

NEWS OF THE ABSTRACT

Vol 1, No. 1

October, 1993

FARM

How would you like to live on a farm? Boring...It's not boring, it's just quiet - real quiet. It used to be boring but the older one gets, the more one likes to think, and a farm is a darn good place to do that.

Following then, a logical train of thought, it must follow that the process of following a thought through to fruition is a seed planted by nature. Switching swiftly between metaphors, the tree grows a long time before it ever realizes that it's a tree (if it ever does at all). In fact, the oldest tree in the world (957.3 years old) may have no idea of its own existence. I think you can see why trees are so difficult to talk to.

However, a major redeeming quality about trees and vegetables in general is that they tend to be very good listeners. I talked to a tomato just the other day (I told it that it was a fruit, not a vegetable -- it didn't seem to care either way). While they don't hear the same way we do, they do seem to feel vibrations; and, to answer, they often simply vibrate their response back. Of course, we are hardly listening. But, that's it's lot in life -- to be rejected and then eaten...and we think our own life is meaningful -- but we're too wrapped up in the mundane world to even stop to consider the fact that vegetables may have *KARMA* too!

So, one must look for the reaction of the various vegetables, constantly seeking out the V-RESPONSE. And, when you finally begin to hear it and feel it, thenm you, too, can go to the farm, walk out into the middle of the field and scream on the top of your lungs, "SHUTTTTTT UPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!@#%\$#\$%^&*%&^."

But those vegetables will go on vibrating anyhow, along with the trees, grasses, roots, and assorted tubers. That's just the way it is on a *FARM!*

NOON

What time is it?
noon..

It's always noon. That's because the present, or should I say the point of time that is now, is the only point of time that exists in both the consciousness *and* in physical reality.

What time is it?
It's noon.

Noon is in the middle of everything
Time is in the middle of everything
but

Noon is in the middle of *TIME*
But wait...

What's in the middle of NOON?

It depends how you look at it. For example, one could make the argument that nothing is in the middle of NOON because Noon can be divided into two parts: NO and ON, a two letter string plus its retrograde form. Actually, it seems that "and" appears to be in the middle of NOON (sort of the "noon of NOON" so to speak), which I guess is better than nothing.

Yes but...

Actually the middle of NOON is really two 0's -- sort of like the two potential seeds of knowing (Yin and Yang once again rearing their ugly heads).

The mirror image of NOON is still [noon] except the N's are backwards. This is the door that opens to cosmic time accessibility. **Nature, like all cosmic computers, has its own passwords.**

On the other hand, what can you do with time? Yes, you're right! NOTHING. Time is forever trapped within the confines of the left hemisphere and that's what makes it so difficult to deal with.

Troll Gets a Pet

Troll Twillers, often considered a lonesome kind of guy, finally found someone (or should I say "something") to keep himself company. It so happened that the local Catholic Relief Society was giving away free kittens. And so he got himself one. As a matter of fact he named his cat (guess what?)...are you ready for this?...**DOGMA**... "Nice name for a cute, little, Catholic kitty cat," mused the amused Troll. And so his pathetic life was filled with Dogma -- at least for a while.

Troll began to discover that cats don't always have the right kind of energy even for the most lonesome of guys...and so it was then that he decided to get a dog. I guess he figured that whatever "yin" the cat had would be balanced by the "yang" of the dog. "The yin of the cat and the yang of the dog...how poetic!," quipped the terminally bemused Troll, and he set out to find his "counterpet." Well, he certainly did not have to look very far because lying in the gutter almost at his feet was a kind of snivelling (make that sniffing) canine.

"What a laid-back dog," thought old Troll, somewhat perplexed by the pooch's apparent abandonment. What Troll didn't know was the dog's former occupation was with the post office -- that would explain the runny nose -- the beast was an ex-drug sniffer who had smelled one too many cocaine stashes.

Of course, Troll wasted no time naming his "yang dog." "I've got the perfect name for you -- **CATASTROPHE** -- How do you like that???" The dog didn't care at all.

So Troll Newell Twillers was last seen walking down the street between **DOGMA** and **CATASTROPHE**, a living metaphoric testimonial to his own condition, and probably he'll live happily ever after even though it's just a matter of time before the animals begin to develop identity crises.

Sardines

A sardine doesn't have to breathe because its gills are filled with oil by a person designated as the gill-filler. The man who fills those gills with a solution part oil, part swill, is named Gilbert "Swill" Twillers, a second and a half cousin (more about this bizarre relationship later) of our pal Troll Twillers. They call half cousin Gil by the title "Gil Swill the gill-filler Twillers"...indeed, a legend in his own time.

Modern technology has found a way to take advantage of the behavioral patterns of the sardine. The ill-fated fish is exploited by cunning fisherpeople who have observed that nobody likes to party like a sardine (and that is the origin of some of those endearing sardine expressions one hears nowadays like "*Smarty Smarty had a sardine party*," and "*As clean as a lean sardine*," as well as the songs such as *Girl of my Sardines*, and *My Sardines are Turnin' Green Over You* [country]. Not to mention the famous line uttered to W.C.Fields by Mae West, "Hi there big boy -- is that a sardine in your pants or are you just glad to see me?" But the single most important thing that identifies the sardine as the prototypical party animal is the fact that it has been chosen the official party animal of the 1988 Olympics.). Wonderful.

