

Picture of the Week: *Birthday* by Chagall

Letter from the Editor

Like many of you, I start out thinking that I'll write two articles by the time the next newsletter comes out, and I'll still have a couple of ideas in my back pocket just in case I get the gumption to write three. Well, I haven't finished the first one yet, but allow me to give you a preview of some of the thoughts in my head.

I find it disappointing that neighbors tend not to act in a neighborly way. Consider this, I knocked on my neighbor's door 6 times before I accidentally ran into him leaving his apartment one morning. On another note, I said "hi" to two people I passed while (remarkably) walking down the street today and neither one of them said "hi" in return. To borrow a phrase from Jen Weathersbee, "What the f?"

It's my hope that we'll all be good neighbors to at least the person who qualifies by definition as our neighbor. And maybe if we like them, we could actually hold a conversation with them too. And since I should tie this back into *Babble-ON*, it should be apparent that this publication strives to make a connection in much the same way, whether you get a response from any of the readers or not.

Keep the submissions coming!

Dan

Enough Gnome Already!

The stunning conclusion of a pint-sized hero and his nemesis, Q-Bert

By Gnome Chomsky

So the lights went out a long time ago. They're on now, but the conclusion is but a postponed figment.

...continued on page 4...

Koob's Korner

By Koob

A few weeks ago, I was shocked and saddened by the sudden death of Fred "Rerun" Berry, and it got me to thinking that *What's Happening* was probably one of the most underrated shows in television history. Now granted, *What's Happening* premiered in 1976, which was the year I was born, and ended in 1979 when I was only three, but I did get to see

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Muhsin Muhammed vs. Mohamed Atta

By Brett Martz

Though visions of fuel, fire, falling rubble and plummeting bodies have defaced our memory with a graffiti whose cleansing would necessitate a lobotomy, one tower of American religion stands tall: the mighty NFL. The prophet, Paul Tagliabue, may have respectfully withheld that quintessential American institution for one sorrowful Sunday, but thereafter the gospel has spread like wildfire. Seeking refuge from our terrible reality, the masses

...continued on page 6...

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir/Madman:

I am dumbfounded at how my advertisement for Safety Screeners at US airports was left out of your newsletter*. As I submitted the ad to your classifieds department on the Wednesday prior to publication, I assumed that your competent staff would oversee the finalization of the newsletter proper and assure that information contained herein would be included in your publication. Instead, it was a glaring omission, one for which we will pay dearly at the airports, for we received but one application: Judith Rodin (who is, coincidentally, looking for a job and knows someone in your classifieds department). Therefore, the airports will be coming to a virtual stand still as of 12:01am on 11/22.

Jack asses.

Smooches,

Tom Ridge

*see next page

Bad Joke Corner

Do you like tapes or CDs?

C...DEEEZ NUTS!

Are you driving your SUV, or is it driving you?

The Real History of the Sports Utility Vehicle

By Susan Myhr

Of course, this exact question has been posed innumerable times throughout the ages. In fact, a recent TLC/History Channel exposé on Henry Ford's "Model T" reveals startling new information about the sabotage of the country's first so-called "motor car." Had Ford actually intended to invent the world's first SUV*? If so, what tragic events thwarted a plan that would have doubled, tripled, even quadrupled the convenience factor of American and Canadian lives today? How can we measure the ripple effect on individual Americans and/or ex-pat Canadians—citizens that have suffered not only from issues of automobile safety but also basic want!?! As early as 1903, Ford's Model A was invented (followed by models B, C, F, K, N, R, and S). However, the potential to drive around, although it existed, was not as possible for the average citizen. It was not really until 1908 that farmers and businessmen alike could toss their carts, ponies, and saddled horses aside and take to the streets and dirt roads inside their own motor-powered vehicle. Incalculable minutes behind a computer screen have opened this writer's eyes to the fascinating world of Model T collections and collectors (please visit www.mtfc.com to learn more), but the purpose of this particular exposé is to focus on the effects of the automotive past on the citizens of today.

