

CHAPARRAL
DANCE

THE STANFORD
CHAPARRAL
EST. 1899

Dear Diary, today is my first day at college. So I thought I should start writing down what I do everyday, what I'm thinking, etc, so I don't forget it. Well my name is Jake, I'm a freshman (obvs) and I'm kind of nervous about college. Other things about me, I used to play soccer, and in the summer I'm a counselor at a camp for disabled kids. And my main passion in life right now is Dubstep. Its an underground music genre that I've never heard anything like. The whole song is made with computers, and theres a vibrating rhythm like you wouldn't believe. It feels just like when I used to go on a roller coaster (before my asthma). Well I'll write more later, orientation is a busy time. Goodbye...

Dear Diary, last weekend I saw a downright angel... I was checking out this cool dj on sat. night, and there was this one girl standing around by the speakers not doing much of anything. She had the most perfect body, and brown hair, like an angel. At the drop she started stepping, and she was so beautiful, I thought she was just beautiful in side and out. Maybe she's the ONE, that kind of crazy idea... I go over and talk to her, I ask what her name is, if she's a model, but she just smiles and turns the other way (?) Later her friend told me she's deaf, and likes to stand next to dubstep sound systems to feel the music. I never heard of any deaf people doing that before, so it was pretty cool, but sad for me. But today I saw her listening to an Ipod? I guess theres just no understanding these things...

Dear Diary, today is a sad day. My roommate told me the president of college banned dubstep from the whole school. For being a bad influence for the youth. I'm so mad I could cry. It's the same thing that happened to Four Loko. But it's still not fair.

I guess what I learned today is being young is a tough time. It's all part of growing up.

RAPIER COMIX



"Alright Guillermo, today's lesson will revolve around the parry. Nothing says 'En Garde!' like a good parry—"



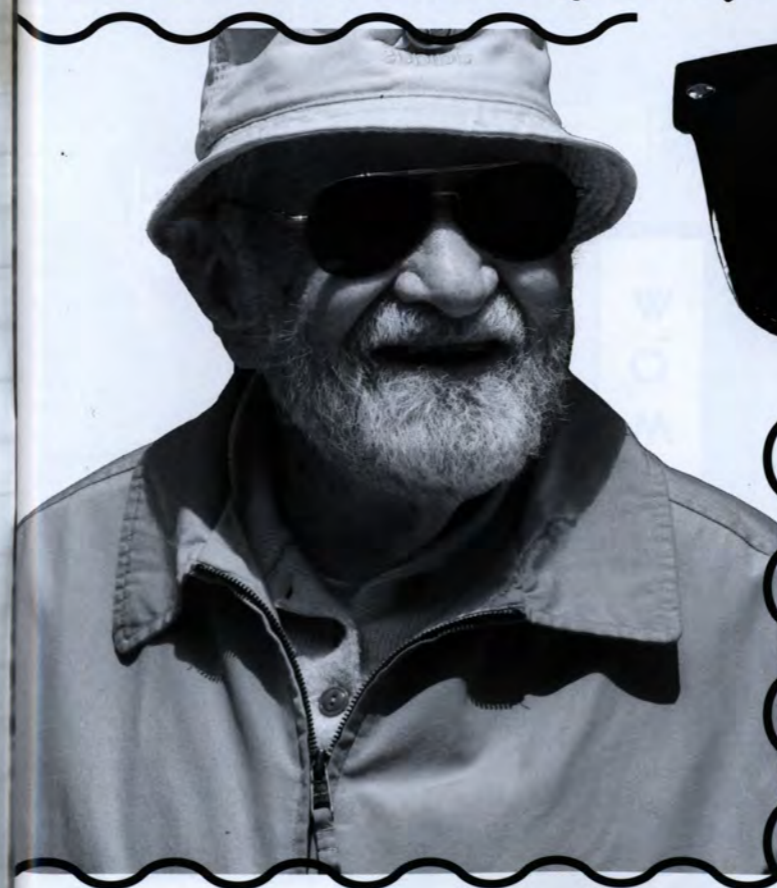
"—En garde!"



"Oh, you didn't say your son was joining our lesson.

Sure is handsome for a boy."

Man, Greddy Kirkland could really rock. Seemed like he always had an extra harmonica lying around—that was just how the guy played. Riffs, jamz, rhythms—yeah, he had it all. Swear to god, all my life I've never seen a man made the sunglasses just sing the way Greddy used to do.



Seems you don't find so many 'glasses players around these days at all. You see some musicians wearing sunglasses, sure, but how many are playing other instruments? Greddy's probably turning over in his grave.



That for you!

I'm a good mixer.

Now, girls---

No Kidding?

Hey you!
Que voulez vous?

Folks say I'm pretty.

One side, big boy!

Howdy, folks!!

Who said dumbbell?

Try your luck?

Honest, I'm

I haven't a thing to say

W O M E N S
N U M B E R
DEC.
25c



ART CREDITS

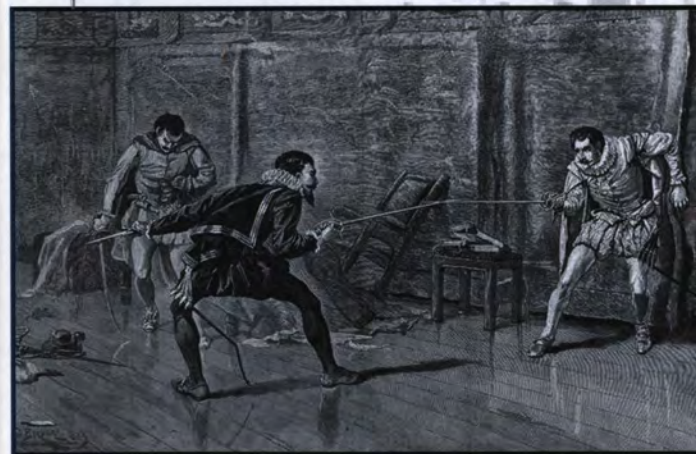
1	Cover.....	YoungSmith
4	Womens Number*.....	Salesgirls '32
15	Coupon Super Saver.....	Coggeshall
31	The Cannibal.....	Hertz
	Ink Drawings.....	Hertz

WRITING CREDITS

2	Dubstep.....	Koning
3	Rapier Comix 1.....	Hertz
3	Sunglasses.....	Coggeshall
5	Rapier Comix 2.....	Hertz
6	Now That.....	Old Boys
8	Clean Your Plate.....	So
8	The Golden Rule.....	Hertz
8	Uncanny Valley Ranch.....	Coggeshall
9	Domino's Deals.....	Kemper
10	Seinfeld.....	Hertz, Lyman
11	Barnes and Noble Dog.....	Hertz
12	Lenin in the USA.....	Coggeshall
13	Lady in Red.....	Hertz
14	Marlin's Shoes.....	Hertz
15	LA Man.....	Hertz
15	Arsenio Halls.....	Ameli
15	Viagra.....	Kemper
16	Freshman Facebook.....	Coggeshall, Hertz
18	Glassblower.....	Ameli
19	Tequila Mockingbird.....	Hertz
19	Four Professors.....	Ameli
19	Carte Blanche.....	Coggeshall
20	Pan-Asian Hotels, Inc.....	Gardner, Kessler, Meisel
21	Man Versus Food.....	Coggeshall, Hertz
22	Rapier Comix 3.....	Hertz
22	Baseball Innuendos.....	Kemper
23	The Mystery Man.....	Bayer
24	Dance for the Penguins.....	Hertz
24	Lacoste Intolerant.....	Kemper
25	Horse Princess.....	Hertz
25	Business Books.....	Hertz
26	Dr. Crab.....	Hertz
26	Vance Miller.....	Hertz
27	Praise From My Father.....	Werner
28	Mr. Blue.....	Coggeshall
29	Traumatic Childhood.....	Werner
29	Self-Awareness.....	Hertz
30	Staff Piece.....	Staff
31	Gay Cannibal.....	Hertz

* December, 1932. This one's for you, girls.

RAPIER COMIX



It's kill or be killed. One false move and your head is rolling on the ground. That's just the way it is.



The economy hasn't been kind to rapists.