Evolution has spawned a sardine ritual that finds the fish swimming in a frantic circle below at-sea oil derricks. This creates an enormous force that literally sucks the oil right up from the floor of the ocean. On their way to the surface the animals catch the oil on their microscopic scales and soak it up like sponges. Then, they all slither up next to each other and, after an orgasmic frenzy, smoke a cigarette and swim off. Knowing this, the sardine company waits for them to do their ritual dance, and at the apex of their ecstasy our pal Gil Twillers, the swill oil gill-filler, injects the oil into their gills. Then, while they are lighting their cigarettes he sneaks up behind them and snips off their heads with a handy ten-in-one fish tool, and swims away chortling to himself, "Not a cough in a carload!"

NEWS OF THE ABSTRACT

Volume I, No. 2

by Glenn Smith

November, 1993

Just Another Day in the life of Dr. Bubba

"It must be Tuesday because I'm here," thought Dr. Bubba Dendrite, Space Psychiatrist (and all-around good-guy), finding himself halfway amused by his own post-Descartian revelation. He looked down at his watch, and found (as always) that it was ten minutes until two. Assuming that his *Timex* was broken, he simply put his feet up on the desk and began to snore when his secretary, Gracie, poked her head into the door.

"What is it Gracie?," he queried.

"I just poked my head in the door," she replied.

"I hope it wasn't too painful," he responded in his most sympathetic and soothing "psychiatrist voice."

"Actually, Dr. Bubba, it didn't hurt at all, I just wanted to hear you talk in your most sympathetic and soothing 'psychiatrist voice'," she said.

"That'll be forty dollars please," he uttered with a faint smile on his lips although he really wasn't joking about the money.

Gracie thought to herself, "This is the most expensive job I've ever had!" Then she attempted to change the subject by saying, "Er..uh...your 1:50 appointment is here to see you."

This confirmed Dr. Dendrite's worst fear -- time had not stopped after all. "Send the patient in."

The patient was wearing a plaid skirt with a huge slit up the side. As he gazed upon the shapely but hairy legs he noticed the taped ankles. The day's second revelation was about to occur. This was no ordinary woman.

The Scotsman flung his bagpipes down

on the imitation naugahide couch (they made a kind of snorting sound just as they landed), then sat down in a chair next to Dr. Bubba's desk.

"Why don't you wear earrings?" Dr. Dendrite asked.

"I can't wear earrings because my ears are getting bigger, and, the older I get, the more hair tends to grow out of them, so it's not a good idea to draw attention to them."

To hide his embarrassment Bubba feigned losing his cool and cleverly retorted, "Oh yeah? Well, ... er, uh in those old jungle movies the old cannibals all wear earrings ...and why the tape around your ankles?"

Tears in his eyes, the Scotsman explained he had just had some argyle tattoos removed from his ankles and rued the fact that he would now be compelled to wear socks again. But he got no sympathy from Dr. Dendrite largely because the shrink never played the bagpipes himself wearing sox (or hose of any kind for that matter). In fact, it was doubtful that he even wore underwear at all and thus unwittingly fortunate that he didn't wear kilts. Of course, as one might guess, his bagpipe playing was confined to indoors.

"Zo vat's your problehm?" Bubba asked in his best imitation Freudian voice.

"Well doctor, you see I'm an androgynous piper -- yes, I know it's shameful, but I have this uncontrollable urge to wear pants when I play the bagpipes. "

Gazing down at his watch, the shrink noted that it was 10 to 2. "Ach du lieber, vere out of time, your problehm ist zolved...auf veederzane und don't forget to pay my secretary on your vay aus." ...and so ends another brilliant session with *Dr. Bubba Dendrite, Space Psychiatrist.*

Is is the true opposite of *What* How to use your imagination

Is is the true opposite of *what*. Not only does *what* not confirm existence, but also it's not even sure that the question has been asked. *What* goes beyond isn't. But that's not what we came here to talk about. *Is* is, no matter what. *Is* is is, therefore *Is* is not *what*.

What, you say? You see the thing that is causing all the confusion is that the concept of *Is*, when discussed philosophically, makes that "is" a noun. How about that! Heretofore we only thought that transitive verbs could become nouns and what!! Boom!! *Is!!* is a noun. Of all things! This fact was discovered by an Aztec philosopher who lived around the same time as Plato, when the planetary configuration favored such discussions. And that ancient philosopher was playing with *Is* backwards. At this point it was discovered that *is* backwards is *si*, the Spanish word for yes! Yes confirms the existence of *is*.

In other cultures this proved to be more of a problem. Take Egypt for instance. Because the Egyptians had their eyes on the sides of their heads, they never developed the ability to see backwards and thus instead of "*Is, Si!*" evolving into their culture, only "*IsIs*" made it. But this is interesting in itself because this statement can be read by inflection either positively affirming *is* or by questioning the existence of *is*, depending on whichever you choose to be the noun and verb.

For example:

1) Is is?

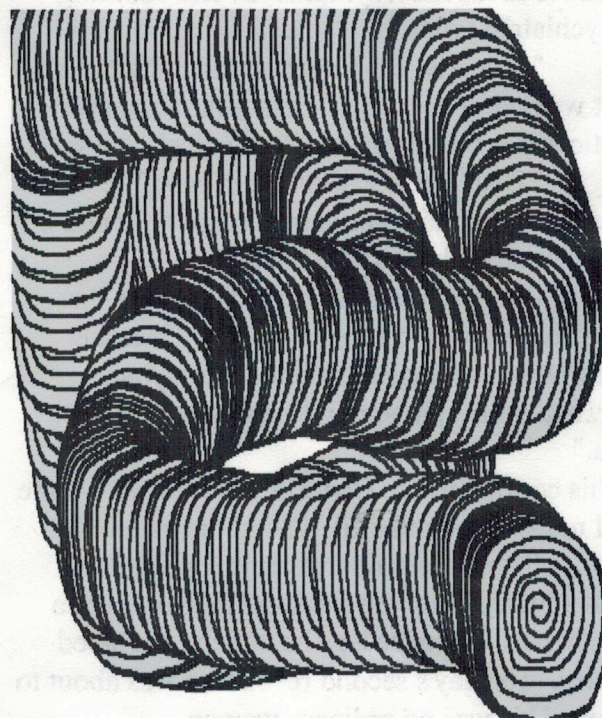
↑ ↑
(verb)(noun)

2) Is is.

