



The Cow with the Subtile Nose by Jean Dubuffet

Letter from the Editor

Just when I think I'll never be able to fill this newsletter with any material, I get a couple of articles out of the blue. And normally, these aren't just any articles; these are juicy articles with lots of beef to them.

Speaking of beef, I found this picture by Jean Dubuffet after scanning through a few of his more morbid pictures. This one, though in some ways the embodiment of a nightmare, somehow pleases me. Maybe it's because of the colors, maybe because my mind has melted after years out of college. The point is, scary cows sometimes look pleasant.

If anyone can make a substantive connection between paragraph one and paragraph two, please let me know.

Dan

Happy Birthday!

JJ 2/12
Steve 2/18
Brett 2/25
Nate 2/25

An Interview
with God:
SATIRE
By James Schneider

See page 3

This Flesh is Legal Tender for all Debts, Pubic and Private By Brett

As vigorously as modern day economists break down the world's financial structures, psychologists might be soaking in millions of funds to figure out the nature of human interactions – the research equivalent of trying to divide by zero. Despite protests from sects claiming civilized progression from Neanderthal standards of living, one inner drive continually permeates and dictates society with unflappable might: sex. It may seem logical, but this logic constantly submits to the dominance of our repression. Well, I'm here to unlock and probe Pandora's box.

...continued on page 5...

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Dictator of the Month:
Milosevic



Old Slobo just didn't know when to quit. After losing support in 2000 leading to a popular uprising, Milosevic was subsequently arrested and shipped to the Hague for crimes against humanity. Like many a good abusive leader, Slobie took advantage of his time in office to accomplish a little bit of good, old fashioned genocide. And like many a good abusive leader, he pretended like it was someone else's fault. Won't these guys ever learn?

P.S. Good luck to Montenegro in its upcoming bid for independence!

Comic Corner

By Dan Fritz



Disgruntled office worker
as a kid, ironically

Tower of Babble-ON's
"Before-and-After" Corner

By Susan Myhr

"Without a Trace Adkins Diet"

Visual Corner
By Aaron MacPhie



A few new entries in the
Urban Vernacular Dictionary
By Amanda Hall

Pop off - to put up your hands in preparation for fighting; a warning given to an opponent to indicate a fight will commence. "Pop off, Son, what!"

What's poppin'? - How are you?

Snap - bicker. To try to provoke someone with words. "You gonna snap like that and I'll snuff you."

Snuff - to punch. (refresher)

Jump off - to begin. "The jump off is tonight, and we are going to party all week!"

It's a wrap, yo.....

An Interview with God: SATIRE

By James Schneider

So, God, why did you go ahead and make the human race?

Well, it was a Sunday, my golf day, and I needed someone to carry my bags. It's a really long story, but I have just the book... Ah, here it is. It's called The Bible. I know it's quite a lofty and prestigious title, but it pretty much captures the whole thing. Not to brag, or anything, but the Genesis chapter is the best chapter of all time.

There was a band in the '80s called Genesis.

Yes, Phil Collins paid me a rather high – and perhaps overly high – royalty fee for the name. God forced him to put a disclaimer on all those records.

There you go with the third person again... A lot of your writing reflects a poor use of grammar. People don't use third person anymore, it's passé.

Listen, I'm God. I made you, you puny interviewer, and I can make grammar if I damn well please.

Do you really, actually, "damn well please"?

I might.

Well, I'm sorry to offend. Is there anything you don't take credit for on Earth?

It operates under a "you made it, you deal with the consequences" sort of vibe.

Is that like the "if you broke it, you buy it" idea?

Exactly. So, yes, to answer the question that's burning inside your poor little head, I did create Hitler, Stalin and O.J. Simpson. Amazingly, Adam Sandler's Chanukah song was right on: O. J. Simpson... not a Jew.

How did you...

God.

Good point.

God thought so.

So, Adam Sandler... Does God have enough time to keep up with current music?

Well, I tend to favor Church, Temple and Mosque songs, because then it's all 'Me, Me, Me.' Other than that, I can give you a good idea of songs that might be on charts one day. Ever hear of a little band called the New Kids on the Block?

Actually, yes, they were quite popular. God, not to doubt or anything... but aren't you omniscient?

Lies, lies, all lies. I actually don't keep up with much news or current fads. I pretty much clocked out about 5000 years ago. Everything else has been people's fault. Give you little guys an inch and you take a mile... especially that whole Tower of Babel thing. What the Hell were you guys thinking?

