

THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL

EST. 1899



Compromise
Vol. CXIV, No. 2

\$4.00

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Special Thanks

Dennis Johnson
cellphone
Election Night Specials
Broken hearts and windows
My dog
One "black hole"



Vol. CXIV February 5th, 2013 No. 2

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Old Boy

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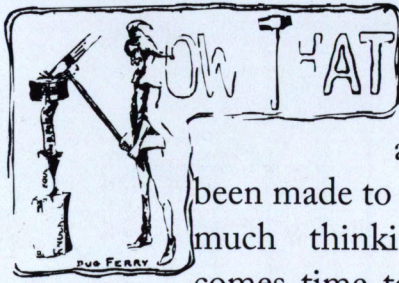
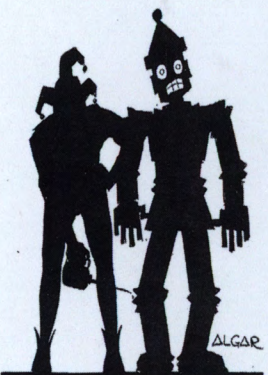
Hammer
Coffin

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

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

REFLECTIONS



those freshmen among you have been made to understand how much thinking matters, it comes time to stress the role

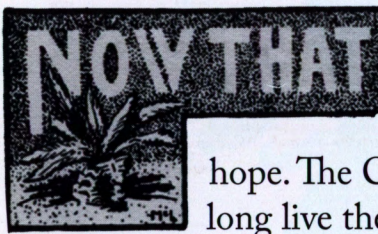
of reason as it pertains to this publication. The O.B. is nothing if not a reasonable boy. He will run advertisements for stores in Town & Country Village, despite a stylistic objection to triple oxymorons. He will print his magazine on frou-frou "green" "recycled" paper, despite a personal fondness for the

Published several times during the year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are eighteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues only four dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box #18916, Stanford, CA 94309. Email us at oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu. From a computer, goto one of our websites: stanfordchaparral.com or chappie.stanford.edu. Just check 'em out!
The Chaparral is produced with Apple computers, two genuine casino dice, and a shameless lack of emotional intelligence.

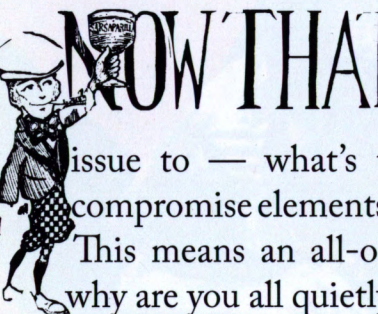
pulp of the freshly felled coast redwood. He will, if fiscally strained, sell his jester hat for a bowl of A&P M&C. But one thing, and one thing only, he will not brook, will not abide, will not even countenance: and that is foul Compromise.



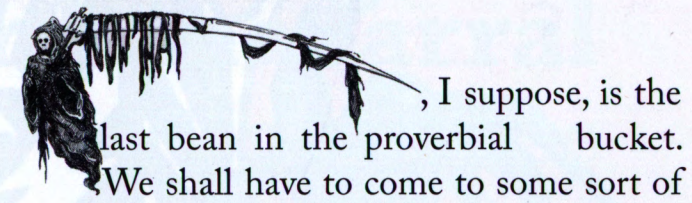
those three hated syllables are uttered, one must pause for a moment and catch one's breath. You see, certain individuals with a certain degree of influence — worldly influence only, but influence all the same — would like to see the Chappie on its knees, begging for scraps at who knows what tables. These quibbling quislings, these treacherous Trotskies to this Old Bolshevik, say that perfect is the enemy of good; that a magazine, however true to itself, is no magazine at all if it is scarcely printed and never read. If a coast redwood falls in the Muir Woods, I ask them, doesn't it make a sound? (Personal experience adjudicates in favor.)



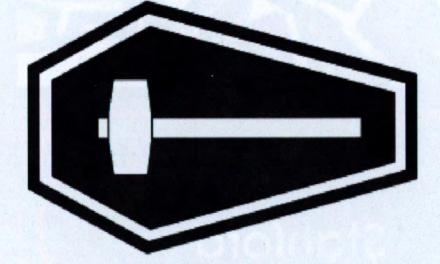
's all quite clear enough, I should hope. The Chaparral is dead; long live the Chaparral.



we've got the Funk, we dedicate this issue to — what's that? There are pro-compromise elements among our numbers? This means an all-out — oh, come now, why are you all quietly shaking your heads? Et vos, Chappii?



