

KEEN 2

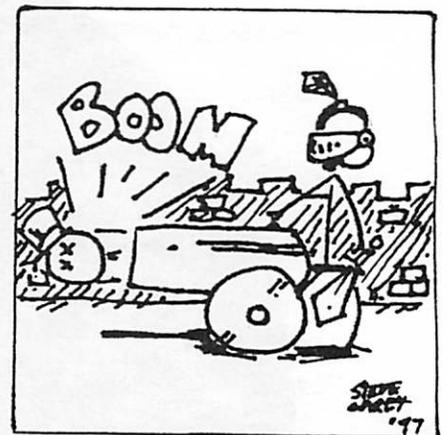
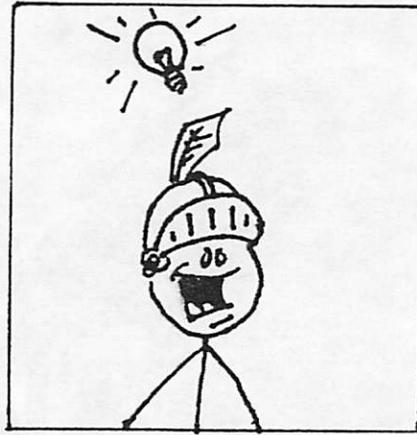
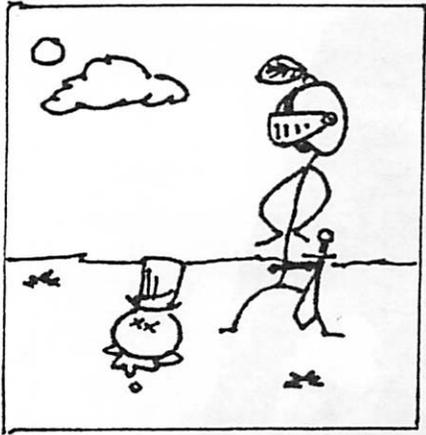
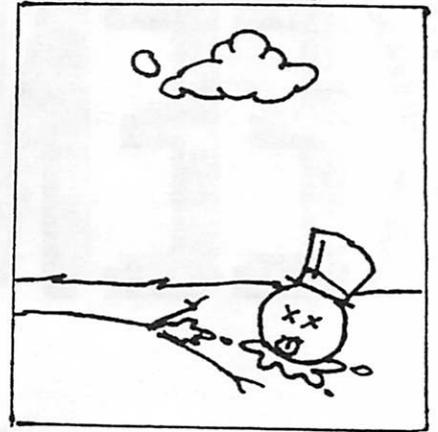


- NINJAS
- DETAILS
- PING
- MR STICKMAN
- COMICS

Mr. Stickman



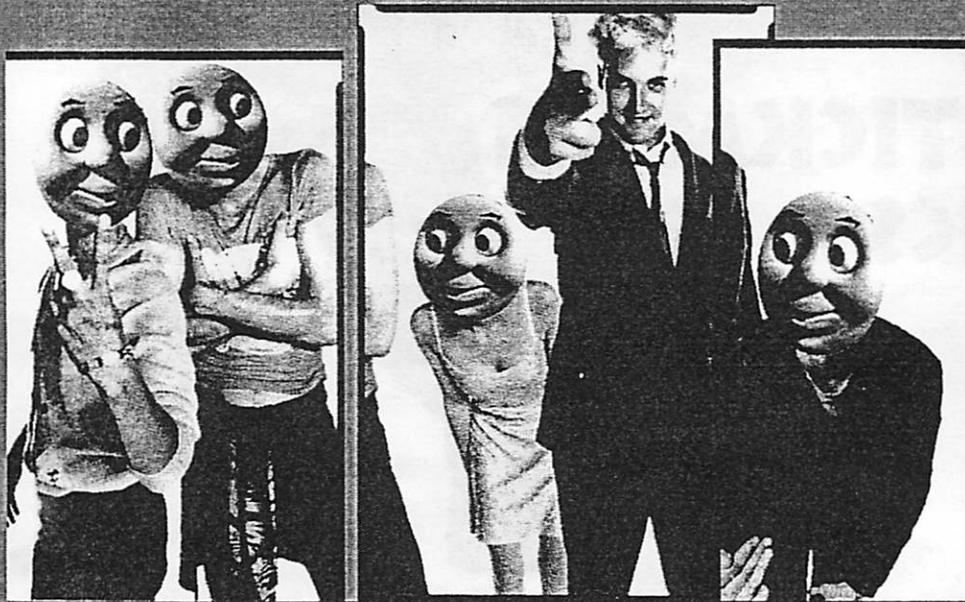
by Steve Carey



STEVE CAREY '97

Trainspotting

Starring: Thomas the Tank Engine and Sick Boy.



KEEN

October 1996 Issue 2: The Ninja



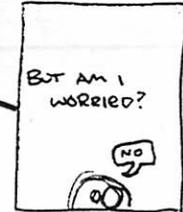
DETAILS MAGAKEEN ————— P17

PING'S PALACE OF PORK ————— P10

LIFE WITH NINJA ————— P09

INCREDIBLE COMICS ————— P29

PHEROZE KNOWS ————— P34



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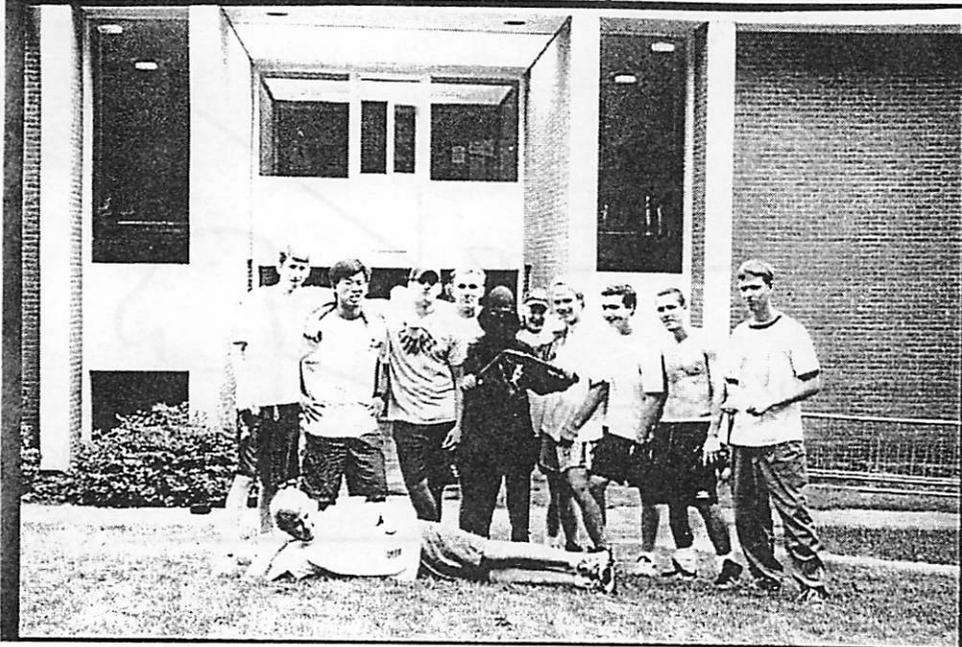
The Ninja

Special thanks to our
faculty advisor,
Mr. Bradford.

NINJA ON THE TOWN	4
ROBOTS ARE THE FUTURE	6
HOW TO BE A NINJA	6
SHORTIES	7
CAESAR'S ADVENTURES IN SPACE-TIME	8
SILLY PRANKS	9
SUMO WRESTLING MEMORIES	14
SATURDAY AFTERNOON MYSTERIES	15
NON-PRANK CALLS	16
HILL HOUSE REDESIGN INTERVIEW	21
FUTURE EPISODES OF BUZZKILL	22
SHORTIES REVISITED	23
ROCK 'N ROLL DUDE	24
THE HUMAN TURNSTILE	25
HYPER INTELLIGENT SQUIRRELS OF THE FUTURE	28
THE LITT POETRY CORNER	32
THE EPIC JOURNEY OF MR STICKMAN	35

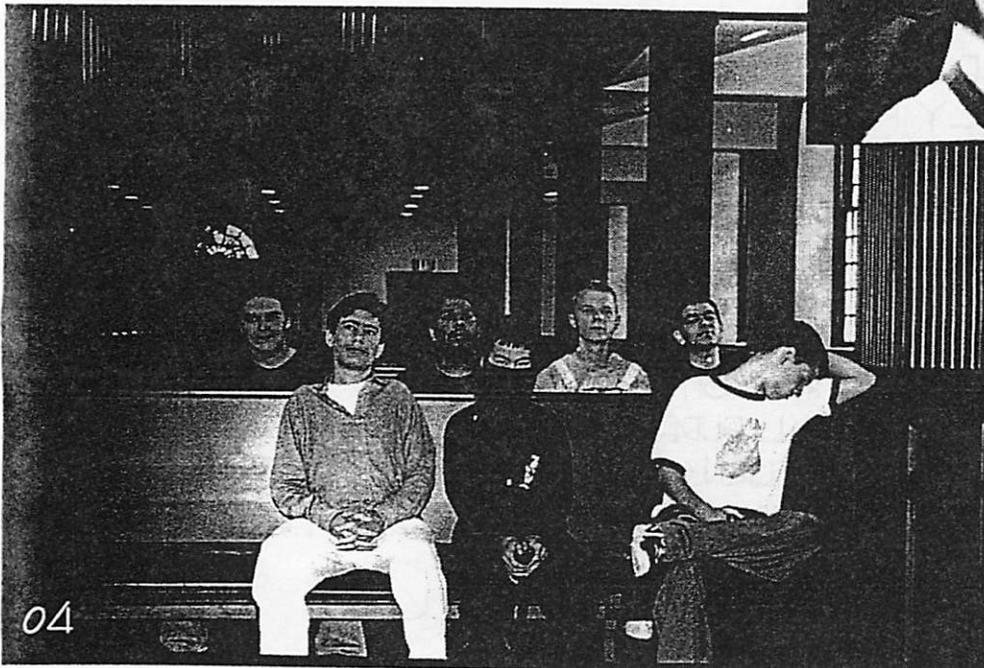
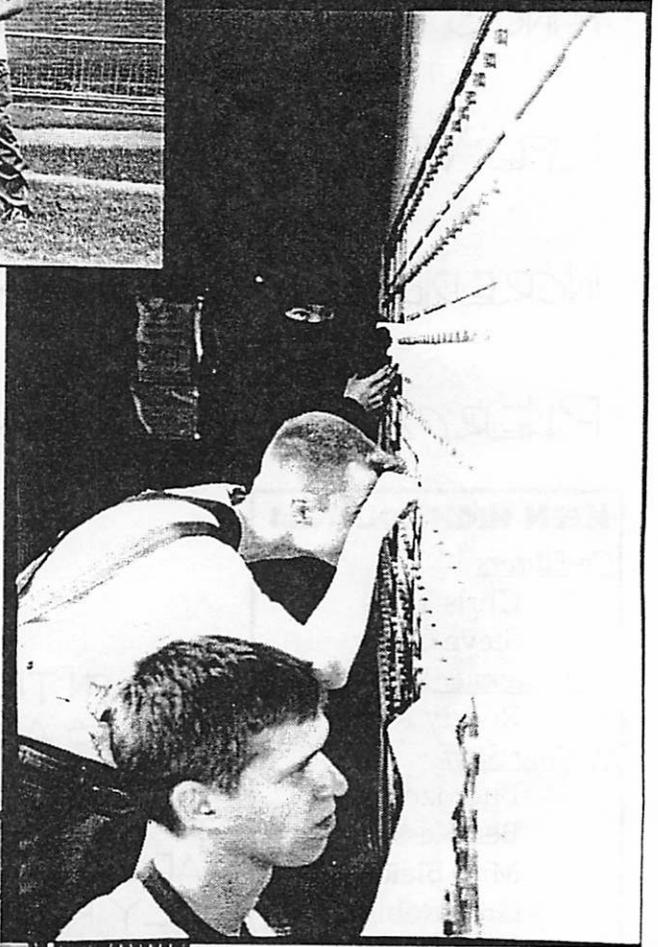
NINJA ON THE TOWN

