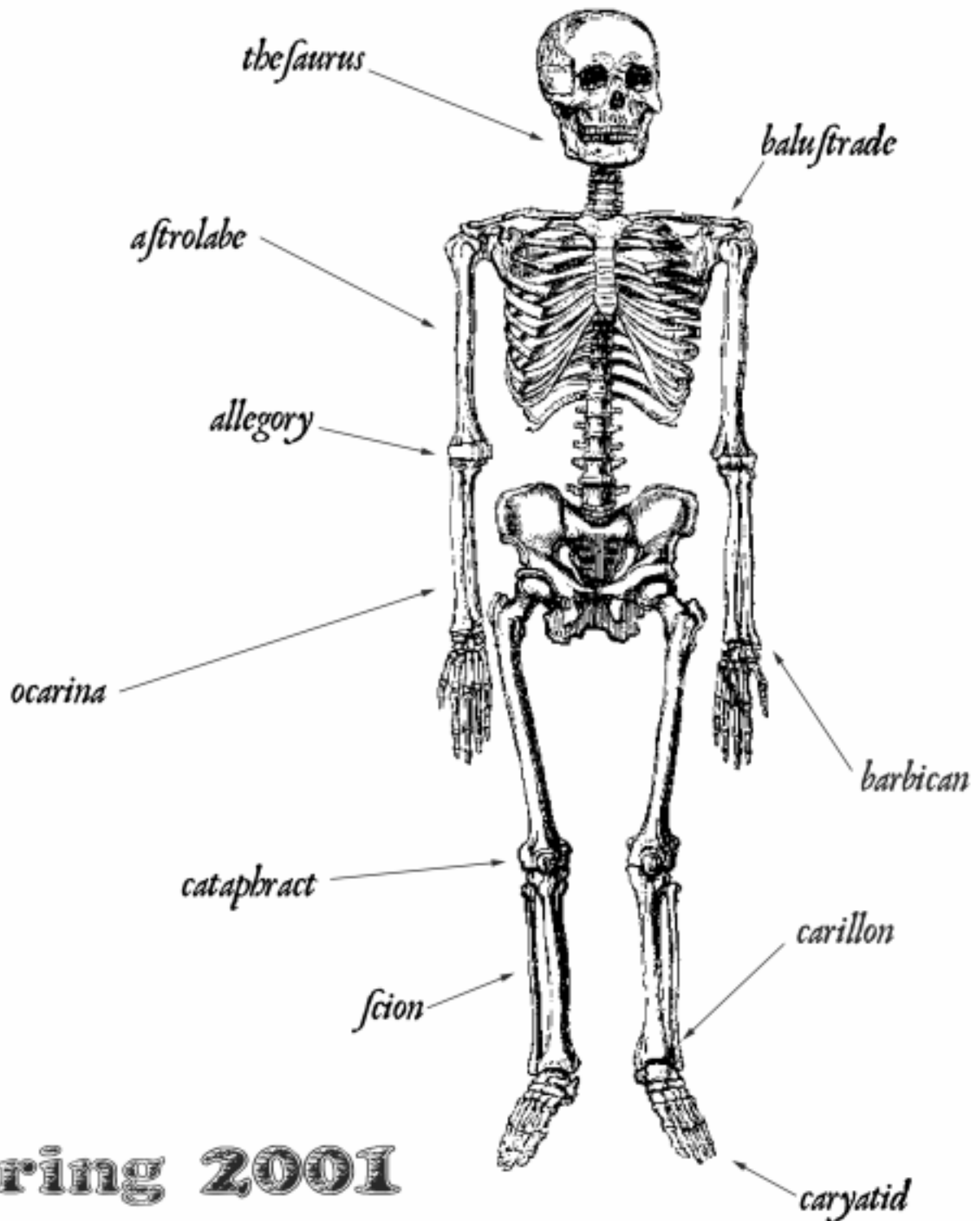


:angry/things:



spring 2001

a n g r y / t h i n g s
ian/cranston

I am angry that I can't get angry at will anymore. That used to be like my mutant power. I could get pissed off at a moment's notice, and then my concentration would go up and I'd do better at stuff. Moreover, when I'm angry these days, in a rare occasion, I become completely unfocused and depressed. I'm just too laid back these days, and I think it's because I'm getting older.

I am angry that I cannot drink at a moment's notice anymore. I used to be a raging alcoholic or something. Now I can barely drink beer. I haven't been "happy drunk" since I went out drinking on Northgate on the Friday before Superbowl, and I followed that up by drinking a jumbo bottle of Jim Beam at Gooch's party out of depression. Since then, I can barely look at the stuff. I feel like such a pussy.

I am angry that I don't get angry about not having a girlfriend lately. I have had more important things to worry about lately, like doing well in school, working, and actually attending Cepheid things. I'm way too busy to give a shit about the fact that either the girls in Cepheid are taken, have no common sense, or have a thing for flaming homosexuals.

But I am most angry about the fact that I can't find reasons to be angry at myself anymore. That used to be my number one motivation. Life is more fun when you have your own archnemesis, just ask Sherlock Holmes, or Spiderman. It's even more fun when it's YOU that's trying to defeat you. When you always have someone to hate, and that hate serves as your motivation in life. It's tough when you don't have that motivation around anymore.

I am angry because I think I'm growing up and getting my head out of my ass.

a n g r y / t h i n g s
longshot

Sfelse: *Anyway - I'm doing the current incarnation of the Unofficial Cepheid Newsletter, named :angry things: in this particular incarnation, and doing the final layout tonight. If'n there's anything you feel like ranting about in the next few hours, feel free to send it my way. :)*

AAIIEEEEEEE, NO, TOOOOO
LAAAAATE!!

FUCK FUCK FUCKETY FUCK!!

Horniness and ethics do not mesh well, my children. Especially when one is witness to massive amounts of getting-laidedness on the part of certain white trash someones who remain nameless not to protect the innocent but because there's about zero chance of anyone reading these words' being acquainted with said white trash. Funny how one can be envious of someone's ability to get laid without any desire whatsoever to lay what *they're* laying...*shudder*. Every time I see the man score, I must suppress the urge to chant "Jer-RY!! Jer-RY!!" Said white trash is almost certainly going to get his comeuppance very



soon, though, as apparently he slept with the wrong married woman. No, not my wife, you twits; she's allergic to white trash. He poked a woman whose mouth is as big as her coochie. And she talks. And she talks. And she TALKS. And she constantly leaves hubby home alone with a season-old child while she goes and acts like the White Trash Ho of Babylon, Tx. And she TALKS. Did I mention she talks a LOT?

Her hubby is acquainted with many of the same people she is, yet she TALKS. Her hubby is undoubtedly getting suspicious, as she's up at some bar or other five nights out of seven, slutting about while he's home with the squirt. And she

TALKS.

Ladies and gentlemen, Ethical Me says
NEVER CHEAT ON YOUR MATE. Three-Digit IQ
Me says IF YOU DO, DON'T TALK ABOUT IT.

Why am I upset? I'm upset because so many people who seem utterly incapable of understanding the peacable, ethical, respectful, considerate and honest relationship Spooks and I share, especially the married-man-openly-flirting-with-me part, are frequently those who more than happily get some on the side and seem to think nothing at all of their mate's feelings about it, nor their marriage covenant, and how significant it is that one would so eagerly VIOLATE the VERY COVENANT THEY AGREE TO.

Now it may seem strange to hear an agnostic speak of covenants, but hear me out; Spooks and I share a covenant. It bears only some resemblance to the "traditional" protestant marital covenant, particularly in the respect and cherish departments. We made our own covenant and swore to abide by it.