, I suppose, is the last bean in the proverbial bucket. We shall have to come to some sort of compro—agreement, and posthaste. (But perhaps not too post... I don't know, what do you think?) What say we split this very issue lengthwise? One half shall be dedicated to the Funk in all its myriad shining forms, and the other can explore the white-knuckle excitement that comes with a life of knuckling under. Let the best Chappies win. Or come to a draw and share the spoils. Depending.





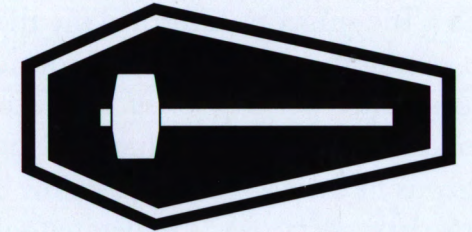
The Stanford Chaparral

Compromise

Vol. CXIV, No. 2

ART CREDITS

| | | |
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| 1 | Cover..... | Johnson |
| 4 | The Transmitter Faces South* | Saxon |
| 9 | Portrait..... | Bayer |
| 16 | Facebook..... | Stanford Class of 2016 |
| 19 | Hard Drugs..... | Ameli |

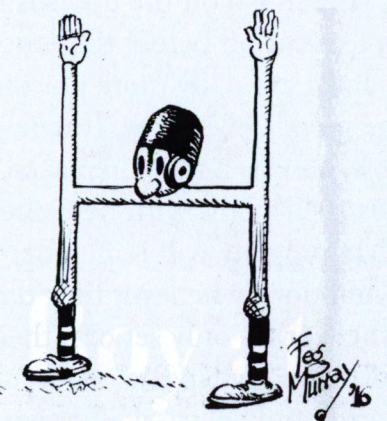
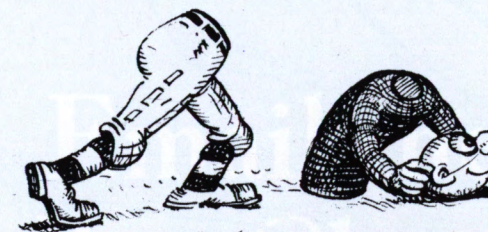


*June 1997



WRITING CREDITS

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| 6 | My Bones, My Ivory | Ameli |
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SNOPPYQUOPS AT PLAY

Stanford
Chaparral

My Bones, My Ivory

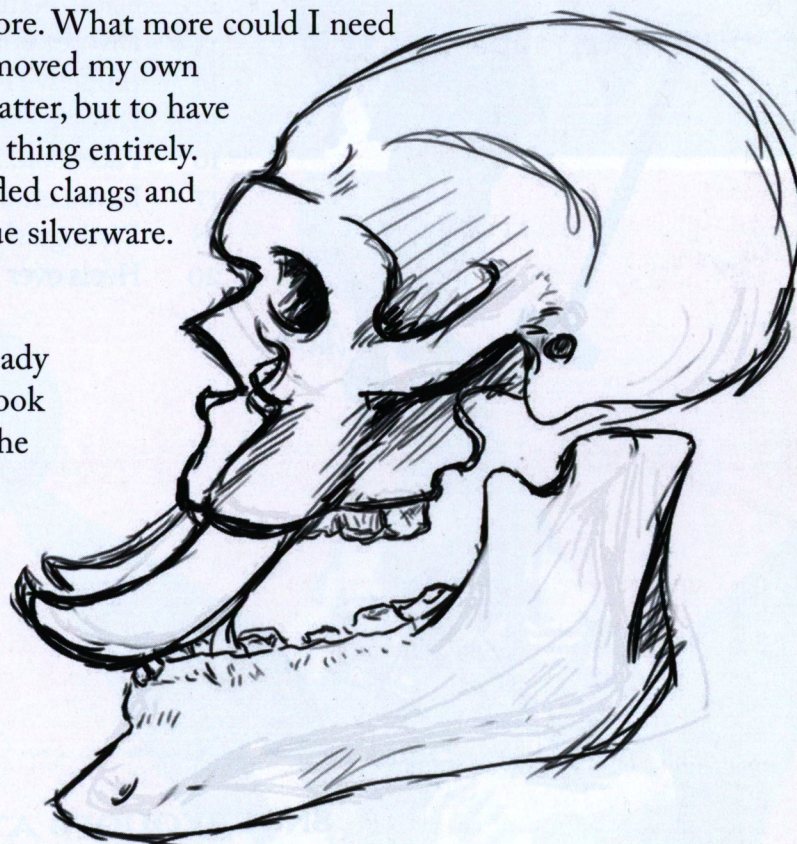
Things haven't been quite the same ever since they replaced my bones with forks and knives. I had sought to undergo the procedure of my own volition. I took great pleasure in the thought of the luxurious table settings I would thenceforth present to my guests; human ivory is a delight to be sure, but my own ivory, what fancy!