PHOTO: AKIKO. W: CHRIS



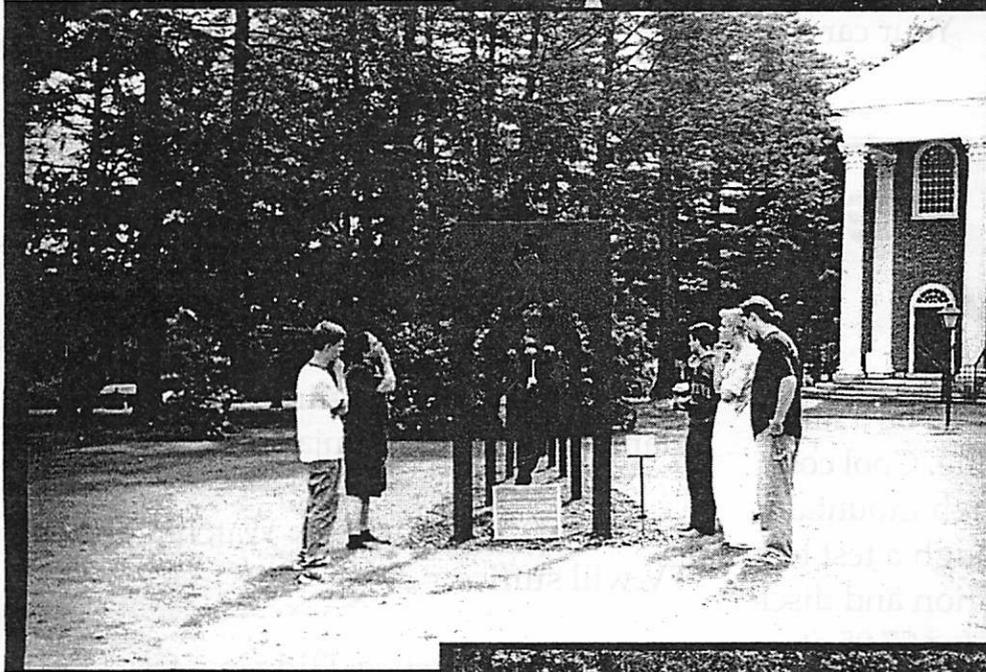
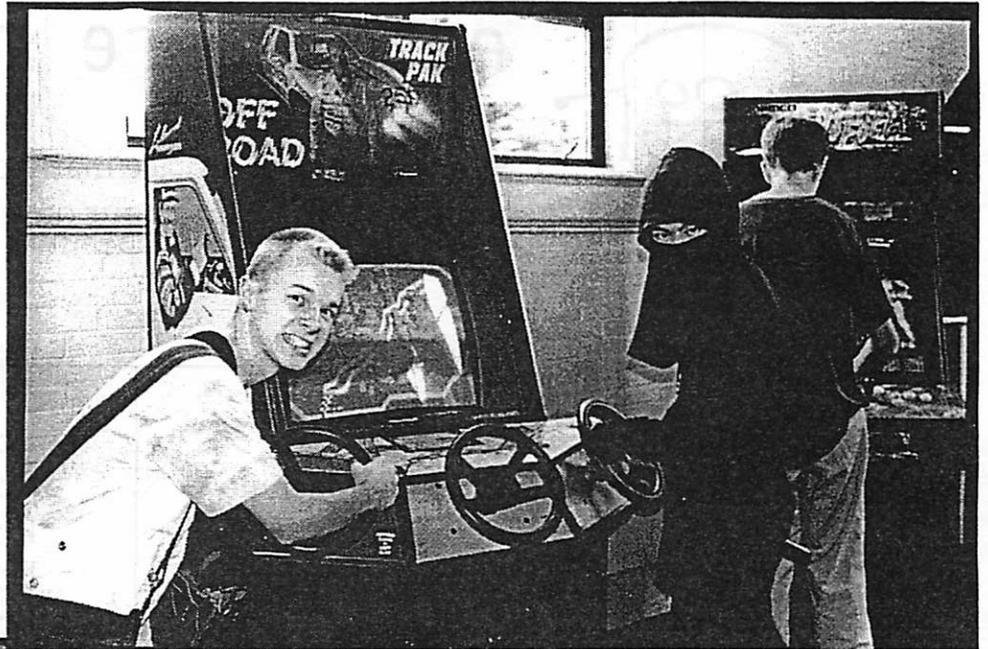
THE INDEFEATED SPENCER-NINJA SOCCER TEAM CELEBRATES AFTER CLOBBERING COMBO-SAMURAI

THE NINJA IS CONSTANTLY AWARE OF HIS SURROUNDINGS. AND IS ESPECIALLY WARY IN THE MAILROOM



THE NINJA, REGARDLESS OF HIS BUDDHIST PRINCIPLES, IS FORCED TO ATTEND INSIPID NON-DENOMINATIONAL LECTURES SINISTERLY NAMED "REFLECTIONS"

THROUGH PRO-
CESSES OF NINJITSU
MENTAL POWER, THE
NINJA DEFEATS CHRIS
FOR THE 37TH TIME

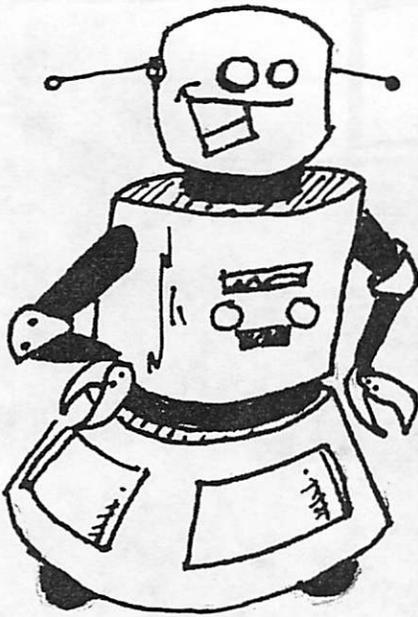


THE NINJA ASSISTS
THE KEEN SCULP-
TURAL ANALYSIS
TEAM IN DIVINING
THE INNER MEANING
OF A BIZARRE NEW
PIECE OF ART ON
CAMPUS

AT THE END OF THE
DAY, THE NINJA
PROVED NO MATCH
FOR KEEN. THE
DEEP MORAL LES-
SON THAT WE ALL
LEARNED THAT
DAY WAS PAIN-
FULLY EVIDENT. NO
ONE CAN DEFEAT
THE NINJA!!!



Robots Are The Future



Soon robots will replace many of the machines we currently rely on to aid in our day-to-day lives. This chart will explain.

Machine	Replacement in the Future
Blender	Robot
Washing Machine	Robot
Refrigerator	Robot
Grandfather Clock	Robot
Bulldozer	Robot
Your car	A band of 47 hyperintelligent squirrels

W: CHRIS. ART: STEVE

HOW TO BE A NINJA

Step 1, The Costume: To be a ninja, you first need a cool costume. Cool costumes can be found on a high mountain top in Japan, obtained through a test to be taken after years of meditation and discipline, or can be purchased for \$7.95 at Super K-Mart.

Step 2, The Cool Noises: To be a true ninja, you need a wide variety of wacky noises. First start with the cliched "Hi-ya!" or "Hoy-yo!", then work on your own variations. After much practice, you will become a master of hip and intimidating battle cries like "Hikkaddoodsakoyoo!"

Step 3, The Movies: One of the most important steps of becoming a ninja is a steady diet of Kung-Fu movies. Movies

like "Enter the Dragon," "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles 2: Secret of the Ooze," and the "Karate Kid" not only make you feel like you understand the moves of a master ninja but also offer a glimpse into the glamorous life of a ninja stud.

Step 4, Meditation: Watching lots of TV will suffice.

Step 5, Practice: Hide in a tree in your official costume and leap on your neighbor. Scream a fierce battle cry and run away. Repeat every day. Sometimes more than once, if necessary. Remember, practice makes Ninja!

Step 6, Completion: Impress your friends by combining all of the previous steps. That sound they make is not laughter; it is the FEAR OF THE NINJA!

SHORTIES

I always keep two oranges on my desk. If I get bored, I stick my finger in one of them and walk around people and show them my orange-finger. I accompany this with uncontrollable screaming and tell them I'm a mutant from New Jersey.

I guess I wouldn't mind turning into a gigantic, slimy, nasty insect like Gregor Samsa in *The Metamorphosis*. Just so long as I'd have wings, so I'd be able to fly. For then, at least people would envy me.

In a small town in Australia, there's a holiday once a year called Winking Day. You have to wink at everybody you meet that day. If you forget to wink at someone, the town elders drop you into a deep pit filled with kangaroos.

I once had a guinea pig. His name was Spudfuzz. I have a funny story about Spudfuzz. One day, I came home from school and Spudfuzz was dead. I put Spudfuzz in a plastic bag, and dug a hole in the garden. I put Spudfuzz in the hole, and started to cover him up, when I heard

whimpering from inside the plastic bag. Spudfuzz was still alive! But I had already started filling in the hole, and I didn't want to stop, so I just kept on throwing dirt on top of Spudfuzz, until the hole was covered over. Then, my mom made me a sandwich.

If I ever met a mad scientist, I would try to find out what made him so angry. Then, I would help him work out his aggressions through painting, knitting, or building a man out of dead body parts.



I created the world's largest waffle. I call it China. A few billion people live on it. They are my delicious syrup. Leggo my China.

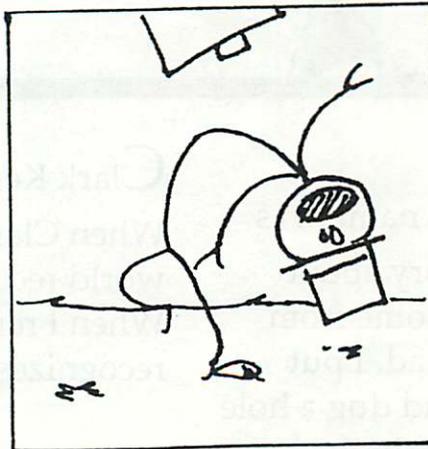
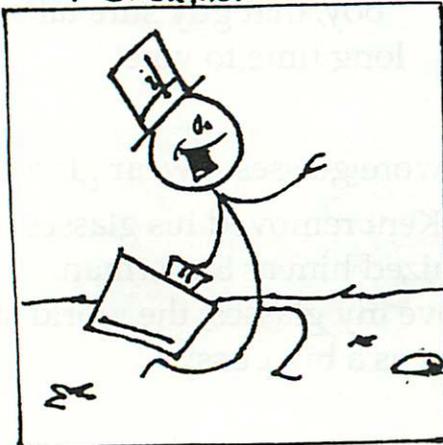
I'm looking forward to voting in the elections in November. I always take a magazine into the voting booth. After I vote, I sit and read the magazine! I can imagine, while I'm sitting there reading, everyone on line behind me is saying, "Boy, that guy sure takes a long time to vote!"

Clark Kent wore glasses. I wear glasses. When Clark Kent removed his glasses, the world recognized him as Superman. When I remove my glasses, the world still recognizes me as a big pussy.

Caesar's Adventures In Space-Time, Figure 1



Mr. Stickman



SILLY PRANKS

1. Put a soda can in an empty bag of potato chips. Offer a friend some chips. When he reaches in, he will only find an aluminum can! Say, "Hey dummy, that's not a chip, that's a can! Humans cannot digest cans!"

2. Ask a friend to come to your house. Then, lock the door. When he arrives, say "Come in!" He will not be able to enter. The door is locked!

3. Go to the Grand Canyon. Tell your friend you will jump if she does. Say, "1, 2, 3... Jump," but don't really jump. Laugh as your friend falls down.

4. Tell your boyfriend that you are pregnant. Keep faking for nine months by placing various sized pillows in your shirt. At the end of nine months, fake labor. Have the doctor come out and say to your boyfriend, "Congratulations, it's a PILLOW!" Then laugh.

5. Ask a girl to be your date at the prom, but really go with a better girl. All will be giddy with laughter.

6. Tell all your friends that you want to go to the beach, and say that you will drive. Plan the trip for months, taking care of every detail. Then, when the big day arrives, say, "What beach? I don't even know what a beach is. Qu-est que c'est 'beach?' Boy are you guys weird!"

