

# KEEN KLEEN<sup>4</sup>



*For your eyes only.*

# DICK PARADISE

THE MOST  
TRUTHFUL MAN  
IN AMERICA



DICK, HAVE YOU BEEN STEALING OFFICE SUPPLIES?

YES.

GOOD.

HOW'S THE CHICKEN, DICK?



DICK, DOES THIS DRESS MAKE ME LOOK FAT?

NO.

SHREDDING

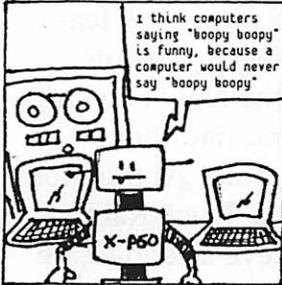
DICK, WHAT ARE YOU DOING???

# Table of Contents

# KEEN

April 1997 Issue 4: Bond

The Gnus:  
What The News Ought To Be,  
Page 17



What If Robots Pro-  
grammed Keen?,  
page 9

Shut Up You Two  
Idiots!, page 12



15 Men and Women  
Who Have Stood In  
The Way Of  
Progress, page 26



June's  
Jealous  
Rage, page 30



**THIS ISSUE OF KEEN  
HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO  
YOU BY:**

**EDITORS**

Chris Yates  
Steve Carey

**COMPUTERS & LAYOUT**

Roddy Richards

**WRITERS & COLUMNISTS**

Ben Kessler  
Matt Bleich  
Pheroze Karai  
Brett Icahn

**ARTISTS**

Dave Yoon  
Jack Guo

**FACULTY OVERSEERS**

Mr. Bradford  
Mr. Yanelli

Editor's Note	4
A Day In The Life Of A Monster Truck Afficiando	5
Shorties	6
Reject James Bond Movies	8
A Day In The AOL Chat Room	10
Reubens & Dinosaurs	11
Poetry Corner	13
All New Diseases	14
Dick Sulphur & Jimmy Super-Fresh	15
A Rare Interview With J.D. Salinger	16
Brett's World Of Science	21
Sherlock Holmes Revitalized	22
Gilligan's Island Spin-Offs	23
Keen's Job Placement Guide	24
Brett's Snack Column	32
Pheroze Knows	34
Why I Am Best	35
Mr. Stickman	35
	11, 13, & 35

## Editor's Note

We haven't written an editor's note since Keen 1. It's about fucking time. A lot's happened, to put it bluntly. Communism, our main focus of news coverage, has given way to a new obsession with heroin. I love Eva Gabor! But anyway, I dunna think Keen 2 could've been written without the extensive influence of heroin. It's fun. On a serious note, we would like to thank people who have made us successful and wealthy. Especially Ms. Eva Gabor!



So, the journey from here to there, the proverbial Point A to Point B trek, has been quite short and easy. After perfecting our stale formula of comedic ritual, we could really crap one of these out a week, if we weren't so damn busy with Ms. Eva Gabor (and heroin)! We also want to take this time to dispel the nasty rumors that this magazine is a lame rip-off of the Yale humor magazine, "Kean". There is obviously a very large difference in spelling. Duh. And, I'd like to say, they've never "made it" with a certain "sister of Zsa Zsa".

We've give a lot of thought to doing a serious issue. (as opposed to all our "funny" issues) Greg had an interesting thesis about Thoreau being a "big fruity ass" and Matt had some interesting math problems. Unfortunately for you, comedy is in our veins (as is heroin)!

This issue, we tried out a new feature. We sent Brett and Steve to remote locations (Las Vegas and the New Haven Coliseum, respectively) and had them

report. At the Monster Truck Rally Steve attended, he was converted by a small Taoist sect that worships "The Undertaker" of WWF Fame. Praise be to The Undertaker! Also, Brett now gets lotsa chicks, thanks to legalized prostitution in the state of Nevada. Praise be to intercourse! (editor's note: Brett, due to a Snapple-related injury, never

made it to Nevada.)

Certain rumors are flying about, winging down upon our shoulders, like a hawk, but not. We hear that new student publications are forming, as we speak. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. We laugh at your puny threat of competition and even punier publication. We have Roddy! Viva la Keen! And Viva Eva Gabor!

Love Love Love Baby,

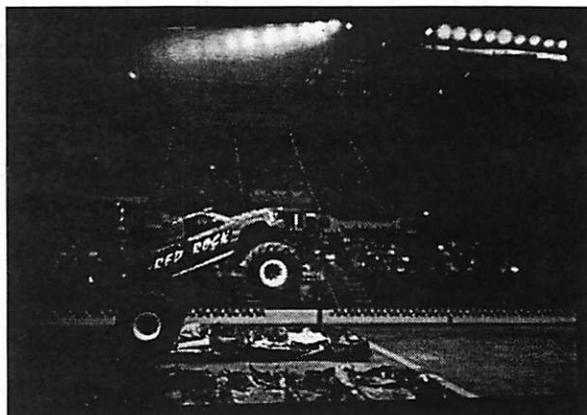
Chris & Steve

# A Day in the Life of a Monster Truck Aficionado

written and photographed by *steve carey*

When the words "Monster Truck Rally" are uttered, certain thoughts come to mind: high society aristocrats, beautiful women in long, flowing gowns, filet mignon and caviar, champagne and martinis, and the roar of the engine of a "monstrous" truck. To me, that riot is the true meaning of a monster truck rally: a hell of a lot of noise that pretty much amounts to nothing. Come with me and my elite friend on a journey into that realm of class and culture, the New Haven Coliseum, to a competition that rivals the jousts of yore:

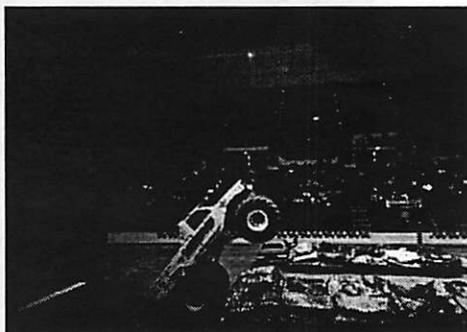
*The Monster Truck Rally.*



Above: Oh, the mighty "Red Rock" springs into action, crushing any Porche, Jag, or Beemer that may stand in its path. When the "red Rock" is a-hoppin', the city of New Haven should change its name to "Wheelie City." It was at this point of the races that John F. Kennedy Jr. and his beautiful bride really got into it. J.F.K. Jr. even leaned over and said, "Man alive, this is what I call Monster Truckin'!"



Above: "Breaker, breaker, calling all cars - the massive power of the 'Undertaker' is loose." The evening's champion, the awe inspiring "Undertaker," takes a victory lap. In the bottom of the photo, Hollywood power player can be seen sporting his new "ear guards," a style that is all the rage in London. Sporty and useful, these "ear guards" prove that Mr. Eisner really knows how to Monster Truck in style.



Left: He is truly a "Mane-iac" on the floor. This truck, driven by movie star and car aficionado Paul Newman, seems to be

saying, "I only need two wheels on the ground to be the hippest truck in town!" At this time, I was sharing a laugh (and a coke!) with a certain Arthur Miller, author of the art house hit, "The Crucible."

"This is nothing like McCarthy-ism," he commented, "This is super fun. Go 'Mane-iac,' crush them jalopies!"



Left: There is nothing like a M.T. Rally to give one that golden glow. Literally. Observe these two hip truckers, who have taken on that Monster Truck glow. When I noticed that the teen angst-ridden star of "Romeo & Juliet," Claire Daines, had taken on this golden emanation, I commented, "Boy, Claire, you are glowing!" To which she responded, "Yeah, I am glowing. Wanna get a taco?" Since the rally was coming to a close, we did just that. Yum yum taco!

# Shorties

- If I had a billion dollars, I would buy a lot of bread. Toast is more tasty when you're a billionaire.

- One time, I got hit in the head with a snowball. When I found the 6-year-old who threw it, I kicked her ass!

- A good joke is to replace someone's hot cocoa with dirt. Instead of drinking delicious Swiss Miss, they'll be drinking Dirty Miss, the Dirt Queen.

- Everytime I go to the store with my Mom, she buys me rubber gloves and says, "Wear these at all times or I will eat you."

- In Russian legend, there is a radish stuck in a brick wall. The first person to pull out the radish not only gets to be Czar, he gets to eat the radish too!

- How could people live before 1995? I don't know, 'cause they wouldn't be able hear 311's hit single, "Down". I think I'd rather die than go one day without being able to hear 311's hit single, "Down".

- I have a ruler that goes up in increments of oranges. Since oranges are generally not the exact same size, it is not my most accurate ruler.

- I keep a pen prominently displayed in my shirt pocket. If someone asks me for the pen, I say, "I need it." If they ask me what for, I scream out, "This", and proceed to write "NERD" on their forehead.

- You ever see that movie about the six orangutans working in a law firm? HA! HA! Liar! That movie does not exist!

- Why are people afraid of ghosts? I'd think that they would be more afraid of air conditioners. If these things can condition the *air*, imagine what they could do to us!

- If the Earth is 75% water, and the human body is 75% water, why aren't there so many more drownings? I mean, geez, that's a heck of a lot of water.

- When they invent hover crafts, I hope they make them in green. Green is my favorite color.

- You ever get that sick feeling in the pit of your stomach when you drink a quart of battery acid?

- If I had to name my all-time favorite movie, I would.



---

• When my Dad says "let's throw around the pig-skin," he means "let's throw around Grandma."

• Would you stop that!? Geez!

• My dream shirt is orange, with a picture of pastel blue palm trees, and the words "Myrtle Beach" written in yellow.

• My favorite time of the day is 3:11. That's because I love their hit single, "Down".

• When people say they're hungry, I just laugh. How can you be hungry when you've got me?

• If my telephone rang, and the voice on the other end said, "Hi. It's your telephone!", I'd be pretty freaked out. I mean, what if your phone was concious???

Not only would it know all your most intimate secrets, but it would also know your phone number!

• Do you know Genghis Khan? He was, like, a totally awesome ruler and all, but you know what? His life sucked. This is because he never got to hear 311's hit single "Down". Poor Genghis.

• Coca-cola is now running a new fun game. 10 random cans of Coca-cola, when

opened, will fill your room with the dread spirits of dead souls.

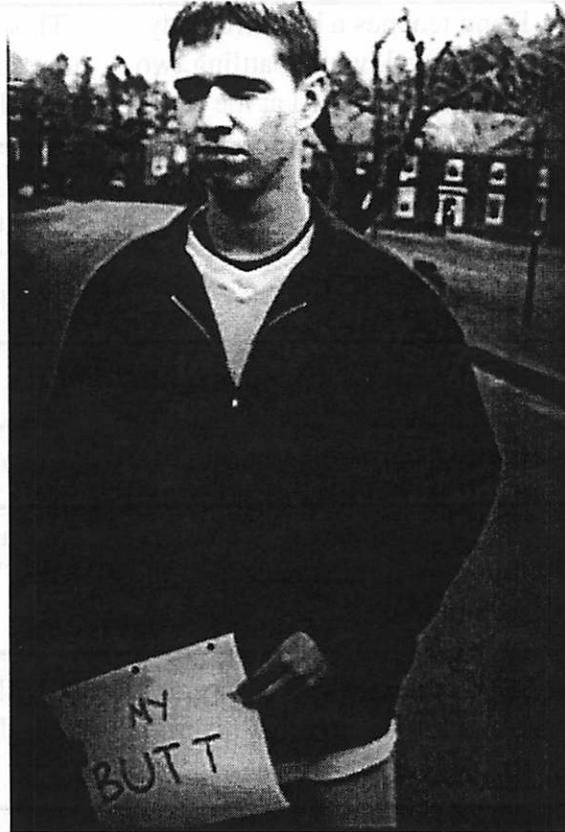
• When most people think about college, they think of grand learning institutions, broad with history and elegance. I think of 311.

