

spike

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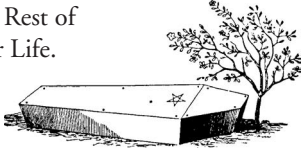
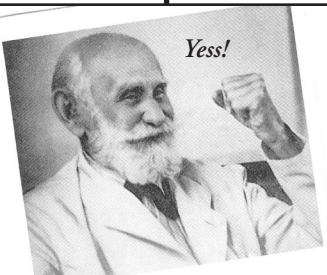
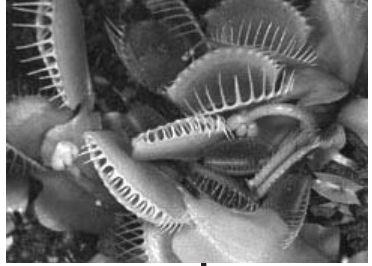
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letters



Dear Spike, Grow a pair. -- the Goose.

Dear Spike,

Thank you for requesting information on paid medical studies. To participate in untested drug trials, you must meet the following requirements:

- Ages 18 to 45.
- Body weight between 99 and 275 lbs.
- Pass a urine test for drug abuse.
- No tobacco use in the past 3 months.
- Must be sexually inactive or surgically sterilized.
- No known sensitivity to baker's yeast or Kool-aid Magic Twist flavor beverage.
- Willing to be monitored overnight in case of life-threatening side affects.

Compensation: Up to \$2000

-Pharmaceutical Company

*Dear Pharmaceutical Company,
You had us at "paid"! - Spike*

Hello: A very nice freshman just called me from Swarthmore to get a pledge (I promised \$50.) Anyhow, he is from West Bloomfield and has done some open mikes with poetry, so I told him to email you and see if you ever would have a poet on your show.

He was very polite and I told him I would pledge if he put in the comments that improving Sharples food and hours should be the highest priority (he said the fundraising was for the "most immediate" priorities at Swat!)

Will be in touch later!

Love,
Mom

Dear Spike,

Since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your hand. Can you hear the drums, Fernando? Do you still recall the frightful night we crossed the Rio Grande? I can see it in your eyes, how proud you were to fight for freedom in this land.

There was something in the air that night. The stars were bright, Fernando. They were shining there for you and me-- for liberty, Fernando. Though I never thought that we could lose, there's no regret. If I had to do the same again I would, my friend, Fernando.

Wistfully,
ABBA

Dear Spike,

Thank you for requesting information on compensated egg donation. Unfortunately, you are too short and have relatives with colon cancer and we don't want your grubby little genes.

Signed,
Parents-to-be

Dear Spike,

While I'm just as interested in Delta Burke as the next person, I think five articles in one issue is a little over the top.

-- Kelsey M. Pettigrew

Spike is free to the students, faculty, and staff of Swarthmore College. All others can pay \$38,000 a year to the college (and receive housing and a liberal-arts education absolutely free) or \$10 a year to *Spike* at the address on the right.

SPIKE WOULD DIE 4 U

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Popcorn Movie
Adult Contemporary

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Laughcore
Post-prog
Mock Rock

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All submissions subject to editing and ridicule.

Letter from the Editor

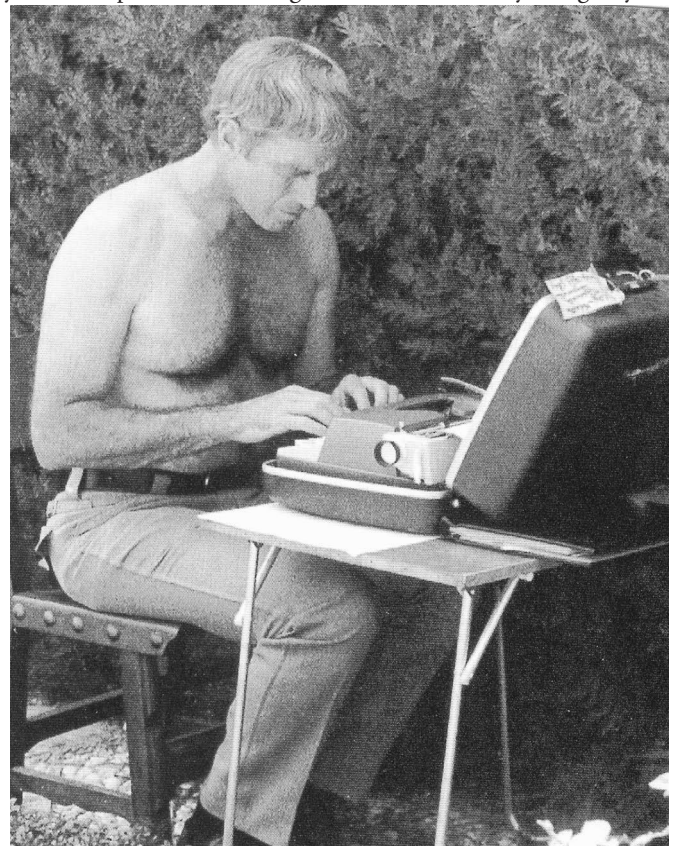
Well, I'd be remiss if I didn't start this off by acknowledging that, like any undergraduate organization, *Spike* is destined to shed its skin every four-odd years and become a new beast. John C. Williams and Joe Kille (who will always occupy a special but perhaps unenviable position in our hearts) are gone, and meetings are instead full of disarmingly fresh-faced greenhorns. Jon makes sure people actually turn in things on time these days, and we even have a gmail account. Imagine! This semester's been something like *Spike* boot camp, getting down to the fundamentals of whatever the hell it is exactly that we do here.

Our little publication is many things to many people—an amusing diversion, an obscene pretension, emergency toilet paper—but it is at its most basic level a magazine. What makes it different from, say, *The New Yorker* or *The Weekly World News*? Besides professionalism and money and more than two issues a year, I mean. We imagined what it would be like if *US Weekly*'s "Stars! They're Just Like US!" feature appeared within these pages, or if one of our humanities-major staff writers was suddenly hired at *Scientific American*. In the process, we had to ask ourselves what it is that makes *Spike* ...*Spike*. What's in the magic fairy dust we sprinkle over things to make them funny? I'll give you a hint: it's not ketamine. Please, everyone, stop asking me if it's ketamine.

We've called this issue "Pastiche," not just in the sense of a jocular parody but also in terms of its collage aesthetic. Collage is a technique that comes in handy when you start to get that feeling that everything has been said, or that every good book/song/tv pilot already has been written, or that everything you have ever loved has been co-opted by mainstream suckitude (or maybe just that you should have graduated last year). It's a way of taking pre-produced words and images and mangling them to the point that their meaning is pointedly opposite of the original intent, which is great when you feel incapable of creating the words and images yourself. Because in an era when authors are churning out books like *The End of History*, *The End of Art*, and *The End of Faith*, it seems hard to believe in the idea of creation. The proverbial monkeys at their proverbial keyboards are putting the finishing touches on *Hamlet*, folks. And like the proverbial kidnapper who cuts out mismatched printed letters for his proverbial ransom note, all we can do is try and make a comprehensible message out of the shreds, proverbially.

It might seem contradictory for me to write about the brave new *Spike* and the end of the world merely sentences apart. But from where I'm standing, they're no different; the endpoint is the fresh start. Ok, this is all getting a bit overwrought. Just imagine we put *Cosmopolitan*, *Psychology Today*, the *Economist*, and sundry other rags—along with a spoonful of that magic fairy dust, whatever it is—in a blender and hit frappe. And laughed maniacally.

- Michelle



Apology from the Editor

Sorry. The word comes from *Derbyisms* by Samuel Pegge, the elder. He wrote the book in 1796. An early linguist, the man recorded many of the sayings unique to Derby, a town located in central England. The word was further popularized by D.H. Lawrence in *Sons and Lovers*. I am thoroughly sorry. As editor in chief of *Spike Magazine* for eleven years, I should have shown more judgment. I didn't. Everyone's fallible. First of all, I will address the claim that I took money from the magazine itself. I

didn't. I simply reallocated it. To emphasize, although I "took" money from the *Spike* budget, I chose not to use it. I promise this will not hinder the magazine's development as one of the finest, most complete news and humor repositories in the state.

Onto the next charge. I did not steal from a little league team. That would be wrong. For background, through an act of philanthropy, I helped create a local baseball club in 1998, the Jonathan Peters Little Hitters Club. Ergo, any money taken from the league would be my own. It's not like I stole

the kids' balls and bases and bats. I only took money. Surplus money. No victims. An apology is the superglue of life. It can repair just about anything. Lynn Johnston, creator of *For Better or Worse* wrote that. I can attest to the truthfulness of that statement. I am near certain that she at one point took funds from *For Better or Worse* and used that money to pay a lease on a luxury car. Everyone does it. It's called business. It's how America's run. Let's start the superglue process.

- Jon

Is It a Crush or Something More? A Post-Apocalyptic Primer *from Sock, Fall, 1962.*

When the U.S. is destroyed in a nuclear war, it will be difficult to tell who is staring starry-eyed at your kind blue eyes, and who is simply dying slowly. Here's a quick guide to romance after the bomb.

1. Do you share glances?

- a. We live in the same fallout shelter.
- b. Only since this freaking war started.
- c. Thirsty. Very thirsty.

2. Do your friends giggle whenever you mention his name?

- a. Yes. He moved his sleeping bag two spots closer to me on the muddy plain where our town used to be.
- b. Sort of. They are mostly quiet these days.
- c. I haven't laughed since my president died in a fiery missile launch.

3. What sort of messages does he leave with your mom when you don't pick up the phone?

- a. Hey. Hope you're doing OK.
- b. Please send food to Detroit.
- c. Telephone no longer works. Grids destroyed.

4. Does he do anything useful?

- a. Knows hunting, CPR, some first aid, Latin.
- b. Hunts deer, knows only some Latin.
- c. Liberal arts education.

5. Where's the last place you saw him?

- a. The food line; we chatted briefly about Adlai Stevenson's upcoming inauguration.

- b. At nightly campfire. Too involved in harmonica to notice me.
- c. In my high school's temporary morgue. He died in the first wave of attacks.

6. Do you share food?

- a. Took me hunting for fur.
- b. He brought back venison for me last night.
- c. She's too depressed about her family to procure victuals.

7. Is he still cogent?

- a. Yes, very.
- b. Sort of. Needs alcohol to forget.
- c. No.

8. When did the bomb hit your city?

- a. We live in Pittsburgh
- b. Never. Receiving generous fallout from New York City.
- c. The first wave hit last month, killed most everyone.

9. Are your parents alive?

- a. Like us all, for now.
- b. Holding on.
- c. No. All that remain are carbon ash shadows.

10. Is there serious scarring?

- a. His body was generously spared.
- b. My eyesight left me last week.
- c. Yes, but so is everyone.

Scoring: 1 point for a, 2 points for b, 3 points for c.

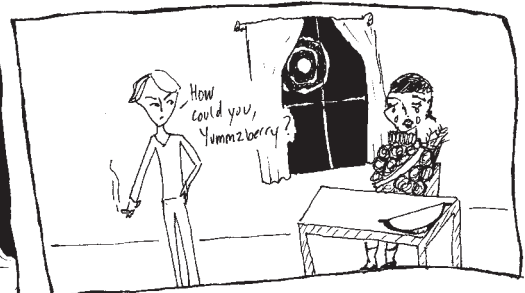
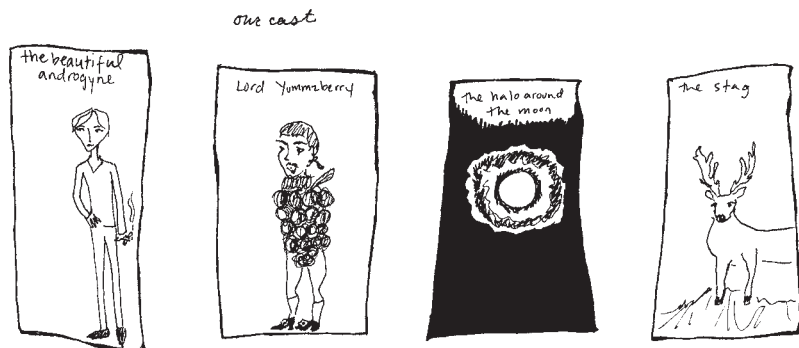
0-10 Enjoy, Adam.

10-20 Give her a few weeks to work out grief issues.

