

Entertainment!



The Emerson Iron Lung: probably not much fun.

The Virtual Iron Lung Museum

<http://members.xoom.com/lungmuseum/ilung35p.jpg>

Suicide

By Sean Hammond and Kelly Gunter with illustrations by Mark Trezpla, Vol. 2, Iss. 3

Disclaimer: *Because we could be liable for anyone who is impatient enough to actually kill themselves after reading this article, we say, "You've never given up on anything in your life! Now live damn it! LIVE!"*

The other day, while watching Comedy Central, Bill Maher said "People say 'Life is precious.' But why is life precious...?" I couldn't agree more. 90% of the American population sits on their collective asses watching TV. But if you were to break into their home and threaten to kill them, they'd either fight for their life or plead for mercy (depending on how lame they are). What are they fighting for? Did they have something they just had to accomplish...after *Wheel of Fortune* or *BayWatch*? Or are they just deluding themselves?

Let's think about this logically and not let superfluous ethics get in the way: inflation occurs when there are more representations of the dollar than there is gold to back it up. The money then loses value. Isn't that exactly what has happened to our society? Again and again people complain that we as a society have been desensitized to violence. No wonder. There are just SO MANY damn people that they don't mean a thing; they have no value (other than workers or numbers on a screen). Face it, if you lived twenty miles from your nearest neighbor, would you hop in your car and buzz by for a drive-by-shooting? If people were rare, we would be ecstatic to meet another human. We wouldn't mumble "Hey, what's up?" (all the time avoiding eye contact) and keep walking or simply ignore their presence.

The solution? We think the Greeks had the right idea. Really push the Hemlock tea on the population that had outlived its usefulness. Let's legalize suicide. Think about it. It makes sense. If someone wants to kill themselves, let them. Don't you think it's kind of arrogant to MAKE someone continue living? If you want to be religious about it, God will punish them. At a more practical level, there would be that much more room for people who really enjoy, not just existing, but living. We've even come up with advertisements promoting suicide:

"Life is for living"

"Death—because life is so uncertain"

"Bored with life? Go out with a bang!"

"Life: what a beautiful choice" (Makes for a wonderful twist on the pro-life position, huh?)

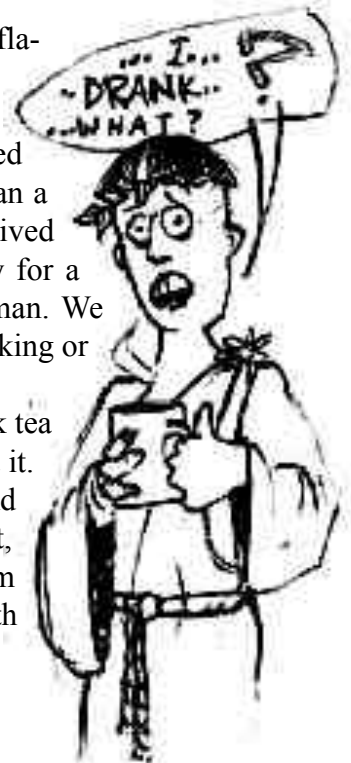
"Life: love it or leave it."

"Death: the other white meat" (of course you'll have blue lips and sunken eyes too, but we don't have to advertise that.)

The list goes on. Imagine: A wall sized poster of Uncle Sam, that stern, yet strangely loving face (like "Uncle Bob" who touched you when you were 5 and said never to tell or he would cut off all your fingers and the kids would laugh at you because you were a freak), pointing out at you, yes YOU, and saying in no uncertain terms: "I want YOU to die!"

There could be world wide advertising campaign. Catchy tunes, trendy clothing. "Nike and the Population Decimation Board are proud sponsors of The Super Bowl. Put a bullet in your head. Just Do It."

The cost of living would drop, the standard of living would rise, and no one would have to work at jobs they didn't like. The world would be a much better place if everyone who didn't want to be here just left.



Cartoons

By Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond, Vol. 2, Iss. 7.
Illustrations by Scott Peterson, Vol.4, Iss. 1

Why do so many people always assume animation is for children? That's like assuming that inflatable toys are only for children ("Puncture repair kit on stand-by, sir"). These same people want their children to stay away from drugs and be nice to everyone (family values and whatnot), but do they even think about what's really being presented on a typical Saturday morning?

Look at the old Warner Brother cartoons. You know, Bugs and all the gang before they started copying Disney. I'm talking way back when Daffy really was...well, Daffy (I wonder what happened to him. He started out so manic, then just got mean. When he first appeared on the screen, I bet he could have kicked Bugs' ass. I think that when Bugs won an Oscar, Daffy just gave up and became bitter). Those are definitely not for children. So much of the humor depends on adult experience (or maybe it depends on adults forgetting how to think absurdly on their own, and so Warner Brothers does it for them).

Then again, *Rocky and Bullwinkle* didn't exactly aim for the 5-9 year old demographic either. Sure, if your kid had a handle on contemporary world issues, and had a smattering of world history, he could've enjoyed all the bad puns and the "Ruby Yacht of Omar Khayyam" episodes. Maybe, judging from all the studies around today telling us how stupid children are becoming (as a side note, Hell Inc.® is now proud to offer Fuck'n Lame™, the latest in the anti-theft products to protect your children. For more information, see Volume 1, issue 14), the kids of the 50's and 60's could handle it.

I think the moose and squirrel were the *Ren and Stimpy* of their day. They both started out underground and had crappy animation. As they grew in popularity, they kept the same material: Ren and Stimpy with abundant mucus and exploding eyeballs;

Rocky and Bullwinkle with implicit references to sex and drugs.

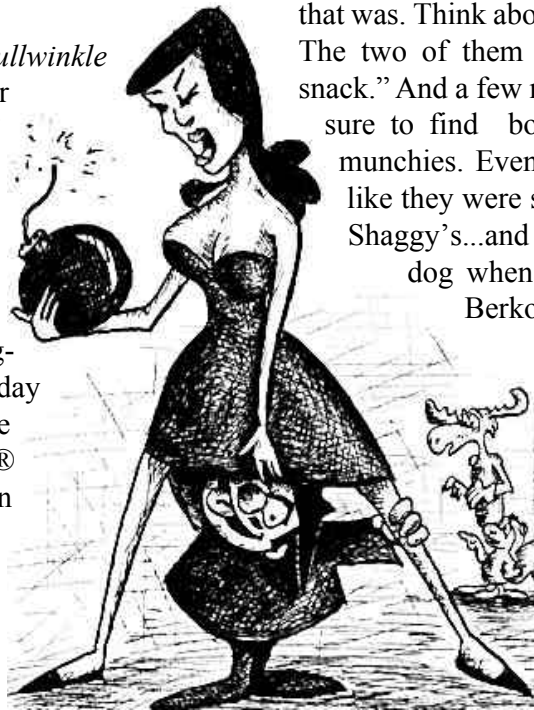
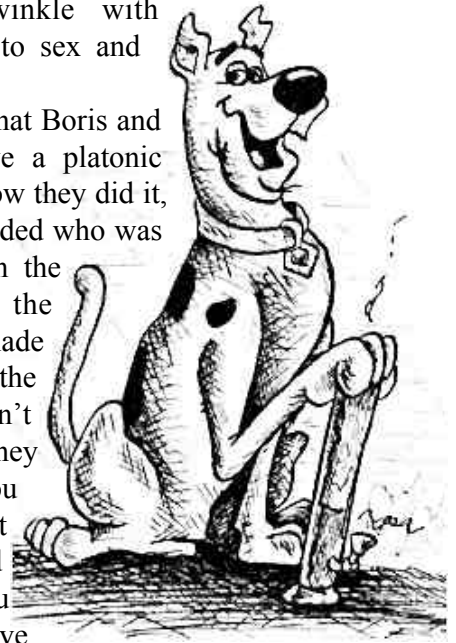
I'm positive that Boris and Natasha didn't have a platonic relationship (we know they did it, we just haven't decided who was on top. We've seen the pictures, watched the restored footage, made the diagrams, done the physics, and still can't figure out HOW they did it). And do you think they didn't drop the animated acid? How do you miss 837 consecutive assassination attempts? At least the attitudes of this show made it easier for later cartoons to be more explicit, namely Scooby Doo.

Scooby Doo. Oh. My. God. What a drug cartoon that was. Think about it. Particularly Shaggy and Scooby. The two of them would do anything for a "Scooby snack." And a few minutes after eating one, you could be sure to find both of them in the kitchen with the munchies. Even the way they walked made it look like they were stoned. That exaggerated leg thrust of Shaggy's...and how many people understand their dog when it talks to them, discounting David Berkowitz of course.

And the Mystery Machine? No mystery about that. Our beatnik friend Fred was definitely driving more than the van. More specifically, he was wooing Daphne. Daphne was the prep of the crew, you see, and helped support their drug habits, but since she was a nympho, her choice of payment was obvious. Hell, Daphne would pay for champagne to fill the six foot bong in the

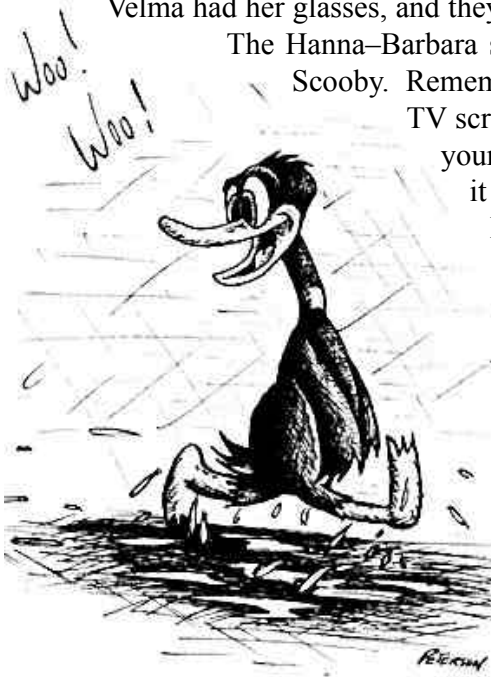
back of The Mystery Machine.

Poor Velma. Poor, poor, blind Velma. Always the fifth wheel. Shaggy had Scooby†. Fred had Daphne (hell, I'm sure they all had Daphne at some point or another).



† I sometimes wonder if Scooby Doo wasn't a metaphor for all of our lives. A group of people, driving through the world in a vehicle that is mystery, even to themselves, struggling to solve the mysteries of others. Maybe there is some sage advice in Scooby's catch phrase. Maybe there's an anagram in there. A phrase that could set us all free from the shackles of mortal thought....Then again, maybe it's just a stupid phrase like "Ri rove rou Reorge."

Velma had her glasses, and they just kept falling off.



The Hanna-Barbara studios must have been the opium den of their day. They didn't stop at Scooby. Remember Grape Ape and Speed Buggy? I'll bet you could've just LICKED the TV screen during an episode of Grape Ape to take a trip to the inner workings of your subconscious. Speed Buggy didn't take the unlaced gasoline, either. And it would explain the reoccurrence of speech impediments in these characters. Don't even get me started on the Laff Olympics. Far more than your usual caricatures of evil loonies vs. dopey good guys there.

And look at the Smurfs. Another cartoon with societal deviancy as its theme. Little blue guys that live in mushrooms? Ah-huh. And only one female for 100 guys? I'm sure Smurfette made the rounds.[¥] Baby Smurf had to come from somewhere. Smurfette's birth control was only 99% effective and, well....

Let's face it; if I were walking through the woods and saw a bunch of Smurfs, my first reaction would be astonishment. That would quickly fade after they sang 17 verses of their one and only song. Then I'd just start squashing those little blue shits. To hell with the gold, I want to see blood.

[¥] It's interesting to note the similarity between the creation of Smurfette and Eve. In *The Smurfs*, Gargamel made Smurfette to trick the Smurfs so he could catch them and turn them into gold. Was the writer trying to say that God had evil intentions when he made Eve? Or was he just saying that all females are inherently evil?



“When engaging this kind of target, the weapon which poses the greatest threat should be engaged first. When this target has been eliminated or no longer exists, engage the target at the center of the near half of the target.”

—from *M202A1 Flame Weapon*, 7th edition.
U.S. Army Infantry School
Fort Benning, Georgia

Fun Weapons

By Sean Hammond and Kelly Gunter, illustrations by Mark Terzpla, Vol. 2, Iss. 10

I know you've probably heard the phrase "guns don't kill people, people kill people" reiterated in various tones of sincerity or sarcasm. Which, granted, has a ring of truth to it, much like that ring you hear when someone hits you in the ear, but murder is a hell of a lot more taxing when you have to chase your victim down with a noose. I remember listening to some guy telling me about the good old days... "You know back when I was young, people were different. If you got into a fight with someone, you didn't pull out a gun and shoot them. You did the manly thing. You met after school with boxing gloves and matched blow for blow..." until apparently one or the other of your noses no longer was positioned on the correct side of your head.

After listening to that, I kind of decided that these days aren't so different, only the toys are different. The people are just the same, they just use whatever is handiest. But what if the people were different? What if they didn't use the easiest means to an end? Just think of how much more interesting things like armed robbery would be. Armed with what you ask? Armed with anything and everything.

"Everybody freeze! I've just rigged up a ton of asbestos into the ventilation system and if anyone makes any false moves I'm gonna release it."

How about Camel's revenge? "Ok, everyone down on the floor! I've got a carton of cigarettes and I'm not afraid to use them." Or if you have to sit down and explain the situation to your dumb founded hostages, you could try, "Listen, I've a pack of cigarettes, a lighter, and if I don't get \$2000 into this bag in a big hurry, I'm going to start blowing carcinogens in your faces." (This approach could however just encourage a large crowd of chain smokers to flock to your side in silent anticipation.) The end result itself is not as instantaneous as a bullet, but it will wheedle its way in another fifty years.

Just try entering a convenience store with a small wad of tinfoil, "Give me all of your money or you'll wish that you'd taken better care of your teeth." Fortunately it is very unlikely that some one working in a convenience store would have perfect oral hygiene anyway.

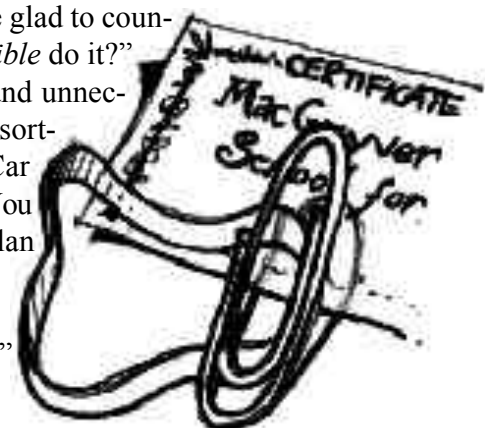
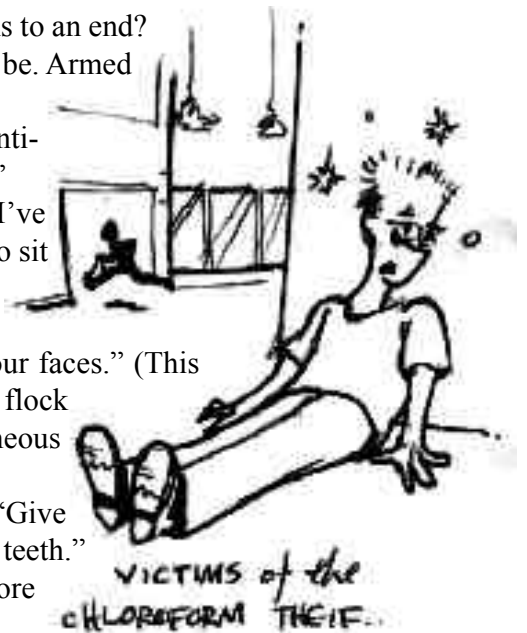
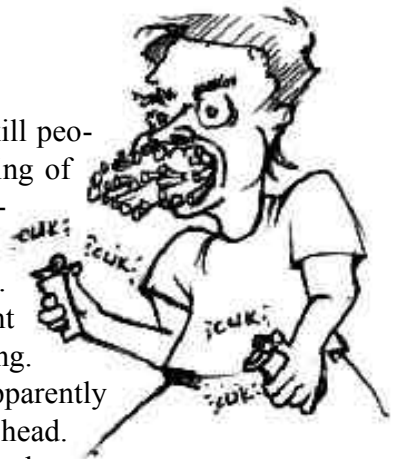
Can you imagine trying to hold up a place with and dirty old sock and a bottle of chloroform? Then again, it's hard to strike fear into the hearts of steely eyed men with a hold up line like "Everyone shut the hell up! This is a robbery. If everyone cooperates, no one goes to sleep!"

Hell, if you're going to do something, do it so wrong that people can't help but mumble, "What the hell?" Walk into a bank with a jar of petroleum jelly and shout, "Everyone down on the floor or someone is going to get lubricated!"

So the next time your planning on venturing into the exciting world of high powered explosives and firearms to retrieve a little petty cash... stop. Sit down and ask yourself (or us; we'd be glad to council you) "what would MacGyver do?" or even, "How would *Mission Impossible* do it?" The point is that if your going to do it, you have to make it as convoluted and unnecessary as possible (theme music helps. Just carry around a tape player with assorted tapes of "action sequence" music. Make sure you have the "*CHIPS* Car Chase" music. You know the kind. Lots of chicka-bow-wow sounds in it?) You could even watch old re-runs on USA. Do your research thoroughly and plan ahead. And be sure to bring plenty of extra rubber bands.

It's your crime, so have fun with it.

Oh, and if you do get caught, and the words, "Freeze! Federal Agent!" grace your ears...please stop. It would make Mulder and Scully feel better.



Random Acts of Email

—from Mark Nowak, Vol. 3, Iss. 1

I'M SUFFERING A DROUGHT. JUST CHECKING TO SEE IF YOU GOT MY MESSAGES. THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TWO. NOW THAT I'M IN THE HABIT OF CHECKING BERTA'S VAX EVERY DAY, I'M NOT GETTING MESSAGES! I LOVE THOSE PESKY SPACE-TIME PARADOXES. YOU KNOW, LIKE ON EVERY THIRD EPISODE OF STAR TREK: THE BALD CAPTAIN (THE OTHER TWO EPISODES BEING "THE CREW GOES BACK IN TIME" AND "AN ALIEN ENTITY INVADES THE ENTERPRISE"). ACTUALLY, THE FIRST CAPTAIN IS PRETTY BALD BY NOW TOO, BUT AT LEAST HE HAS THE INSECURITY TO COVER IT UP.

DO I BABBLE?

ENGAGE!

Mime Trap

By Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond, illustrations by Mark Terzpla, Vol. 3, Iss. 2

Let me pose a question of horrific beauty to you. The kind of question that makes your very innards resonate in anticipation; much like a bridge that has been so poorly engineered that all compensation for resonance and frequency are ignored...or maybe more like picking at a scab.

What if you could trap a mime in an invisible, soundproof box?

Imagine it: a grown man in a profession you know everyone, deep in the darkest realm of that metaphysical mayhem they call their souls (or maybe not that deep. Heck, maybe it's right there on the surface, growing like a huge, warped Tree of Good and Evil), despises, trapped in the unwitting public's eye. In more ancient, and possibly more noble times, the Romans would have charged admission...but we digress.