THAT'S the important bit. The covenant is of relevance to noone but to those involved in the making of it. Nowhere in our covenant does it specify cleaving solely to one another, nor does it mention obedience. Respect and honesty were one hundred percent emphasized, however. I learned a long time ago that what hurt me most when a girlfriend cheated on me, it wasn't the sex that hurt; it was the deception on a matter that obviously meant a great deal in the relationship.

But the majority of people's marriage covenants do not specify any such allowance for intimate relations outside the marriage. So why agree to it if you're not going to live by it? If you're not even going to try?

WHY OH WHY DO PEOPLE MAKE COVENANTS THAT THEY WAIT THEIR WHOLE LIVES FOR AND MAKE SUCH A PUBLIC THING OVER, ONLY TO BREAK IT AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY???

If you get married, you really should have some idea of just how much importance your mate places in the vows made at the time of marriage. If you can't abide by them, the best thing you can possibly do is let your mate know. If you can't do that, don't get married.

I can't STAND it when adulterers get more than an honest poly person!

AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGHH!!! CHEEKS SMASH!!!! *ROHR*RHHOOOAAAARR*
*crash*tinkle*

I'm feeling much better now.



angry / things
anne / jermain

They say that anger is a secondary emotion. Meaning that something else is bothering you, and you cover your reaction with anger. I guess that makes sense. Most of the time I can't hang onto anger to save my life. I generally end up simply turning it inward. Or I guess if I take my first sentence into account, I let go of the anger and dwell on the primary emotion.

Things like someone cutting me off on my bicycle. Generally, I have a short burst of anger and then I immediately start feeling guilty. Did I do something wrong? Was I in the way? How do they view me now, since obviously they honked and flipped me off; they must think I was in the wrong. Even if I'm certain I was not doing anything wrong I

still feel guilty because that is how they perceive me, and I'd rather not be in the way even if I'm allowed. Another example is being wrong, or doing something stupid. Generally, someone will point it out, and I'll get mad that they pointed it out, because I probably noticed it previously. Or they point it out as if it is obvious, and I had not been told it was wrong, before. There is a manager where I work who reminds me an awful lot of my mother. She is very spacey, and very frustrating at times. She told me never to do something, as if I should have already known. That really irks me. I try not to be entirely clueless. Sometimes I fail. But I don't think anyone has the right to make another person feel like complete shit over even big mistakes. If someone dies because of a mistake you made, then you will probably feel bad enough without someone else rubbing it in.

So how I feel right now. I had a cup of coffee, which has made me jittery and slightly guilty, since I was drinking while at work...technically not supposed to be done (everyone else does it). My mouth has coffee flavor bleh feeling, like I just woke up. I got too much sleep, and I've been in a somewhat odd state of existence for the past few days anyways. Everything feels...well, like I'm floating. Occasionally I'll move my head in a certain way or hiccup or blink and it will solidify into normality, but only quickly enough to remind me that I am in fact not in a standard state of mind. As I'm reading this I am not quite focusing on the words. It's been like that for a while now. I can't make my eyes work, they are choosing to stare at the space directly in front of the words I am typing.

I ate around 10:30 this morning. Of course, I ate too much. I have very rarely left the table not feeling uncomfortably full. Invariably, I have two states: stuffed, or hungry. I dislike feeling hungry, so I opt for stuffed. This is somewhat annoying. But what can you do? So I'm still full, and jittery, and today has to be the worst day I've had at work all semester. This is my first actual job, I work about four hours every day except Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday when I only work three hours. Other folks who work eight hours think I'm a flake for not working very long; in truth four hours is about the maximum I could fit into my schedule per day without going over onto the weekend. And I have lots of stuff to do on the weekend so I think it's perfectly fair to say no to working those piddly two days.

Then again, everyone else thinks I give them a bad reputation, because I -cannot- sit still. I have the hardest time not doing something. I hate being paid to stand around attentively, so I'm always wiping things off or straightening things up. Creating work, basically. Supervisors love me, other employees sort of snarl because it makes them look lazy. Then again, when I act like other employees I don't get away with it. I suppose it works out. Well I was working at the coffee shop today, which is the

slowest section of Sbisa. In fact, it is about like how Sbisa gets right before Spring Break and during the reading days, when most everyone goes home. Days when student workers like myself get to wash the wall tiles. Whee. But Bernie's is - always- like that, so of course I go stir crazy and start wiping everything, which really disturbs the regular workers who clean almost nothing during their shifts. That and I still don't know how to make the coffees and other fancy drinks. I add random amounts of flavorings, and random amounts of espresso, and smile politely, and hope no one notices. No one has said anything, but that may not be a good thing. I dunno. I hate working at Bernie's. Everyone uses the bathroom at Bernie's, too, so there is always traffic going through the somewhat small area behind the counter. Smile pleasantly. Oh, the things I'm thinking.

Today, I have this girl... I'm refraining from using a more descriptive term for her. She is apparently a native Spanish speaker, so she has an accent. At least she doesn't lisp. Don't get me started about the girl who lisps. And never wants any dressing. So this girl asks for a coffee, and some other things; oh she wanted a bagel, and asked if I could toast it. So I put it in the toaster oven. The -look- she gave me! "Can you cut it?" Oh! Silly me, I didn't read your mind. -.- I get this a lot. I'm not psychic. So I cut it and toast it and smile pleasantly and ring her up. She also wants -heated- milk for her coffee. WTF? Well at this point I'm getting somewhat irritated, maybe I shouldn't be but such is life, and I say no. She doesn't snarl at me, quite, and goes to sit at her little table and speak Spanish into her little cell phone and study. Then another girl comes in, and she wants to know what she can get for her meal plan. This would not be an issue if I KNEW what she got with her meal plan, but because the people who work with me aren't usually very sure how much I do or do not know, I've never gotten all the facts down. I take a wild guess about what she can have, and she wants three meals, for her roommates, which isn't allowed, and she wants them all in one box. Well I can't give them to her all in one box, so I get her three boxes and offer her a bag. She gives me this look and proceeds to dump all the food into one box. Of course no one ever realizes that I'm doing them favors because I'm not rude about it, I don't tell them I'm doing stuff I'm not supposed to, so then it feels like

they're taking advantage of me and they don't even appreciate they're like fucking leeches the bastards.

This man comes in and starts to ask me, standing at the cash register in front of this girl and taking her ID card from her, what I consider somewhat obviously me being busy, about a sandwich in the display case ten feet from me, where he is standing. I look at him, say "One moment please," and go back to the transaction at hand. Well the girl asks me how many meals she has left, and I tell her, and she says, "Oh I want to get something else." -.- So I ask her what, and she asks what she can get. *sigh* The man leaves at some point, doubtless upset at me for not helping him. Whatever. I chalk him up to being an idiot and go about getting her yogurt, and oh she wants something else too. And chocolate milk. Finally, she leaves with her booty, doubtless pissed at me because I wasn't more

helpful/perfect. And the fact is that I lost a customer thanks to her and didn't even get a thanks. I hate when people do that; ask extra and get it and think it's expected. Fuck that. I don't even have to be polite, some of the folks I work with are absolute assholes and get away with it. So I'm doing a damned lot and all I get is someone grumbling and thinking I should have done more.

