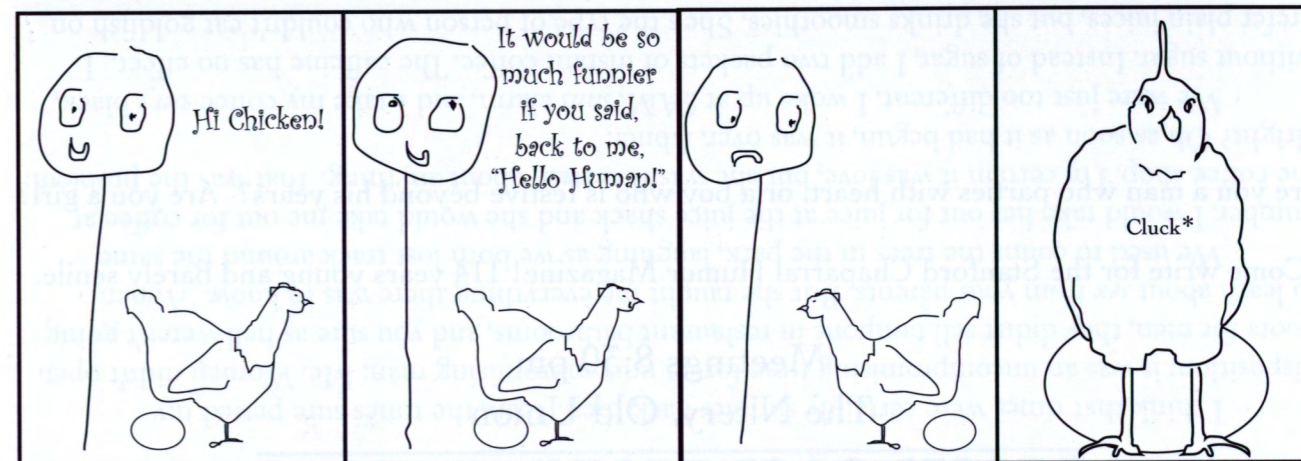
"Aw yeah, get gone with the droopy dog leash held by Decency, and get straight randy!"

"Now you down, but you wanna put up? You get guys like that in here all through the night, but I'll tell you what, not none of them know what it means to "yes, ma'am" the Lady Social Convention. Don't even think about tryin' nothin' till you tell that punk brat Johnny Law where to stick it! No cool ever came from not murdering the police!"

"And sometimes you get yourself the jazz cat daddies all sly come in and comin' in with the one track mind set on the groove. Oh you know what I'm sayin', Slick! Snakey dude like that got no plan on not givin' no lip unless you ask for it, but to this fella? Aw, he hear you ask before he even one foot in the door. By that other foot, he done done some special number on you and all the mamba mamacitas came for the salsa. Cats like that leave with everything, and you know he knock right over any hope ya had for really just a casual night of fun on the town with a few close friends, nothing fancy, and certainly not this. Dick, your plans for tonight are ruined!"



Silly Chicken



* "You eat my cousin, you eat my brother, you eat my eggs, you eat my friends, you eat my daughters."

Heels over Head in Love

I think that times were certainly simpler back then. Yeah, the times sure petted my disposition: it was an uncompromising time for an uncompromising man: Me. Women didn't open doors for men, they didn't sell tampons in restaurant bathrooms, and you sure as hell weren't going to learn about *sex* from your parents. But she taught me everything there was to know. Abner...

We used to count the trees in the park, laughing as we both lost track around the same number. I would take her out for juice at the juice shack and she would take me out for coffee at the coffee shop. I'm certain it was love, but she wasn't certain about anything. That was the problem, alright? Oh as soon as it had begun, it was over, Abner.

We were just too different. I woke up at 5AM, *sans* alarm, and I take my coffee *very* black, without sugar. Instead of sugar, I add two packets of instant coffee. The caffeine has no effect. I prefer plain juices, but she drinks smoothies. She's the type of person who couldn't eat goldfish on account of their 'scary' slogan. Oh, Abner.

I knew something was wrong when *she* wanted to go to the juice shack. I *really* knew something was up because she had broken up with me over the phone two days earlier. I ordered a lemon-lime juice smoothie to indicate that I was making an effort, and she got apple juice... plain, uncompromising apple juice. She was making an effort too.

So right then and there I pulled a diamond ring from my pocket and said, "Love of my life, I sold all my hair to buy you this diamond ring." But then she revealed the horrible truth: She had sold all her fingers and toes to buy me the coffee grounds hair conditioner I ogle through storefront windows on my walk to work.

She took a sip of my lemon-lime juice through *my* straw on the right side of *her* mouth while simultaneously taking a sip of her apple juice through her straw on the left side of her mouth. I felt nauseous. She wasn't making an effort. My knees began to shake. No, she wasn't making an effort at all! My vision blurred. I could barely make out what she told me: "Sometimes compromise means that you can have it all, Abner."



The Nitery, Old Union
Meetings 8:30 pm

Are you a man who parties with heart, or a boy who is festive beyond his years? Are you a girl? Come write for the Stanford Chaparral Humor Magazine! 114 years young and barely senile.

Dress like a man.
Party like a boy.