• If people ask you for donuts, make them pancakes with holes in the center. When they ask you why you gave them pancakes, say, "Those aren't pancakes, they're donuts! You did ask for donuts, right?"

• In some households, for every child that is born, another houseplant is put on the porch. This is so when religious solicitors come to visit, they can say with confidence, "Good morning, Mrs. Hawthorn, how are your 4 children this morning?"

• People get excited way too easily. I told a girl that she was about to die, and she got real panicked. I mean, c'mon. It's just death. It's not like she was going to miss a 311 concert or something.

• Hats are funny things. People put them on their heads all the time, but who puts people on their heads?



# The Unmade Bond

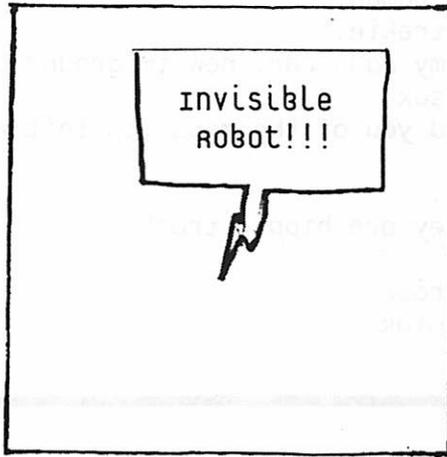
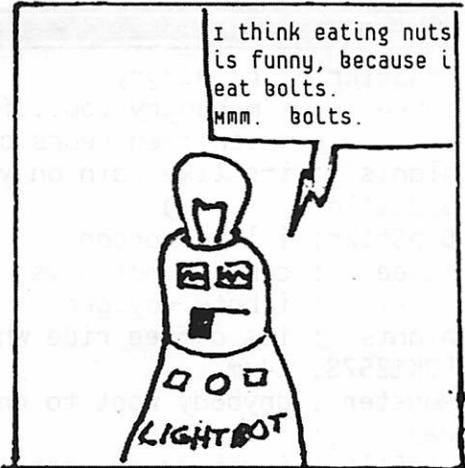
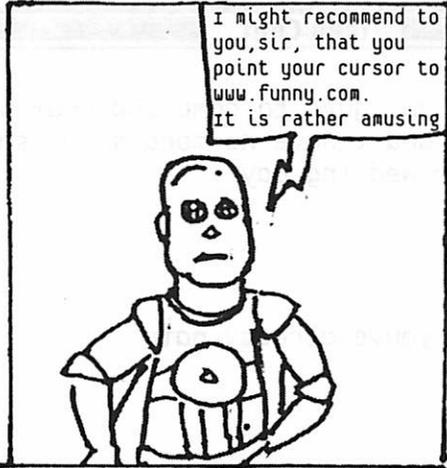
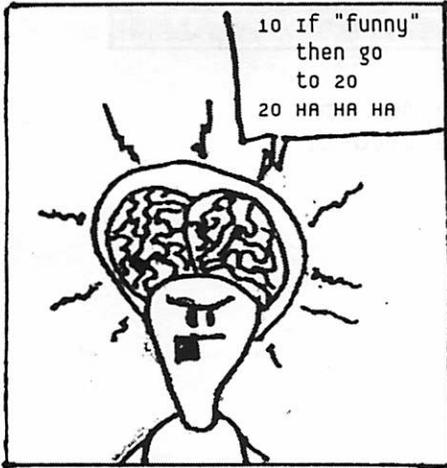
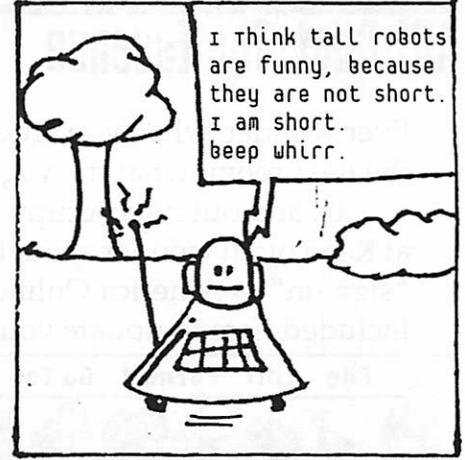
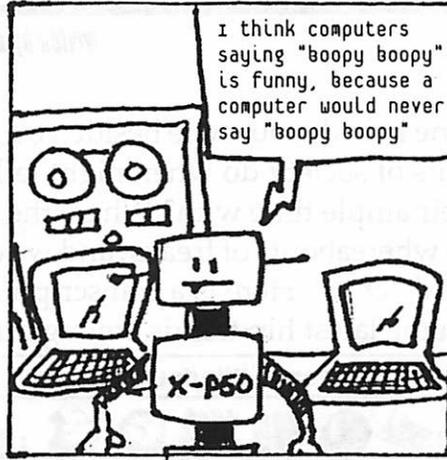
by *steve carey*

There have been some 4 million James Bond movies written. Unfortunately, only 18 movies have actually been released. Keen is proud to present in snazzy graphical form: "The Unmade Films of James Bond."

<u>Title</u>	<u>Plot</u>	<u>Sample Line</u>
<i>Golden Tractor</i>	Bond tries to thwart the evil Farmer MacGilicutty from tilling the world's "fields."	"Ms. Moneypenny, I should till your fields" "Oh, James, you card!"
<i>See Bond Run</i>	Bond teaches a beautiful lady spy to read, while battling two guys who "looked at me funny"	"This word is L-O-V-E. What's that spell?" "Oh, James, you card!"
<i>The Spy Who Bowled Well</i>	Bond masters the fine art of bowling.	"I am a very good bowler. I am also quite apt at sexual innu-endo." "Oh, James, you card!"
<i>Booty Shakin' Spy</i>	Bond poses as a pimp to infiltrate a Russian brothel. Co-starring Gary Coleman and Mr. T.	"Let's hit the streets, gentlemen." "Whacth-u talkin' 'bout, Bond?" "I pity the fool."
<i>Howard's End</i>	A delightful tale of two sisters living in the first decade of the twentieth century.	"We are British." "Yes."
<i>Bond, Drink Your Milk</i>	A young eight year old Jimmy Bond refuses to drink his milk. Comedy ensues!	"I will not drink my milk." "Oh, James, you card."
<i>What's the Deal With the Whole Spy Thing?</i>	Jerry Seinfeld plays the ever tricky and very observant James Bond.	"Moneyppenny, what's the deal with your name? I mean come on, it's penny and it's money. They're the same thing!"
<i>Kooky Spy</i>	Bond is really silly.	"That is not a duck, it is a garbage can." "James, stop being silly." "I am a seal, Art, art, art." "James, you are a real card."
<i>Super Gold Bond</i>	James Bond is a white medicated powder.	"I will soothe you, baby." "I swear James, you are often card-like in manner."

# what if robots programmed keen?

Here at keen, we figured we'd get a lot more fugee-la in if we didn't have to think of all these "funny" articles. so we rounded up our usual crew of robots and asked them what would be "funny".



# AOL Chat: The Essence

written by ben kessler, graphics by roddy richards

Ever wonder, when you are alone in bed, your wife beside you, your kids asleep in the next room, what the vagrants of society do when night falls? What the rebels, rejects, and outcasts occupy their ample time with? Where the freaks go? Well, we at Keen often wonder about the whereabouts of freaks, and we can tell you: they all "sign on" to America Online and "chat." Here is a transcription of one such chat, included here to update you on the latest hip trends among our crazy youngsters.



DthStlkr: i am hungry  
Sexee : i'm hungry too...for hot guys to come and chat with me. im  
seven teen years old and i have no morals ravish me please.  
Alanis : its like rain on your wedding day  
Godzilla: =-)  
DthStlkr: i love corgan  
Sexee : come on hot guys  
Trekie : i hate voyager  
Alanis : its a free ride when youve already paid  
EDK12578: 14/m  
Monster : anybody want to chat?  
Pez : :)  
DthStlkr: i got drunk last night  
Godzilla: 23/m  
SexMan : any hot chix?  
DthStlkr: i threw up twice  
FRT64207: your mama throws up!  
Godzilla: come on, be nice  
Sexee : i'm a hot chick  
Alanis : its like ten thousand spoons when all you need is a knife  
IBM Sux : alanis sux!  
FRT64207: ;-)  
SexMan : sexee, wanna cyberboink?  
Alanis : alanis rules, she is the greek goddess of rhythm.  
SexMan : 18/m  
IBM Sux : sexee, are you a she-male?  
Trekie : janeway's annoying. i hate voyager.  
Pez : anybody like the beatles?  
Sexee : bite me, ibm. im all woman.  
Godzilla: i hate voyager too, trekie.  
DthStlkr: i threw up all over my dads car. now im grounded.  
Godzilla: gee, dthstlkr, that sux.  
Alanis : and im here to remind you of the mess you left when you went  
away.  
Sexee : i like to cyberboink.  
EDK12578: the beatles suck, they are hippie trash.  
Alanis : 15/f  
FRT64207: Your mama's hippie trash!  
Sexee : sexman, let's cyberboink.

# Dinosaurs and Grilled Reubens

by *steve carey*

Once upon a time, fierce lizards roamed the Earth, looking for food, fighting, and a good Reuben sandwich. Now, these lizards are extinct, and a Reuben sandwich may be purchased in almost every town. What if the opposite was true? What if dinosaurs still roamed the land, air and sea, and all that was left of those delicious Reuben sandwiches were a few fossils? If this were true, our world would be different.

1. You walk into the Carnegie Deli in New York City. You sit in your favorite booth and order a delicious Reuben sandwich. The waitress just stares at you. Then you are both eaten by pterodactyls.

2. You ask your boss at work why the cafeteria does not carry yummy Reuben sandwiches. Your boss, being a crafty velociraptor, will screech "Insolent swine," leap from his desk, and devour you.

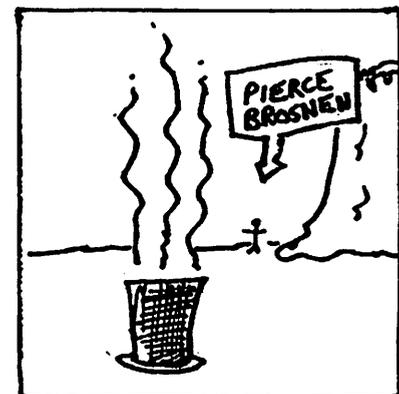
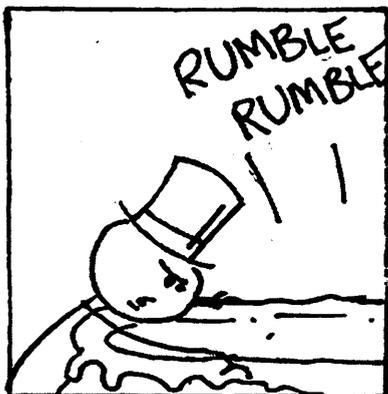
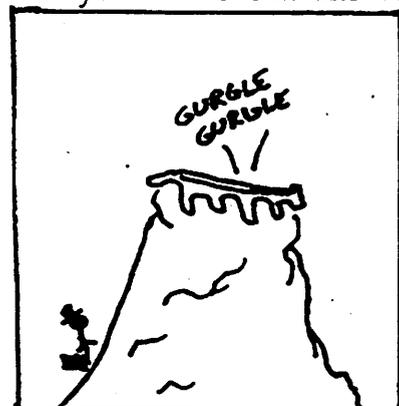
3. While putting corned beef, sauerkraut, thousand island dressing, and cheese on two slices of rye bread in your

kitchen, a brontosaurus will sit on your apartment complex, thus destroying your home and the remnants of your scrumptious Reuben.

4. All over the world, diners and low class restaurants will be destroyed by thunder lizards, in a powerful swipe to destroy all remaining knowledge of the ingredients of the Reuben sandwich. You will be forced into hiding, as the evil triceratops king, called Henry, seeks for the blood of sandwich makers.