Possible side effects of the incredible delay in the development of the SUV include,

..continued next page...

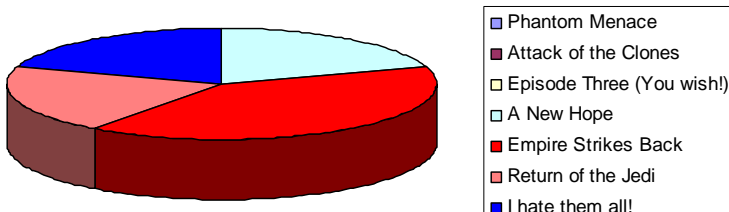
Babble-ON Interactive Poll!

Which *Rock the Vote* question was the worst?

1. "PC or Mac?"
2. "Have you smoked pot?"
3. "Boxers or briefs?"
4. All of the questions were terrible.

Last Issue Follow-Up!

Which Star Wars movie is the best?



TRANSPORTATION NEEDS YOU! LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD SCREENERS!!!! \$\$\$\$\$

Application for Transportation Security Representative:

- 1. Name _____
- 1 b. Alias (if applicable) _____
- 2. Birthday _____
- 3. Country of origin (choose one):
U!S!A!_____ England_____ Italy_____ Pangaea_____ France, Germany, or the Middle East(if this choice please skip to question 11. Better yet, wipe your ass with the application and go home) _____
- 4.
 - a Have you ever been convicted of a crime? yes no
 - b Have you ever thought about committing a crime? yes no
 - c Have you ever thought about having intercourse with a criminal? yes no
 - d A criminal that wasn't the president? yes no
- 5. a Do you like to travel? yes no
b Outside the US? yes no
if yes, explain why you would ever want to leave the US and what kind of jackwad you are? _____

- 6. Give one good derogatory word for French. _____
- 7. How many times did you flunk the GED? _____
- 8. On average, how long do you think THE MAN should have to wait to get through security? _____
- 9. a How much do you hate shoes? _____
b Enough to spite them when people come through security? _____
c If I were a shoe, what would you do to me? _____

- 10. What's your favorite color? _____
- 11. Would you like to be considered for a possible cabinet appointment? (check yes) yes no

PLEASE FILL OUT AND RETURN TO TOM RIDGE. SPECIAL CONSIDERATION WILL BE GIVEN TO EX POSTAL WORKERS, DMV REPRESENTATIVES, AND GRISTEDES CASHIERS.

...SUV, previous page...

but are not limited to: stunting of the youth soccer movement and the birth of the "soccer mom"; fewer vehicular accidents involving an SUV and inferior "toy" cars such as the Folk's Wagon Rabbit, the Toyota Camry, or the Ford Escort; limited opportunity for SUVs in community parades (such as 4th of July, Saints Patrick and Valentine, and 'Ramadan in Iowa' celebrations), not to mention the dominance of that wind-up Shriner car familiar to residents of Middle America.

Whaahhaappeened?

First, go ask Koob, then, tune in next issue to discover more about the untold history—and future—of the motorized piranha known as the Urban Assault Vehicle. ☒

Featured SUV of the week: The VW Toureg
Featured unclassifiable vehicle of the week: The Porsche Cayenne

*In 1908, Mr. H. Ford presented his new "Model T" to the world, revolutionizing traveling possibilities and stepping up convenience several notches.

Follow the continuing saga of **Online Diplomacy**

at www.diplomacy.fritzcomics.com.

Do you ever wish that you could crush someone's country without asking the permission of Congress? Are you a boardgame-playing nerd? Sign up for the next game today!

In the News *By Ryan Meyer*



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*This article can also be accessed if you copy and paste the entire address below into your web browser.
<http://www.qfl.8k.com/z1023032.html>

...Enough Gnome Already, p. 1...