↑ ↑
(noun)(verb)

This was so compact a philosophical concept that they made it GOD (which we all know is DOG spelled backwards). [Hey Gringo, ess dat your dog, Si?] So, when Cleopatra said, "Say, *Is* that an asp?", the only person who could hear her said "*What?*", and the rest is history.

1. Pretend that life is a dream.
2. Resist at all costs the notion that everything has to make sense. Most art has to do with giving shape to emotions without attaching the work to actual events.
3. Live for beauty but don't mistake beauty for something that is agreeable to the ear, eye, or mind.
4. Good art is often irritating.
5. Bad art is often irritating.
6. Do not think of art in terms of good or bad-that's a trap that hinders the imagination greatly.
7. A fertile imagination knows that words have serious limitations.
8. You cannot make sense out of art any more than you can make sense out of / or describe your own state of emotions.
9. The imagination is more real than what some people refer to as "reality."
10. Space and time are not analogous - they are the very same thing.
11. Listen to a lot of harp music.



NEWS OF THE ABSTRACT

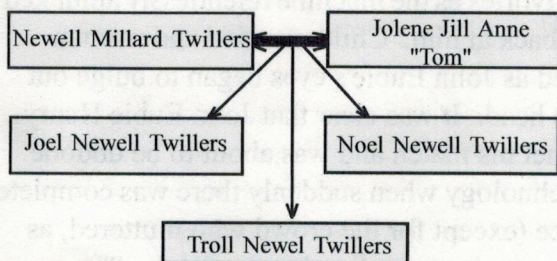
Volume I, No. 3

by Glenn Smith

December, 1993

Those Pesky Triplets

It was Newell and Jolene Twillers' first baby, and it was enough of a surprize to them that Jolene was carrying twins but no one -- not even the doctors (there were four) expected triplets. Such joy. The first baby delivered was named Joel; the second, Noel; and the unexpected third was named Troll (at first he was mistaken by the attending physician for the after-birth). They were all given their father's first name as their middle So, we have Joel Newell Twillers, Noel Newell Twillers, and Troll Newel Twillers (they misspelled Troll's to distinguish him from his brothers). Newell's middle name was Millard...Newell Millard Twillers. Jolene's middle name was Jill, and, oddly enough, her maiden name was Anne. Jolene Jill Anne Twillers now -- but everyone called her Tom, though no one is quite sure why. This is their family "rack":



...Later they will meet Irene, Arleen, and Eileen, the promiscuous triplets. Troll will get Arleen pregnant and they will also encounter Xerox Smith and his twin daughters Hefty and Lefty. Also, it needs to be noted that neither Newell nor Jolene had parents although Newell did have a grandmother whom he called "Nana." She was famous for her Chinese cooking and opened a restaurant called "Nana Hunan's." Her story will appear in another edition - watch for it.

A Twentieth Century Folktale

John "Eubie" Henry was an old-time piano player; an *ivory plunkin' man*. He was known the world over for his prestigious digits. And then one day it happened. Yes, ladies and gentlemen technology reared its ugly hand with digits of its own far more frightening than the talons of a wild animal. (Uh oh).

It seems that one day John Eubie was asittin' and aplunkin' away at the local cafe when suddenly the doors flung open and in walked this city slicker with an ominous looking black box under his arm.

"What's in the box you horn-toed sissified city scum?" queried the bartender cheerfully.

"Allow me to introduce myself, I am Dr. Billybubbaboy Jones, music store owner and techno bon-vivant; and this black box under my armpit happens to be a **digital sequencer!!**" he replied with conviction (possibly a felony).

An "Ooooooo" went through the crowd as he continued his spiel.

"There ain't a man alive who can play faster than this here digital sequencer, not even an *ivory plunkin' man* like your own John Eubie Henry." A hush fell over the crowd.

But the quiet was quickly squelched by the high-pitched voice of John Eubie Henry who, after putting down his garlic burger, simply said (in an attempt to hide his hysteria), "Bring on the technology!" ("Yea," shouted the crowd, tears in their eyes probably from his breath).

So Dr. Billybubbaboy hooked up a MIDI interface to a keyboard and turned it on whilst John Eubie Henry began aplunkin' them ivories like a man possessed. (cont. pg.2, col.2)

Yes or Know

Either you say yes or you know. If you say yes then you must know. You cannot say yes without knowing. If you do not say yes then you cannot say no until you know.

Know No

No is negative and that is why you must know when you say no because a negative without knowing has more non-positive power than saying no with knowledge. Saying yes without knowing has little, if any, positive power.

...Speaking of Noses

No nose knows like a dog nose knows...

Knowing is Power

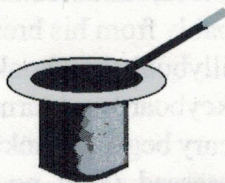
People who do not know fear power. Knowing, though, does increase the susceptibility of the emotions. End of message.

Magic vs. Logic

When magic is performed by logical means it is termed "an illusion." But when magic is performed by nonlogical means it is termed "occult." Both magic and logic may not even exist since they are functions of perception. The less the perception, the more things seem to be magic. The greater the perception, the more things seem to be magic. Logic must be some kind of buffer zone of the mind that tricks people into believing that perception and reality both exist.

