

Babble-ON™

America's number one rambling, uncensored, bi-weekly newsletter!



Picture of the Week:
Campbell's Soup Can by Andy Warhol

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IRON GNOME:

PICADILLY, Willy *and* Nilly

By Gnome Chomsky

If memory serves me correctly...

When we last left our Martz-ish minion, pseudonym Unknown, he was headed on a jet plane bound for the land of Picadilly, and it's silly, really, that this rum-ta-ta-tum-tum-tilly flew willy-nilly over sea and hilly, bird and billy (goat)...well, simply to sabotage, to damage, to wreck, to spoil, to mess up, to destroy, to devastate, to trash, to reduce to rubble, to impair, and to otherwise bring down the London Power Grid (pseudonym LPG, but not A, which would imply that the gnimble gnome sought to take down and eliminate the need for female golfing professionals to compete in tournaments separate from their potentially stronger and more experienced male counterparts. Perhaps they could not compete, perchance the fall fashion colors of the corporate-sponsored golfing ensembles would clash). Irregardless of his rationale, our anti-hero did not seek to destroy *this* league, but instead wished to take down that mysterious and intangible network—that assemblage of wires and tape called the Power Grid. This accomplishment would not only elevate the Unknown to Master Destroyer status, but it would serve the public, informing the masses (and some government officials) of the Power Grid's existence altogether.

Mission the first for the Unknown: seek and destroy Q-Bert, master planner and overseer of said Power Grid. But first—seek and employ ancient Atari game mechanism. Is this mission, although conceivable, *possible*?

Stay tuned....☒

NOT PENN STATE

By Brett

With the demise of that 2-for-1 Penn-syl-van-i-a paraphernalia haven (affectionately called Steve & Barry's), a Pre-Fat Penn Freshie© would be hard pressed to behold one of those legendary "Not Penn State" T-Shirts. Every Penn student has rumped his face or puckered his anus at one point during *that* conversation, when the other half seems to think that it's dear old Penn that boasts such a nationally renowned football program. For those who can't relate, imagine the peculiar unease that sets in when a stranger continues to refer to your pet by the wrong sexual pronoun, despite whatever goods the animal's undercarriage obviously displays. Do you correct this person? Nah, that breath would be best saved for someone who actually cared to know the difference. With a roll of the eyes and a haughty heave it's time to move on.

But what about that shirt?? Why print such a pretentious slogan? Even if it were for the benefit of all the yokels blind to that blessed Ivy loop (yeah right), why don't the boys and girls on the other side of the state who partially share our namesake reciprocate with their own mocking gear? ...continued on p. 5...

Letter from the Editor

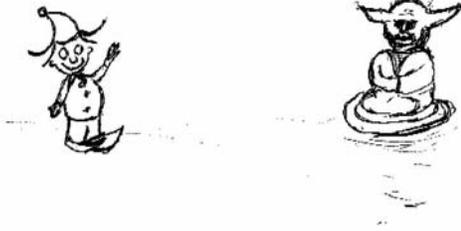
Do we really live in a mass produced society? Is it such a bad thing if we do? Is it me or are two kissing females (see: VMAs) just not that controversial anymore? I don't know the real answer to any of these questions, but I am dedicating this article to the underlying concepts, coming from a society which has allowed us to be creative in at least the form of this newsletter and enabled Andy Warhol to make his picture of a mass produced Campbell's soup can.

Dan

Happy Humphrey meets...

Yoda

By Dan Fritz



Babble-ON Interactive Poll!

Every comic book-fantasy novel-computer game-action movie nerd has wished—at some point in time—he had superpowers in real life. Of the following, which superhero's powers would you most like to wield:

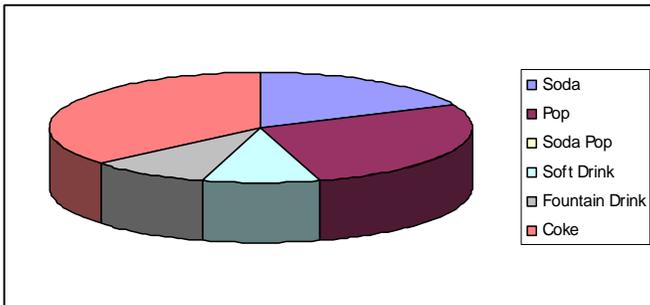
- A. **Darth Vader** (the Darkside of the Force)
- B. **Prof. X** (telekinetic/telepathic powers)
- C. **Gandalf** (magic)
- D. **The Invisible Woman** (can be invisible, creates invisible objects)
- E. **Superman** (super strength, can fly, etc.)
- F. **T-1000** (liquid metal body)
- G. **Other**

Last Issue Follow-Up

Last issue's poll produced widespread results. It looks like there will be no consensus on this polarizing social issue. See below.