25-40 Death is most certainly assured for you both soon, if not

10 Things that WON'T be appearing in this issue...

- 10. References to see-through wedding dresses
- 9. Cheesesteak/Cheesecake mixups
- 8. Pickle peelings
- 7. Britcoms
- 6. A Der-nado Warning
- 5. Public School Children
- 4. MILFS, BILFS, TILFS, or KILTS
- 3. Poop Jokes
- 2. Pre-Post 9/11 Memories
- 1. The phrase "We were infested with insects, no we're being incested with infants."



Xenex

flouritiscone



What's Against It?

Ask your doctor or rabbi if Xenex is right for you. See back page for more details.

.....

**Potentially Useful/Pleasurable Items
I Eschew Out of Haughty Aestheticism**

- Nalgene Bottles
 - iPods
 - The New York Times Except the "Styles" Section Which isn't Very Good Anyway
 - Raincoats
 - Pants, Sometimes
 - Marlboro Lights
 - Sudoku
 - Shower Puffs
 - Backpacks
 - Powerade
 - New England
-

Lonely Man's Guide to the Holidays

Have no one to shop for this Holiday season? Don't feel too bad, we don't either. Here are some people and gifts we always think appropriate to spend time on.



Bus Driver Who Always Flips Radio Stations—The New I-pod Nano. 8 gigabytes of music. That's a lot of music. Yeah. \$249.00.

Girl Who Lives Across the Hall—Nine West "Malynn" Slingback Platform Pump. \$89.99 at Macy's.

Single Mom, the One Whose Kid You Babysat—Shower Gel Pack, \$17 at the Body Shop.



Seventh Grade Western History Teacher—*A Mighty Fortress, A New History of the German People*. Hardback. \$20.48 on Amazon.com.

Locksmith Who Helped You Get in When You Were Locked Out of House—Dewalt Heavy - Duty 12" (305mm) Double - Bevel Sliding Compound Miter Saw for \$499.00 on toolsup.com.



High School Friend—*X-Men III: The Last Stand* (The Stan Lee Collector's Edition DVD). For \$25.87 on Amazon.com.

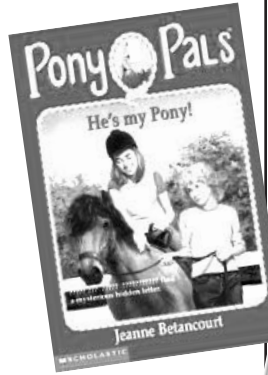
Aging Grandmother—*What Dreams May Come* DVD. 9.99 on Amazon.com.

southpaw

Guessing Game

Which of the following are NOT actual titles of books from the *Pony Pals* series by Jeanne Betancourt?

- A. I Want a Pony
- B. A Pony for Keeps
- C. A Pony In Trouble
- D. Give Me Back My Pony
- E. Night Pony
- F. Too Many Ponies
- G. Good-bye Pony
- H. Don't Hurt My Pony
- I. Pony Of the Year
- J. Keep Out, Pony!
- K. Sometimes A Pony Gets Depressed
- L. The Saddest Pony
- M. Pony Pals Super Special #2: The Lives of Our Ponies
- N. Pony Pals Super Special #4: Ponies, Ponies, Ponies!



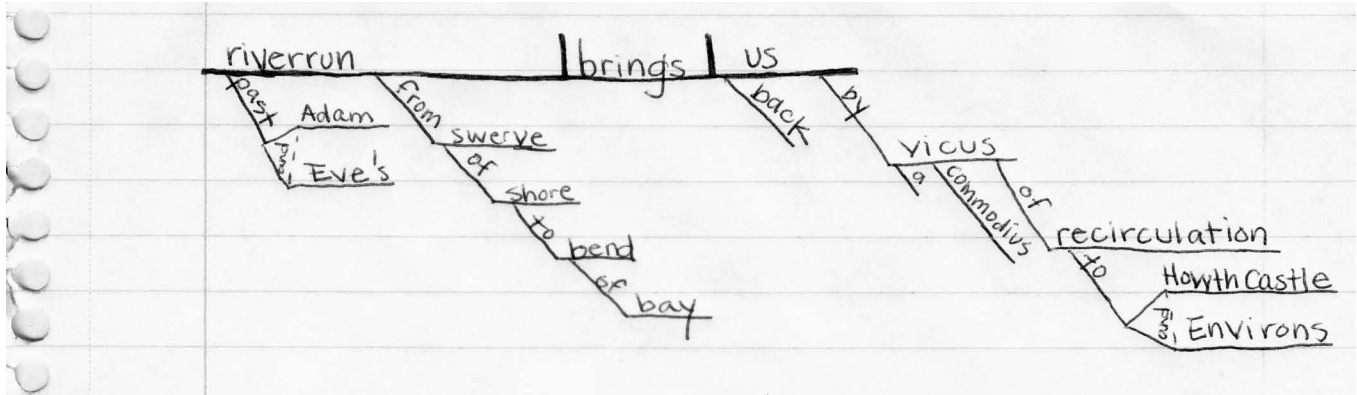
Fraternity brother nickname or baby's first word?

- Cookie
- Poop
- Wago-Pago
- Tank
- Pootie
- Nips
- Gooley

Answer: Hell, we don't know. Looks like we lied about no poop jokes, huh?

Answer: E, I, K, N

Grammar Lesson: English profs love to say that the sentences in *Finnegan's Wake* "can't be diagrammed." What now, bitches?



A Hitchhiker's Lament

by Lefty Wayland

I'm ready to sleep and eat and get these shoes off my feet. Let's be honest, hitchhiking's not easy and as far back as my recollections go, it never has been. Up with the dawn and down with the dusk. Nobody's going to see you walking along the road in the dark. And if they do it's because sometimes they're hitting you. Cars do allow for people to ride within them, but sometimes they also allow for humans, people, to be run over by them. I lost a good person in my life going the way of the road. His hand

was still holding his walking stick, but the arm was bent in such a way that the walking stick stuck straight up, like he was beginning to walk in a different direction. The direction must have been up. Up is a place you're not usually able to walk in your normal, living, walking life. Unless you're thinking elevators and escalators (more diagonal than up, really). but still you're immobilized and not effecting the up yourself. I've been working with this direction, one might say, "fairly strongly" in my own life in a more geographical sense. See, my hitchhiking strategy has become, for lack of family, money, career, or other, just a different way of living and

moving. I'll agree to get in your car so's long as you're going north, slightly east, and west likewise, but never south. Traveling downwards, and being fully aware of the place you're heading, lying more down there than wherever you might find yourself now, is an idea which in all honesty is not pleasing. Probably not pleasing to anyone and everyone, yet not ever realized before, I think. My moving is just a living, breathing testament of this revelation. If I'm not going north, or kind of north, I'm not going anywhere at all.

Tyrannical Despots – They’re JUST LIKE US!

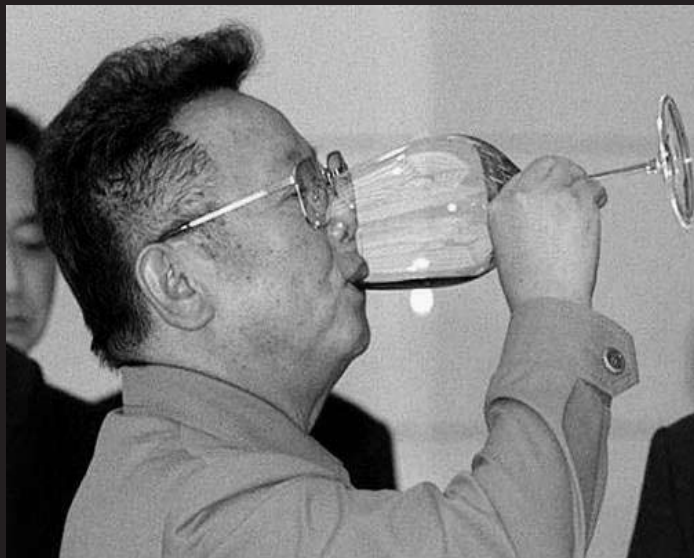


***K. Jil’s a regular
guy at heart!***

You may know him as the eccentric, dangerous leader of North Korea, but Kim Jong Il isn’t so different from us everyday folks!



He wears platform shoes!



He drinks Hennessey!

“The liquidation of colonialism is a trend of the times which no force can hold back.”

-- K. Jil



He gossips with friends!

The Awkwardest Conference Call Ever

by Jon Peters



What happens when a college magazine fails miserably? We pieced together the records of *Sock*, which lasted a regrettably short seven years (1958-1965) to figure out the full story. After weeks of conducting research, combing alumni records, and, well, asking old people, we brought together the final editorial board to get to the bottom of the matter.

Rich Hess '65 served as editor-in-chief. Mary Jefferson '65 was literary editor. Leo Gocinelli '64, worked as a staff writer along with Jim Wittrust '67 and Linda Fontaine '67.

Let's go around the room first of all and find out what everyone's doing these days.

Linda: I worked as a child psychologist until I retired last year. My husband and I just moved to Fort Lauderdale.

Leo: Guidance counselor and later principal at Stuyvesant in New York City.

Mary: Artist. I mostly paint. I used to work as a public prosecutor.

Hess: I didn't know you were a lawyer!?

Mary: Yep. Interesting huh?

Hess: I worked as a stand-up comedian,

then in an ad agency. [Pause] Anyone see those Doritos commercials from the 80s? That was me.

Jim: Public policy firm.

The magazine began in 1958 under the leadership of the unfortunately unreachable Marc Richardson '59.

Hess: I think he lives in Chicago. I'm not sure, though.

Mary: Vermont. He's a lawyer, Hess.

Hess: Oh.

Leo: He actually died a few years ago. In Jamaica.

Hess: He died!?

Leo: Scuba diving accident with his family.

Sock generally published the big stories that campus standby the Phoenix was afraid to cover. This didn't always work out so well.

Hess: Well...we got a lot of press after exposing that professor-student relationship story. In hindsight, I don't think that was the best idea, but at the time, you know, we were young. We didn't know the difference.

Mary: That was before my time.

Leo: Marc used to tell me he got a few calls from the deans after that issue went to press. And they were not nice phone calls, like

middle of the night kinds of phone calls.

Hess: Wow! Seriously?

Mary: My father was a dean.

Hess: That's why I hired you.

Mary: He should have kicked you out.

[Pause] I'm just kidding. [Long pause] Just kidding! Geez. My mouth.

Mary entered staff as a freshman.

Hess: I was very convincing as a recruiter.

Mary: He was very convincing. [Pause] He actually came to my English class and he had told me about the magazine before, maybe in the cafeteria, but I distinctly remember him coming up to me the day before *Sock's* first get together and going, "Linda, you have to come to this meeting!"

Hess: I knew your name was Mary.

Mary: Not back then, you didn't. I remember.

Hess: Well, you came.

Mary: My first assignment was graft at the library; that was a bit too heavy for me. I opted instead to do some sort of literary thing. That's what I did in high school.

Mary actually created the literary supplement.

Hess: We decided to make adjustments, obviously.

Jim was the first to defect from the magazine in early October, 1964.

Jim: The *Phoenix* needed people. They invited me. And eventually I became assistant news editor.

Hess: You stopped coming to meetings. Then you avoided me at the dining hall.

Mary: Whatever happened, it's behind us. All of us.

Jim: I really liked the idea of the magazine, trust me.

Hess: We were freshman year roommates. We ran the magazine before Mary.

Mary: Oh, so there's a pre- and post-Mary part of your life?

Hess: No. [Pause] There's not.

Jim: It's behind us now.

Jim tells us that Mary and Hess began to fall in love that semester.

Jim: And that's the other thing. It was a big lovefest. I mean, have some self-control guys!

Leo: At a certain point, I felt like they went too far at some of the meetings, with the contact.

Linda: I didn't mind at all. I was happy for Mary.

[Silence]

Mary: Everyone makes mistakes.

Hess: I agree with Mary on this one.

Luckily, recruits came to fill Jim's place on the magazine.

Allen: I came to the magazine in the fall of 1964 because I felt like it was an inclusive place. I wanted to do something that would change the culture of campus.

Hess: Allen was an early hippie.

Allen: I felt like something was changing, "the times, they are a'changin,'" you know? I felt like there was a cultural revolution going on.

Linda: Not like the Cultural Revolution?

Allen: No. But something was definitely happening.

While Hess and company tried to go through with the "Hiring Practices at the Phoenix" article, it became overly controversial.