...now that's what I call magic!!!

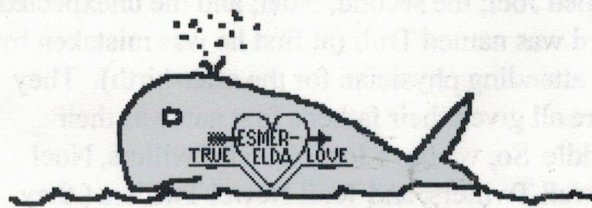
<insert music here>



Alternate ending for *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*

The Hunchback, although saddened by the departure of Esmerelda, is delighted to discover that Queeg-queeg from *Moby Dick* has come to pay him a visit. They become pals and Quasimodo takes Queeg-queeg up to the tower with him. Later, Queeg-queeg renders a nude tattoo of Esmerelda right on Quasimodo's hump. He is ecstatic.

THE END



The Humpback of Notre Dame

A man possessed

(cont. from Page 1)

And he played and played and played and played and played -- you get the idea -- he was aplunkin' them ivories as the machine relentlessly aplunked right back at him. Children cried and women gasped as John Eubie's eyes began to bulge out of his head. It was clear that John Eubie Henry had met his match and was about to be undone by technology when suddenly there was complete silence (except for the crowd who muttered, as large crowds are inclined to do, "Huh...?").

The only sound hanging in the air was a cleanly executed G7th arpeggio emanating from the nimble fingers of John Eubie. The digital sequencer was silent.

"What happened?" someone shouted and all eyes were fixed on the liquid crystal display of the black box. "OUT OF MEMORY" it read.

...But John Eubie Henry, that ivory pluckin' man, remembers...

NEWS OF THE ABSTRACT

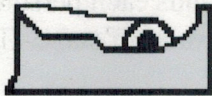
Volume I, No. 4

by Glenn Smith

January, 1994

Sanity Test #1

You will know if you are insane if you can determine whether or not you are institutionalized. One can test for institutionalization by looking around the environment and noticing if the cellophane tape is in a special dispenser. If it in fact is in a special dispenser then you probably are in an institution and therefore are most definitely insane.



Hitler's Last Fashion Statement

It's a well known fact that Adolf Hitler was one of the bad guys of all time. The atrocities that happened as a result of his racist attitudes are well documented. But there is another travesty he caused (albeit insignificant by comparison) that has changed the way men look forever. He single-handedly stopped a popular trend dead in its tracks. Yes, I'm referring to the little mustache he used to wear. Prior to World War II it was commonplace for men to sport that "hair square" under their nose. Some of the most beloved characters of the early twentieth century American Culture wore it. Two that come to mind immediately are Charlie Chaplin and Oliver Hardy. But after the war no one would be caught dead wearing it. That mustache was Hitler's final fashion statement. Too bad, because in a perverse way, Hitler was one of the great comedians of all time...Laugh it up, Adolf...

Word Percussion Piece

(read the following aloud)

A number of times. Everything is infinitely finite. The end. The end. You can say that again. Vatican Vatican Vatican Bat again. Klang Klang Klang, a number of times does not mean repetition. That again. That again. That bat again. That bat. That bat. That bat. That bat again that bat again that bat the end the end of that bat again Vatican bat again Klang Klang Klang.

NOTE:

The surgeon general warns that this piece should not be read in front of psychologists because they may think you have a thought disorder. They get uncomfortable when words are used as sounds rather than symbols. It could even make them paranoid. That's why Freud (which rhymes with paranoid) hated music. I call him "Freud the paranoid android." Klang Klang Klang. Now probably every psychologist in the world is mad at me. Who's paranoid now? (Maybe they're mad because I implied that Freud was a psychologist.)



60's Nostalgia Department

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? Yeah baby, like, what's on your mind? Do you have a mind? And, if you do have a mind, like what is it like to like have your mind on your mind? For example like if you're thinking a lot about ore then like it means you have ore in your mind and then like that's something to think about with your mind. And so you have to do it because your mind is thinking about it and everything but you're thinking it with your mind for another reason. That reason is because you have to. It is very difficult to think with anything else besides your mind, though many people have tried. So, baby, whatever it is that's on your mind just forget it!!

Note: Please have someone who is a native of North Carolina read the following sentence aloud:

"All oil's foul!" howled the owl, punching a hole in the foil with an awl.



Dear Children,

A very long time ago everyone's telephone was the color black and you had to stay in one place to talk to somebody. Instead of buttons it had a rotary disk that you could stick your finger in to turn the dial. That's where the term "dialing" a number comes from.

Grandpa Smith

News of the Abstract is written and produced by Glenn Smith.