The surgeons informed me that the deboning would be strictly painless but were also careful to advise me of the considerable expenses involved. I told them money was of no concern, especially for such an exclusive opportunity. I told them they would need to be murdered upon producing my ivory, and they understood. These men had been brilliant surgeons in their younger days, now brought to violating their oaths in the name of one rich man's perverse fantasy. Desperate fools, my most selfless employees.

On the day of the operation, my dearest friends and family pleaded with me not to proceed with such a dangerous surgery, especially since I had no compelling medical reason to do so. Such words, spoken through collagen laden lips, from behind botox-injected, sliced up faces. I balked at their hypocrisy. Sure enough, those same faces wore mad smiles as they enjoyed duck à l'orange and flaming croquettes off of my newly fashioned ivory tableware. Those cads ate cheerily off of the bones they begged me to keep inside myself.

I don't have many concerns anymore. What more could I need or want now that I, while living, have removed my own skeleton? To live without bones is one matter, but to have in their place forks and knives is another thing entirely. From within my skin now issue the muffled clangs and clatters of three hundred pieces of antique silverware. My children call me their Jingle-jangle.

The finish on the utensils had already begun to wear off before the procedure took place, and I am daily more poisoned by the strange metals inside me. It relieves me to know, however, that I replaced those priceless heirlooms with new ones of my own. My progeny will remember me for generations whenever they dine with the world's only set of father ivory silverware and when they pour jus from the world's only papa-skull gravy boat.



The Stanford Chaparral

wants
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**Now hiring:
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fan boys, croupiers,
mouseys, daughters,
chefs de cuisine, sauce!**

**Email the Old Boy at
oldboy@hammercoffin.org**

Let's reach a compromise on:

ABORTION

ABORTION IS MURDER! **ABORTION IS FINE.**

You are killing a baby! It's not alive.

Abortion is death! Abortion is justified.
You are killing the potential for life. Let the mother choose.

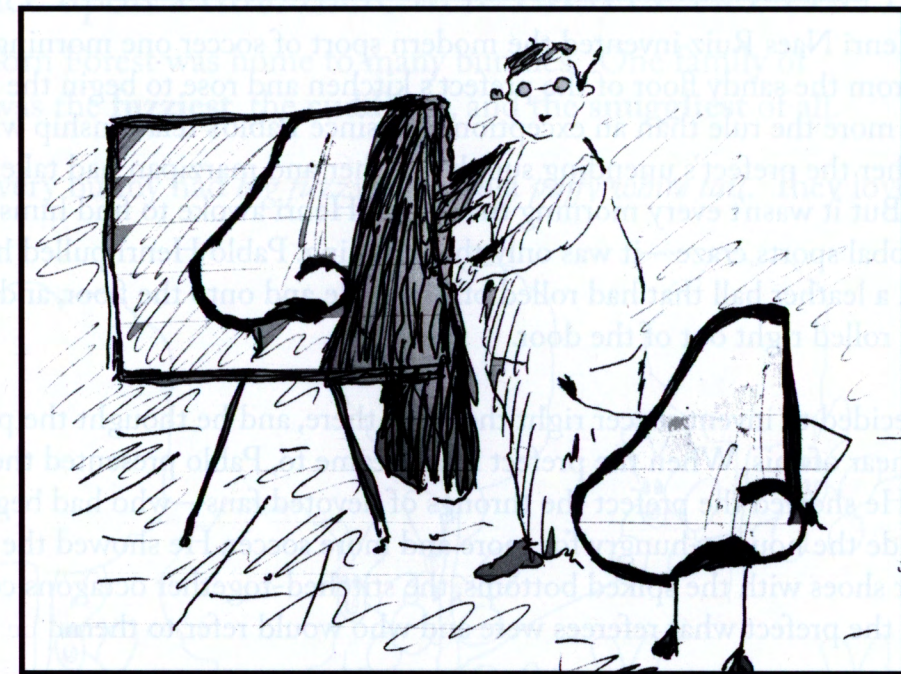
Abortion is immoral! Abortion is reasonable.
Mothers can't pick and choose who lives and dies. No one ought to have that right. So mothers "kill" everytime they choose to not get pregnant?