It's like with the chocolate chip cookies. Why the hell people want those in particular I cannot fathom. And everyone takes it as a personal affront when they come up and I do not produce, instantly just for them the exact number of fresh, hot chocolate chip cookies that they would like. Not only that, but they expect me to instinctively know that this is what they want, and hand it to them without their having to so much as say hello. Fuckers. Or the ones who hover. What the fuck is hovering going to accomplish you? They sit and stare at me, and want me to pan the cookies in as short a time as possible just for them. It's like the world revolves around them and I'm being sooo impossibly rude by not producing the fresh hot cookies for them as soon as they arrive. I've even had people glare at me for not having chocolate chip cookies at all, as if this is a personal choice I made. And heaven forbid I apologize for it, although I have no reason to apologize. "Oh, that's fine." You fucking bitch, why don't you have my fucking cookies? Well fuck you too asshole, why don't you get your fucking ass back



here and tray cookies and arrange deserts and look up after five minutes and find that a herd of wild monkeys has come up and stolen ALL of the chocolate chip cookies and of course there's ten more people staring at you and the tray and expecting you to produce more NOW please thank you why aren't you reading their minds yet? My fucking supervisors like to come and hover in my area too, which is like having molten lead hanging over your head, just waiting for them to catch some mistake or another, and then there's the ASSHOLE who likes to sneak up behind me and scare the shit out of me. What the fuck is WRONG with him? GEEZ! I asked him not to do that, so of course there is nothing that gives him more delight now than to do it. I'm going to go fucking ballistic on his ass, I'm just waiting for the right moment.

And and and I fucking BURN myself on a pan and no one realizes this so I'm sitting there in pain with cookies in the oven and an empty tray and starving Ethiopian students just waiting for me to replicate their hot fresh chocolate chip cookies. I fucking hate chocolate chip cookies.

Back to Bernie's. I can't begin to guess how many coffees I sold today that people drank and thought, "Ew..." about. So I'm feeling very incompetent, and it makes me angry, but not long enough to do any good. Because I sink back to feeling incompetent. And I spend the rest of the day, four hours, feeling incompetent. And the girl who comes in towards the end of my shift smiles politely and treats me like an idiot and does homework and acts as if I'm a nuisance. Well I'd be happy to leave too, thanks very much. I hate working at Bernie's. Nothing to do and no one to do it with. Smiling pleasantly. Way way too many people.

But I can't even get angry about it, because there seems to be something about this secondary emotion. Maybe I am too understanding of other people. I used to fly into rages, now I quench them and torment myself instead. I'm not sure this is better. It's all my mother's fault. "It's not okay to hit." So instead I tell myself over and over what a horrible person I am for hitting, then for wanting to hit, then for having that emotional reaction at all. It's wrong to hate other people, and it's wrong to get upset with them, and it's wrong to even think bad things about them. Don't misinterpret. I still think those things. I just feel awful about them. That's fucked up.

So I feel incompetent, and jittery, and full, and as a mixture of these things, I feel incredibly empty.

I wonder how many other people ever feel this way. No one mentions it, if they do. I read

books about people who do, but it seems to me that characters in books can feel anything the author wants them to, and often feel exaggerated emotions which real people rarely experience. In addition to feeling empty, then, I feel very isolated. I can't say alone, because I'm surrounded by people, all of whom are breathing my air and pushing in on my space, my personal space which is over a foot in all directions, and basically getting in my way, and I can't blame them because I understand and they have every right, but dammit I have every right and they completely trample me, walk all over me, because I don't have the selfish drive I'd need, the rage, to push them off. I am surrounded by people who are nothing like me. That's all there is to it. Every time I open my mouth, I am reminded that no one wants to listen to me. Every time I do something I am reminded that I get in the way of someone else. But you can't be invisible, even if you want to. You can never not take up someone's space. By simply being I am in the way, and I hate that. And I fucking hate that people expect me to disappear. If I could, I would. Fuck that, back to the cookies. If I could produce chocolate chip cookies I would. I hate that they assume it's all me being mean, on purpose. And I fucking hate feeling empty and stupid for being in the way and not having their cookies. Bastards.

So I am feeling, well, disoriented is a good way of describing it, but times ten. And I'm not angry. I'm just sort of ... accepting. It seems to me that all of my happy days are simply fuel for my bad ones to tear apart, how I have no right to be happy or how that one thing I said that made everyone smile cannot possibly make up for all the rest of the shit I've said that was stupid or the arguments I've had where everyone thought out loud that I should shut up. It seems I can't do anything to make up for all the wrong things I do, so I'd just like to say I'm fucking sick and tired of trying to be this perfect person everyone seems to want me to be, even though they probably couldn't care less in reality one way or another. And I'm fucking tired of everyone trying to convert me to Christianity, or Judaism, or any other religion. I'm tired of all of my profs who want me to make an effort and do well in their classes so they won't feel like bad teachers, and I'm tired of those profs who think we are there to learn, rather than them being there to teach.

And I hate alcohol, and how it always promises to be this great release but in the end like the story of my life it just multiplies and makes everything worse. And I'm tired of being me, even though there's no one else I'd want to be. Because people don't seem to like me. I

**And I'm
tired of
being me,
even though
there's no
one else I'd
want to be.**

am apparently more annoying than anyone else. Anytime I try to point to someone else and tell myself, look, they're more annoying than you, it backfires and I sit and tell myself how I have no right to judge other people and how wrong it is to make such a comparison and how stupid and desperate and what an awful person I must be to be thinking along those lines and how could I.

And it pisses me off that most people who read this are going to think, god, what a selfish bitch, writing this bullshit. Who cares. I don't wanna hear her sob story. Because at least I'm not fucking some people I could name, who dwell incessantly. Who can't function in society due to their messed up heads. Hell, I don't even have a fucking excuse. Maybe I need one so you won't get so uppity any time I want to complain. Anytime I want to be somewhat human, someone has to fucking whine about it.

But I'd just like you to know, for what it's worth, that this is something I think about. And I'm not going the fuck away. Because I am selfish. So shut the fuck up.

Although, fuck. I hate chocolate chip cookies. And I hate polite people, who fucking sigh that I am not reading their minds like Merritt who apparently wanted me to turn off the A/C which she turned on because it got too cold for her and she wants me to stop typing and turn off my music but she'll never FUCKING SAY SO!!! GRRR!!!! And now I'm so pissed I can't think of anything to write so I think I've accomplished my goal. And why am I angry? What's the primary emotion here? I'm angry

because I feel worthless. How's that for fucked up? It's not fair; I can't even feel legitimate anger. Stupid psychology prof. Dammit.

a n g r y / t h i n g s marco/socrates/soto

Sfelse: *Hey - I'm doing one last round of pimping for :angry things: before I go to layout tonight -- if there's anything you feel like you could work up a good rant on in the very immediate future, please send it my way. :)*

`*_/*' `*_/*'

Not today. In fact, I'm surprised I've been able to post as much as I have. Too much work. Sorry.

But if you want, I could....

You know, my brother is a fucking idiot.

How's that? *smirk*

Marco "Socrates" Soto



"WHEN I VOLUNTEERED TO WORK THIS CONVENTION,
I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I WAS GETTING INTO! EVERY TIME
I TURN AROUND SOMEONE NEEDS SUPPLIES, BITCHES ABOUT
THE SCHEDULE, YELLS AT ME FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO,
OR TRIES TO GET ME TO HELP STALK A GUEST. IT'S ONLY THE
FIRST DAY OF THE CON AND I'M ALREADY EXHAUSTED.
WHEN DOES THE FUN HAPPEN?"