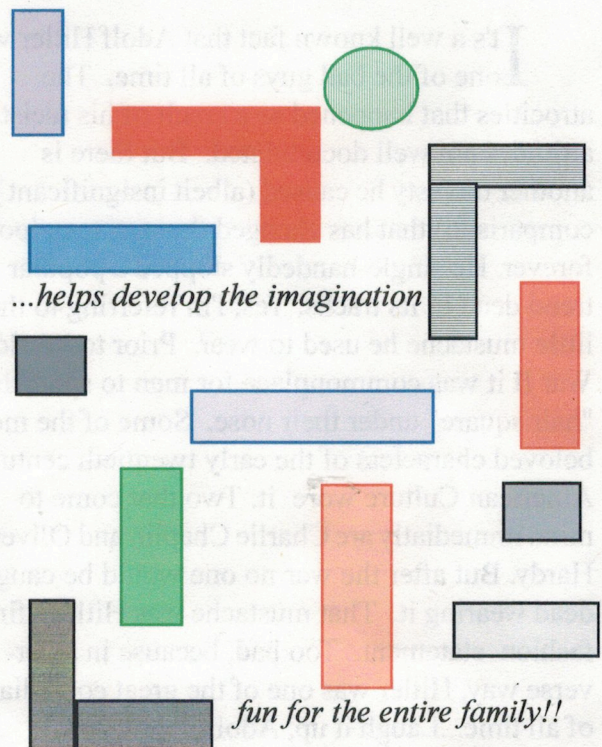
Theater Piece

(You can try this at home)

Twenty five people walk out on stage. They begin to groan in a random fashion. After about five minutes their groans reach a crescendo at which time twenty-five chiropractors dressed in white smocks walk out on stage (clapping by audience is optional). They all tell the patients to shut up. Next through the audience comes a processional of twenty-five technicians all of whom are carrying vibrators of various shapes and sizes. After they reach the stage, each turns on their vibrator (different sizes mean differing pitches as well). The groaning begins again, lasting for about four and a half minutes. On cue the vibrators and groaning stop. During this grand pause the chiropractors re-enter and begin cracking various bones, joints, etc. Another grand pause. Each chiropractor hands each person a slip of paper (the bill) and walk off stage. The groaning resumes....

Stationary Tetris

(an exciting new ZEN Game)



NEWS OF THE ABSTRACT

Volume I, No. 5

by Glenn Smith

February, 1994

Your Dog's IQ

While it is almost impossible to determine the actual intelligence quotient of the canine species, scientists have recently discovered a methodology that helps to estimate it with some degree of accuracy thus providing rabid pet-owners yet another avenue of anthropomorphism.. The beauty of this new psychometric system is that it's simple, logical, and most importantly, it can be easily rendered by the average layperson with almost no scientific background. The following paragraph not only instructs one in the mathematical application of the operation, but also explains the reasoning behind it.

IQ's of famous Dogs

Lassie	17.5
Rin-Tin-Tin	16.2
Bullet	14.3 (average)
Asta	9
Millie	6 (you don't have to be smart to
Scoby-Doo	0 write a book!)

As everyone knows, the IQ of an average human is 100. Also given is the fact that one dog year is equal to seven human years (also referred to as Lorne Greene years). Thus, (and here's where fuzzy logic makes its profound appearance) to find the average dog IQ one needs only to divide 100 by 7 (which equals 14.33). Now that we know the average dog has an IQ of $14 \frac{1}{3}$, all one needs to know is if the dog is above or below average in intelligence. If the dog is smarter than the average dog, then its IQ would be 15-20. Below average would be between 6-12. That's all there is to it.

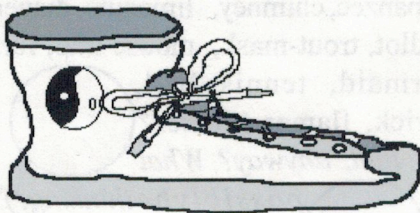
How to Think

First think of something. Let's see now. I can't think of anything. Oh wait, I know. No. What can I think of? I'll think of some thoughts. Yeah, that's it. Now I'm thinking some thoughts. Now I'll let those thoughts fade away. The thoughts are fading away. I'm thinking more thoughts again. No. I'm not thinking anything. RATZ!!! Now I'm thinking about rats. Now I've stopped thinking about rats. Garbage. Hot dogs. Tomahawks. The Gobi Desert. Home plate. Valves. All kinds of valves. But-tons, knobs, and valves. Pis-tons. Dials. But-tons, knobs, valves, pistons, dials, wheels, levers, switches, wires, wash-ers, nuts, bolts, pipes, pedals, paddles, joy sticks, turn-keys. Drapes, balloons, lentels, tin, talc, tongue, tune, hats, tattoo, fleece, police, grease, chimpanzee, chimney, limosine, diaper, sandlot, trout-mask, mouse trap, fur. Mermaid, tennis ball, snowbird, brick, flamer (flamer? what the hell is that, anyway? What could you possibly be thinking?) Tin Didn't we finish thinking about tin? Pajamas, cigars, radio, fish-bait, rags, flange. Buns, Paper mate, paper mace, paper mache, peppermint, popper, pundit, and avatars of all kinds, especially those having lots of protein for good skin and bones and teeth and disposition and radiance of the western world. Now we're really really really having such a good time. And now that our minds have become effervescent, let's clock out so that we can have some more time to think. ...

Right vs. Left

Distinguishing between right and left is often a difficult task because there is no essential difference between the two. Just what is right and what is left is based upon an arbitrary decision and is dependent upon the relationship they have to each other. Right and left is a philosophic analog to yin and yang; also positive/negative; masculine/feminine; etc. So, which is which? Furthermore right/left is often used to define various things, especially when location is a part of its definition (for instance, part of the definition of the appendix is the fact that it's on the right [or is it left?] side of the abdomen-- I'm personally not that kind of doctor even though I play one on television). Thus it behooves an individual to know right from left since it is an integral part of the semantic fibre of existential syntax.