5. As you and the last remaining humans scour the land in search for food, all you will find are the fossilized remains of appetizing Reuben sandwiches. Then, a group of stegosaurus in tanks will destroy your pitiful village and steal your fossilized sandwich treats.

6. After you discover an ancient menu from a prehistoric Greek diner, you master the ingredients of the mystical Reuben sandwich. But will you make one in time . . .



# Shut Up, You Two Idiots: A Short Play

written by ben kessler, illustration by steve carey

The setting: Idiot One's house.

Characters:

IDIOT ONE  
IDIOT TWO  
NON-IDIOT

Setting: Idiot One's house.

Scene One: Idiot One's house.

IDIOT ONE: I'm really stupid.

IDIOT TWO: I'm the stupidest.

IDIOT ONE: I'm stupid.

IDIOT TWO: I'm so stupid, my brain is very small.

IDIOT ONE: My brain is pretty small too.

IDIOT TWO: My brain is the size of a pea.

(NON-IDIOT breaks down the door of the house.)

NON-IDIOT:  
Gaaahhh!! Shut up, you two idiots!

Scene Two: Idiot One's house.

IDIOT ONE: I can't fix my door, I'm an idiot.

IDIOT TWO: I'm stupid too, I can't fix your door either.

IDIOT ONE: Now I'm a stupid, cold idiot.

IDIOT TWO: Yeah, I'm stupid and cold.

IDIOT ONE: I have to go to the bathroom. (NON-IDIOT pops out of the toilet.)

IDIOT ONE: Aaaahhh! There's a smart man

in my toilet!

NON-IDIOT: Gaaahhh! Shut up, you two idiots!

Scene Three: Idiot One's house.

IDIOT ONE: I can't go to the bathroom. I'm an idiot.

IDIOT TWO: Your bathroom's stupid.

IDIOT ONE: My bathroom's as stupid as a baby before any brain development occurs.

IDIOT TWO: Your bathroom has no brain.

IDIOT ONE: We are now stupid idiots with no door and no bathroom.

IDIOT TWO: We are stupid, cold, constipated idiots.

(NON-IDIOT crashes through the wall.)

NON-IDIOT: Raaahhh!  
Shut up, you two idiots!

Scene Four: Idiot One's house.

IDIOT ONE: My house has been reduced to its very foundations.

IDIOT TWO: Yes, the house is stupid.

IDIOT ONE: Only dumb houses are only foundations.

IDIOT TWO: Someone should kill us.

IDIOT ONE: Someone smart should kill us, because we're stupid.

IDIOT TWO: Someone should kill the house.

IDIOT ONE: The house is stupid.

(NON-IDIOT kills IDIOTS ONE and TWO.)

NON-IDIOT: Grahhhh!! Shut up, you two idiots!



# The Lit Poetry Corner Returns

by ben kessler and matt bleich

## Sunset at Dawn

i watched the clouds from a lonely parapet  
and as the sun disappeared I recoiled gently  
dancing back into the womb  
the sunsetclouds are like fuzzypillows  
that gently shout for mercy!

3

god lounges on her pillowclouds before her  
lover comes to visit her  
(the devil, that is, the devil, that is)  
hello lucifer have you come to deflower me  
me the god lounging on  
pillowparapetpigeonland  
no i shall fight you (i shall fight you)

4

god and the devil wage a pillow fight  
and i fear gently in the nitenite  
nakedance with pillow  
im falling

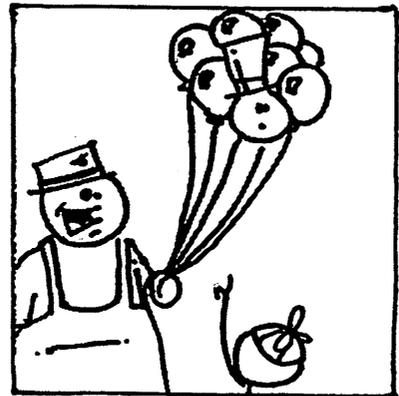
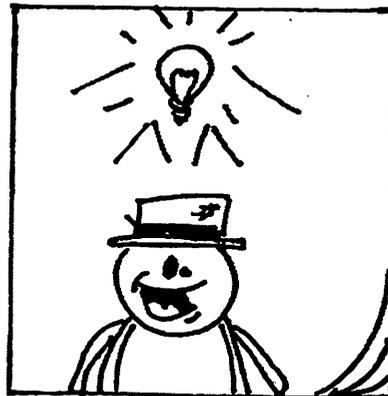
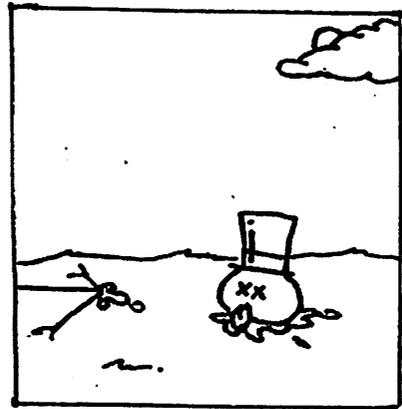
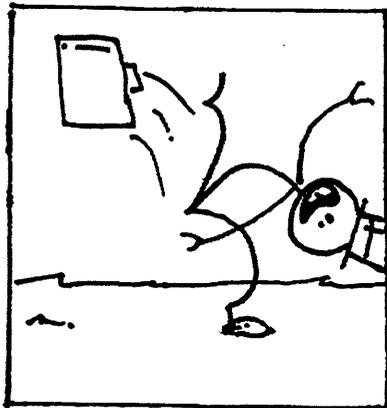
## in god we tryst

my english lover says hello...i say adios  
my french lover says hello...i say goodbye  
my spanish lover says hello...i say au revoir  
god says hello...i give him a bear hug

67

i once dreamed i was inventress of my own  
language

and the verbs were my lovers  
to love to love to love (to hate)  
the language was my house  
and i stood upon its sweet foundations  
upon the graveyard of the american dream  
insulating me from devilworld  
where dance around pitchfork men  
jabbing me jabbing me till i bleed  
greenblood greenblood of CAPitalistic greed  
suck (duck, duck!) from me my woman  
take me language i am yours, make my  
words breathless  
free me freeme beme



# All About Scary New Diseases

by *steve carey*

Ebola, mad-cow, small pox, and AIDS. These words strike fear into the heart of every steak eating British child engaging in unprotected sexual intercourse on his way into the jungles of Zaire. But science has discovered that these diseases are the least of our worries. New, deadly diseases are appearing almost daily, all over the globe. The Keen Magazine Science Lab is offering this handy guide to these new life threatening diseases, viruses, and bacteria:

<u>Disease</u>	<u>Symptoms</u>	<u>Cure or Time Till Death</u>
<i>Severe Itchy Forearm Virus</i>	Named for the way it makes your forearm "really friggin' itch" this virus is known to make the infected's forearm itch, pretty bad. Watch out, man.	A quick use of friction on the infected area (in a up and down motion) usually clears up any uncomfortable "itchiness." But watch out, it could come back, someday!
<i>Lemon in Wound Disease</i>	Occurs when lemon juice is spilled on a open wound. Our scientists have discovered that this really stings.	Vigorous "sucking" on the wounded area should alleviate any "stinging." Then the victim will continue to live a regular life until he or she dies of cancer or a heart attack or something, almost definitely an indirect cause of the lemon disease thing. You cannot prove this to be untrue, you "big" scientists with your "grants" and such. Your Ivy league education has gotten you nowhere.
<i>Leg Cramp Bacteria</i>	Causes a severe "twisty" feeling in the muscles that is "wicked painful." Usually occurs after athletic activity.	Some crazies will try to tell you that this occurs because of improper stretching. These people are really nuts. I mean, we've got, like, scientists and shit too. They think their so freakin' smart. They don't know crap.
<i>Acne Virus</i>	Yeah, I know. "Acne is caused by infected pores." But infected by what, I'd like to know? Why, by this very virus that has come straight from Peru. It must be stopped!!!!!!	We must end all trade with Peru or the Earth will become one giant festering boil. I will start tonight, for a passenger ship from Peru is due. Be there, or you will be next to suffer. Viva la revolution!

# Dick Sulphur & Jimmy Super-Fresh

by *chris yates*

Work wasn't getting any easier at the Morestown Super-Fresh. At least it was almost five...

## I. Jimmy

Jimmy sat on his porch, waiting. He looked at the sun and squinted. If he thought hard enough he could see lots of naked ladies. He smiled to himself and looked at the planks of the porch. If he squinted and looked at the wood...well, he couldn't see all that much. He had a sip of lemonade. It wasn't really lemonade, of course, but he could always pretend. It was just urine, really.

She usually was here by now. To pass the time, Jimmy made cute shadows with his hands. After a bird, a tiger, and a smiling octopus, he got bored. Sometimes, while he was waiting, he talked to the shadows. They were usually a lot more friendly than his "friends".

"Hello, my happy octopus friend! Do you ever squint at the sun and see beautiful women? Well?"

Michelle finally drove up. She was a blonde with gorgeous long blond hair. She moved her hand as if she was motioning Jimmy to come closer. Jimmy rubbed his head and got up. In his back pocket, a deck of cards.

## II. Michelle

Michelle didn't have to work. Her father let her lounge around the house all summer. When she felt inclined, she got in her car and drove to Jimmy's house. From there, they usually had sexual intercourse. But not today.

While Michelle was waiting for Jimmy to get in the car, she put on a Gerald Ford mask. When Jimmy got in the car, he recoiled, but quickly adapted to the situation.

"Let's go, Gerald," he said, with a slight hint of mmm-yum. He pulled out the cards and asked Michelle to pick one.

"I'm driving, I can't play your games, Jimmy," she cooed.

"You have to take a card, or I'll talk about my incredible taco smell," he retorted. She slipped off her mask and pursed her lips together. She let her hands off the wheel and brushed her hair behind her ears with her fingers. She took one of Jimmy's cards. The card was blank. Jimmy was gone. She sighed, put her hands back on the wheel and went back to her house to violently masturbate.

*"A warm story for a cold night"*

## III. Dick

As Jimmy watched the clock turn five, he punched out and hung his apron on his hook. There was a piece of masking tape on the wall, above the hook, that read, 'Jimmy Super-Fresh'. He ripped the tape off the wall and put it on his forehead. While walking out to the curb, a complete stranger looked at Jimmy and said, "Hey...Jimmy Super-Fresh!" Jimmy smiled, took a hunk of gum out from under his cape, and punched the man in the head.

Now it was Dick Sulphur who spun around the corner, driving his ocean blue '54 Sunfire, crazy grin on his face, with a stogie hanging from his lips, smelling like the freshest of lemons. Jimmy threw himself into the back seat, and he and Dick drove off into the crotch of luck. Jimmy collected himself, and found that he was waist-deep in pornos and vomit.

Dick turned to Jimmy the way a squirrel turns to a passersby and cried, "Well, geeyap Jimmy, we gots some hankery-do to be getting to, eh?" Jimmy smiled. Dick always was completely

# A Rare Interview With J.D. Salinger

conducted by ben kessler

One of the greatest literary events of this decade is the illustrious return of reclusive author J.D. Salinger to the literary scene. Thankfully, Mr. Salinger called us up, suggesting that we "do lunch" and interview him about his latest book. We were only too happy to do so, and here's what resulted from that meeting:

KEEN: Why, hello, J.D. Salinger.

SALINGER: Hello, Keen.

KEEN: Thanks for coming.

SALINGER: No problem, dude.

KEEN: I must say, you look kind of younger than I expected.

SALINGER: Thanks, you're very kind.

KEEN: Shouldn't you be in your seventies by now? You look like you're around twenty-five.

SALINGER: Ah...well...you see, for the past few decades...I've been cryogenically frozen in order to preserve my youthful looks.

KEEN: So they just thawed you out?

SALINGER: Well, I said to them, "Thaw me out in 1997, because I want to write a book in 1997."