**CON
OPS**

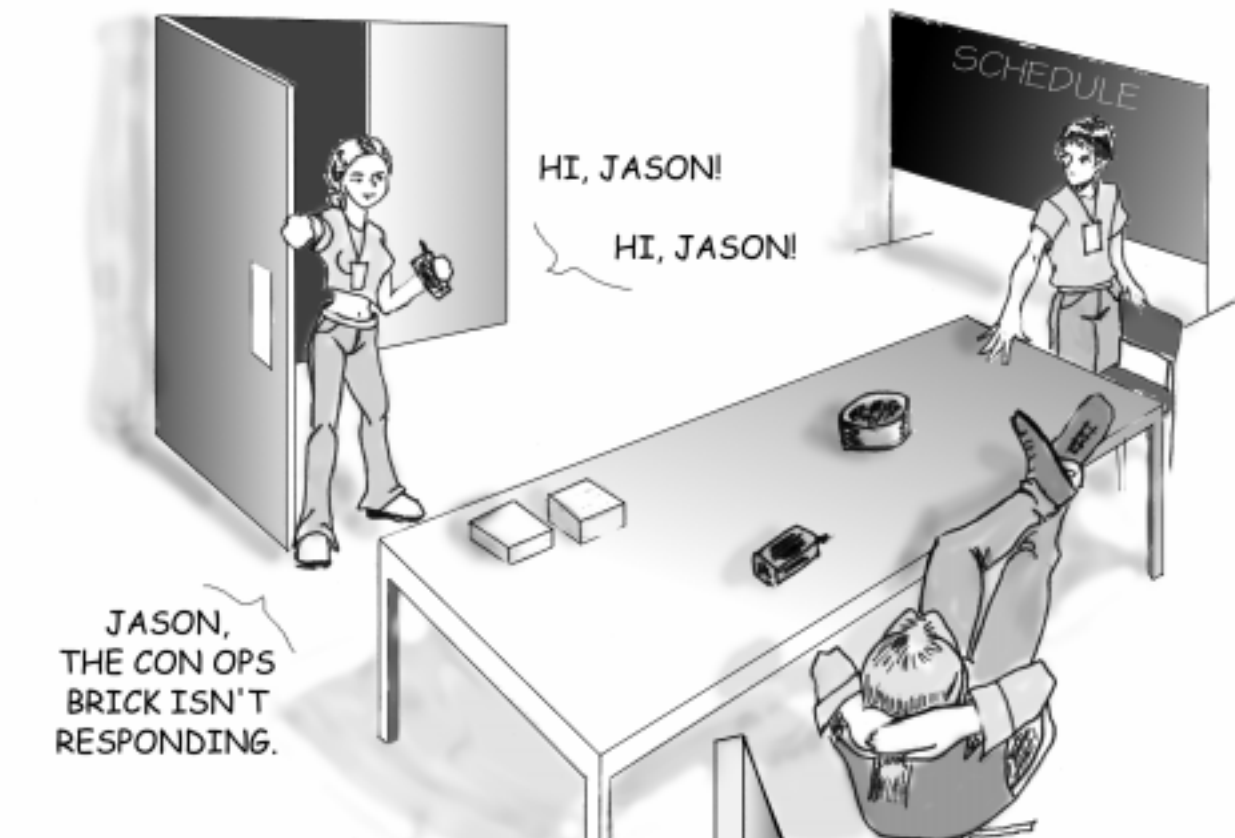
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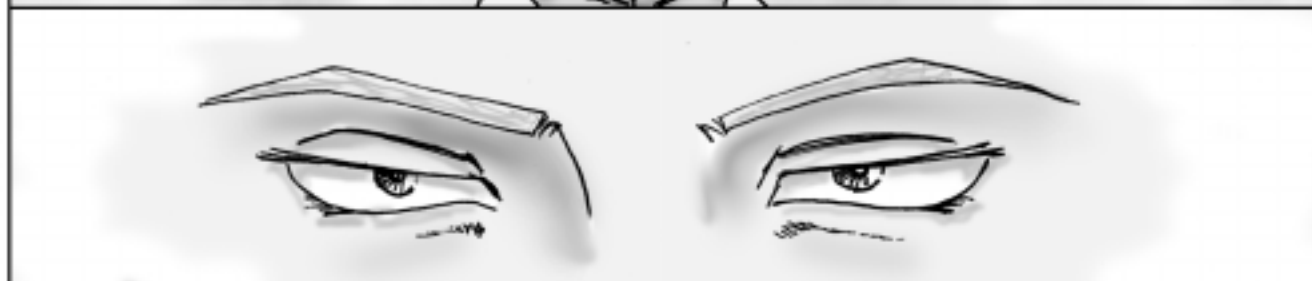
CAN'T SLEEP, CON WILL EAT ME

STORY & ART: STEPHANIE G. FOLSE

RANT: TOBY LEONARD

MORAL SUPPORT AND INSANE IDEAS FOR SEQUELS: MIKE CROCKER





YOU...

YOU MADE
HER LEAVE!

DE NADA.
HERE, TRY
SOME DAMN!

HEY, JASON.
HEY, JASON.

ANYTHING UP?

AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL
ONLY

AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL
ONLY

BUT I'M
STAFF.
LIKE JASON
THERE

HE'S
AUTHORIZED



OH? WHO
AUTHORIZED
HIM?



I DID.
GET THE FUCK OUT.



FUCK YOU,
JASON! I'M
TELLING OUR
ADVISOR WHAT
YOU SAID
TO ME!



IS SHE REALLY
GONNA TELL?



DON'T KNOW.
DON'T CARE.
HOW'S THE DAMN!?

REALLY
GOOD.



WHAT'S
IN IT?