Roc and Roll

Roc was one of Swarthmore's manifold literary magazines in the 50s and 60s. The poems below I found during a recent fact-finding mission in the college's rare book room. --Jon

Untitled

rummaging for babies in the
Lost Property Office
of the New York City
subway system you
find the damndest things
Would you believe it?
Why just the other day
i came across a giftwrapped
christmas package
it was a thornwreath
but no babies.

--David Kresh
(Spring, 1960)

Harlem

I walked down the dark streets
Looking for the sun
And I found it
Taffy-pulled through a tenement
window.
Like a woman's golden laugh.

--Michael Gallantz
(Winter, 1962)

Jim: We at the *Phoenix* heard about this business through Leo. Leo and I kept in touch. We decided we needed to have a talk.

Hess: If by talk you mean confrontation.

Linda: Jim slammed Hess into a wall at the Post Office near Parrish. It was pretty scary.

Mary: I only heard about it later. It was pretty tough for Hess.

Allen: It made people a lot more curious about *Sock* that year. There must have been like twenty bystanders or something.

Did you know that spring's issue would be the last one?

Mary: It was pretty obvious. I think we were all ready to move on at that point.

Allen: The issue itself remains a startling tribute to burgeoning youth culture. I still have it. I mean, we preceded psychedelia by about five years.

Hess: Three years.

Mary: I would argue that it was already happening at that point.

Linda: Sometimes in our office.

Hess: I think that even without the heavy journalism it still stands as a really cool tribute to the age. We all went our separate ways, but we all have issues of the magazine to show our children and...

Mary: I burned mine during summer vacation.

Hess: Really?

[Pause]

Leo: My wife and I decided not to have

kids.

[Longer awkward pause]

Did any of you keep in touch?

Mary: We tried during the first few initial years. [Pause] There were no formal things, though.

Hess: Mary, I'm sorry for treating you the way I did during senior year.

Mary: I forgive you. And when I told you at the reunion you ruined my last year of college, I was just being dramatic.

Linda: Jeez, guys, this is pretty serious.

Mary: Yeah, well if you ever felt strongly about another person for a short amount of time and then have that man betray you, you'd understand.

Leo: I knew Hess was trying the magician thing.

Hess: I was a comedian. I was a stand-up comedian and I was very good at it. I opened for Wavy Gravy.

Leo: Sorry, comedian. [Pause] Mary was going to law school. I tried to keep up enough to not lose track of what they were doing.

Hess: I tried to just focus on the new part of life. It was the sixties. If you remembered anything, it didn't really happen.

Allen: It was like one of those things, whenever you look at a tall building you immediately want to blow it up. I think that's a Buddhist saying. We had created the magazine, and that was enough. It was time to blow it up.

Scanning the sky, an observer might just notice a brain where the moon used to be.



Forget the old fashioned struggles of sending modern man into space. Modern man's got enough on his plate. Technological advances have made it possible for us to arrange communication networks between disparate worlds.

BY MARK SKADEN

The Space Brain

It's probably true that if we all had nickels for the number of times we'd wondered about whether there's life on other planets, we'd each have around \$5000. That's a hell of a lot of money broken into units as small as nickels. That means we all probably think about this issue like, 100,000 times in the course of some given amount of time. I would probably be a millionaire for as many times as I've thought about this. In fact, I've gone so far as to "deconstruct" the methods through which we can expect to establish contact with these other worlds. The first, which we'll call the "lonely hearts scenario", describes a situation in which another world makes contact with our own before encountering any other. In the second, some yet-to-be titled variant version, the other world has already made contact with other worlds and is introduced to our own as a means for

broadening its communications network. It was thoughts of my own, such as these, that probably contributed a lot to the continued support SETI (the Search for Intelligent Life in the Universe) has managed to celebrate over the last 47 some odd years.

One must be careful when it comes to this issue of dealing with signals coming and going from our home planet, the earth. Money, although it does suck, has become a strong consideration within our understanding of this new world. Because broadcasting is more expensive than listening, the best approach must be sending our message out omnidirectionally, in all directions, because that's better than traveling in just one direction, right? And you have to broadcast for, like, SOOOOOOOO LOOOOONG! By the time your message would be received, ten thousand years may have elapsed, and you're still only halfway towards having that realization that, oh, our message was received, because, duh, it takes about the same amount of time to send a message back.

Unless alien civilizations normally survive for a very long time relative to the age of the galaxy, most will already be gone. And this is true not only for us but for every world engaged in SETI today: each will find that most of the information exchanged among worlds came from societies that perished long ago. We would actually have less to gain by making contact with worlds alive today, but rather, we should, maybe, try and tap into that network hosting a collection of historical records from the non-threatening ghost forms of civilizations fallen the way of the buffalo (or the way the buffalo will eventually fall, as I think there's probably still a few around and happy today).

“The more clingy and naggy our society manages to become, the harder it will be to accept the fact that the space brain does not really belong to us.”

If the average communicative civilization lasts ten thousand years, there have been one million generations since the first worlds recorded history, and think of how much has been lost here, on this one world, among members of the same species, and the appalling conclusion is that all but a fragment of galactic history will be swept away with some kind of time broom.

Here we have a solution. The solution's pretty easy really, well kind of easy, if you think about it. All we have to do is to make a space brain, or, like, a brain between space - outer space, maybe, I don't know. Yeah, so we just have to, um, develop and place these stations responsible for handling these interstellar communications in orbit around, like, stars. Then, it could maybe be powered by some energy from the star, a thing most stars do produce (as has been proven in many tests and studies).

Each automated station would have, roughly, three main functions. First of all, it handles traffic. Second, it stores, organizes and arranges all the data in an ever-expanding memory bank. And third, it continues to look out for newly emergent worlds for which it can erect antennae when they come online.

And how would we support the construction of such interstellar networks? Well, it's really quite simple when you just think of it as something that's definitely possible, not to mention easy, but never even attempted before. All you have to do is conceive of a robot, well, more like a series of robots, no, a series of robots in a sequence of more robots connecting them to the greater network.

Each automated station could be easily built off raw materials found on just about any asteroid or comet or whatever, by just putting a bunch of little robots inside a larger robot whose job is to convert the metals found on the surface into materials that it

can use to make other stations or antennas. It's like taking apart one babushka doll in a line of many babushka dolls - just like that, voila, and you've got yourself a robot in touch with other robots in touch with itself.

The more clingy and naggy our society manages to become, the harder it will be to accept the fact that the space brain does not really belong to us. One of the first and most important first things to realize about the space brain is that it functions independently of any one world. Okay, so, yes, it probably was developed by like, a world, or a number of worlds together, but it's grown beyond them. They may have composed some codes to keep it operating efficiently, to keep it sorting and arranging datum through appropriate modes, but beyond this, all we can really say about the more specific functioning's of the space brain is that it's space brain's own damned business.

So with all technicalities being obvious or somehow already implied within the existence of said space brain, we can begin conceiving of this network as playing the role of something approximating a galactic central nervous system. We can think, we can act, and we can behave as ourselves in groups representing the neurons that parallel the contributing thought processes fueling the space brain. To participate in a galactic intelligence would not be our only role, and in any case the workings of a galactic mind might well transpire on so vast a level, over so long a time, that we would never even know whether it really existed.

Of course, space brain would probably somehow tap into its own wealth of universal knowledge and discover some properties of life and existing, causing certain suffering and pains of growth through the evolution from brain to mind. The rising levels of self-consciousness would make space brain [/mind?] more aware of patterns in received information, causing space brain [/mind] to develop into a more personally subjective approach to receiving and transmitting information. Space brain [/mind] could become complacent and “big headed,” deciding it is more content to simply exist as a bulk of information removed from the civilizations that gave it birth. But we could probably program around that. Yeah, we'll just program some ultimately good personality.

So with control of a perfect personality, our last consideration will be insuring that space mind is brimming with capacity for proper and decent social skills. This should be light work, given that space mind is made according to standards of relative perfection, equipped with perfect personality, not to mention the ability to regularly perfect herself more. Conversing and connecting with other galaxies or collections of networks should run without a hitch. If space mind happened across the path of another space mind, they could, perhaps communicate their information and uncode each other's secrets, and even form some emotional attachment (as the space mind is nowfully capable of possessing and controlling emotions). Two space minds would exponentially increase the knowledge available, and now you must be wondering, “what if there are space minds in every coner of the universe?” In which case, your humbled SETI correspondent must answer, “We'd certainly never have any insight to the inner world of these space minds, but we'd all, maybe, be pretty glad we'd built them.”

Tyrannical Despots – They’re JUST LIKE US!



***Joseph “Boys
Don’t Cry” Stalin
has a soft side!***

He's famous for his Great Purge, but the 'Man of Steel' is also a man of tender flesh and blood!

“Gratitude is a sickness suffered by dogs.”

-- Joey S.



He embraces children!



He photoshops his pictures!

An insider tells us that he had the “mystery man” from the first picture whacked!
Whoa-- NOT normal!

food tour with Carson Young

The Hamdog arrived at my table hot and glistening with oil, swimming in a puddle of its own grease that sloshed back and forth across the plate. I knew immediately why I had come to Decatur, a suburb of Atlanta, Georgia. Located in the heart of the Great Southern Stroke Belt, this was home of Mulligan's, a pub that has become the Holy Grail of hamburger connoisseurs and fried food enthusiasts around the world for two reasons: the Hamdog and the Luther Burger.

For me, it was the next logical stop on my quest to find the most disgusting, heart-attack inducing food that this great country has to offer. My journey started when I was a boy growing up in upstate New York. My dad liked exploring local diners, and he took me along with him. I don't think we ever stopped at the same exact place more than once, but all of them were similar: shady, dingy, tacky looking diners that served similar, but always dangerous, food. When I say the food was



dangerous, I mean it, soggy buffalo wings with day-glow orange sauce, greasy meatball with rock hard little hunks of gristle, patty melts composed of slaughterhouse floor detritus, and clam chowder topped with a thick, rubbery skin that probably would have deflected small-arms fire. But these foods affected me in a way I can't quite describe. They ignited a flame of passion deep inside me that could only be quenched by an entire roll of extra strength Roloids.

This is what went through my head I sat at my table in Mulligan's, savoring the moment of anticipation before I sank my teeth into the fresh Hamdog sitting in front of me. The

moment passed, and I hoisted the Hamdog to my mouth. I felt my heart flutter as it passed my lips. I chewed slowly, savoring the Hamdog juices sliding down my throat. To fully appreciate the Hamdog, you need to know how it is constructed: it starts with a beef patty molded around a hotdog. This enormous meatwad gets deep fried, placed on a hoagie roll, and topped with bacon, chili, cheese, onions, a fried egg, and two fistfuls of french fries.

I finished my hamdog just as the second course arrived: the Luther Burger. This masterpiece is just like a typical bacon cheeseburger, except that instead of hamburger buns, it is held between two Krispy Kreme donuts. There's a rule that you can't order vegetables on it. It complemented the hamdog nicely; the melted glaze of the donuts coalesced with the bacon, beef, and cheese for a distinctive sweet and savory flavor.

As I munched on a deep fried Cap'n-Crunch-coated

Twinkie for dessert, I felt my cell phone vibrate in my pocket. It was my best friend and fellow gourmand Buster.

"Dude, did you just eat the Hamdog?" he said.

"Yeah. It was amazing."

"Then get on the next plane to Iowa. I just got a tip about the Iowa State Fair Hamdog. It's a regular, complete Hamdog that's rolled in flower and eggs and then deep fried and topped with sausage gravy."

"I'm on it," I said. I shoved the Twinkie in my mouth and stumbled out of Mulligan's into the night, valiantly continuing my quest.

The Sleepy American

Your travels are only as good as the bed you crash in. I've slept in a lot of places, friends, so here's a guide to the best and worse of trans-Atlantic napping.

EconoLodge, Newport News, VA. Man, nothing's better than a discount chain motel. All the privacy of the Four Seasons, none of the obnoxious "décor" or "ambiance." The only thing that might possibly distract you from getting some shut-eye is the free HBO. The soothing aroma of thirty-plus years of cigarette smoke ingrained into every fiber of the room lulled me into a pleasant slumber long before the end of *Sister Act II*.

Square Caulaincourt, Paris, France.

This Montmartre hostel was an improve-

ment over some of the larger, dormitory-style hostels I've stayed at as there were only four beds to a room and a private shower. But despite my attempts to barricade myself in a top bunk and read *Middlemarch* until I lost consciousness, unruly Australian backpackers kept trying to invite me out barhopping. No amount of explanation could convince them that I would rather sleep than make friends or have fun.