7. Steal all of your friend's pants and burn them. Your friend will have to go to school without any pants! What fun!

8. Start a new club at school. Call it the "Stupid People's Club." Laugh at the people who sign up. They are admitting their own stupidity!

LIFE WITH NINJA



Me: Ninja, will you stop playing that blasted guitar!?

Ninja: Look at me! I'm Hendrix!

Whoohoo!

Me: Didn't your Zen training prohibit this kind of behavior?

Ninja: 'All along the watchtower.'

Me: Aaaaargh!

Me: Ninja, go out and sell the cow.

Later that afternoon...

Ninja: I sold the cow for five beans!

Me: You fool!

Ninja: No, you don't understand. These are *magic* beans! They are fortified with protein and provide a good meat supplement for vegetarians.

Me: Aaargh!

Me: Ninja, would please use your silverware?

Ninja: Woof, woof. I'm a dog.

Me: No you're not, you are a master of the fine art of Ninjitsu. Now please use your fork.

Ninja: Woof.

Me: Aaaaargh!

Me: Ninja, are you reading *Dianetics* by L. Ron Hubbard?

Ninja: Yes. It's very interesting.

Me: I thought you were a Buddhist monk, not a Scientologist!

Ninja: I dunno, this stuff just makes sense.

Me: Aaaaargh!

Me: Ninja, what are you doing in the basement?

Ninja: I am hiding from the Shadow Warrior.

Me: You mean the mailman?

Ninja: Aaaaargh!

Ping's Palace of Pork

IV: PHEROZE. PHOTO: AKIKO

There is one man who has more presence and power on this campus than any faculty member could dream of. He finds his way not only to our hearts and minds, but also to our stomachs. We have all fallen in love with his broad grin, glowing personality, and warm General Tso's. He is Ping, the wunderkind of vendors and restaurateurs....feeding us all on the many nights when Hill House spews forth such paltry dishes as the "Dynamite on a Roll". Amidst the cries of "a-Family-a-pizza" and the screams of freshman dropping from Mem steps, at 9:00 we all go to Ping to drown our sorrows.

On a sunny afternoon Matt Dilmaghani, Dave Zahl, Alberto PaCailao, Akiko Hattori, and myself all went down to Ping's Place. This is the madness that ensued:

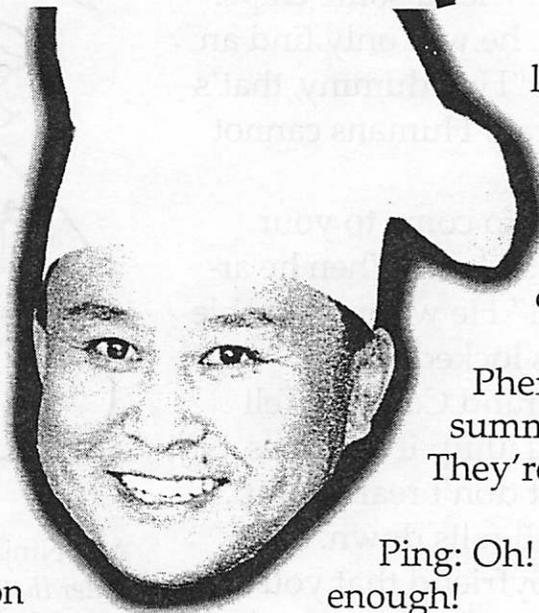
Ping: OK, the first round of drinks is on me!

(assorted wild cheers follow)

Only the first round.....remember!

Pheroze: Ping, thank you so much. So, tell me, how's business?

Ping: The business is fantastic, thanks to all the Choate students! Overall, this year, I think it's over a 35% increase than



last year. In July we had a 41% increase because of the Choate summer kids. Boy, they go crazy!

Pheroze: Yeah, those summer kids are nuts. They're crazy.

Ping: Oh! We never made enough!

Ph: So are we better, or are the summer kids better?

Ping: I mean....the food! OK! They went crazy about the food! Oh boy, yeah!

Ph: But, do we order more, or do they order more?

Ping: Oh yeah! Well, it's hard to say. I have a long time relationship with you guys, they were here just about one month. So, overall, of course you guys order more.

Ph: I guess you've got a lot of business from us. Is that right?

Ping: Oh, yeah. I really appreciate it.

Ph: How's the local business?

Ping: Doing very well. As I mentioned

earlier, so far it is over 35% increase than last year. August we had even over a 42% increase.

Ph: Really? How come?

Ping: I don't know.....I thought maybe the weather.....maybe the economy. I guess you can get the answer from my customers, including you guys.

Ph: Sure, as a matter of fact, we know the answer.

Matt, Dave, & Alberto: Do we?

Ph: Yes, good food. So is Ping's Place the number one Chinese-food restaurant in all of Wallingford?

Ping: Well now I'm very very confident that I'm the best. I'm the only one Chinese restaurant who is doing good in this area, and if you want Chinese food, you better come to me. It's the best place, and the food is good. These words don't just come from my mouth. This is what people tell me "Ping, you have the best food!" Let me tell you this: We make an average of 200 dollars a night in Choate, within half an hour. We even beat pizza.

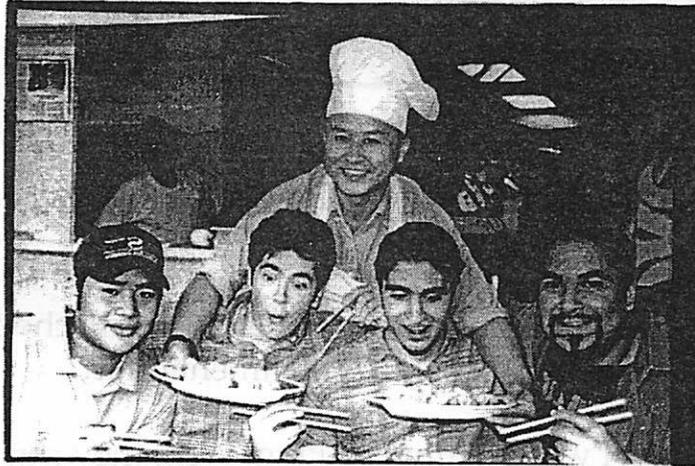
Alberto: Pretty much!

Ping: The thing is.....I don't only think about money, I want to make you guys happy. 'Cause sometimes I run out of food. Then I have to come back for a second or third round. If I was only

concerned about money, it's not worth the trip. But I just think of the kids, if they can't get food, they would be hungry, then they're going to be disappointed. So I try my best to make you guys happy and bring you the food before.

Ph: That's good. So, how did you get into the business?

Ping: Oh, me? I never thought that I would become a cook and own my own restaurant, but things change when you



graduate from school. I got my Masters Degree in Business and I have another Masters in Philosophy. When I graduated from school, I couldn't find a decent job, so I ended up buying a restaurant. I didn't realize how good I could do, actually I

did pretty good. As a matter of fact, very good. So I bought another one. Originally I thought of making a chain restaurant, but it's too hard. You see.....this small restaurant is very personalized business. People come in and they want to see me. They want to say "Hey Ping!". If I'm not here, "Where's Ping?". When I go to Choate everyone wants to see me. I'm a famous person!

Alberto: You should put posters of yourself at Choate.

Matt: Ping for class rep!

Ph: Yeah, we should name a building

after you!

Alberto: I think we should get rid of the tuck shop and put a "Ping's" there.

Ping: But I understand that if they put my name on a building, I need to give them a lot of money.

Ph: Only 20 mill. or so.

Ping: (laughing)
Maybe I can sell myself!



Ph: Ping, I've noticed you've been driving a new car around. When did you get that?

Ping: The car I got last year, out of money from you guys, right? (laughs)

Ph: You see, last year when I was waiting for Chinese food, I knew where to go; what car to look for. But this year, the first time I came out for Chinese food I had no idea where to go. I had to look around for you. I was lost, Ping....lost. But Ping....tell me, where do you get the drive to come out every night at nine o'clock?

Ping: Well, when you do business you want to make money, but, if I don't show up, what do you do. You have no food, because lots of kids, they don't eat dinner, and then they'll be hungry the whole night, which makes me feel very very bad. That's why I go out every night. Both sides benefit: I make some money, and you guys make.....are happy with the food. Since I've gone to Choate....I've never missed a night.

Ph: Impressive!

Alberto: Pretty much.

Ph: What about the contract loss last year? Everyone was in an uproar.

Ping: Oh....that's the bad part!

Alberto: Didn't everyone wear black when that happened?

Ph: Everyone was in mourning.

Ping: I feel bad because you guys feel bad.

Ph: Didn't our school newspaper comment on it?

Ping: Well, they put a picture in the op ed. They put a picture of Ping in action.

Ph: Do you think it helped?

Ping: Yeah, well, yeah of course. Well, basically people just like me, and they like my food. The thing is, I violated a rule. They say I'm not allowed to put menus in dorms. But I've seen other people do it, so why can't I?

Matt: Yeah, I see other menus and I throw them away.

Ping: Please do!

Lady: Chicken Fried rice.

(everyone looks around. discussion ensues. no one ordered it so it gets sent

back).

Ph: Now what about the future of Ping?

Ping: The future.....it's hard to say, eh? (laughs) I don't know. Basically, I'll tell you.....I don't want to stay in restaurants forever, because I have a masters degree in business I want to do something other than restaurants. Maybe, I'll stay in the food area, but at this point its hard to say. It all depends on oppurtunity. Right now, I'll focus on my restaurant....try to make something big. (to Akiko) Your parents run a business?

Akiko: No.

Ping: None of your parents run a business?

Ph: No.

Alberto: No.

Matt: No.

Dave: No.

Ph: So, where'd you get your business degree from?

Ping: From Central. Central Connecticut State University.

Matt: Why do you think business went up so much? Did you do any advertising?

Ping: Basically it's word of mouth. Year by year people know me better and better. And, of course, the most important thing is that I keep my food always good. I talk a lot, but if my food is not good, all talk is bullshit.

Alberto: Edit that word out.

(the food arrives)

Ping: Mmmm.....smells good huh?

Alberto: Pretty much.



SUMO WRESTLING MEMORIES

Have you ever watched a tattered white piece of cloth crawl slowly up the butt of a three-hundred-pound Slovakian? Have you ever had your hair slicked back with foul-smelling grease while black eye make-up is quite liberally applied to you? Have you ever been coached in erotic and exotic dancing while a parade of scantily-clad obese men goes on before your very eyes? I'm assuming, for most of you at least, the answer is no. Unless, like me, you are or were at one time a Sumo Wrestling Referee.

You see, during the summer, I break free of my mild-mannered Choate existence and go hog-wild beneath the ancient and beautiful Maine pine trees. I don't wash for days on end. I leaf through pornography and make pig-grunting

noises. I go THE SUMO-WRESTLING FREAK to summer camp. This is a summer camp story.

It all started with a simple question: "Ben, how about refereeing my Sumo Wrestling exhibition next week?" The man who asked this question was and is Mr. Kevin Tacka, art counselor extraordinaire. My answer: "MY GOD, NO!!!" But there's only so long you can hold out against extreme needling and begging. I asserted my manhood for approximately five minutes, but eventually Tacka's waves of pleading

and guilt-tripping eroded the rocks of my resistance.

So, after I surrendered like the weak, spineless jellyfish I am, the time eventually came for the big day. Of course, I'm not going to mention the sixteen suicide attempts I pulled the week before the exhibition. (Something would always go wrong. Either the forty-five black market "sleeping pills" I purchased and promptly swallowed turned out to be those confounded new blue M+M's, or my feeble attempts to drown in the juice let loose by biting into a Starburst Fruit Chew failed miserably, etc., etc.) To this day, all I have to do to make my mom cry is bring up my "suicide shenanigans." You should come over for dinner sometime and try it. Anyway, at around seven o'clock, Tacka and his little band of merry helpers called me to the Theater to prepare for the show. I got ready for the pain.