Which, in fact, allows me to conclude. You see, when we last met our Mini-mastermind, he had just met his rival, the key to resolving the great mystery of the UK blackout. What he did not fully comprehend, however, was his own transport from the current year 2003 to the year 1983, the date of Q*Bert's release*. Just as the ancients turned to stone with one icy gaze from Hydra (?), so did a gaze into the uni-nostril of Q*Bert send our Gnome back in time...long, long ago, while some of you readers still sported cloth diapers. There he stood, towering above the hero's red hat, a smirky pug, hiding the answer to the future's power dilemma. Moments passed, but time stood still as the Gnome stood eye to eye next to Q*Bert's guards--bitter creatures never immortalized with their own tin box replicas or children's books. These were bitter enemies with the capability to not only see into the future, but change it. They were, however, stuck on one point, and had decided that if anyone could solve the problem, it was the Gnome. Thus, with desperately high hopes, they winced as Q*Bert spoke these words:

"Gnome, I have brought you here so that you may travel back into the future to ensure one thing. Fail, and you will never know the truth behind the significant but little-publicized London Power Outage. Succeed, and I may tell you under one condition: you bring me back a Kit Kat bar in cookie form. Here's the challenge: Prevent your minute friend, B. Martz and his assigned country, Germany, from winning with the Diplomacy game."

And with that, all three creatures evaporated and the world dissolved from 1983 to 2003. And so, unfortunately, the mystery continues. ☒

*see *The History of Q*Bert* as recalled by Jeff Lee on the international network for more nerd-stopping info. Such as the following excerpt:

"One of the suggestions for the main character was Q*Bert, a combination of CUBE (QUBE) and HUBERT. Don't ask me who Hubert is. Waxman recalls an intermediate step, "It went from*&!#\$\$\$! to cubert but I was afraid it would be pronounced 'cub bert' so I had suggested that the 'cu' be changed to 'q'."

Q*BERT's release was in early '83.

Over the years I've picked up numerous action figures, odd tin boxes, a wastebasket, a children's book, game cartridges, a stuffed squeaking Q*Bert, coloring books, a sleeping bag, card games and so on.

"The earth is not a cold dead place."

by alan fishman

hey everybody! The Earth is Not a Cold Dead Place. i mean it's freezing (and hellish in many respects), but there is hope. isn't there? of course there is hope. one just needs to look a little closer (and perhaps inward to question one's preconceived notions). I would like to introduce the Babble-On community to a very special band called Explosions in the Sky (EITS).

four young musicians met up in Austin, TX a couple years ago. and a band called American Analog Set bootlegged one of their concerts, then mailed it into their own record label with a note that read, "this fucking destroys!" and it did. so that label printed a few hundred copies of their demo "how strange, innocence" back in 1999. and word of mouth started getting around about this instrumental post-rock band with raucously energetic live concerts. EITS are influenced by the sonic youth brand of alternative rock, and then branch off into the mogwai-led vein of instrumental post-rock with it's reverb drenched wall of noise and blissed out crescendos. but there must be some pixie dust sprinkled somewhere in there, because they shine.

the band toured that year and then went back to the studio. then they signed with Temporary Residence and released their second album "those who tell the truth shall die, those who tell the truth shall live forever" in 2001. it came out (and i heard of them) right around september 11th. their serious/serene message struck a chord in me. each song is a long, stretched out movement full of melody and delicate bass strumming and military snare drum rhythm. the quiet, lovely parts comfort me, while the angrily fierce moments express my angst and fear and the-world-is-wrong-ness. blended together, the 40 minute record is a thing of beauty, lovelier and far more emotional to me than symphony or opera. surreally, the artwork on the cover of that album is a stylized drawing of an airplane and an angel flying near it. and on the other side of the cover the sentence "this plane will crash tomorrow" is written.

word of EITS spread. the band toured a lot that year, opening for Sonna and Fridge and And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead. i had the chance to see them a couple times and was amazed at how passionate they were, how well they communicated with each other, and how much their music spoke to me. they immediately became one of my all-time favorite bands.