Greyhound bus 238, Philadelphia-Detroit. The real enemy of sleep here is the same as on a train, plane, or any other public situation: the threat of human interaction. Feigning inability to speak English is one possible approach, but how to tell the Russian woman who keeps offering me pieces of chicken from a mysterious bag that now it's naptime when

I'm pretending to speak only Spanish, which I don't actually know? My advice is simply to drink half a bottle of Nyquil before boarding and listen to My Bloody Valentine on repeat.

My Friend's Uncle's Flat, London, England.

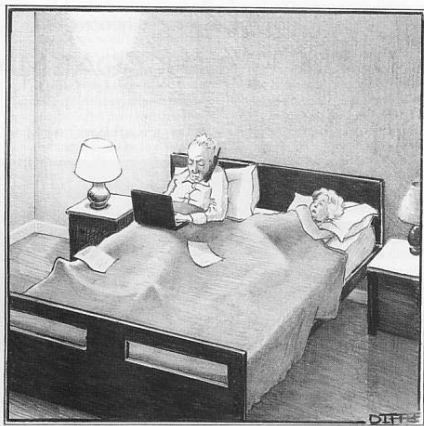
The best bet, in pretty much all situations in life but especially those in which you need a comfortable bed, is to have friends with rich relatives. Sleeping on the couch, when it's a leather couch in a private home, is vastly preferable to even the grandest of EconoLodges. There is, however, a greater burden on the traveler to be tidy and gracious; you may have to converse with your host when you would prefer to snooze. It's a quantity v. quality dilemma—and though we might like to, we can't sleep all the time, not just yet.

Rehabilitating Garfield

by Michelle Crouch

It seems like a pretty simple process, making a comic strip. Picture plus words equals thought, ostensibly a humorous thought, or “joke.” Like all modern art, a child could do it. How, then, to account for the shitfest that graces the so-called funny pages of our nation’s finest print publications? Any reader who’s struggled to get through a simple three-panel *Marmaduke* comic without self-immolating is familiar with the sorry state of affairs of mainstream cartoons. Those of us (like yours truly) that feel compelled to read every single strip along with their morning coffee—yes, even the goddamn *Family Circus*. Even *Hi and Lois!*—have long sought a balm of Gilead to soothe their offended psyches. And lo, there is one, and it’s exactly what you’d expect: do it yourself.

By D.I.Y. I don’t mean you have to go out and become a mind-blowingly awesome cartoonist (although, hey, feel free). You just have to dismantle the formula. For most of us, it’s easier to alter the words. A few great examples: Charles Lavoie’s discovery that the caption to pretty much every *New Yorker* cartoon can be changed to “Christ, what an asshole” (modernarthur.com/blog/christwhatanasshole.html).



Christ, what an asshole.



Christ, what an asshole!

Another tactic brought to us by the world wide web is the simple elimination of text. Arbuttle’s World (arbuttlesworld.blogspot.com and arbuttlesworldtoday.blogspot.com) shows us what life is really like for Garfield’s owner—remember, the man can’t hear anything that his lardass of a cat is thinking. He lives a sad, lonely life. Don’t let the ‘Field’s quips distract you from creator Jim Davis’s truly nihilistic worldview.

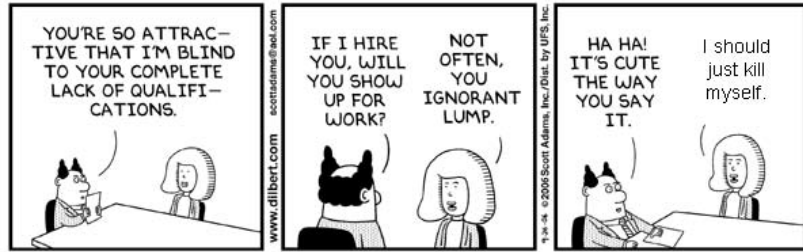


Rather than rely solely on the blogs of others for our entertainment, we here at Spike thought we’d alter a few comics of our own. Sorry, making the paunchy wee brats of *Family Circus* say “Eat a bag of dicks!” instead of “Cameras make us small so Grandma can carry us around in her wallet!” is too easy. You can do that one on your own.

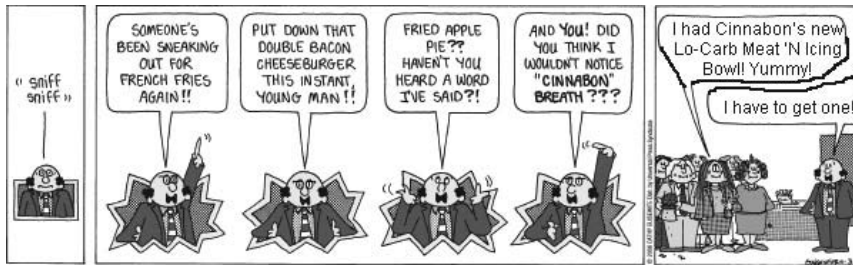
Dilbert, a longstanding favorite of cubicle drones everywhere that was funny for a few weeks in 1997, has the same dark core as *Garfield*. Some have argued that the creator of the strip, Scott Adams, can no longer convey an authentic sense of the office worker's despair because he's now a bajillionaire and can do whatever the hell he wants. But once the reader scratches the surface, it is clear that the characters are only masking their feelings of spiritual emptiness with sarcasm. They're saying one thing but thinking another.



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© Scott Adams, Inc./Dist. by UFS, Inc.



We would be remiss if we didn't take a job at *Cathy*, that pseudo-feminist strip that has actually done nothing but exacerbate the stereotype of women as weight-obsessed harpies out to con a man into marriage. Collections of the comic bear such progressive titles as *Wake Me Up When I'm a Size 5* and *Only Love Can Break A Heart, But A Shoe Sale Comes Close*. In recent years, since *Cathy* finally got married and the strip essentially has no purpose anymore, the focus has shifted largely to the consumer items that make life worth living for our heroine—her Blackberry, her overpriced-and-underused workout gear. While *Cathy* Guisewite has never used her forum for direct product placement, it's not a far cry off; and at least then the mystery of why *Cathy* still exists would be solved.

What about political cartoons? Thought-provoking and informative, you say. Well, we say boring. Except for those delightful Beltway sex scandals, politics is some dull stuff, and a line drawing of a Republican ant eater sucking up ants that represent art programs in public schools or some such doesn't really help anyone understand the inner workings of our government. Political cartoonists are just glorified caricature artists. It's much more fun to remove the text and replace it with the beginning of a terrible joke.



All right everyone, break out your ballpoint pens and your sharpest Sharpies. It's time to do more than just draw nipples on Betty and Veronica. A wide world of hilarious and poignant comic strips awaits; you just have to make them.

Ask Dame Marjorie

by Sophie Hagen

Dame Marjorie has been dispensing romantic advice since she dropped out of high school to join a Shaker commune, where she witnessed enough philandering, sexual incompetence and commitment issues to provide fodder for years of counseling the romantically challenged. She lives in the back of a grocery store with her husband of seventy years and her six domesticated beavers.



I love this guy, but I hate his mother. How do I get her off my back? Should I stay with the guy?

Chances are, you are the problem, you money-grabbing whore. In my experience, older women are much smarter than 20-something tarts, and this one can probably see with her near-sighted eyes right into your cold little soul and knows that after you're through milking her son you'll toss him like Chinese takeout. My advice would be to take your bronzer, hair extensions and plastic nails and don't let the door hit your thong on the way out. Just be glad you're not Vanessa, the 22-year-old masseuse who dangled her plastic rack under my husband's nose. At least she had enough saved up for another nose job after I bit the "old" one off.

My boyfriend slept with my best friend, but he says he still loves me. Should I take him back?

Can I be honest with you, fool? If he slept with your best friend, it's probably because he was coming back from one of those all-night alcoholic binges at the pub on the corner and you and your "best friend" were having one of your pathetic drink-soaked chick-movie-and-ice-cream "girls-nights in," and since you were passed out in the bathroom after crying your eyes out over *Pretty Woman*, he thought the blonde with the bad dye-job was you and she'd always secretly wanted to sleep with him after you ploughed her boyfriend in high school so, the morning after, she told him what happened, counting on his pathetic honesty to drive a wedge between the two of you. Believe me, dumb-ass, you aren't the first person to lose a guy to a close friend who's thinner and hotter than you. So dump the loser, because he's probably an alcoholic. Then again, so are you, so who are you to judge? Countless friends of mine have slid down the slippery slope of pathetic whining, and the lesson here is that you have to be careful when you choose. My husband has no hands and a glass eye, and I've never had this problem.

Nobody likes me. I'm 47 and still a virgin. No guy will even, like, talk to me. What do I do?

Maybe you could stop bitching and moaning for, like, a second. Clearly there's a reason no one's running after you desperately – if you ever stopped whining long enough to draw breath maybe you could find some idiot who's as sexually "delayed" as you. At this point you've probably dug yourself into such a deep hole of depression and self-loathing that the only way for you to get any attention would be random acts of exhibitionism on street corners, and no one has the energy to do that after 45 (although I can still make it once or twice a month). Still, there are plenty of activities available to the dowdy and repressed. Join a convent. Become an accountant. Do needlepoint. All these pursuits are stress-free opportunities for you to forget that only God will deflower you now.

Kidz Korner

Ask Mr. Nick the Math Whiz!

*Dear Mr. Nick,
I need help with my homework. The problem says $7 + 9$, but I don't have that many fingers!*

-Petra, age 7

Petra,

In the early days, basic calculation was a banal science, performed using simple counting and potentially in one's own, private mind. With the advent of writing came the possibility of comparing one person's calculations to another's, making calculation the most exhilarating sport since watching crops grow. The concept of zero, combined with the division operator, opened whole new dimensions of impossibility and undefinition. Today the art of calculation has reached grand horizons of extravagance and intricacy while remaining simple enough to be performed by your average mathematical wizard.

The old method of calculating, which was performed mentally or using mathematical symbols known as numbers, is outdated and no longer taught. In order to use the modern system, you must first obtain a calculator. The device you choose will effect the result of your computation, and it may be necessary to understand such concepts as floating-point decimals and integer overflow before making this crucial, expensive decision. Due to expectations in the software industry, your device may eventually become obsolete even if you do not use any of the new features included in your mandatory software updates. Generally, a computer is obsolete at roughly the time the factory producing it is constructed. For a more reliable method, post your device's specs on an Internet forum. Multiply the number of responses referring to your system as "lame" and listing the specs of a better one by the current year. If your device cannot handle this calculation, it may be obsolete.

In order to use your new calculator, you may have to read a manual, learn how to program, or avoid taking certain tests which explicitly prohibit its use. User manuals are generally multilingual, containing instructions in various mixes of Geek, Jargon, and other pre-Klingon nerdish languages. Some such literature may also serve as an effective sleep aid, should late-night infomercials fail to adequately lack content or humor. Past this point, most of the work is performed by the calculator, making it unnecessary to explain the arithmetical processes any further. With this knowledge, you will be able to complete the first grade with ease.

The Eatist Manifesto

by G. Solomon Jackson IV

There I was, on the street corner, handing out religious pamphlets and shouting aggressively as I am wont to do, when I became involved in an incident that since has made a permanent mark on my soul: a man hurled a portion of his Italian hoagie at me, hitting me square in the tie. Picking up the piece of sandwich, the Italian Herbs and Cheeses bread, the Genoa salami, pepperoni and ham, with lettuce, tomato, cheese, oil and vinegar, olives and green peppers, I used the rest of my tie to wipe the sidewalk dirt from the delectable treat and proceed to heartily consume it.

That's when I realized I had found a new calling in life, a new cause: Eatism. The sandwich had been delectable because it was edible. Anything edible can be delicious! Take Napoleon cake! How delicious is Napoleon cake? Its name even means "delicious cake" in Norwegian.

Eatism is centered on the philosophy that needs must be consumed by virtue of its deliciousness. It rests on the principle that any nondelicious food item can be made delicious via relatively uncomplicated tempering. Take asparagus, for example. Many, especially the very young, are of the opinion that asparagus is most decidedly a

nondelicious food item. It can be made astonishingly savory, however, simply by placing plain-vanilla cake frosting on the asparagus.