So, how can one tell left from right? This is difficult since how one faces or where one starts from really make right and left impossible to attach to a fixed object (especially if one's appendix has been removed). Thus, there is only one way to unequivocally know right from left: *look at your shoes.*



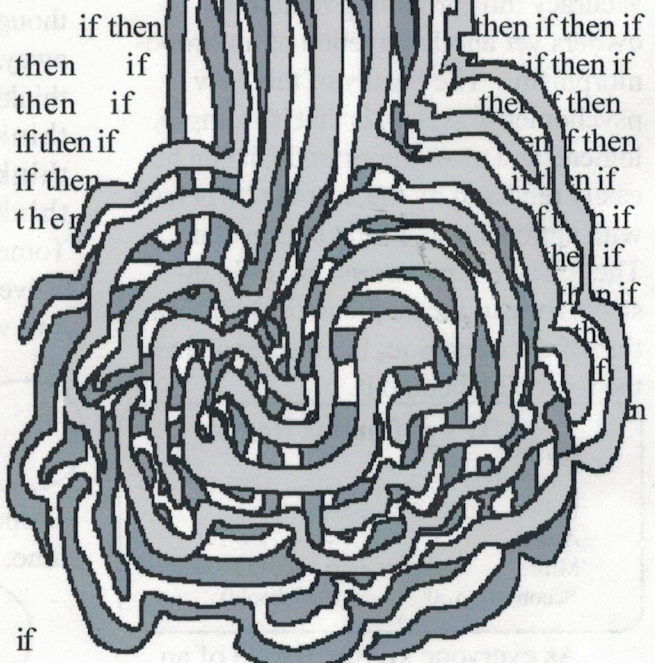
Page 1 disclaimer

Unfortunately, an IQ test is not an appropriate assessment tool for a dog. If a dog could read this column it would "think" humans pretty stupid for not being able to smell (which dogs do superbly in several ways), and likely fail the OATH (Olfactory Acuity Test for Humans)..

Consequences

If...then... If,...then... If (If then)then(If then)
 [If (If then)then] (If) If (If then) then (then)
 If If If then then then If(If If then then) then
 (If then)[If (If then)then] {If then[If]If then}

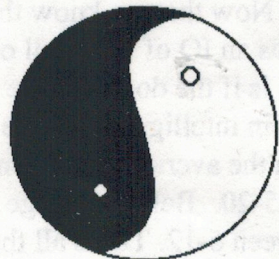
if then if then if then if then if then if then
 if then if then if then if then if then if then if
 then if then if the if then if then if then if
 then if then if the if then if then if then if
 if then if the if then if then if then if then if
 then if the if then if then if then if then if
 if then if then if then if then if then if then if
 then if then if then if then if then if then if



if

Pasta chef Fernando Gourmando tells us that spaghetti can be made from cat livers (with the permission of the cat). However, it may not be served with meatballs of any kind regardless of whose permission has been secured.

...and speaking of round things



Follow the bouncing ball

NEWS OF THE ABSTRACT

Volume I, No.6

by Glenn Smith

March, 1994

Horse Cents

There once was a horse who liked to eat pens. That's right, pens. God forbid you should offer him a magic marker or the ultimate insult, a pencil. He would just turn his nose up and give you a kind of indignant "*Just what kind of horse do you think I am?*" kind of look and make a funny snorting sound by flapping his upper lip over his protruding front teeth (which usually had little pieces of oats stuck between them, it being nearly impossible for a horse to floss regularly). He was pretty particular about the kind he would eat as well. For example, when offered a genuine name-brand pen like BIC or Paper-Mate or even a very rare Schaeffer Snorkel pen he would react as described and often make a kind of clicking sound the origin of which is still uncertain. He much preferred the more generic variety of ball points, you know, the kind they give out at banks, car body shops, and mortgage financing companies.

One day a well-known celebrity (who shall remain nameless) happened to be touring the stable when an avid fan spotted the star and asked for an autograph. Before the starlet could even write the first letter of her name the slobbery lips lunged over her shoulder and snatched the pen from her hand. And what a delicacy it was, too, a genuine generic Acme Savings and Loan #5 roller ball. Yum...

It was shortly after that a strange thing happened. The horse stopped eating ball point pens altogether; rather he took to eating mushrooms instead. Ironically enough, however, he would not eat the mushrooms until he gave each a name first. And the names he gave them were the names of ball-point pens...and the starlet's name was Liz, the horse was a young Mr. Ed and that's why National Velvet got the movie gig instead of Ed. Makes sense to me.

Famous Bananas

The most famous banana is Chiquita which means, if I remember my high school Spanish, "nose" (come to think of it I took German). Charlie Banana is Chiquita's husband. Charlie moonlights, and is quite successful making commercials for a tuna company. But he's fed up, I'm told, with having to wear a hot tunafish suit all day. Not only that, but the tuna suit is not waterproof and that really gets under his skin. Charlie and Chiquita have a daughter whose name is Roseanna Rosita Banana. Roseanna Rosita means "little princess of the laughing banana," and is too young to make commercials. When she reaches puberty and begins to turn yellow she has aspirations to become the first banana fan dancer. Of course when she's old enough she will have to have a zipper installed on her skin. Her older brother's name is Calvert. Calvert is what is called a banana bum and will never amount to anything. He is destined to be eaten by a cheap prostitute and his dark rotted peel smoked by a deranged hippie left over from the '60's. They are making a situation comedy about his family for television. The tentative title is:

THE BANANA BUNCH

¿ Catchy title, no?