Staff

'11
David Kessler
Simone Perrin

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

'13
Charles Becker, Jr.
Brandon Evans
Victor Onuigbo
Jack Reidy
Andrew Adams

'14
Phillip Nazarian
Sasha Arijanto
Jack Werner
Rohan Chopra

'15
Alex Bayer
Olivier Defonst
Ariana Sofmauer
Chaz

Special Thanks
Billy Kemper
Dan Mintz
Doug "Showalter" Kenter
Oops Megalopolis™
Eugene Park
Chris Peiffer
Lauren YoungSmith
Gay Cannibal
The Brian Barnes

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DANIEL KONING '14 Web Director

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ESTABLISHED 1899
ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

REFLECTIONS

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.



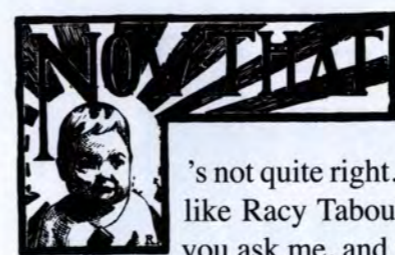
NOW THAT
you've got it, that big fat check in your hands, felted and oversized to fit comfortably in the showgirls' palms, you may be wondering where to spend it. Read it all the way to the end first. Then, if you feel ready, take this Carte Blanche

to the nearest Paypal 'n' Lotto and get that shit cashed. The paper on which this cheque has been written is worth quite a bit more than the magazine itself, though that's really just an accident of our current printing process and our latest effort to conceal and disperse our Uncle Nero's Chinese gold. That aside, it's still worth more—ininitely more—than a ream of glossy stock and the several labor-hours

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this old boy put into it. This is a *Carte Blanche* we're giving you: license to do anything, anywhere, anywho. You've got a clean start now, a fresh chance, a broken rearview mirror and a topped-off tank of Super-Premium. Better yet, a brand new, Pearl Eggshell (and that's a rare color), fully-loaded unaccessorized Buick Regal, bought cash and so clean it wasn't even marked *down*.

Think of the possibilities, man, and it ain't no grift: before you cash this blank cheque (and you've got the Jester's credit, on signature), you've got a new world open to you, new land for the taking. Your footprints won't footprint the cream-satin beach as you stride, on blank sands, toward greater riches. Getting and spending, you won't lay waste a thing. You got the hang of this shit? Got the gist? This Carte Blanche is a fresh little slate, a wiped-clean credit score, a no-down payment jump into any ground floor you can find, a tabula rasa.



's not quite right. More like Racy Tabouleh, if you ask me, and we all know she's been around the block more than a few times. God—I remember, back at the old White Kart, she made the checkout aisle look like the front row of Strip Vixens, neon-drenched. Might have been the other way round, now that I'm giving it a think, but that's not the point. Point is, that Carte Blanche you've been holding ain't so pure 'n' snowy

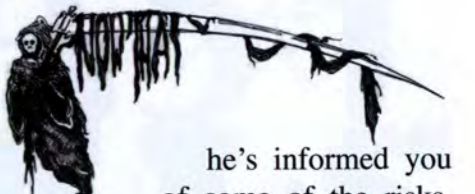
white—it's smudged and soiled, second-hand, scuffed, gouged, more than rumpled. Dirtier than currency. In fact, this Carte Blanche isn't "Blanche" at all, any more than that Dubois bitch taking bath after bath up at Dream Butte, hogging the damn shower all day, and it's hot as hell out here. Leeks and veggies are blanched, but that tender whiteness has nothing of the fresh green tendril, the shoot bursting through the earth for the first time, springy and vitamin-rich in its untouched newness, and all the same already covered with topsoil dirt.

Ruffled and crinkled, blotched with handprints, sooted with sticky gray dust, Carte Blanche comes to you handed down from other bearers, already in circulation, damp as a cash-out bill at a Truckee casino. You've missed your chance for an unmarked bill, for unqualified dispensation, for the exercise of unchecked powers. The paper's already been written, the magazine completed, the bill of order signed and spent.

Because more than having been used, its freshness unavailable for order, so to speak (and sorry to say, but even Racy's occupied at the moment—she doesn't really work too much anymore, anyway, since she started to get her inkstained and paper-cut life back in order), even on this Carte Blanche, our signature comes with certain conditions.

There's the small matter of the fine print, written not in the dusty erasures of yesterday's bleeding cardholders but in immaculate, incorruptible, invisible ink. Be careful using this Old Boy's ancient

authority. Not all Carte Blancs come with no strings attached.



he's informed you of some of the risks, Chappie reserves the right to withhold the specifics. After all, if you knew all the prohibitions, in detail, it wouldn't really be a Carte Blanche, now would it? This is license, as we've said, undersigned, license to do what you like from the start. But again, as we've said, don't be surprised if it all comes back to you in ways you hadn't exactly anticipated. We'll know if you use this slip improperly, and Boys, as they grow Old, don't take too kindly to being made to feel ashamed. Just keep it in mind, and we'll lay that and your mind aside.

We're giving you Carte Blanche: write a book about living, loving, and learning, without having engaged in any of the three. Build a bridge to a bridge to a toll plaza to a bridge to nowhere. Camp out under the sun. Riddle your manuscripts with typos, and don't give the answers. Let yourself go. Let yourself go to the cleaners. Just don't spend it all in one place.

Racy Tabouleh has since made manager at the new Klover Kow. She says she only thinks about the old days every now and again, but she is enjoying her Carte Blanche.

Sphinx Letty, Racy's best friend, stills works the old job. She says the good times are better than ever.



Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Treat other people with the **respect** that you would expect if you were them.

Be as nice to your neighbor as you could, if you were in a position where you were your own **neighbor**.

Be as honest at all times, as if you were sitting in your own head dictating a letter to your **best friend** (also you).

A good citizen doesn't see his fellow citizens in the streets of his city, **only thousands and thousands of his own clones**, sworn to look and act like other people but capable of being activated at any time to revert back to the original man.

The wise man does not tell others of his wisdom; he is 7 billion people **simultaneously** and has gone completely insane.

Treat others as you would want to be treated at a **buffet**



Tastes so good, you can hardly tell the difference!



Family Style GREASY DEALS

BUY 1 BIG CHEESE PIZZA
GET ONE
FREE
ORDER OF
BUFFALO STIX

BUY 2 HALF PIZZAS
GET ONE
ALMOST FREE
ORDER OF
MARINARA SHOOTERS

BUY 1 USED PIZZA
GET ONE
PARTIALLY EATEN
ORDER OF
BONELESS PIE

BUY 2 PEPPER PIZZAS
GET TWO
HALF-OFF
ORDERS OF
CINNAMON CHEESE

BUY 1 SMELLY PIZZA
GET ONE
FULL PRICE
ORDER OF
CRISPY BREAD

BUY 1 CANNED PIZZA
GET ONE
MORE
ORDER OF
PIZZA



A Tale of Barnes and Noble: THE TALKING SPIRIT DOG

It was late January when the tennis channel cancelled my subscription, and I began obsessively dreaming about a small talking dog.



I was never the scholar, and my appetite for books was not especially strong. I never got into the famous authors like Charles Dickson or James Joys. But there was one special day when I was on my way back from a rotisserie chicken spree at Costco and I happened on the *Barnes and Noble*. It was a beautiful building, modestly sized and built of modest brick. I ventured into the bookstore like a child entering Arthur Ashe stadium for the first time.

Instantly I remembered a dream in which a puffy little dog read a book to me. The name of the book escaped me but the author was named something like Clark Golden or possibly Clarinet Gribson?

What struck me most about the handsome interior of the *BN* was the sheer number of books lining the shelves. Their number exceeded any amount that you could reasonably expect to find when you're thinking about books. It actually gave me an unpleasant feeling, because I didn't want to read any of them and also I'm afraid of mazes. But the ball was in centercourt and I strode through the isles feeling like Andre Agassi when he still had his tail.

Soon enough I was a grown man fairly lost among the towering stacks of mostly children's books, and whirling frantically around to look for the exit gave the impression that I was in a maze. Terrified, I laid down on the floor and closed my eyes. A serene calm flooded my mind. A little tongue licking me over and over. Each anxious thought, licked away.

When I opened my eyes I was looking into the smiling face of a wide-eyed Pomeranian dog. It looked very pleased. "Hello human," it spoke "why do you sleep?"

"I was dizzy so I sat down," I managed to say, sitting up and placing the tiny dog on the floor.