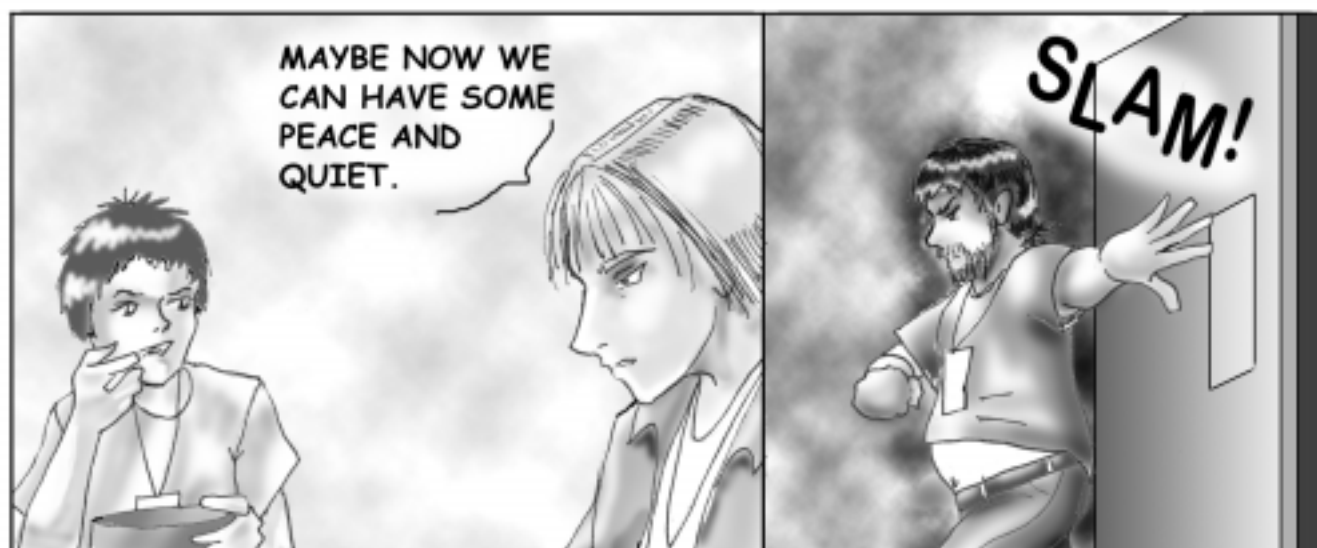


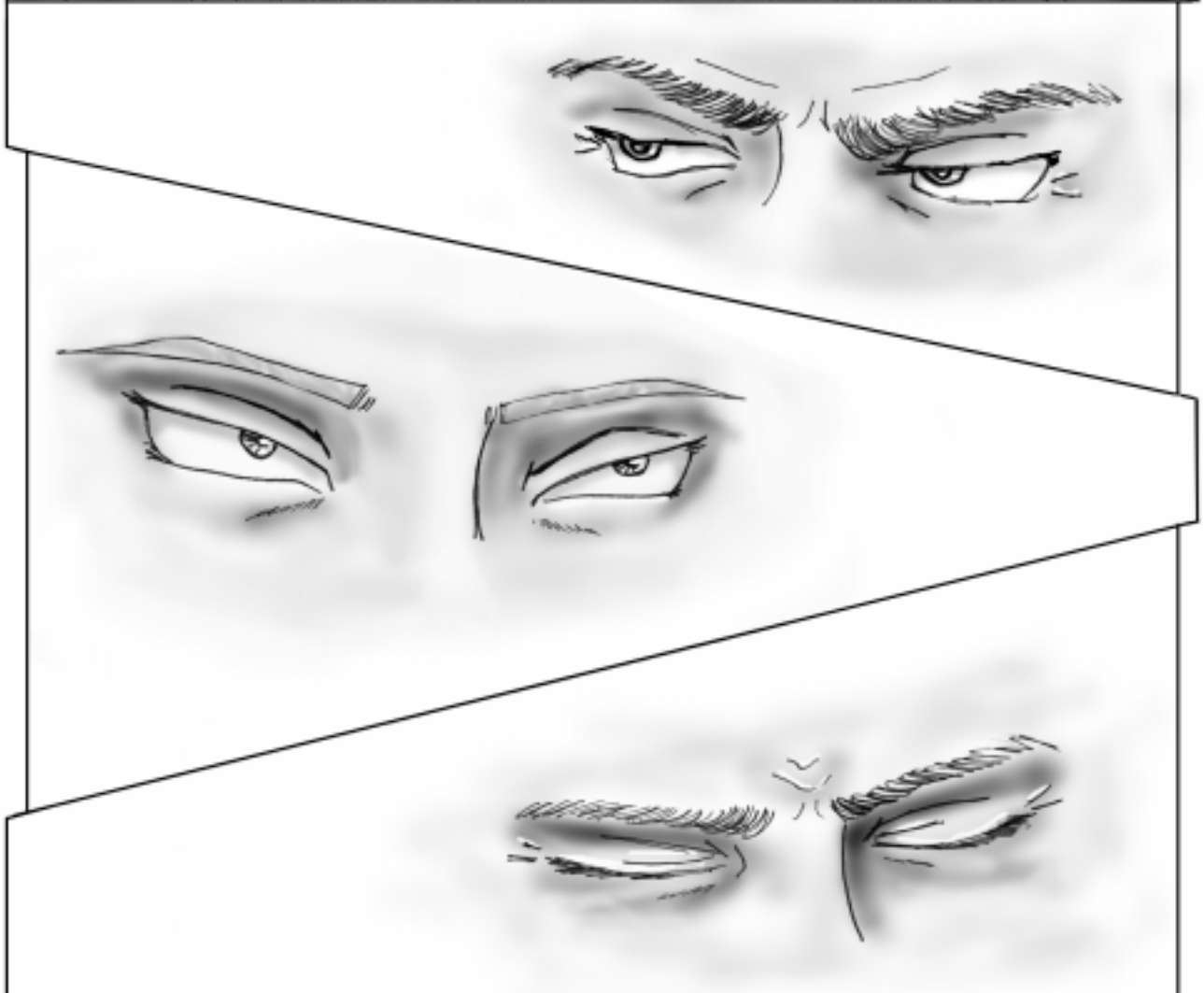
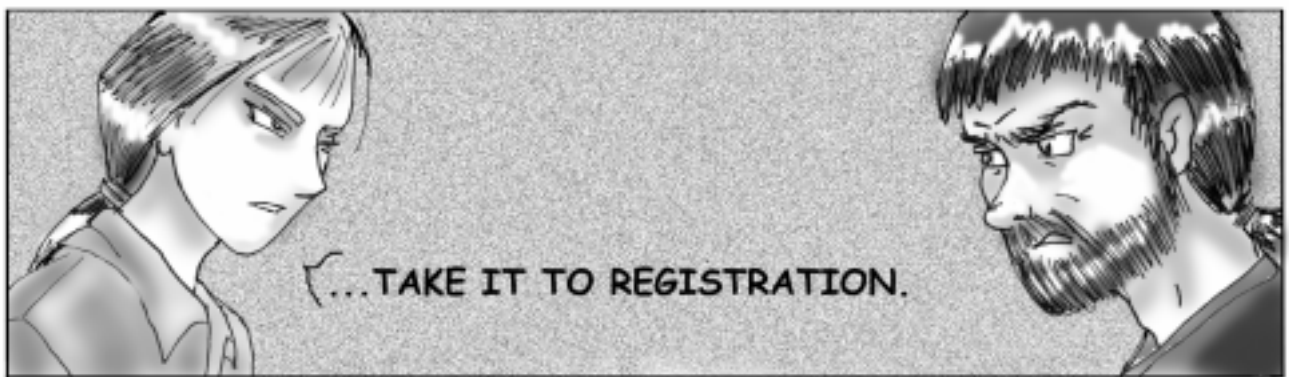
SECRET RECIPE OF THE
DAMN! MASTER. ALL HE
ADMITS TO IS THAT IT'S
GOT ENOUGH CAFFEINE
TO WAKE THE DEAD
AND ALL THE
INGREDIENTS
ARE LEGAL.
GIVES QUITE
THE BUZZ.

KNOCK!
KNOCK!









WHAM!

JASON, WHERE THE FUCK DO YOU GET OFF TELLING MR. FELDMAN THAT I OVERREACT--

YOU PRETENTIOUS LITTLE TWAT! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN WALK IN HERE AND YELL AT US?!? YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A LOWLY GENERAL WORKER! THIS IS CON OPS! YOU CAN'T BARGE IN HERE AND DEMAND SHIT! WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY DAMN PENCILS FOR YOU, AND WE ARE NOT GONNA TAKE ANY SHIT FROM YOU EITHER! AND TO TOP IT ALL OFF...

PANT PANT PANT...

YOU'RE NOT AUTHORIZED TO BE HERE!

[illegible]

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YOU'RE NOT AUTHORIZED TO BE HERE!

PANT PANT PANT...

FBI

THE CON

D. J.

[illegible]

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED WORKING
CON OPS NEXT YEAR?

{...GIVE ME
THAT...

FINIS!

"Where the Fuck Did I Go Wrong?"

Survey, by Ian Cranston, aka Action Bastard

Disclaimer: This article is dead-fucking-serious, and not a joke. Bleh.

Ok, for those wondering about the title, this is a brave new idea that I came up with while I was drunk at the Christmas party. As a couple of you know, I signed a death pact with myself back in September (I wasn't drunk that time -- just depressed off my ass) stating that if I don't get a girlfriend, or at least START to form my first abortive and dysfunctional relationship, then I'm going to go do the "circle of death"*. I've tried damn near anything already, but let's just put it this way; I've spent most of Christmas break searching for morticians that are good at reconstructing heads and faces. After all, all the girls in my classes are either ugly or sorority slut whores, yet they will rebuff my advances regardless. That, and trying to find a girlfriend in Cepheid is like playing "Deer Hunter" rules Russian Roulette** -- futile, stupid dangerous, and bound to end with me being buried in Vietnam. And lastly, I will core out my prostate with a grapefruit spoon and mummify my schlong before I get a mail-order bride or go faggot.