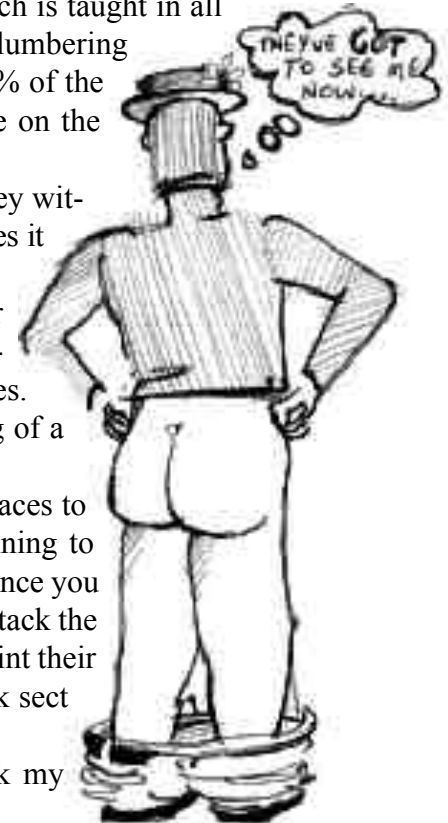
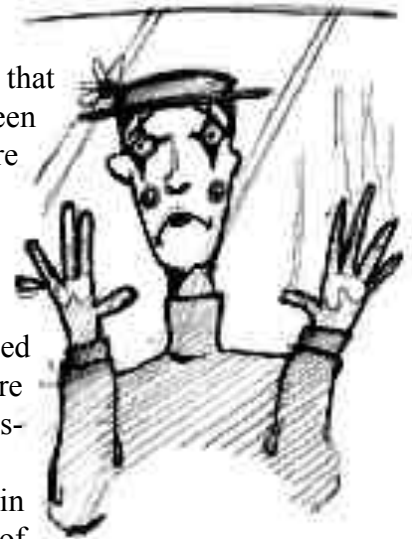
You can watch people marvel at the "oh so real" way in which the victim in question is slamming his ever dwindling frame (reminding you more and more of the Mule) against an invisible box in the mime style reminiscent of that which is taught in all of the best classical Mime Colleges that remain hidden within the lumbering Juggernauts that are the Ivy League Schools (it is a little known fact that 80% of the country's mimes graduate from a hidden Mime College located somewhere on the grounds of Harvard).

"Wow! How does he get his face to squash like that?" people say as they witness his futile attempts at escaping his own private hell. "It's so life like." Yes it is, isn't it?

Imagine how exciting it would be to watch, and even relate to your friends, as a grown human being dwindles from existence, slowly, and threatens to fade into greater obsessive compulsive behavior than Howard Hughes. Here is a hypothetical chronology of events leading to the eventual breaking of a man, like the splintering of a used toothpick:

Day 1: Find the prey. Street corners and parks are probably the best places to frequent. Usually such maneuvers would entail weeks of stalking and planning to determine the most appropriate moment to commence the attack. However, since you are only human, and probably prone to apathy and boredom, you could just attack the first unsuspecting mime you find; better yet, abduct a person off the street, paint their face white, add black clothing (or you could assault the pre-prepared beatnik sect and avoid all that clumsy dressing) and place them into your box.

Day 2: The Mime paces about his prison mumbling "You can break my



body, but you cannot break my mind.” No one pays any attention; they can’t hear him, and even if they could, chances are they wouldn’t know what movie he was making reference to.

Day 4: He has resorted to openly insulting the passersby in an attempt to get people’s attention. Since he can make no sound, he is generally ignored.

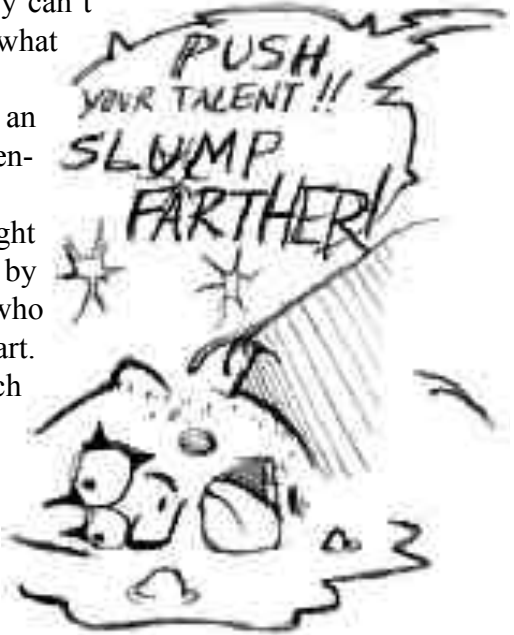
Day 6: He decides to attempt to shock people into either outright confronting him or possibly calling the police to have him arrested by exposing himself at strategic times. The plan backfires as most people who do notice this new behavior think it’s some kind of bizarre performance art. The good news is that he makes a killing in tips (too bad he can’t reach outside of his box to get them).

Day 9: He has basically given up all hope now and moves very little from the corner of his box. Some comments heard today are “Hey, I’ve never seen a mime with such a bad 5 o’clock shadow.” and “ I wonder if he had to practice slumping in his own vomit .”

Day 11: I remove the box (whoops! I guess the cat’s out of the bag. This isn’t such a hypothetical scenario after all), but like any animal caged for years, he doesn’t even attempt to move beyond the known confines of his world. His voice is useless due to the extreme and repeated attempts to gain attention earlier in captivity.

Last I knew my victim was still in that park where I originally found him. So do me a favor: if you ever see a mime performing in a public place, run up to him and push, trip, slap or otherwise physically accost him, just to make sure he isn’t suffering a similar fate†.

† If you don’t really care about the mime and are more interested in seeing him suffer, then Hell Inc. would be pleased to provide any prospective science fair prodigies with the Mime Farm Start-up Kit.



Amy Arena

By Sean Hammond and Kelly Gunter, illustrations by Scott Peterson, Vol. 3, Iss. 9

Excuse me...have you heard of Amy Arena?

Oh, your god (yours, not mine. MINE would NEVER allow anything like this to happen). Make her stop!

Excuse me? You haven’t heard of her? You must listen to that other alternative radio station; you know, the one that talks through the beginnings of songs. It’s named the Synapse, or the Neurotransmitter...something like that.

If you haven’t heard this slice of epicack, this segment of concentrated catastasis with not a thought of denouement, brought to the surface, wiped off, and served extra crispy, consider yourself lucky. Jesus, I can’t even begin to express how much I dislike this song...and don’t give any of that “Oh, you don’t like it because she’s an opinionated woman” crap. I don’t like the song because it sucks. Alanis Morissette is someone who is a little bitter, who speaks her mind, and I really like her. And let me tell you, I’m fairly sure I don’t not like Amy Arena because she uses opinionated language like what is not found on most universities; Gracies Dinnertime Theatre has been accused of a lot, but never of being politically correct.

Amy Arena; I’d like to see her in an arena...preferably a Roman one with lots of lions (and Christians. Lots of Christians, a whole drove of them (what do you call a bunch of Christians? A gaggle of geese, a pride of lions, a murder of crows, a casket of Christians?), the plains dark with the grazing bodies of wild, free range Christians, ready to be driven north to the border for shipment to the processing plants.



WWWWCHTTTTT (Yeah, you got some thing to say? I'd like to see you spell the sound of a whip crack).

She seems like such a sweet girl, always apologizing. Apparently, she is a gap toothed woman. Now, I've heard the phrase, but what is a gap toothed woman? Is it just some chick with a...well, a gap in her front teeth? Big deal. I met a girl with a gap in her teeth and she could call birds down from the trees, not to mention she could spit water at least 20 feet.

This song is wrong on so many levels.

"Excuse me, if I eat ice cream with nuts from the rain forest, because I support the rain forest" (or some silly shit). Yeah, she supports the rain forest all right. Little does she know how they harvest those freak'n nuts in the first place. You think they've got a bunch of whistling native dwarves (breaking spontaneously into the HIHO song every chance they get without really knowing why) jumping about the canopy happily mining away those wondrous rain forest nuts? Lady, whose world do you live in? This is a business, and the procedure is easy: just cut those damn trees down and pick up the nuts at your leisure. Do you know how hard it is to climb up a tree, especially for dwarfs? Besides, centuries of living under mountains do not make them the



Wow!! Did you see him bounce?!

most agile climbers. You have no idea how many injuries there are each year when those poor forsaken souls fall ass over teakettle from seven stories up. Sure they bounce, but it isn't funny (well, not very. I mean you get over it in about a week, but in the mean time, you get very little done, what with all the snickering).

Yeah, well I'm sure you could do just as much for the rain forest by decorating your teak canopy bed with the taunt pelts of flocks of flying squirrels. Sure, your room would smell a bit like AEon Flux (hazelnuts, leather, gunpowder, sex...) but what a great motif. You could finish it off by having a pool table with billiard balls made

from the tusks of slaughtered elephants, and a tiger-down pillow (do you have any CONCEPT of how many tigers you have to pluck to get enough down to fill just one pillow?).

Yupper-dupper-do. I really don't like that song.

She has told us what it is she hates, but what is it she wants? All this angst must be directed toward some goal higher than listing off everything she's against. I'm against having a catheter inserted and then filled with acetic acid, pumped at thirty three PSI backward through my system till it blows out the other end, but I don't need to whine about it.



Random Acts of E-mail

—from Mark Nowak, Vol. 4, Iss. 4

YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE SONG "EL CONDOR PASA" BY SIMON AND GARFUNKEL, BUT I NEVER ACTUALLY HEARD IT TILL TONIGHT. AND IT WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

I'D RATHER BE A MOLLUSK THAN A SHELL,
IF I COULD, IF I WOULD
I'D RATHER CALL IT AN ODOR THAN A SMELL,
IF I COULD, YADA YADA YADA
(MEANDERING FLUTE)

I WAITED 21 YEARS FOR THIS?!? I'M SOOOO GLAD I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH OF THE 70'S.

DID I TOP MYSELF?

—ME, BEAUTIFUL, ME

Disney

By Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond, illustrations by Vinny Bove, Vol. 5, Iss. 1

“What’s all this about hell–fire and dalmations?”

The critics are still talking about Disney’s latest film for the big screen, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Siskle rants. Ebert raves. GDT says: “Give me a fuck’n break!”

Disney, though producing technically incredible movies, is evil pure and simple.[†] This is not to say that I wish to see Disney dismembered and done away with; I mean, everyone needs to have their antagonist.... After all, they’re good at what they do, but what they do is absolutely horrible. Like any child, I enjoyed watching Disney films; even their live action stuff (especially *Escape From Witch Mountain*). It wasn’t until I watched Disney’s *Peter Pan* that I began to become disillusioned. I knew the story from my childhood, and *that* cartoon was not the story. They corrupted it. It made me feel dirty just to watch it. And *Pinocchio* was a joke. I mean, in the story, Jiminy was crushed by wooden boy when pine for brains didn’t want to hear what his conscience was saying. But what put me over the edge, what really made me recognize that the Disney Corp. was a tool of evil[‡] was when I watched Disney’s *The Little Mermaid*. Before I can express the true scope of my indignation, let me tell you a story:

As a very young child, when I wasn’t building castles in the moonlight or watching tele–evangelists at 4 am, I would sometimes catch a cartoon that would begin with a narrator taking about a story told in Amsterdam. It would show the statue of the Little Mermaid, and the cartoon would begin. That movie was one of the greatest influences upon me. Later, once I was old enough to begin my raiding parties against the local libraries, looting and pillaging along the way, I read the *Little Mermaid* and the cartoon I had seen was wonderfully accurate; the *Little Mermaid* even killed herself in the end, rather than slay the one she loved. I remember crying a great deal over that....³

Imagine my dismay when ads began showing up promoting Disney’s *The Little Mermaid*. Needless to say, I went and watched their diminutive puella piscosus .

And she lived.

And she got married.

And I’m sure she lived happily ever after.

And after being the well spring of four kids and a sea horse she probably didn’t even have to live out the rest of her life with saggy breasts, stretch marks, and a bad temperament.

My point is, Disney takes these wonderful stories that are filled with angst, despair, but not lacking in the hope of redemption, and They™ make them hyperglycemic. Now They™ take a story that, when I think of it, all I see is Quasimodo in the black and white movie shouting “Sanctuary! Sanctuary!”

[†]This does not mean that I agree with the all the religious groups protesting Disney. Saying that Disney promotes homosexuality is no reason to ban them. Hell, if Disney is promoting non–traditional lifestyles in their theme parks, bravo to them! I would have been a lot happier if the religious groups were protesting against Disney based on how they have slaughtered fairy tales over the years.

[‡]Someday soon when the threads of reality are wearing a bit thin and could do with a damn good darn–ing, somewhere in the locality of a children’s theatre the kids are finally going to get a good look at Thumper and the Dungeon Dimensions from whence he came. Yeah, you can call him Flower if you want to, but don’t expect me to.

³If anyone else remembers seeing this movie and knows the name, please let me know. I’d love to find that movie once again.



What gives? I think Disney was just looking for an excuse to do a cartoon with a cripple. There is definitely a pattern to Disney's movies over the past few years. *Aladdin*, *The Lion King*, *Pocohontas*, and now *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. An Arab, African, Native American, and a cripple (honestly, there was some hope for the future with *The Lion King*. At least they ripped off *Hamlet* with a little bit of originality, kind of like what Bernstein and Sondheim did to *Romeo and Juliet*). When you get right down to it though, Disney could have saved a lot of time and trouble over the past few years if they just did *Richard II* (and since Shakespeare is dead and gone, they wouldn't even have to pay royalties).

Disney's next great cinematic masterpiece will star a short, blind, Asian homosexual midget with a goiter and lisp. Maybe the story of Confucius Keller the Great. It could happen.

Actually, if Disney can take great things and make them horrible, maybe it works the other way: they could take horrible things and make them great. Just image: Disney's *The Little Fuhrer*.

Watch spellbound as Disney's newest triumph tells the story a poor Jewish painter who rose to power and was loved by millions. Can't you just see the opening scene: Camera pans into a picturesque Bavarian village where hearty peasants roam and plump Hansel-and-Gretelish kids play. Foreground: the town square, complete with cobblestones; background: forest, black (of course). Music swirls:



Mein Kampf! Mein Kampf! Worse than anyone else's kampf Musso-



-li -ni's is so easy compared to mine... With Jews on the left and



Commies on the right, a poor and spiteful nation to unite... That's Mein Kampf!†



Including such lovable characters as David the Draydle, and Peter the Paintbrush, Disney's *The Little Fuhrer* features seven new songs specially composed by Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber, including the duet "Ich habe einem Vogel und das Welt wird mein Freund sein" sung with his invisible friend, Klaus Crow, in his secret bunker. Cheer as the hero dupes his foes and lives happily ever after in a small town in Argentina after being helped by his friend Anke the U-boat. Get wrapped up in the magic and wonder that is Disney.

Maybe I'm overly critical. Then again, I don't think a story where a whole city ends up celebrating a hunchback is realistic. Beating him senseless and covering him with yogurt maybe, but definitely not celebrating.

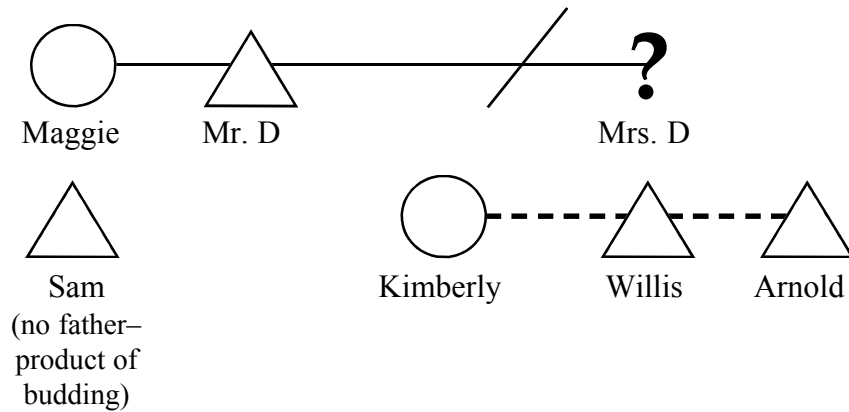


†Sung to the tune of "Tonight"

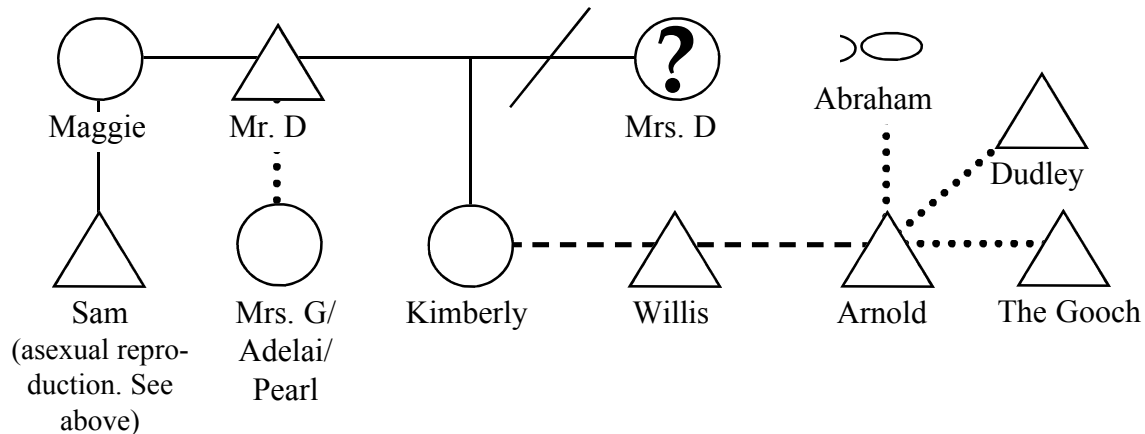
Culture Kampf

By Michelle Amoruso, Vol. 6, Iss. 8

In anthropology, genealogies are constructed as visual representations of a particular family's relatives. The gender, generation, and relationship (siblings, spouse, child) of the individuals is included by the diagram. From these and through the study of kinship terminology, ideas about the roles which regulate social order of kinship systems can be formulated. Unfortunately, the details of all outside relationships are neglected. I feel that this is a disturbing omission. For illustration purposes, I have re-constructed the genealogy of *Different Strokes* by two methods. First the traditional anthropologist's approach:



Look at the incomplete picture we get of the Drummond household. Let's revise the diagram in a more informative way:



Ahhhh, the future of anthropology. Soon to be in textbooks everywhere.

Hesitation

By Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond, illustrations by Vinny Bove, Vol. 6, Iss. 8

“I can’t think of anything that remotely fits the subject.”

Silence surrounds the fleeing bystanders as they weave through the deepening darkness. Wide-eyed and out of breath, they pause next to the side of a dilapidated Wal-Mart. Suddenly, a fist rings out, the hero falls to the ground, and an ominous figure stands silhouetted in the incandescent frenulum; a gloating figure, ready to deliver the death blow. But something stops the end move. The arch-villain stands transfixed. Slowly he lowers his hands to his hips and exhales deeply. The moment of hesitation is all that the hero needs, and he delivers the coup de grace. Startled, yet still inexplicably pleased with himself, the arch-villain, moving as if the world is now being played at twelve frames per second, caresses, sensually, this new-found orifice. His eyes track down until his gaze lights upon his crimson-kissed fingertips. Raising his sweat-streaked crown to meet the beguiling eyes of his childhood nemesis, his smile reaches auris ad auris, and his maniacal laugh seems deeper and more guttural than usual (perhaps a little gurgle-E). His immense mass careens in a downward trajectory towards terra firma, producing a satisfying sound akin to that of waxy, greasy, pink, sliced, processed meat by-products slapping against cold concrete. With his parting breath, the quickly fading villain leaves his final words to an uncaring and unknowing world:

“Well, saaaayyyy....”