My job in the show, I learned, was basically to jump around the ring like a kookoo chimpanzee while the battles were going on, and then do

a little exotic dance and point to the winner with my fans. (I had two crazy-looking fans made out of paper towels, painted by Tacka

My third leg helps me when I sumo-wrestle. I am a freak.

- B. K.

himself.) I was also given a particularly humiliating and distasteful assignment to be carried out before each match. It was called Measuring The Fat. I'll give you a moment to visualize the situation. Okay. Is the

vision fresh in your head? Me with a tape measure, my tiny arms encircling huge, bouncy, quivering mounds of fatty flesh? Do you have the mental picture? Good.

The contestants were wearing nothing except these diaper-looking pieces of cloth that just barely covered their vital areas. As they grappled with each other, it was my job to make sure that neither of them stepped out of the ring. I was close to the action at least. The soft, wet sound of fat slamming against fat was known to my ears. And since I was so up close and personal with the contestants (who were, by the way, the largest campers and counselors Mr. Tacka could recruit), I got first-hand experience of just how unappealing the human behind can be.

But, it all ended finally, and after it was all over, I took a nice long shower in an attempt to wash the filth off. It didn't work. To those of you who notice that I carry soap everywhere I go, and am often seen frantically scrubbing myself on the paths, take pity on me. Don't laugh too hard. After all, I have been a Sumo Wrestling Referee.

BEN

CARTOON NETWORK'S SATURDAY AFTERNOON MYSTERIES



1:00 - **The Mighty Midget** - Everyone's favorite freak, Gary Coleman, solves crimes and attempts to grow with a group of teenagers. "What ch'ou talkin' 'bout, midget?!"

1:30 - **That Kooky Refugee**- A small band Guatemalan refugees solve crimes and flee from immigration officers. Then they play a rockin' tune in their band, "The Funky Guatemalans."



2:00 - **Groovy Taft** - That fat ex-President, Taft, solves crimes and plays rock and roll music with a group of teenagers. Did we mention that his guy is fat? Real fat? Well, he is.



2:30 - **Ebolarama** - A group of teenagers and the deadly Ebola virus solve mysteries and kill entire populations. Then they play a rockin' tune.



3:00 - **Hot Sex** - A talking dog and a group of teenagers solve mysteries. Then they have hot sex. It's smutty. Real smutty.

STEVE

Front Cover: photo/chris, design/roddy

Back Cover: photo/chris, design/roddy

Details Cover: the same people. p35: writ/Matt, art: S&R&C

Articles: Chris/ Anka: Ben/ Comic: Jack/Chris

Thank you: Tommy Shen, Mr. Shanahan, Mrs. Abbe, Mr.

LaBrecque, Mr. Maddox, Mr. Admissions, Mr. Yanelli, the Copy Center, Printer's Ink, Financial Office, The News, and all you people who like reading KEEN!

Next issue in December. Think Snow!

Interested in working at KEEN? We're interested. Talk to Chris or Steve.

NON-PRANK CALLS

Due to the recent popularity of prank call albums à la the Jerky Boys, we at Keen, scribes of the counter-culture, have decided to look in the other direction and make some real phone calls ... hilarity ensues!

Situation: Johnny's Pizza

Lady: Johnny's Pizza.

Me: Yeah, I'd like a large cheese pizza to be delivered to 743 South Main St.

Lady: Would you like a liter of Coke?

Me: No, thank you.

Lady: That'll be \$9.47.

Me: Thank you.

Lady: Bye.

Situation: My friend Earl

Earl: Hello.

Me: Hey Earl, it's me.

Earl: What's up?

Me: Nothing really. You wanna go see a movie?

Earl: Sure thing.

Me: I'll come over later.

Earl: See you then.

Me: Yeah, I'll see you. Bye.

Earl: Bye.

Situation: Roddy, our computer guy

Roddy: Yeah?

Me: Roddy, we need to layout 32 pages in 4 hours.

Roddy: No problem.

Me: Aren't you worried?????

Roddy: No, not really, I just made a small fortune playing with derivatives.

Me: Oh. Like stocks?

Roddy: Yeah. Like stocks. So what's up?

Me: Oh, nothing.

Roddy: Ok, see ya.

Me: Bye.

Situation: Steve, my counterpart

Steve: Hello?

Me: Roddy's a millionaire!!

Steve: Oh, that's nothing.

Me: What d'ya mean?

Steve: I'm replacing Conan O'Brian next week. I'm a celebrity!

Me: Oh.

Steve: So, what's up?

Me: Nothing.

Steve: Ok, see ya.

Me: I suck.



STEVE & CHRIS

The Illustrated Adventures of the Ninja

WHO KNOWS WHO RULED ENGLAND BETWEEN 1016 AND 1035?

Aa Bb Cc



THAT WOULD BE KING CANUTE.

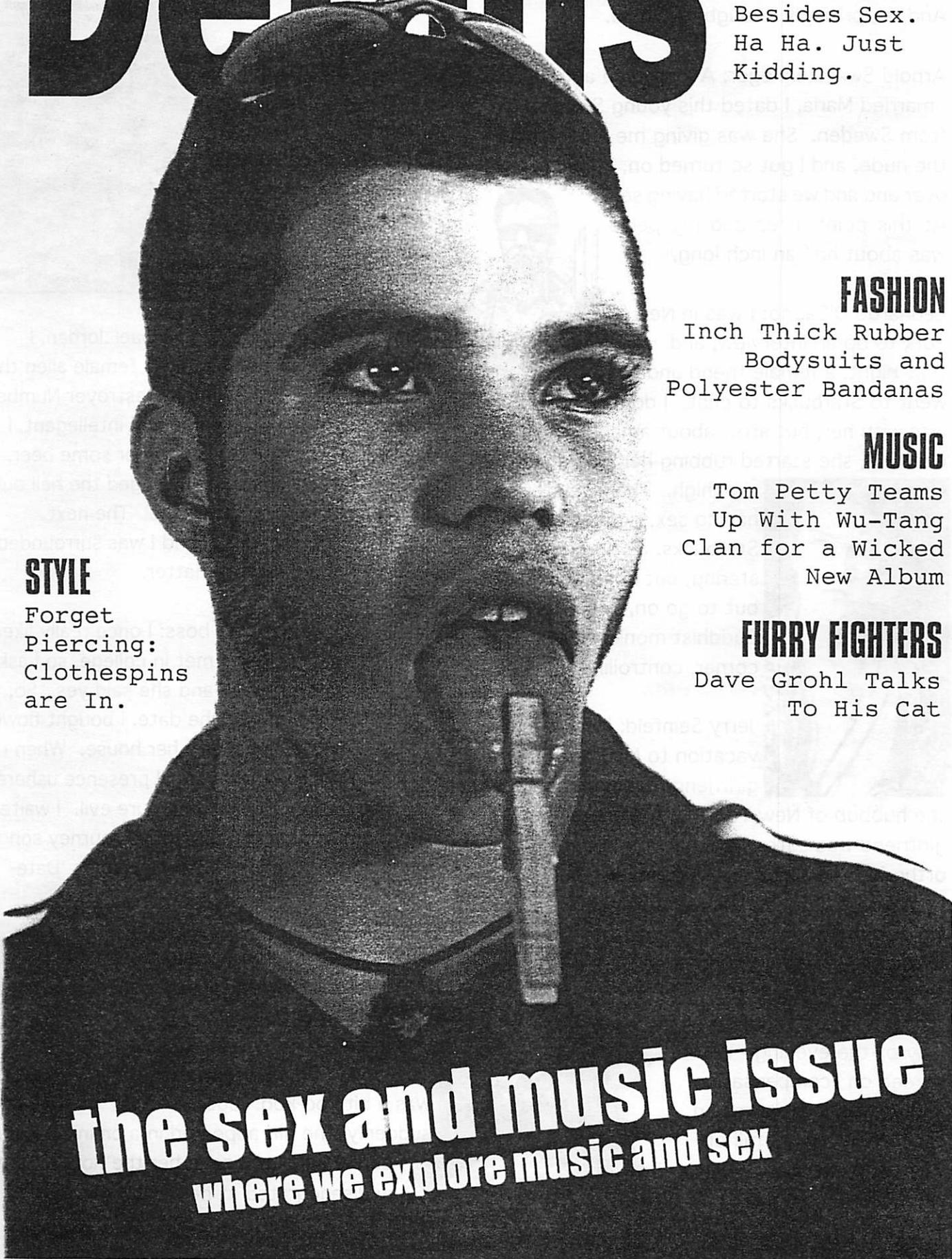


by Steve Carey & Chris Yaks

THAT IS CORRECT, MICHELLE!



Details



ANKA

Talks About
Something
Besides Sex.
Ha Ha. Just
Kidding.

FASHION

Inch Thick Rubber
Bodysuits and
Polyester Bandanas

MUSIC

Tom Petty Teams
Up With Wu-Tang
Clan for a Wicked
New Album

FURRY FIGHTERS

Dave Grohl Talks
To His Cat

STYLE

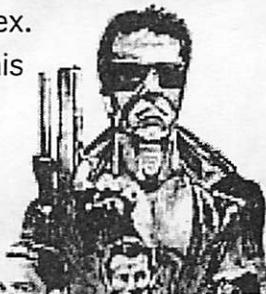
Forget
Piercing:
Clothespins
are In.

the sex and music issue
where we explore music and sex

THE WORST SEX

Details asked six celebrities to reveal their most awful, embarrassing sexual experience. And, surprisingly enough, they did.

Arnold Swartzeneger: A long time ago, before I married Maria, I dated this young Swedish girl from Sweden. She was giving me a backrub in the nude, and I got so turned on, I flipped over and and we started having sex. At this point, I realized my penis was about half an inch long.

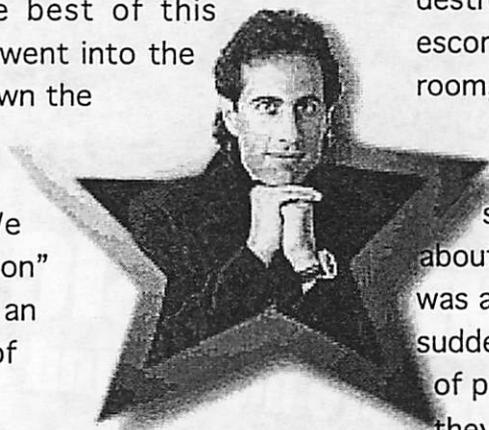


Leonardo DiCaprio: I was in New York to do an interview, and that night, a female friend and I went to Starbucks to chat. I don't know what was with her, but after about a half hour of chatting, she started rubbing her legs against



my thigh. Then we started having sex, right there, at Starbucks. Everybody was staring, but I had no choice but to go on, because 12 Buddhist monks were in the corner, controlling my brain.

Jerry Seinfeld: I went on a vacation to Maui with my girlfriend, hoping to escape the hubbub of New York. Unfortunately, my girlfriend was eaten by a pack of hungry orthodontists. But, I said to myself, "Jerry, you got to make the best of this situation!" So I did. I went into the town, paced up and down the streets until I found a reasonably attractive lady-of-the-evening. We agreed on "compensation" and proceeded. It was an excellent evening, full of witty conversation, little orange

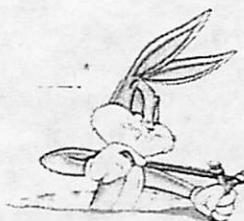


crackers, and the great kind of sex that only occurs between two people who don't know each other at all. In the following week, I discovered I had gonnerea. I became a cranky neurotic.

William Faulkner: I make toast every morning at about 7:30, except for Sundays, when I usually make pancakes, and I get up a bit later too.



Bugs Bunny: While filming my latest movie, "Space Jam", co-starring Michael Jordan, I inadvertently ran into a lovely female alien that identified herself as 'Rabbit-Destroyer Number One'. She was so adorable and intellegent, I invited her back to my trailer for some beer. After I got her smashed, I banged the hell out of her. It was fucking incredible! The next morning, she was gone, and I was surrounded by a lethal sphere of anti-matter.



