

a rambling, bi-weekly newsletter that spans the ages!

Letter from the Editor

Welcome to the inaugural issue of *Babble-ON™*! The purpose of this bi-weekly newsletter is to give us all a creative outlet in a free, non-judgmental environment. Just kidding—we're all silently judging each other all the time. It is my hope that we will all explore and build upon our creative talents and/or simply take the opportunity to share our thoughts with one another. In the end, it's all about fellowship. And I hope you all—both as readers and as contributors—will get something like that out of this little endeavor.

Dan

*Finding Nemo finds Theatre
Goers Flummoxed*

*By Roger Ebert
(as transcribed by Amanda Hall)*

Never in my life have I been so taken aback by a movie as I was with the seasick tale of two fish trying to find each other. Nemo, a gimpy fish with a personality that would make any mother pray for SIDS, finds himself yearning for adventure. Nemo's father, I don't remember his name so I will call him "Flipper," cautiously handles his dunce of a son due to the fact that all his other children were eaten. Seems only logical, but Nemo the Braindead does not grasp this concept of concern and callously challenges his father by swimming too close to fishermen. Of course, Nemo the Braindead is caught, and one would assume that the movie is over (after all, ...continued on p.5...



*The Tower of Babel by Pieter Bruegel the Elder
from the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna, Austria*

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Laziness is a Warm Gun:

*GTA Prompts Rising Senior to Reference Even More Pop Culture than VH1
By James Schneider, better than you in every conceivable way*

DISCLAIMER: Article may cause dizziness and cold sweats. Uncontrollable shaking, fits of masturbation, and delusions of grandeur may occur in rare cases. Bouts of nausea and paralysis may arise if not treated by a handle of Jim Beam. Proceed with extreme anticipation.

Yesterday I beat *Grand Theft Auto (GTA): Vice City* on my PC. The highlight of my week, and surely of the past month, this achievement did little to bolster my self-esteem but rather reinforced my belief that doing nothing is something altogether different from being bored. It also made me realize that I want my girlfriend on this coast, but anyways. I sit on my ass all goddamn day, as Bad Religion says. But, in the end, there's nothing wrong with that. At least, there's nothing wrong with that for me, right now, for another five weeks.

This past school year, I set out to do something great. I produced a dozen articles which appeared in *34th Street Magazine* (which is part of why I'll be an editor next semester), co-wrote a *DP** article with Nate, put out 15 (6+ page) Stouffer newsletters by myself and scored nearly all A's second semester (the first time I took 5 classes successfully). And, I had time for tons of partying and a long-term relationship on the side (or additionally, if you prefer.) None of this would have been possible without a certain drive, a motivation to put my mark on college life. And then mysteriously, the spark that kept me afloat during the school year took a really long weed nap. Amazingly this metamorphosis from L.L.U.A. to slug was

...continued on p.5...