Clitori. We all have them. “What about peni?” I hear the bright young lad in back ask (“Loops? Did you say Loops?”—Melancholy Predator’s epitome of bad segue). Four out of five gynecologists agree that the only difference, the only scientific, medically-proven way to differentiate the two is that one gets much bigger than the other. One you can grab and the other you can only rub (“Oh genie of the clitoris!”). I mean, for that kind of difference, you need some serious blood migration. All in all, arousal in the typical male is a fairly cataclysmic event. Blood is diverted from other areas of the body just to pump that Bad-Boy™ up.[†] Ironically, when the human male goes for long periods of time without pitching a tent, the body may be pleased to be getting all the oxygen it needs, but the psyche becomes warped like an ill-prepared Shrinky-Dink (Oh, please. We wouldn’t stoop so low as to use THAT bad of a pun. Yeah, we’re way too cultured for that sort of nonsense).

Researchers have gone through the trouble to waste valuable time and money to make connections between physical violence and impotence. Who’s more violent than most? Why, super-villains of course! They might be cold and calculating, or lovably maniacal, but they all share the same thing: limp Willies (or Wilmas, as the case may be).

One of the least know facts concerning the worlds’ varied supervillains is their inability to sustain a halfway respectable erection. The best most can manage is half-mast. The one time that nearly guarantees the fulfillment of their manhood is when they are doing mean things. Be it not holding a door open for an old woman or launching stolen nuclear weapons toward Liechtenstein, the perpetrators always, and I mean always, take a few moments to bask in the glory of their penis (or swollen clitoris if they happen to be a woman).

Time and again villains’ schemes are thwarted because they hesitate. They gloat. They share their plan. This isn’t due to some character flaw that makes them cocky (again, we won’t stoop to such obvious p—hey there’s a penny down here!) or just a necessary way to allow the trapped hero to escape and eventually triumph. How



[†] Why men wish they had a larger penis is beyond me. What good is it to have a 12 inch penis when you pass out while getting aroused?

much easier it would be if the villains would just kill the silly son of a bitch when he is sprawled out, weapons nowhere in sight, at the mercy of their bestial wrath. Instead, they stop. Why? Because they have a hard-on and are taking a moment from their very busy day to stop and smell the roses.

Ah, to have an erection! To share in the simplest sexual activity that is man. For that all-too-brief moment, the super-villain feels human.

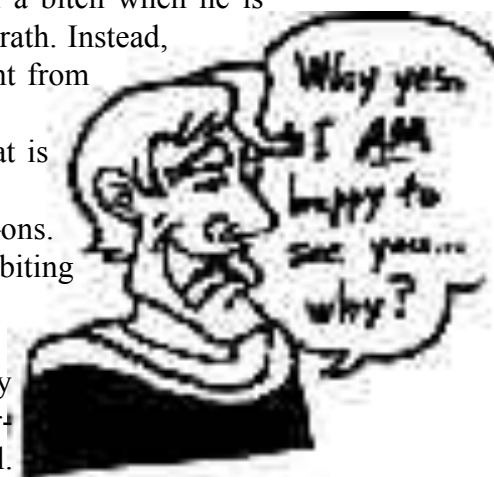
Conversely, super-heros have the problems of perpetual hard-ons. Traipsing about in tights and jumping from building to building with the biting wind coursing across their compacted genitalia.

“Spoon!”

With gobs of oxytocin (what scientists into studying sex technically refer to as the “cuddle chemical”) screaming through their systems, super-heros are in the unique position of being non-sexual and infinitely sexual. Think about it this way: if you ran about in a state of perpetual post-orgasmic bliss (PPOB, not to be confused with the PWU: the Postal Workers Union), how sexually active do you think you would be? Superheros have achieved a Zen-like state of sexual existence. All the satisfaction and half the contact.

(insert Tick voice here)

“There isn’t much to say about superheros. They’re big, they’re buff, they’ve got boners, they’re happy. All they really want in this world is to cuddle, and isn’t that we all want, to cuddle with the world, like the big teddy bear that it is. Sure it’s got an eye missing and limbs torn off from time to time, but it’s your teddy. So grab that teddy and cuddle for all you’re worth!”

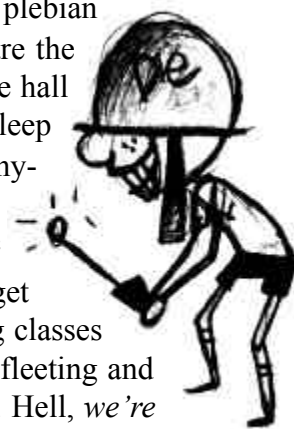


Thtop it. Jus’ thtop. What are you doing? Jus’ thtop it.

By Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond, illustrations by Matt Messner, Vol. 8, Iss. 3

“I are hooked on phonics”

In recent years public education has come under scrutiny; and why shouldn’t it? The plebian school system lost its *raison d’etre* since corporal punishment was limited.[†] Gone are the days when teachers could take slackers, free thinkers, and retarded children out into the hall and beat the living bejesus out of them. Teachers, now limited to psychological torture, sleep deprivation,^f and high-power microwaves, aren’t even allowed to fail students anymore...lest they damage the fragile egos of their tender, pistol-carrying wards. Higher education should, well, for starters, be on a higher level than it is today. Public education needs a better system, faster teachers, with more arms, dammit!³ In order to get all that, it requires wads of cash. They could always try to get an NEA grant by calling classes a “creative happening,” an exercise in absurdity if you will, but that kind of money is fleeting and fades fast—it couldn’t possibly support all the public school systems across the nation. Hell, *we’re* public education and are still waiting for RIT’s Creative Arts Committee to finally approve the grant we sent in months ago.” After two years of printing they forget we exist? Oh God, the Republicans are winning!



[†] The entire movement to abolish corporal punishment was waged by the little known Pink Panthers. Cool and froody, this group of lisping, fashion conscious crusaders founded in the speakeasies of San Francisco in the 1920’s could be recognized by their fantabulous black leotards accessorized with a chestal pink triangle, and real panther stoles. It wasn’t until the 1960’s that a schism resulted in a more militant offshoot that turned its back on the triangle and leotards.

^f These kids are up all night working at Taco Bell to help support their drug habits, and then you expect them to stay awake at school? Don’t be thupid.

³ We have the technology. We can rebuild it.

- Tick, tock, Peter. (“Oh, that was supposed to be a bunny.”)

We've got to rally, guys!

Anywho.

What the educational system really needs is to start thinking in bigger terms and begin considering the bottom line. I think it's high time they cash in on public interests. The majority of the legislative bodies of our government have all kowtowed before commercialization, and it's time education got a little more greedy.

Inner-city public transport long ago recognized the inherent possibilities in being moving blitverts; they go zipping by and people are having seizures and exploding in their wake thanks to the intellectual doppler effect caused by the mind-numbing ads on their sides (the buses, not the people, stupid). The yellow behemoths of our childhood should sell advertising spaces on their sides and rear, effectively becoming Camel



wagons. Just imagine Joe Camel in all his malproportioned splendor plastered all over the outside of juvenile transportation, while the insides are packed with noisy, boisterous, nubile, young scholars...all anticipating the first day of grade K.

What's that you say? Joe Camel and the Marlboro Man have been given a restraining order against being in the presence of small children?^ð Don't worry about it. Just remember: Joe and Mr. Marlboro are only on the outside of the bus,

while Junior is safely nestled inside. Kids won't see the nicotine-stained role models in the bus, although they're liable to see the Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers perched above the window just to the right of Ronald McDonald's smiling mug and an old ad for Planned Parenthood, while Barney and the Burger King Kid's Club tend to mope about the emergency exits.

That's only the beginning of the fun. Schools themselves would almost become paid advertisements. Gone is the era in which students, in a frenzy of school spirit, would paint a jovial mural on one wall of the school indicating the importance of school and community in

any fledgling student's life (Oh, Mr. B). Now those murals are covered up...by paying customers. Nike's just bought the right to embellish the entire front of the high school with its trademark swoosh. Gap and Gitano line the walls leading to the lunchroom, which itself looks like a giant montage. With overabundant phrases on the walls spilling such pearls of wisdom as "Real food for real people," and "Soup is good food," it's no surprise that the youth are beefcake. Beefcake!

The classrooms are far more reserved than the rest of the school in that each classroom may only have one sponsor to paper its walls—with style. Back in the elementary school the kids in the first grade always enjoy a good game of "Spot the Stealth Bomber," in their room tastefully decorated by the US Armed Forces. Strapping, buff soldiers cheerily encourage the pupils to be "all they can be" while standing aloft a large tank and caressing their trusted assault rifle, Charlene, in some tropical island paradise where young native boys are at their beck and call. Phallic symbols abound....

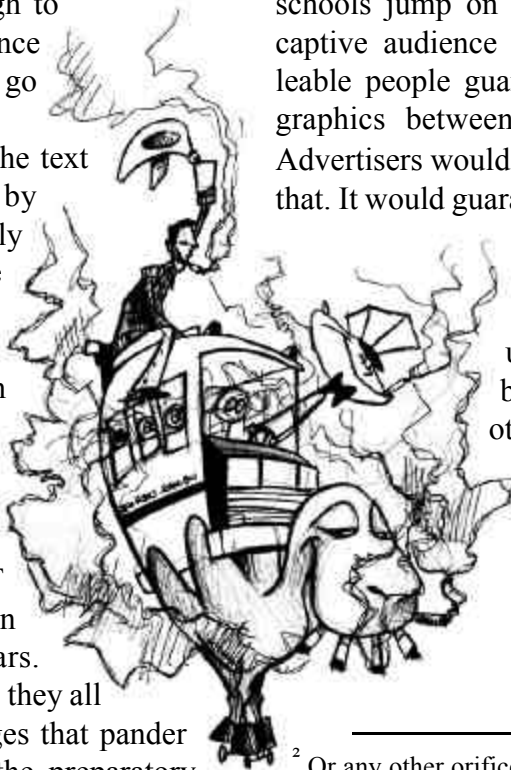
In later years, highschool teachers have to double as announcers in the tradition of the early Soap Operas. After twenty minutes of discussion, the Ecology professor pauses to thank Mobile Oil for their generous support. Mobile Oil: working to protect endangered wetlands by drilling the crap out of them. In Earth Science, De Beers is footing the bill, and

^ð "So you want to know when you should smoke a cigarette, little boy?"

Microsoft is coughing up the dough to sponsor the math classes and guidance counselors. "Where do you want to go today?"

Taking a more subtle route, the text books for Health are supplied by Trojan and the makers of KY Jelly (With a name like KY, it's got to be good). An entire generation of sexually expressive sluts will be convinced that if they don't use Trojan Black Ribbed Nobbler (Now with Microdots!™) they'll be sure to catch the preppers.

Is the mere idea of corporate contributions offensive to you? RIT and other universities have been cashing in on this idea for years. Kodak, Xerox, Microsoft, the CIA... they all give money and materials to colleges that pander to their interests. Why shouldn't the preparatory



schools jump on the bandwagon? Think about it: a captive audience of intellectually and morally malleable people guaranteed to be in any of the demographics between the ages of five and eighteen. Advertisers would pay through the nose² for a spot like that. It would guarantee each school system millions of dollars above what they already receive. Forget the gaudy surroundings and the totally immoral use of school children. Just remember that your children, and all of the other children, would be receiving the best education that money could buy.

² Or any other orifice for that matter.

Look it up in your New Grove!

Howdy, troopers! I've been given a space to rant by the Supreme Exalted Biumvirate, so I've chosen a topic near and dear to my heart (and, by extension, the inside of my ribs): Music. First off, let me say that "Squirrel Nut Zippers" is a GREAT name for a band. It sounds like the band members got drunk one night and played the word association game until they hit upon the best three word group. Try it with your friends! Secondly, as a music major, it depresses and frustrates me to know that the average life span of a jazz musician is equal to that of a serf in twelfth century England, and that in the time it took you to read this sentence John Tesh made more money than the entire Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra did last season. So I've got a few things to get off my chest.

Since we're speaking of chests, I hope everyone realizes by now that the Spice Girls are a joke. J. S. Bach's music has remained relevant for over 200 years, but 200 days from now people will be talking of the Spice Girls with the same kind of respect and admiration normally reserved for Milli Vanilli and the Macarena. And they may mention the Spice Girls and Milli Vanilli together for more than just that...because if these prepackaged fluffballs are singing their own songs, then I'm willing to be Pavoratti's next mistress.

By Mark Nowak, Vol. 8, Iss. 3

Quite frankly, I have never understood the I-have-no-accent-when-I-sing phenomenon, made famous by Olivia Newton-John in "Grease," but these Girls are extreme. Singing, they sound like diction coaches. In interviews, all I can hear is, "Freshen ya' drink, guv'nah?"

Speaking of the Decline and Fall of Vocal Diction, one of the summer's big smash hits was "Mmm Bop", by Hanson. If you're not familiar, Hanson is a prank band comprised of three life-like Muppets put together by Henson Enterprises in an effort to reclaim the prestige and money it lost after the new, revamped Muppet Show bombed. "Mmm Bop," if you're not familiar, is a song featuring no actual words, and was perhaps inspired by an informal conversation Frank Oz had with a drunk on the subway. I imagine it went something like this:

Drunk: Ahma jus widdle flinkin goda nohn. Maka ham ida plinky mista goes

Frank Oz: Mmmm...

(Subway train hitting a bump): BOP!

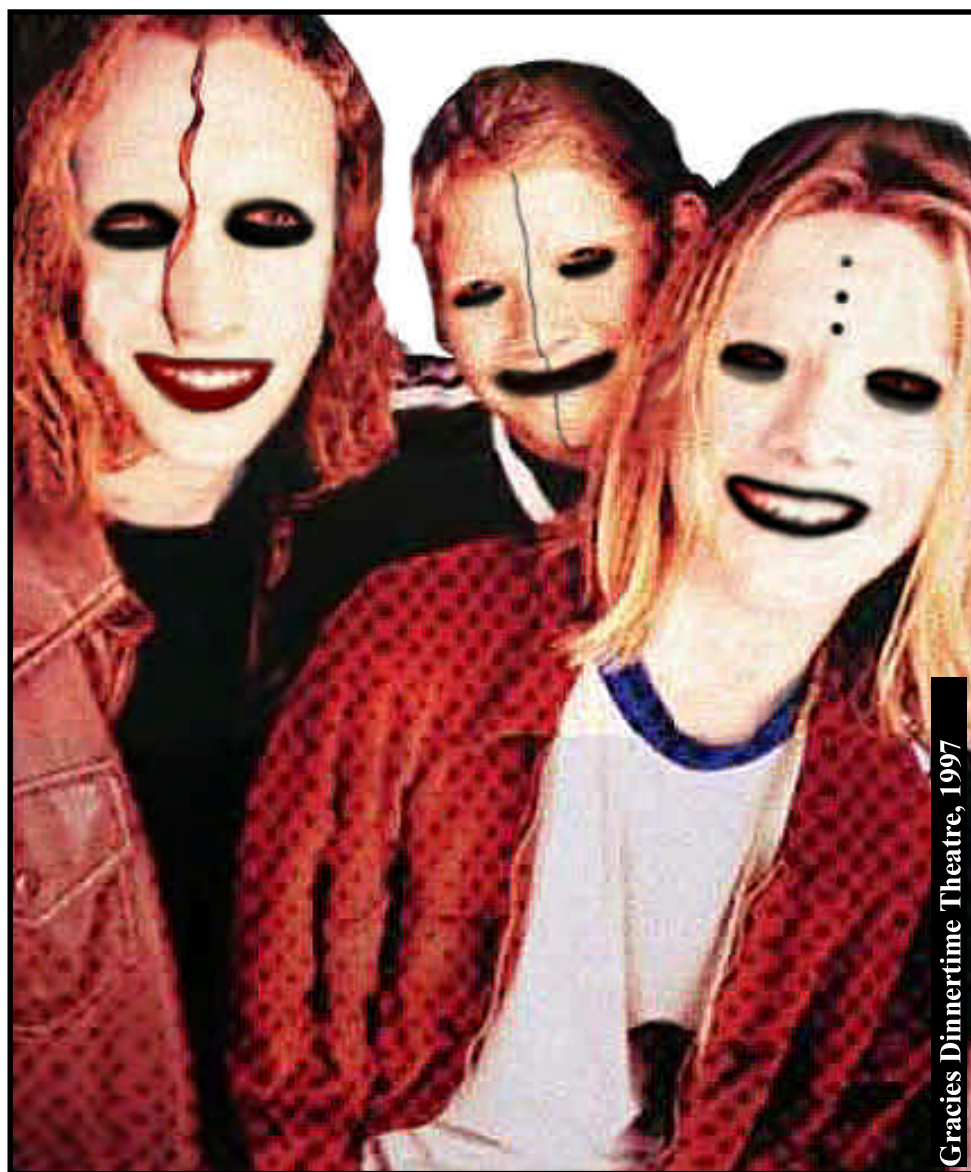
This freedom from the heavy burden of lyrics (although the New York Transit Authority got a writing credit, which I thought was a nice gesture) allowed the Henson crew to focus their energies into the demand-

ing and delicate task of rehashing the same song nine or ten times to make an album. Which they succeeded at admirably...if you've heard the second single off the record. Now, to be fair, some classical composers made whole careers out of rehashing the same stuff. The standard joke in music school is that Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741, Italian composer of the Baroque era) didn't write 500 concertos; he wrote the same concerto 500 times. But at least he kept writing a great

piece of music again and again, one that has stood the test of time until this very day, to be ripped off by the DeBeers people in their damn "You just finished paying off the ring, time for the necklace!" commercials.

Next time, some bitching about the unspoken vocal diction double standard that exists in American music, as well as a frank and earnest discussion of my favorite type of Diction Impairment, Jamaican reggae rap.

MARLYN MANSONS



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, 1997

EVEN SATAN SMILES

WORLD TOUR

THESE THREE ARE THE
ONLY ONES WHO CAN
SMILE AT YOU AND UNDERSTAND IT!

Look it up in your New Grove!

Before I begin this week's very important topic (which is, coincidentally, last week's very important topic), I feel I must reply to the virulent attacks on the martyred Princess Diana that recently appeared in these pages via the keyboard of one Sean Hammond. The simple fact is, dear readers, that Sean has always had an extra-special fondness for Prince Charles. It may be the ears, it may be that he has a permanent manly aura of horse, sweat, and leather about him, but whatever the reason, something shriveled up and turned ash gray inside of Sean on that fateful day when Lady Diana Spencer became the Princess of Wales. It was a blow he never seemed to get over. How many countless times have staffers shown up for GDT meetings, only to be greeted by Sean in full royal gown and tiara, insisting in falsetto that "I am the Princess!"? But the day the fearful world woke up to the news of Diana's death? Well, down in Whoville they say, Sean's heart grew *three* sizes that day!

Diction, in case you didn't gather from last week, is defined in my *Funk & Wagnalls* as "enunciation." So then you have to look up "enunciation," which is defined as "to pronounce words with distinct articulation." We have already discussed serious transgressions of diction in the form of Hanson last week. Possibly you said to yourself, "Well, *I* heard 'Mmm-bop' and *I* understood the words," in which case I strongly suggest you stick it because you were listening to 98PXY and they only play five songs in rotation all day. If I heard the same damn song at 20 minute intervals I could figure out the words soon enough too, but I'd rather make up my own lyrics and try to rhyme challenging things like "colon." "Going bowlin'" works well, I've found.