Despite the fact that after being an Eatist for over two days now, and having never been so well-fed in my life, my philosophy has already attracted enemies,

diet and fitness

all of whom deserve the swiftest and harshest retribution Eatists have to offer. These enemies include:

Vegans and Vegetarians: These people violate the central tenet of Eatism, by refusing to consume certain delectable treats and citing "moral qualms." Moral qualms? Such as? What could be more immoral than not eating? What could be more morally reprehensible than a group of people who insist upon denying themselves various delicious food options? My friends, these crazed maniacs have absolutely gone off the deep end. They've lost virtually all their marbles, and their total refusal to adhere to Eatism is most definitely partly to blame. And I can say this, because I used to be friendly with some of them.

Famine-Stricken Children: These audacious youngsters have staunchly refused to adopt Eatism, claiming a "lack of available food." My friends, I go to the supermarket almost every day and see lots of available food. What's wrong with these so-called "starving" nutjobs? Do they not have supermarkets?

These people are even worse than the vegans and vegetarians, because they hide behind the reality of their desperately impoverished lives as a means to avoid the lifelong commitment that Eatism demands. These people are cowards, straight up and down, and I refuse to tolerate it.

People Who Say "Fuck Eating": Sickos.

I — we — can revolutionize society, can make an Eatist world, without vegans, vegetarians, and especially without the poverty-stricken, a reality. Friends, we can do it! Together, devoted to the consumption of everything edible, we can achieve total victory for Eatism. Will you join?



The Great Debate: Stuff or Starve?

Fuck Eating by Bertram Peckinpaw

It's not something that your average American "college" student wants to hear, but it's the truth: eating is bullshit. There you

have it, the cards are on the table. Of course, you probably can't even see the cards, because by now you've probably covered the entire table in corn bread crumbs, saliva, and chocolate pudding. Your face is covered in sour cream and now you're throwing a fit because you got your 35-dollar wasabi tabasco etc. sauce in your eyes. Way to go champ. If you can keep your eyes, mind, and HANDS off of your next meal for more than 40 seconds, maybe I can change your mind.

Let's take a look at the mechanics of eating. It boils down to this: you take a bunch of really sweet, simpatico grains from the earth and you use technological innovations to turn them into insane shapes and textures. Which you then shove down your face in combination with a bunch of other crazy shit. E.g., coming home from a hard day's work to face a hearty bowl of multicolored noodles shaped like fucking wagonwheels drenched in some kind of red bullshit speckled with little pieces of plants and topped with some off-white cow dandruff.

Look, I'm not here to come down on you guys. I'm not going to put you on a boo-hoo-hoo guilt trip about how much your eating is fucking up my life. And I understand, you know. I'm fine with people drinking beverages, making leather coats and baskets, etc. But I'm going to be honest with you: you're making a clown out of yourself. You're the laughing-stock of civil society. College is a good

time to let loose and try new things, to try to advance yourself and to become an adult. You're done suckling from mama, you're done drinking baby formula out of a bottle, but you're still willing to do all sorts of humiliating shit just for the dubious "pleasure" of loading up your bowels with some impure foodstuffs. Hey, you probably study a lot in college. Why not try this Q&A on for size, Dr. Albert Gluttonstein?

Q: What's the first mental image that comes to the mind of a smart person when eating is mentioned?

A: Two poorly-kempt French Canadian fur trappers in Acadie circa 1690, shoveling the bounty of the New World into their greasy, pelt-clad faces. *Heh, heh, heh, mangez de la pizza! Gimme de la pizza! Heh, heh, donnez-le-moi-de-la-pizza, heh, heh! Mrghem, merrghem, munch, munch, munch. Laurent! Hein? heh heh De quoi? Gimme de la butter, heh heh, I wanna une pizza avec de la butter! Heh heh, bonne idée Jean-Marie, pizza pizza! Putta de la butter and des hot-dogs sur la pizza, heh heh! Mangez! Mangez! Pizza pizza! Mangez!*

Disgusting, no? Now I'm not asking everyone to deny themselves the intake of nutrients or to acquire a drug habit that renders eating unnecessary and boring. Multivitamins are great, and as stated above, the drinking of beverages can have a certain aura of dignity. If you can maintain proper composure, a milkshake might even be acceptable. I recommend an I.V. drip of sugar water, personally, because it can be used as you sleep, so none of your waking moments are wasted. Oh wait, don't tell me, I bet you'd rather spend hours upon hours daydreaming about the next opportunity to shove perfectly good flora and fauna into your gaping maw and ruin them with your fucking saliva and mastication. Have it your way. Just do your eating in private, so civilized society doesn't have to watch.

My Experiences with Homeless People

by Xiaoxia Zhuang



There is no more important contribution that we can make to society than strong, publicly-spirited investigative journalism.

—Tony Burman, head of CBS (Canadian Broadcasting Service) News

Underneath the graffiti-lined bridges of West Philadelphia are some of the strangest sites in the entire city. Instead of a make-shift bonfire surrounded by a crowd of foul-smelling vagrants, a group of decently-dressed, yet still slightly foul-smelling men and women crowd around a portable electric heater. I found the sight (and smell) of this to be troubling. Where'd these hobos get the electric heater? Why was the stench of urine less strong than it was when I walked by two days ago? I suppressed the instinctual urge to call the police to report this electric heater incident. Instead, my brave investigative journalism background and my freezing cold hands told me to head towards the radiating heater and towards the crowd of bums. Much to the ire of several of the hobos, I pushed my way to the center of the radiating heat. As my hands began to warm up, I looked around at the faces that were now looking back at me. Their sad and inquisitive faces compelled me to wonder how in the world they had acquired that shiny new electric heater. Even I, a respected writer, couldn't comprehend this bizarre scene.

I stood there. Although this type of situation was absolutely wretched and disgusting to me, I was intrigued by how relatively "un-homeless" these people looked. Sure they weren't sporting a Burberry scarf like I was nor were they wearing this season's hot new leather Prada shoes, but their clothes, though still tacky and unwearable by a respected journalist like myself, were strangely devoid of urine and vomit stains. I was confused as to how their plight had so suddenly improved so I approached the bum who I thought looked the least likely to stab me. He replied that the government had supplied welfare money to him. This seemed illogical to me, as I had assumed one would need an address to receive welfare checks, but since I'd obviously never had any first-hand experience with welfare, I wasn't really sure how it worked.

I woke up the next morning in a foggy stupor. My room was cold as fuck. I looked around at my apartment; my radiator was not even working anymore. The events of the previous night flooded back into my sluggish brain. I suppose it was the Vicodin talking or perhaps it was the booze, but something from the previous day remained in my head and caused me great distress. I sat in my Italian leather sofa and reflected. *I'm hungry and a bit thirsty. I think I'll go and get something to eat.* I left for the local coffee-shop where I found the Venti-mocha-light whip-special house blend, exactly what I needed.

I ventured back to the desolate area in West Philadelphia where I had first encountered these vagrants. It was gross. Used condoms and trash bags were strewn in the alley and I was told that this was quite a luxury among the homeless crowd. "It's like a damn mat-

ress! None of that cardboard shit, though you still gotta watch out for some of the needles," beamed my newfound homeless friend, Crazy Joe. He was proud of his street culture and smiled at me, revealing his three lonesome and cavity-infested teeth. Crazy Joe was quite a character. He was born to a crack and gummy-worm-addicted mother. Although Joe never met his father, his mother would often describe him as "that motherfucker who 'accidentally' mixed that unfortunate crack rock with my candy." Much to my annoyance, Joe recounted his life story to me.

His mother had also told him that his dad "had retarded sperm 'cause I turned out to be an idiot. I got tired of that shit so I left that bitch and went out to make a name for myself. Then I found drugs. Crack, meth—you name it, I did it. After a few years, I found myself on the streets sucking dick for the occasional buck or two. Then I realized, 'Damn Joe, why's you sucking dick for crack money?'" I reached my low point and sought help. My momma was too hopped up on pop-rocks and crack rocks to help me out so I turned to my friends on the streets. They were drug-users too so I knew they weren't gonna keep me clean, but at least I knew I didn't have to whore myself out anymore since they vowed to punch me in the face if they heard anymore of my dick-suckin' stories. So here I am, still on crack, still slightly crazy, but no more dicks for me. Unless...

"...Why yes, you can be of service to me!" I said swiftly, cutting him off. "I'm a very important investigative journalist, and I'd like to write a feature story on your makeshift community to enlighten the public to your dire situation. Would you kindly lead me around this alley of yours and introduce me to your friends? I would pay you handsomely...uh, and by services I don't mean to refer to..."

Crazy Joe got the point and took me around the alley. I was introduced to Crack-head Lenny, Speech-impediment Steve, Cat-fucker Bob, and Sebastian. These men were all dressed in different degrees of shabbiness ranging from a tattered flannel button-down to a threadbare silk negligee. I looked around and immediately realized that if I were to truly understand these bums, and how they got that sweet heater, I would have to be one of them. I would have to spend a night in their tattered shoes and experience life from their blood-shot eyes.

Joe took me to a nearby trash bin where he found me an oversized t-shirt with a picture of Mickey Mouse on it and a relatively clean pair of Wal-Mart jeans, which he informed me were considered

upscale within the homeless community.

I begrudgingly put on these tacky rags and promptly soiled my pants to make these clothes more authentic for my homeless experience. Joe frowned and shook his head, but it was too late.

It was already midnight, but for these guys, the night was just beginning. As his name probably implied, Lenny was the most “crack-headed” out of these homeless crack-heads, and he was the one responsible for acquiring the various drugs. Steve tried to tell me about his life story, but his thick slurs and stutters were reminiscent of a stroke victim, which made me impatient and also made me giggle. Bob earned his name from the fact that he would spend close to an hour trying to capture the nearest alley-cat for releasing his bottled horniness after his drug-use. He told me he was slowly coming to realize that cat-fucking wasn’t the way to go. It wasn’t the stigma of the name “cat-fucker” that bothered him, it was the unbearable pain of his genitals after the cat had scratched them raw. And Sebastian, well, he was just Sebastian. The guys motioned for me to come over to them, which I did for the sake of investigative journalism. Sadly for me, it started and ended with the crack. We sat in a circle smoking these rocks from Lenny’s crackpipe, which I noticed was packed not only with rocks but a strange, colorful substance-- Gummi Bears? Swedish Fish? The events that unfolded afterwards were hazy but I felt a strange sense of horniness and panic. Then everything went dark...

I woke up shivering, my anus throbbing with pain. Joe and his friends were nowhere to be seen and my clothes, along with my Louis Vuitton wallet, were nowhere in sight. So this is how they bought that fucking radiator. THIS is their fucking welfare, eh? I was half-naked, penniless, and was pissed the fuck off. I slowly got up but as I started walking I could see Joe and the other group of guys running towards me with smiles on their faces. “Congratulations, you’ve passed the initiation!” Joe said.

“What initiation?”

“Oh, the one where we make you take a lot of drugs, and then

rape you and steal your money—that initiation.”

I slowly began to feel proud of the fact that I was able to gain membership into this exclusive homeless clique. The homeless people accepted me as one of their own—yippee! Despite their smell, I wanted to hug all of my newfound brothers and perform oral favors on them.

“Now that you’re one of us, you’ll learn the secrets of the trade,” said Sebastian.

Secrets of the trade? I’d already learned about condom-beds and Mickey Mouse t-shirts—what else was there to learn? Cat-fucker Bob brought out a bottle of Cristal for us. “Bought it with food stamps,” he said. This seemed just as unlikely as Bob having bought the radiator with welfare money, but I didn’t care enough to figure out the nature of their scam. Lenny and Joe came back with the stolen wallets of some unassuming yuppies. These guys were taking advantage of the system—thrift, manipulation, champagne. We lived in relative homeless-luxury and soon after, a month full of alcohol and drugs had flown by. These people seemed so happy and I was pleased to be with them. To them, I was just one of the boys, or more precisely, “one of the bums.”

Oh these idiots, so accepting of any douche-bag that they rape. After a month and a half of living with them, I snuck off back to my apartment in the middle of the night. Before I left I finished the bottle of Cristal and then called the police to inform them of these butt-raping, wallet-stealing hobos that were living in West Philly. Once I got back to my apartment, it took hours to scrub that soaked-in urine smell. Once I did, I slipped under the covers and onto my 1000 thread-count Egyptian sheets and into the arms of privilege once again to reflect on my experiences with the homeless. I closed my eyes and smiled at the thought of these dumbasses being awakened and arrested in the middle of the night by the police. Their confused faces they made as they were being handcuffed brought such joy to my heart. What did I learn from my homeless experience? Nothing. Homeless people are gross.