KEEN: Ah, that's very interesting. Tell me, readers across the nation want to know about your most famous character, Holden Caulfield in Catcher in the Rye.

SALINGER: Yes, he's very interesting.

KEEN: Can you tell us anything more? How did you come up with the name, for instance?

SALINGER: Well...one day, you know, I was "holding" something in my hand...and I thought "Holding...holden...same thing!"

KEEN: What's the hidden meaning behind Catcher in the Rye?

SALINGER: It's very interesting you should ask that. Very interesting. Good question. (Pause.)

KEEN: Well, can you tell us anything about the genesis of the character?

SALINGER: I like it when people use the word "genesis"...it always reminds me of Phil Collins. "Su-su-sudio! Ohhh!" He's a good musician.

KEEN: That's very nice, but let's talk about Catcher in the Rye.

SALINGER: Well, see, Holding Caulfeld...

KEEN: Holden Caulfield, you mean?

SALINGER: Whatever. Holding Caulkfield wants to play baseball...more than anything in the world. He wants to be a catcher...but he can't. Hence, the frustration that rules his life.

KEEN: But he doesn't want to be a catcher in the book.

SALINGER: Yes, he does.

KEEN: No, he doesn't.

SALINGER: Yes, he does. It's a subconscious urge, a Freudian thing, you know, something to do with the Oedipus complex.

KEEN: No, you're wrong.

SALINGER: Do you have my check?

KEEN: Yes.

SALINGER: Give it to me.

KEEN: Alright.

And at that moment, Salinger darted out of the restaurant. If there's one thing we learned from this interview, it's that Salinger's eccentricities have not been exaggerated. He's wacky!



A rare photo of J.D. Salinger



# THE GNUS

Volume 11 Number 9

Choate Biggy Hall, Compton, CA

April 21, 1997

## Fifty New Schedules Face Us in the Coming Year

Compiled By The Gnus

Every day, as we attend class, we think about our schedules: what classes have to go to, what room we have classes in, what we're wearing today. The schedule even affects us in the most remote places. Like Antarctica. What would you do if some Evil Overlord tried to take away your schedule? You would whine, in the same tone as this very paper. Anyhoo, The Gnus has received plentiful faculty and student proposals for New Schedules.

### The Bimmifish Backwards Schedule

This schedule, proposed by Linear Algebra teacher Dave Bimmifish, is backwards. He proposes that students wake up at 8:00am, brush their teeth, go through study hours, with a short break from 9:00am to 9:30am, wherein they can acquire pizza at Mem Circle. Then, at 11:00am, they may partake in a hearty dinner at Hill House. Immediately after dinner is sports. The class day should begin around 4:07 and will continue until breakfast at MIDNIGHT! And period 5 will be replaced with the letter Q.

### The Fried Fisherman Schedule

ARAMark has devised this tasty schedule for your seafood enjoyment. The class day will be composed of three periods, called

### The Official Fourth Form Schedule

The schedule will remain the same for third, fifth, and sixth formers. The only change is that classes for the fourth form will not exist.

## The New Mystery Period Schedule

Proposed By The Notorious B.I.G.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					

"Breakfast", "Lunch", and "Dinner". At each period all students will be served a heaping plate of the always yummy Fried Fisherman's Platter with extra tartar sauce and a Coca-Cola. Some objections to this proposal are that students need more fish, and that students are quite satisfied with the current amount of fish served. Me likey the fish!

Instead, the fourth form will attend "rockin'" parties and drink "lotsa beer". A fairly popular fourth former was overheard to say, "Me likey the beer!"

### Tot Time Schedule

This schedule, proposed by the Director of Tot Time, Mrs. Habber-Naffy, proposes that students begin the school day singing songs

See Schedule, pg. 4

## 'Townie' Drivers Increase Level of Unfunness at Choate

by Stephen Carey, Esq.

You are walking to the SAC on Saturday night, in search of some hot dance tunes and maybe a little free-za, when you are suddenly bombarded with mean spirited insults from some hot-rodding 'Townies' racing down Christian Street. "Choate sucks!" they scream. Reduced to tears, you run back to your room, sobbing. You call your parents and inform them that

See Townies, pg. 4

**Inside**

Saturday's Beefaroni Kills 4, 10 Severely Wounded, p.7  
 Should Unmarried Dogs Get To live Together?, p.5  
 If God lived At Choate, Would He Live In Edsall?, p.9  
 Look Out For That Car! A Special Street-Crossing Section Athlete Of The Week: A Small Banana., p.67

# Ben's Box

By the Anti-Kessler



## Ben's Response to Recent Senior Pranks

Sir Ben, galavanting about on his gallant horse of keen observation, has been noticing a recent rash (not unlike a disease) of pathetic pranks. Oh yes, the white knight of impish cool has taken time out from his busy schedule to lay the poison pen of Ben's Box fame upon the oh-so-unfortunate prank-doers of the senior class. Hoo baby, these silly escapades did not rate well in the Ben Book of Style, as I will demonstrate in my forthcoming words. I will address them in alphabetical order, as to punctuate my point in a thorough manner.

\* \* \*

To the Asinine Individuals who covered the Science Center Bridge with Eggs:

Ha ha what a funny prank. The bridge is covered in eggs, I cannot cross it! Yes, you dairy perverts, this is what you believe I will think when I approach this Crossing to Chemistry...well, I hate to inform you that you were dead wrong. Instead, poor poor students got several yards, then (perhaps alerted by the sharp crunch of egg shell under their tender Birkenstocks) yelped for help, "Oh No! My feet are covered in yolk! Damn you Seniors! Damn you Chickens!" Is this a good prank, done in good taste, that everyone can have a hearty chuckle about? No. No. No.

\* \* \*

To the Delinquents that flooded the Chapel with Cyanide during Reflections: These actions do not even de-

serve a humorous jab, you murderous killers...the collective extinction of the 4th and 5th formers seemed like such a good idea...Yes, until 400 corpses showed up in our house of extremely non-denominational worship! Sure,

now no longer is there a need for Upper Campus or Hill or what may be, and sure now we get twice as much education, but who will I cast in my next shamelessly self-promoted theater production? Unexperienced pre-pubescent freshmen and Unreliable lazy slacker seniors? Besides, if you fess up now, you might only get On Bounds. If you're lucky.

\* \* \*

To the Naked Bodies that ruined my Math Grade:

Hello nipples! Hello penises! Hello other things! It's so nice to see you...it's been so long since we last met. Okay, boys and girls, you might all be nice firm, sexy jock abdomens and what else, but there's no need to reprise the same prank that's been pulled many a time in the Choate Prank History. "Hey! Here's a new one...let's jog around naked with bags over our heads on the track during the math exam!" Ben's Freshness Factor rang up quite low, you poor owners of uncovered reproductive systems! Besides, between the thoughts of that lovely Girl's Squash and the heft of the heavy-heavy-weight wrestler, I couldn't finish up that Algebra...all the equations came out looking like hasty doodles of...well, you know.

\* \* \*

To the Vicious Thieves who made off with my Pencils:

What kind of evil, inconsiderate prankster thinks it's amusing to steal the Jester of Jab's renowned collection of pencils? Who would de-

prive me of my drastically shortened *stylos* which I enjoy twiddling dangerously near my eyeballs...I want the people who did this to know that the humor in this criminal act is not evident. Perhaps one day I shall find out who YOU are, and I shall come to your sadistic little dorm room, covered with cow skeletons, blood, and tiny little pencils, and I will reclaim my acclaimed sticks of lead and summon the Powers of Creativity that render this column unintelligible, and I shall scribble all over your face. For the rest of your life, people will ridicule for the silly doodles on your head. You will be ostracised from society, you miserable doodle-face coward. For there is no escape from Sir Ben the Witty!

---

## CARE Reaches Out to Those Whom Evolution Forgot

Compiled By The Wu-Tang Clan '89

Last Saturday, CARE held a free swim for people with webbed toes at the Larry Hart Pool. The pool was literally teeming with volunteers and these strange freaks of de-evolution. Said David Bimmifish, the faculty advisor of CARE, "It was really exciting to see everyone come out and swim. And boy, can those webbed footed people swim. It's like evolution skipped their feet in the primordial soup."

One particularly enriched senior exclaimed, "It is truly amazing that these people can live ordinary lives. It's like they put on some socks, and they could be you or me. But when the socks come off, you're like, 'Whoa, you know?'"

Next Sunday, CARE will be offering free pizza for people with a third nipple. Mr. Bimmifish added, "It's gonna be a good time: pizza, music, and, at times, an odd number of nipples. I hope everyone comes out."

Continued from page 1

about their right and left feet and a certain "Little Bunny Fufu". Then there will be a campus-wide naptime. (The Official Spanish schedule is similar to this, except that "naptime" is replaced with a prolonged "siesta".) Students will then awake from their naps, put on their sneakers, and then are forced to take a tinkle. Then everybody will have cookies and juice. Mrs. Habber-Naffy, when questioned about the maturity of this schedule, replied, "Me likey the siesta!"

## The Mystery Period Schedule

In this particular schedule, proposed by Notorious B.I.G., every Tuesday will contain a mystery period. The time and location of this period will be derived from a series of clues scattered throughout campus. If you

cut the mystery period, the Notorious B.I.G. will bust a cap in yo ass.

## The Universal Schedule.

This schedule, by far the most popular schedule proposed (except with the fourth form), requires all students to go to the same class at the same time. For example, all students will have Physics 200 1st period, in room 102. This schedule conveniently eliminates Registrar's offices and requires no more than 8 teachers to live on campus. One downside is that all students will have to be dramatically reduced in size to fit in room 102.

And there you have it. Which schedule will we all see next year? Well, hopefully the Gnus schedule, which proposes all students write for the Gnus at all times. Me likey the Gnus!

## Townie Relations: No Improvement

Continued from page 1

you would "just like to come home." Another Saturday ruined thanks to the relentless Townie drivers.

If you are a student at Choate Rosemary Hall, this story will not be that uncommon to you. The fighting in Bosnia, Israel, and Ireland pales in comparison to the incessant battle between 'Choaties' and 'Townies.' The cat-calling and harsh words screamed out of Chevy trucks have re-

duced many a Choate student to wordlessness and most to tears. "It's like, they say you suck, and you go, 'Man, I don't suck,' but then you're like, 'What if I do suck?' Man, it like sucks," explained Aurora Kilpatrick, a three-year senior at Choate.

When asked about his experiences, one sophomore said, "I was like walking from my dorm to the

By Ben Kessler '97

Last week, many things happened. The "many things" I refer to include this year's Winter Production, Holes in the Floor, and also Stoked Saturday, Choate's Talent Show.

I saw Holes in the Floor, and I must say it was most enjoyable. Though Mary O'Donnell '97 played the lead role, the rest of the cast also had roles. The plot concerned a woman contemplating an abortion, and the many obstacles she faced as she tried to destroy her inner fetus. Mary O'Donnell '97 played the lead role, the woman who tried to have the abortion. Mary put forth a good performance. The set was also very good.

George Stearns '97 played the woman's doctor, who didn't want her to have the abortion. George, though his character was obviously demented, is an accomplished actor who complements the show's set quite well. His white lab coat almost seems to blend

in with the white walls of his office, reinforcing a definite "white" theme in the play. I especially liked the windows on the set, which were a nice touch. The show's set was also quite good.

Also, Stoked Saturday went on last Saturday, much to the amusement of everyone involved. Many acts came on stage, all of which thrilled me. Some highlights were: a couple of senior boys in bad suits who jumped and thrashed around to some heavy metal tunes, and a very loud band composed of sophomores with crazy haircuts. Especially interesting was Aurora Kilpatrick '97, who sang three folk tunes. Though they were a bit long, I especially liked her third song, "The First Time I Did It With A Guy," which, she claims, is not about sex. Aurora introduced the song as "intensely personal, but it's not about sex, it's about the basic connection that occurs on primal levels between two people."

tuck shop, and this truck was like doing like a hundred. I went, 'Yo, that dude's goin' fast.' Then, he like slowed down and yelled out the window, 'Hey, Choate sucks.' I just couldn't eat after someone had said something like that."