*Some places are bad to have a spastic colon,
like at a wake or when you're going bowlin'.
Mmm-bop, bop, bop, mmm...*

But what really gets my goat (rhymes with "build a moat") is the terrible double standard in American music today. Staple FM bands can get away with the language equivalent of manslaughter—Mick Jagger has made a career out of it—but jazz singers who use nonsense syllables in a purposeful, artistic way are

By Mark Nowak, Vol. 8, Iss. 4

scorned like the proverbial leper in the chicken coop. I'm not sure what proverb that's from, but the point is these people are spontaneously creating melodies on a complex rhythmic and harmonic level, not just slurring their speech to pop formulas. Yet people hate people who scat sing. My dad, for example, detests scat singing. As far as he's concerned, the singer should sing the melody and then GET THE HELL OUT OF THE WAY! Enough of this "bee-dop-a-zwee-zwee-zwee" horseshit. He also will listen to a polka station until *and after* the signal degrades so badly that only cosmic background radiation is audible, so maybe he's a bad example. But ordinary people can't get away with it either. I scat sing in the car, and my girlfriend turns on the radio. Loud. To 98PXY. Editor #1 scat sings and becomes subject to Evil Death Glares from Editor #2. And just forget about it on the bus. I think this phenomenon goes past scat singing, though. People hate people who scat sing because the singers radiate a bubbly, carefree happiness, and people hate that.

"What are you so carefree about, damnit?" they say. "Why don't you listen to a Cure album?"

I do have a certain fondness for one type of diction impairment, however. Like the esquinox, Jamaican reggae rap is wonderful because it is so blatant as to be ridiculous. My only experience with this form comes from being stopped next to Souped-Up Radio Cars at red lights. You know, the cars where the back speakers have been replaced by actual Marshall stacks? During the summer these concerts on wheels assault us with music featuring a steady, undulating reggae beat and a rapper who is extremely careful to articulate the last word of a line and equally careful to render all the other words unintelligible. The results can only be approximated in print:

**Hahbah gotty itcha baygee toobee toobee car,
Raja hama flingy ippy yada mak too far.**

Jump up and down as you scream the lyrics and you get the general idea. Try it on the bus!

TOURIST'S MOVIE REVIEWS

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 8, Iss. 7

This week—Star Wars Trilogy, Special Edition

I saw all three Star Wars movies in the theatre last year and I must say that they were pretty good the second time around. Except for one thing. Digital technology has advanced so far in the last two decades: The happy folks at Industrial Light and Magic (they make those big dinosaurs and other things that don't exist, like Arnold Schwarzenegger's acting ability) have the technology to create anything. When Brandon Lee was killed on the set of *The Crow*, the special effects crew took an image of his face that was reflected off a mirror, scanned the image, then mapped it onto the face of a stuntman.

True story.

They can make the impossible possible, and the unimaginable appear twenty feet above you on the silver screen. So, you can imagine my dismay when I was watching the new and improved *Star Wars* Trilogy and I was shocked. Sure, they added Jabba to the first movie, extra ice creatures to the second, and crazy muppets dancing sans muppeteers in the third. What about Lando? The one thing they could have done to make the film so much better and they either forgot or dismissed it as silly. Can you imagine how cool *The Empire Strikes Back* would have been if Lando Calrissian (portrayed by Billy Dee Williams) walked around the entire film with a Colt45 tallboy in his



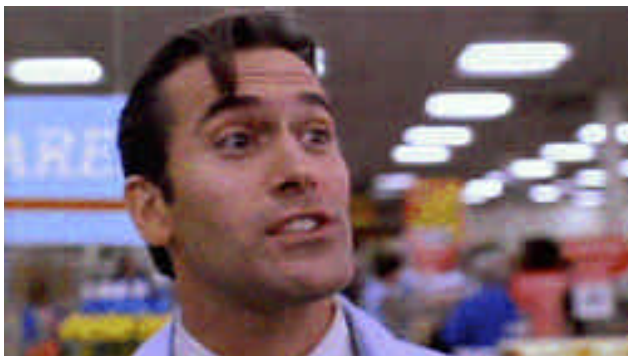
hand?

He greets Han Solo on the landing pad at Cloud City nursing his half empty can, with his bald headed servant holding a chilled six-pack just in case. The whole gang goes inside and there's a kickin' party going on! Then, in *Return of the Jedi*, they could have digitally added a forty-ounce to the scenes where he's flying the Millennium Falcon. So when he blew up the second Death Star, he could have poured it all over his head, as well as the head of that crazy lip-faced copilot, to celebrate the victory! All in all, I think the addition would have made the film much more enjoyable for the children who were experiencing the film for the first time. I've written to George Lucas about it. I have yet to see a response.

Tourist's Movie Reviews:

THIS WEEK: ARMY OF DARKNESS

Yeah, I know, so shut the hell up!! I don't care if Halloween was last weekend. Screw you. Haven't you heard of the anti-climax? (Those of you who have had your mother walk in on you while you



Shop Smart...

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 8, Iss. 10

were "enjoying" the latest Victoria Secret catalog know what it is.) Anyway, it really isn't anti-climatic because I'm writing this on Halloween; it's your fault that you get it one week later, so neyahhh. Let me just start by saying that there has yet to be a film that is more fun to watch than Sam Rami's cult classic *Army of Darkness*. There is one reason and one reason only for this. The Ash aesthetic.

Picture yourself as a man ever accosted by the evil forces of the universe, relentlessly pursued, constantly antagonized, tormented beyond sanity. Add the fact that your normal life consists of working in the housewares department of S-Mart (Shop smart, shop S – Mart), and you've mastered the art of the vernacular, and you have our hero. Ash is by far the most stoic

protagonist since Bond himself. Sure, Bond would get a witty sarcasm in every once and a while, but never would he utter, “Come get some,” to any would be soul-swallowing foe. The entire film consists of Ash saying some of the best one-liners ever, then getting the living shit kicked out of him.

One-liner, shit kick. One-liner, shit kick. You see the simple formula here? I do, as do millions of *AOD* fans everywhere. The previous films, *Evil Dead* and *Evil Dead 2* were good. The first made an honest attempt at a genuinely scary horror film, even going as far as arborphilia—sex with trees! The second film was the first film all over again, but with a better sense of humor. This can be seen by the hap-hazard placement of lighting rigs and props, as well as cheezy-beyond-cheezy special defects. The third in the series, *AOD*, married the cheezy special effects to the cheese meister himself, Bruce Campbell. His portrayal of the demon-stricken Ash was breathtaking.

“First you want to kill me, then you want to kiss me. Blow.”

Pure genius.

“Good, bad, I’m the guy with the gun.”

The muse was with him.

And the quintessential word uttered during outstandingly favorable circumstances:

“Groovy.”

Folks, you can’t beat that. Not at all. So I offer you a challenge this day. See if you can go for one day talking exactly like Ash. I guarantee it would be real fun. One whole day of Ash-esque lingo. It would be

Tourist’s Movie Reviews:

THIS WEEK: ARE YOU BORED?

Are you bored? Do you have a spare 34 hour time block to kill? Do you want to be seriously fucked up for the rest of your days? Well, ladies and gentlemen, do I have the opportune solution for you. Get a bunch of friends together, along with a projection screen TV, 40 dollars worth of doughnuts, 7 pizzas, about ten gallons of black coffee, and watch back to back episodes of David Lynch’s (aka Holy God of “What the fuck was that?”) *Twin Peaks*. That’s what I did this weekend, and boy am I glad that I did! Acid? Mushrooms? Peyote? Naaahhhhhh. That’s some lightweight shit compared to the experience that unfolds when you combine the vision of a beautifully demented writer/director with a passive journey into the world



Shop S-Mart.

pure poetry:

FRIEND: WANNA GO GET SOMETHING TO EAT?

YOU: LET’S GET SOME.

FRIEND: I’M SO SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR DEAD UNCLE.

YOU: SHIT HAPPENS. MAKE WITH THE CASH, BABY.

FRIEND: WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT THIS ALCOHOL POLICY?

YOU: ALCOHOL? BASTARDS CALL THIS RUM?

See? It will put a smile on your face, and a chain-saw on your arm! So spend a day communing with the little Ash inside each and every one of us. Drop the Oldsmobile.

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 9, Iss. 4

of sleep deprivation. Fans know exactly what I’m talking about. Others may scoff at the TV series, which aired in the early 90’s and recently on Bravo, but I must give it the Tourist Seal of Approval™. If you decide to do this, however, there are several helpful points that you may want to be aware of.

1. TIME HAS NO MEANING. I mean that. The hours will fly by like you’re in the womb again, and the last episode is as shocking as being born, so boil some water.

2. REMEMBER ASS? I mentioned it in my *Copland* review a while back. If you don’t make sure that you are master of your bodily funk (34 hours with-



out shower, remember) the funk will take over. You'll be sitting on the couch, and your funk will go get doughnuts and coffee for your friend's funk. Most of us are not as adept as George Clinton at wrangling the funk (they don't call him the funkmaster for nothing – last year, when he came to Rochester, he wore nothing but some Levi's and a Lion King bedsheet. His armpit stains resembled the Valdez oil spill, yet I smelled nothing, and I was in the front row!) so be sure to use some Dial.

3. YOU WON'T GET IT. That's normal. In order to assume proper David Lynch movie watching position, lean forward on your seat. Look intently at the screen and contort your face to resemble the expression it gets when you think, "Mercy Christmas! Was I just sodomized by a leper?" Now keep that expression on your face and scream in fear and confusion when appropriate.

4. SLEEP DEPRIVATION CAUSES HALLUCINATIONS. That is also normal. And couple that with *Twin Peaks* stimuli, and you have a recipe that would kick Timothy Leary's ass. At one point in time, I saw Tallulah Bankhead swing down on a large, knotted rope, naked and quaffing a bottle of Old Grand Dad, screaming at the top of her lungs "HAVE YOU GOT A CHESTERFIELD, DAAAAAAHHHLING?????" All I

had was a bag of Cool Ranch Doritos, but that was good enough. She took them and climbed back into the coffee machine where she belonged. All was good.

5. FINGER SNAPPING IS RESERVED FOR ONLY CERTAIN PARTS. Yes, I know that a lot of the music has snaps in it, but audience members should only snap when Coop (Special Agent Dale Cooper) is doing something really cool, or Audrey Horne (little prick tease that she is) is doing something really naughty with her tongue. All other snapping is considered extraneous and rude.

6. DO NOT DRIVE OR OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY AFTER VIEWING THE FINAL EPISODE. Pregnant women should consult a physician about partaking in such a viewing marathon, for it has been know to produce strange birth defects and problem discharge. (Just covering my ass, don't want no nasty law suits!) That's about all. Have fun, eat and drink, be merry.

Lynch has made many movies, and all of them will mess you up. But when you watch all the *Twin Peaks* at once, you realize that it is no TV show. Try a 34 hour epic clusterfuck cinema experience that will blow your mind, and make you look at the world with a Batman–villain's–secret–hideout camera angle. Slanted, and all kinds of crazy–whack!



Tourist's Movie Reviews:

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 9, Iss. 7

THIS WEEK: "AS GOOD AS IT GETS" AKA "JACK NICHOLSON IS A SCARY MOTHERFUCKER"

Heeeeeeeere's Melvin! Uncle Jack is looking good in his older age. Damn scary though. As the ten year anniversary of the first *Batman* movie approaches (remember that they made it in 1988, and released it in 89), I look at St. Nicholson and realize that HE IS ONE OF THE SCARIEST MEN OF ALL TIME!!! This is especially apparent in this film, because the principal photography consists mainly of close-up shots. On the big screen, when Jack flashes that staple grin at you, and his face is sixteen feet wide, you know that he truly is one frightening bastard. Can you imagine waking up one night, going to the bathroom and seeing Jack smiling at you in the bathtub? Or what if you encountered him in a dark alley. After voiding both bladder and colon, I personally would scream like a little bitch and look for things to throw. Don't get me wrong, I'm sure that he's a pretty nice guy, but I'll bet that when he "steps out", he really steps out! Remember that incident a few years back, when he beat the bejesus out of some guy's windshield in Manhattan rush hour traffic? If I were the driver of that car, I would have swallowed my own tongue. Why? Cause Jack Nicholson is a SCARY MOTHERFUCKER, that's why!

"Honey, a peculiar thing happened on the way home from work today."

"Really? What, dear?"

"Well, I was driving down Seventh Ave, and out of nowhere, Jack Nicholson jumped on my hood and bashed in my windshield with a nine-iron."

"Jack Nicholson, you say?"

"Yes, Jack Nicholson."

"He's one scary motherfucker."

"Tell me about it. I voided both my bladder and colon, and then swallowed my own tongue."

Heres a little thought. America can use this to it's advantage. If human cloning takes off, as it should, I'm hoping that ole' Jack donates his genetic code to the US Government. Clone about fifty million Jack Nicholsons, and send them into Iraq. That'll teach em! Don't fuck with the United States. Why? Because we've got an army of Jack Nicholsons—pissed off, armed to the teeth, and if the genetic wizards prevail, with sixteen foot wide heads, THAT'S WHY!



Not only a members. Also a client

"Saddam, we've got problems. Our ground troops are retreating."

"Why? Why, damn you!"

"They've encountered the US infantry, sir. They're terrified. Most of them have voided both their bladders and their colons, some of them have even swallowed their own tongues."

"Why? Scared of what?"

"Sir, the US infantry consists of several million Jack Nicholson clones, with sixteen foot wide heads, sir."

"Jack Nicholson? The scariest motherfucker on the planet?"

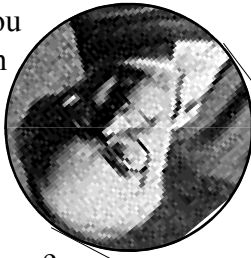
"That would be correct, sir."

"We're fucked."

story f i 2

By Sean Hammond, Vol. 9, Iss. 8

Brought to you
by our man in
the...ah, air,
James
Burke™†



The ship is sailing majestically towards us like some kind of big, waterproof boat. Riding as though it was mighty...mighty proud of the place it was playing in the worlds aviation.

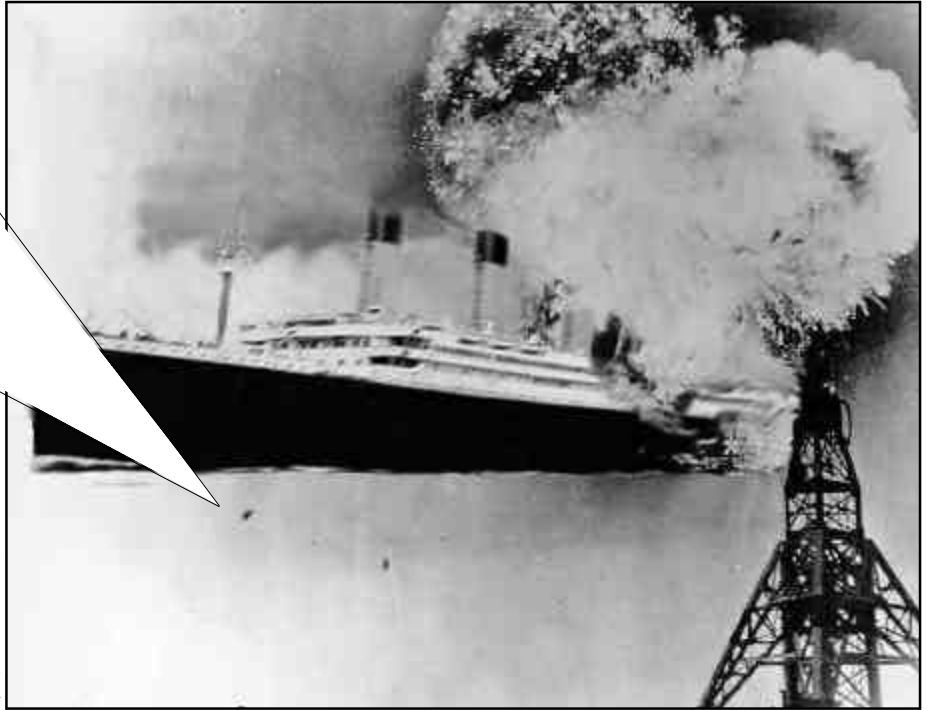
The ship is no doubt bustling with activity. As we can see, orders are shouted to the crew. The passengers are probably lining the portholes looking down at the field ahead of them, getting their first glimpse of the mooring mast.

It's practically standing still now. They've dropped anchors out of the nose of the ship, and, uh, it's been taken hold of down on the field by a number of men. It's starting to rain again. The rain had, uh, slacked up a little bit....

The back motors of the ship are just holding it, uh, just enough to keep it from—it's burst into flame! Get this shot! Get this shot! It's fire, and it's crashing! It's crashing terrible! Oh my—get out of the way, please! It's burning, bursting into flames, and and it's falling on the mooring mast. And all the folks—this is terrible! This is one of the worst catastrophes in the world. Oh, flames going, oh, four— to five—hundred feet in the sky!

And it's a terrific crash, ladies and gentlemen! The smoke and the flames now, and the frame is crashing down into the ground, not quite to the mooring mast. Oh, the humanity....

† James Burke™ is copyright © 1965–1998 BBC–TV and the Discovery Channel.



Tourist's Movie Reviews:

THIS WEEK: THE BOXER

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 9, Iss. 8

I have not seen *The Boxer*. I don't intend to see it. Daniel Day Lewis in a role where he struggles for his humanity, hope, life, etc? Naaaahh. Daniel Day Lewis would never make a film like that, now would he? I hate movies!! They suck! Hollywood sucks! I suck for reviewing movies! You suck for reading my reviews! Don't you have a free will of your own? Can't you make the decision to watch the film yourself, without the prodding of pompous, inane critics like myself? Guess not.

I'm sorry. Everything I have said above is a result of my lack of heroin. Hold on while I tie off.

My roommates cooking some good black tar right now....gotta spike up.....just waiting for the needle to register.....aahhhhhhhhhhhh.

I love movies. I know I'll love *The Boxer*, and I know you'll love it too. Life is good. Just gonna crank up the Velvet Underground and void for a while.

But seriously folks, I picked *The Boxer* this week because its a useful segue to a feature I want to have from time to time in TMR. I call it "Tourist's Sunday Night Fights", and the way it works is simple. I know you've all played the versus game in one form or another, and I invite you to play along with me. I'll

begin this week, and I'll do all the work (pretend like we're in bed, you'll love it). I shall present fights that I would like to see sometime in the near future.

So you're in the civic center, surrounded by bookies, groupies, rednecks, violence junkies, and members of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The sodium arc lamps above you illuminate the big ring, the main event, the land of the muscle showdown. Leaning back in your duct taped folding chair, you see the contenders take the corners. The midget from *Twin Peaks* emerges from the crowd, produces a wireless microphone, and in his signature backwards-speak addresses the crowd—

“Lehts geeet redy to roooooooooock...”

The crowd roars as the contest begins. Headlining this evening's fight we have the following:

FIGHT 1: Issac Hayes & Issac Hanson vs Jim Henson and Chris Isaak.

FIGHT 2:

Encyclopaedia Britannica Boy (remember him?) vs Jim Koch (the Sam Adams guy).