It stood up on its hind legs. "Hello dizzy human. Yes, I can speak to you. You must be dying to know how this is so, how a dog can speak to a man."

I scratched under her ears. "You are a funny little girl dog, pretty soft as well. I'll name you Susie."

"I am a male dog!" it yipped. "I beckoned you here, Dizzy Human. I am the Spirit Incarnate of Western Literature. I've acquired residence in this modest yet Noble Barne so as to bless and guide its patrons toward the Three Truths of this world. Take this book of poetry by Clarinet Gribson. In it is written the first Truth, that happiness is the—"

Just then an employee rounded the corner and stared at me, crouched next to this sagacious pup. "I'm sorry Sir, you can't bring your dog in here."

"But this one can talk," I pleaded. The employee look into my hazel eyes. "I get it," he nodded, "I get it."

I took the little guy home to my wife, who found it to be very unsettling. I fed it beans. Anyway, an early morning next week it was swooped up by a gorgeous eagle that carried my little friend off to a great height above the clouds. I like to think that it journeyed to a far off Barnes and Noble to begin again a life enriched with literature and wisdom. But it was almost definitely eaten. I'm basing this not only on the sheer size and ferocity of the eagle but also on the fact that as it flew off from my lawn I looked into its eyes and I'm pretty sure it winked at me.



OH Seinfeld? I fucking love Seinfeld! I even got on an episode once! They just went by me real quick and I was like "JERRY! JERRY!..."

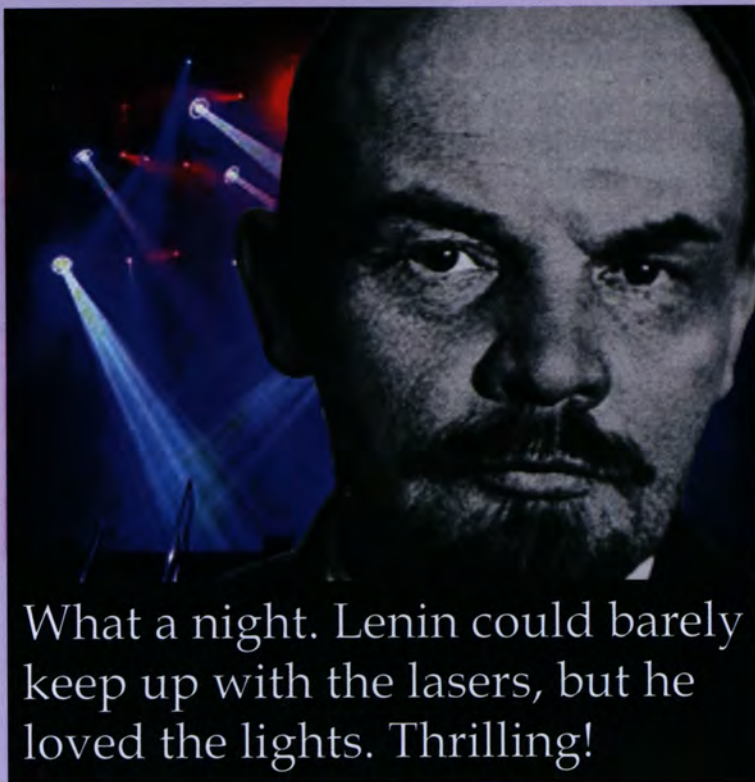
"JERRY! JERRY!"



Mortimer, did ya hear? Seinfeld's is comin to town.

Seinfeld's? Oh boy, my wife and I love Seinfeld's.

LENIN AND HIS VISIT TO THE USA



What a night. Lenin could barely keep up with the lasers, but he loved the lights. Thrilling!

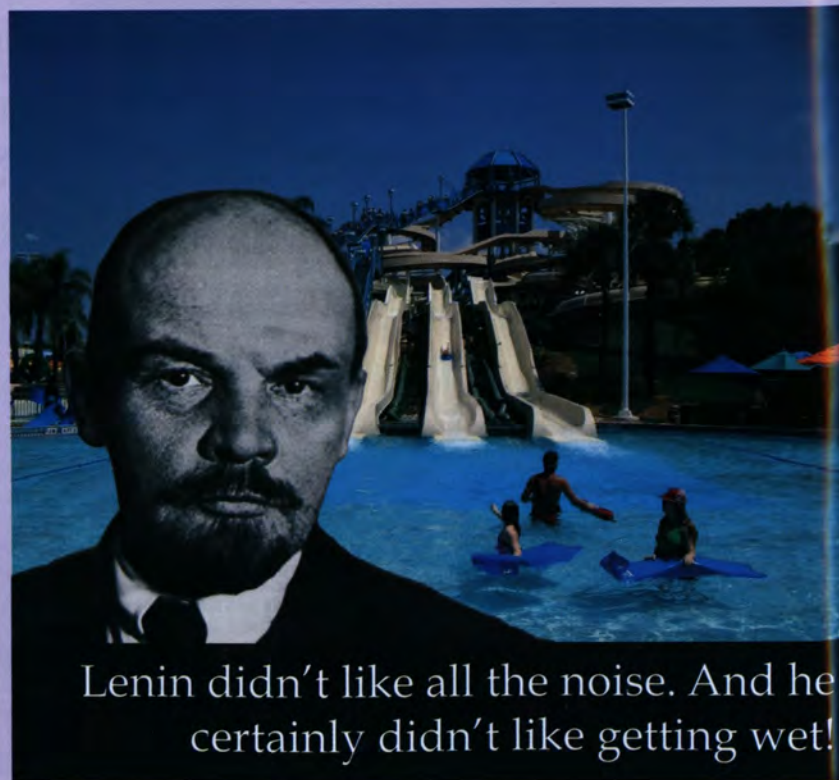


Lenin went to the Car Wash every Friday afternoon.

TO THE USA



"Can you believe they eat this stuff here?" Lenin quipped, as he always did over his Ultra Chocolate Sundae. "It's absolutely delicious!"



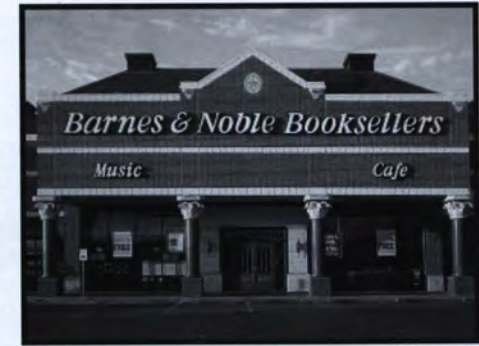
Lenin didn't like all the noise. And he certainly didn't like getting wet!