You curse a little more often than might be expected.

Damn right.

Why is that?

Well, basically, you are all sinners. You've done a real number on my planet and quite frankly, I want to remind you once again that God is God! Cursing is just a human word for trying to do what only I can – or more precisely, should - do. As you should very well know, I can do whatever I want with words. Hey, hey, hey! Stop thinking about your neighbor's wife like that!

What are you talking about? I was just gonna ask if God had a special lady friend.

Amazingly, no. Being omnipotent I would have thought I could get something going on that end. When it comes down to it, though, it's hard to find a partner who is up to God's standards. I'm a little picky, and I can't really just choose one person to be with me for all eternity. Any clue how long that is!

Eternity sounds pretty long. Otherwise, I feel the same way. Being famous makes you question the integrity of any relationship.

You never know if they want you for your popularity or if they truly love the real you. Do you know anything about love?

Duh. I invented love. I'm the Godfather of Soul Baby!

Wasn't that James Brown? More recently, Jon Bon Jovi invented the Philadelphia Soul.

Arena League Football will NEVER catch on! As for James Brown, you give the man too much credit. He beat his wife after all. How good can he be?

Well, he's the most sampled artist of all time. Isn't everyone human? That is to say, aside from you.

Good save. Good indeed. [Laughs]

Who's going to win the 2015 World Series?

Just watch Back to the Future: Part II. It's all in there. Art does imitate life. It's really quite something spectacular. I've done good. Very good. Good indeed. Read my book. It's good. Good, good, good.

What is the meaning of life?

No comment.

episode 2: "attack of the geese"
by Alan Fishman

i got attacked by hordes of killer geese today at lunch. i thought i was minding my own business on a bench at lake avondale, but apparently i was steppin' on someone's turf. having just arrived, i opened my to-go box from skips and smelled the steaming fried chicken strips. within that first moment an aged "prophet" power-walked by and warmed me that the geese were coming. i smiled and laughed foolhardily. the next thing i know, the beaches of avondale lake were being full-on stormed by the evil geese armies. i guess they smelled me eating their cousins and took great offense.

having just started eating my damn food and entirely enjoying it, i got it in my head that these geese were cute. i'll just chill on the bench and enjoy the geese watching, i thought to myself. (oh naïveté!) but the honking jun hordes made their approach, sniffing the air and drawing closer to me and my lunch. fifteen feet away...ten feet...five feet...and at this point i could see skirmishes break out in the back of the pack. so i threw a french fries over the front lines, hoping to bribe them away. but aside from the couple geese in the direct line of my potato fire, the hordes were unaffected by my last ditch defensive efforts. the front couple geese opened their beaks and i anticipated a sudden charge, so i yelled and screamed at them. "go away, damnit! shoo...geese! shoo! get outa here, dumb geese" but the geese had no fear. and suddenly i was surrounded in a feathery circle of death.

oh shit! they're gonna bite me, i thought. dang it! i had chosen this locale because my bench offered the best view of the lake and was still close to my car. but seeing as my rule over this fair land had been usurped, i chose exile over execution. so i ran. i ran so far away. all the way to the next bench. and looking behind me, i noticed the pack on the move, clearly hungry for my blood. so moved to the next bench. and the next. and the next. finally, i had engineered a bit of separation, for all but the most courageous and athletic goose marauders. so i sat in my new homeland and looked upon avondale lake and then up at the blue sky. to my right, a couple geese were making their approach. but i was hungry. so i ate, geese be damned. as the duo invaded my immediate territory, i stood up and stepped forward. then i shouted a truly barbaric "yawp!" which resulted in the geese looking away from me and taking a marginal fraction of a step away in deference. this tete a tete continued in earnest as i ate lunch. once full, and having dumped the remains in the nearby trashcan, i ran to my car to eat another day.

damn you, geese!!!



The fast Track
 by Dan Fritz



...*This Flesh is Legal Tender*, p. 1...