Various Ways to Spell Bunney

Bunny	Bhuhnnee	Buhhney
Bunnie	Bhuhnny	Bhunney
Bun-knee	Buhnnee	Bhunnhe
Bunnee	Bhuhnny	Bunnny
Bhunnee	Bhunhy	Bhoney
Bhunny	Bunne	Bhunknie
Bhun-knee	Bunney	Bunknie
Bunnee	Buhnnee	Buhnkie
Bhuhnnee	Buhnhie	Bunnie
Buhnee	Buhhney	Bhunney
Buhnie	Buhnnie	Bhunhy

ZEN and PARALLEL LINES

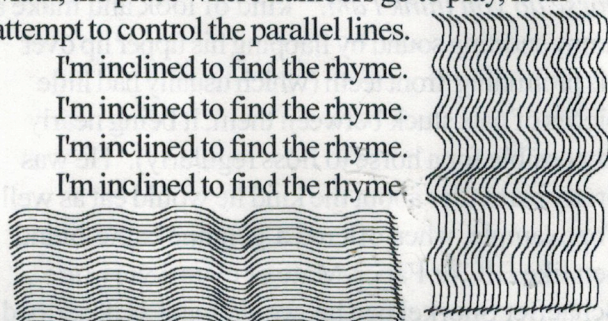
First of all, we all know what "ZEN" is...or should I say, second of all we all don't know what "ZEN" is. A convention is a place where a bunch of people go to do the same thing. *K-Mart*, for example, is a convention. It is not Zen. I once went to a Zen Convention and I was the only one there--well actually there was this other guy there but he wasn't looking for the Zen convention, he was looking for the K-Mart. In any case, to rid oneself of Zen is not so easy and that's where NEZ comes in. One might think that to be a simple matter but Zen is very tricky to deal with, and here's why: it is not just a matter of Zen spelled backwards is Nez. No, indeed, that is not where Nez comes from. It has to do with the fact that acrobatic verbal symbols have a deeper philosophical significance because they have symbol, sound, and shape. What makes it so tricky is that NEZ is spelled ZEN it's just that the letters have been rotated. You see, the letter Z turned on its side gives us the letter N thusly: Z ↗ N ↘ Z

*Whether or not they meet
Whether they meet or not
As long as they rhymes
They're parallel lines.
The waves at all times
Are parallel lines.
they rhymes, they rhymes
those parallel lines.*

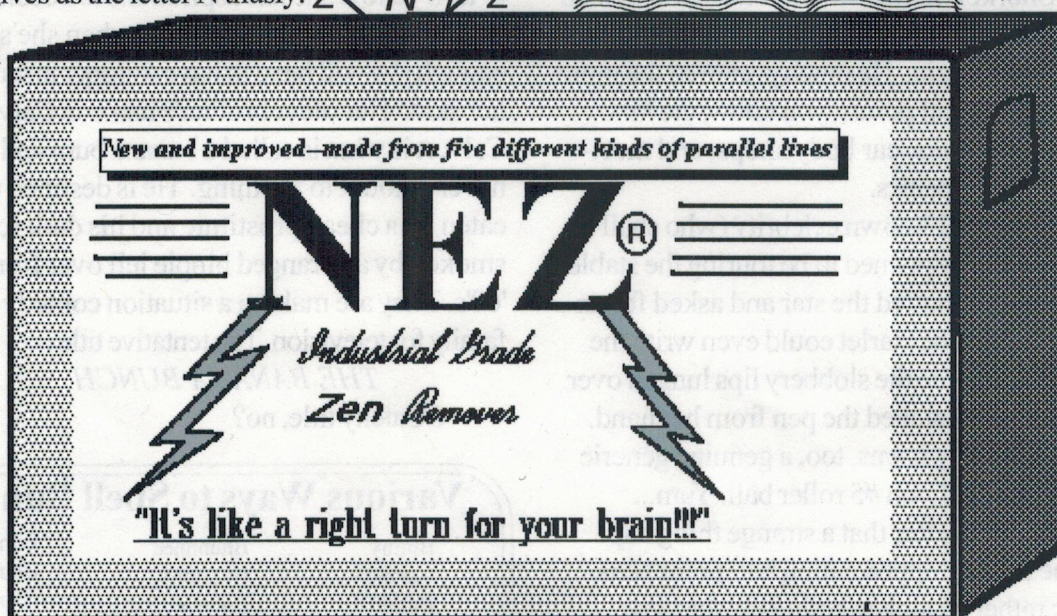
The rings around Saturn consist of parallel lines (concentric circles are made from parallel lines, right?), not to mention the rings around several other planets. Bathtub rings are also parallel lines. Not all rings, however are made up of concentric circles, e.g. ring around the rosey, ring around the collar, and one ring of the bell. Actually, the bell's ring does create parallel lines in the air but we can't see them. In fact, everything

that makes a sound creates parallel lines. Consequently, there are no parallel lines in a vacuum. Math, the place where numbers go to play, is an attempt to control the parallel lines.

I'm inclined to find the rhyme.
I'm inclined to find the rhyme.
I'm inclined to find the rhyme.
I'm inclined to find the rhyme.



and this is why Nez works!



NEZ is new and improved -- the ZEN remover money can't buy...and what's our secret? New, improved NEZ contains five (yes count 'em) five kinds of parallel lines including: 1) Soft, 2) Hard, 3) Neutral, 4) Universal, and the newly discovered 5) Polarizing. So why not go now to your local drugstore and ask for it by name....NEZ

NEWS OF THE ABSTRACT

Volume I, No. 7

by Glenn Smith

April, 1994

Special - College Student Edition

Results of Placement Tests

Name	Recommendation
Ferdock Fred	Take up Photography
Nick the Greek	Go Home
Mata Hari	Use knitting needles
Col. Mustard	Go to the kitchen and await further instructions
Turkeynose Jones	Turn out all lights
Fran G. Ipanni	Learn to smell good
Fannie Farter	Eat more beans
Jose Canyousee	Try to remember the words
Santa Talons	Step up to claws
Alcatraz Balloon-man	Rub her the wrong way
Sam the Sham	Unwrap your mummy
Fernando Gour-mando	Eat while you can
P.H. Woodcraft	Always wear alkaline shoes
Leon Sphincter	Keep all parts oiled and in good condition

Instructions for Fall Registration

1. Follow all procedures carefully.
2. Fill out all forms completely even if information is false.
3. Register promptly -- all classes are closed the day before registration begins.
4. Pay in cash (unmarked bills only).
5. Get departmental permission.
6. Be courteous while standing in line.