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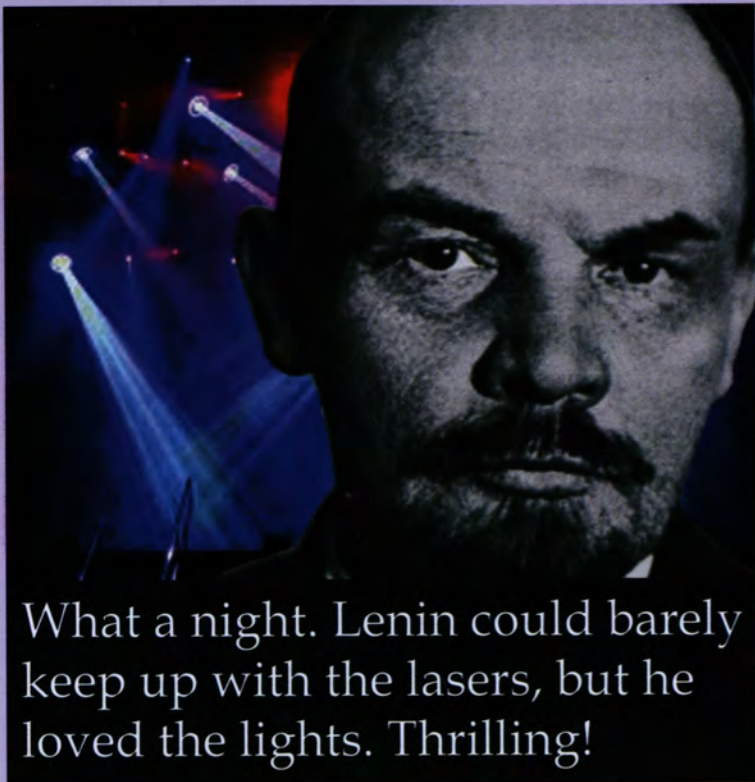
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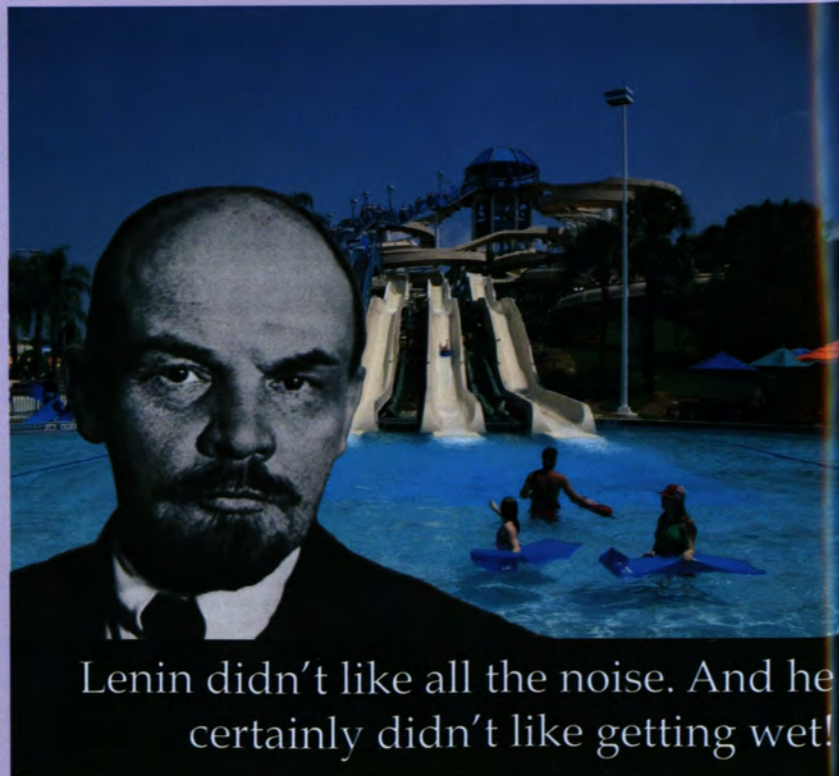
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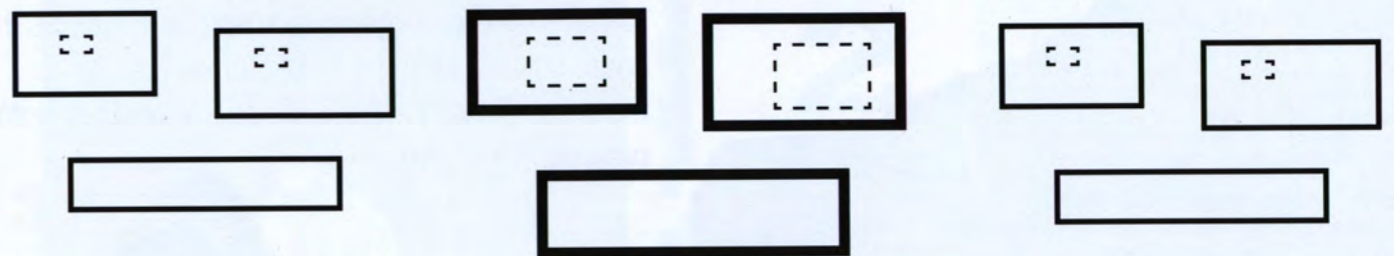


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THE ROUGH DRAFT

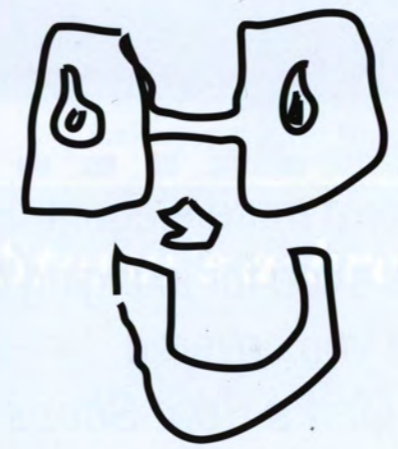


SHARON: So there I was, covered in Swiss cheese...

BONNIE: Sharon! I hope you weren't wearing that new red dress!

SHARON: I was wearing that new red dress.

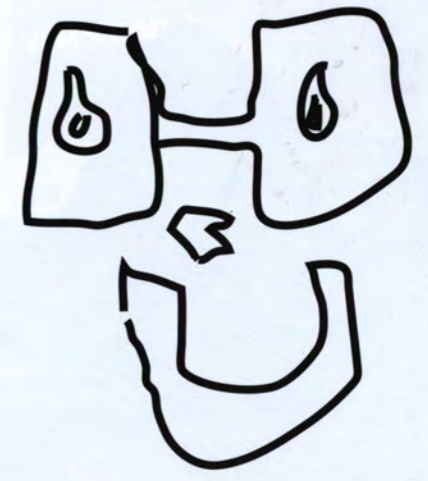
The Screenplay



SHARON: So there I was, *drenched in hot, melted, Swiss cheese...*



BONNIE: Sharon! Tell me you didn't wear that beautiful red dress!



SHARON: I wore that red dress.

THE FINISHED FILM



So there was the girl of my *dreams*, covered head to toe in hot Swiss cheese.



What was she wearing?



Swiss cheese.

MARLIN'S SHOE PLACE



Marlin's® is recognized across state lines as the finest custom shop for Nike Dunks.
 Pictured: *Graffiti art on chocolate leather with orange highlights.*

Top of the line custom is what you can expect.
 Pictured: *"Sea Voyager" Custom Nike Dunk. That's me with the Marlin (our mascot). The upper heel features my brother in law Jay.*



Looking for a more elegant, yet casual shoe for lounging?
 We've got you covered.
 Pictured: *Men's Boat Shoes*

Marlin's also offers dress shoes for those formal occasions.
 Pictured: *A Black Oxford Hightop*



We also cater.
 Pictured: *Prosciutto with mustard on rye*

Burton's COUPON SUPER SAVER



\$2 OFF

SUBSCRIPTION

2 FOR \$1.99



Storm's a-brewin'...



...I can feel it in my boner.

VIAGRA on rates of attempted intercourse (about 2 per week), but there was clear treatment-related improvement in sexual function: per patient weekly success rates averaged 1.3 on 50-100 mg of VIAGRA vs 0.4 on placebo; similarly, group mean success rates (total successes divided by total attempts) were about 66% on VIAGRA vs about 20% on placebo. During 3 to 6 months of double-blind treatment or longer-term (1 year), open-label studies, few patients withdrew from active treatment for any reason, including lack of effectiveness. At the end of the long-term study, 88% of patients reported that VIAGRA improved their erections. Men with untreated ED had relatively low baseline scores for all aspects of sexual function measured (again using a 5-point scale) in the IIEF. VIAGRA improved those aspects of sexual function: frequency, firmness and maintenance of erections; frequency of orgasm; frequency and level of desire; frequency, satisfaction and enjoyment of intercourse; and overall relationship satisfaction. One randomized, double-blind, flexible-dose, placebo-controlled study included only patients with erectile dysfunction attributed to complications of diabetes mellitus (n=268). As in the other 10 titration studies, patients were started on 50 mg and allowed to adjust the dose up to 100 mg or down to 25 mg of VIAGRA; all patients, however, were receiving 50 mg or 100 mg at the end of the study. There were highly statistically significant improvements on the two principal IIEF questions (frequency of successful penetration during sexual activity and maintenance of erections after penetration) on VIAGRA compared to placebo. On a global improvement question, 57% of VIAGRA patients reported improved erections versus 10% on placebo. Diary data indicated that on VIAGRA, 48% of intercourse attempts were successful versus 12% on placebo. One randomized, double-blind, placebo-controlled, crossover, flexible-dose (up to 100 mg) study of patients with erectile dysfunction resulting from spinal cord injury (n=178) was conducted. The changes from baseline in scoring on the two end point questions (frequency of successful penetration during sexual activity and maintenance of erections after penetration) were highly statistically significantly in favor of VIAGRA. On a global improvement question, 83% of patients reported improved erections on VIAGRA versus 12% on placebo. Diary data indicated that on VIAGRA, 59% of attempts at sexual intercourse were successful compared to 13% on placebo. Across all trials, VIAGRA improved the erections of 43% of radical prostatectomy patients compared to 15% on placebo. Subgroup analyses of responses to a global improvement

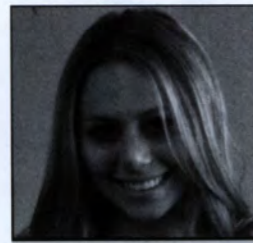


Alison Brings a Friend to Dinner



Nina Myers
Arvada, CO

"Dinner's ready!"