All pleasantries aside, I want your honest answers and input, because I will be using this input to improve myself and prevent my imminent death, or self-castration. If you joke around, I will kill you. If you don't answer the survey, I will kill you. And if one of your answers leads to me getting a girlfriend, even if for a short while, or if we end up hating each other, then there's two bottles of Wild Turkey (or an equivalent for you teetotallers) with your name on it. Next month, we'll print the general consensus to the questions. Let's begin, shall we?

1. Does my resemblance to the Elephant Man make you physically ill? YES or NO

If YES, should I start wearing a shroud? YES or NO

Again, if YES, do I need the hat too? YES or NO

If you answered YES to both of these questions, stop being a smartass. That's my job, bitch. Slap yourself.

2. Do you think that I am an alcoholic just because I occasionally (read: every party) consume \$10 sour mash whiskey or rye in excess and act silly (read: screaming in pseudo-Japanese while brandishing my wooden Yakuza sword, and wearing my bathrobe and lipstick)? YES or NO

If YES, go to a fucking Alkanon meeting and learn to know the difference.

3. Does the fact that I only smile when I'm drunk (or if something scary is about to happen) frighten or unnerve you? YES or NO

If YES, take a long walk around Walton with a sandwich board proclaiming "Free Ass Here. Walton Loads my asshole" at night. Bonus for weekends and drinking holidays.

4. My ultra-black and self-derisive (and destructive) sense of humor is probably the only good quality that I can see in myself, and the only non-alcohol reason that I'm not being eaten and shit out by giant crow-men on an hourly basis in hell right now. You have a problem with it? YES or NO

If YES, take a swim in Fish Pond. The morbus will do the rest.

5. Are you one of those people that have a problem with my "negativity"? YES or NO

If YES, then do you realize that there are many others that are more negative than I in our little organization, and more vocal? (I won't name them here, but will on request) YES or NO

If NO, then let me know, so we can set up an appointment for you to take a long walk into my fist. Repeatedly.

6. FOR GIRLS: Please check one or more of the following qualities that you find attractive in a man:

☐ Self-loathing ☐ Tall, but not tall enough to be considered tall by anyone but midgets ☐ Morbidly obese
☐ Hideously deformed face ☐ Poor ☐ No car ☐ Wrongfully considered insane by general consensus
☐ Jingoism ☐ Xenophobia ☐ Encyclopedic knowledge of useless trivia, and photographic memory for such (ie, anime, games, etc.)
☐ Likes video games ☐ Chronically unable to smile
☐ Poor in social situations (except drunk) ☐ Ex-"Nice Guy" (ie, you can still take advantage of and manipulate him until he finds out and gets pissed)
☐ No future to speak of (good job security, but will go nowhere), and no hope for the future. ☐ Too heterosexual (ie, bad fashion sense)
☐ Voice too deep, causing various retards to think that I mumble enough for them to point it out about

every week, even though that I haven't officially mumbled much since March of 1999, when I came out of my shell, so to speak. O Catholic (but still willing to fuck) O Has a knack for falling for girls that are either taken (and don't tell him), taken (and tell him), dyke slut bitches, girls that take advantage of his feelings and use him for their own end, or just generally hate him?
O Others: _____

7. Which of these noted faults should I correct? (check all that apply):

- O My "depressing" nature, which brings joy to tens on a daily basis in the form of my writing
- O My negativity, or realism, effectively killing any motivation and destroying my power center
- O My ugly face, requiring multiple thousands of dollars in plastic surgery, and years of treatment
- O My present physical shape, requiring dangerous, expensive surgery and experimental drugs
- O The fact that I don't feed women lines of bullshit in order to string them along in a sad and almost masturbatory attempt to bolster my ego
- O The fact that I'm still breathing, requiring death of some kind

8. How the fuck do you suggest that I should improve myself?

9. Do you have a (Female) sister, or a (Female) roommate, or a (FEMALE) friend of legal age that would be willing to date an ugly, horrid bastard such as myself (and on the same note, would you be willing to damn her to this horrible fate)? YES or NO

If YES, please give her my email (HYPERLINK "mailto:lupin@tamu.edu" lupin@tamu.edu) and phone number (680-0644)

**Note: successful confirmation on this one results in an instant win, folks.*

10. BONUS ROUND (Girls only): Are YOU a single female that would be willing to go out with yada yada, etc. ? YES or NO

In the unlikely case of a YES, please contact me at the above info.

**Note: successful confirmation of the above is an instant win, but that won't mean too much since hell will be frozen over and the world will explode.*

Afterword:

Ok, anyway, thanks if you filled out the survey. It's not like I'm asking for a miracle here, folks. I see uglier assholes than me out there with passable to beautiful girlfriends all the time on campus, so it can't be impossible. All I ask for is something female, human, with a pulse, and that smells nice. Jeez. Anyway, I guess that's enough verbal dysentery here for this month. See you in 30 for the results, when you can laugh at my misfortune. It's ok, I laugh at it too, it's one of the few things that keeps me going (since hope is dead and fucking stuffed).

* A fun act where a person sits in a circle of dynamite, and if done correctly, they survive. If not, they die. My role model, Dennis Hopper successfully completed it, and he got to bone Natalie Wood at one time or another in his life. So essentially, if I don't die, I'll get a good angle, I'm guessing.

** That is, playing with like 3-5 bullets in the chamber. In this case, not using the bullets to shoot Vietcong captors, though.

c h o o s e / y o u r / o w n
a s s r a p e

i a n / c r a n s t o n

#1: Engineering Hell
By R.A. Stoner



4

After graduation, you cool your heels a bit before registration. And after a couple of things like things like your father getting a kidney removed, and your grandmother dying, you finally shuffle off to College Station to sign up for classes and go to orientation. Because of the bad idea that you are good with science and math, you choose to go into Engineering. You are approached by a gang of well-dressed professors, and told that you should go with their new, experimental learning track, the "Foundation Coalition." Supposedly, this new way of learning will help you learn more, and prepare you to work in the job market better than regular classes can. If you would like to sign up, go to 6. If you are wary of this, go to 7.

5

Unfortunately, your idea of a disguise is a wig made of Brillo, black shoe polish, and an NWA T-shirt. And even more unfortunately, you decided to walk past the basketball team on the way to the counselor's office. After being severely pummeled and losing the use of your limbs to severe nerve damage, the sports team dumps you in a construction runoff outside, where you are entombed in a bog of mud and suffocate to death as sludge enters your lungs. When the local cracker police unearth your well-preserved corpse, and are the only ones to buy your sad disguise. When news hits about the killing, it is believed to be the work of white supremacists, leading to nation-wide race riots that end in the destruction of our nation's capital, and the deaths of thousands, including your family, your relatives, and even your dog. What's worse is that about every dirty foreigner in the world chooses this opportunity to wage a united strike against the US, ending the land of the free and home of the brave forever. You lose, cocksucker. YOU DIE

6

OH NO! It was a trap. After signing away your eternal soul, you promptly fuck up in your first semester of classes due to the substandard learning environment, foreign TA's, and imbecilic professors. You are then ejected from the Coalition because of your "substandard" grades, and are left to fend on your own, like most of the other suckers that signed up. While you manage to pull yourself together after

1

You are a graduating senior in High School. While you weren't a valedictorian, you placed in the upper 5 percent of your class, which means that it's possible to go to A&M. What do you want to do? If you would like to take a semester off and work to get some money, go to 2. If you want to skip that shit, and check for scholarships before you go to college, go to 3. If you would like to go to A&M and enter the Corps of Cadets, go to 9.