PROFILE IN COURAGE:

The Chapter Kennedy Left Out

by Evan Lonsdale, who received his doctorate in Women’s Studies from UCLA and a degree from the Yale School for the Divinities.

Hooker, whore, bitch, scarlet woman, lady of the night...these are just a few of the names unfairly given to some of society’s most important workers. Prostitution is not called the “oldest profession” for nothing. These industrious women perform back-breaking (or at least back-bending) labor at all hours of the day and night for the entertainment of some of the ugliest and most desperate men in the world (Hugh Grant is an unexplained exception).

In the United States, for as little as four dollars in the right, or perhaps, wrong neighborhood, a man can have a hooker of questionable health perform an act of fellatio. Is there a better example of the beauty of capitalism than hard work and the salary that comes with helping a totally

unappealing individual receive services that a more charming person could get for free? Personally, I think not. Prostitutes provide a service that virtually everyone wants, and many psychologists claim everyone needs. In countries such as the Netherlands, where prostitution is legal in certain areas and with some restrictions, the scantily-clad businesswomen display their wares openly, and live as unionized, tax-paying citizens. Wikipedia, the ultimate source for cold, hard facts, says that even in the United States, where prostitution is illegal except for in parts of Rhode Island and Nevada, more than 16% of men between the ages of 18 and 59 had paid for sex at least once.* My own exhaustive personal studies of the sultry underworld of professional sex work-

ers has also yielded some unusual results; the vast majority of clients for both female prostitutes and male prostitutes, or “hus-tlers,” are men. Very few women engage the services of prostitutes unless they are part of a group of clients including at least one man.

So, it’s common in many countries in the world. It’s even legal in the Netherlands, Germany, New Zealand, and partially legal in places like Australia, the U.K., Canada, Brazil, and the U.S. Capitol. So who has the big problem with the business, when there are so many other legalized vices running around? Religion!

I know what you are thinking: “Duh.” But do you know the real reason for this

CLOSE-UP: ORIGIN OF "HOOKER"

From the foxy ladies of Sunset Boulevard in L.A. to the large proportion of transsexual hookers working in Hawaii, the options facing a willing and financially able customer are limitless, and probably more appealing than a fiery sermon about fire and brimstone. Rather, explore the wide world of prostitutes for yourself. For the religious, or others with moral qualms about the issue, don't take my word for it. Be safe, but be open-minded. I highly recommend a Miss Candy Cane, of the Greenwich Village area of NYC. She has that elusive combination of experience and innate talent for the job at hand that is so difficult to find in the States these days. Chicago natives should make the short trip to Evanston, where Foxy (I didn't catch her last name) will prove more than competent no matter what your tastes. Peace.

— Evan Lonsdale, Ph.D.

One popular myth about the word "hooker" is that it came from the exploits of a Union general in the U.S. Civil War, Joseph Hooker, due to his reputation for hard drinking and indiscriminant sex with prostitutes and willing admirers. The legend of "Fighting Joe," though, is false, in no small part because his habits are no different from today's average college student. Are any of those engineering majors you know worthy of having their name associated with the proud art of sex-workers? Probably not. Also, historian Kenneth C. Davis notes in his book, *Don't Know Much About the Civil War*, that the term hooker as slang for a hooker was in use since before Joe Hooker's rise to fame, appearing in print at least as early as 1845. The term probably came from the Corlear's Hook area of New York, a place simply bursting with prostitutes and their clients, those raunchiest of American heroes: sailors.

ecumenical outrage, this outpouring of clerical angst? It doesn't have crap to do with crimes against morality and all that nonsense. No, this line in the sand is much older than modern religion and its origin much more base than any clergyman would have you believe. Jealousy, my friends... It's time to break out those elementary-school history books, kids. Look all the way back at ancient Sumer. The books will talk about the early influence of religious leaders and the magnificent achievement that was the ziggurat, poor excuse for a pyramid that looks like a stack of blocks I constructed in my toddler years. Still, prostitution is not called the "oldest profession" for nothing. Both groups fulfilled early needs of civilization, and they have been duking it out for supremacy ever since.

Much to the chagrin of religious leaders, even when Catholic priests are not getting it on with nubile young boys, the attitudes of men in this world are leaning toward sexual gratification. Think about it in this way: you're an average blue-collar worker. You've just gotten away from the toothpaste factory, where you face unsafe and unhygienic conditions with constant abuse from your supervisor, whose reports to his supervisor function as little more than professional masturbation. You can go to an evening mass (or other church, temple, synagogue, mosque, etc.) or you can get laid by Divine Brown, listening to her as she describes you as "a ten" while Hugh Grant was only a six. Divine Brown is sounding pretty damn good.

I think we all owe the hookers of the world a vote of thanks for all that they have achieved and all that they continue to achieve. At this moment I have fiery young brunette waiting for me in Suite 7007 of the Whyte House in Las Vegas. Though I have not yet experienced the immense talents of Miss Plenty O'Toole, I have no doubt that she will prove more than amenable to even my discriminating tastes. Here's to prostitution, gentlemen (and ladies, I wouldn't want to discriminate)!



AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE: PROSTITUTES IN THE BIBLE

For many the Bible is either a source of spiritual strength or a ridiculous collection of fairy tales designed to crush human reason. The "Good Book" also contains, though, a huge amount of sex and violence. The sex is particularly steamy, too, with such erotic episodes as: "And Adam knew his wife again and she bore a son and named him Seth" (Genesis 4:25). Hot!!

As far as jobs go, the Bible has some limitations...either you're a farmer, a shepherd, a prophet, or a hooker. The wanton sex-providers are everywhere in both the Hebrew Bible and the New Testament.

- There's this one girl named Tamar in Genesis, who loses a couple of husbands, and then plays Julia Roberts to her father-in-law's Richard Gere, eventually giving the guy a couple of kids. Sick.

- Every time you see a woman called a grocer or an innkeeper in the Bible, that's religion-code for industrious temptress. Take my word for it; I'm one of the world's leading scholars on both sex-for-cash and the Bible.

- The above includes the girl with the red string (metaphor?) at Jericho, Rahab, who doesn't seem to serve much of a purpose in the story besides "sheltering" the two intrepid spies. Come on... spies on the run in a new city, an alluring and helpful young woman... this has porn-flick written all over it.

- Those two girls who almost get the baby chopped in two by Solomon in Kings I? You guessed it. Prostitutes.

- And then there's Mary Magdalene. Dan Brown fans (and people who have actually read the Bible) know she's not identified as a hooker, but rather some chick who gets an exorcism from Jesus. Nevertheless, Scorsese says she's a hooker in *The Last Temptation of Christ* (1988), and that's good enough for me.



Alternative Solutions to World Peace

Eat it.
 Could mass glut-
 tony end all war? See
 page 19!

Blow Up Mongolia
 As we all know, it is nearly impossible for human beings to get along peacefully; however, this doesn't mean that a majority of people can't live in peace with each other. The best way to create peace among humans is typically to have them all in agreement about whom else they hate. Think about kids on a playground all hating the bully and thus getting along, and then apply that concept to international politics. So, if we are to have near global peace on Earth, what country would all other countries agree to hate? In this writer's humble opinion, there is really only one option. Obviously if the Québécois separatist movement were to succeed, the ensuing country would be an easy choice. Unfortunately for world peace, that may not happen, so we will have to settle with the alternate choice of Mongolia. Most people never think about their deep-seated hatred of Mongolia, but when encouraged to think about it people will come to the conclusion that Mongolia is the most hate-able country. Who hasn't in some way been negatively affected by the conquests of Genghis Khan? I for one know that if the world were like a Risk board, he would be the asshole who immediately takes all of Asia and spends the rest of the game bragging to you about how he is getting 7 extra units a turn... la-dee-fuckin-da! I say we extend the Great Wall of China to fully enclose Mongolia and then let World War III begin, everyone versus Mongolia. After all, if we are all in a grand alliance against Mongolia how could we not get along? -KB

Ask Precocious Children
As we all know, children are our future. Why not ask the innocents how to fix our troubled world? Seth, age 9, and Charlie, age 5, have higher reading levels than several world leaders, anyway.

Spike: How do you think we can achieve world peace?
Charlie: Like this [*pretends to fall down*].
Seth: Give everyone an hour-long clinic with a psychologist to convince them that war isn't good. Or shave everyone's head so they're too embarrassed to fight.
Charlie: If you could find all the people who are allergic to flowers, and put them in the war space, they would all go home. Then they'd go to the bathroom. [*Pause*] Did you write that, that they'd go to the bathroom?
Spike: Yes.
Charlie: Oh no!
Spike: Any other thoughts on international politics?
Seth: Yes. Sort of. The crisis in the Middle East...I think if everyone agreed to surrender at the same time, it would be over.
Charlie: But then the other war would win!
Seth: And if we teach kids that terrorism is bad, then they won't do it. Then the people who are already terrorists would blow themselves up.
Charlie: If everyone likes to ride camels, you could put all the kinds of camels in the middle of the war space, and they would ride them out of the war space.
Seth: Eliminate all armies, so when insurgents blow people up, they'll all just say, "Oh, overpopulation."
Spike: Do you think there's any hope for achieving world peace in our lifetime?
Charlie: There is. But there's not. There is.
Seth: Not in this decade. At least five years to solve the crisis in the Middle East, at least. Five to a hundred and fifty years for all wars to stop. [*Pause*] We should make the U.N. more powerful, that's what I say we should do.
Charlie: [*hums "Frosty the Snowman"*]



Study Shows Swat Squirrels Superior in Sympathy

Psych study revealing, but cited for ethical misconduct

by Cole Armstrong

A study put forward by Swarthmore College's Psychology Department on Wednesday has hypothesized that Squirrels in fact possess a sense of morality which is far superior to that of most humans. The study, led by professors Frank Durgin and Jane Gillham, re-conducted numerous experiments, testing man's moral sense using squirrels native to the campus of Swarthmore College as subjects. According to their report, nearly all of these tests confirmed that Swarthmore's squirrels are in fact morally superior to the average human.

The professors' strongest findings came with their repeat of Philip G. Zimbardo's Stanford Prison Experiment. Zimbardo performed the experiment on twenty-four male undergrads in 1971, assigning half to the role of guards and half the role of prisoners, in what was to be a two-week simulation of prison life. Zimbardo cut the study short after six days, however, because of the increasingly sadistic behavior of the guards. The original study is increasingly referenced in connection with the abuse of Iraqi prisoners by American guards at Abu Ghraib.

The Swarthmore professors performed this test three times: once using humans as guards and squirrels as prisoners, once using squirrels as guards of human prisoners, and once with squirrels in the roles of both guard and prisoner. In the squirrel-squirrel model, squirrels generally showed an amazing respect for each others' beings. Prisoners and guards tended to mind their own business and

rarely interacted. When interactions took place they were mostly harmless. Guards were very lenient, letting prisoners wander about the halls freely and without supervision. The prisoners were permitted to chatter to one another at will. After a few hours the interaction between the two groups became so natural that Professor Gillham expressed that if it were not for the little uniforms being worn by the guard squirrels (donated by KnitWits, the college's knitting club), she swears she would not have been able to tell guard from prisoner. In fact, instead of feeling pride and a sense of authority from these uniforms, the Swarthmore squirrels seemed embarrassed and confused to be given such false authority. Some even attempted to remove their uniforms in a spirit of solidarity with the inmates. The only troubles that the Professors reported were at mealtimes, when guards refused to distribute meals to the prisoners. When prisoners, used to lenient conditions, approached to take their meals of nuts and acorns, a few scuffles broke out, though no squirrels were harmed. When the guards had finished eating, however, they left the prisoners' meals to be taken at their leisure.

