

The Persistence of Memory by Salvador Dali

Koob's Korner

By Koob

Some random thoughts to ponder for the new year:

Isn't it pretty funny that out of all the characters in the *Lord of the Rings* movies, the one played by Ian McKellan is the least gay. Some friends of mine have created a drinking game in which the players drink every time there is a homoerotic moment in LOTR. One can get pretty plastered by doing this. There are the Gimli-Legolas moments, the Merry-Pippen moments, and countless Frodo-Sam moments. I think there are even a few Frodo-Gollum moments. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

...continued on page 4...

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Letter from the Editor

Happy New Year and welcome to Volume 2 of the number one newsletter to nearly tens of people out there. In order to serve the public with saucier articles and better editing, this publication will now be posted on a monthly basis.

Enjoy Volume 2 and keep...the submissions...coming.

Dan

Happy Birthday!

Susan 1/24
Amanda 2/2

WHERE WILL I LIVE NEXT YEAR?

The World, And I, May Not Know For Quite Some Time

By James Schneider, Staff Writer and *potential future homeless man

...see page 3...

Dictator of the Month: Saddam



Once upon a time, Saddam was a big, bad guy who ruled Iraq with an iron fist and murdered hundreds of thousands of his own people. Then he had to hide in a hole in the ground for a while, forgoing basic hygiene such as shaving and clipping his fingernails.

Seeing his plight, one of his friends (probably Rick) decided to call up Bravo after seeing a great new show right after the *Al-Jazeera Nightly News*—namely *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*. Saddam really wasn't interested at first, but once he took a nice, long shower and housed a couple of McGriddles, he really got into it.

Then Saddam went to court, hired Johnny Cochran, and lived happily ever after with OJ on a Caribbean Island, just like in the Corona commercials. It was rumored that he was “the celebrity mole,” but this reporter is still investigating.

The End

Bad Joke Corner



Tower of Babble-ON's "Before-and-After" Corner By Dan Fritz, d.b.a. Susan Myhr

The King and I got my head checked
by a jumbo Jet-sons the Movie



Not to be outdone: President Bush and his response to Saddam's makeover on *Queer Eye*.

WHERE WILL I LIVE NEXT YEAR?

The World, And I, May Not Know For Quite Some Time

*By James Schneider, Staff Writer and *potential future homeless man*

Where Will You Live Next Year? This flyer has been splattered all throughout the hallowed halls of Stouffer College House, residences throughout Penn, and the world at large. For (sobs) lucky returning students, they may avail themselves to the splendor of Stouffer College House once again. Or, if the building hasn't been as good to them (Bad Building, Bad!), they may feel free to move into an occupancy where the elevators take 20 minutes, where they can go days without seeing another (non-roommate) human being, and they are trapped 20 stories in the air during the frequent fire drills. Their lives will be incomplete, sucky, and riddled with despair; but, hey, that's their prerogative.

For me, I will not be living in Stouffer next year. The University, in its infinite wisdom, decided that approximately \$180,000 was enough money to squeeze out of us seniors. In 10 years it will top \$280, 000, so I shouldn't complain, right? But, I am Mr. Penn, bleeding R&B. I've cheered at countless sporting events, I am active in dorm life, and I have written for and edited 34th Street Magazine. Yet, Penn, and Stouffer, can be my Rushmore no longer. They throw us out on the street, left to fend for ourselves in the scary, scary real world (Bad Real World, Bad!). They don't let our purses and wallets stray too far, though. I've already received forms that ask for a donation to Penn. On this, I muse, "Was it not a donation of sorts to drop 180,000 bombs? Yes, I think it so." In any case, the University makes me go bye-bye once they give me a diploma.

Without the comforts – or occasional irks – of 3702 Spruce Street, I guess I'm gonna be homeless, tossed out on the Street, writhing in agony with no stable internet connection. Although... my new laptop has wireless, so maybe I could tap into Penn's network over by the engineering school. Yet, I lose what I love most about Penn – like Freshman girls' naïveté. Oh, out loud! Nevermind. You know I love you all, in that way. Cheer up!