FIGHT 3:

An Olympic Games Commentator vs an oldies station DJ.

(The opponents sit at a table in the middle of the ring, boom mic headsets on, connected to loudspeakers. Shovels and cans of mace are distributed to the audience and the winner is the one who is beaten senseless FIRST)

Tourist's Movie Reviews:

THIS WEEK: SCHINDLER'S LIST

What can be said about a docudrama starring Ben Kingsley and directed by Spielberg? NOTHING AT ALL, according to most critics, who wouldn't touch the film with a ten foot pole, saying it was excellent no matter how poor it really was. “You can't say anything bad about *Schindler's List*! It was so moving...” Yeah yeah yeah, blah blah blah. Well let me break it down for you, Sweethearts. Here's an honest review. The movie plot was simple:

A guy saves some Jews.

Awesome. Super. Good for him. The world

FIGHT 4:

Morrissey with a razorblade vs Robert Smith with a shotgun.

(Attacking your opponent is optional in this fight)

FIGHT 5:

Paula Cole and Kareem Abdul Jabbar vs Paula Abdul and Nat “King” Cole.

FIGHT 6:

The fans at an Indigo Girls concert vs the fans at an Ani DiFranco concert.

FIGHT 7:

Jim Morrison with his peyote bag and Mister Rogers with his colostomy bag vs Van Morrison with his enema bag and Susan Sontag with her douche bag.

WHO WILL WIN??? NOBODY KNOWS!!!
HAVE A SAFE EVENING AND PLEASE REFRAIN FROM THROWING THE FOLDING CHAIRS!

And here's where I need your help. Sure, I could come up with this shit all day long (this used to be a game to preserve sanity in extremely boring scenarios), but that's no fun. We live in the “interactive” age, with strange things like “e-mail.” Use it, for Christ's sake! I want you to get really loaded on your free-radical of choice and mail me with the fights you'd like to see. I'll add the best ones to the next “Tourist's Sunday Night Fights”. Come on, it'll be swell.

Send them to TOURIST@CSH.RIT.EDU and I'll take care of the rest. Thanks ahead of time, and dare to keep kids off black tar heroin!

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 10, Iss. 2

needs Jews. I have no problem with that. What I can't stand is the fact that if someone makes a movie about the Holocaust, it is automatically a “Grrreat” film. Are topics these days so sacred that one overlooks the quality of a film to keep from being ostracized? So ostracize me, it'll go along well with my excommunication.

Steven Spielberg is getting trite. Did you see *The Lost World*? If you did, you know what I mean. He's lost it. I submit that he lost it years ago, around *Jurassic Park*. Don't get me wrong, that movie was bitchin, but only because Dennis



Saved

Muren scored Spielberg some phatty CG dinosaurs that were hailed as the next step in modern filmmaking (uhhhh, did someone forget a little movie by some guy named Cameron called *Terminator 2*? I believe the technology was perfected in 1991 for use in its special effects...). The acting was poor, the continuity was sloppy, and you wanted the dinosaurs to eat those little bastard kids (known as the “Shelly Duvall Effect”—as in when you root for Jack Nicholson to maim her with an axe so she will finally shut up). Anyway, since then, Spielberg has used various camera tricks to hide his suckyness from the average viewer. What techniques did he employ in *Schindler’s List* you may ask.

By shooting the film in grainy black and white, he made the viewer think “Jee-hosaphats! This film is in black and white when a man like Steven Spielberg can obviously afford to shoot it in color. It must have some sort of esoteric and artistic significance that I’ll never understand, but shall pretend to appreciate at dinner parties, to prevent people from finding out that I am really a Creton and hate black and white movies—unless they contain candid footage of the fitting room at Victoria’s Secret.

The second technique is the use of Ben Kingsley. Now I know darn well that Ben Kingsley is a fine actor; we all do. But not many realize that when watching his delivery on the screen, in the deepest part of your subconscious, a

voice was saying “Wait a minute, that’s Ben Kingsley. He played Gandhi and won an Academy Award. Everything he says, thinks, or does is of the utmost importance, for he is the anchor of any good docudrama. It matters not WHAT he says, as long as he’s saying something because he is Ben Kingsley, after all. You are a dumb yak clamp.”

The last technique was what I lovingly refer to as “Spielberg Lighting.” This is similar to bioluminescence in that just as some insects and deep sea creatures produce light without heat, in every Spielberg movie, you’ll find light without lights. What do I mean? Well, in all of his films, there will come a time when you say to yourself “Where the hell is the light coming from? The salt shakers? That woman’s crotch? There are massive amounts of light, however I cannot discern where it’s coming from...” So what? Isn’t that how movies are supposed to be? No, goddammit! Unless you’re one of those experimental, artsy jerks who go around intensely smoking clove cigarettes and wondering what the impact will be on your audience when you double-project synchronized looping segments of “Unidentified Ass Number Fifty Three” onto a table sporting a fruit basket, lighting should be designed to go unnoticeable. Not with Spielberg. If he were to make a movie about blind midgets living in the deepest recesses of Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, there’s no doubt that he’d make light come out of somebody’s asshole. I have a sneaking suspicion that his obsession began after he made *E.T.*, when he realized that he could get away with making light come out of a finger. By screwing with the lighting, he draws attention away from the poor-ass nature of the film, and directs it towards an Oscar for best picture.

Look at the movie again sometime. But really LOOK at it. There’s a lot of mistakes, and a whole bunch of tired cliches that were derived from MTV. You think I’m kidding, don’t you! There’s that old guy from the “Enter Sandman” and “Heart Shaped Box” videos. We’ve seen him



Where has that finger been, Kyle?

before. My pity for him wore off when he was featured in the goddamn music video! It's a paying job, EAT SOMETHING for chrissake! Then there's that little red riding hood character, forcing the viewer to go "Oh my, the only part of the film that was colored was that little girl in red. That's so powerful. I think that I should cry now..." Ever seen a Nuprin ad? Or perhaps you can cast your memory back to the black-and-white-with-snip-pets-of-erratic-color video for Ah-Ha's "Take on Me"? Spielberg totally bit off that, and the ironic thing is that the three minute video was far more

entertaining and moving that the three hour epic that got so many accolades in 1993. Halfway through the film, I expected a little astronaut to come out and saw a television in half with a chain-saw under the billowing MTV flag. That would have at least given credit where it was due (and probably build a connection to the "unreachable" youth of today – MTV's *Schindler's List*, a top twenty countdown hosted by Martha Quinn or Kennedy and featuring Itzhak Stern, Rabbi Menasha Levartov, as well as Prince and the New Power Generation).

The Holocaust was a dark time for humanity. I was moved by the events recorded in the history books, in the faded pages of hidden diaries, and in the faces of those who lived to tell the tale. It puts perspective in my life—no matter how bad I think it is, it could be far worse. I was not moved by *Schindler's List*, which was a two-bit ripoff of many other good films about that time period, that hid itself in a blur of Meleise-esque camera trickery. If you really want to be moved, watch 1989's *War and Remembrance*, or some of the retrospective on the History Channel. Hopefully, you'll have some nice nightmares.

Tourist's Movie Reviews or *Who Says A Movie Review Has To Be About A Movie?*

THIS WEEK: SUNDAY NIGHT FIGHTS

Ladies and gentleman. The moment you've all been waiting for! The main event. The big duke-a-roo! Who will win, you say? Watch and see for yourself. Place all bets, secure all loose children and, as the saying goes....

LLLLLLLLLLEETS GET RRRREADY TO RRRRUMBLEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

First up, some choice bouts submitted by *Melancholy Homewrecker's* own Clare Terni:

- President Al Simone vs. a studio major armed with

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 10, Iss. 4

a pallet knife and a craft student with an arc welder. (I would PAY to see that)

- Monica Lewinsky vs. a coffee roll shaped like Princess Diana. Whoever melts first due to the glare of the flashbulbs is the loser.
- Daniel Day Lewis vs. Doris Day.

Next up, a few matches arranged by Josh Vincentz:

- Dave Thomas vs. Ben Stein (keep your 'ludes handy).

- Hunter S. Thompson and an ether soaked handkerchief vs the decaying corpse of William S. Burroughs.
- The first mom from *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air* vs. the second mom from *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air*
- Tonya Harding vs Paula Jones in a bikini clad, Jell-O pit free-for-all. (Winner will be crowned “Skankiest Ho on the Whole Freakin’ Continent”)

And finally, a few that I’d like to see:



- Maron Barry hopped up on crack vs. Sonny when he’s “Koo-Koo for Cocoa Puffs”
- Right-wing, gun toting, abortion-doctor-executing Jesus freaks vs. any random sampling of hillbilly-redneck-preneurs who have been belittled by their classmates and have access to daddy’s hunting rifles. (I’d just say that when you give a six year old a shotgun for Christmas, you have absolutely no right to say, “Oh, why did this happen?” when he

offs innocent little girls and a teacher in a schoolyard. “Today we celebrate the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Honey, after we sight-in, we’ll go slaughter some innocent animals for their heads and the meager amounts of meat we can shave off their corpses to make into bad tasting jerky, so that we may honor the birth of the Messiah.”)

- Tractor pull featuring Senator Jesse Helms on a Farm-all vs. Uncle Jesse from TV’s *The Dukes of Hazzard* on a John Deere.
- Pillsbury Dough-Boy vs. the Snuggle washing machine bear. (on a side note, my friend Stacey was dismayed as a child when the spin cycle would end and she and her brother would huddle expectantly around the washer lid, in hopes that that furry little bastard would pop up with all the April-fresh socks and underwear, to bestow upon her the graces of static-free linens. Sadly, the fucker was a no-show. If he breaks his fight contract this evening, Kelly “The Bull” Gunter will send out Moose and Squirrel to break his kneecaps.)

- *Reporter Magazine* vs. Quark X-Press.

Sunday! Sunday! Sunday!

Ticket price pays for the whole seat, but you’ll only need the edge....

Any future fight suggestions can be mailed to tourist@csh.rit.edu.

We’re always looking for a few good battles, so don’t be shy! Send em’ in.

Tourist’s Movie Reviews:

THIS WEEK: SPECIES 2

Wow. Suck.

Suck. Oh my God, that really sucked. Jesus! There is nothing I’ve seen in a long while that has sucked as much. That really sucks. Wanna know why? I am partly responsible. I apologize. For all of you who paid to see the latest installment of the *Natasha Henstridge’s Breasts Show*, my condolences. I worked on the set of the film. They shot it last summer a few miles away from my home, and I had the pleasure of helping out as a lowly production assistant—18 hour days, no pay, no respect. It was damn fun though. I was on the swing gang,

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 10, Iss. 6
or “spooge crew” as we were affectionately referred to by the others on the set.

Basically, our job was to spread various colors of this creamy, viscous, and messy as all hell liquid all over these large cocoons that were in a barn (for those of you who haven’t seen the film, there are about 25 cocoons, and they all needed tender loving spooge attention). We gooped all day long, then spent the rest of the day operating the tentacles in the cocoons with specially designed manifolds (operated by Sears wet/dry shop-vacuums). All in all, the experience was well worth the sweat and

tears, not to mention that asshole effects coordinator who kept breathing down our necks because we weren't realizing his vision correctly. "Get bent" we (production assistants) said. "We're not getting paid to do any of this shit, and we're certainly not getting paid to put up with yours!" He mumbled something about "fucking East coast..." and wandered off to check the lacerating tongue effects on the SIL costume. Lunch was pretty cool. I expected PB&J, but instead was treated to boiled lobster and fettuccini. Wow. Catering rules. All you can eat gourmet. Hollywood realizes that a fed crew is a happy crew. Between large meals, you can snack on the set at the Craft Service tent (which is really a shed, but they call it a tent to make it sound more important or something). They have all kinds of munchies there, from Snickers bars to frozen yogurt. I was looking for some Slim Jims, when a leggy blonde entered the shed.

"What are you looking for?" Natasha asked.

"I've seen you naked," my mind reeled. Quickly trying to cover for the wanton look in my eyes, I replied.

"Slim Jim's?"

"Well, I don't see them, but If I do, I'll bring them out to you," she said.

"Can you make those tentacles shoot out of your boobs?" I was dying to ask. But I settled for the standard dumbfounded male response to female celebrity cordiality.

"Thanks," I smiled.

Leaving the set that day was wonderfully relaxing. I had made new superficial friends. I had eaten lobster. I had worked with the guy who played the Stay Puffed Marshmallow Man (Bill Bryan of XFX). But more importantly, I had said three words to a fine actress who has no doubt pro-

vided adolescent males around the world with quality masturbation material for several years now.

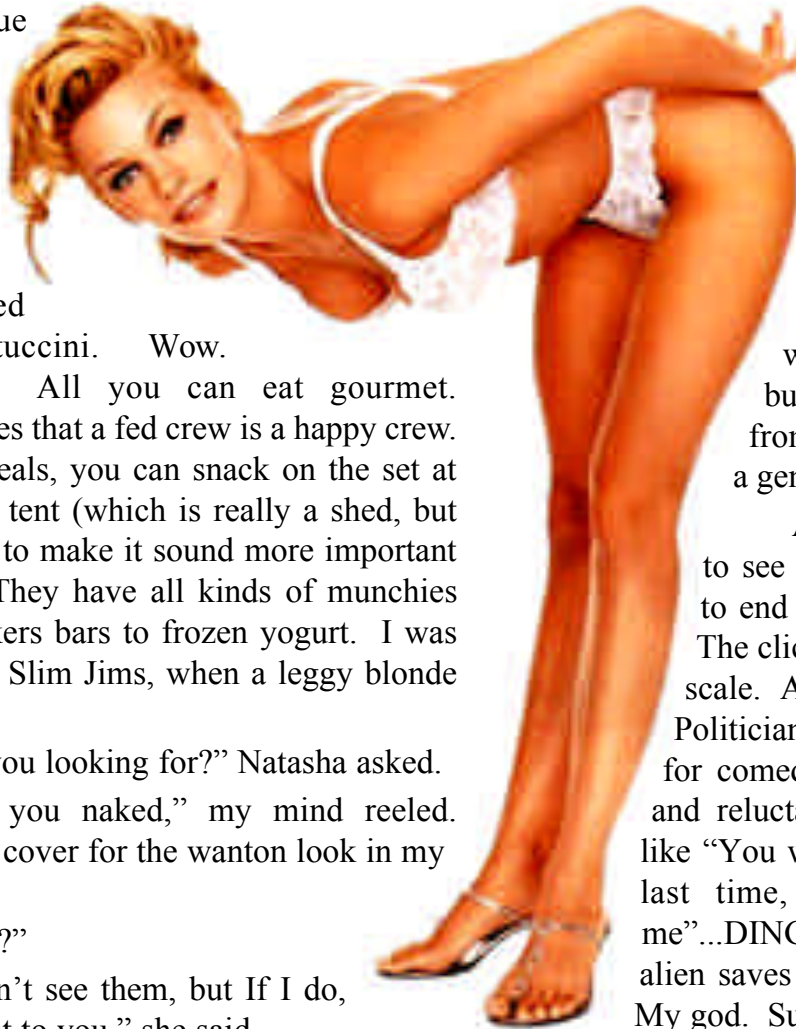
Nobody rents *Species* for the plot. Come on. The end looks like the alien was animated by Disney, or those assholes who churned out episodes of *Babylon 5*, *Earth 2*, and *Sea QuestDSV* on their workhorse Video Toasters (not that I'm knocking

the Toaster at all, but just because you can, doesn't mean you SHOULD).

From working in a video store for three years, you pick up on the demographic for *Species* and the like. It's usually that, and *Embrace of the Vampire*, which is another terrible film, but it features Alyssa Milano from *Who's the Boss* topless for a generous portion of screen time.

Anyway, when I finally went to see the final product, the sequel to end all sequels, I was dismayed. The cliché counter was going off the scale. Angry Generals...DING! Evil Politicians...DING! Token Black Guy for comedic relief...DING! Troubled and reluctant scientist...DING! Lines like "You want me to come back? The last time, that thing almost killed me"...DING! Altruistic suicidal "Good" alien saves her human friends... DING! My god. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck. I'm sorry.

If, however, you do make it to the film, remember that there's a bit of ol' Tourist in the slimy goodness. Sometimes I wish I could take it back, dammit. Oh well. You'll still see some boobs though. Thumbs up.



Natasha getting bent.

Tourist's Movie Reviews:

THIS WEEK: TORI AMOS *FROM THE CHOIRGIRL HOTEL*

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 10, Iss. 8

Let's talk a little bit about something we in the music biz call "Old School Talent" or OST. OST is something easily recognizable. You don't need to look for it, you just know when it's there. Aerosmith, David Bowie, Madonna, Eric Clapton, The Beastie Boys, not to mention the current kings of OST, The Rolling Stones – ALL possess the amazing skills and unique vision that allowed them to become successful many years back. There are not many music groups around these days that possess OST. Most music these days is capitalistic post-modernism in which popular songs from the seventies and eighties are re-recorded and re-mixed by the likes of Puff Daddy and Orbital. We've all heard it before, but we don't care cause anything sounds good to our aural palate. Build a tolerance by having dance-mix USA pumped up your ass and you too could listen to Wyclef Jean's re-mix of "Stayin' Alive" without a grimace. Remixing the BeeGees? Do we really need to hear them again? Next, I'll bet The Fugees will set their sights on the classics of more aged decades. There's no doubt in my mind that I will one day walk into a music store and be confronted with any of the following:

- "Duke-2-tha-muthafuckin-Ellington" – a collection of re-mixes featuring Puff Daddy, Method Man, and Snow.

- "Kickin' it wit da Count" – Dr. Dre preaches on about "Holdin up dem fools on da 'A' train" in his soulful urban testimony to Count Bassie.

- "Holst-0909Euro Mix" – Gustav Holst's timeless ode to the various stellar bodies meets the room-thumpin phat jungle beats of Diesel Boy.

- "Candle in the Wind: A Tribute" – Elton John's salute to Prince Harry, after his heart explodes while smoking crack out of a car antenna. Hardcore.

But I digress. What I really want to talk about is another post-modern trend that drives me up the wall and makes me long for a simpler, more original

time. This trend is OSWIFSA music. What kind of music? OSWIFSA.

Obligatory Strong-Willed Introspective Female Solo Artist

Wow. Record labels realize that women can actually sell. But should they? If I had my way, I'd get them all in a parking lot a la *Dazed and Confused* and talk to them on terms they understand.

AIR RAID BITCHES!!! Line up! Yeah, yeah. Over here, I want all you Prairie Angst wenches. This means you, Paula Cole. Nobody gives a good goddamn whether Dewane is a loving husband. Take your record contract money and buy a fuckin' dishwasher. Shave your pits, put some shoes on, and shut your flaps. Now over here, can we please line up the Heroin-Chic Perpetual Victims? Move it Fiona! I know, I know, yeah, this world is bullshit, yeah yeah yeah. Go sit over there with Natalie. She's new to the scene, but she's just as torn as you. This is the Guitar-Thought table. Any of you who own a guitar and have posed a thoughtful question to the world or to some intellectual ex-lover who made you feel dumb at the coffee shops, please sit here. Lisa Loeb, park it here on the red chair. And go get Edie Brickell, her New Bohimians, and Joan Osbourne. They can all sit here with Jewel and talk about how they can never quite duplicate the quality of the music videos at live shows. Would the following women please report to



Milk it, baby.

the proctology department for immediate removal of your dead insects: Alanis Morissette, PJ Harvey, Ani DiFranco, Tracy Bonham, and Juliana Hatfield. Once the dead carapace is removed, you might be able to write songs about things that don't bother you. You've got money. Medicate yourself and leave the whining to Trent, Robert, and Morrissey...