Poll: Generically speaking, what do you (personally) call a carbonated beverage (such as Coca Cola):

- Soda
- Pop
- Soda Pop
- Soft Drink
- Fountain Drink
- Coke



Q&A

with Swinton Chumblebrook



Ask Yoda

Swinton Chumblebrook, our field correspondent, has had a heck of a time getting any good interviews this past couple of weeks, but luckily for him there was an opening in Yoda's schedule.

SC: Did you see the gnome in the last issue of *Babble-ON*? He reminded me of you....

Y: Shortness does not one a gnome make.

SC: What are you then?

Y: [Blank stare]

SC: Were you able to catch any of the Video Music Awards?

Y: He is too inquisitive. Yes, too inquisitive to begin the training?

Voice of Obi-Wan: So was I, if you remember.

SC: What the—? Training?

Y: You must unask what you have asked.

SC: Unask? But I've asked so much already.

Using the force, Yoda lifted Swinton off the ground and dropped him in a vat of Bantha feed. ☒

Dictator of the Month:

Things I've learned by Ceausescu

While it *sounds* like a great idea, vodka and crabjuice don't mix well.

∞

While child-bearing quotas sound like a great idea, it's difficult to keep up with all the little Ceaus.

∞

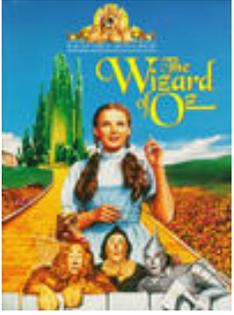
While concentrated industrialization and neighborhood demolition sounds like a good idea, there aren't nearly enough four-wheelers to utilize all of the empty wheat fields.

∞

Wizard of Odd:

TAKE THAT BROOMSTICK AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!

By James Schneider



I cannot tell you how much I hate the movie, *The Wizard of Oz*. The pure pain that this horror flick inspires, the terrifying gusto with which aficionados sing the words and the demonic munchkins are enough reason to revile this flick. But it most sickens me that this “classic” is in fact, not suitable for children. With messages like, “The witch is dead, the witch is dead” gleefully crooned by the midgets. And, with characters about as lucid as a crack addict, I ask you the following. What the hell was Victor Fleming (director credit, 1939) thinking when he served up this nasty bite of Dunkin Donuts cruelty?

A famous scene shows the scarecrow, a man with no innards – and seemingly lacking a heart like tin man, but anyways – tells the hapless Dorothy that “some people go both ways.” Perhaps progressively thinking, Fleming thankfully put this one a foot or two above the heads of most children. No less disturbing, however, is that this man would probably practice sitting on the fence (bisexuality) if he was smart enough to get off the stick, not get off on the stick.

Weapons and violence prove to be one of the most pervasive themes in the movie. A witch is murdered by the protagonist, Dot. But it’s okay cause she was wicked – but who decided that? *Oz* is rife with disturbing broomstick imagery. The tin man, though seemingly harmless enough, wields an ax. And, even though the lion claims to be cowardly, he keeps threatening to attack. “Put ‘em up, put ‘em up!” Instead of celebrating the lion’s pacifism, he’s seen as an outcast. These are not the kind of values that should be given unto children. After all, as Cable Guy Jim Carrey bemoans, “Reality isn't *Father Knows Best* anymore, it's a kick in the face on a Saturday night with a steel toe grip Kodiak work boot and a trip to the hospital bloodied and bashed.”

Dorothy, who many children idolize by copying her fashion sense and her affectation, trips on drugs. Yeah, you know the scene. The four seeking the wizard stumble through an opium field, with “pretty flowers.” Right before she passes out she looks downright fizzled up!

The witch and her winged-monkey minions are scary as all get out. There is a scene where one of the film crew hung himself. And, everyone knows that you may play *The Dark Side of the Moon* along with the movie. I guess that the one redeeming factor is that I never have to watch this hellish gore fest again. Thank you and goodnight! ☒

RE: same, same

An in-depth look into the weekend of a madman*By Alan Fishman*

i've been staring blankly at the ibook for some minutes trying to conjure a witty beginning to this entry. already, my list of innovative openers has scrolled through a dumb story about hollywood getting all their plot ideas by jacking into my brain and a hypothetical "what if i were a screenwriter searching for a castload of characters?"..."well, i'd have found all that and then some just in this past weekend..." but i couldn't write something like that. that'd just be ridiculous. i'd rather open this with words from my boy JT... "where's the love, y'all?"

so the weekend began when i left work friday. came home and ate a chocolate covered icecream bar. [thanks joey! those frozen deserts are da bomb...] sat around and ate this pimp chicken pot pie stephen had made. [i find out now that he put grey goose in it. so THAT'S why i liked it so much!] it was pimp. that night was full of phone tag with amanda, drinks with people i don't know at 97 estoria, and more drinks at our very own gravity pub. here are some tidbits:

stephen gave kim a half-hour's worth of directions to our house while rob and i ate the shit out of the chicken pot pie. jen kicking my ass for letting my mom's yard grow three feet high. but it's all good because apparently we go way back...