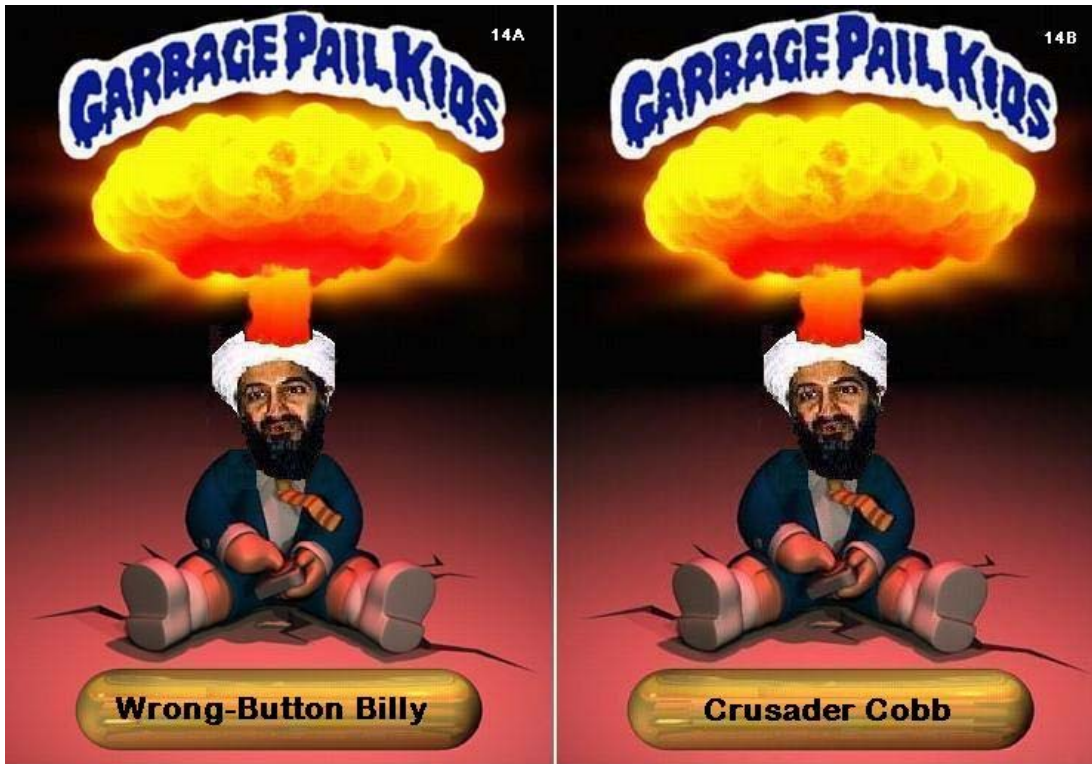
*DP = *The Daily Pennsylvanian*

Kafkaesque Happiness

By Dan Fritz

see p.3

"Islam is the Bomb"
by Chad Fritz



Topps Revives GPK
Classic Gross-Out Series Returns

[This article was borrowed from icv2.com, June 11, 2003]

Just as America's children grudgingly trudge back to school in August, Topps will lighten their academic travails by supplying them with a new edition of the slyly subversive *Garbage Pail Kids* stickers. Back in the mid-80s there was considerable snickering in the schoolroom as kids passed around any of the 15 series of Garbage Pail Kids cards, which appeared between 1985 and 1988 and featured gross-out illustrations of characters like "Brainy Janey" and "Corroded Carl." Art Spiegelman helped dream up the 80s cards' clever concepts and names, those alliterative or internal rhyming appellations that were the perfect complement to the comically revolting visuals supplied by Jay Lynch, John Pound, and Tom Bunk.

The new *GPK* stickers come in foil packs, not wax packs, but unlike most modern card product, they do have gum -- four pieces of "gross-out" green gum (it only looks like snot, it really tastes good, trust me).

The rest of this article can be read at:
<http://www.icv2.com/articles/home/2871.html>



Q&A



Ask Dead
Carol Anne

Renowned *Babble-ON* interviewer Swinton Chumblebrook took some time out this week to interview the ex-*Poltergeist* girl Carol Anne. After having lived through a few pretty mortifying experiences, Carol Anne is sure to have some good insights for the general public. Let's see what she has to say.

SC: You've been through some really nerve-racking times, so maybe you could shed some light on a subject I've been thinking about quite a bit. Why is Grant such a little bitch?

CA: Mommy? I can't see you, Mommy!

SC: So he usually cries for his mommy? Would you care to elaborate...?

CA: I'm scared!

SC: Is that how he makes you feel all the time?

CA: I see lots of people.

SC: And Grant is with these other crybabies, right? When they start weeping uncontrollably, where do you usually see them?

CA: They're here.

SC: This is unrelated, but you probably don't want to go into the light.

CA: Mommy!

The interview was stopped here after a the living room sofa covered in a strange, pink, gel-like fluid fell from thin air and knocked out Mr. Chumblebrook. ☒

It's All in Your Head

by Nathaniel R. Herr

I find that it's gotten to the point where I not only begin to miss all my friends and family that I'm leaving by going to LA, but now I'm getting nostalgic about all the people I *don't* know who still seem to be a part of my daily life. All those people who I must have passed a thousand times on the way to work, or around my neighborhood, that I've never said a word to, just figured that the two of us had a silent connection. We don't need to make eye contact—we each keep our anonymous cover by glancing at a passing car at the last moment. Whew. Almost had to pretend we didn't share the elevator for the past three days and I pressed the wrong button yesterday and you laughed when I made some remark about it being “that time of day.” Our relationship is that of two undercover CIA agents.

There's that girl who's always at the revolving doors at work with the normal sized upper body, but the oddly inhumanly large legs. She scowls while she walks, and it kinda scares me. Also the clearly anorexic blond jogger who almost knocked me over in the blinding snow last winter when she was jogging. She's beyond doing it for beauty, she runs like she's afraid. Have I ever even seen you not jogging? Hmm...maybe once speed walking. And there's the guard who always checks my badge at the entrance to my building, pretending he hasn't seen me coming in at 9:10 every single morning for 300 weekdays straight. And the guard who never checks my badge, even though he's required by “building law” to do so. Thanks a lot for protecting my safety, jerk!

I shouldn't leave out the Greek woman who runs the Pizza Truck that doesn't sell pizza. Why is there a huge white guy delivering a pizza painted on your truck if you don't sell pizza? Eh, whatever, you make a good Reuben Special that only upset my stomach once. Nor can I bear to part with the guy who owns that Plymouth Prowler that parks out front. I have no idea who you are, but it's most likely you have an undersized penis. I'm sorry, I'm just a little emotional right now. Besides, how can I be stable when I realize that no more will I see the three punk kids doing tricks on the rails at the school by my house who glower at me and make me feel old when I realize that my first thought is “wear kneepads!” or “man, punks these days are just posers.” My punk work khakis will no longer walk by them to my punk office job, biotch.