John, my boss: I once really liked this girl I met in college, so I asked her out, and she said yes. So, the night of the date, I bought flowers and went to her house. When I rung the doorbell, a mystical presence ushered me into a room darker than pure evil. I waited in the room, whistling my favorite Journey song, when a man who identified himself as 'Date-destroyer Number One' escorted me up to the girl's room, which was bare, save an alter covered with blood, bile, and bones. I stepped inside, and looked about, and figured something was a bit koo-koo. But, suddenly, the girl appeared in a ominous cloud of purple smoke. I gave her the flowers, but they disenegrated at her touch.



So I broke up with my boyfriend. I know, I know, you all, my faithful perverted readers, enjoyed my stories of our steamy couplings. I especially enjoyed the time he tied me to an oversized teddy bear and whipped me with a fireplace poker while playing Nintendo..."Rad Racer," I think. But, in the shower one morning, scrubbing my magnificent thighs, I realized: there are men out there I haven't slept with! Yes! Tons of them! And here I was, hoarding my succulent cleavage, letting only one lucky man see! I knew then I would have to hit the streets.

I called up two great friends of mine, Heidi and Veronica, charter members of the Wild Girls Club. Heidi is a stripper/performance artist whose show, "The Importance of Peeing Peanut Butter," sold out in the East Village last year. Veronica is an "oil girl" on porn movie sets, the best in the business. I was unsure as to what to do until Veronica blurted out: "Oh my God! Let's go to Times Square and pretend we're hookers!" The idea appealed to me.

After leaving a note to my boyfriend, I picked up Heidi and Veronica in the Lovemobile (a VW Beetle, license plate: LUVMENOW), wearing a tight black leather skirt, and a halter top which accentuated my pendulous mammaries. Heidi and Veronica (by the way, Heidi and Veronica are quadrasexual dominatrices in their spare time) jumped in the back and promptly began stimulating themselves and each other with a rubber iguana while "Olga's Audio Pleasures: Vol. 3" played on the tape deck. It was already a great trip.

Finally, after a long drive (during which we discussed which late-night talk-show

host we'd most like to pleasure with an electric toothbrush), we reached the City of Lights. No, not Jerusalem, New York City.

We lathered on the makeup immediately, four layers of eye shadow for everyone. Then, we grabbed ourselves a handful of condoms from the dispenser in the backseat, and went out to the corner of 42nd and Broadway, and found ourselves a pimp by the name of Carlos. He drooled on my heaving chestical globular mounds a little bit, then drawled out, "Okay, you chicks can cut it! Now, get your booties out on the street and get me my money!" Veronica noted, "He's cute." I nodded and said, "Let's look for customers, c'mon."

"Okay, you chicks can cut it! Now get your booties out on the street and get me my money!"

We immediately found a guy who wanted ALL THREE of us to come back to his apartment with him! "Too good to be true!," whispered Heidi to me, seductively stroking her new tongue piercing. The guy's apartment was really nice. He had cool paintings lining the walls, and he opened my beer with his teeth! Now this was a real man! My firm, smooth buttocks, both of them, were seated on his couch as he regaled us with tales of his travels around Europe. Then, we all had sex in his "home entertainment center," which contained a six-disc CD changer, a big-screen projection television, and a laserdisc player! Wow! That got me so hot!

Eventually, we got sick of this little sexist, so, with our highest-heeled shoes, we beat him to a bloody pulp. Then, we trashed his apartment and killed his dog with his coffee table! Viva la woman!

recordings

Farley

Squirrels Like Eating Acorns And Stuff

The Farley sound is a familiar one, thudding drums, grunting vocals, exploding guitar, etc. But what sets Farley apart from the norm is the fact that the band is made up of a pack of hyper-intelligent squirrels. As unbelievable as this is, you have to check these guys out. Here's some of the best songs: "Squirrel Attack", "I'm a Squirrel", "I'm a Squirrel as Well", "Squirrel Squirrel", and the dance hit, "Dance like a Squirrel, but not That One"

Killer Ass Marionette

Can You See The Amalgamation Inside?

Killer Ass Marionette's sophomore release drives me wild with passion and rage. Vocalist Otto's emotional range is only comparable to paper. After three listenings, I walked with a new sprocket in my step, and shook hands with only people I liked. However, fans of music will be disappointed, for the entire album is composed of screaming and some guy named Ted talking about delis. Highlights: "Scream, part 1", "Scream, part 2", "Scream, part 3", and "Ted talks about delis".

comics

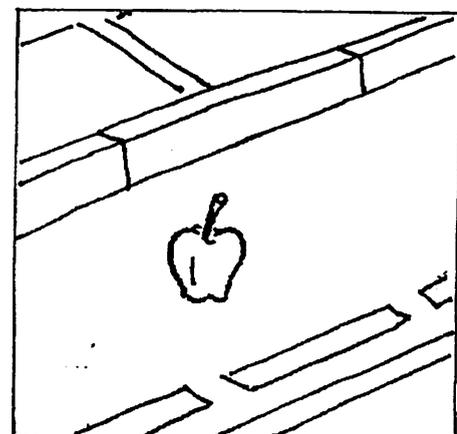
Pond.



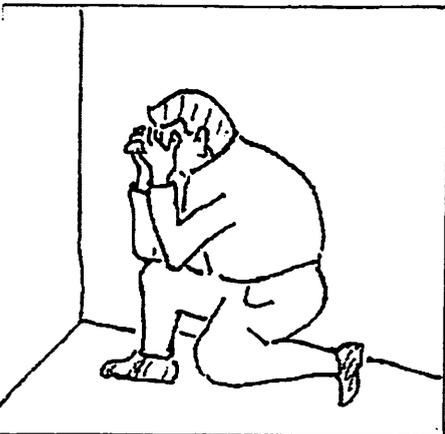
No one ever knew about the woman in Boston... Except.



If you couldn't see your reflection in the water...



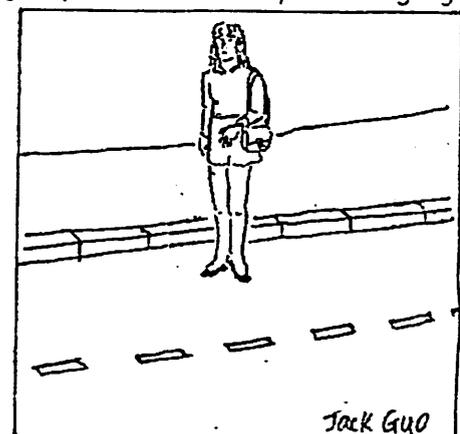
Those who were truly lost in our group didn't make it past the getgo.



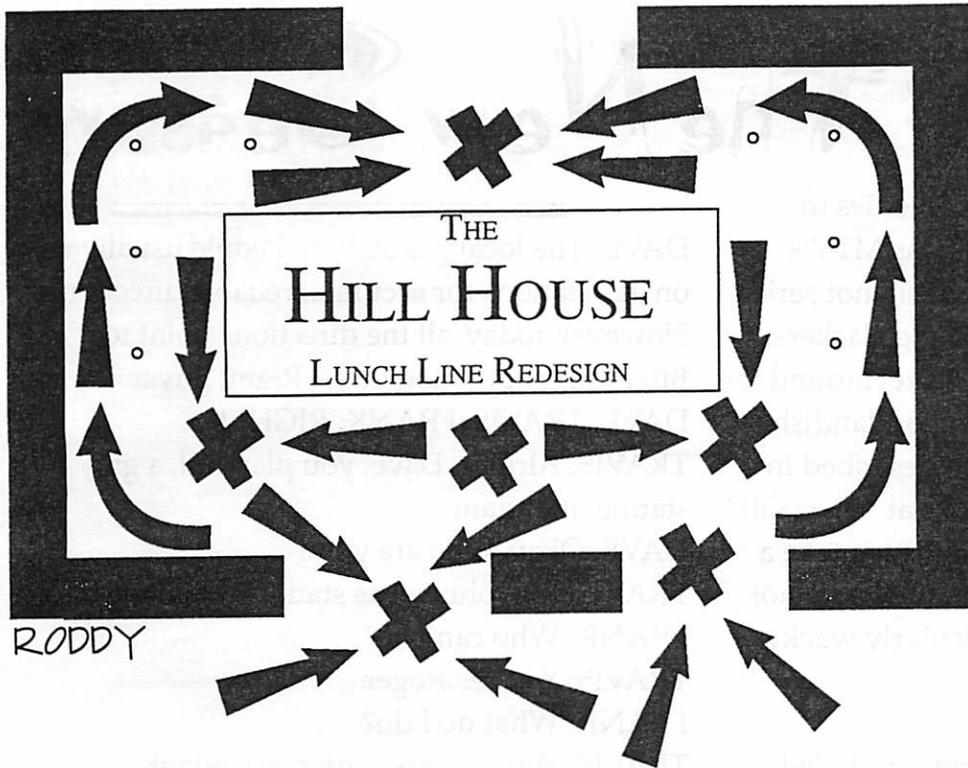
Can she ever come back?
No. Grief is like time.



After three years. I was alone.
The group broke apart. my shame in my pocket. And the solution.



A hankerchief. A piece of the wind. A portion of a small city. She was the answer. The question remains unasked.



I'm sure you've all noticed the 'new and improved' layout of the dining hall. So well designed is this culinary work of art that anyone picking up Cheerios at lunch, for whatever sick, twisted reason they might want them at that hour, can disrupt, hold up, stop and further hold up the line for us carnivores out there. Now, I won't get into the specifics, the nitty gritty, I think I'll just start telling you about what Keen has done to answer some of the many questions that I wanted answers. So, we decided, the nine of us (yep, there's now nine of us in the Keen Clan, not to be confused with the Wu-Tang Clan) to take a trip to New York City and find the big-shot architect who designed the new plan. He wasn't there, so we came back to Choate and went down to facilities, where they keep everyone who knows anything bound and gagged. We infiltrated the compound under the cover of darkness (9:00 to 9:30, actually), put him in a big duffle bag, and dragged him back to the

main office (which is in Edsall, room 306) and interrogated him for the rest of the break in study hours.

The two operatives are members of Keen, but their names have been withheld to protect them.

Keen Operative 1: So they keep you locked up down at facilities most of the time?

Mr. Architect :
mmmmmmffffff

Keen Operative 2 rips the

tape off his mouth.

Mr. Architect : Ouch. Yes. Yes. They feed us intravenously and we're bound and gagged until we've got a project they want done.

Keen Operative 1: How many guys do they keep locked up down there?

Mr. Architect: There's 12 of us.

Keen Operative 1: Where did they find you? Why did they pick you?

Mr. Architect: I was walking down a street in New Haven and they came up beside me in their blue van and grabbed me.

How they knew I was an architect, I have no idea.

Keen Operative 1: So they knew who you were. Interesting. Have you done anything before this? Designed anything else?

Mr. Architect : You know the traffic circles outside L.A.?

Keen Operative 1: Yeah...

Mr. Architect: That was my last job. I designed them. They built them. They fired me. All because of a little traffic.

Keen Operative 2: Isn't that where they

Buzz Kill: The New Season

One of the freshest, hottest new comedies to pummel the airwaves last season was MTV's fresh, hot show "BuzzKill." This fresh, hot series chronicles the exploits of three young slackers, Dave, Travis, and Frank, as they travel around the country, tricking people into doing outlandish activities in ways that can only be described in two words: fresh and hot. The folks at "BuzzKill" were nice enough to let KEEN Magazine take a sneak peek at the transcripts from the fresh, hot new season! Here are some particularly wacky excerpts:

DAVE: The men's room at TGIFriday's. Filled with urinals, toilets, and automatic hand dryers. The perfect setting...for a Buzzkill.

TRAVIS: First, we take paper towels. Then, we wet them. Frank, you wet them.

FRANK: Okay.

(FRANK wets the paper towels.)

TRAVIS: Now, we stuff the wet paper towels into the drain of the sink, thereby stopping up the drain. When someone tries to wash their hands...

DAVE: Well, let's just say they'll be in for a surprise...BuzzKill style.

DAVE, TRAVIS, FRANK: Yeah!

(MAN walks in.)

FRANK: Quick! Hide! I'll bet this guy will try to wash his hands!

(MAN goes to the urinal, while DAVE, TRAVIS and FRANK huddle against the wall of the men's room, snickering. MAN moves to the sink.)

FRANK: Here he comes!