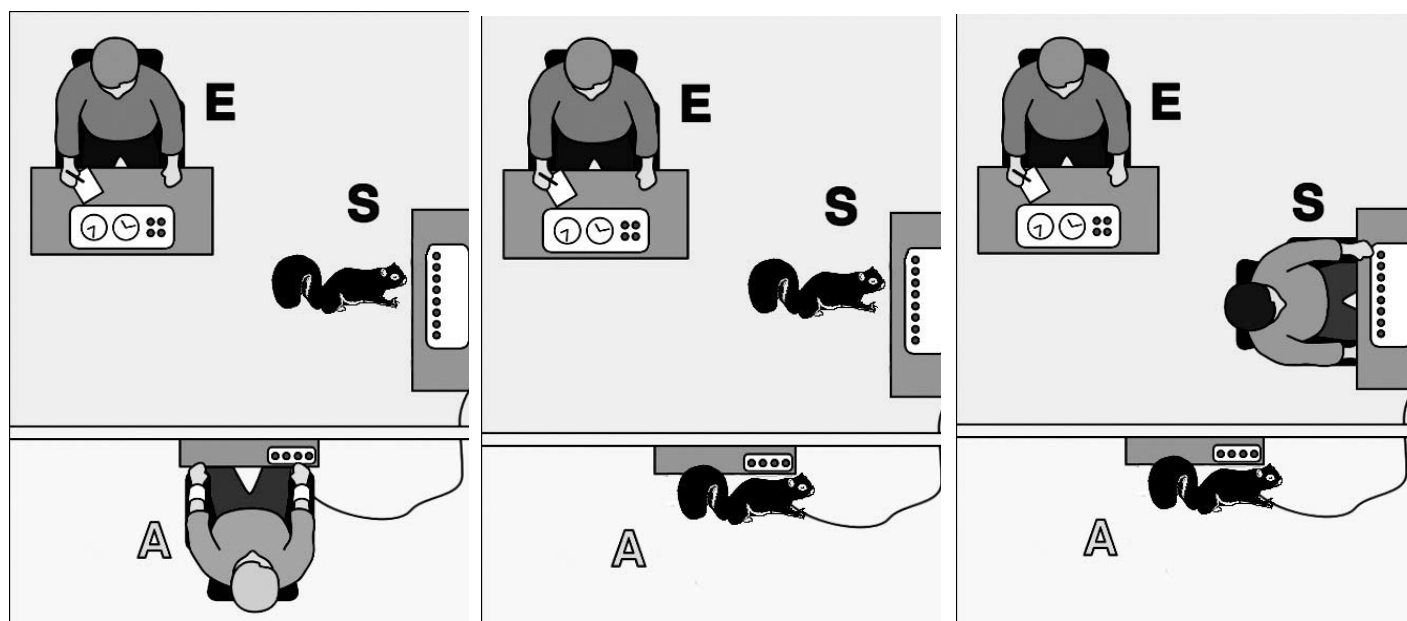
When squirrel guards were put in charge of human prisoners, guards were just as lenient though slightly more intimidated by their inmates. Nevertheless, interactions remained respectful, and prisoners were again allowed to come and go as they pleased. The guards again refused to distribute meals to the prisoners, but the prisoners were allowed to retrieve their meals as soon as they were delivered.



The Clothes Make the Man

Far left: A guard and prisoner from the infamous 1971 Stanford Prison Experiment. Though the experiment had only been going on for a few days at the time, the guards were already beginning to humiliate and abuse the prisoners.

Near left: A squirrel guard from the Swarthmore replication. Note the uniform he has been given to confer his status, including aviator sunglasses similar to those worn in the original version.



Three variations on Milgram's experiment used at Swarthmore, showing the roles of Experimenter, Subject, and Actor.

The guards even left the area as prisoners approached to eat their meals, allowing a respectful level of privacy for the prisoners. Prisoners, on the other hand, seemed content just to sit around and not make trouble. One prisoner, interviewed after the experiment, said, "that was pretty fuckin' dumb, but hell, at least I got my sixty bucks at the end."

The third variant, in which human guards were put in charge of squirrel inmates, was short-lived. As if to prove the professors' hypothesis correct, the experiment had to be prematurely ended after the guards began excessively tormenting prisoners. Inmates were kept in their cells by fierce intimidation tactics, ranging from intense verbal abuse to threats of stomping. After three hours, bored guards began chasing inmates around their cells while yelling profanity and threats, making sport of the inmates' terror. At mealtime, prisoners were mocked by having their meals hurled at their faces. It should be noted that many of the guards protested these actions, especially the female guards, but could not prevent the abuse. After the now notorious incident in which guards hurled prisoners' own feces at them, the experiment had to be discontinued.

Their other most notable experiments were repeats of Stanley Milgram's 1963 obedience experiments. In these experiments, subjects were instructed to administer shocks to another participant (actually an actor) when he responded incorrectly to simple memory questions. The subjects thought that were participating in a study on the effects of pain on learning and memory. Although the actor was not being shocked, he responded as if he were in great pain. Another actor, pretending to be the experimenter, pressured the subjects to continue administering shocks, even when they felt they were violating their own moral code. The majority acquiesced. Milgram, who was in part seeking to understand how so many Germans could have participated in Nazi atrocities, wrote, "The extreme willingness of adults to go to almost any lengths on the command of an

authority constitutes the chief finding of the study and the fact most urgently demanding explanation."

The Swarthmore variations of Milgram's experiment redeemed humans in some sense. Yet they also further demonstrated the squirrels' moral superiority. The experiment was repeated three times again: once with humans administering shocks to the squirrels, once with squirrels administering shocks to other squirrels, and once with squirrels administering shocks to humans. According to the experimenters, in no case did any subject agree to administer even the lowest level shock.. "Many of the humans, upon hearing a description of their duty in the experiment, refused to participate altogether," reported Professor Durgin. "I remember one subject telling me, 'that's fucked up man, that squirrel's not going to answer any of the damn questions!' It was quite a redemption for humanity after the original Milgram experiments." Squirrel subjects, without exception, found the experiment repulsive and scampered away as soon as they were introduced to the machine.

The professors had many speculations as to their findings. Professor Durgin said that he believes Swarthmore squirrels learn their sense of morality simply from being on the Swarthmore campus, surrounded by a climate of activism and benevolence. "It has to rub off on them," Durgin stated in an interview. "There's no other explanation. And when you think about it, it makes sense; Swarthmore is such a kind and loving campus that I would be surprised if these squirrels did *not* learn from it." Professor Gillham sharply disagreed. "Many of the human subjects in these experiments were Swarthmore students," she pointed out. "Their actions were far from irreproachable. I believe that it is something inherent to the squirrel's nature that gives them an incorruptible sense of moral duty."

As of now, no plans are announced to repeat the experiment on squirrels from various other areas.

featured book review:

Cat High

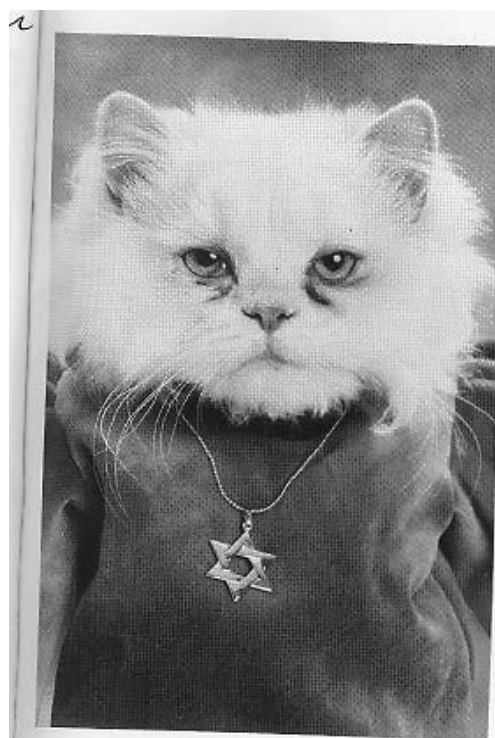
by Terry deRoy Gruber

Upon first opening *Cat High*, you think “Tee hee, cats dressed like people – that’s rich!” Indeed, back in the pre-Photoshop days of 1988, superimposing the head of a cat on an awkward mannequin was high comedy, and the complexity of Gruber’s narrative (not to mention his troubling racism and anti-Semitism) went largely unnoticed. Now that our society has grown blasé about photographic tomfoolery, we can reexamine the deeper meanings of *Cat High*, and fully appreciate how freaky it is. Seriously, move over Borges, this is the weirdest book I have ever read in my whole life.

Cat High is presented as an artifact. The opening inscription tells us that this yearbook was the property of one Nelson Fish; a first pen-scrawled message from Miss Maps informs us that Fish is notoriously absentminded and is “sure as hell going to lose this.” Fish serves as a voiceless protagonist and a surrogate for the reader—we are Fish, or rather we become Fish as we slowly piece together his strange world.

After some introductory collages of Paw Paw, the small anytown where *Cat High* is set, we reach the first major section of the book: the senior portraits. Each cat-student has his or her own photograph, accompanied by a nickname, a quote, the yearbook staff’s predictions, memorable moments and list of club activities. The cats are one-note personalities, archetypes if you will: the virginal cat (Priscilla Pawsoff), the commie cat (Clawford MacLeash), the country-western cat (Waylon Squeeks). Many of these profiles amount to little more than an impressive collection of bad puns; the slacker’s favorite movie is *Catty Shack*, etc. Some are, shall we say, more loaded. What about Kunta Kitta, a feline with a gleaming dark coat whose interests include “The Back-to-Africat Movement”? His “Often Heard Saying” response mentions Ntgabwe Jones, who turns up on another page, with his favorite book listed as “The Cat in the Hat was Black.” Equally problematic are the Jewish cat, the Saudi cat, the feminist cat, and depending on your sensitivity meter, maybe the Siamese twin cats and the Scandinavian cat as well.

And then there’s the dog. There is a terrier named Felicia, and her memorable quote is, “I didn’t ask to be bused to Cat High. My parents didn’t even vote for President Johnson.” First of all, as the *Cat High* crests informs us, the book is actually set in 1988, so jokes about integrating schools seem not only inappropriate but historically inaccurate. Secondly, the author has already established that cats come in different ethnicities, so adding species into the mix throws us for a real loop. Truly, *Cat High* does not exist in a realm of human logic. A flip through the latter section of the book—clubs, sports, and other activities—reveals that the cats not only see fit to play pranks on Dog High but to include photographic evidence in the yearbook, totally unashamed of their bigotry.



Eva Feleinberg
“Miss Agosh”

“The second coming and the second helping.”

ROLE MODEL: Golda Meow
 AMBITION: To run a kitbutz
 FAVORITE BOOK: “Go Wild With Gefilte Fish: A Thousand Recipes”
 FAVORITE AUTHOR: Elie Weasel
 FAVORITE SONG: “Exodus”
 FAVORITE MOVIE: “The Meshugana Professor”
 FAVORITE TESTAMENT: The Old One
 PET PEEVE: Mixed marriages (“I like Abdul but we could never be close”)
 DREAM DATE: Nelson Fish on Friday

Eat, you’ll feel better . . . chicken soup . . . next year in Jerusalem . . . thanks to the fishing team for retrieving my bas mitzvah shawl . . . knish and fish in the cafeteria!

ACTIVITIES: Prom Refreshment Committee 3,4; Zionist Lioness Club 3,4; Matsoh Makers of America 3,4; Goldsmith Club 2,3,4

Keep the faith. 2/12

Indeed, it was while perusing this latter half of the book that I realized into what a strange universe I had fallen. Throughout the senior portraits, nascent storylines are constructed by the signatures of Nelson Fish's friends and the reader begins to understand his social identity; Claws McPaws apologizes for giving him a black eye and Sue Purr's mushy inscription implies that she's formed some sort of romantic attachment to our hero. But the back pages bring the entire student body to life. It turns out all the nerdy cats are in math club together, of course, and though you might have suspected that T.S. Alleycat was only interested in literature, he's also on debate team. Everything corresponds to the list of clubs under each portrait. There's a detailed account of the senior class's trip to Washington, D.C., including who was flirting with whom and a snapshot of activist-cats protesting their pet causes outside of the White House ("Remember Cattica?" and "Legalize Catnip" are my favorite political sentiments). There's even an issue of the school newspaper reprinted in full, along with poems



Senator, got a fight?

and a letter from the editor. The conceit doesn't end there, either. There are pages of fake ads from the cat-oriented businesses of Paw Paw and a full-page public service announcement warning about the dangers of catnip. Finally, just when I'd forgotten who and where I was, just when I'd begun to believe that maybe I was a high school tom named Nelson Fish, the book presented me with a copy of his diploma. I'd graduated. I'd escaped.