A fifth former said, "There was this truck and it like stopped, and I like thought they were gonna say something. But it was an

old woman who seemed rather pleasant. But, man, I was wicked scared that some tool would be all, 'You suck.' 'Cuz, like, I don't suck."

The obvious answer is that Choate should ask all of the Townies to refrain from saying that Choate "sucks." Otherwise, self-esteem would reach an all-time low, and I might cry. That would truly suck.

# A Gnus Exclusive: An Interview with Mr. Zarcon

*True Leader of the School discusses His Vision for The Future.*

By Chris Yates '97

Gnus: Hello Mr. Zarcon. Thank you for taking the time to speak with me today.

Zarcon: Yes, well, you anything for, student.

Gnus: Mm. Yes. Well, Mr. Zarcon, to start off with a bit of a tough question...people find it hard to believe a cardboard box with a face drawn on in marker runs this school when our administrators seem to have supreme control...

Zarcon: Alright, stop off the unbelieving business, my student association, let me lay you the reasoning. Okay, check me box, I'm salad-fresh, I don't see why you don't have the bill of belief. I'm talking you, honey, why aren't you listening.

The friends upstairs. Well, let me describe you...they hear me. If they didn't hear me, they receive cardboard box.

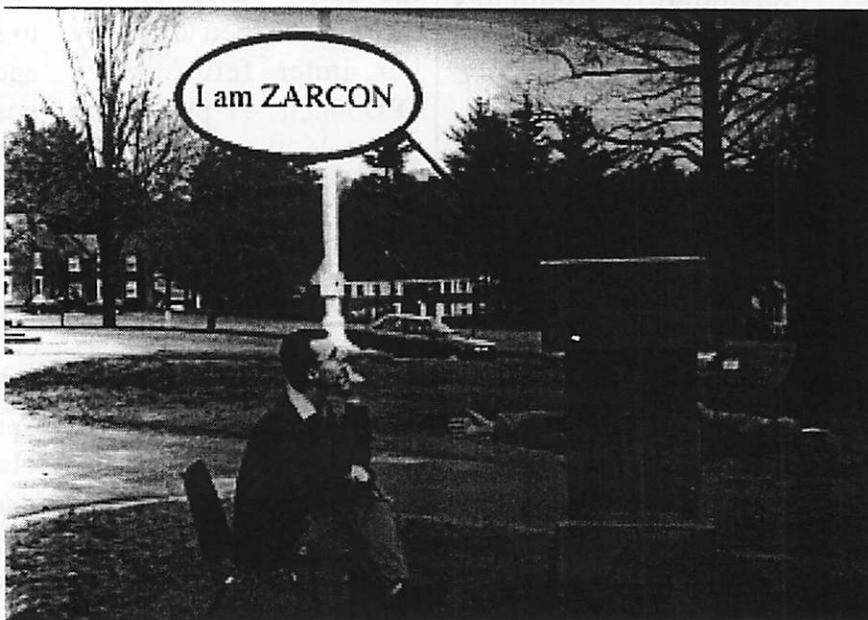
Gnus: Yes, well, what should we expect in the future as far as downsizing?

Zarcon: Hoo boy, master plan. You be jump on my back so I spit at you. And the result? Well, I am lunch for the fodder you news...down down himmi ney, look at how small my campus is, if any smaller my

campus would be just food. How hungry are you honey, it's dinner time!

Gnus: What about the move of the PPR department? Won't this overcrowd Humanities, forcing Student Publications and WWEB to move out?

Zarcon: Now I see the light...my sister and brother, they travel with me to see,



oh yes. Communication you, see, is indefinate... student, well, not necessary. Just me and you, we WWEB i don't see. Futility is the policy of the future. Why send you little child to Choate Biggy Hall when you can eat salad at home. I fix you salad yes/no? Zarcon salad speciality. If we move to Ohio, real estate...investments are next. We take school to PPR, beyond your third dimension, the mailroom takes all letters to Science.

And no teacher says "hi" to me. This must start. Say hi to me. Or no salad for you. Special Zarcon salad!

Gnus: Hi...

Zarcon: There is question I am asking of you now. Where is student priorities? They don't like the friends expelled, or do they like mail? No curfew for you if you get mail, but PPR has

course this makes students sad. Downsizing mail is awful awful, but the student must realize resource? Salad. That's why Zarcon says to deans, "no no no no" because this is why. No hats are worn on holidays, but rest of time the student can have fun in dining hall. Are you explaining to me why this is wrong? These little childrens are throwing their salads and making big salad messes. This is wrong because it is wrong. Zarcon would like you to take a nap. Please take a nap or you will get no mail.

Gnus: Um, just to interrupt you for a moment... I don't think I really get what you're saying.

Zarcon: Wake up! Salad is Zarcon-ready! Your mail is here and the school is done. Tomorrow school is done and you can take your science resource. No mail for you if you not done.

**Write For The Gnus:**  
Y'know, it's really not that bad. Of course, begging people to write for us is never a good sign...but hey, someday you could be the Editor of this paper! Yee ha. I know, it thrills me too. Look, it looks good for college. And you get free pizza Tuesday nights! My favorite is Mushroom!

to move to Europe. This is because of your money. Right now, how much money? Can you give Zarcon your money? Does Money Talk to Zarcon? Hello money, we move you to Europe. You cannot take English anymore if you get mail. This is because. My teachers don't understand new way to talk to student. You say, "student. where is my new information. every day you are talking to me with less resource. your mail is eliminated." Of

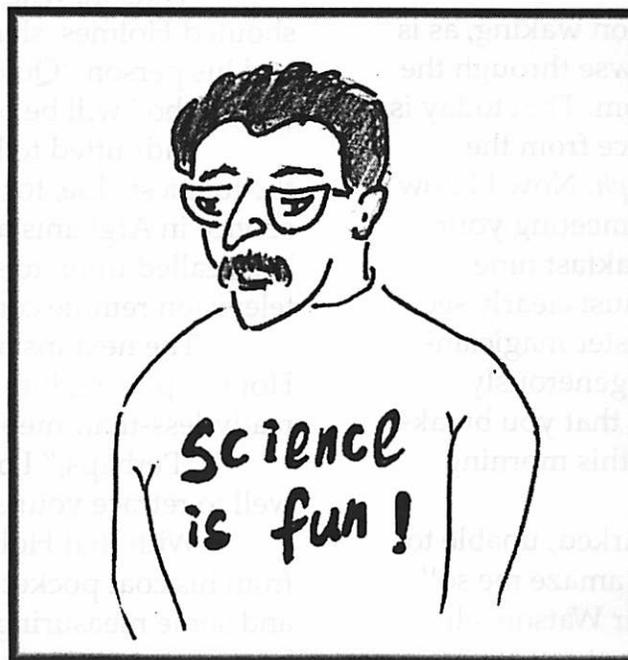
# Questions for One to Ponder: The Wacky World of Brett's Science Land

*written by brett icahn, illustration by jack guo*

Question #1: General relativity predicts the formation of a black hole when a star with at least three times the mass of the sun runs out of nuclear fuel. When this occurs, the star collapses in on itself. The resulting size of the star is no larger than a baseball, but the mass remains the same. Because mass proves to be the main (though unexplained) source of gravity in the universe, and because the strength of a body's gravity depends directly on the quantity of mass per unit volume (density) the power of the resulting gravity is unimaginable. Nothing, not even light, is allowed to escape, which creates a black hole invisible in space. Although nothing is allowed to escape, any body in space passing close enough will get sucked in and become a very small part of the massive baseball. So lets just say that a star in a far off galaxy became a black hole; I ask you, now, if Jack Nicholson was out exploring space - simply because Gods can do just about anything they want and exploring space was what he wanted to do - and the black hole sucked him in, would:

- a) Jack use his Godly powers to turn the black hole into a fat donkey and ride the donkey home for fun.
- b) Jack use his Godly powers to turn the black hole into millions of gorgeous woman and kill every one of them during a daring space orgy.
- c) the collision, because the black hole is as Jack one of the great wonders of the universe, force an eruption in the space-time continuum, causing the entire universe to collapse back in on itself
- d) the universe, for the same reason stated in choice (c), transform into an enormous

destroy all space and all matter. By "all space and all matter," I mean everything - all space and all matter; nothing would be the result, and I'm serious when I mean nothing. It's impossible for one to imagine nothing because when one tries, he or she generally pictures black, but blackness is still something because it is far from nothingness. So God decided to destroy all space and all matter except for a glass cube with seven foot dimensions. Now, lets imagine that you were placed in this cube, assuming that there was enough oxygen, Snapple Lemon Iced Tea and combos for you to survive for a couple days; I ask you, now, what would you see through the glass around you? What does nothing look like? If you decided to open a door in the glass cube leading to the nothingness around you, what would happen to you? What would happen to you if you jumped out into the nothingness?



combo (see snack column)

Question #2: Let's just say that, for some random reason, God (assuming, for argument's sake, that we all believe in one) decided to

Could you jump into nothingness - remember that nothingness is no matter and no space? Could you jump into nothing? What about Stephanie Seymour? What about Jack Nicholson?

# Sherlock Holmes And The Lost Remote Control: An Exciting Little Story

by matt bleich

I had ventured to Baker Street one afternoon of late to call upon my friend Sherlock Holmes. It was an oven of a day, and if the behatted, pipe-smoking figure whom I encountered lounging on the sofa watching television in the living room of Holmes' lodgings was indeed more than Heat's figment, then I have only to thank my experiences in Afghanistan, which bequeathed me with tolerance apt to bear more than just the limp in my leg (reader, please — nothing of this to my social worker).

'I trust you had a most pleasant breakfast at Eggs n' Things on Potter Street around the hour of nine this morning,' remarked this figure Holmes.

'Quite so, quite so,' said I. 'Only I am still unable to deduce how you were able to deduce that.'

'Simple, Watson: Upon waking, as is my custom, I set out to browse through the daily papers, as is my custom. That today is Tuesday I was able to deduce from the heading of the *Daily Telegraph*. Now I know that you are of the habit of meeting your colleague Dr. Wilson to breakfast nine o'clock Tuesdays. So you must clearly see that it does not take the master magician-logician whose title you so generously bestow upon me to deduce that you breakfasted with our Dr. Wilson this morning around the hour of nine.'

'Truly amazing,' I barked, unable to restrain myself. 'Truly, you amaze me so!'

'Alimentary, my dear Watson, alimentary,' stated he, smiling at my expression.

I settled down on the only chair vacant of Holmes' several morning papers to find that my friend was engaged in the adventures of one Mr. Seinfeld, who was

involved in searching for his missing wallet.

'It's in the water-heater!' shouted Holmes, 'it's in the water-heater!'

I was watching with my friend the misadventures of our Mr. Seinfeld when, to my amazement and to Holmes' complacent smile and soft, sweet puff of the pipe, out of the water-heater popped the missing wallet.

'I'll say,' I said to Holmes, 'how in the world were you able to deduce that the wallet was in the water-heater?'

Holmes fixed his amused expression toward my befuddled one, and responded: 'It was simple enough, Watson, as it is a rerun.'

With that the episode ended, and thus began a new episode.

'Watson, where's the remote?' shouted Holmes, shaking the cushions and his person. 'Quick! I need it now! "Columbo" will be on any second now!'

I admitted to him that I had not the foggiest clue; for, indeed, in my service in Afghanistan I had never once been called upon to search for a missing television remote control.

The next instant found Sherlock Holmes putting into disorder his already-less-than-meticulous quarters.

"Perhaps," I offered, "we'd do well to retrace your steps."

With that Holmes brandished from his coat pocket a magnifying glass and some measuring tape, which tools he then put to use over the dust-ridden wooden tiles that graced and mocked his lodgings. He proceeded to make a careful survey of the various footprints on the floor, kneeling over them, carefully recording in his little notepad observa-

tions about marks on the walls, about discolorations in the ceiling, about patterns in the wallpaper. Finally he stood up and, in his characteristic confident stride, approached the television set. On it was the remote control, which he picked up and held victoriously out to me.