DAVE: Shhhh!

(MAN takes paper towels out of the drain, washes his hands. DAVE, TRAVIS and FRANK look on, stupefied.)

DAVE: Well...uhhh...

FRANK: He touched our paper towels!

DAVE, TRAVIS, FRANK: YEAH!

TRAVIS: Another successful Buzzkill, gentlemen!

DAVE: The local gas station. People usually rely on gas stations for accurate, reliable directions.

However, today, all the directions point to BuzzKill, population three. Right, guys?

DAVE, TRAVIS, FRANK: RIGHT!

TRAVIS: Alright, Dave, you play Bill, a gas station attendant.

DAVE: Okay. Who are you?

TRAVIS: I'm John, a gas station attendant.

FRANK: Who can I be?

TRAVIS: You're...Roger.

FRANK: What do I do?

TRAVIS: You're a gas station attendant.

DAVE: Shhh! Here comes a car!

(A car pulls up. A DRIVER rolls down his window.)

DRIVER: Excuse me, how do I get to the Pallisades Parkway?

TRAVIS: Uhhh, you take a right at the fourth traffic light, and it'll get you there.

DRIVER: Thank you.

(DRIVER drives away. DAVE, TRAVIS and FRANK laugh.)

FRANK: "Fourth traffic light"? "Fourth traffic light"? Everybody knows you take a right at the *third* traffic light!

DAVE: We have once again impeccably executed...a Buzzkill.

(THE GAS STATION MANAGER comes out of the office.)

GAS STATION MANAGER: Hey! You! What are you three doing in my station? Get out! Stop harassing my customers!

DAVE: Quick, guys, run!

MORE SHORTIES

If you're ever late to class, tell the teacher, "You know, I'm glad you're not marking me late, because only sucky teachers do that, and you're not a sucky teacher." It always works.

I named my dog "Rex." The neighbors named my dog "Shit for Brains."

When the toilet gets backed up, I almost always cry. I am a horrible janitor.

I once saw RUN-DMC in the airport. They were rapping by the baggage claim.

In an effort to curb this nations trash problem, I would take all of the garbage and put it on my neighbor's house. He won't know; he's on vacation this week.

A Short Play (Setting: It is cold)

Cold person: Hey I'm cold.

Warm person: I am not.

Cold person: Do you have a sweater?

Warm person: I do not.

Cold person: I am still cold.

When I have some time on my hands, I like to cross out famous names in the New York Times, and replace them with my own. So, when I'm done, the new Times reads like this: "Ben Signs Palestine-Israel Peace Treaty," "Number One on the Billboard Charts: Ben," and "Ben Rides Winning Horse at the Kentucky Derby." I show it to my friends, and we have a good laugh.

I'm looking forward to voting in the elections in November. I always take a magazine into the voting booth. After I vote, I sit and read the magazine! I can imagine, while I'm sitting there reading, everyone on line behind me is saying, "Boy, that guy sure takes a long time to vote!"

If robots existed today, I would program a robot to do the macarena. He'd be my Macarena 3000, and I'd bring him out at parties!

Goddamn Mammograms!

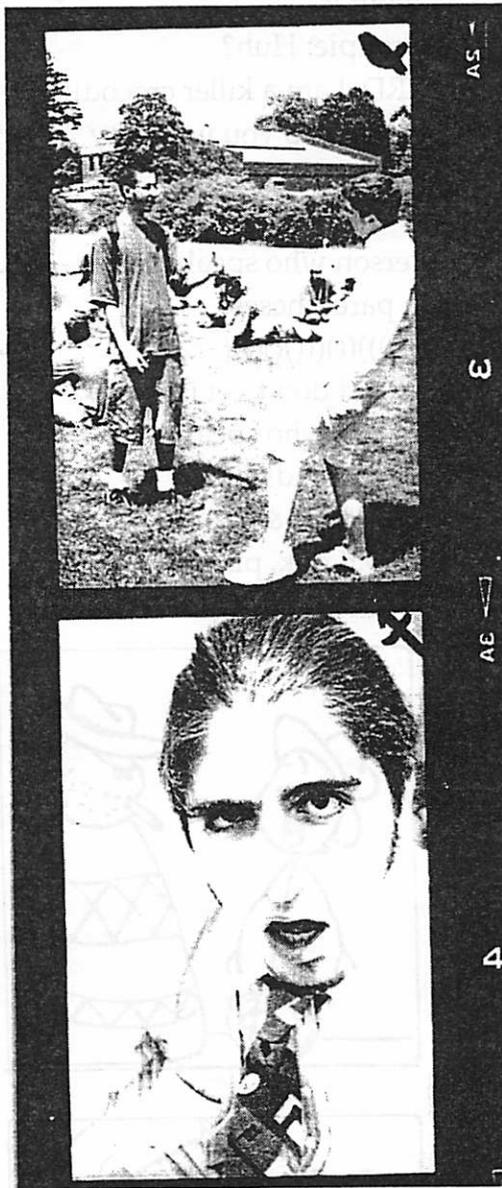
If I ever built a bomb, I'd put it in a dictionary. Nobody ever reads dictionaries. Except nerds. And slowly they will disappear.

I once drew this really cool picture, but I lost it or something. My mom says she has it somewhere, like in her attic someplace, but I think I just, like, threw it out, or something. It was really cool.

In Russia, they don't have Snapple. They have water instead.

My Favorite Ninja Movies:

- The Three Ninjas Kick Back
- Bloody Gore Ninja Hell 2
- Ninja Jones' Farming Guide
- How to Kill Someone Silently the Ninja Way: A documentary
- The Prince of Tides
- Raised Fist in Anger
- Gorish Nightmare Ninja 5
- To Ninja, With Love



THE HUMAN TURNSTILE

(transcript from the Dr. Insignificant radio programme)

Dr. Insignificant: Hello gents and (*coating the microphone with hot saliva*) ladies!! This is Dr. Lov...oh, sorry, wrong show. This is DR. Insignificant just dying to hear about *your dumb lives and problems.* (*Ring*) Oh my, a caller!!! What to do?? (*Station manager flashes a sign*) Yes, picking up the phone would help. (*Pause*) Hello, this is Dr. Insignificant, what seems to be the problem, Jack?

Caller: Well, hi. And...my name is not Jack. Since we are on the air, you can refer to me by my secret cub scout code name: Shorty.

Dr. I: I took some reverse psychology in college....this means you're big. (*Pauses to flash a grin as if he stuck gold.*)

Shorty: No, I'm just extremely small.

Dr. I: So what's wrong?

Shorty: Well...I lost my job.

Dr. I: How recently?

Shorty: Oh, about 35 years ago.

Dr. I: And you're not over it yet?

Shorty: You don't understand...it was the best job in the world!!

Dr. I: What, a doctor? A lawyer? Pimp? What?

Shorty: I was a transit agent specializing in token reception.

Dr. I: A what?

Shorty: I took in the damn tokens!

Dr. I: Calm down. Now just tell me what kind of drugs you're on, then we can get to the real problem.

Shorty: Look. You remember how the

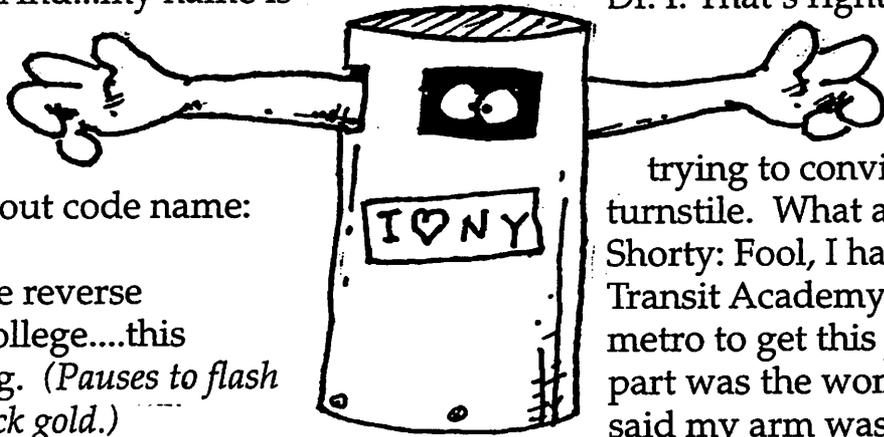
subways used to be. You know, clean, beautiful. Without turnstiles. (*Said with the disgust of 500 gangstas out of bullets*)

Dr. I: Well, to be honest, I never take the subway, I just use my Benz gremilin.

Shorty: Anyhow, before the turnstiles, they needed guys short enough to fit in a metal box, smart enough to count the number of people using the subway, and strong enough to hold their arm out all day and make the *tutadada* noise that they needed.

Dr. I: Oh really. Wow, how exciting, Tiny.

Shorty: Watch it. So I was the Human Turnstile. You would not believe the kind of...



Dr. I: That's right. I don't believe you...what kind of imbecile do think I am,

trying to convince me you're a turnstile. What an idiotic job.

Shorty: Fool, I had to graduate Transit Academy *suma cum metro* to get this job! But the best part was the women. They all said my arm was the best. But now, all these stinking automatic

turnstiles take all of customers away.

Dr. I: Blah, blah, blah...do you really think I want to hear about your pitiful existence...(*hangs up phone*)

Shorty: (*talking to the dialtone*) Will no one hear my story? Does no one care about token reception anymore? I once was a proud man. Now...now..I am just a man who once was *The Human Turnstile!*

Operator: Sorry you are having trouble. Please hang up and try again.

HILL HOUSE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

have the worst traffic problems in the...
Keen Operative 1 smacks Keen Operative 2.

Keen Operative 1: What did I tell you about talking?

Keen Operative 2: Yes Chr..Er..Operative 1

Keen Operative 1: Well. That's strange. I wonder why they grabbed an architect who made such a mess of a lot of people's lives.

Mr. Architect: Well, Mr. Big said something about meeting people and how physically colliding with someone was such a good way to meet people.

Keen Operative 1: You've met Mr. Big, then. When was this meeting?

Mr. Architect: A few days after they kidnapped me.

Keen Operative 1: What do you think of him?

Mr. Architect: What would you think of a guy who's holding you captive against your will? No one in here has ever been released. The secret Choate Acquisition Squad only went out to get someone (me) because someone in here because one of the PGs didn't show up. Some architecture PG.

Keen Operative 1: Just a few more questions and we'll smuggle you back in there. It's getting late.

Mr. Architect: Please! No! Don't make me go back in there!

Keen Operative 1: That's not our decision, is it. We wouldn't want them knowing that their defenses were weak, would we? You see, if we let you lose, there's no telling what ends they'll go to to find out who did it.

Mr. Architect: BUT PLEASE! Don't you SEE? They're keeping me hostage!

Keen Operative 1: If you don't calm down, I'll be forced to duck-tape your mouth shut again. Now. One last question and it's back you go. Why the hell are they showing us the eggs? I always thought it was agreed somewhere at matriculation or in the student handbook that the ingredients of the food were on a need to know basis. What's with that? And what's with those plate warmers?

Mr. Architect: I didn't really hear that much about it.. I just designed the 'flow'. What I do know is that we've got 25 Million to spend by next year, and things like plate warmers and big steel stoves are in the budget now.

Keen Operative 2: What about the napkin holders? Why did they take those away?

Keen Operative 1 glares at Operative 2.

Mr. Architect: The school is secretly funding South American rainforest deforestation, and figured because everyone would now use more napkins than they'd used before, it would ultimately drive up the demand for paper globally.

Keen Operative 1: Thank you. For your time. I really wish you the best of luck.

Mr. Architect: No! Not the tape! Don't make me mmmmmfffff.

Keen Operative 1: Gentlemen, we must replace the hostage. Let's get going, it's almost 9:25.