You may say to yourself, "He's left out a bunch!" Remember OST? The OSWFISA progenitors all have a lot of Old School Talent. They INVENTED the genre. So it makes me feel good to know that there are a few OSWFISA's out there that still have what it takes. They sit quietly back and smile as the little girls come out to play. Rock out Joan Baez – queen mother of all that which is folk–statement. Rock out Susanne Vega—tell us some stories about pain, but don't let us know until the song is over and we have suddenly digested it. Rock out Ella Fitzgerald—you were far naughtier for your time than anyone is today. That soulful voice paints a picture no other can. Rock

out Sarah and Liz—not quite old school, but witty and diverse enough to add something NEW to the style that is OSWFISA. Say hello to Carole King, Aretha Franklin, and give a smile to Janis if you see her.

And Tori? Well, I don't think that she can rock out anymore than she has. In a recent "Spin" magazine article, she said that she wanted to try live band music because she's taken the "chick at the piano" bit and milked it for all it's worth. And why not? She practically created the style herself. She has every right to move on. The good ones do that. Evolution is a major part of the OST. The ability to adapt a good thing to make it better as the years go on is crucial. She's still got it, and delivers yet again. As the others bang on the pianos, violently strum their guitars, and pierce even more conspicuous body parts, Tori and the others, possessed of OST, chuckle. And they should. You can't beat the originals, unless you ARE the original and you're on another great adventure.

De Beers to Acquire Disney

"All for the Vanity of Woman"

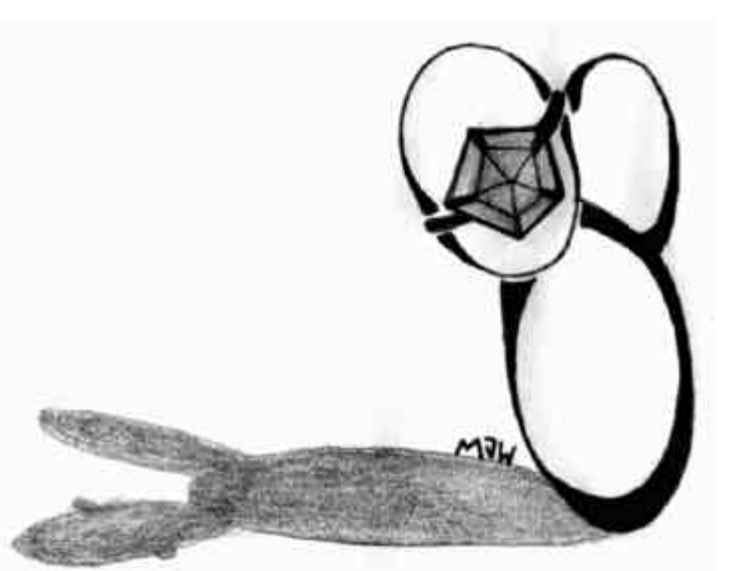
By Sean Hammond, illustrations by Matthew Weaver, Vol. 10, Iss. 9

De Beer's, the London based diamond cartel that invented "two month's salary," announced that they would acquire Walt Disney Corp. in an estimated \$500 billion (US) transaction, likely to be announced today.

The deal that values Disney at \$500 billion (US) would be the largest takeover in history and the biggest acquisition of a US business by a cartel. Prompted by the evil queen from Snow White's desire to "look beautiful for eternity," the repercussions could reshape marriage ceremonies worldwide by permanently tying the media and entertainment powerhouse of Disney with the marketing geniuses of De Beers.

"Disney is world renowned for its ability to make people believe what they're seeing. From cartoons to theme parks, we provide illusion," said Disney CEO Michael Eisner. "It's only logical that we join forces with the same people who have made the world believe that diamonds are rare and valuable. Hell, they invented the engagement ring!"

Best known for their "diamonds are forever" ad campaign, De Beers controls the supply of 3/4 of the world's roughcut diamonds, and effectively manage prices by restricting the number of diamonds on the market at any given time. With their acquisition of



Disney, De Beers not only controls Disney's lucrative film and theme park franchise, but several entertainment networks including ABC, ESPN, and a host of other associated companies that have forced Baptists to live as Luddites since voting to avoid Disney.

"ABC is a family oriented network," said Nicky Oppenheimer, chairman of De Beers. "Above all, diamonds are about family. Wives and brides-to-be want the immortal, incomparable shine of a diamond.

Diamonds, just like true love, are forever. How much more family oriented can you get.

“With this merger we can help teach those family values to children while they watch Saturday morning cartoons, and remind beer hogs watching ESPN to take some time to show her he’d marry her all over again and bring some magic back into their tired, mundane lives.”

As a part upcoming advertising campaigns, De Beers and Disney will announce the Engagement Moon, where couples recently engaged go on a vacation to enjoy each other’s companies. “It’s a tradition that can be traced back to the times of the Indian maharajas and Arabian princes, and was called ‘bundling’ in the Northeast United States during the 1800s. What better place to go on your engagement

moon than one of Disney’s theme parks?” Jessica Rabbit said during a phone interview.

Disney’s seven dwarfs, unemployed since the marriage of Snow White, have already made preparations to begin overseeing the mining of De Beers’ diamonds in South Africa, Namibia, and Botswana.

“We’re ecstatic about this,” Eisner remarked. “The people at De Beers were a bit concerned that Dopey might be a threat to security, but after gimping him, plans have progressed without a hitch.”

News of the merger electrified world financial markets. Disney shares surged an astounding 43 percent, while De Beers simply tried to evade U.S. trust-busters.

Shirk’n’Shout

This Week - Rants from Work
by Eric Thomas, Vol. 11, Iss. 1

Evil Nun of Doom Versus Smiling Corporate Public Relations Man

You know, it is definitely time we went after more challenging targets.

I’ve hit basically the same ones that the rest of GDT has. Ultra-conservatives, ultra-liberals, ultra-politicals, distracted activists, Luddites, fratboys, the French, decency, the Christian Coalition (starring Ralph Reed as the Unholy Spawn of Our Lord Satan), portly bureaucrats, laughable hypocrites, holier-than-thou department store Santas. No problem.

A useful strategy (and one that GDT has, itself, employed more than once) is to let your opponent do your work for you. Frank Capra, director of such Hollywood classics as *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *It’s a Wonderful Life*, produced a series of films just before World War II called *Why We Fight*. Under the guidance of the propagandist Office of War Information, Capra whipped the American movie-going public (which, at that time, was just about everyone) into a frenzy of depraved nationalism with footage from Germany, Italy and Japan (“...obtained secretly by the intelligent, athletic, and sexy boys over at the OWI...”) accompanied by a patriotic voice-over and dramatic classical music. Capra’s technique was to throw some subtitled scenes of Hitler addressing the masses up on the screen, or Mussolini marching through Rome, or some Japanese children

learning hand-to-hand combat. After a few moments of silence (to let the audience absorb and begin to despise the new cultures), the narrator would pick up with some rhetoric about the fanaticism of the Axis and how they’d be on American shores soon, so give us all of your spare metal and rubber so we can dump them into the ocean just to make you feel good. And we’ll make explosives out of your cooking fat.

But I digress. The point is that Capra’s genius lay in his ability to use his target’s words for his own purposes. Hitler gives a speech, the OWI translates it, Capra puts it in one of his films along with some “Look at how CRAZY these people are!” narration, and the American people take care of the rest. Brilliant.

Of course, the success of this negative spin doctoring depends on the availability of quotable material from the target; this can be a problem if your source is incapable of coherent thought (see “fratboys,” “portly bureaucrats” above); it becomes downright frustrating when you’re out to bash a large group without a convenient figurehead.

This last is more common these days. Often, the enemy is not a Reed, a Helms or a Gates. We find ourselves staring down the gullets of animals much too broad to fit within our narrow fields of vision. We are forced to walk the fine line between seeing the big picture and paranoid theorizing.



The Power of (Exploiting) the Individual

It is here that we must personalize. We must bring the story down to the audience's level. If the piece is on teenage drinking, constrict the focus to the exploits of a single kid over the course of one weekend. If the piece concerns mistreatment of the elderly, go mistreat the elderly and interview them afterward. If the piece mentions lesbian sex, go engage in or observe lesbian sex. You get the idea.

Mike Barnicle, a *Boston Globe* columnist for over 25 years, falls into this mode almost every week. Barnicle has long been celebrated as a champion of the working man, a warm humanist with an eye for subtlety, and the only *Globe* columnist who ever pays any attention to the city of Boston. The technique that earned him this respect and admiration is the heart of personalization in journalism. Here's a sample:

"Mario Tawfiq was born Mario Corleone Fusilli on a boat to Ellis Island in 1914. After Mario was delivered, his mother, widowed after his father was killed in the Naples Sambuca Riots of 1913, returned immediately to prostitution and gambling aboard the ship, the

USS Dysentery. Mario was left to be tortured by the ship's crew, all of whom had bad cases of halitosis.

"Mario moved to Boston in 1934, during the Great Depression. He became involved in a small-time ring of thugs smuggling crack-cocaine from Canada.

"It was there he met 'Lucky' Lucy Ricardo."

And so forth. By the end of the column, the reader is convinced that Mario's story proves the tenacity of the human spirit, the inner strength we find despite harrowing odds, and the inefficiency and futility of the welfare system.

Boston Magazine attempted to track down some of Barnicle's Everyman characters, and were unsuccessful on many counts. This led them to the conclusion that a lot of Barnicle's work is a good story, but a big lie. (Barnicle denied the allegations, calling *Boston Magazine* a bunch of people who "sit in cubicles all day and put out a hotel guide." Ouch.)

The Yale Ratio

I know three people who go, or went, to Yale University in Connecticut.

The first graduated last year. She was a great student, a genius thinker, a talented musician, and a fun person to be with.

The second is a junior. He is a flaming racist, misogynist, homophobe, and acquaintance rapist who cheated his way through high school. I once overheard him boasting about a New Year's Eve party, where he had gotten some girl nice and beshitted, then taken sexual advantage of her once she was too drunk to care. That year, he was named Citizen of the Year by the local newspaper. Why? Because he plays soccer.

The third was accepted on a football scholarship. During a break from school last year, he and some friends (all residents of the town that I live in) beat another young man comatose.

Conclusion: Two out of three Yale students belong in Hell.



Gar, By John Holt, Vol. 11, Iss. 1

Shirk'n'Shout

This Week - Rants from Work
by Eric Thomas, Vol. 11, Iss. 3

A conversation regarding Jerry Springer, politician cum whoremaster cum talk show superstar (possibly the most natural progression in America):

"Trailer Trash from middle America duking it out on national television. That's my kind of entertainment. Think any of those people are for real?"

"I don't think it matters. There are stupid people in the world; whether or not they're on television is irrelevant."

Let's Bring Back The Public Stoning

I was watching a "man-on-the-street" interview on the local nightly news ("Later this evening: are carnivorous parasites ruining your anus? We'll show you how to stop the bleeding on HealthBeat!") recently. A woman in her early thirties was being interrogated by a floating microphone. When asked why she never misses an episode of *The Jerry Springer Show*, she promptly replied that it made her thankful for what she doesn't have.

Presumably, she was talking about gratitude for what life has given her: good health, shiny hair, a professional-looking wardrobe. This is a lovely sentiment, and the woman should be commended for appreciating life in such a way.

As you and I know, however, this woman must be severely mentally handicapped.

Anyone who uses *The Jerry Springer Show* as an opportunity for introspection and quiet reflection on their personal Horn of Plenty should be shot in the face. Apparently, it is all too easy to mistake the cheap thrill of tawdry voyeurism for a warm feeling of self-worth.

"Boy, am I grateful that I'm not the World's Fattest Stripper!"

People watch Jerry Springer because they can relate to Jerry Springer, and because they like to pretend that they're better than other people.

First of all, Jerry's television persona is a lot like you and I. He's done some things he regrets (such as paying hookers with personal checks while Mayor of Cincinnati), but for the most part, he's a humble guy. He was born in London of parents fleeing the Holocaust and grew up in the Midwest. Think about

it. An immigrant from America's Heartland. Who could be more accessible to the most coveted audience in television, the Average Joe? Besides retarded Nazis, I mean.

Springer's true brilliance is this, though: when it comes to his guests, he is just as indignant and self-righteous as you are. The man is a certified champion when it comes to seizing the moral high ground. His show becomes a pecking party. Jerry draws the lines between the Good Guests and the Bad Guests, and the studio audience delivers the beatings.

This isolation of society's evil element does give average idiots a morale boost; I will credit our misguided interviewee for that meager insight. Her fatal error, though, is affecting a positive stance on that warm feeling. In fact, the charge she gets from watching Springer in action is not directed inward, but rather at the rest of America. This woman has a marginally fucked-up life (as we all do). Her only relief is to transform her fear and self-pity into hatred for and judgement of those she believes to be **really** fucked-up.

Amazing that I understand all this about a woman I've never met, just by seeing her on television for 5 seconds, isn't it?

A little bit ironic, too.

I'm guilty of the same crimes. The difference is that I'm more articulate about it.

And did you believe me? Were you convinced? Were you laughing at that woman, and thanking God above that you're not her? Somehow, I think so. We're all ridiculous individuals, and we all like to see each other drown. Amen.

"Do what you want / Do all you can / Break all the fuckin' rules / And go to Hell with Superman / And die like a champion, ya-hey!"

—Bad Religion, "Do What You Want"



It's almost too easy for adults to ignore young smartasses like us. After all, what the hell do we know? We haven't been anywhere or done anything yet. Most of us aren't married, don't own homes, and have never been sent to other countries to kill people. We haven't experienced the acceptable amounts of pain and responsibility necessary for adulthood. We can still mock the world, because the world hasn't chewed us up to show us who's boss.

Our youthful naivete is our greatest asset, though, and precisely for that reason. We still have the ability to learn, to think, to question. The authority figures in our lives haven't beaten it out of us. We think we're immortal. We think we know everything. We see the absurdity of our surroundings, from redundant bureaucracies to transparent authority to that guy over there with a football helmet and no pants on. We laugh at it, half because we want to change it for ourselves and half because we're afraid of what it will do to us.

We see our parents and our teachers, miserable in their dead-end careers with defeated looks in their eyes. We know that most of the people we are taught to respect have never been worthy of us. When we break the rules, we do so because the rules are stupid. When they abuse the power that they wield over us, we know they are trying to make our lives as joyless as theirs turned out to be.

Party at the PD!

When I was arrested, I was taken to a "booking room" to be "booked." Book 'em, Dano!

I was sitting on a metal bench, my legs manacled to the bench's legs and my hands cuffed behind me. At the UMass Police Department, they take no chances with hardened criminals, especially first-time offenders charged with transportation of alcohol.

The door to the booking room was locked from both sides, to keep me from getting out and other degenerates from getting in. I was telling them my birthdate and age for the thirtieth time (cops aren't trained to do subtraction, you know), when another officer unlocked the booking room door and entered, interrupting my monologue.

Cop 1: "Hey, have you seen the keys to the gun locker?"

They tell us that these are (everyone together, now) "The Best Years Of Your Life." In essence, this is "Enjoy it while you can, brats, because sooner or later life will shit on you, and you'll end up just like me." Don't judge them too harshly, though; they are merely longing for the freedom they once had. They envy us our idealism. They had our opportunity, and missed it. They fell in line – the slow march to death, punctuated with marriage, career, and family.

But what do they want from us? What do they want for us? As mentors, they want us to succeed; it reflects well on them. As people, though, they'd rather us fall into the same line humans have marched from the beginning of civilized society. How discouraging, to see those younger than you, whom you have always dismissed as ignorant and trivial, succeed where you failed! How embarrassing! Outwardly, they are proud of your accomplishments. In their minds, they wonder where they went wrong.

We are born with powers beyond our comprehension. Throughout our lives, those powers are disciplined out of us. We forget what we are capable of. We are made to choose a life without learning, without creation. We can, however, break out of that course. We can use our immeasurable abilities to forge our own meandering path. In the end, we will have died like champions.

Cop 2: "No, I haven't used that thing since the beginning of my shift."

Cop 1: "Well, your card is in the slot."

Cop 2: "Is it? Oh, shit. Can you take over for me, Kirk?"

Cop 3: "Sure." (To me) "What the hell are you smirking at?!"

Voice in my head: "Oh, just the fact that you well-trained and generally competent officers of the law lost the keys to the place where you keep your guns. I think that's very funny. I further suspect that your entire 'Police Force,' if you could really call it that, are a bunch of bumbling imbeciles. It makes me extraordinarily happy to know that it doesn't take much to outsmart you people."

Me: "Nothing."

"My mouth is full of happy presents from the earth."

—overheard

HOW TO SURVIVE A HORROR FILM

Article and illustrations by Gil Merritt, Vol. 11, Iss. 9

Halloween's here again, and you know what THAT means... that's right! Time for inspecting the apartment and studying its tactical advantages and disadvantages in case I'm beset by the Living Dead!! To prepare for a Zombie Apocalypse, I'm making sure I've got plenty of cheap, disposable furniture that can be quickly broken to board up a door in the span of a heartbeat. I'm also stocking up on sharp objects and heavy clubs that can penetrate their weak skulls should they get inside, and cheap liquor for the oh-so-delightful and combustible Molotov Cocktail!

Well, no, I'm not. And it would be a really stupid idea.

You see, in the outstanding remake of *Night Of The Living Dead* (1990) one of the characters realizes that zombies are well, slow, and staying in the house would just allow themselves to be cornered and eaten. Her idea? Get out of the house and WALK RIGHT PAST THE FUCKERS! You wouldn't even have to RUN!

So how does one come to such a solution and survive a horror film? Well, *Scream* scratched the surface, telling us not to have sex and not to drink yadda-yadda-yadda, but here's a more complete list.

1: THE KILLER/MONSTER/ALIEN IS IN THE BACK SEAT OF YOUR CAR. You left the back doors unlocked (no you JUST DID, okay) and he got past your car alarm. Don't go near your car, because trust me, he's in the back. Even if he was chasing you and you locked him in a closet on the roof. Even if you drive a two-seater. Unless of course it's the Leprechaun or Chucky, in which case barricade the glove compartment.

2: IF THERE IS A MUTANT/VELOCIRAPTOR/DISEMBODIED HAND TRAIPSING AROUND THE CAMPGROUNDS, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T TELL ANYBODY. Why? Because I HATE slasher films where everyone is aware that they're trapped by a murderer. Reason 1: Everyone at the camp huddles together for survival, trying to stay awake while clutching makeshift weapons, and they STILL find dumb-ass reasons to separate. ("Oops, the lights at the cabin next door went out. I'll investigate." "Don't you want to take the aerosol can and lighter?" "Nah, you just stay here.") Reason 2: The killer doesn't have any fun, poor guy. He can't shock the hell out

of The Last Surviving Virgin if she KNOWS everybody's dead. Killers LIKE stuffing corpses in closets for the survivor to find! Reason 3: NOBODY HAS SEX!!! Okay, *Scream* and *Slaughter High* were exceptions, but you can't logically have a Horizontal Rumba knowing that Jason's out there. Crises have an irritating habit of de-sexing even the DUMBEST teenagers. So if you see a weird guy in a mask hiking around toting a machete, keep it to yourself. For my benefit.