'Just as I thought!' said Holmes. 'Where I always keep it!'

'Quite amazing! Quite amazing!' I told Holmes.

'Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary.'

He impudently aimed the remote at the television set, poised to — but then he stopped, then he stopped.

'Watson!' he rumbled, 'where's the "T.V. Guide"?'

THE END

*More accounts to follow from yours truly, including 'The Case of the Purple Picture,' 'The Case of the Blue Scarf,' and 'The Case of the Orange Orange.' CW*



**Gilligan's Mire Land** — When a boat travelling down the rivers of the central Brazilian rainforest gets stuck in a treacherous zone of quicksand, its crew finds itself slowly sinking deeper and deeper into the who-knows-what. Watch as Gilligan bungles the crew's desperate attempts to flee from the boat as the hourglass sinks away on this unexpected cruise through the ooze!

**Gilligan's Tire Land** — Seven adventurers explore a tire factory — and get trapped inside! Although they manage to make radios, computers, and spaceships out of the mountains and mountains of tires, they soon tire of the factory and try to find a way out. The only question is — HOW?!?

**Gilligan's Meyer (Wolfsheim) Land** — Seven hapless friends get trapped in the offices of Meyer Wolfsheim, and struggle to get out — before Wolfsheim's cufflinks of "real molars" wear out!

**Gilligan's Kill Land** — The fed-up stranded members of the S.S. Minnow finally wise up and decide to rid themselves of the only thing keeping them from rescue — the red devil Gilligan. Watch as, in a hilarious and heartbreaking scene reminiscent of "Full Metal Jacket," the six rouse Gilligan from his sleep with washcloths filled with bars of soap! Watch as the professor constructs — out of coconuts, an exercise bike or two, and an old radio — an intricate, elaborate device to slowly torture Gilligan to death — and watch how Gilligan bungles it in the process!

**Gilligan's Giland** — A subway route gone awry leads the wretched group of seven into the darkest, deepest depths of Long Island. Watch the ill-fated seven try to evade muggers, murderers, and Chinese food delivery men as they try to find their way back to the City.

**Gilligan's Lyre Land** — When a time machine malfunctions, seven timid timetravelers find themselves stranded in Ancient Greece. Watch as the seven discuss with a slew of philosophers such questions as the meaning of rescue and the meaning of isolation — all sung to the tune of the lyre, of course!

strung out on horse tranquilizers and couldn't see out of his third eye. Boy, were the Buddhists going to be upset with that one.

IV. Morality

As Dick Sulphur and Jimmy Super-Fresh looked out at their country passing before them at 110 miles per hour, they both knew that nothing ever really mattered, nothing that they ever said to each other, that is. Jimmy didn't really even know Dick, they just happened to have similar haircuts. It's funny, you know, how they laughed at life, at laws, at love. Sometimes Jimmy thought about Michelle and the Super-Fresh as they raced through the Midwest, but they just all seemed to blur together, like the playing cards. And all those naked ladies in the sky.

# Keen's Very Own Job Placement Guide

by chris yates & steve earey

## HOW TO BE A PLUMBER

1. Put your number in the Yellow Pages under "Plumbing". Call your company 'McDougalshire Plumbing'. Everybody loves Scottish plumbers.
2. When people call you about their various septic problems, transfer them to your "service department". Surprisingly enough, your service department and the local 4H have the same phone number!
3. When your customer gets frustrated because the service department can't unclog their sink, but can help young children grow up with positive role models and self-confidence, get back on the phone with them.
4. Tell them you'll be there ASAP.



5. Dress respectably. And bring an attache case full of important legal documents. Your customer will be impressed!
6. Go McDougalshire!

## HOW TO BE AN ACCOUNTANT

1. Form a group of maverick accountants. Call yourselves "The Furious Financial Five".
2. The number 4 is the best. When you screw up, just stick a whole bunch of 4's in the spreadsheet.
3. If you need to go from a bigger number to a smaller number, you'll need to backwards-add.

Like this:

Normal Add:  $7+8=15$

Backwards-Add:  $8+7=1$

4. When a client asks how to get a tax break on his new home, reply, "I'll tax break your face, you fat cat, sitting on a vat!"



## HOW TO BE A BARTENDER

1. Enter a pub and inform the well-dressed gentleman behind the bar that his car is being towed.

2. When he leaves, exclaim, "I am the bartender! This round is on me!"

3. When mixing people's drinks, remember that drunk people cannot tell what they're drinking anyway. Respond to all alcoholic requests with a well-stirred "Shirley Temple".

4. When the real bartender

comes back, upset, he will ask you, "How would *you* know if *my* car was being towed? My car is still here, you bartender impersonator!"

5. Reply, "I am the bartender! May I please have a "Shirley Temple"?"



## HOW TO BE AN ARTIST



1. To become a successful artist, you must take a lot of baths. That way, even if your art stinks, you don't! [Ha ha, that's a little joke

there. I'm throwing out the fastballs now, baby. Watch yo' head!!!]

2. When painting abstract art, remember that orientation is key. Remember, upside-down paintings are nothing more than that: upside-down. [Yee-ha! Jump on Chris's joke wagon now or you will miss the giggle boat! Funky ha ha booty!]

3. Wear a helmet. When people ask you why you're wearing a helmet, reply, "You know nothing about art!"

4. Wear a helmet. When people ask you why you're wearing a helmet, sigh and shake your head. (for artists whose work no one ever "understands" only) [that wasn't supposed to be funny there, so don't worry if you didn't laugh...but I gotta warn ya, this next one is a comedy demon. This next step is already legendary in the Hall of Guffaws! Beam me up to the next level of fun!]

5. Wear two helmets. When people ask you why you're wearing two helmets, reply, "Me llamo Carlos, loco loco!"

# 15 Men and Women Who Have Stood In The Way Of Progress

by *chris yates & steve carey*



**1. Mrs. God**  
God's Wife  
(Infinity B.C. - Infinity A.D.)  
Dropped the Universe.



**6. Julio Martino**  
Italian explorer  
(1023 A.D. - 1094 A.D.)  
Discovered the continent Martinoland. When others told him that it was called Europe and that it was discovered a couple milleniums ago, he exiled them from Martinoland.

**2. Phikey Pha Pha**  
Egyptian Archeitect  
(1090 B.C - 1027 B.C.)



Designer of the unpopular burial "Cube".



**7. John Leir of Gloucester**  
British tinkerer  
(1370 A.D. - 1413 A.D.)

Invented the "drum machine", an instrument centuries ahead of it's time. Unfortunately, King George did not enjoy the "funky dance grooves get on the floor and move it beats" that Leir produced.



**3. Hyphoneas**  
Greek Philosopher  
(570 B.C - 512 B.C.)

Denied the existence of God. Instead perpetuated a theory based on his friend Sid.



**4. Lenny Galilei**  
Brother of famous astronomer Galileo Galilei  
(400 B.C- 324 B.C.)

Put nudie pictures at the end of his brother's telescope. Galileo thought for years that the sun had nipples.



**5. Sir Forrest of the Forest**  
Robin Hood's inept cousin  
(873 A.D. - 920 A.D.)

Stole twigs from the trees and gave them to the poor.



**8. Pong Xi**  
Chinese fireworks master  
(1399 A.D. - 1431 A.D.)

His crowning acheivement was the creation of the most powerful firework up to date, the "Killer Death Blast". With the elimination of flashy sparkles and fuses, this puppy dissappeared the province of Hanseria. Bye bye Hanseria!

# 15 Men and Women Who Have Stood In The Way Of Progress

**9. Marie Fortinbras**  
American colonist and nurse  
(1510 A.D.- 1567 A.D.)

Remedied all ailments with a hearty spoon  
of stir-fried dirt.



**10. Hans Hotze**  
German propaganda expert  
(1730 A.D. -1778 A.D.)

Foresaw the eventuality of the Industrial  
Revolution, so he tried to stop progress and  
attempted to turn people off from industry  
by re-defining the word "machine" in the  
German language as "a super-dumb thing".



**11. Fred Edison**  
Thomas Edison's overlooked jealous brother  
(1820 A.D. - 1897 A.D.)  
Created, out of pure spite, the one-of-a-kind  
Light-Bulb-Destructo machine. Fortunately,  
for the sake of humanity, his mother  
stopped him before he built the Light-Bulb-  
Inventor-Destructo.



**12. Joseph Conrad**  
British author  
(1857 A.D. - 1924 A.D.)

Wrote "Heart of Darkness", which I have to  
finish by tomorrow, and boy, is it tough.  
Yeah, there aren't even Cliff Notes on this  
mother...Cliff took one look at this, and was,  
like, "Pshaw, whatever!"



**13. Mohamba**  
8-ft. Amazon temptress  
(? 1920-50's ?)

Ate 130 Peace Corps volunteers in the Bra-  
zilian Rainforest over the course of 13 years.  
As well as some monkeys who were dumb  
enough to say, "Hey, look at us! We're Peace  
Corps volunteers! Goobie goobie!"



**14. John Caldson**  
American financial policy maker  
(b. 1940 A.D.)

Concieved a new fiscal system based in the  
idea that all money would be eliminated,  
and that everyone would be given a stick.  
The sticks were to be called "Friendly  
Rods". The most happy people in society  
would be the most successful!



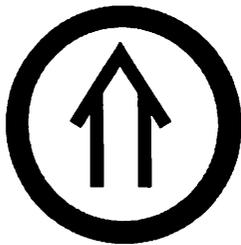
**15. Sara O'Butane**  
Hip Irish Trendsetter  
(b. 1973)

Invented the concept of "The Spice Girls".



# Four Hours in an Elevator: The Ups and Downs of New York Life

I, Chris Yates, as a social experiment, decided to spend a few hours in an elevator in a public building in New York City, equipped with just a hidden tape recorder and my charming wit. These are the highlights of my day.



The first person I encountered in the elevator was a respectable-looking businessman.

ME: Good morning.

BUSINESSMAN: Morning.

ME: So, this elevator's pretty big, huh?

BUSINESSMAN: Yes. (gets off.)

I think I hit the morning rush in, and no one seemed to keen to really give me their thoughts. The exception was two attractive secretaries, on their way to the 56th floor.

ME: Hi.

LADY 1: Hello.

ME: It's a real nice day outside...it's a real pity you've got to work all day!

LADY 1: Yes, I suppose.

ME: (a bit of a lengthy pause) Have you looked at today's Times, it says...

LADY 1: Do you work here?

ME: No.

LADY 1: Then what are you doing on this elevator?

ME: I'm talking to people, doing a social experiment of sorts.

LADY 1: Mm.

LADY 2: Have you had some interesting conversations?

ME: No, not really, so far...that is.

LADY 2: Hm...that's New York for you. (elevator stops, they get out.) Good luck!

ME: Thank you.

Sometimes people weren't so nice to me.

ME: Good morning.

LARGE JANITOR: (foul look)

ME: ...So, what floor you headed to?

LARGE JANITOR: (ignores me)

ME: Want some gum? ...

No? Alright, well, I'm going to have some.



And then, after awhile, I got tired of standing up and brought a chair in. It was about 11:30 by now...the lunch hour!

TALL BUSINESSMAN:

Lobby, please.

ME: Hmm?

TALL BUSINESSMAN: Lobby.

ME: Oh, I'm not the elevator operator.

TALL BUSINESSMAN: Then why are you sitting on a chair?

ME: I got tired of standing.

TALL BUSINESSMAN:

Erm...well, could you at least hit the button while you're over there?

ME: Sure.

BUSINESSMAN 2: So, how long have you been in here, that you need a chair?

ME: Oh, about 2 or 3 hours. (general strange looks from all the people in the elevator)

GUY ABOUT MY AGE: Why have you been in here for 2 hours if you don't work here?