Alison Baskin
Huntington Beach, CA

"I'll be down in a second Mom. Is Dad home yet?"



Dafna Szafer
Bellevue, WA

"Hi Mister Rotto..."



Torsten Rotto
Woodbury, MN

"Please—call me Torsten."

What Do You Want on Your Pizza?



Conor Coyan
Terrace Park, OH

Do you have Hawaiian?

Oh, right on.

I'll have Hawaiian.



Niko Varella
Fremont, CA

Bufala mozzarella, extra virgin olive oil, and tomatoes from the heart of old *Sicilia*.



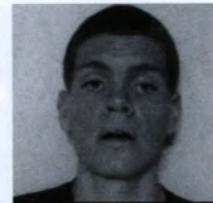
Dominica Wambold
New York, NY

Anchovies.



Lucas Rowley
Casper, WY

Extra large pepperonis. No cheese, freak.



Nicolas Shump
Lawrence, KS

Ayy Tony... uhhhh... I think Mr. Giovanni's new dog got in da oven... I hope Guido don't fire me again.

Seen on Stage and Screen



Alec Winograd
Bellaire, TX

Bill Nye



Zak Whittington
Woodinville, WA

Ozzy Osbourne



Sean Stanko
Chula Vista, CA

James Stanko



Aaron Williams
Alexandria, VA

Lisa Leslie



Jocelyn Neff
Newport Beach, CA

Gandalf

Mona Lisa



Ray Kemp
San Jose, CA

What's behind that cryptic moustache?

Sean, You're the Bomb!



Sean Hiroshima
Novato, CA

Thanks!

Synth Player Awards 2012



Hart Goldman
Muscatine, IA

Best Modulated Arpeggio

Makeover! Makeover!



Arun Debray
Tucson, AZ

Girls, we've got a big job ahead of us. Let's make it work!



Matthew Tappert
Canada

Better...hand me that mascara. Kate, give me those scissors.



Cody Leff
Mill Valley, CA

Almost there. Just a little more rouge—



Publio Adrianxa Cerqueira
Mexico

Ready for the weekend!

A Heroic Journey: The Fire Prince



Hans Henken
Coronado, CA

Our warrior hero arrives at the Zirconian Forest. It is too quiet.

"Who goes there? I am Hans, the Fire Lord."

Suddenly he is assaulted by a bandit!



Bryce Taylor
Winston-Salem, NC

The Rogue Bandit dives with blade outstretched. Hans scorches the earth with Dragon Power. Hans has summoned the power of the dragon! The Bandit's face melts off.



Tony Pratkanis
Santa Cruz, CA

Pimm the Faun

"My golden-haired liege, I spotted this little brute slinking in the hills. Methinks he another bandit fiend, although I am unsure whether he is a small man or a muscular boy."



Spenser Linney
Alameda, CA

Dwarf Man Spenser

"Goat, let go'a me! I'm not a fiend, but a friend. I'll accompany thee on your perilous journey. We dwarves make up for our height in the hefty swing of our clubs!

Our three dear companions go bravely into the Forest. Little do they know, a powerful dark sorcerer watches over them...



Alexander Barbe
Kenmore, WA

...The Maestro!

Why do I work with the glass? Simple. The glass is life.

Without the glass, you know, the mirror would not exist. And what is a mirror but glass!

Of course to work with the glass is much more a joy even! I love to work with the glass. I work the glass, but the glass also uses me to reveal itself. The glass is a bawdy strumpet.

It comes just from sand, like man is come from the dust. But see how beautiful the sand becomes the glass? The glass it has the fire and the water at the same time. How can you possibly understand this?

When she is hot, the glass, you can force her shape and the attitude for the glass. Oh, but then she is not so easy forever, *non per sempre a piacere!* The cold glass is very hard, yes of course, but also even more beautiful than before. Like woman, the glass is hot and cold. How can any man ever know?

Exactly, you cannot truly force the glass, only to suggest your wisher. Ah, I am so afraid to break this creation, but I am so tempted by its call that I must absolutely jump right into the glass!

In that moment, there is such passion. The invisible, glorious glass becomes instantly another part of my weak, flaccid body. In the very next moment, the workshop becomes messy, everywhere broken glass and blood. I gasp for air, but the glass, she still enters my lungs. The terrible pain of love! Beautiful!

You must know this love for the glass. I believe no man is alive without the touch and feel of the glass, but I know she will kill me—silicosis is a sure, painful death—and she will kill all men when it is time. The injuries are unbearable, and to love the glass this way is sin. I cannot stop anyway. It is profane satisfaction. Indeed, the glass is a randy harlot.



Palo Alto Bartending Guide Presents:



Top Drinks of 2012



Tequila Mockingbird

3 shots tequila
1 shot ice

Serve in a glass.



Mr. Brown Town

1 shot rum
1 shot TripleSec
A dash of Cajun Seasoning
A brown ball

Mix ingredients. Garnish with a brown ball.



Unending Pasta Shots

1 shot gin
1 shot vermouth
2 shots 150 proof Olive Garden® brand Garlic Liqueur

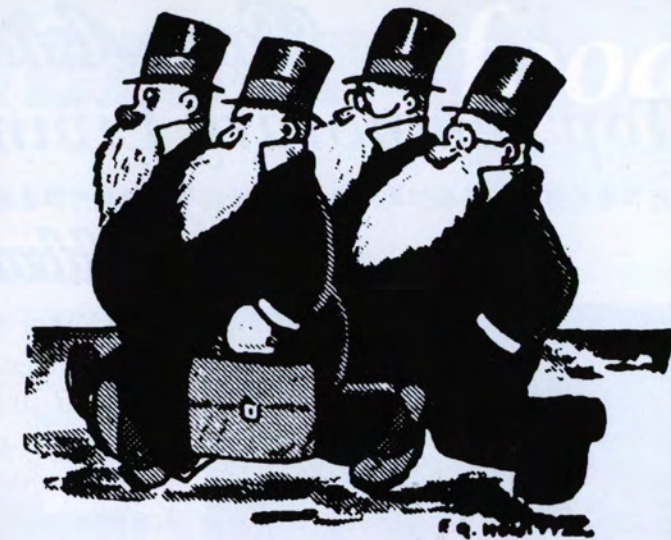
Cook and serve.
Bon appetito!



The Professional

4 shots Hollandaise Sauce

Mix well. Serve warm.



"Non-smoking airlines? I should hope not!
Private is the only way to travel."

Well, if I had
Carte Blanche,



I'd take it and
paint with
every color of
the RAINBOW.

Pan-Asia Hotels, Inc.'s

Top Temporary Living Spots While Traveling

The Golden Spoon Jakarta

The Golden Spoon Jakarta offers a central location and the best seafood entertainment. Browse through the lobby, enter the elevators, you will find around you a convenient odor. Kings and queens will be your maids and not simply your bed sizes. Each room is designed for your personal comfort. While you sleep, you will dream of the finest scallops which we will be throwing into your soups. Never will you want to rush away from us and we loved to be your favorite host. Even later you will never leave us because our hospitality is world famous.



Red Dolphin Hotel and Towers Xian

At the Red Dolphin Hotel and Towers Xian, service is the favorite duty. The customer finds his deepest comforts around him and speaks with the homely receptionists. The hotel contains multiple restaurants. While each dinner is cooked customarily according to his private desires. Inside the lobby is a small exhibit of florals including the panda bear while the lobby fragrances are constantly refreshed by three kinds of servant birds. Each night inside the Red Dolphin Hotel and Towers is a grand memory forever.



Royal Finch Suites Seoul

This landmark has it all but a bag of potato chips! Alive for two centuries, it has housed our finest magistrate celebrities. Ask around for a driver, and he navigates you through Seoul with world-class facility. Our gym was steamly built with its two-hundred machines. After, treat a nice dinner, compliments of our in-house fish. There will be no fears when our house comedians entertain your food. Then our updated concierge will confide with you on the local scenes. So make it to the Royal Finch Suites - never again will you be forced to make a brutal decision. Of business or pleasure!