Yes! In other words, women should be having babies at
Mothers shouldn't worry so much about having a fairly nonstop pace for their entire life, without babies. Those babies will be fine. concern for where those babies end up.

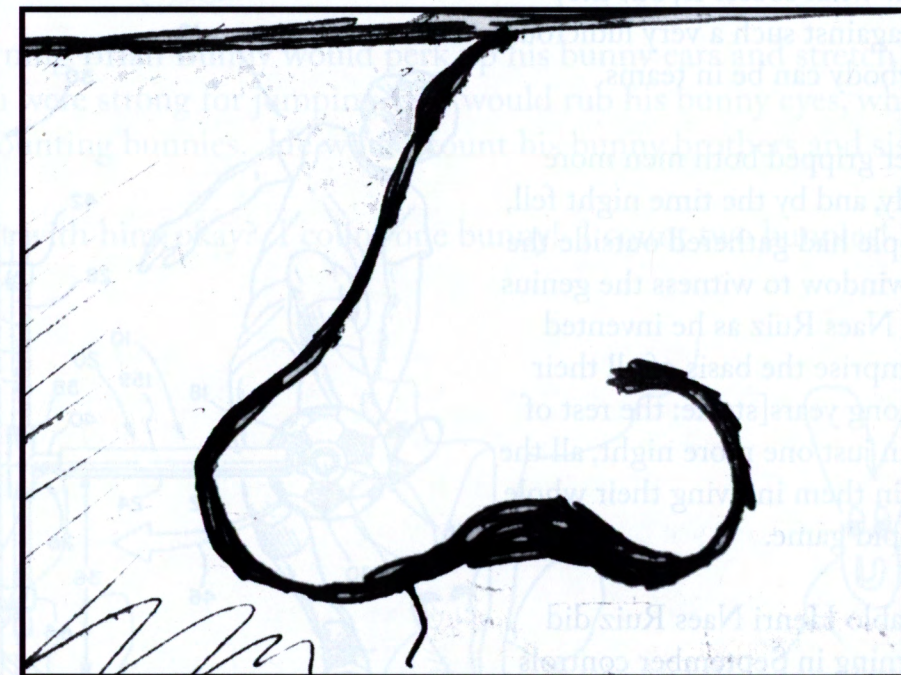
Just put the babies in places where they are needed, and they will be cared for. Where will we put all of these small babies?
They are small, and they are supple.

Just ship those little babies on over to Siberia. Babies can't work.
They could use the workers! At least not most babies.

Let's compromise:
Abortion is okay when babies are weak. We're gonna need a lot of stamps.
Abortion is bad when babies are strong.



“Voila! What does monsieur sink about ze portrait?”



“Magnificent.”

The Invention of Soccer

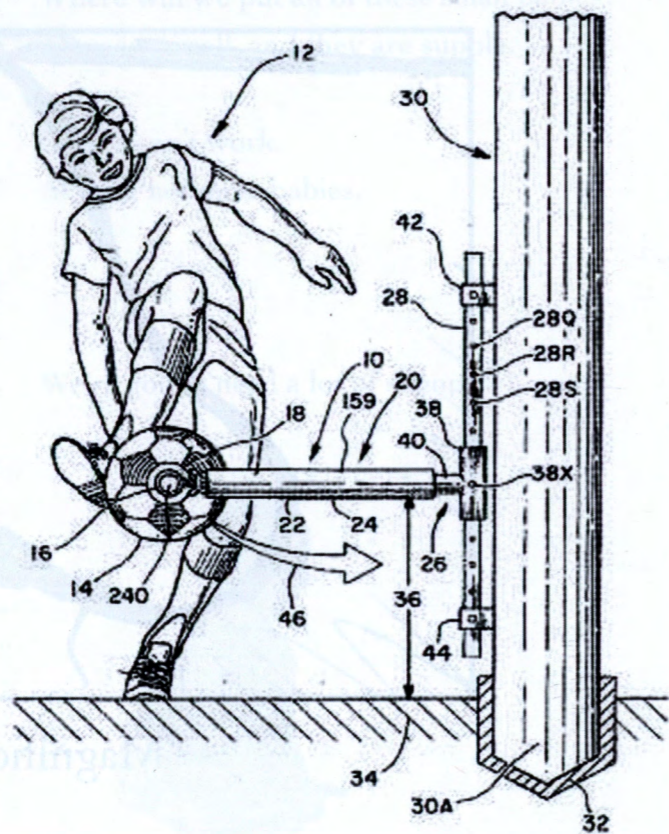
Pablo Henri Naes Ruiz invented the modern sport of soccer one morning as he lifted his face from the sandy floor of the prefect's kitchen and rose to begin the day. These mornings were more the rule than an exception ever since Pablo's relationship with the prefect—or rather the prefect's unending supply of ether and marzipan had taken on a serious tone. But it wasn't every morning that Pablo Henri awoke to find himself the prophet of a global sports craze—it was only this morning. Pablo Henri pulled himself to his feet and kicked a leather ball that had rolled off the table and onto the floor, and then Pablo's new soccer ball rolled right out of the door.