EITS just released their third studio record this month. can you guess what it's called? "The Earth is Not a Cold Dead Place." and it's phenomenal, a masterpiece. go to your local independent record store and buy it right now. seriously. the highs are just so freaking victorious, you wanna pump your fists in the air and jump for joy. and in this age, it's like a candle at the bottom of the sea, a beacon of hope.

i'm probably annoying some of you. but if you don't believe me, go see them yourself. check out www.temporaryresidence.com to see their itinerary. and remember, this is one helluva a rock band. i just saw em last week. and this is what i had to say about it...

posted by yodafish
08:53 AM . 6-11-2003

explosions in the sky rocked the earl last night. damn, it was good. i think this is the setlist. it was kinda hard to figure out which songs were which, specifically if the second song they played was really "with tired eyes...", because they all blended together.

setlist:
memorial
with tired eyes, tired minds, tired souls, we slept
have you passed through this night?
your hand in mine
the only moment we were alone

wow. the band's sound was a lot heavier than i had remembered. and a lot louder. or maybe i just haven't seen any great live music in a while. But by golly, they freaking' rocked. 'memorial' was a great opener. by the end of that song they were really killin' it. next song had me guessin', but i'm pretty sure it was the last song off "those who tell the truth...". again, by the end of the song they were freaking' KILLIN' IT! it amazes me how they get so hyped up without breaking shit. wow...

then 'have you passed through this night?' and i'm really glad they played it. i've always wanted to hear them play that sample from "the thin, red line" at the beginning but it was wonderful without it. the song builds upon booming reverbed drums then explodes when the cymbals start crashing. next they played 'your hand in mine,' which cooled things down only to build the energy up again with devastatingly beautiful bass melody blending the guitarists' complex tapestry of high-pitched harp-like notes. and they closed with my favorite song off "the earth is not..", 'the only moment we were alone.' there are moments in that song that are so beautiful i can see my hopes, my dreams, my past-present-and-future, and the heavens in a lightning quick flash. and i become a little less cynical, a little less trapped in my status quo if only for a little while. this music is so special to me. i'm glad they are making records and playing cocerts. and EITS are still on tour through most of america. so check them out if you have the chance. ☒

... *Muhsin Muhammed vs. Mohamed Atta, p.1...*

have put down their rosaries and picked up the remote. Like some traditional forms of worship, youths and adults alike congregate every Sunday, pour into spaces and become enraptured, distracted by the miracles performed by such revered figures as Blaine Bishop. The most pious individuals even reserve time to practice the faith on Monday nights; Al Michaels and John Madden deliver the sermon as some dreadlocked figure clocks enough cash with each carry to make a terrorist self ejaculate jealous aspirations of annihilating that very field on which aforementioned dreadlock performs.

Though they lost in 1985, Patriots ultimately claimed responsibility for the fall of Communism. The result: most American youngsters could more easily explain the ramifications of the Steel Curtain than they could the definition of the Iron Curtain. And as long as The Word undergoes metamorphic evolution into the Wide World of Sports, America will remain a sedated skyscraper of indomitable capitalism. With every pigskin pill that Priest Holmes totes to the End-Zone, a metaphorical medication simultaneously satisfies spiritual serotonin cravings – especially if you are the proud fantasy owner of The Priest. No culture in the world reproduces the rah-rah of competitive football, an experience imprinted on American souls as early as High School – the quintessential American experience. In fact, I think our tanks should shoot footballs from their cannons and the red, white, and blue NFL crest should be a merit badge bestowed on only the most worthy warriors.

Mitch Albom could explain much better than I, America's willingness to forsake Jesus for NFL Sunday Ticket. The explanation carries little value in comparison to the actual fact, and the fact remains that America remains devoted to domes in which they can drink more than a shot of shitty wine. (It should be noted that if terrorists drink alcohol, they purchase a sideline ticket to Hell). Archaic domes be damned and praise Capitalism grand – really, when was the last time you saw someone give up a Vikings ticket to the collection plate? You'd be lucky to have each person cough up the price of stadium nachos.