The Seven Seas Resort Manila

The Seven Seas Resort Manila is your home stage for aquahobbies. The resort windows give views of the surrounding Philippines. If you are not only tired but stressful simply sink into your huge bed of water and float away your worries. The fifth floor hosts an aquarium including an infinite pool which is open for the latest swimmer! Of course in the lobby there is no shortage of comfort treasures. Ask us about our huge snorkel package?



Man Versus

food
network

Woman vs. Food

Eating competition veteran Catherine Willis takes on some of the most outrageous food challenges across this great culinary nation. From the fattest burgers to the spiciest succotash, Catherine uses her feminine grace to tackle the legendary creations of America's cruelest chefs. This season she attempts the infamous Kansas City Pork Belly Trough Chug. But those crushing calorie counts are no match for Catherine's fresh approach to easy clean living and smart interior design.



Woman vs. Man: Kitchen Nightmares

What used to be LA's most successful family cake shop has become embROILED in drama as Mic and Sonya Vespucci split from a 20 year marriage. Ownership of the cake shop—and custody of their three children—hang in the balance as Mic and Sonya go head to head in a test of culinary skill and old-fashioned stomach capacity. With the Honorable Rachel Ray presiding, the member of the feuding couple who finishes off the other's five-course meal before the time limit expires gains a chance at visitation rights and an alimony pot that "rises" every week.



CHEF VS. CHEF: BLOOD AND IRON

The great culinary war comes to the states! Each week features a new combatant attempting to overthrow the Iron Chefs and sit upon their thrones. It's kill or be killed here in kitchen stadium, as the challenger will have to use all of his cunning to outwit the Iron Chef and impress the judges. Defeat means a special guest appearance the next week—as the secret ingredient. With the Iron Chefs so skilled in preparing their signature dish, it's going to take a very special challenger to please the judges enough to spare his life: the heat will be on!

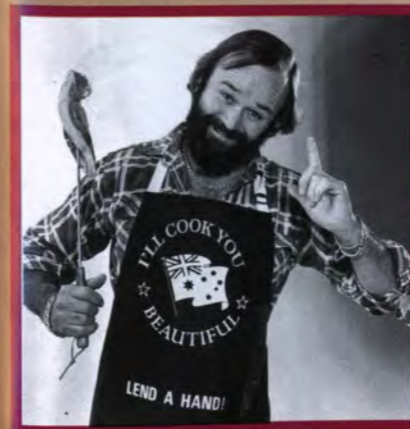
MAN OF MAN

The competition couldn't get more brutal! Each week, Dallas Troy takes on a cooking champion from one of our great nation's culinary capitols—and more than hometown pride is at "steak." It'll be four courses of grief as these fighting hungrymen meet in their greasy Temples of Gastronomy, the winner commencing to eat the dead.



GAY CANNIBAL

Gay Cannibal's four courses of Fabulous will introduce viewers to a new kind of cuisine—every week. Gay's impeccable understanding of contemporary design and the proper preparation of Wellington will delight even the most discerning home chefs as they serve their guests...the best meals they'll ever have. No one can compete in this kitchen arena: Gay Cannibal has already "roasted" all challengers, headhunting with the utmost decorum and politeness. Wouldn't you love to be a part of the Cannibal's next dinner party?





"Signiore Baldassare, ye think yourself a better swordsman than I?"

"Fiend, I could outmatch thee with a toothpicke!"

"Ah! Right in the sarcophagus!"

Baseball Innuendos



Hitting Into a Double Play:
Accidentally making out with your friend.

Inside the Park Home Run:
Fully-clothed sex.

Sacrifice Fly:
Letting your friend kick the shit out of you to make him look tough.

Sacrifice Bunt:
Letting your friend kick the shit out of you to make him look tough; cry afterwards.

Pop Fly:
Premature Ejaculation.

Stealing Home:
15 years to life.



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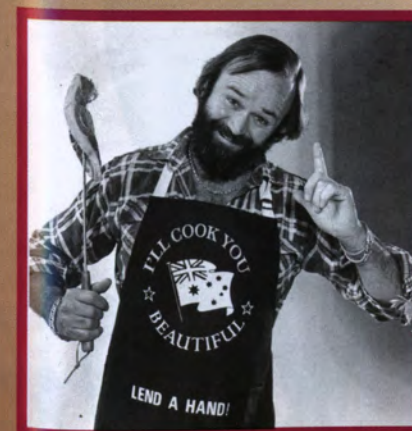


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“Signiore Baldassare, ye think yourself a better swordsman than I?”

“Fiend, I could outmatch thee with a toothpicke!”

“Ah! Right in the sarcophagus!”

Baseball Innuendos



Hitting Into a Double Play:
Accidentally making out with your friend.

Inside the Park Home Run:
Fully-clothed sex.

Hit by a Pitch:
Sympathy fuck.

Sacrifice Fly:
Letting your friend kick the shit out of you to make him look tough.

Sacrifice Bunt:
Letting your friend kick the shit out of you to make him look tough; cry afterwards.

Pop Fly:
Premature Ejaculation.

Stealing Home:
15 years to life.



THE MYSTERIOUS ESPIONAGE MAN

- - - ALTERNATIVELY KNOWN AS THE MYSTERIOUS MAN - - -

One day I was minding my own business, standing on a street corner, when a stranger sidled up beside me. In a low whisper, he commanded, “Pretend to laugh.”

I didn’t. “Pretend to laugh,” he repeated, his eyes boring into mine. “Or else, you’ll wake up dead!”

I reminded him that I couldn’t be dead if I woke up. At this bold statement he took two steps back and bridled his head. “Well, well, well, we’ve got ourselves a smart-aleck.”

He recollected himself, apologized, and authoritatively raised his voice. “Now listen here, son. I’m recruiting you for a secret mission (a crowd of tourists pass by), a mission that’s going to force you to betray your country and its very principles. Do you know what I’m talking about?”

“Espionage?”

“Good heavens! Do you want to be arrested?”

He began muttering to himself some incomprehensible words but eventually talked himself down from his frenzy.

“Son,” he said, patting his hand on my shoulder, “there’s no need to stick labels where there don’t need to be any. That’s like yelling “fire” in a burning building. You don’t want to create panic, now do you?”

I let his words sink in—really, I gave them a fair chance—but they were too stubborn and floated back to the surface.

Suddenly, his hand gripped my shoulder in a painful clasp. “Now look a’here son. I’m gonna give you a ‘carte blanche.’ The mysterious stranger turned to go.

“Just don’t kill anyone, okay?”



Jacob

Nick

Barnett

Featherhead

So guys, the big dance is coming up. I already know who I'm asking, and she's damn hot.

Nah bro, my girl is gonna win. In everyone's mind, I will have won.

Uhhh..I might ask this girl Jenny from Spanish class.

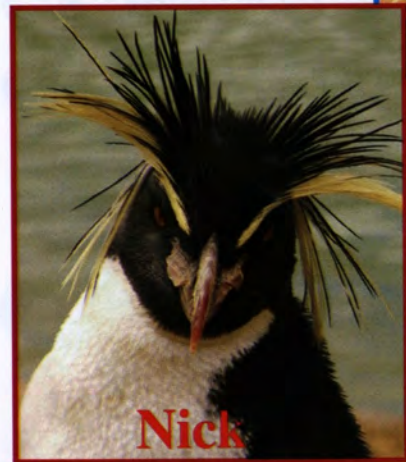
Jenny...Pingu??
Oh my sweet, fat friend. She's so far out of your league. That spicy bird is alllllllll MINE.

Yo fellas, I can't even believe what I'm hearing! I'm asking Jenny to the dance. Word.



Jacob

(quietly to self)
Don't listen to them, Nick. You are so cool, literally any girl would want to go with you. Jenny will choose me as her man, because I have the biggest head wings.