2

Unfortunately, what started as a good idea turned into a world of shit. While working at Albertsons for a pittance (because you couldn't get a job at Blockbuster, since they only hire cocksuckers and assholes to do their dirty work), you accidentally knock up one of the girls that works the deli counter during a late-night "foreign" run. Eventually, you marry the ugly bitch, and squirt out even more kids, sealing in blood and semen your very own damnation to live in a wretched hell of eternal failure. Vegas says 2:1 hanging with a belt, 3:1 sucking on a tailpipe. After all, you can't afford a gun with your pitiful salary. You lose, asshole. YOU DIE

3

Unfortunately, you are a WASP male, whose parents make over \$2,000 a year, so you aren't eligible for any scholarships. Do you shrug it off and go to College (go to 4) or come up with a disguise in an attempt to get a scholarship (go to 5)?

several years, your GPA will never see a 3.0, and similarly, you will live an unsatisfying, dead-end existence, making even less than you would have at Albertsons. In time you will die a failure, be forgotten on Earth, and will rot in hell for eternity, since you no longer have a soul. In short, you're fucked forever. YOU DIE

7

You tell the professors that you will think about it, whereupon they spit on the ground in disgust. Suddenly, a crack in the floor opens, exposing a jet of sulfurous gas (which melts several students nearby) and a seemingly endless shaft to the Earth's core, into which the professors retreat. You shrug it off, and go home.

The fall finally rolls around, and you find out that you are an overassignment for housing, therefore you will have to live in Walton Hall. It is a dark, ugly manor of shit, and for some reason reminds you of the giant fiery pit that you saw earlier. You also finally got your Fall class schedule, which reads like this:

ENGR 109---
Bolton
MATH 142---
Barrow
PHYS 108---
Heibert
ENGL 109---
Daugherty

What will you do?
Will you hang around
your room (go to 8), or
will you go out to get
something to eat (go to 10)

8

Two of your neighbors knock on the door, and ask if you would like to go to a "fun" get-together for incoming Freshmen. You reluctantly say yes, and they then grab you by the arms and force your head into the concrete wall before binding, gagging, and dragging you out to the courtyard. There, with all of the other dumbasses that didn't run away or hide in their rooms, you are sodomized repeatedly by the upperclassmen and various farm animals. Suicide is the only logical recourse.

Unfortunately, you didn't lock your door when you hanged yourself from the top bunk frame, and after your neighbors steal your TV, they rape your corpse a couple of times before pushing it out into the hall for others to enjoy. That, and since you killed yourself, you'll be having similar fun for all eternity in hell. It pays to be antisocial. You lose, faggot. YOU DIE

9

OH NO! It's a trap! You are in the corps--- do I need to say anything else? If I do, then read number 8 to get an idea. You lose, shithead. YOU DIE

10

Choices, choices -- you can either go eat in one of the dining halls (this one goes to 11), or search for alternate dining options (go to 12).

11

The Commons is not your first choice, but you figure that it's better than starving. You "feast" on the main entrée of the night, Beef Parmesan. However, after about 5 minutes, the noxious tomato sauce begins to eat through the protective lining of your all-too-human stomach. If it would have stopped there, you would have only had bleeding ulcers for the rest of your life, but the sauce begins to eat through your stomach, and seep into your intestines. Suddenly, your organs are beginning to dissolve into a soup-like consistency, which you begin to vomit up in a reflex action. The sauce is continuing to eat through your intestines, and suddenly you shit a syrupy blood and acid mixture which eats through your pants and splashes on the brown tile floor. Finally, MERCIFULLY, you choke to death when the acid eats

through your lungs. When nobody is looking, the staff salvages your testicles and scrotum to serve on Monday; chipped with a cream sauce over toast. At least in this case you didn't go to hell. YOU DIE

12



Although you feel ripped off by the higher prices on campus, you eat at one of the "fine" non-university establishments for the evening. Life goes on, and you start to go to classes. Unfortunately, you have some of the worst professors available for your first round of classes. Not only that, but none of their TA's are able to speak English, and as a result, fuck up when grading your papers, and helping to pave the road for failure. You flunk out of school on your first semester, and return in shame to live with your parents while you sort your life out. Eventually, you get a job at Albertsons as a bagger. After several years of horror and pain in their service, you decide to climb into the paper compactor out back and end your misery. As the jaws of escape from life begin to descend, they grind to a halt about 10 inches above your body, due to a freak electrical short that fried the machine. Unfortunately, this means that you are trapped in the compactor, with no visible means of escape (since you are the only one who actually ever uses the compactor). While you subsist on your own piss for two weeks in a vain effort to stay alive until rescue, you eventually dry up, and die a painful death of dehydration. If there is one good thing, your corpse is too dried out for you to shit and piss yourself once death arrives. Unfortunately, since you were trying to kill yourself in the first place, that's a mortal sin, and just bought you a first-class ticket to hell, where you get to experience the miserable scenario of your life in an endless, painful loop, with no way to change your situation. Experience it, that is, between all of the sodomizations by bull-demons, and other tortures. You fucking lose, asshole. **YOU DIE**

Well, hope you guys enjoyed yourself. Too depressing? Fuck my dick. I mean it. Fuck it. There ARE NO happy endings in real life. If you don't realize that yet, then go grab one of the little bottles from under the sink with the green-faced sticker on it, and mix it with some alcohol to make a tasty drink. It'll turn you into Spiderman. Really. Good-bye, and take care of your sorry asses.

Coming next month: Valentine's Special--- Choose Your Own Assrape #2: "Cupid Must Die. Now."



Visit Brian's Page of Antique Weirdness
<http://www.teleport.com/~gambel/veerid.html>

m o v i e s / o f / 2 0 0 0 i a n / c r a n s t o n / u n p l u g g e d

This article began as an attempt to summarize my feelings on this year's major films (the ones I saw, at least). But you know what? I hate my "good" reviews. I'm sure you do too, because they're anemic and . So I'm only going to review my favorite movie of the year so far, and the several movies that I absolutely hated. And let me tell you, I hate them...they all rank on my alltime worst scale. So sit back, and bask in the glory of my return to the land of bitterness.

Before that, though, I'm going to say one thing: Mr. Cranky sucks. Not only has he been late all year with his reviews, he can't even come up with clever or interesting ways to be bitter about movies anymore. That, and his messageboard cronies need to take a nice long walk into an open sewer, or freeway. In short, Mr. Cranky is a fucking pussy, and might as well be choking down cocks on the wharf in a petticoat, because that's where his site's gone. Go to the Filthy Critic instead, although he reviews less movies, and still isn't really even worthy to shine my balls. Ok, on to the show.

American Psycho: One of my favorites of this year, because I can empathize with the character more than anyone else in recent film memory. Granted, Bateman is very unlike myself; he is handsome, rich, can get whatever pussy he wants, and lives a charmed life but I'm talking about the "inner persona." He is fucking nuts, cold, detached, and completely isolated from the world because nobody gives a shit about him or even takes him seriously. A truly tragic figure. A lot of people gave this movie a bad rap, but that was because they expected it to be some kind of slasher film like "Scream" rather than the black comedy that it was. I still liked the book better because the main character (Bateman) was a lot more violent, misogynistic, and racist, but they had to tone him down in order to actually get this made. I thought that it was worth it for the "flex during sex" scene, the Huey Lewis axe murder, and of course, the use of a "chainsaw as a spear," as the capalert review page put it. I just wish that they would have kept in his haiku (if you want to hear it, ask me sometime, I memorized it) and the part where he tricked his fiancée into eating a chocolate covered urinal puck.