PBR on draft is cheap. yay!

the gravity pub has changed a lot since i'd last been. its all painted fancy [and kinda retarded] blue. and the jukebox is digital. and lots more dressed up gals spanking each other than i had remembered. all i know is, we got there. and drank, then did some shots. and at one point i felt really ill but kept it on the DL cuz i didnt want kim to think i was a little biatch. so i walked down stairs and stood around and waited it out. then i went back upstairs and helped rob finish his red bull and vodka. we stayed there way late and gave ash a shoutout on the way out.dude, rob made some phat ass hoagies back at the crib when we got home 'round 4am.

happy birthday rob!

i awoke the next morning and got a friend's handyman set up doing lawnwork at my mom's house then took my mom out for errands and lunch in smyrna. made sure i was up by phipps plaza at 2pm to pick up rob's birthday icecream cake from marble slab. that shit turned out to be sooooooo good. crushed reece's mixed in with chocolate icecream... made it back home in a jiffy to shoot the shit with rob. i let trub out and she just walked a couple feet to the other side of the sliding door and plopped her lazy ass down. and that was a perfect excuse to run around the backyard and let trub chase me. i threw many sticks at her. trub likes to eat sticks. rob brought golf equipment. i swing really hard. then, inside, i installed limewire and got back on the file-stealing tip. new outkast song, live mogwai, a couple pretty old and rare sigur ros songs, and "i got the magic stick..."

the rush of regaining the freedom to unearth mp3's had put me a bit behind schedule. but i got ready, then waved to marnie and julie as i ran to my car to get those black boots, welcoming cheri and jamie in the driveway on the way. jamie and i sat in front of the food, and cheri talked about collonics. hahaha...any way you look at it, that just sounds bad. anyhoo, stephen came home and got ready. he wore a gay blue shirt and complemented jamie on his gay blue shirt. rob left to change into a gay blue shirt. and i sat and wondered. do i have a gay blue shirt? let's see... there's that light blue satiny shirt with the white collar. purchased at value village years ago cuz it looked pretty. but i never had found clothes to wear with it. tried on plenty, but never felt right. so i forgot about it among my old jackets. nowadays though, i have nice slacks. changed shirts, checked myself, rejoined da crew. 3 lovely ladies. 4 guys wearing light blue shirts. outstanding. off to eclipse di luna. missy elliot and joy division to kick things off and plenty of linkin park to keep the train rolling. got there. sat. drank. devoured. damn, that place makes great tapas! back home. icecream cake pwns. rob opened presents. "you my boy, blue!" and the crew was gone. rob went to bed. phone tag with amanda started up. stephen and i grabbed a few beers and jumped in the car. and thus began birthday story #2! ☒

...Not Penn State, from p. 1...

Unfortunately the hedonists in State College, PA have no need for the reassurances that only such a motley band of Asians, Jews, Jerseyites, and Californians would crave. The shirt represents a compensatory rhetoric that in simpler terms states: “Recognize me for the nerd that I am, because while I secretly long for a partying paradise, my lack thereof necessitates me to assert my intelligence; a common ploy for partying inept geniuses” – or in looser terms: “I prefer mental masturbation over physical copulation.”

Before the first cries of Benedict Arnold even echo, I will readily admit to having a Penn State girlfriend. Through her I indulged in the Penn State social life; first during a week in Ocean City, MD with all her friends, and then during a recent football weekend. It’s a source of juvenile pride to esteem oneself as the intense partying type. The Penn nightflies ride the notion of “Work Hard, Play Hard.” I’m here now to erase any doubt that the average Penn student has no idea what it really means to “play hard.”

Handling alcohol calls for a steady mind and a set of deft social skills. Most importantly however, it requires training. Most Penn students lack one, two, or perhaps all three of these necessary components. While this brief article stems from no scientific proof, my own experiences have demonstrated to me that Penn’s stalwart drinkers measure meagerly to their respective counterparts over in state school country.