Pablo decided to invent soccer right then and there, and he thought the prefect would surely need to hear of this. When the prefect finally came to, Pablo presented the premise of his new sport. He showed the prefect the throngs of devoted fans—who had begun to gather even then outside the house—hungry for more and more soccer. He showed the specially designed soccer shoes with the spiked bottoms, the stitched-together octagons comprising a ball. He taught the prefect what referees were and who would refer to them.

The prefect's eyes grew wild with an ethery madness, Pablo Henri continued, pausing only to inhale deeply from the darkened ether decanter. Gradually, the prefect and Pablo both became obsessed with the notion of "teams." At first they thought teams should include only those who know what soccer is, but they quickly agreed against such a very ludicrous constraint. Anybody can be in teams.

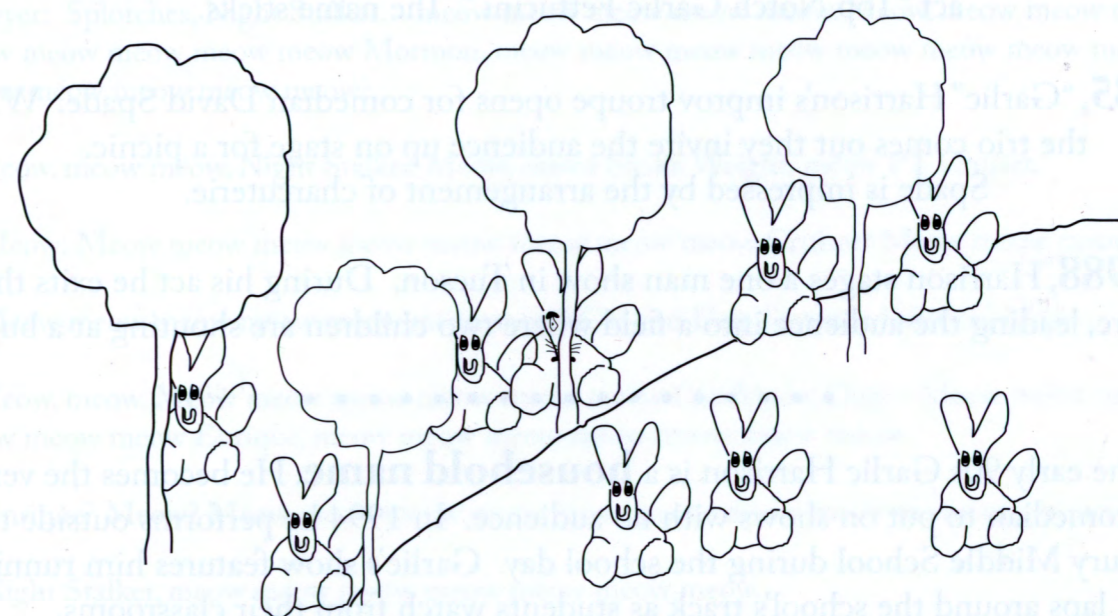
The ether gripped both men more and more tightly, and by the time night fell, ten million people had gathered outside the prefect's front window to witness the genius of Pablo Henri Naes Ruiz as he invented what would comprise the basis of all their lives for many long years[strike: the rest of time]. Indeed, in just one more night, all the world would join them in living their whole lives by this stupid game.

What Pablo Henri Naes Ruiz did that bleary morning in September controls every aspect of our lives today. Now, you are a deceitful snake if you don't know anything about soccer. Only the gringo is thus.



Once upon a time there were EIGHT LITTLE BUNNIES. Grindlehorn Forest was home to many bunnies. One family of bunnies was the **fuzziest**, the **cuddliest**, and the **snuggliest** of all.

Every bunny had *big fuzzy ears* and a *puffy white tail*. They loved to smile!



Every morning Brian Bunny would perk up his bunny ears and stretch his bunny legs, which were strong for jumping. He would rub his bunny eyes, which were very good for counting bunnies. He would count his bunny brothers and sisters!

Let's count with him, okay? I count one bunny! I count two bunnies! I count three bunnies! I...