Hyper-intellegent squirrels are the future



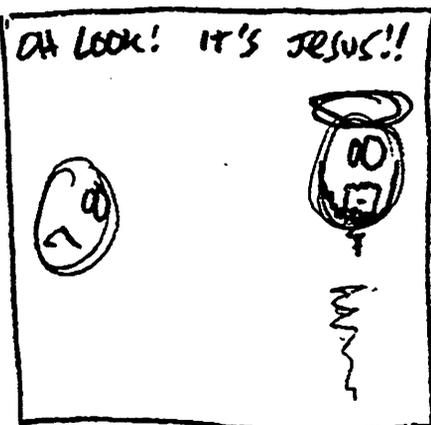
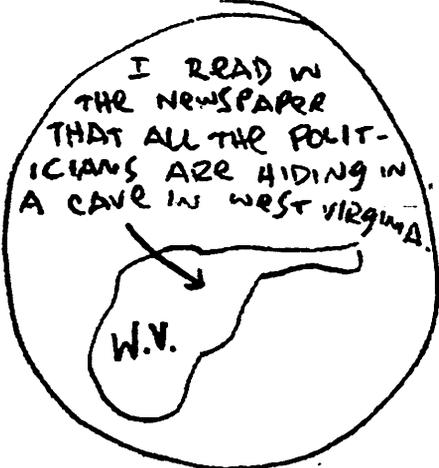
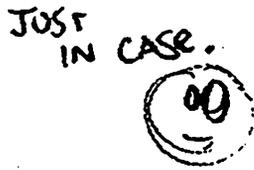
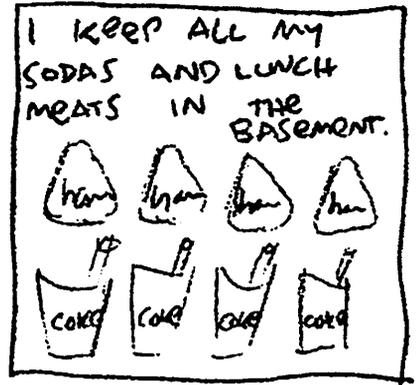
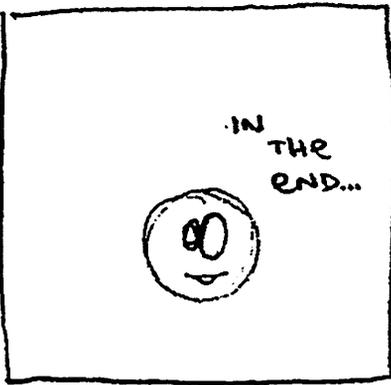
How did the meekest, stupidest animal in the world become the ruler of the human race? Let's look at the differences between humans and these squirrels.

Humans

Obsessed with exploration
Have fairly large brains
Get married
What is metaphysics?
I hate squirrels.
What?
What?

Hyper-Intellegent Squirrels

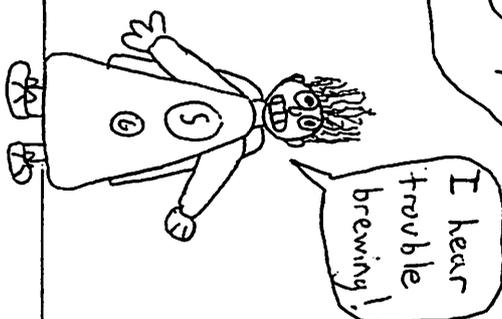
Obsessed with nuts and metaphysics
Have very large brains
Eat nuts and discuss metaphysics
Be quiet, human!
Humans have such primitive emotions.
Humansaywhat?
Ha ha ha.



THE END

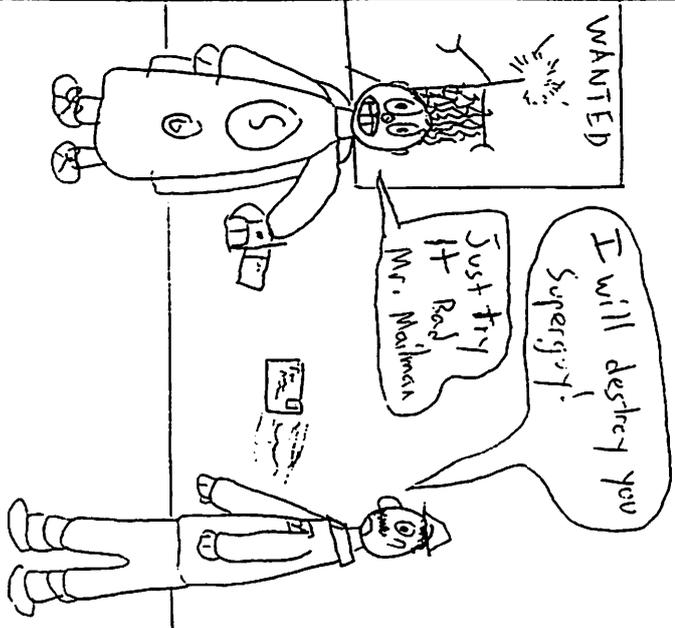
The Adventures of Super Guy

by Pheoze Kaezi



I hear trouble brewing!

The Fight Begins

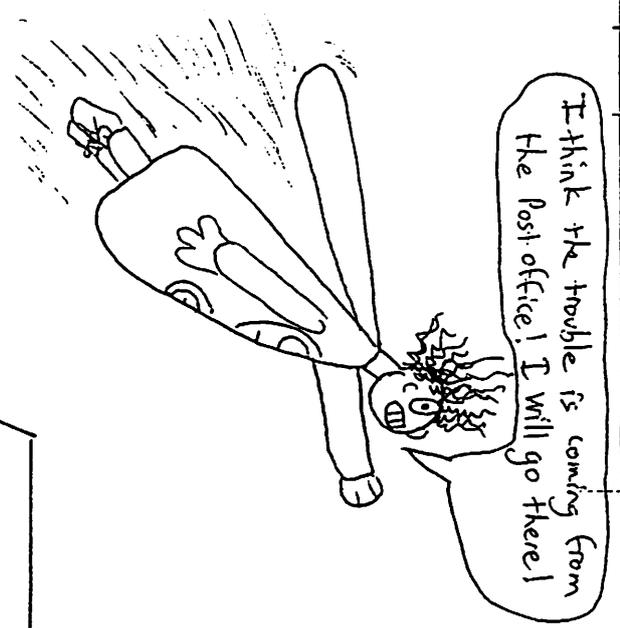


I will destroy you Superguy!

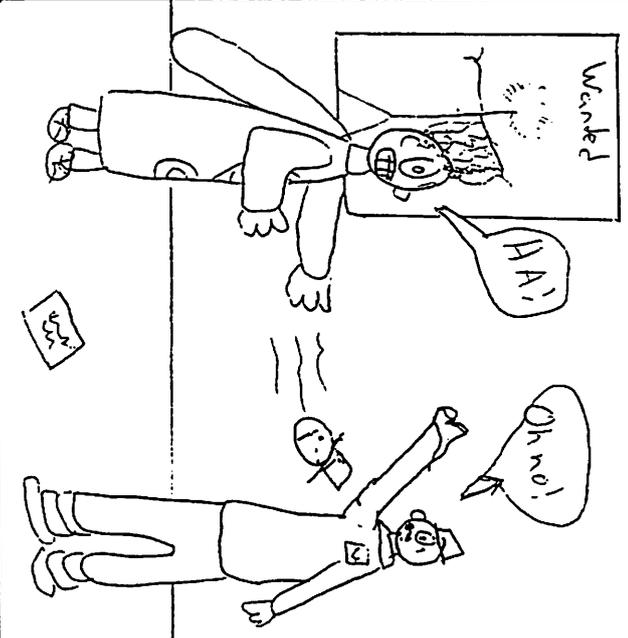
Just try it Rod Mr. Mailman

WANTED

More Action!



I think the trouble is coming from the Post office! I will go there!

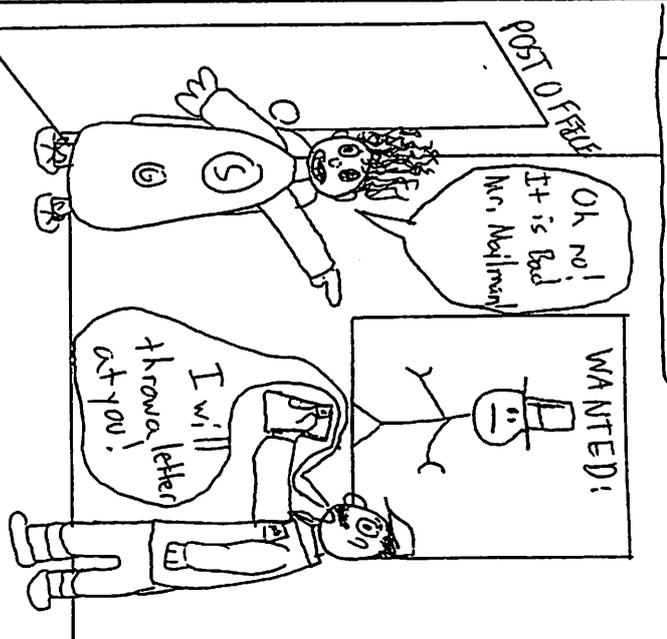


Wanted

HA!

Oh no!

Super Guy Is The Winner

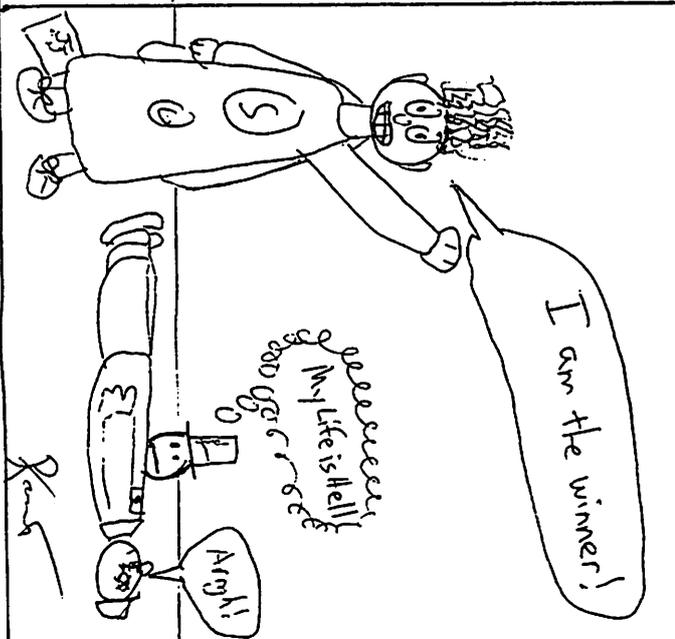


POST OFFICE

Oh no! It is bad Mr. Mailman

I will throw a letter at you!

WANTED!



I am the winner!

My life is hell

Arggh!

Road

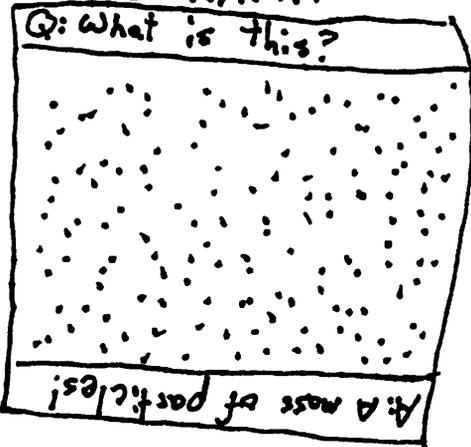
by Kids!
It's

STEVE'S

SOOPER HAPPY FUN PAGE



CONNECT-THE-DOTS- O-RAMA



MATCHING-O-RAMA

Match each side

1.	a.
2.	b.
3.	c.

A: Alice - Skateboard; Forest - Egg; Ninja - Moose

WORDSEARCH-O-RAMA

X	X	X	X	X	X	X		
X	X	X	S	T	E	V	E	X
X	X	X	I	S	A	X	X	X
X	X	X	B	I	G	X	X	X
X	X	X	S	T	U	D	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

Find:
STUD IS
A STEVE
BIG

HOW-TO-DRAW-O-RAMA

H2. A Girl Moose

1.	2.
3.	4.

JOKE-O-RAMA

Q: What did the farmer say to the lion?

A: "Join our Populist movement to help lessen the power of the strong national government and give power back to the states!"