My PennCard will stop working in the next few months. Sleeping in the building, once you've finished school – unless your name is Brooks – is passé. And, graduating seniors won't even be afforded the "simple pleasures" of skipping blissfully on the patio... in -9° with the wind chill weather, praying for the spring when once again the girls will sport tanktops and the boys... well, I couldn't really care less what you guys wear; point is, **GIRLS IN FREAKIN' TANKTOPS.**

I don't want to live in the street. I want to stay in Stouffer, continue to put out the Tribune and 34th Street. Weep. Weep. Sob. Sob. Cry. Cry.... ☒

...Koob's Korner, p.1...

Another interesting drinking game that was brought to my attention was the State of the Union Address drinking game. The rules for this can be found at www.drinkinggame.us/. It's a shame I don't drink anymore, these games sound fun.

Well, of course everyone in Philly is talking about how the Eagles lost their third straight NFC Championship game. They also became the first team in NFL history to lose back-to-back NFC championship games at home. Of all the cities in the U.S. (Philly, New York, Boston, Atlanta, Miami, Detroit, Chicago, Denver, Minneapolis, Dallas, Los Angeles & Phoenix) with teams in all four major sports (football, baseball, basketball and hockey), Philly has gone the longest without winning a championship. In fact, even most of the teams with three of the major sports have won championships since Philly's last (the only exceptions being Cleveland and Seattle). Cleveland is probably the only other city that is worse off than Philly as they have been around football, baseball and basketball for a long time and last won a championship in 1955 when the Cleveland Browns defeated the L.A. Rams in the NFL Championship game. The last time Philly has won anything of significance was on May 31st, 1983 when the Philadelphia 76ers defeated the L.A. Lakers to win the 1983 NBA Championship. Of course, I was only six years old when this happened and I have no memory of it. As the website, www.phillysucks.com, will inform you, it has been 7,539 days, 17 hours, 0 minutes and 42 seconds at the time I am typing this since the last time Philly has won anything of significance.

While on the subject of sports, it really ticks me off when teams relocate to another city and keep the same team name. This seems to be particularly prevalent in basketball. Sometimes teams keep these names for years and years. The best example of this is, of course, the Utah Jazz. I don't know about you, but the last I heard, the Great Salt Lake was not a hot bed of jazz music. The team moved from New Orleans in 1979 and has kept the same name for all these years. Other examples of this are the Los Angeles Lakers (previously located in Minneapolis), the Memphis Grizzlies (formerly of Vancouver) and the New Orleans Hornets (formerly of Charlotte; sure there may be hornets in New Orleans, but it's not the first thing that comes to mind).

John Cazale is probably one of the most underrated actors of all time. Due to his untimely death from bone cancer at the age of 42, he only appeared in five films, all of which were nominated for Best Picture at the Academy Awards. He is probably best known as Fredo from *The Godfather Parts I & II*, but he also costarred with Gene Hackman in another great Coppola film, *The Conversation*, played sidekick to Al Pacino's bank robber in *Dog Day Afternoon*, and played one of Robert DeNiro's hunting buddies in *The Deer Hunter*. Truly a great cinematic run! ☒

Newsgroupology

By Dan Fritz

This is not a terminology index. It's a quick guide to accepting playful, verbal punishment. When someone says "that you [have] more Zima characteristics as you show up only at sorority functions and you prefer to be ingested by those under 18," (s)he is testing the waters to see if you can be as clever. When someone says, "your medication might resemble a suppository, but try to take it orally next time, if you can," (s)he is busting your balls, because (s)he loves you. But you'd better come up with something better than, "at least tell me how some attractive woman at your work that you show this to is getting soo hot and worked up over my wit." This response is the equivalent of setting the volleyball so the other team can spike it on your head. And they will spike it on your head, because that's the name of the game.