Spurred by seasons of personal turmoil, my pathetic efforts to dissect life, penetrate subjectivity, or understand death suffered the same crushing defeat as those attempts advanced by all the other sex-starved armchair philosophers of the world. The overwhelming army of insurmountable primal urges easily toppled my intellectual militia, and this annexation of the mind eventually assumed the status of metaphysical liberation. Truthfully, everything is not as complicated as it seems, and this notion would quickly unravel itself if everyone had more sex. Unfortunately few others share this clear-sighted vision. I'll talk about money, power, art, economics and all sorts of things that have made philosophers popular over the years, though I'll undoubtedly have to wrap this up in a nicely sized package, because size is what matters after all.

Sex is economics. All issues of power and money can be indisputably traced back to a desire for fucking. It would be worthwhile to jump immediately into our examples. It is my understanding that women like sex as much as men do. I seriously believe this. However, there seems to be a collective conception among women and men that they control the sex (though astonishingly this fact does not seem clear to many of them). Moreover, I challenge those who disagree to imagine for just a few minutes what the world would be like if the men truly retained control over sex. Most men seem to instinctually understand this concept too, despite their contrary wishes, and it appears as though money and power become bargaining chips to even this imbalance in the sexual dynamic. This is why the success of certain feminist agendas eventually would lead to a utopia of prosthetic penetration and cryo-chromosomes.

Scared? I envision another ideal world, but let's return to ours again. All striving for power and money translates unerringly into a striving for sexual currency. Men bring home the bacon, so they can invest it in a car or buy a round of drinks, and ultimately if they are lucky enough, that bacon winds up cooking in her frying pan. Because men simply value looks (they have a purer and less socially refined sense of what really counts in life) more than power, a woman's acquisition of power and money doesn't hold equal importance, yet it still represents the inherent aspect of sexual competition. Like men, they want to usurp each other for sexual supremacy and again, like men, they'll use any compensatory means possible, even makeup and silicone. Coitus is currency.

Copulation is competition, and it seems to me that all matters of competition can basically be reduced to a sexual equation. People ultimately want to succeed at sports, because it bestows a sense of domination and accomplishment. I better someone in a sport; therefore I am more desirable to the opposite sex than that person. This may not always seem so clear cut, and many might argue that the prowess of the deft field hockey player who excels at stick-handling and ball control or the talents of the ice hockey player who pumps it in the slot exert no influence over their draft value in the elementary game of sexual hide and seek. First, that would most likely be a lie, but even if it held a modicum of truth, then that aforementioned modicum probably is somehow proportionate and simultaneously short of the cost for sexual interaction with the party rendering judgment. Really, what is striving? What is winning? Do we really win for the sake of winning? Nope. We win, because we want to feel like we are better than our adversary, and we want to be better than our adversary, because that translates into greater opportunity for sex. Eureka!

All art is sex. Misery and depression generally beget great art, but what begets misery and depression? You got it – the lack of sex. Why do we find that our most prolific periods of creation or times of fruitful reflection occur when we are having the least amount of sex? It's worthless to try and figure out life beyond sex, because such a life really doesn't exist. Those elements are just constructed add-ons, sociological mutations. Good sex also makes great art. People ultimately create poetry in order to impress people enough to get them in the sack. Even the most sulky, anti-social poet in the world hopes to reach someone of their likeness through poetry so they can share a melancholy shag. The pitiable reluctance to relinquish the noble and stoic visions of one's poetic endeavors further cements the anti-ramping societal ramparts. If everyone simply admitted that their great artistic visions were manifestations of sexual urges, there would be a lot less frustration. Of course there'd consequently be a lot less great art. Sex is poetry.

Aided with two nuggets of wisdom now in our pockets, let's travel to the ever frequented and often disparaged bar scene. So why is it, that two freaks could so willingly rub and bump at a bar, smelling the desire to slide between the sheets and yet activate the exterior cool calmness or coy seductiveness that eventually sends both parties packing home in a state of late-night-munchie sexual dissatisfaction? It's because we all have yet to shed the shackles of our repression, as if admitting sexual hunger represented an embarrassing perversion. Instead, we engage in a chess game of sexual maneuvering through bar quadrants. As in life, at a bar puny Pawns and phallic Bishops slide in and out of position. Power levels are clearly defined. Yet, ultimately there exists one figure in the bar around which all playing revolves, namely the smooth and rich King. Yet it is the Queen who wields all the power and flexibility to draw the game to its eventual conclusion – mating! It does not take a Saussure to figure out that the game of chess actually breaks down the dynamic of the bar scene to its most basic value, the common denominator of life: sex.