Goodbye kind homeless guy at Wawa who tells me when Pizza Rustica is closed whether I care or not! Goodbye angry homeless guy if I say he's talked to me already! I'll also miss you no-pizza Greek woman, and Prowlerprick; you too zealous/apathetic guard tandem and poser punks; even you anorexic jogger, I wish you well. And you, weird shaped girl, I think I'll miss you most of all. This move is harder than I thought. ☒

Kafkaesque Happiness

(Part One)

By Dan Fritz

While cleaning out my storage unit in New York last weekend, I happened upon one of my Kafka books. Later leafing through the pages while waiting in the airport, I was magnetically drawn back into reading *Meditation* even though I wasn't really interested in the prospect at first. But I was fortunate enough to have been taught Kafka by a couple masters of 20th century German literature, and that—combined with the nostalgia of “good reading”—sparked a genuine sense of satisfaction and happiness that I could read it again and like it. Then I noticed something.

It became well-known to me when I was introduced to Kafka that he dealt in subjunctives—in potentialities that could only be achieved through decisive actions. “When it looks” like this and “if” so and so were to take place, “then” you will arrive at a place that you wanted to get to all along but were unable due to certain paralyzing agents. So, according to Kafka, if (in *The Sudden Walk*, for instance) one were to break his stasis of anxious inaction while sitting at home late one evening and get up and go for a walk, then he has finally “completely got away from [his] family” allowing him to “grow to [his] true stature,” freeing himself of that crisis. This is my rough understanding of German existentialism. Well, that was fine until I thumbed through *The Metamorphosis* again.

As Gregor continually struggles for social integration in *The Metamorphosis*, his drive is centered to an extent on his desire to give his sister a better life. Simply Gregor's wanting to hear her play her violin leads the family to its final rejection of him. Here, our hero wants to *be with* his family. In *The Sudden Walk*, the hero should *free himself* from his family. How are these two strivings toward happiness reconciled? How can Kafka expect us to accomplish both?

To say the least, the issue is more complex than I have presented it, but I guess the answer is, as always, a balance between the two. To break free of the *Trial* cycle of insurmountable surrounding pressures, one of the methods may be this balancing of acquiescence to the power structure and limitations of the family while seeking—at the same time—a true human connection and venue of compassion. Or is it impossible to ever achieve this balance? To be continued... ☒

CLASSIC MOVIES

By Danny Rosedale

This column features the movies that made a mark on who we are today. Without these classics, society would not have recognized such a wide array of talent flowing through Tinsletown, making our silver screen memories something to cherish. Sadly, however, most of these feature films were never given a chance to succeed despite the stellar all-star casts.....

SOUL MAN (1986)

Cast

Mark Watson	C. Thomas Howell
Gordon Bloomfeld	Arye Gross
Sarah Walker	Rae Dawn Chong
Professor Banks	James Earl Jones


Soul Man tries to capture the racial inequities and tension that will never be eliminated in our lifetime. The film creates a unique story line of fraud, love, and racism that we don't see in every movie, but incorporates the fun-loving hijinks that we expect from C. Thomas Howell.

Let's begin this tale of the ages.....Basically Mark Watson (C. Thomas Howell) is from a well-to-do family from California and has dreams of attending Harvard law school. Although his rich family can easily afford it, his father refuses to pay tuition. Watson discovers a full-ride scholarship that is only available to a black applicant. Hmmm, a little dilemma for Watson? Not as long as he overindulges on suntan tablets and gets a new haircut.

Watson receives the scholarship and begins his studies at Harvard. His professor is none other than the great James Earl Jones (Professor Banks) who continually berates Howell into working harder. Watson soon discovers a love interest in Sarah Walker (Rae Dawn Chong), realizes that Sarah was more deserving of the scholarship than he was (maybe because she was actually black), and decides to end the charade. Amazingly, Watson isn't expelled, doesn't go to jail, and still maintains a relationship with Sarah.

This is truly a movie out of fantasyland as it jokes about moral and ethical dilemmas but never solves them. However, what makes this movie good is because it is so unbelievable and you cannot get emotionally involved. First, I don't care how many suntan pills Watson took, he never pulled off the African-American look. Second, where are the background checks on his application? The best part of the movie is that he commits fraud and still remains in school....I didn't know Harvard was that easy. Third, Watson and Sarah never talk about why he did what he did and she still takes him back. The absence of this scene either means the writer is incompetent or the scene editor is incompetent. Either way a high school stage hand was in charge of this film.