Don't mope about when the volleyball picks up a new residence in your face. Take that ball and serve it back across the net. It's all part of the game. If you're a savvy server, you'll even be able to stuff that spike instead of eating it. Isn't that why you joined the newsgroup in the first place? ☒

Āsa Say...
By Asa Hadsell

"The word travels faster than the mouth."

Fun Facts

*Contributed by Frank Waterhouse**

Mike Tyson recently filed a report on his financial condition as part of his bankruptcy petition. *The New York Times* reported the following numbers.

\$175,000: Amount of money Tyson made between August and October.

\$53.9 million: Amount Tyson made between Jan. 1, 2001 and Aug. 1, 2003.

\$13.4 million: Amount Tyson owes in U.S. taxes.

\$4 million: Amount Tyson owes in British taxes.

\$2.5 million: Amount Tyson spent on jewelry for ex-wife Monica Turner while they were married between 1996-2001.

\$82,000: Amount Tyson spent for men's mink and chinchilla fur coats and a woman's mink jacket. He gave them as gifts but does not remember who he gave them to. ☒

* by Jan Hubbard, *The Dallas Morning News*

Haikus

By Al Fishman

sundried prize left low
 hairy glutton wants outside
 her barking wakes me

samurai's endpoint
 tire filled and flattened
 spares morning chore

haiku's written thrice
 don't my poems create smiles?
 pretty bird flies south

red balloon balances
 destructive meandering
 lightening goes POP!

☒

Suggestions for Submissions

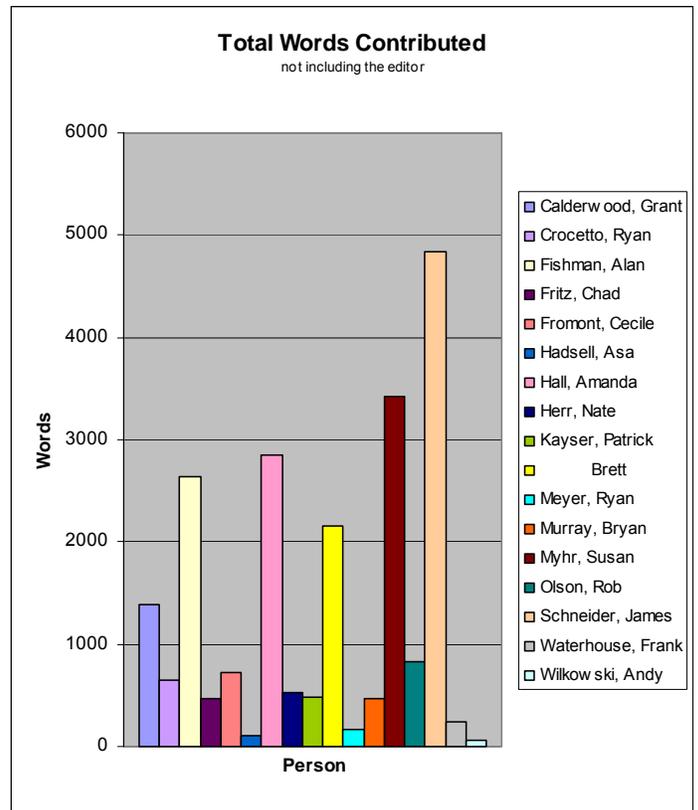
Your contribution can be anything you can fit onto a sheet of paper. Here are a few ideas:

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| Editorials | Reports | Philosophy |
| Reviews | Ramblings | Rants |
| Comics | Puzzles | Jokes |
| Quotes | Polls | Trivia |
| Drawings | Poetry | Recipes |
| Photographs | Short stories | News |
| Predictions | Advice | Graphs |

Take some time to think about it. Publications go out every other Friday. Please send all of your submissions two days in advance to dan@fritzcomics.com.

Babble-ON Stats

These are close approximations. This does not include image/picture contributions.



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