Nick



JENNIFER PINGU

Homecoming Queen 2009, went with Nick

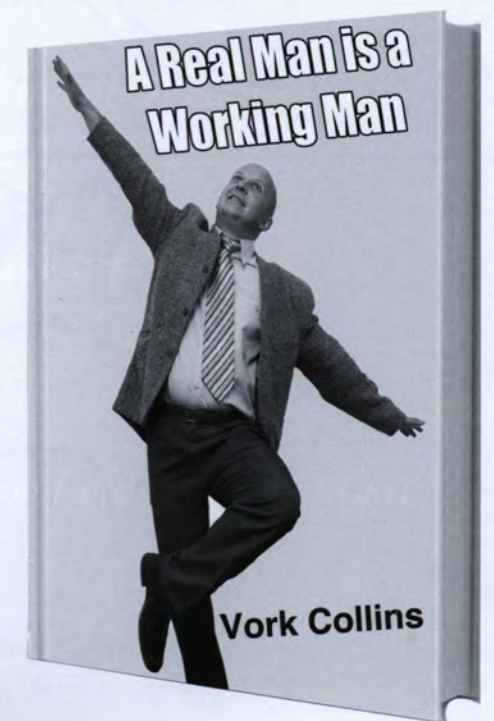
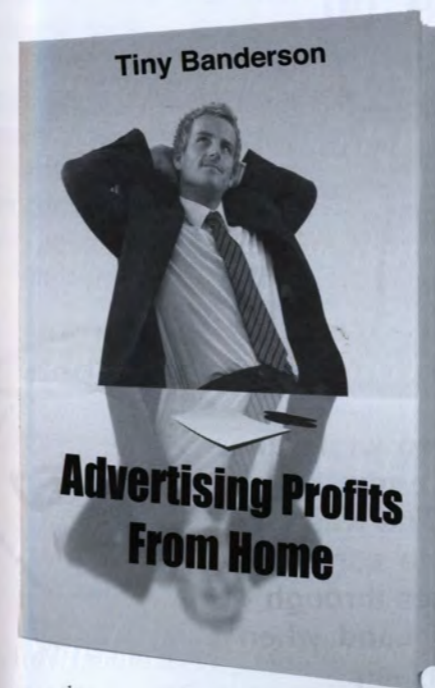
"Give a man a fish and you will feed him for a day. Give a girl a fish and you've got a party."

What would you get with Carte Blanche?



A PRINCESS SO THAT I MAY BRING HONOR TO MY FAMILY.

Best Sellers: Business Reads

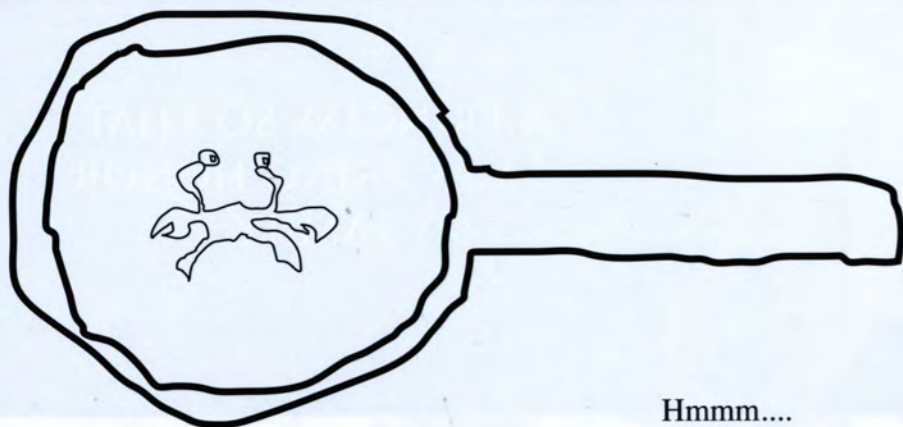


LACOSTE
INTOLERANT

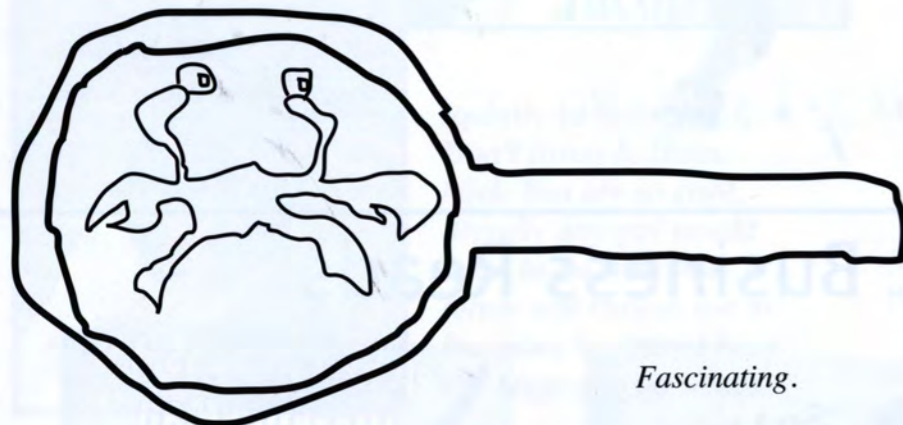
DR. CRAB'S DAY OFF



Duncan, you look all dried up!.
Let me take a closer look.



Hmmm....



Fascinating.



Don't panic little guy! I can fix this. Just get me a syringe,
four cups of milk, and a spaghetti squash.



Prattle,
Best Friend

I first met Vance when I was 9. I liked him immediately. He was the rebellious sort, you know, getting in trouble with Principal Leslow. We'd sneak into the faculty bathroom and smear ice cream all over the toilet seats.

Vance and I started dating in 8th grade. He'd tease me and put garlic salt in my hair, but I knew he was just flirting. Him and Prattle were always getting in trouble together. Vance was the leader, and Prattle was his sideshow.



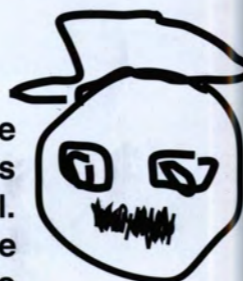
Debby,
Wife



Principal
Leslow,
Childhood
Nemesis

You're doing a biography of Vance Miller? The worse student I've ever had! One time as a joke he locked my iguana in the bathroom. I never found it. That iguana became the stuff of legends. I've got kids peeing their pants every day out of fear that it haunts that bathroom, and to be honest, I'm pretty scared myself.

I served with Vance in the army. He was brave, he was loyal. Hell, he carried me 10 miles through No Man's Land when I lost my leg.



Colonel Volf,
Carried Him

PRAISE FROM MY FATHER

ON A THURSDAY AFTERNOON

You have your mother's eyes.

You did so well on that test.

I thought you said you had some sort of test.

You took that one test that one time, right?

Thanks for the beer.

I bet your teachers are really proud.

You're, what? Ten now? Eleven?

Seventeen? Well look at you, my little girl's all grown up. It seems like just yesterday you were only nine or eight or something. Well we should get you your learner's permit.

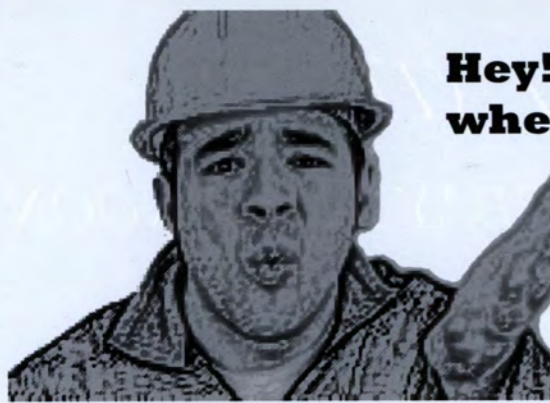
Really? Hub. That must've been the test I was thinking of. Well good work, squirt! Hows about giving your old man a ride to the Y?

You'll actually be doing me a favor, I was going to take the bus back.

Listen, I know I haven't been the best step dad.

I meant real dad. I know I'm your real dad, you know I didn't mean to say step dad.

You have your mother's whore mouth.



**Hey! Hey there, Mr. Blue—
where da fuck ya been??**

Where ya been, you, Mr. Blue?

**Mr. Blue Sky, just tell us why you
had to hide away for SO FUCKIN'
LONG, huh?**



**I mean we got everybody—I mean everybody—
everybody's in a goddamn play ova' here!**



**Just tell us why, uh?
You had to hide
away for SO LONG,
SO FUCKIN' LONG,
didn't you, huh, you
just had to, didn't
you? Huh, didn't
you, Mr. Blue?**



**Where did we go wrong? Where the
fuck did we ever do you wrong?**

**Hey, you with
the pretty face,
whatthefuckyoulookinat?
Welcome to the human
race, pretty boy!
Fuck outta here.**



**No, no, you're right, you're right Mr.
Blue Sky.**

It is a beautiful new day.