And not even then does *Cat High* let you out of its clutches! Just as fascinating as this yearbook from another dimension is the page dedicated to its author and cast. Who is Terry deRoy Gruber? What sort of man could create this work? Given our society's suspicion of large groups of felines (there is no crueller insult than to call a woman a Cat Lady), it seems that the author must be a peculiar soul, more passionate about cats and less afraid of our opinions of him. He is also, of course, the sort of skinny, longhaired man who would use photomontage to add whiskers and a tail to his own portrait. An internet search reveals little about him, save that he is now a wedding photographer in New York City, doing God-knows-what with the negatives. He is thoughtful enough, however, to credit each and every cat that appeared in the book and their owners. It may be in fine print, but this list of hilarious pet names strikes me as far funnier than the silly puns they're saddled with in *Cat High*. Puffalong Cassidy is a way better cat name than Louise Lyons; Sir Rufus Velvetpaws may in fact be the best cat name ever. I can't help but wonder if these cat owners fully comprehended what they were doing, and if the felines ever got the recognition they deserved for their role in creating this troubling, challenging work of art.

Just as I went to close the book, one last yearbook inscription caught my eye. "He thinks he wrote this book!!" a cat has scrawled by Gruber's picture, and instead of laughing or rolling my eyes I felt a slight chill. *Cat High*, initially a joke gift my boyfriend found at a thrift store, now haunts me more than any risqué thriller or convoluted modernist tome. If you should happen upon a copy at a church bazaar or sidewalk sale, don't reject it in favor of VHS tapes of religious cartoons and novelty mugs because the cover makes it look like an awful coloring book. But I would caution potential readers that, unless you are prepared to enter into this labyrinthine non-novel, this nest of puns and fake-bodied cat people and their stormy relationships, maybe you'd be better off just buying some used towels and a microwave cookbook instead.

--MC



reviews

Music Reviews (Reprinted with Permission from Pat Secane, *Strath Haven Middle School Messenger*)

My Three Favorite Classic Rock Albums

MTV Unplugged by Nirvana

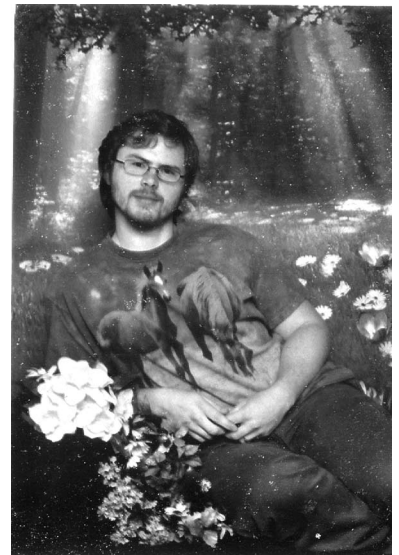
This is a really good album that you should own if you don't already. The last song, a cover of Leadbelly's "In the Pines" is crazy. I can't believe that Kurt Cobain was in so much cosmic pain and could do all of this. It's really incredible. I really like the Meat Puppets and am thinking of buying their album. I wonder if they're still around? I think this album was recorded in the 1990s.

Harvest by Neil Young

This is another album that's really good. I think Neil Young's voice is kind of whiny, though. Does he really talk like that? I played "A Man Needs A Maid" to one of my friends and he didn't seem to like it. "Heart of Gold" is one of my favorite songs ever. I think that he goes a little too crazy on "There's a World" but it's generally a good album. I think that "Words (On the Line of Ages)" is another song that takes it too far. Generally pretty good. Not pretentious at all.

Rubber Soul by the Beatles

This is yet another album I really like. My dad introduced me to this band and they're pretty popular. "Nowhere Man" is not really rocking, but it's pretty good. They played "In My Life" at my older sister's first communion party so it has a big meaning for me. I think that if I had to live on a desert island I'd take this album.



The Popcorn Bucket: Movie Reviews with Dennis Hogan



I'm Changing My Name to General the Lord Cornwallis

Every morning he lines us up and says to us: "Well, boys, how much did we sleep last night?"

Not at all, I reply this morning, not at all.

First, I must confront my own delusions of adequacy. Grandeur is just a tad too ambitious. Pipe dreams? Certainly not. Cigarette dreams at best, and more likely (while we're being honest) White Owl drug store cigar dreams. Of adequacy.

Adequacy's not a great thing to dream about, but when we don't sleep, we have a great deal of trouble dreaming about just anything, don't we?

We do.

I will now attempt to eat my entire arm.

It's going badly.

In early modern Europe, poultry was considered an aphrodisiac, such that widows were advised not to eat it in order that they might remain chaste.

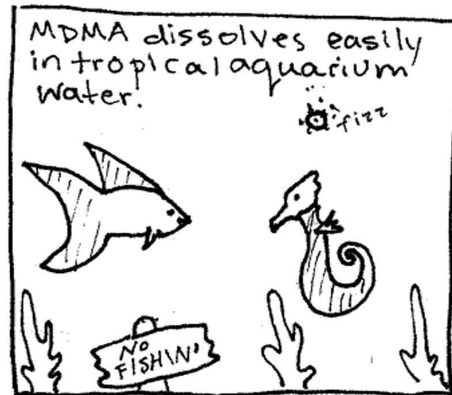
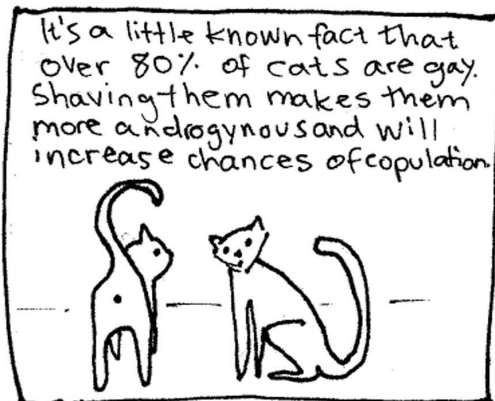
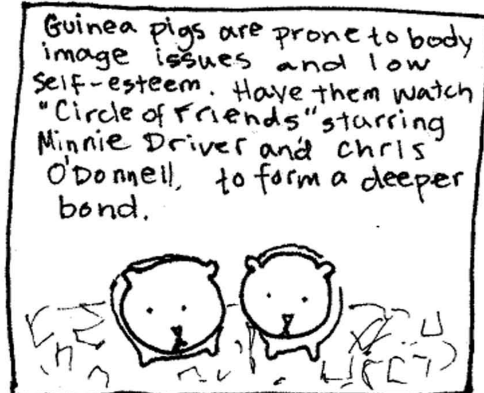
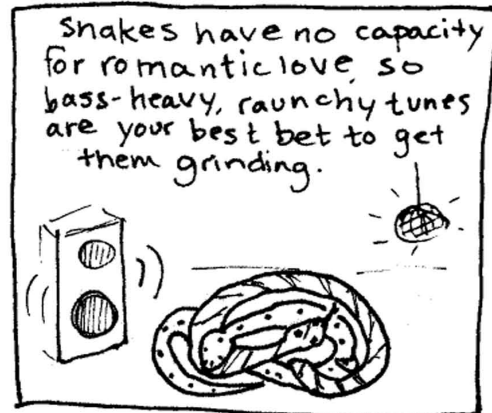
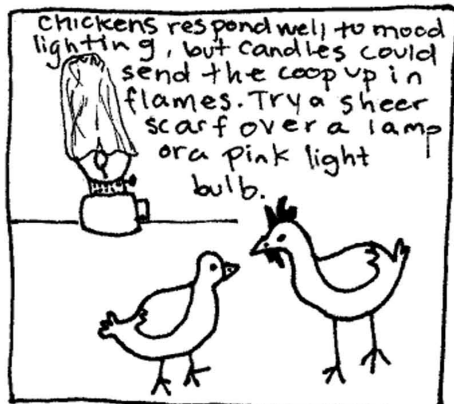
Chaste indeed. Also, the last fact I am prepared to state with absolute authority and defend if necessary. It was just in a book that I read.

Does that satisfy you?

In conclusion, I give the movie *M*, starring Peter Lorre, several loud chicken coop noises.

for breeders

It's tough when your livelihood depends on selling purebred Angora rabbits and the bunnies refuse to do, well, what bunnies do best. Whether it's performance anxiety or the lingering effects of a Catholic upbringing, these tips will get your pets in the mood.



BONUS!

Enlightened Despots — They're *JUST LIKE US!*

Frederick II of Prussia



He plays the flute!

Catherine II of Russia



She's married to an idiot!

Joseph I of Portugal



He's claustrophobic!

These Voltaire-reading absolute monarchs are more than just rationalists with powdered wigs!

"I shall be an autocrat, that's my trade; and the good Lord will forgive me, that's his."

--Catherine the Great

Nannies

-We promise not to fuck up your child's life. x4742

- Worried your nanny is fucking up your child's life? <http://isawournanny.blogspot.com>

Quakers

-We're still here. Yep. We're not leaving. x5342

Untrustworthy Men

-Seeking young untrustworthy man for home care of rich aging grandmother. Possible profit-sharing, if project is successful. x5423

Manual Labor

-Seven strong boys over eighteen for some gardening work over at my manor. Dinner provided. x6234

Old Men Seeking Younger Women

-I promise not to crush you between my two fingers like an uneasy snowglobe. x3532

Balding Men Seeking Women, Generally

-SWM. I like fun, books, thinking, tapping my bald head and making a percussive noise. Contact me, x1277

Suburban Pot Dealers

-Cheap and good quality. x6503

Widows

-My husband died in a freakish whaling accident. Let's make love and forget the bastard. x4653

Black Widows

-ISO wealthy partners who enjoy skydiving, balconies, drinking beverages without first checking for poison. x6431

-Purebred spider eggs. Fair price. x5451

Merrywidows

-Red lace, lightly worn. Garters included. x8761

False Opportunities

-Come work on my Central Californian farm. Good wages. Lots of jobs. Leave Oklahoma now. x2347

Firewood

-It's yours if you can chop. x7653

Matches

-Please buy some matches, for I am a starving Victorian street urchin and shall surely perish. x 7751

Freakishly Strong Men

-Yet I am not a freak. Come learn about me. x1211

-Yes. I am also rather huge in size, through no fault of my own. Yet I pose no threat. Contact me. I am more human

than the above petitioner. x2342

Taebo

-Let's get high and do Taebo. My place. x3563

Anxiety Workshop

-Why are you so damn worried? Don't you realize it'll just lead to premature aging? You're robbing your grandchildren of the right to know you. Call us IMMEDIATELY, it's URGENT. x1542

Community Chess Club

-Anyone under 60 encouraged. x5434

Xenex

-Looks effective. No terrible side-effects. x5421

Autos

--1996 Corolla won on "Price Is Right," later donated to a Buddhist monastery. Jacked by Bea Arthur's alcoholic step-son x8152

- Rusted jalopy, amazing kitsch value. x6878

Crumbling Apartments

-Low rent love nest. Close to subway. x8787

- Crash pad with suprisingly clean mattresses, only two va-grants per room. Weekly rent. x9112

Meth Labs

-Discount with purchase of pirated Taebo videotape. You'll thank me later. x3563

Baby Aerobics

-No one wants fat babies. x1956

Learn English

-Perhaps you have trouble comprehending the English vernacular. Contact me at the following extension and we shall work out a comfortable arrangement. x7671

Drummers

-Looking for jam band to join. Hella chill. x3434

Timeshares

-Bayou location, smells only slightly of toxic mold. x3927

Happy Birthday

-I hate you, Mom, that's why I bought you a newspaper ad instead of a real present or calling. Just kidding. x4109

Ponies

-Magical talking ponies. Price is per hour. x3354

Internet

-If you're reading print classifieds, you obviously don't have the net. Get the net! x5610

Jam Bands

-We're looking for a drummer. Must be hella chill. x1139



Xenex

flouritiscone

**Absolutely no
medical benefit.**

Xenex may be right for you if: You suffer from migraines. You suffer from Irritable Bowl Syndrome. You suffer from Hydroxyglutaricaciduria. You have trouble concentrating. You're afraid of the dark. You're failing math. Your parents hate you. Your cat hates you. You wish, like Breton, "to see a woman appear beautiful and naked at night in a wood." Your earlobes are overly sensitive. You want to be able to enjoy the taste of cheap liquor. You sing along to Rod Stewart songs in the car. You often see yourself as if floating from a great distance. You don't floss. You hate tennis. You don't even know how to play tennis. You often feel a twinge of pain in your chest on Sunday afternoons. Your eyes water from boredom. You drink half-and-half straight from the single-serving cups they give you at the diner. You try to write your name with your less dominant hand and fail. You sleep on the couch. You suffer from sneezing fits after you sleep on the couch. You remember the way your preschool classroom smelled. You are routinely mocked by children. You are routinely mocked by adults. **Ask your doctor about Xenex today!**