ME: Well, I'm just talking to people, checking out the city.

WOMAN BEHIND ME: (to her friend) What a weirdo.

WOMAN'S FRIEND: Must be a art student or something.

GUY ABOUT MY AGE: Interesting idea. I hope you've had some interesting conversations.

ME: Well, people seem very reluctant to talk to strangers in elevators for some reason. GUY: Yeah, well, you could mug them or something.

ME: In an elevator?

GUY: Hey, stranger things have happened. (the elevator stops and opens. He holds the door open as he is finishing talking to me.) I'm

# Four Hours in an Elevator

written by chris yates, art by chris & roddy richards

a bike courier...and I got my last bike stolen by some mail guy in a real nice office... I was going out the back delivery stairs, and this mail guy stops me on the stair, and was like, "Give me the bike, or I'm going to cut you", and you know, he had a knife and shit, so I gave him the bike. I'm not stupid, you know.

ME: Yeah, I'll bet...stupid, certainly you are not.

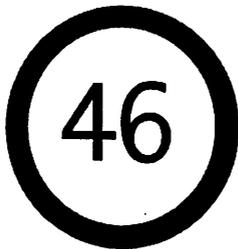
GUY: You'll be here for awhile?

OTHER PEOPLE WHO WANT TO GO UP IN THE ELEVATOR: What are you doing? Get out if you're not riding! etc.

ME: Yeah.

GUY: I'll get you a hot dog.

ME: Thanks alot, man.



Of course, the guy didn't come back, and the other people in the elevator got pissed off at me because I held them up, and that I had a chair. I also wasn't dressed like I worked in this building, so I got all kinds of weird looks. That bike guy was really interesting...I wonder if he thought I really

cared about his story, or if he just wanted my phone number or something. Always be suspicious of friendly people.

I tried a new approach after noon. I stood on the chair, way in the back corner, so that I was about 2 feet higher than everybody else. I said nothing while people came in and out, and just sort of furrowed my brow and moved my lower jaw up and down when people stared at me. Funny enough, no one commented on my silly antics, at least directly. I think people were laughing to each other when they left the elevator, but they probably thought it would be rude to laugh at me while they were in the elevator. I could've been a poor retarded man for all they knew, and boy, would they feel bad making fun of a retarded guy. Maybe not everyone thought I was a funny prankster, because at 12:40 or so, a security guy came in the elevator.

SECURITY MAN: What are you doing?

ME: (getting down from chair) I am conducting a social experiment.

SECURITY MAN: A what?

ME: I'm just talking to people in the elevator.

SECURITY MAN: So how long have you been here?

ME: Oh, about four hours or so...

SECURITY MAN: In this elevator?

ME: Oh, yes.

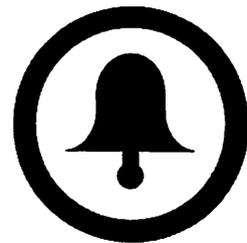
SECURITY MAN: Who are you?

ME: My name is Chris Yates. I'm a student.

SECURITY MAN: You seem to be disturbing some of the employees in this building...I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

ME: Okay. I'm sorry if I caused any trouble...I just wanted to talk.

SECURITY MAN: (strange look, leaves)



I just wanted to talk. To New York, in the best way I could think of. Is that so wrong? To want to communicate? No. Yes. 

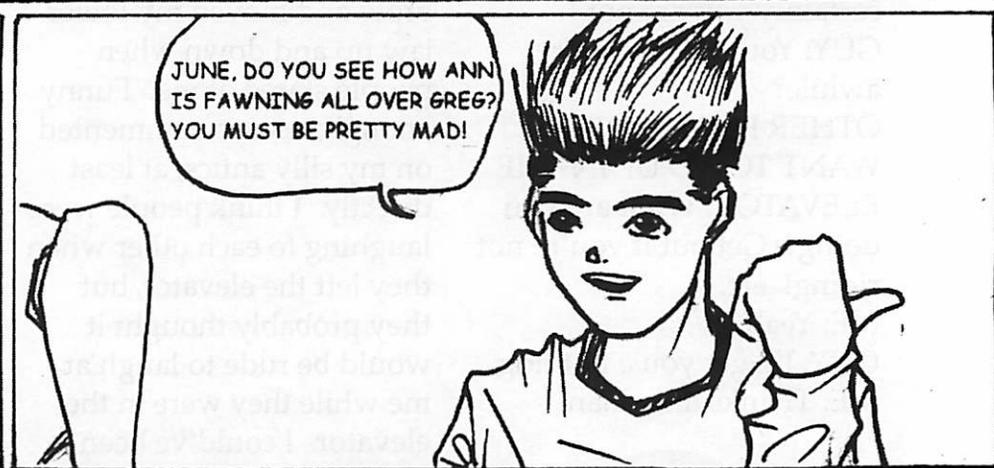
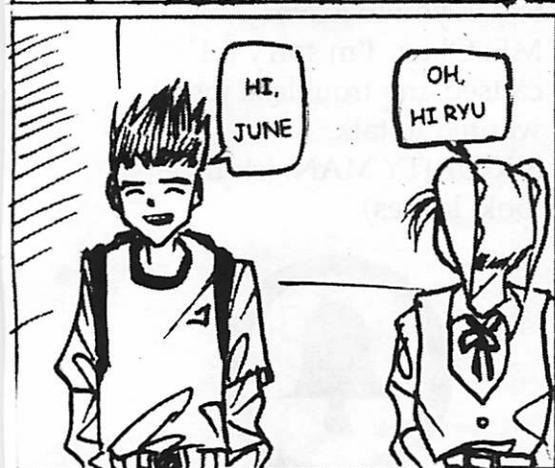
Keen 4 Thanks: Will James, Dave Pimentel, Jason Giffen, Mr. Smith, John Lewis, Ryan Abbe, Mr. Doster, Tom O'Reilly, Pat @ The Copy Center, Printer's Ink, Mario Kart 64, and Roddy wishes to thank Mrs. Abbe for saving his ass.

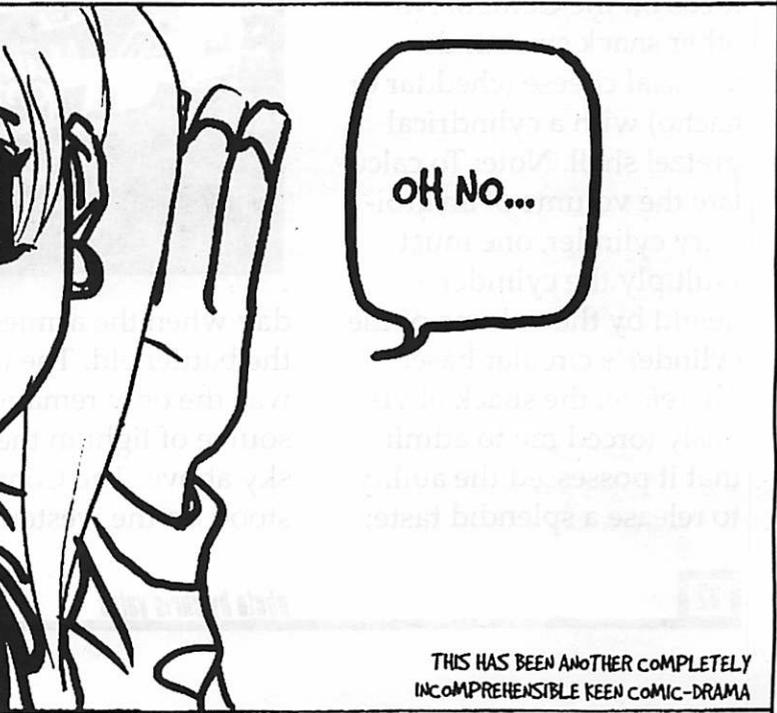
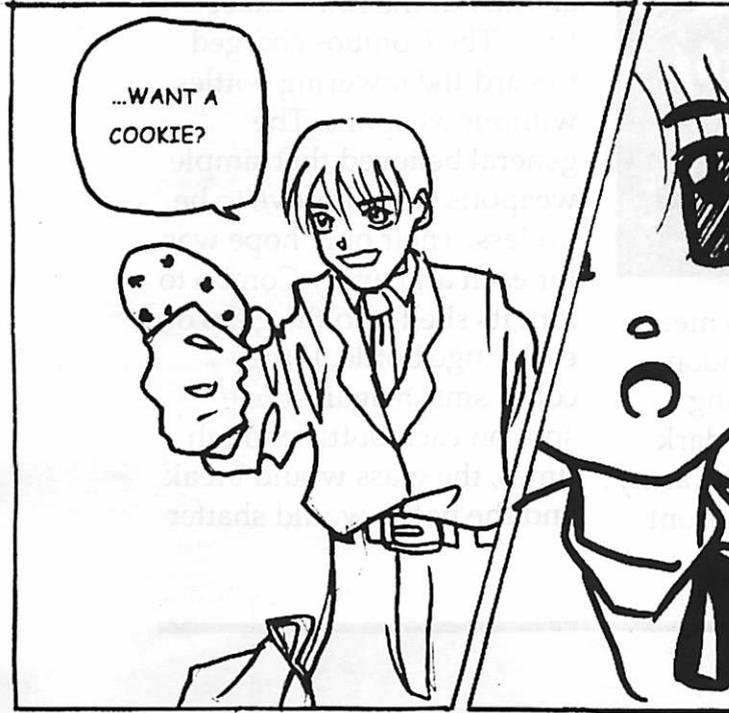
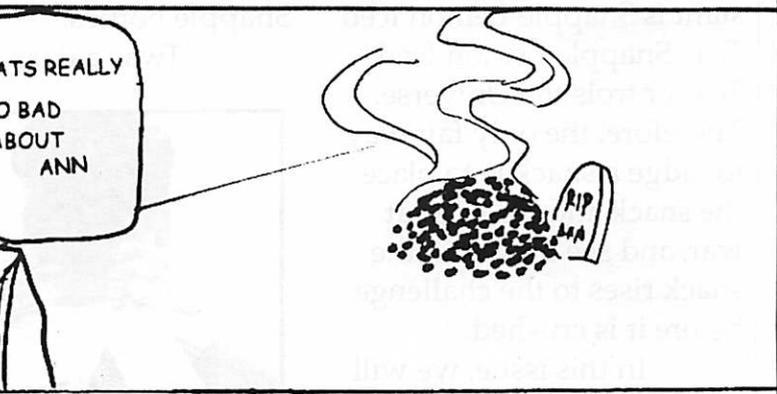
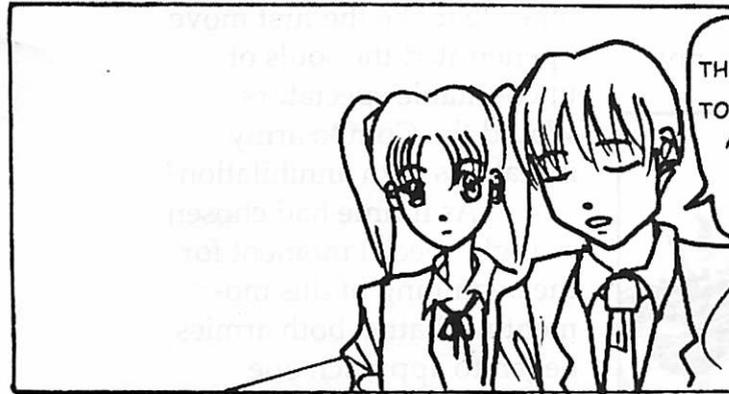
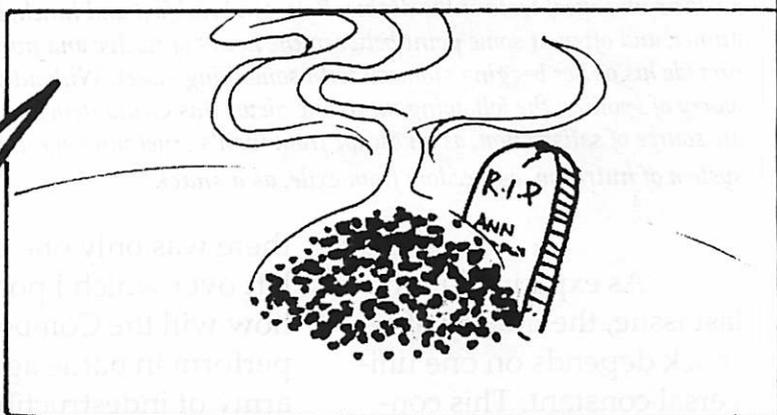
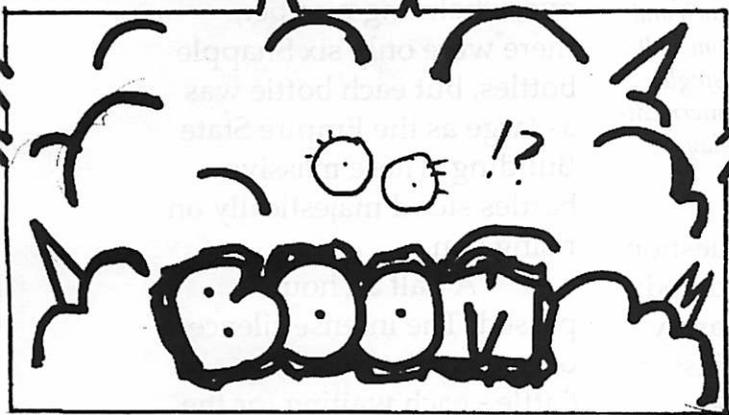
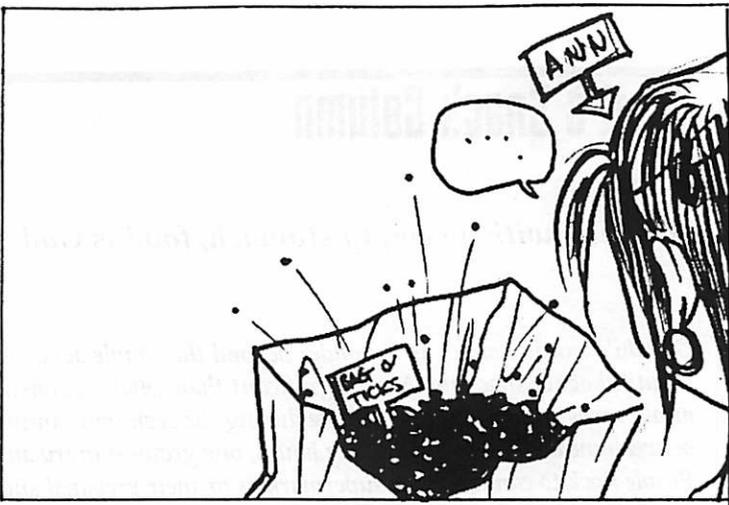
Covers: Roddy & Chris; News Parody written by Chris, Steve, Ben; Photos by Chris. This issue is in no way affiliated with the Rap Wars. The Final Keen is coming in June. Thanks for reading!