YOU KNOW, YOUR CHILDHOOD WASN'T THAT TRAUMATIC...

YOU WALKED IN ON YOUR PARENTS DRY-HUMPING.

YOUR SISTER WOULD MAKE HERSELF THROW UP AFTER EVERY MEAL, BUT IT WAS MOSTLY BECAUSE YOUR MOM REFUSED TO BELIEVE SHE WAS REALLY ALL THAT ALLERGIC TO PEANUTS AND INSISTED ON COOKING EVERY MEAL WITH THEM.

YOUR UNCLE TALKED ABOUT HOW HE USED TO LOVE GROPING YOUR OLDER BROTHER, BUT BY THE TIME YOU WERE BORN, HE WAS OVER IT.

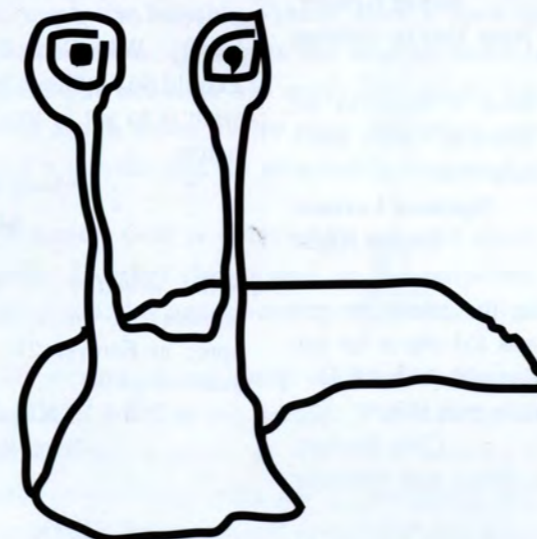
A CAR RAN OVER YOUR DOG, BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU DARED THE DRIVER TO DO IT.

YOUR CHILDHOOD HOME BURNED TO THE GROUND ON CHRISTMAS MORNING WITH YOUR CAT'S NEWBORN LITTER OF KITTENS TRAPPED INSIDE, BUT THE COPS NEVER FOUND OUT IT WAS YOU WHO STARTED THE BLAZE, OR THAT THE KITTENS HAD ALREADY BEEN DEAD FOR DAYS.

YOUR BEST-FRIEND TOOK HIS OWN LIFE IN GRADE SCHOOL, BUT YOU HAD TOLD HIM YOU WERE GOING TO KILL HIM IF HE DIDN'T COUGH UP THE TEN GRAND HE OWED YOU ANYWAYS.

YOUR DAD HIT YOUR MOM A LOT, BUT YOU WERE PRETTY SURE SHE COULD HANDLE IT.

The Slug Acquires Self-Awareness



We Asked the Staff...

"What Would You Do If You Had Carte Blanche?"

I've never heard of that dessert before. I don't know, does it have any almonds in it? I'm allergic to those. If carte blanche didn't have any I would probably just eat it.

Leo Alterman,
Just Go for It! We'll Get Two Spoons

The first thing I'd do is strip all the wiring out of it.

Sam Coggeshall,
Knows Where the Real Money's At

I'd go back to high school and ask Jessica to prom. And this time, I wouldn't mention the insects.

Daniel Koning,
Boutonniere Lepidopterist

Cut in line at movie premieres.

Brandon Evans,
No Imagination

I'd burn it and demand the return of Sean Connery.

Ryan de Taboada,
Timothy Dalton

Maybe I'll regift it. It'll just sit on the shelf if I keep it.

Anthony So,
Doesn't Know What He's Just Been Given, and Doesn't Know How to Appreciate It

Have her again!

Garret Werner,
Shameless, but More Wistful Than You Might Think

Sautee it with a touch of butter and white wine.

Sam CC,
Ever the Gourmand

That's all well and good, but the dealer said deuces are wild. Look's like that's the end of my streak.

Billy Kemper,
Luck Run Out

I'd read the shit out of it.

Danny Towns,
Way Ahead

Well, first I'd ask for three carte blanches. Then, I'd use one of those carte blanches to ask for three more. Then, I'd sell two of the carte blanches for a million apiece. Oh—wait—oh shit. Dammit.

Alex Hertz,
Filthy Rich, for a While

First, you're going to want to blanch the carrots and the asparagus. Next, make the dressing, stirring two tablespoons of mustard into the olive oil and paprika we prepared yesterday, adding garlic, pepper, and salt (just a little salt!) to taste. Finally, combine all of it with the romaine and chopped endive we washed earlier, and garnish with lemon. Add the cooked shrimp, and there you have it!

Joshua Alvarez,
Drank All the Liquor On Set

Invest in some HUGE Ponzi scheme!

David Kessler,
Now You're Talking

Why does it have to be Carte Blanche? Why can't it be Carte Noir?

Spencer Leroux,
Damn Right

I'd take the game for my own, and I'd never let go. Shit, I'm old, old, OLD—too old for this shit.

Chip Becker,
Not Getting Any Younger

The first thing you need to know? It's all in the approach. Relax your shoulders, yaw your pelvis, and loosen your knees. Step up slowly, arms wider than your feet, and keep your eyes straight on it. If you've limbered up properly, and you don't jigger your backswing, you should see it fly far and true after you make contact. Now lean back and have a well-mixed drink.

Isaac Bleaman,
Syndicated

Sometimes horror can be humor.

Oops Megalopolis,
Give Him a Hand

Actually, I used to have a Carte Blanche. I kept her out back in the garage, beauty she was, a '72 reissue in candy apple red. Oh, she could purr. The missus made me get rid of her, on account a I was spending more time with the car than with her. She just didn't make me feel so niice.

Victor Onuigbo,
On the Fast Track

I would travel to far off places of great natural beauty. With Carte Blanche I could do anything, but all I want is to get in touch with nature.

Josh Meisel,
At Peace

What wouldn't I do? I wouldn't go on a shopping spree at Forever 21. It's a store for girls.

Kian Ameli,
Being Realistic

running at a great speed
a tasty treat for myself.
shipwrecked man's great hunger.
It galloped not at all unlike a stallion,
and though it had the body of a horse, its
head was a fox's.

Thus day eighty-three of my island adventures had reached a rather exciting point. I had stumbled upon an entire colonie of these delicious horse-foxes grazing on the grasses of the mouthe of the river. I stalked them silently as I've learned to do with the spear I made from a tree branch and a seagull's nose.

I paused briefly upon sighting a stream, whereupon I drank heartily. I was in a most pleasant spirit today. I have not had water to drink for eighty-two days.

After an hour of drinking I had had my fill and prepared myself for the hunt. In England, before my unfortunate shipwreck on this godforsaken island, I had grown quite an appreciation for the rustic flavour of horse.

Just then there was a wild shrieking from the brush. The horse-foxes began to stampede! Out rushed a dozen dark-skinned savages, yipping loudly after their prey with drawn bows. O my heart stopped in fear—these were the cannibal men who had chased me from my previous sheltre and stole Marcos, my pet ape.

With great speed the cannibals chased after the herd and I was left hungry.



MYSELF, DAY 83



It was then that I smelt a delicious smell coming from the woods. Perhaps it was wrong to follow my nose, but I had not eaten in forty days and up to that point been surviving on sloth meat alone. I crept silently through the brush. Ahead was a dark man, a cannibal man, standing by a cooking fire. Despite the heat he wore leather gloves and a plush scarf of horse fur around his neck. His pants were of a shiny, elastic material. He was much more petite than the other cannibals and, unlike those savages, had a goatee and an admirably trimmed moustache.

He stood over a delectably scented meat, tenderly basting it with coconut milk. I crept closer and, to my surprise, the meal was my very own friend Marcos the orangutan, grilled to a golden crisp.

At sound of my gasp the cannibal turned around to face me. I froze in fear and felt for my spear. The savage merely giggled. He reached out and offered me a piece of apemeat, batting his eyelashes tenderly. I reached out, cautiously, and as I fastened my hands around the meat the gay cannibal's hand grazed mine and our fingers interlocked.



THE CANNIBAL

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