Okay, this isn't a great tip for SURVIVING per se, but since most people in slasher films are imbeciles, you'd be doing the Gene Pool a favor.

3: DO NOT CALL THE POLICE. I know, I know, the phone's inexplicably dead. But even if it wasn't I'll save you from adding insult to injury because the cops won't believe you. They NEVER believe ANYBODY. The only reason the police are around at all are to provide parts for washed-up actors, thereby providing STAR POWER to the cheap film. Oh they might drive by your campsite once or twice, shine their flashlights and leave, but c'mon, these types of films are the ONLY time these actors could EVER



Gar, By John Holt, Vol. 11, Iss. 4

portray cops. You'll expect Kurt Russell but you'll get Bob "Gilligan" Denver. You're safer with the monster.

4: DO NOT GO LOOKING FOR THINGS THAT ARE MISSING. Just ask Crispin Glover (*F13, the Final (HA) Chapter*.) Anyone yelling "Hey, where's the corkscrew? Anyone seen the corkscrew?" is gonna find it sticking out of his trachea. The killer's got the corkscrew, you moron. And the ice pick. And the bottle opener. And the cheese slicer. And those little paper umbrellas for your cocktails.

But I digress. If your knitting needles are missing, get out of the house. Slasher movies stock their herds of victims with standard stereotypical traits. There's no reason for someone to have something that doesn't pertain to them. If you like to knit, odds are the Varsity quarterback will NOT have your needles. Don't bother asking the aspiring blues musician either. Or the welder by day, dancer by night. If it will get you laid, ask the cheerleader. But otherwise RUNNNN! If you absolutely HAVE to have them for some reason (like knitting a sweater used to strangle the psycho in the final reel) have everyone search at once, using The Buddy System.

And while we're on this subject make note of The Knife Rack and how many knives are in The Knife Rack each time you walk by The Knife Rack just in case you notice that There Is A Knife Missing From The Knife Rack Because The Knife Rack Was Full Of Knives And Now It Isn't.

5: PUT THE OUIJA BOARD BACK. The real

rule is "Never use a Ouija board by yourself," but why mess around? And by the way, if you find an old tape recorder that begins repeating ancient Candarian text from the Book Of The Dead that will summon a I'M REALLY KINDA IN THE MOOD TO HEAR WINGER RIGHT NOW, YA KNOW? MIGHT BE TIME FOR A NEW CASSETTE, DON'CHA THINK?

6: GET LAID. Friggin' get laid. Forget what *Scream* said. The only survivor in a slasher flick is the "Not Me, Not Now," chick, and anyone reading this magazine isn't an innocent anything. Besides, you're gonna wanna go out with a bang. Carpe Diem.

To achieve this end, the Search for Nasty Steely Thing could be used to great effect. Let's say you're standing in a puddle of your own drool ogling the guy/gal you've asked on this camping excursion, and someone deliberately sits next to them with promiscuous intent. How do you handle such unwanted competition? Send that rat-bastard/bitch on a scavenger hunt...

TAMMY [evilily staring at Lucy sitting on Chad's hand]: Lucy dear, I can't seem to find the meat tenderizer anywhere.

LUCY [annoyed]: Well why do you need the meat tenderizer anyway? You're making popcorn.

TAMMY [thinking quickly]: Yes, but when you pulverize the uncooked kernels and roll your s'mores in them it tastes real good.

CHAD: I'll go...

TAMMY:[Tammy lifts her fishnet-clad leg and gently shoves Chad back onto the couch with her foot.]

TAMMY: Please, Lucy? Be a dear...

LUCY: Oh, all RIGHT! [storms off angrily into the woods]

Nothing to it. You see? There ARE benefits to being hush-hush about the killer!

So there ya go. Tips from the Gil Monster. Armed with such knowledge from years of splatter films, I've help out pretty long. And I'm only happy to divulge such experience to yuo... oops, misspelled...

...Where the hell did my mouse go? I mean, I was JUST USING IT and it was RIGHT HERE... Has anybody seen my... AAAAAAAGH!



Good Girls Play**Good Chess**

by Adam Fletcher, Vol. 12, Iss. 1

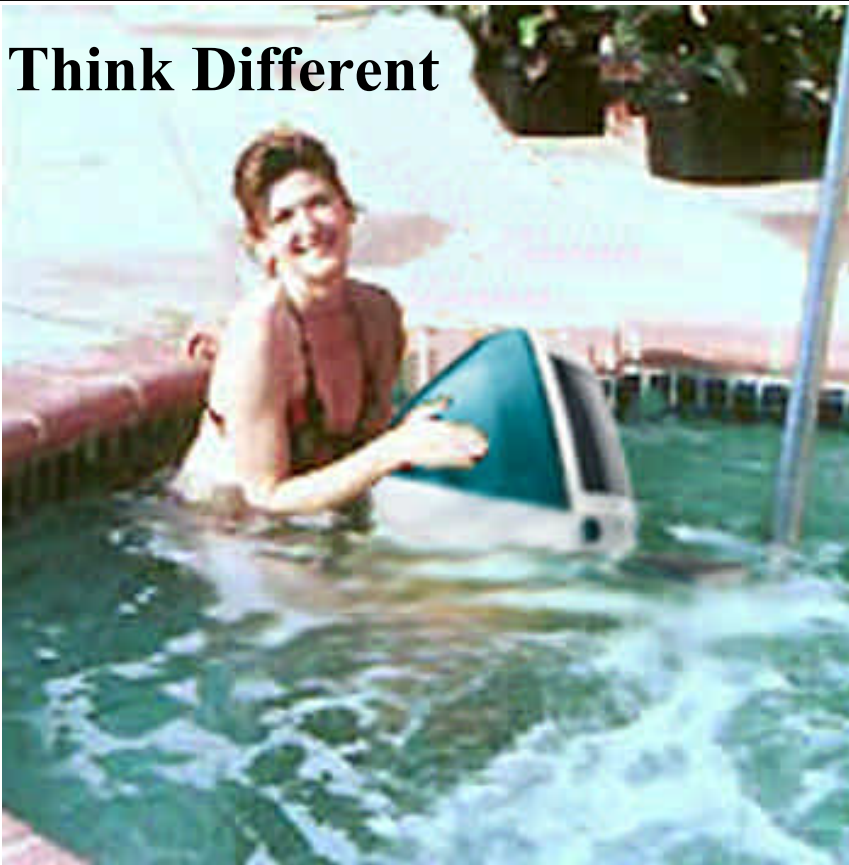
Anyway, this week's article is a lesson, not a problem. It's a lesson in how to send me money so that I can go on a date with Judit Polgar, the world's highest rated female chess player (which means she is also the world's most attractive female chess player). So, I'm announcing the Send Adam On A Date With Judit Polgar fund. Send money, chess problems and digital clocks to:

The Send Adam On A Date With Judit Polgar Fund

c/o Hell's Kitchen
472 French Road
Rochester, NY
14618



Grandmaster Judit Polgar: A better person than you.

Think Different

Tired of missing important email while playing in the pool?

Problems with kids staying indoors all day staring at a computer screen?

Want to play Quake poolside?

How about in the pool?

How about UNDERWATER?

Don't think it's possible?

Think different.

WARNING: Not for use as a life preserver. 115 volts AC can cause death in people and animals. Do not drink and compute.

Image and text by staff, Vol. 11, Iss. 8

Titania and her Bitches an' Hos*

By Kelly Gunter et. al., Vol. 12, Iss. 2

Having inherited fey[¢] features from my great, great, great, et cetera, grandfather, it's not much of a surprise that I've recently been cast into[¥] the role of Titania, Queen of the Fairies, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This, of course, means that I'm able to unabashedly announce to people around me, "Look! I'm a pixie!" and feel that I'm not misleading anyone.

Just about every scene I'm in involves droves of fairies flitting about acting generally like little ballerinas who have just finished half a pound of chocolate covered coffee beans, drunk three liters of Jolt (not having gone to the lavatory yet), and snorted the contents of three and a half Pixy[□] Stix full of fine Peruvian blow (the large yard-length ones that the DEA hoards). It leads me to wonder what else could be done with the presentation—maybe something that has never been tried before. As artists attempt to bring Shakespeare back to the modern groundlings, Big Willie's material must be updated[§].

The recent success of *Romeo and Juliet* and its past incarnations (West Side Story and other vaudeville shows produced by Sir Andrew Lloyd 'Cats' Webber), have proven that not only can Shakespeare be successfully updated, but it can be engaging (cf. *Tromeo and Juliet*). So the question remains: what other ways are there to depict the fairy folk that would be just as accurate?

For those not in the know, here's a quick crash course on the Fair folk. Faeries come in two basic classes, human-like trooping[†] faeries and diminutive, flitty buggers. Though there's little known about the social structure of the wee ones, thanks to faerie abductions and eyewitness reports from the Middle Ages, Renaissance, and even as late as the 1800's, the trooping faeries appear to organize themselves in systems resembling our own political structures.^f With this information, there's nothing to say that they haven't mirrored our evolution of governmental control.[‡]

Sure, during the Middle Ages the Faeries followed a feudal system where the dryads and naiads were bound to their respective trees and rivers, but then, didn't everybody? In the 1200's something new began to happen. The wealthy pookas overseeing their dryads and naiads began to demand more power. The hierarchy of the Shining Ones' realm disintegrated through a series of bloodless revolu-



* "Hos", as spelled by Velvet Jones

¢ fey – 1. Fated to die. 2. Campy.

¥ Kicking and screaming.

□ Look! I'm a....oh. Sorry.

§ Many modern scholars feel that Big Willie did not write alone – evidence was shown of this recently in RIT's Reporter, where the authoring of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was attributed to one Gretchen Gast. Further research into the matter led GDT to discover that Ms. Gast was not the author, but rather the translator of the play from the original Big Willie Style English (NASDAQ:BWSE).

† Clip 'n' Save — Foreshadowing!

f Fat, white, rich, thieving idiots.

‡ Don't hear much about the Fair Folk in the 1900's, do you? I wonder why...

tions leaving Oberon and Titania (the hereditary heirs to the Faerie throne) bereft of the power they used to wield. Little more than figureheads in a parliamentary democracy, their main attraction was as a tourist draw. Each year thousands would visit the royal grounds, tour the gardens, buy crap from the gift shops, and, if they were lucky, see one of the royal family and receive the patented Royal Wave.^μ

Things were not entirely stable^μ in the new government, however. After only a few centuries the seeds of discontent fermented[¶] in Robin Goodfellow and he began to write his famous essays, later to be known as Puckism:

*If we comrades have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these monarchic visions did appear:
And this weak and idle ruling theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not miscomprehend:
For if you pardon, my brothers shall unmend.
And, as I am an honest comrade,
Your society a passing fad
Soon to scape the Capital tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good morrow unto you all.
Give up your chains, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.[¶]*

In response to the rising voice of the proletariat,[¶] factions within the government still loyal to the old

monarchy staged a series of revolutions and counter-revolutions. In the end, Oberon and Titania reclaimed their thrones. Having learned from their years of pseudo-leadership, they ruled their realm with iron fists. Soon, everything was owned by the state, brass horns were the musical instruments of choice, and black on red was considered a good color[¶] scheme.

Putting down all forms of dissent, the Faerie realm returned to its days of former glory and excursions into the mortal realm became more and more frequent. The King and Queen of Fairy-land[¶] have won the adoration of their people so that they rule with the zeal of fascist dictators, known as El Duce and El Ducae. There's even talk of retaking Eire and returning it to the Realm.[±]

Just imagine:

Act II Scene I. Enter Oberon stage right. Enter Titania and her goose-stepping fairies stage left. The fanfare heard is not the customary horn section, but the ever-malignant wail of the air raid siren.

Oberon:

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Titania:

*What, jealous Oberon! Fairies skip hence And unleash the hell-hounds of war
For I have forsworn his bed and company.*

[Exeunt goose-stepping Fairies in rows of three

μ



¶ Sean... seeds germinate, not ferment. Poor, poor Sean the biologist. I weep for your soul.

ø It's SUPPOSED to have been written by Puck, but it's really by Kelly. Shhhh.

þ Oi! Oi! Oi!

Ÿ Not "colour" but rather "color".

æ "An' we played Chutes Ladders and Fairyland and I was Titania and he was Oberon and we ruled with iron fists and wore red and black and then I had to go home because I peed my pants but it was ok because I borrowed Sean's pants and they fit real good but Sean started yelling "Oi! Oi! Oi!" and I got scared and cried and Kelly wrote about Puck and we all drank beer."

± Michael Collins can't wait for this to happen. His favorite pub is in Eire.

hailing Titania, their battle queen. Oi.]

Unfortunately for them, they needed to maintain the appearance of dignity. In short supply of truly graceful faeries to serve in their trains** and as general purpose lackeys, they're forced to hire them. The adoration that the royalty have been accustomed to for millennia has been replaced by a sort of pseudo-adoration; an adoration entirely contingent upon dew-drop breaks every few hours and the presence of donuts. New rules for work formed: no harassing the milk-maid yourself, two fairies to hold every ladder, and the introduction of orcs as scab labor.

Yes, the age of unionized fairies is upon us. The

teamsters have made their way even into the ranks of the elite train and utterly humiliated the King^a and Queen[£]. If we've learned nothing else today: a fascist regime might be able to control the country, but against teamsters, no force can resist. Between their surly comments (that carrying wine isn't in their contract), and the red carpet rollers striking for a better dental plan, all sense of authority vanishes quicker than donuts left in the break room.

Nowadays the Royal Ones constantly have to deal with the indignities of everyday society: "Sure, I'll throw rose-petals everywhere you walk, but I'll have to get time and a half for it."

The End. Oi.

** Not choo-choo. Look it up.

^a Michael Collins

[£] Jimmy Hoffa

Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

Lame Horses

Written and Illustrated by Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 15, Iss. 2

People always knock drugs. Not the OTC kind, mind you, I'm talking about the high-octane, not-quite-a-neurotransmitter-but-pretends-to-be shit. The FUN ones. The late (and possibly one of the greatest) comedian Bill Hicks once said:

"But the point is drugs have done some good things. The musicians that have made great music over the years were real fucking high on drugs. The Beatles were so high they even let Ringo sing some tunes..."

Right on. The recording industry must be laughing its way to the bank when songs like Third Eye Blind's "Semi-Charmed Life" make it big on the pop charts. Now, I'm not that big of a fan, however I've got to respect a band who can write a song about blowjobs and crystal-meth addiction that can end up on "The greatest mix of the eighties AND nineties" radio station. "The station that picks you up and makes you feel good, all day long." "The station you can all agree on at work." We all know the ones I'm talking about. Those shitty "family-oriented" mix stations that we tune to sparingly at best, usually to listen to a Total Eighties Weekend or some other desperate marketing ploy. You would think that the directors of programming would raise an eyebrow or two when a song like "Semi-Charmed Life" invokes phrases like "bumped," "go down on," and has a verse that ends with "belly face down on the mattress." What glorious imagery! "Your best mix of eighties odes to cocaine along with the pangs of guilt associated with casual sex, and scintillating nineties tales of clandestine meth labs and precarious drugs-for-buggery arrangements (with forty minute, commercial free 'rock-blocks' all day long!)" I will concede certain drugs like crack are probably best left untouched (except of course if you're anorexic and need something more efficient than Ex-Lax or diet fuel). Heroin is bad, you say? Sure, you'll get the occasional heroin-induced burglary or mugging, but for the most part, you won't find too many belligerent junkies starting bar brawls, wrecking cars, or getting each other pregnant, like most socially acceptable drunk people do. Junkies pretty much keep to themselves, alone in their squalorous apartments atop soggy mattresses, sans box spring and wasting away to Velvet Underground records.

Nobody seems to see the irony of the War on Drugs. The cartels certainly don't want to see the legaliza-



tion of illicit substances. The DEA and Justice Department as a whole sure as hell don't. For every kilo keestered over the border by desperate Mexican nationals or college kids on spring break, the DEA gets a shiny new Blackhawk helicopter. The drug industry runs the entertainment industry, which in turn provides inspiration and escape for engineers who slave away in the basements of companies like Lockheed-Martin and Northrup Grumman designing new and better implements of destruction for the US Government. Just as the triangle-trade of the 18th century solidified the slave trade (and rum drinking) industries for White Puritan capitalists, the War on Drugs ain't going away soon.

Legalize? Fuck that! Sure, there are obvious advantages to someday going to the bulk food section of Safeway and filling up one of those hard-to-find-the-opening-of plastic bags with seven pounds of loose, dank nugs of Humboldt County Kind and turning your garage into a walk-in hookah, but seriously! You don't want that sort of proliferation into the mainstream. Real drug people know that there are just some folks that shouldn't do drugs:

✍ **Christians.**

✍ **Yuppies** (although small recreational quan-

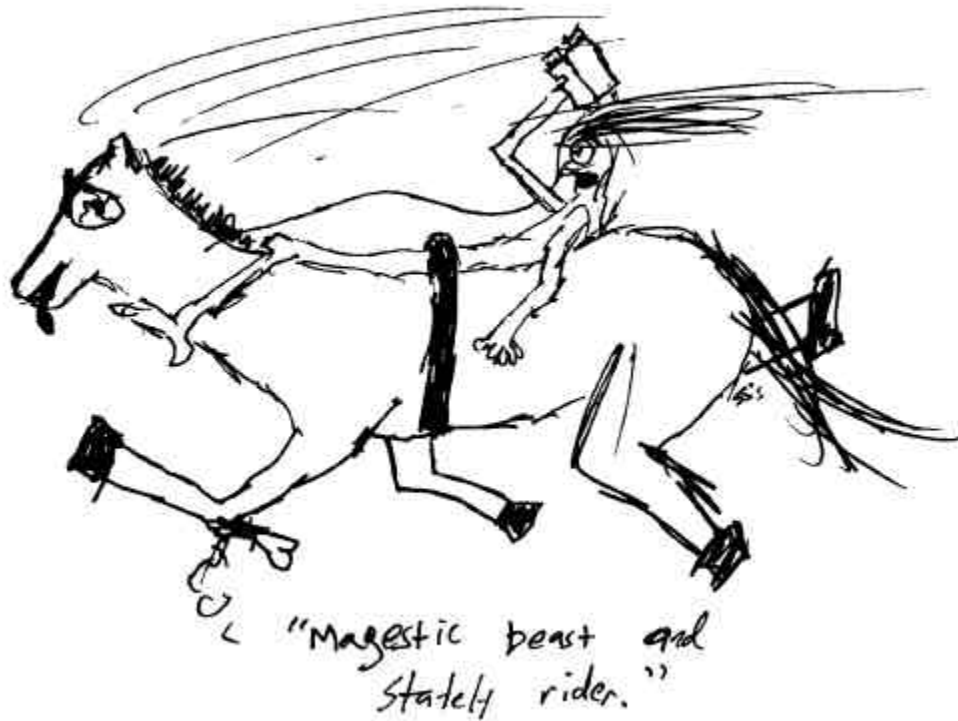
ties of cocaine are acceptable from time to time in this particular demographic).

✍ **Fratboys and Sorority girls** who have diluted themselves into liking their worthless, shallow, debutante lives and would lose it if their brains stopped for a moment to think about what they were doing (granted, there are always exceptions to these rules; however, to be safe, they should just stick to the mind-numbing effects of alcohol and roofies so that their work toward business administration degrees can go on without a hitch).