Soul Man is one of those 1980 movies that time forgot about, and it is a pleasure of mine to bring it back. Although some may not believe this film is a masterpiece, C. Thomas Howell will always hold a special place in my heart. If you haven't yet, I recommend taking time to view *Side Out*. A thrilling look at the beach volleyball scene during the '80's starring Howell, Peter Horton, and Courtney Thorne-Smith.

Professional Reviewer Rating (Ebert):  (out of 4)

The Rosey Rating:  (out of 7.5)

...*Laziness, from p. 1...*

non-substance-related, though I turned 21 a couple months ago. In fact, I'm painfully sober and am working on that as I write this article.

While the summer affords me the ability, should I choose to accept it, to venture out and achieve, I'm left wearing my sunglasses at night. I'm asking, "It's a weekday?" I'm the lazy bum sitting on the beach, soaking up (sure-to-be) skin cancer rays, perfectly content to just sit on my ass all goddamn day.

I admit that some of my existential contemplation has found a home in a manifesto, a statement of purpose, and some of my quest to write always and often manifested itself in the form of a Feature article in *Summerstreet* a few weeks ago. I have done a few things that are more thought-oriented than wondering if SPF 45 is really that much better than SPF 30. But on the whole, I'm just relaxing and spending far too much time reading up on Fantasy Football info.

I've been told more times than I can count that I should enjoy *this* now because opportunities to slack do not occur in the real world. Whoever said that never saw *Office Space* or at least never internalized it like I did. One can be perfectly productive to a company and still be an utterly useless person. And, one can be a perfectly fine person whose contribution to his workplace environment leads Bob to query, "What exactly would you say you do here?"

For all those who are not working, but are still happy (and rarely bored), I salute you and praise you for your dedication to your mission statement. For all those who are working, cause you gotta, keep up the good fight. And, to all those who are unhappy and bored, I say, if you're gonna sit on your ass all goddamn day, could you have the decency to take a shower once in a while? Thanks.

NOTE: No pigfuckers were harmed during the making of this piece. And, it's unfortunate too, because I really really tried. ☒

...*Finding Nemo, from p. 1...*

we are excited to see it happen, and it sure feels like an ending to me). But, no. Disney foolishly decides to drag us through the adventure that ensues as Flipper tries to get Nemo back.

Ok, now let's talk problems. First of all, fish can't talk. So, from moment one I am not buying this piece of crap! I mean....sure the audience is laughing throughout the movie, but it's certainly not at the dialogue; it's at the inanity of the whole "talking fish" premise. THEN, we are to believe that sharks have self-help groups, turtles are "tubular, dude," and dentists go diving for goldfish. Think, people, think! This is the same wool they tried to pull over our eyes with that crap in *Schindler's List*, *Star Wars*, and *Legally Blonde*—all completely unrealistic (a compassionate Nazi, Ewoks, and a sorority chick with a brain??? PLEASE!!!) America, don't let them do it to us again! This drivel must stop.

If you actually don't listen to me (which is foolish in the first place) and attempt to see this garbage, I urge you to take a Dramamine. Nemo insults your intelligence with its suspending of reality and pursues a story line that leaves the audience shouting, "NO! DON'T SAVE THE BASTARD!!" It disappoints on every level, and it has a low share rating on the Hollywood stock exchange. Let this one....sleep with the fishes! ☒



*Coming
Soon...*

*Comics
Section
Featuring
Happy
Humphrey*

*Don't miss
Name that Quote on p. 6!*

Dictator of the Month: Pol Pot

This unsung mass murderer successfully eliminated over a million of his people back in the 1970s and lived to tell about it. Way to go, Pol! Cambodia salutes you.

Color the Cambodian Dictator!



image from cnn.com

Puzzle Corner

Serpent Maze



©1999, Adrian Fisher

from http://www.mazepuzzle.com/TilingMazes_SerpentMaze.html

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.

How to Play:

Find your way from "Start" to "Goal", keep to the same path color until you reach a white cell; when you must change path color.

Name that Quote

By Frank Waterhouse

What movie does this quote come from: "I'm sick, I got a trig midterm tomorrow, and I'm being chased by Guido, the killer pimp."

(see the answer below)

Probable Submissions for Next Issue...

- A piece by Rob Olson
- "Grant Rant" by Grant Calderwood
- A column by Patrick Kayser the Sex Geysier
- A movie review by Amanda Hall
- "Kafkaesque Happiness: Part Two" by Dan Fritz

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Submissions are the intellectual property of the contributors and have been provided out of each contributor's free will. Where indicated, some materials have been borrowed from other sources.

Name that Quote Answer: Risky Business. Tom Cruise and Booger pick up the call girl chick from the hotel, and she is in the process of escaping her pimp Guido. Guido is very persistent, however, and chases Cruise et al in the movie's car chase scene.