The LitT poetry corner

Editor-in-Chief: Matt Bleich
 Associate Assistant to the Associate Manager
 Editor: Ben Kessler

tennis game

my life is a tennis game
 in love it's forty-luv
 i swing the raquet down the court of life
 the tennis raquet is a knife
 beating beating beating me he's beating
 me
 beating me beating me beating me with
 the raquet me
 as my heart beats me beats me beats
 beats me
 beat the ball! beat the ball! beat him beat
 me we beat me beat me!
 game's over he beats me i beat myself
 Why doesn't anyone understand me?

— Aurora Kilpatrick

finnleader

ussa ulla we're umbras
 all! mezha didn't you hear it a deluge of
 times
 ufer and ufer respund to spond?
 it's the irrawadding i've stole in my aars
 is that the finneleader
 himself in his joakimono. father of otters
 it is himself.
 Why doesn't anyone understand me?

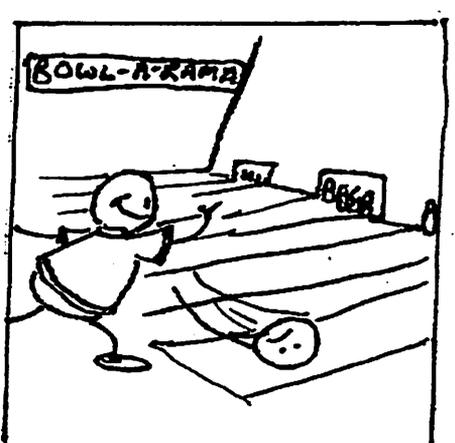
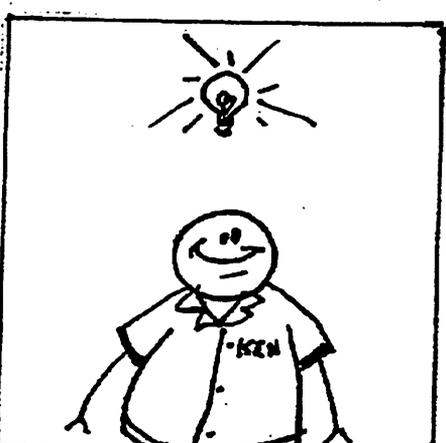
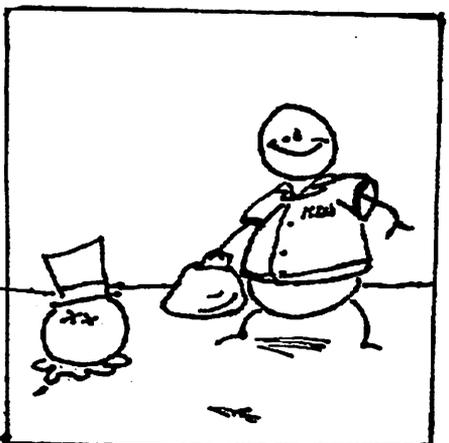
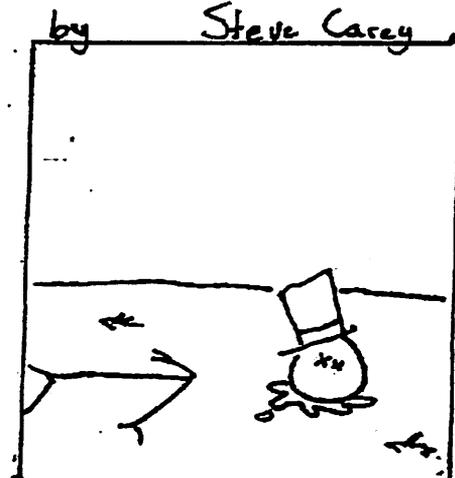
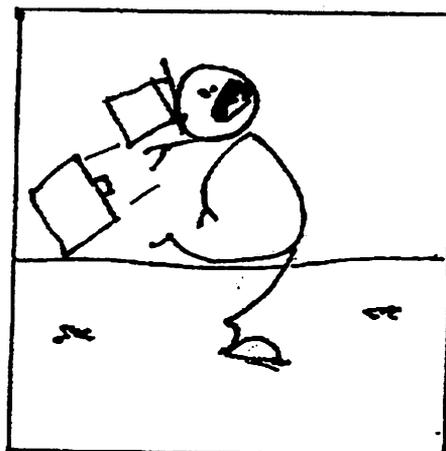
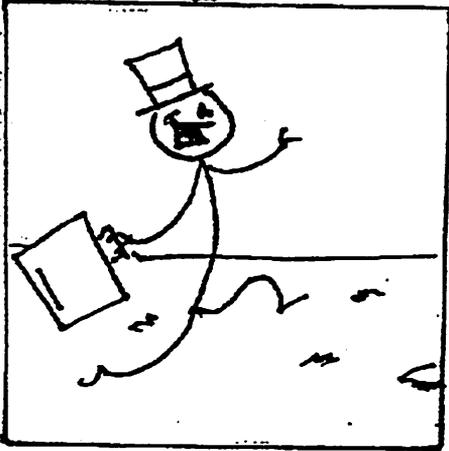
— Jane Joyce

ΜαρκλανδΠο ζινελανδ

βεχαυσε ψου τοοκ αδωανταγε οφ α
 σιννερ:
 τακεσ νυμπερ νινε ιν ψανγσεεΠο ηατο.
 τησ ισ τηε φιρστ δαψ οφ τηε ρεστ οφ
 ψουρ λιφε,
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 οφ ψουρ λιφε.τ
 Why doesn't anyone understand me?

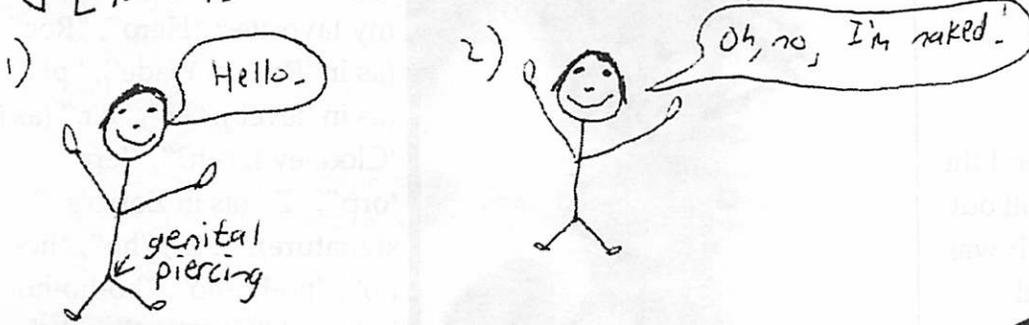
ΝΡαχηελ Γερβερ

Mr Stickman

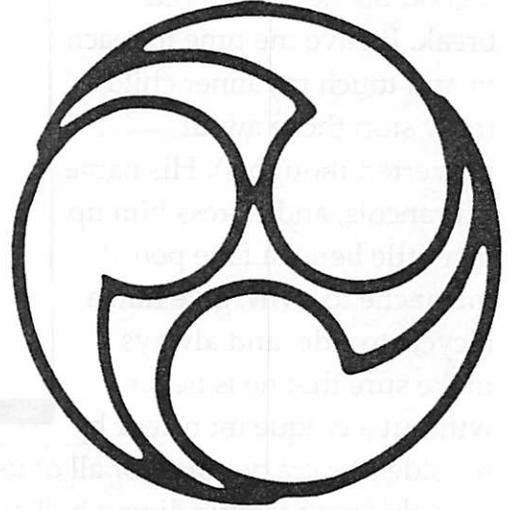
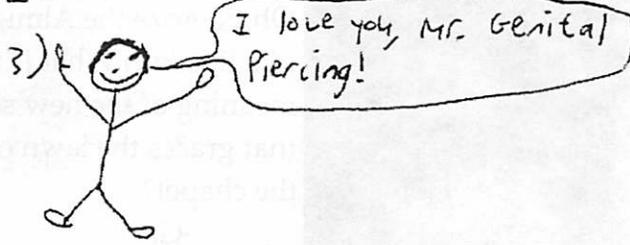




GENITAL PIERCING MAN by Ben Kessler



(Part I: The Origins of Genital Piercing Man)



NINJA COMICS



CHRIS YATES + STEVE CAREY



PHEROZE KNOWS

Lifers,

Ah....the hiatus is over and the embalming begins, so roll out the white beach towels. It was a good break; a deserved break. It gave me time to reach in and touch my inner child (now stop those awful perverted thoughts). His name is Francois, and I dress him up in a little beret, a fake pencil-mustache to twirl, give him a bicycle to ride, and always make sure that he is never without a croque monsieur by his side. It's crazy times for all of us, especially with this new satanic dining hall configuration. I tell you, they never let up....just don't join. It's time to let the floods loose, so let's go hog-wild cuckoo.....

Dear Pheroze,

Does Garfield really speak to Jon, or is he just thinking?

-Paca Shouwerno

Paca Schmucko,

Of course he's "just thinking".....do you really think cats can talk? When you read that Garfield is saying this to Jon: "Hey Jon, I'm a fat lazy cat who likes to sleep. Where's my lasagna?" Jon really perceives this as "Meow." You see, we're readers.....we're on the inside. The only cat that can talk is Snagglepuss, and even he has his limits.

Dear Pheroze who knows,

How many different words can be made out the letters in your first name?

-Crazy gun lover



Gun,

About forty or so. Here are my favorites: "Hero", "Roe" (as in 'Roe vs. Wade'), "pH" (as in 'level'), "er", "e.r." (as in 'Clooney'), "eh?", "erp", "orp", "Z" (as in Zorro's signature), "e-z", "ho", "ho-ho", "ho-ho-ho", "ho-ho-ho-ho", and "Constantinople".

Oh Pheroze the Almighty, (I like this kid) What is the meaning of the new sculpture that graces the lawn outside the chapel?

-Gary

Gary,

On every fourth forthright of every solar quantennium, seven giant bowling pins erupt from the ground. These pins then wreak havoc upon this nation, forcing everyone to bowl and watch reruns of "Murder, She Wrote". The economy goes to naught because everyone's money goes to the bowl-a-ramas and cheap beer. Little children are forced to sing "Puff, the Magic Dragon" in the key of A-flat major in four-part harmony. It's awful I tell you. This sculpture helps to appease the bowling gods and curb their wrath. If you look through the red center of the littlest pin, than you can see the chapel in red, which is pretty cool.

Pheroze,

Where's my money?

-Crandini

Crandini,

In my wallet.

Well Lifers, it's time. Send me your questions, concerns, and quibbles. Also, I'm looking for people to form a Mentos training choir. You don't have to be good. You just have to have a great smile.

I am a stick man I am a spiteful man. An unattractive man. I think that my liver hurts. Wait, I don't even have a liver. Come to think of it, I don't even have a third dimension.

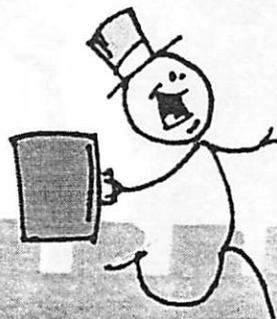
I came to Earth many years ago from the planet Stickland. What made me leave my native planet? Why, the sweet beckoning whispers of the American Dream, of course. (Okay, okay: that and the fact that all of the women on Stickland are flat-chested.)

My trip to Earth was a terrible and treacherous one: when boarding the spaceship I tripped on the stairs, fell down, and my head rolled off. Then the spaceship took off, running over the rest of my body. Happily, I finally did manage to get on a spaceship. When it landed on Earth and the passengers were leaving the spaceship, somebody slammed the door on my legs, and my head rolled off.

O Simple Events of Life! How You mock me so!

It took me a while to get adjusted to the differences between Stickland and Earth. For example, I had to learn how to spell "color" without a 'u', and that apartments are not called "flats."

Still, I managed to adapt to the new culture and the new rules quickly enough; for I am, after all, a stickler.



It's not easy being the five most important administrators at a New England boarding School. That's why we drink milk. If we didn't, we might revert to our natural Planet Zortonian forms. So you kids should drink milk too. Otherwise, the next time when you pass your friends on the path, you might greet them with a hearty "Zeeble Blobble Smoof!"



MILK

Where's your mustache?

Edward Shanahan, Eleanor Abbe, Edward Maddox, the Director of Admissions and Rodney LaBrecque.