Conversely, there are some fields that would benefit from at least the medicalization of illicit substances. Most doctors and lawyers already do a fair share of marijuana, coke, and prescription opiates, but for some reason the other white-collar professions haven't caught on yet. Accountants and CFOs certainly could do

with a little hash each morning instead of coffee to eliminate the banality of their endless and futile number-crunching existence. There would be less "hostile takeovers" and more "mergers" if the CEO and board of directors of large companies passed fatties around during meetings. Instead of profit sharing, 401K, and other fringe benefits, companies should institute "bowl sharing" and "4:20KB" programs. Dilbertland could inspire people to work more if "Crazy Hat Day" and "Dress Down Fridays" were replaced with "Snort a Fat Line and Fuck the Shit Out of Your Secretary Day" or "Dose the Boss and Watch Him Play With the Copy Machine Day". Blue-collar jobs have always embraced drugs, more out of necessity than anything else. Which is why company drug screening is such a joke. Hell, you have to be able to identify different strains of marijuana and own at least one Phish album to be considered for any job at a pizza joint these days, so why does the upper-crust in management even bother? Drug screening doesn't improve the workforce at all, it just increases the sale of pectin, cranberry juice, and Echinacea Root supplements.

I am a strong advocate of the occasional psychedelic drug experience and I'll explain why. Beyond the esoteric realms that all those new-age "entheogenic community" fucks use to rationalize their E and LSD



habits, there is a certain area of the brain that is seldom tapped. Within lies a vast tome of splendid ideas that rarely see the light of day. Take for instance, a thought I was tossing about a few weeks ago under the influence of pot. We were all sitting around smoking, watching *The Muppet Movie* (you must adhere to at least one or two clichés where pot is concerned) when we saw Kermit the Frog riding a horse. This was the catalyst for a discussion of great length upon the majestic equine sport. Horse racing has always been a “gentleman’s sport”, although if you consult writers like Hunter S. Thompson, or attend the modern day racetrack, you will find that it is a truly depraved spectacle and bears no semblance of anything that could be considered gentlemanly. Sleaze comes to mind when describing the bookies, gambling junkies, and booze-swilling denizens of your average day at the races. Houses are lost, addictions are fed, broken people literally sign their kneecaps (and sometimes their lives) away to ruthless loan sharks and gangster profiteers. Not to mention the treatment of the horses, or the emaciated riders that run five miles with trashbags under their sweatpants and eat enough Dextrim to power an entire Robin Williams performance so they can weigh in under the limit. Still, in the midst of brutal capitalism and pain-mongers that encompass the track, the race itself is the most dignified aspect of the entire experience.

All those thoughts led to the discussion of an alternate form of racing. Something that would bring the race down to the level of the spectators. Something really fucked up. Here’s what I came up with:

THE LAME HORSE DERBY

The race would begin with the horses, injured relics from previous standard horse racing events, limping onto the course and into the gates. The winner of the race would be based not only on finish line performance, but also a point-scale system that would rate the effectiveness of the horse/rider combination. The lamer the horse, the more points awarded. A literal handicap system would ensure that a horse with a bruised ankle would be competing on an even playing field with a horse with say, a broken femur that protruded from the skin, unanaesthetized and gangrenous (additional points would be awarded for the number of days since the horse sustained the wound). There would be no trained jockey or experienced rider on the horse. The distasteful tradition of over priv, self-starved, pseudo-adolescent white guys would be brought to an unequivocal halt. Instead, the owners of the horse would make arrangements with US Customs and INS officials to have their riders imported from third world, starving countries like Somalia or Rwanda. The lightweight refugees would not only be racing for the championship title, but also for permanent US Citizenship. Added novelty would be the fact

that most of the riders have never seen a horse, let alone been charged to race one in front of thousands of liquored-up reprobates. To remedy this, the riders would be lashed prone to the back of the horse with military-grade duct tape, their legs facing forward. A special control device would be placed into their free right hands. Simple in design, it would contain a bracket with two 500 CC syringes with tubes connected to the horse. The first syringe would contain a special mixture of adrenaline, norepinephrine, crystal-meth, cocaine, and PCP. This would be connected to a tube running directly into the horse's heart. It would have a bright green plunger and would be labeled "Go". The second syringe would contain nothing but air; it too connected to the horse, but at the carotid artery directly below the head. This one would have a bright red plunger and would be labeled "Stop". You can see what I'm getting at here. The fanfare (a single, unstable and guttural, note played by Kenny G as he is slowly lowered into a vat of strong hydrochloric acid) would sound and the horses would snort at their gates, charged for the day's race. The bell would sound, and the gates would fly open. Attendants with cattle prods would walk around the horses, shocking the riders until they figured out how to work the syringes. When the "Go" syringe is depressed, one of three things would occur. This would replace the standard Trifecta of "Win", "Place", and "Show". Now there would be "Massive Coronary", "Psycho-Wig Out", and "Run". The first two are self-explanatory. If the horse didn't have a heart attack, and if it didn't run amuck, goring and stomping on any loose attendants, it would run in the only direction it could, towards the finish line, thirty feet ahead. The mixture of the first syringe would be important. The owners would now hire anesthesiologists instead of horse trainers to ensure their victories. The goal would be to concoct a mixture that would start the horse off, despite the excruciating pain in its limbs and get it across the finish line as fast as possible, without initially killing it. Successful formulas would become closely guarded secrets in the racing community, often times stolen and sabotaged before races. Once moving forward, the rider would be confronted with the problem of how to stop a frenzied beast weighing upwards of five hundred pounds and hopped up on enough stimulants to

kill a large platoon of Marines. The answer to that problem lies in depressing the plunger on the "Stop" syringe and injecting 500 CCs of air into the horses brain, causing an instant embolism and thus stopping the horse. The rider who manages to stop the horse BEYOND the finish line, BEFORE the wall of wrought iron horizontal spikes, and WITHOUT the horse falling over and crushing him (remember the military-grade duct tape) is declared the winner. A green card and all necessary paperwork are given to him and two family members of his choosing. The remaining riders are both mopped up and incinerated, or deported back to their respective third world countries. Their names are put on a list and they are ineligible to ride again for thirty days. A champagne toast and ESPN post-game interview would bring the festivities to a close. All in all, I think that this would be a fitting counterpart to the wretched hive of scum and villainy (just like Mos Eisely) that exist in racetracks today.

Some say that you can do your best thinking on the toilet. I agree, but I think that it helps to have dropped two tabs of Jerry Garcia and smoked a bowl or two of Northern Lights first. Either way, as long as your thinking, this writer has no complains. Until next time, sweethearts...

—SJS—

Hangman's Clip-n-Save

Culprit's Weight	Drop
14 stone (196 lbs)	8ft 0in
13.5 stone (189 lbs)	8ft 2in
13 stone (182 lbs)	8ft 4in
12.5 stone (175 lbs)	8ft 6in
12 stone (168 lbs)	8ft 8in
11.5 stone (161 lbs)	8ft 10in
11 stone (154 lbs)	9ft 0in
10.5 stone (147 lbs)	9ft 2in
10 stone (140 lbs)	9ft 4in
9.5 stone (133 lbs)	9ft 6in
9 stone (126 lbs)	9ft 8in
8.5 stone (119 lbs)	9ft 10in
8 stone (112 lbs)	10ft 0in

The Magic Wondershow

Broad and wandering ideas for a broad and wandering world...

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 15, Iss. 4

Faithful readers, I have reached an impasse. After careful scrutiny of my last few columns, I've decided that "Tourist's Movie Reviews" is no longer apropos. My focus has broadened to include many an issue beyond the cinematic glory of the silver screen. That is why I'm changing my column's name from TMR to the more fitting moniker of "The Magic Wondershow". Why the whimsical and quite possibly corny nomenclature? Well, every man's river runs deep. As does mine. I reserve the right to be corny from time to time. Besides, it's the name of my film production company, so I figured I'd tie it in somehow. Don't worry, you'll still get the same El Touristo flavor, just in a new and improved package. But I've already devoted too much time to this. Onward.

This week, I wish to discuss many things, in particular, the great sport, the stately game of kings and cobblers alike. I speaketh of the great enterprises of the human recall function under stressful timed circumstances. Of course, I mean the College Bowl™, a masterful synergy of game and worldly knowledge. Not really the game of kings per se, more the game of ill-socialized, highly-specialized elite (31337) thinkers and hack intellectuals. I should know, I'm one of them. The only problem I have with this event, aside from the lack of Jeopardy-style format to the questioning is that there is a distinct lack of diversity to the contestant pool. Just as an example, let's examine a cross-section of the gamers involved. 18–24 males, a few females here and there. Technology majors. Mullet pony-tails. Several carried walkie-talkies, *just in case*. One guy (we'll call him Wayne) managed to coordinate his wardrobe that day without mom's help, matching his *Highlander* tee-shirt with his *Highlander* baseball cap. Cheers, Wayne. I think that the College Bowl Company should offer better incentives to increase popular awareness in the sport and encourage more socio-economic diversity in the contestants. To do this, one must simply put more thought (and lots more money) into the prizes. There are so many goddamn Greek organizations on this campus, and not a one showed up, except for Phi Sigma Pi, which in my humble opinion isn't a real fraternity in that I found this little snippet in their rules and regulations page (www.phisigmapi.org):

"Hazing shall be defined as, but not limited to, any action taken or situation created, intentionally, to produce mental or physical discomfort, embarrassment, harassment and ridicule. These actions and situations include, but are not limited to: paddling in any form, creation of excessive fatigue, physical and psychological shock, scavenger hunts which involve illegal activities, one-way road trips which leave an individual to find return transportation, wearing apparel at any time or location which is not appropriate, required engagement in public stunts or buffoonery, morally degrading games or humiliating activities, compulsory consumption of any alcoholic beverages or controlled substances or non-controlled substances, and any other activities which are not consistent with the regulations and policies of the sheltering institution, or behavior considered as unbecoming of a Member of Phi Sigma Pi."

Huh? Nary a bottom paddled? No one way road trips? And what of the public buffoonery? Now I'm not in a fraternity, and usually you'll find me taking cheap shots at the esteemed Greek orders that have graced this campus with their presence, but COME ON! If I were going to join a frat, I'd make damn sure that I'd have to lodge a carrot in my urethra and play the xylophone with it, rape some sheep from the bio department, or at least run up twelve flights of stairs with a raw egg jammed in my rectum. And the spanking....oooooh hell yeah! Even I, as a non-indoctrinated outsider, feel great swells of joy and exultation as I walk by the fraternity houses and see those spanking tools proudly hanging on display for all to see. And it's not just the crusted blood and ass-hairs that give me that sensation. It's the artistry of each one, meticulously crafted from the finest teak and mahogany, with dove-tail inlays and the finest Belgian scrimshander money can buy. And Phi Sigma Pi has the audacity to call themselves a fraternity. Hell, they even let women join! Oh well, I guess they get what they deserve. Sure, they may be in the top ten percentile grade point wise, but they've earned no self-respect whatsoever. I bet they can't

even do more than five seconds on a keg stand. But I digress. I think that in order to lure the more prestigious Greek organizations the College Bowl, they should replace the prize of gift certificates with a quarter-kegs and dime bags for each player. I mean, what are they gonna do with books? I guess they could prop up that couch leg that Spaz or Bulldog broke that one time when he was fucked up on Goldschläger and had Mike's hockey stick, but that's about it. Booze and Drugs! Booze and Drugs! Death, Taxes, and Booze and Drugs are the only certain things in life, I tell ye! And what of sex? This school, like many other institutes of higher learning, pays far too much attention (and money) to their sports achievers. What the hell for? Does the aptitude of a person on a playing field reflect the merit of a school's educational tracts? Certainly not. The school should allocate sports funding to College Bowl prize funds; not an exorbitant amount, but a sum adequate enough for first class airfare to Nevada's famous Mustang Ranch brothel, where accommodations, bar tabs, and sexual service fees are all on the institute's tab. You'd have all kinds of contestants coming from out of the woodwork if they knew that if they won the preliminary round, they could laugh it up with bookies and drug dealers while rolling up \$1 bills and slipping them into the backsides of beautiful and talented Mustang Ranch employees before adjourning to private suites to engage in multiple, raw acts of carnal sin and debauchery, the likes of which they'd never see again in their feeble lifetimes. Betcha we'd find ourselves the next Steven Hawking. College Bowl needs more ladies as well. So what do women want? Ha! That's not for this column. That's for humanity to figure out. But for pragmatic purposes, I would wager that women want pretty much the same things that guys want. Money, airfare, maybe not a trip to a brothel (although there is a stud ranch in Australia that caters to the whims of women), but certainly something unique. Women being the more practical of the sexes could probably figure out a sufficient solution. I can only suggest a prize involving a cadre of Chippendale dancers, carte-blanche Victoria Secret lingerie gift certificates, and Virgin Island beach access somewhere. But that's just an approximation of my male-brain. Send me better ideas if the female readership has any.

Another thing that appalled me was the lack of weaponry in the game. Trivia games are far more interesting when handguns are distributed. We'd change the game just slightly, making it an outdoor venue, with bunkers instead of desks for contestants. Each team

would get four semi-automatic .45 pistols with two clips of ammo each, three pineapple grenades, and one tripod-mounted, M61A1 20mm Vulcan cannon, one barrel of ammo per team. The game would also be augmented by the introduction of fast-acting muscle relaxers such as Flexeril or benzo-diazepan. In the event that an incorrect answer is given, the team loses five points and the player responsible for giving such answer must take a 5mg pill of the muscle relaxer and wash it down with a double shot of Jaegermeister. Buzzers would be located four feet from the safety of the bunker, requiring players to stumble or crawl as best they can under razor-wire, dodge enemy flak, and rabid pit bulls to reach them. This must be done in the standard time allowed for College Bowl answers, five seconds. I bet that those super-polished goody-two-shoes academic fuckers that gregariously and vapidly answer all questions that come their way would have a harder time with their rapid-recall skills if opposing team members were taking pot shots at them with a goddamn Gatling gun! Spectators and proctors would be housed in a large bleacher complex encased entirely in bullet-resistant acrylic. Final game score would be based on both intellectual performance, and amount of casualties. Teams would be penalized at least 25 points for the death or mortal wounding of a member. This event could be simulcasted live on C-SPAN, ESPN, and MTV, with sponsors ranging from Smith & Wesson, Glock, as well as Band-Aid and the Department of Defense. But that is just a suggestion.

The College Bowl as it stands is just as interesting if you're the right type of person. As the sun set in the hazy western sky, the five war-hardened soldiers walked from the battlefield, a little wearier, a little wiser. Some had brought prayers, others trinkets for good luck, still others, clinging to extinct pagan rituals scrawled incantations in an unintelligible and erratic hand upon the back of the elegant magic marker nametags. The gambles had paid off. The nights of drinking, smoking, and whoring had worked wonders for the team's courage. They had been ready to die. They were willing to fight to the death, brother against brother to win that two-hundred dollar bookstore gift certificate. And as the dust settled that day, the victors, (of which I was one) managed to cast off the brutalities of the battle and elicit a cry that shall echo through the ages:

"We got two hundred dollars! We got two hundred dollars! We got two hundred..."

Until next time, Ladies and Gentleman.

—Tourist out.

The Book Nook!

With Dalas Verdugo, Vol. 16, Iss. 6

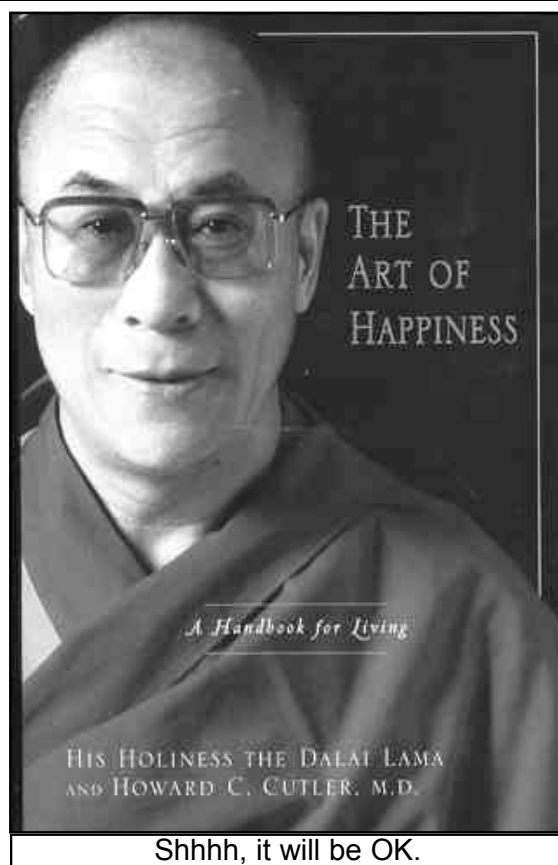
Greetings literature aficionados! We live in the information age, and as such, there are hundreds of thousands of great books waiting on the shelves, calling to us with their mocking tones, “Pick me! Pick me! Don’t you love me anymore?” Shut up! Shut up!! SHUT UP!!! It makes you want to lock yourself in your room for two years with only a flashlight and a case of Vienna sausages!!

...Anyway, to help you decide which book to get, I recently went to Borders bookstore with the intent of reviewing a bestseller. As I surveyed the rack, a title jumped out at me. Not literally...that hasn’t happened since they upped my meds. The book is called *The Art of Happiness: A Handbook for Living* by His Holiness the Dalai Lama and Howard C. Cutler, M.D. I decided that this would be a good book to review because lately my dining room table has been telling me how unhappy I am all the time.

I picked up the book off the shelf and immediately noticed that it had a very pleasant weight. It’s not heavy, like books made from a maple-based paper; rather it has a light, airy weight, reminiscent of birch parchment. I carried the book to the “café” section of the store and began my review.

The book has a pleasing picture of the Dalai Lama on the cover. He looks right into your eyes with a calming gaze, as if saying, “Shhhhh, there there, shhhhh, it will be OK. They’ll never find those bodies in the crawlspace. Shhhhh.” A gold border runs around the book, giving it a touch of elegance. I ran my fingers over the cover and was delighted to find that the serif font that spelled out the title and authors was slightly raised, truly a treat for the senses. I then dropped the book on the table several times. The thump that it made was very pleasant, and had a delightful mixture of harmonics. Next, I slid the book across the table and noted that its glossy cover gave it a good coefficient of friction. I stood it up and carefully removed my hands. I’m glad to say that it did an excellent job of standing up by itself.

Next, I opened the book up and examined the



Shhhh, it will be OK.

pages. The paper was very soft and felt exquisite as I rubbed it on my cheeks. I could see a few of the other patrons glancing over at me; obviously jealous of the joy I was experiencing. They were stuck with their dreary tomes, but I had discovered a new classic. I smelled the paper, and it has a very neutral scent. I then licked a few of the pages. The taste is also neutral. Then it hit me; the book’s spirit is perfectly centered! The Dalai Lama has worked his magic! It was about this time that I was escorted from the store by some friendly and helpful clerks. I must have been causing sales to drop because people were realizing that their selections could not stand up to the fantastic book that I was indulging in.

I recommend that you run out right now and buy this book. It will cheer you up when you are down, and help you lead a happier life. Why, the voices in my head hardly even complain anymore! All they talk about is how fantastic they feel. And remember, if you buy enough copies, you can stack them and stand on them so that you are high enough to see into the boys’ shower room at Rush–Henrietta High School. That’s all for this week’s Book Nook, remember the Book Nook credo: “Pluribus nex firmus!” or “Anything sounds smart in Latin!”