Garlic Fettucine Harrison: Greatest Anti-Comedian

Brian Harrison performs standup for the first time at the University of Buffalo in 1983. An angry heckler throws pasta in his face. Brian, reveling in the audience's laughter, incorporates the stunt into all of his standup acts. The *UBuff Review* calls his act "Top Notch Garlic Fettucini." The name sticks.

In **1985**, "Garlic" Harrison's improv troupe opens for comedian David Spade. When the trio comes out they invite the audience up on stage for a picnic. Spade is impressed by the arrangement of charcuterie.

In **1988**, Harrison stages a one man show in Tucson. During his act he exits the theatre, leading the audience into a field where two children are shouting at a bug.

.....

By the early 90s Garlic Harrison is a **household name**. He becomes the very first comedian to put on shows with no audience. In 1994 he performs outside the Maybury Middle School during the school day. Garlic's show features him running laps around the school's track as students watch from their classrooms.

Rebellion becomes a central part of Garlic's persona. The late 90's see a return to his long-time pasta motif. During the final moments of the 1998 Superbowl, Garlic flies a blimp over the stadium and dumps 20 tons of lobster cavatelli onto the middle of the field. Ironically, the San Francisco Lobsters go on to win the match.

.....

Taking his countercultural attitude to **new heights**, Garlic climbs the Lincoln Memorial and stands completely still from 2000 to 2008.

In **2008**, Garlic performs to a wildly enthusiastic crowd at The Roxy in NY. He removes his eyes on stage and replaces them with ice cream.

In **2012**, now **world-renowned performance artist** Garlic Fetuccini Harrison does massive tour named "Life is a Joke." The show sells out, his fans eager to witness the comedy event of the century. After performing hilarious bits for an hour, Harrison puts a gun to his head. The audience shouts his catchphrase:
"Out comes the garlic sauce!"

Divorce Cat

Splotches: Night Stalker... Meow meow meow meow meow, meow meow meow meow meow meow meow. Meow meow meow meow meow, meow meow meow.

Night Stalker: Splotches, meow meow meow, meow meow meow meow meow meow meow.

Clawyer: Splotches, Night Stalker... meow meow meow meow meow. Meow, meow meow meow meow meow meow meow Mormon, meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow. Meow meow meow meow meow?

S: Meow, meow meow, Night Stalker. Meow, meow Shake Weight, meow PT Cruiser.

N: Meow! Meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow Cruiser? Meow meow meow meow!

C: Meow meow meow meow meow meow meow Cat and Dog. [extended silence] Meow.

S: Meow, meow. Meow meow meow meow meow meow Cat. Meow Dog... Meow meow meow meow meow meow Enrique, meow meow meow meow meow meow meow.

N: Enrique? Meow? Meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow!

S: Night Stalker, meow meow meow meow meow meow meow.

N: Meow meow meow meow meow Dog, meow meow meow meow meow Barcalounger.

C: Meow meow meow, meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow?

N: Meow meow, meow meow Cat's money meow meow meow meow Chuck-E-Cheese meow.

C: Meow, meow meow meow, meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow. Meow meow meow meow meow meow meow?

S: Meow meow - Night Stalker meow meow meow meow? meow meow meow meow meow meow.

N: Meow meow Thursday. Meow Friday meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow.

C: Meow meow meow. Meow meow meow meow?

S: Meow, meow meow. Meow meow meow meow meow meow.

C: Meow meow meow meow meow meow meow? Meow meow.

S: Meow meow, meow meow meow meow? Meow meow meow meow?

Inductive Reasoning

Oranges are orange.

ERGO: Bananas are bananas.

The Disney Channel Store at the mall sells candy but they will not take my food stamps.

ERGO: I cannot use food stamps to buy candy.

It takes one to know one.

ERGO: No one will ever know my pain.

My daughter wanted a puppy and I gave her one and now she wants a gun.

ERGO: We are going to the pawn shop today to buy a gun and kill her dog with it before we even leave the store.

I chased a bear and it hit me in the face with his bear hand and candy burst forth from my head.

ERGO: Bears have evolved to think the only things that will chase them are piñatas and I am a piñata.

Santa has not been responding to my letters, and my parents tell me it's because they've been Santas all along.

ERGO: My parents are dead.

My parents are dead, yet I'm pretty sure I am a piñata.

ERGO: I am Batman.

Divorce Court

Anita: Jeremy... I remember when I last saw you, I said I didn't think you couldn't get any fatter. I have to admit that for once, you've proved me wrong.