Battlefield Earth: Watched some on resnet so I wouldn't be supporting the "church" of Scientology, and yes, Virginia, it is as bad as they say, and more. Imagine farting in a snowsuit; the fart is trapped in there, and will just fester there and get worse until you finally open it, and the noxious fumes are released. Now, imagine eating food from the Commons and farting in a snowsuit. Magnify it 100x, throw in a torn scrotum and a couple of hangnails, and you'll come close to simulating the

pain, and save \$2.99 and an hour and a half of your life while you're at it.

High Fidelity: WARNING: IAN JUST SWITCHED "ON." HIDE THE KIDS. Oh, but FUCK I hated this movie. I really don't give a shit how great everyone says it is, it isn't. If you haven't seen it, don't believe the fucking hype. It is pure and utter runny, smelly, boiled egg shit. I missed the free preview because of exams, but everyone said "Ian will like this movie because it's very hateful towards women. It's really his kind of movie." BULL-SHIT. I watched it on resnet on my first night here at HDC and I was swinging from the lamps and throwing my shit like a raging ape with blueballs and hemorrhoids. I could not identify with anyone in this movie. I could not find one single character that I cared about. All I could tell the movie was about was a whiny bastard who was lucky enough to HAVE 5 dysfunctional relationships (re: women to fuck), how self-absorbed he was, how he was obsessing over some bitch that didn't deserve such attention, and lastly, some fat annoying guy. I hate that fat, annoying guy (Jack Black, probably came up with that name so that people couldn't find him in the phonebook, go to his house, shit on his lawn, and then arcweld several yappy mexican dogs to his fat

lousy cover of that stupid "One is the loneliest number" song for most of the film's 3 or 10 hours. If I had to torture someone, I'd probably put that song on for them to listen (I'd wear earplugs, of course, covered by ear muffs) while I pulled out their toenails, or slapped them in the face with a salami while making them sing Judy Garland songs. It would break their mind much easier than any conventional weapon.

Pitch Black: I think that I realized that this movie sucked when I choked on my tongue during the epileptic seizure that I had at the beginning. Flashing lights do not make a good first impression. I'm sure that all the chicks in the theatre were swimming in their shorts over old cueball, and thus blinded to the fact that this movie sucked, but I wasn't. Take a bunch of second and third rate actors from various Sci-Fi Channel and USA movies of the week, put them roles that give you no reason to care whether they live or die, mix with a plot and monsters that rip off Aliens, Starship Troopers and Tremors, and let it fester for 2 hours of your life that you won't get back. That's my recipe for a shitty movie. My big gripe is, if you're going to have people killed in what is essentially a violent movie, show them die bloody deaths. Show them get eaten alive. Don't be

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ass in retribution for this film), and I'm usually the first one to cheer for one of my brethren. If I were that little heroin addict looking guy, I would have taken a Bowie knife and cut his vocal cords before slashing him from crotch to crest. But that's not all. The thing that takes the cake is that they insulted Ryuichi Sakamoto, my favorite Jap musician. Fucking shit, that was like having John Cusack knock on my door and kick me in the nuts when I opened it. When I heard that line, I felt like Charles Bronson's character (Kersey) in each of the 90 "Death Wish" films whenever he found out that his wife, or sister, or second cousin, or eighth grade civics teacher had been raped/murdered/hospitalized/taken to Denny's to eat. I tried to stab some of my co-workers then with a ball of cement that I ripped from the wall, but they ganged up on me, force-fed me my Diazepam and put on some Ludwig Van, so I decided against it. Ok, I don't want this article running on to 5 pages, so I'll end here. If you'd like to hear some more feelings of mine on this film, ask me sometime when I'm drunk, like the Christmas party. I'll probably be a lot calmer then.

Magnolia: Good movie, but the soundtrack is pure HELL. Just had to list this because listening to that untalented trollop Amiee Mann drone on with her

conservative and "artsy" about it like this film is.

Rules of Engagement: Not really bad, but I was so tired from working out all day (I did that, back when I had the time) that I fell asleep and only caught the last 15 minutes. I thought that was funny and thought that I should share.

Scream 3: I'd like to take Kevin Williamson out in an alley and beat him to death with one of those rubber ass hats that they sell at Spencer's. He's the fucker that started all of those piss-poor, "self-referential slashers" that popped up at the end of the 90's. Sorry, kind of off topic there. That, and Jay and Silent Bob pop up in a cameo, proving that they are no longer cult characters, but overused, unoriginal, ultimately annoying (especially in Jay's case) schmucks. Just like Kevin Smith.

Whipped: By a hair, this was third worst of the year. Why? I hated High Fidelity the most, no question about it. I hated this and Pitch Black just about the same, but when it came down to it, I actually paid money to see Pitch Black, whereas I just waited in line to see this one for free at Rudder. I still want my money back. I think the reoccurring theme of the movies that I hated was that I didn't like the characters, or care for them. I just realized this. Anyway...this movie was supposedly shot in 1998

but shelved because it sucked. They decided to exhume this bloated corpse when "The Whole Nine Yards" did well, and "Body Shots" did alright, since that slut Amanda Peet is in all of these turds. I hoped that by some miracle, there would be a moral at the end, and that a freight train would come crashing through the ceiling of Rudder to bring everyone death to deliver us all from the helium voiced closet fag, the annoying little wigger, the vapid retard, and the slut of all sluts. I also hated the "girl power" message at the end; sure, guys are assholes. But you know what? SO ARE YOU, GIRLS, when you get in your fuckin "The View" mindset and think that you're high and mighty!

DIEDIEDIEDIEDIEHATEHATEHATEHATEMURDERMURDERMURDER

Ok, that's all for now. My spleen has been vented to the point of bleeding, and I have no more bile left to spew. See you next year.



l i f e / w i t h / f u c k a r i a n / c r a n s t o n

This is a short article. It's about our roommate of convenience, Neven Fuckar. Jeff has more room to complain about this dirty Croat son of a cunt, but he's a nice guy, and is willing to let this go. I'm not a nice guy and I'm going to bitch about him for a while because I feel like it.

I first thought it was a bad idea to let this guy in our house when I heard he was a foreigner. Afterall, putting up with TA's and other ratbags from other countries through my engineering classes and job has given me a deep seated hatred of aliens, unless they are young ladies with nice jugs or a nice ass. The second clue was that his name is "Fuckar", as in "fucker." As in his ancestors' jobs were to be the town fucker, much like people with the name "Smith" had ancestors that made horseshoes and other metal shit. It wasn't long until we figured out how true he was to his namesake.

He has screwed us, especially Jeff out of large amounts of money, because he signed the agreement, but when he found out that rent included DSL, he whined about it until we let him not pay. However, he still insisted on the largest room, when he didn't need it at all, and demanded that he get his own bathroom. And then he wouldn't sign the lease for about a month and we had our slumlord on our ass. Now, because he's leaving on the 8th of May, a week early, he feels that he should only pay half rent for this month. Needless to say, he's about one step away from a sheer heart attack.

I've been losing sleep thinking of ways to tell this guy to go fuck himself before he leaves, but I need to find a way that won't get me busted for hate crimes. So if you have any ideas, let me know ASAP, before the 8th. I have considered relieving myself in or on some of his stuff, but he apparently has none.

Before I'm done, here is my haiku to Neven Fuckar:

Neven Fuckar, scum
You dirty Cro-at douchebag
I hope that Serbs poop on you
Thank you.