Shakespeare, among others, compared life to a play. It's true, and we all think that we are playing the lead role in our own grand production. Our friends play those ever important supporting roles and the extras flutter here and there, and every night, week, or month is an act containing various sexual denouements, climaxes, or celibate tragedies. Yet all those extras out there are stars too, and they all want a piece of that magic pie. Too bad life has become a really bad drama when it was ultimately intended to be a hot skin flick. So this is it - my ultimate attempt to penetrate the cold conception that all we can know is the self. After all, if I know you want it, and you know I want it, and we both understand that this is the fundamental law of human nature, then what more is there to understand? Subconsciously everyone understands what truly is at the bottom of things, so let's drop the bad acting and get it on. If we knew that the bomb were to drop tomorrow and annihilate everything, banging would be first on many agendas. So let's make those intended phone calls or proposed pick up lines and greet all the sex that this brief life meant for us to have. Sex is the negation of death, and death is the only unfortunate thing that every human is guaranteed, so why not grab as much life as possible in this short time?

Quote of the Day
By Aaron MacPhie

“Health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die.”

Fun Facts
By Frank Waterhouse

In the spirit of February - here are presidential fun facts:

- 1 – Rutherford B. Hayes' phone number
- 6 – Number of languages spoken by Thomas Jefferson
- 15 – Number of children had be John Tyler
- 31 – Term in days of William Henry Harrison who died of pneumonia
- 64 – Height in inches of the smallest president - James Madison
- 80 – Pairs of pants owned by Chester A . Arthur
- 332 – Weight of our heaviest president - William H. Taft

RM Does R&B
By Ryan Meyer

"The ghetto... the ghetto ain't nothin to dream about... now tryin to get out, yeah that's sumptin to think about...."

-Rappin 4Tay

German Movie Titles
By Dan Fritz

Listed are several German title translations of American movies. I've included some random good ones (some from when I lived in Berlin) and some of the Oscar picks from www.max.de.

- Verlockene Falle** (Entrapment)
- Tötet Smoochy** (Death to Smoochy)
- Findet Nemo** (Finding Nemo)
- Unterwegs nach Cold Mountain** (Cold Mountain)
- Was das Herz begehrt** (Something's Gotta Give)
- Die Mumie** (The Mummy)
- Im Auftrag des Teufels** (The Devil's Advocate)
- Der Soldat James Ryan** (Saving Private Ryan)
- Rendezvous mit Joe Black** (Meet Joe Black)

Suggestions for Submissions

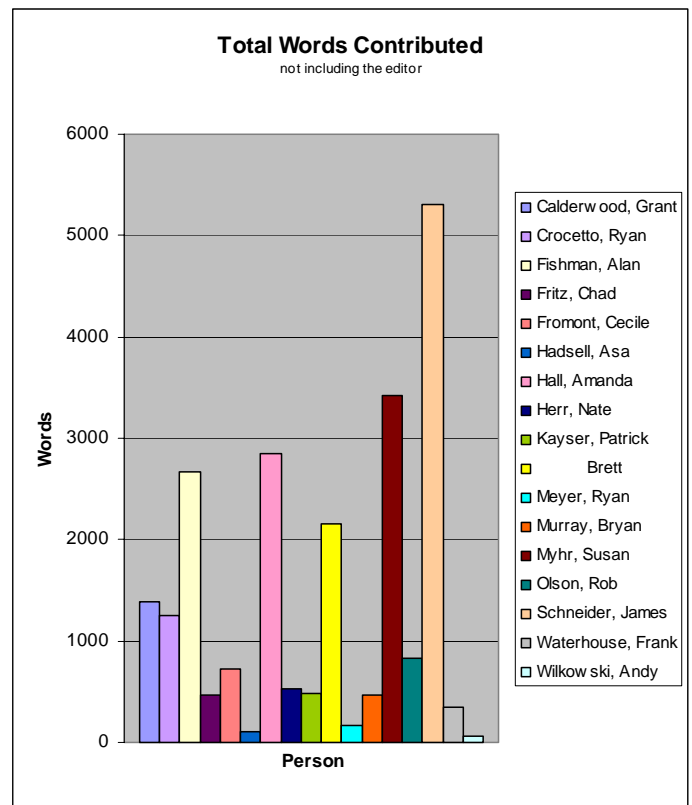
Your contribution can be anything you can fit onto a sheet of paper. Here are a few ideas:

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| 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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