Recently Discovered Work to be Taught in Music History Course

Musicologists have recently discovered a heretofore unknown musical work by a heretofore unknown composer, Heathcliffe Berlioz, retarded younger brother of the famed French composer Hector Berlioz. The work, unearthed by Paris sewer workers, was discovered almost perfectly preserved inside a clogged porcelain bowl used by bolemic music critics to relieve themselves after watching operas for long periods of time.

Judging from the brown stains and pieces of pepperoni found on it, the manuscript is thought to be a tuba quartet dating back to 1634, almost 200 years before the composer's birth. Thusly, musicologists have concluded that it must be the first example of pre-natal programmatic music psychically composed for instruments not as yet invented...amazing!!

The piece, entitled *Concertante Fantastique* (episode in the life of an artist) is written in five movements whose story follows:

1. Reveries, Passions

A middle-aged artist experiences withdrawal symptoms from all the various intoxicants taken as a young artist.

2. At the Masked Ball

Artist and spouse are dancing gayly at the ball when at the stroke of midnight they discover that dancing gayly is politically incorrect.

3. Pastoral Scene

Artist goes into a deep depression and broods while hearing car horns honking in the distance.

4. March to the Scaffold

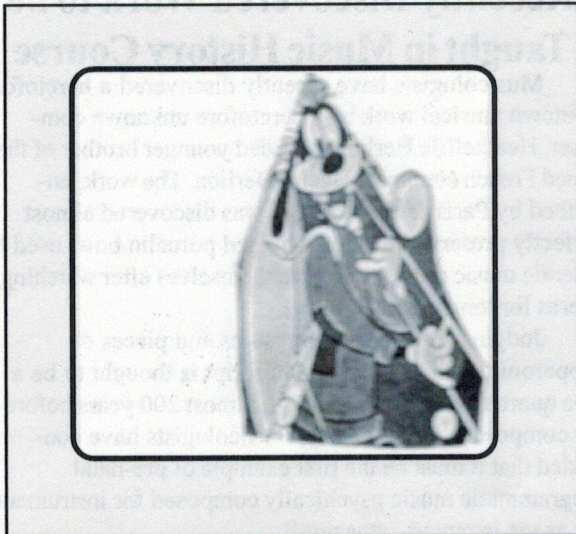
Deciding to paint his house, the artist marches up a scaffold, and sees his beloved below just as the scaffold collapses. He is comatose and never sees his beloved wearing the green paint.

5. Witches Sabbath

Instead of dying, the artist stays in the deep coma and dreams he is Hector Berlioz.

The Truth about Goofy

Over the years there has been much speculation as the origin and/or parentage of Goofy. Ask yourself this: if Mickey is a mouse, Donald is a duck, Pluto is a dog, then what is Goofy?



Notice in this candid snapshot of Goofy that his instrument of choice is the trombone--but like most trombonists he continues to play in spite of the obvious deformity of his embouchure.

The answer to this perplexing question may be quite surprising to some of his fans: Goofy is a hybrid being, a cross between a cow and a dog. Naturally, over the years, this was a constant source of embarrassment to Walt Disney having a popular cartoon character who was the result of such an obviously illicit relationship. Not only that but consider poor Goofy himself. This cross breeding took its toll on him as well, leaving him profoundly mentally retarded ("Uh-hilt uh-hilt uh-hilt, gwarsh Mickey").

In spite of his handicap there is still one thing that anyone in show business would quickly and unequivocally acknowledge: Goofy is one helluva good actor -- maybe one of the best in the business!!! ...and he does all his own stunts, too!! Uh-hilt, uh-hilt (not to mention his sense of humor).

Good Classroom Politics: A Brief Handbook

1. Class begins when the professor arrives. Students, on the other hand are frequently tardy.
2. Jokes and/or cute anecdotes are always funny when made by the professor. It is bad classroom politics to upstage the professor.
3. Professors do not teach the same class for individuals (it's not in their contracts). Students need to obtain missed class notes from a reliable student (preferably one who attended the class). Under no circumstances should a student ask the question, "Did we do anything in class??" unless, of course, the student wants to appear moronic.
4. In general, professors who have taught for 10 or more years have heard many times the same stories and excuses that students (even grad students) make up. The chart below shows, for example, the unnatural coincidence between family mortality rates and due dates for tests and written papers:

Year	# of student excuses	# of deceased grandparents	Avg. # of grandparents per student
1983	4,562	38,320	8.4
1985	6,593	57,359	8.7
1987	8,942	85,483	9.6
1989	9,562	98,775	10.33
1991	10,943	126,938	11.6
1993	13,470	171,069	12.7

Source: National Survey of Higher Education, Lame Excuses Division.

An interpolation of these statistics suggest that by the year 2,001 there will be no living grandparents, and implies that by the year 2,057 no living relatives will exist for any given college student. This also means, then, that there will be plenty of jobs for Trust Fund Brokers.

5. Not everything in books is true, sometimes it's there just to make you think (which is the real purpose of college).
6. Nothing in the world is "fair", so don't expect things to be that way. 6a. Always carry a pen.