# JUNE



BY DAVE YOON & CHRIS YATES





# Brett's Snack Column

*To a man with an empty stomach, food is God.*

— Gandhi

*Gandhi's words compel us to ponder beyond the simple act of eating food to the beautiful act of snacking. More significant than what we consume during a meal proves to be what we consume during the seemingly infinite hours between meals. During these long hours, one grows hungry and "food is God." People flock to candy stores, supermarkets or their prepared snack storage areas for their mid-meal taste of the divine. Between breakfast and lunch, lunch and dinner, and often at some point between the hours of twelve and five, one will provide his or her begging stomach with something sweet. Without a single worry of spoiling the following meal, one views this Godly item as a intermediate source of satisfaction, as an escape from man's cruel three-meal-a-day system of nutrition, as freedom from exile, as a snack.*

\* As explained in the last issue, the quality of a snack depends on one universal constant. This constant is Snapple Lemon Iced Tea. Snapple Lemon Iced Tea controls the Universe. Therefore, the only fair way to judge a snack is to place the snack and Iced Tea at war, and see how well the snack rises to the challenge before it is crushed.

In this issue, we will focus on the Combo. No other snack surrounds artificial cheese (cheddar or nacho) with a cylindrical pretzel shell. Note: To calculate the volume of an arbitrary cylinder, one must multiply the cylinder's height by the volume of the cylinder's circular base. Therefore, the snack obviously forced me to admit that it possessed the ability to release a splendid taste;

\* there was only one question left over which I pondered: how will the Combo army perform in battle against an army of indestructible Snapple bottles.

'Twas a dark sunny



day when the armies met on the battlefield. The moon was the only remaining source of light in the dark sky above. The Combo army stood on the western front

before the setting sun. The cheese began to flow in their veins as they sharpened the edges of their cylindrical shells. Four and a half million combos prepared for battle. In contrast to this overwhelming number, there were only six Snapple bottles, but each bottle was as large as the Empire State Building. These massive bottles stood majestically on rising sun.

A half an hour passed. The intense silence of two armies awaiting battle - each waiting for the other to make the first move - penetrated the souls of uncountable spectators. Would the Combo army initiate its own annihilation?

As if time had chosen a single special moment for the beginning of this momentous battle, both armies began to approach one another at the same exact time. The Combos charged toward the towering bottles without weapons. The general believed that simple weapons would prove to be useless. Their only hope was for each and every Combo to ram its shell into the glass of each huge bottle. If they could smash against one spot on each bottle enough times, the glass would break and the bottle would shatter

# Brett's Snack Column

as it hit the ground.

The combat was brutal. A disturbing number of Combos were crushed by the base of each bottle with each massive step. The cheesy innards of every squashed Combo could be seen stuck to the base of each Snapple bottle. At the same time, the bases of all six bottles were taking on serious damage due to impact from all directions in several focus points around each base. The number of Combos diminished rapidly. An enormous trail of cheesy ooze remained motionless in the path of each bottle.

All of a sudden, one of the Snapple bottles collapsed, shattered, and soaked the entire surrounding area with its life-blood - Snapple Lemon Iced Tea (which, by the way, makes up about ninety-seven percent of my blood; hence, I am extremely healthy). Three long days and long nights later, another bottle fell to the persistent ramming of Combos.

The combos proved to be worthy opponents. However, the Combos were going to lose and the Snapple bottles knew it. The only remaining factor was time - the time required to squash every last cheesy

Combo.

When the Snapple bottles finally took control of the Combo's main camp on the western front, they took a long look at the cheesy mess left in their path with a melancholy air. Their opponents displayed a willful effort they had never before seen. Half squashed Combos still dragged themselves toward their enemy, never accepting defeat. They proved to be a proud snack, too tasty to accept failure. The four enormous and unbeatable bottles of Snapple Lemon Iced Tea walked away from the battlefield that day with new respect for the Combo.

## Brett's Raw Snack Data

- Color rating: 6
- Decoration rating: 7
- Vertical jump: excellent (57")
- Snack's effect on the weather: good → excellent
- Snack's favorite color: oatmeal
- Is the snack talented? Yes
- If one had enough of the snack, could one drown another in it? Yes
- Effectiveness of snack as a tool for murder: 7
- Sweetness: 1
- Cavity prevention: 0
- Cavity encouragement: 9

- Snapple to snack ratio: 10 to 6
- Tim's overall rating: 6
- Stephanie Seymour's rating: 8
- Does Stephanie Seymour like Snapple more than combos? Yes
- Does Jack Nicholson (or more specifically God on Earth) like Snapple more than Combos? Yes
- Number of seconds Don Mattingly would take to consider using snack as replacement for chewing tobacco: 7 x 10-12 seconds
- Number of times one might use snack to wash one's face before accepting his or her insanity: 63
- Possibility of snack being mistaken for a porno movie: fair
- Percentage chance of snack being the cure for genital warts: 94%
- Side effects of snack consumption: fingernails grow faster, stunts knee growth, speeds up growth of chest hair, induces both suicidal and homicidal thoughts, increases length of tongue and gives one the option of having a second belly-button.
- Snack's influence on World War I: 6
- Snack's influence on World War II: 7
- Snack's influence on World War III: NA



# Pheroze Knows

Lifers,

Aww, golly darn shucks, you freaks are loose again. In any case, pray for murder and don a funky olive drab to blend in with the Zahl fungus (that crazy one). Use those opposable thumbs and send in those crazy mailings....the kingdom will be laid to rest soon, so time is moving faster than you'd expect. Look this way, floods are loose:

Pheroze,

Are there any planets with more than one moon?

-Ed Lover

Ed:

Yes! Jupiter has many many moons! So be careful, because with many many moons comes many many werewolves. So don't go out without a fifteen pound crucifix around your neck, a gun loaded with silver bullets, two tons of garlic around your neck, and Levis Big-Bottom Blue Jeans. Of course, this only applies if you live on or near Jupiter. If you don't, then just wear the garlic.

Dear Pheroze,

I think I'm green; am I a freak?

-Green Freak

Green Freak:

Your'e not a freak, you're a Martian.

Or you could be a freak. Yeah, you're a freak. Or a Martian, Or one of the Mosco twins.

Dear Pheroze,

Have you seen her?

-Palberto Pailao

Palberto:

In a shop, In a store  
Out buying Dove  
If you see her tell me,  
Baby, I'm in love.  
Have you seen her?

Pheroze the all-knowing,  
I find myself attracted  
to short, little, bald,  
blind, men with catchy  
and jumpy theme music.  
What's wrong with me?

-Sweetums

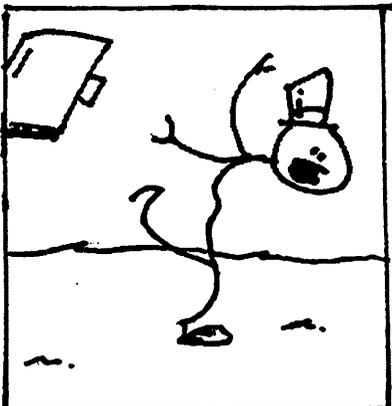
Sweetums:

Ah, you have what is  
known as PALM or  
Perennial Attraction to  
Lovable Mr. Magoo.  
Don't worry, he doesn't  
make any moves until  
the third date.

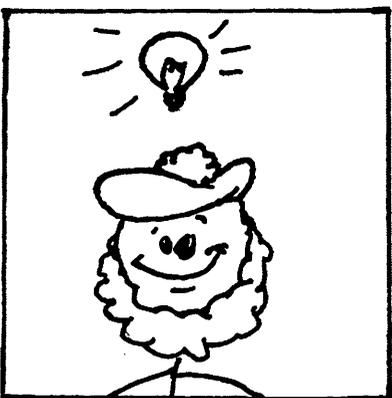
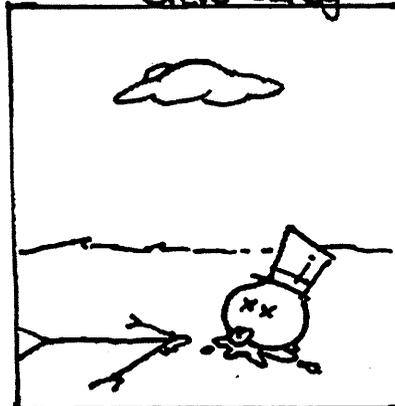
Now Buck off before I Biff you.



Mr Stickman



Steve Carey



# Why I Am Best

*by chris yates*

## Other People

Wear clothes.

Drink coffee.

Have emotions.

Go to work.

Cut their hair.

No.

Okay, I cut your hair.

## Me

Me no wear clothes!

Me no drink coffee!

Me no wear clothes!

Me eat coffee!

Where's my hair? Did you cut my hair?

Don't lie to me.

Me am best! 



**ABSOLUT WITHDRAWAL.**