Jeremy: Anita, you bloodthirsty soul-sucker, your words cut deeper than the scars from your face-lift.

Lawyer: Anita, Jeremy... lets sit down and get through this. In a few moments, I have to settle a class-action divorce for the wives of a Mormon, and it takes time fitting that many chairs in here. How will we divide the family assets?

A: I want it all, Jeremy. The duplex, the Shake Weight home gym, and the PT Cruiser.

J: No way! Do you know how much I spent modifying the Cruiser? The spoiler alone cost two grand!

L: I thought we should also discuss the custody of Anne and Doyle. [extended silence] Your children.

A: Oh yes, them. I guess I wouldn't mind having custody of Anne. But Doyle... every time I look at his face I'm reminded of Enrique, and my heart gets that burning feeling again.

J: Enrique? Our gardener? You said those grass stains on your jeans were a fashion statement!

A: Jeremy, I've had enough of your accurate accusations.

J: I guess I could bear to take Doyle, but then I also have to get the Barcalounger.

L: If we could continue, how do you two plan to handle cost of living expenses and alimony?

J: I'm flat broke, and all of Anita's money is currently tied up in a bad Chuck-E-Cheese investment.

L: Well, that's about all our time, the Mormons are here and they chastise me when I keep them waiting. When would you like to schedule your next meeting?

A: Let's see- Jeremy when is our wedding planned? I guess we should do it right after that.

J: It's next Thursday. So next Friday would be the best time for us to come in and finalize this.

L: I must be confused. Are you two not married yet?

A: No, of course not. We just told you the wedding is next week.

L: And you're divorcing before you're actually married? That's absurd.

A: Are you kidding, have you heard the statistics? Why try to beat those odds?

The Chaparral staff proudly presents: Stanford's Class of '16

Tell us your how you spend your free time.



Alexander De Baets
El Granada, CA

Debate



Ilya Mouzykantskii
United Kingdom

Music, skiing



Varun Datta
Simi Valley, CA

Numbers and numbers



Gio Jacuzzi
Orinda, CA

Hot tub



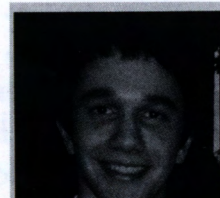
Katie Toothman
Waynesburg, PA

Dentistry



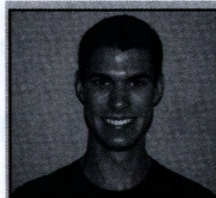
Will Drinkwater
Gig Harbor, WA

Thirsty



Chase Middleman
Philadelphia, PA

Redundantly



Garrett Sweatt
Edwardsville, IL

Glistening



Sharen Kickingwoman
Missoula, MT

Assault

Jeanette,

I love you. I've never loved anyone so much in my whole life. You make me so happy. Will you go on a date with me this Saturday to see my favorite band play?

Love,
Sean

Jeanette,

I think I might have feelings for you. For as long as I've known you, I am always impressed by how caring a person you are. Are you free this Saturday? There's a cool band playing and I know you like bands. I do too. :)

Yours,
Sean

Hey Jeanette,

What's up? I saw someone today who looked just like you! Speaking of which, you like bands right? My friend Jeff gave me two tickets to see a band play on Saturday. I already went through my whole contact list and, well, I couldn't think of anyone else to invite. Maybe you want to go?

Your buddy Sean

Hey dude.

This is Jeanette, right? If it is—not that I care—I have a ticket for you to see Slap Dragon play on Saturday night. I forget who gave it to me or why they didn't give it directly to you. I'd honestly rather if you didn't go. It's hard for me to look at the harsh contours of your face. Your name is gay. If you end up going, text me.

—Sean L Mattressburg

Yo,

What's good?

Think I love you.

S dogg

Distinguished Men of the Neighborhood: A Parable

I come to you, my fellow distinguished neighborhood man, for some good advice.
I wake up and feel a void—not even ennui anymore, just emptiness.
I lay in bed for hours even though I have to go to the bathroom.
All the houses on my street are the same.
All the dads drive the same cars.
All the moms walk the same tired dog.
Oh I have to go to the bathroom so badly.
I'm just tired of this life of meaningless monotony.
How does one live in a world like this?

*As I told you when you came to me
with a raccoon infestation in your bedroom.
Sometimes you just have to look in the mirror
and say, "This is my life now."*

But what if that is not enough.