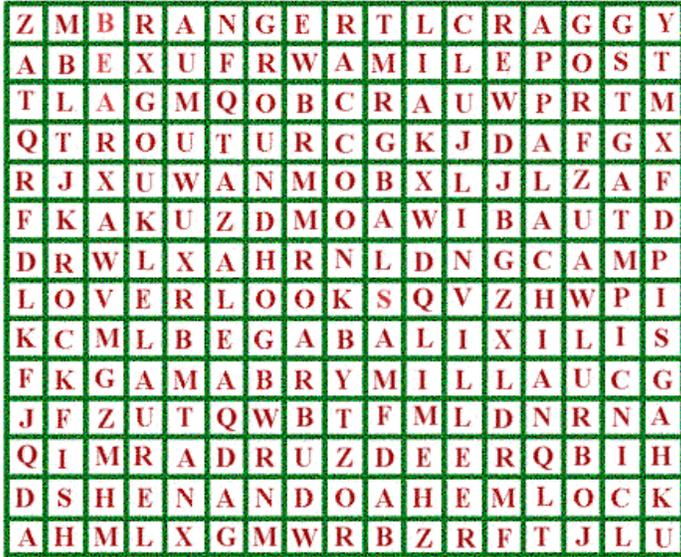
Regrettably the typical Penn State partying scene would leave an average Penn partier flopping like a 2 week old freshman quad fish. The few Penn hardcores, first after getting over the fact that no Bourbon would be served their way, could naturally assimilate in the average PSU crowd of carousers and rock on with joy, but we’re talking about an elite class of Penn folk measuring up to an entire inebriated student body.

It’s with remorse that I administer this mighty blow to the ego of Penn’s drinking community. In the recesses of every college student’s competitive spirit simmers the desire to be perceived as a good drinker, and collectively speaking, the desire to contribute to the reputation of “Party School.” After all, isn’t Penn supposedly the party Ivy? No one ever seems to shy away from this compliment. So, to deny that you’re moved by outside perceptions of your partying propensity and drinking credibility would not only magnify the issue but also signal your implicit recognition of the fact that you party like a P.U.S.S.-whY. Egoists typically feign indifference once the slightest feeling of failure overtakes them, and let’s face it, most Penn egos would rather pretend that their social standards are too high for such juvenile revelry rather than admit that they’d love to bask in such intoxicated bliss, but know they’d be exposed for the diaper wetters they truly are.

Maybe the ideal night does not include constructing a beeramid out of Schlitz Ice cans, but if partyhood and school reputation were to stand upon it, the challenge would be met. Much to the disappointment of the few Penn drinkers who could stand their ground, the average community member would fail. There’s no denying it. How many times have you been disappointed in that 2 beer wet blanket of a woman you planned to load up now so you can load up later? Or how many times have you and your unsatisfied sexual desires left that moronic man puking alone on his shoes? Penn may be ranked the 6th best school in the country, but who cares about that when there is drinking to be done? Eh, at least the Penn student body possesses enough wit to conjure a new t-shirt slogan to compensate for the inadequacies of its college social life. ☒

Puzzle Corner

<http://www.nps.gov/blri/wordfind.htm>



RANGER	LAUREL	LINVILLE	GROUNDHOG
HEMLOCK	SHENANDOAH	MABRY MILL	PICNIC
BALSAM	CRAGGY	DEER	CAMP
BEAR	MILEPOST	PISGAH	OVERLOOK
ROCKFISH	APPALACHIAN	AZALEA	RACCOON
TROUT			

Quote of the Week

By Ryan Meyer

"Crazy people talk to themselves, and suddenly you realize only a madman doesn't listen."

—Ryan Jive Meyer

Andy's Fortune

By Andy Wilkowski

"There will be plenty of time to work hard, enjoy yourself."

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Classified Ads

EVERYTHING MUST GO! Made-in-Korea short range missiles. Price negotiable. Finance options available.

For Sale: Box of Trojans. Like new. Will trade. Call 917-444-9348.

SALE: Slightly used rubber chickens!! Stop in Tues.-Thurs. at 6:15 A.M. for unheard of deals on RCs of assorted shapes and sizes, all guaranteed to be semi-used! Check out our website: www.rubachick.org.

Wanted: White riding pants size 16L,34W. Prfbly w/ big buttons on front & suspenders. Will pay \$\$\$.

Name that Quote

By Frank Waterhouse

(see the answer below)

"I mean really, I'm not European, I don't plan on being European, so who gives a crap if they're Socialists? They could be Facist Energists for all I care, it still wouldn't change the fact that I don't own a car. Not that I condone fascism, or any ism for that matter. Isms in my opinion are not good. A person should not believe in an ism, he should believe in himself. I quote John Lennon, 'I don't believe in Beatles, I just believe in me.' Good point there. After all, he was the Walrus. I could be the Walrus- I'd still have to bum rides off people."

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.

Name that Quote Answer: Ferris Bueller's Day Off