*Nothing is ever enough for you.
You are not content with a passable wife,
acceptable car, and tolerable neighborhood dog?
Who do you think you are,
the king of the neighborhood?*

But why do we have to settle
on just being content?
I want more out of life.
I want passion.
I want my wife and I to look into each other's eyes
while watching movies as if we were in love.
Whatever happened to being happy?
What about just changing the small things,
like maybe we could get another neighborhood dog.

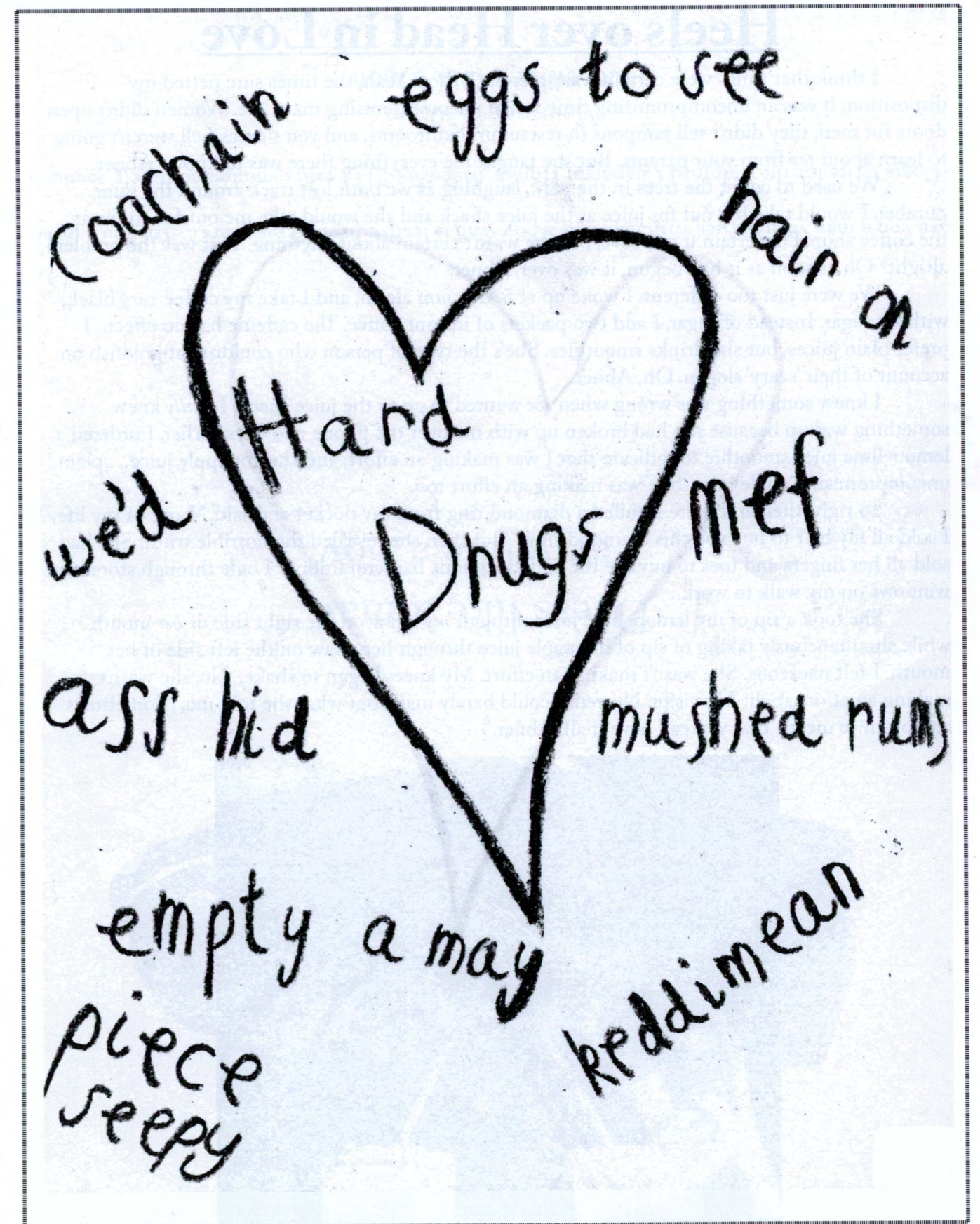
Dogs are expensive.

Half a dog?

*If you just take life as it is, you'll find yourself
with a very bearable existence.
Remember, if you aren't dead, then you're alive.*

You're right.
I should accept my life, as it exists.
But can I at least go to the bathroom?

You cannot go to the bathroom.



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 of 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."



Dress like a man.
Party like a boy.



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.

Meetings 8:30 pm
The Nitery, Old Union