And so it continues that our sport sports more icons than any religion could ever boast. Whitney whipped up troop morale over ten years ago, and as long as The Jets continue to score on precise bombs, we'll sit comfortably on our couches, languidly grabbing for the pizza man hotline of numbness. Muhsin Muhammed may no longer be a primary receiver, but Mohamed Atta is dead and the American passion for the NFL lives on. ☒

... *Koob Korner, from p.1...*

the show many times while I was growing up thanks to the wonder that is syndication. The colorful cast consisted of Ernest Thomas as Roger "Raj" Thomas, Haywood Nelson as D'Wayne Nelson, Mabel King as Mrs. Mabel "Mama" Thomas, Danielle Spencer as Dee Thomas, Shirley Hemphill as Shirley Wilson or "Big Shirl," and of course the aforementioned Fred Berry as Freddie "Rerun" Stubbs. This use of the actor's first or last name actually being incorporated into the name of the character was pure genius. This also brought me back to a rap song called "Crooklyn." "Crooklyn" was a Spike Lee joint and the song "Crooklyn" appeared on the "Crooklyn" soundtrack. Here is a verse from that song sung by Masta Ace:

Feels so good to be a Crooklyn Dodger
 Uh-huh, what's happenin', to ReRun and Roger?
 I think I seen 'em wearin' Timberlands and runnin' down the block
 from D'Wayne and D'Wayne had a glock
 Cause he be sellin' rock for the Partridge Family
 And Ruben Kincaid drives a 300-E
 And he be pimpin' Chrissy from Three's Company
 Plus he stuck Mr. T for all his jewelry
 This is a 70's thing from the days
 When kids didn't act so crazed

These lyrics completely shattered my innocent ideas of 70's television shows. Who knew that this is what became of some of our beloved stars. The details of Rerun's death have not yet been released, but I think we all know what really happened to him. Obviously, D'Wayne still had a vendetta against Rerun. Perhaps it did have to do with the crack that D'Wayne was selling to drug dealer and pimp extraordinaire Ruben Kincaid, but I think the real reason was that Rerun got D'Wayne mixed up in a bootlegging scandal when the Doobie Brothers came to their high school. Now, let's examine the facts here. The guys left it up to Rerun to get them tickets for the Doobie Brothers' show, but Rerun was of course gallivanting and cavorting and by the time he got up to the window to buy tickets, the show had been sold out. So, Rerun then took some tickets from some very shady looking guys who told him that all he had to do was tape record the show for them in exchange for the tickets. It wasn't until Raj and D'Wayne got involved that Rerun realized that these men were bootleggers, but the men threatened all three of them and they had to go on and record the show. In the middle of the show, the tape recorder fell out of Rerun's coat right in front of the Doobies, but the Doobies, being the nice mellow guys that they are, let the boys explain what happened and even assisted them in setting up a trap to catch the bootleggers. Now, while this particular story had a happy ending, I don't think that D'Wayne was ever able to get over the emotional damage that was caused by this incident and he directed his feelings of failure and inadequacy towards Rerun, ultimately leading him to murder. I think that we need a full investigation into this matter, and I would not be surprised at all if it turns out that some glock slugs are found to be Rerun's cause of death. The hard part will be tracking down D'Wayne, but it is rumored that he has been spotted hanging out with notorious organized crime leader Fat Albert and his henchmen, the Cosby Kids. ☒

Quote Corner

Andy's Soundbites
By *Andy Wilkowski*

Matt: "When was the last time you had a tetanus shot?"

James: "I get one every year."

Matt: "They're good for ten years!"

James: "I cut myself on metal things a lot."

Name that Quote
By *Frank Waterhouse*
(see answer below)

"Always bet on black."

Word of the Day
By *Al Fishman*

Denmark

Tower of Babble-ON's
"Before-and-After" Corner
By *Susan Myhr*

As adapted from radio talkshow host Michael Savage:

"Call Me Al" Quaeda Gore

Answer to Name that Quote: Wesley Snipes' character, *Passenger 57*

Suggestions for Submissions

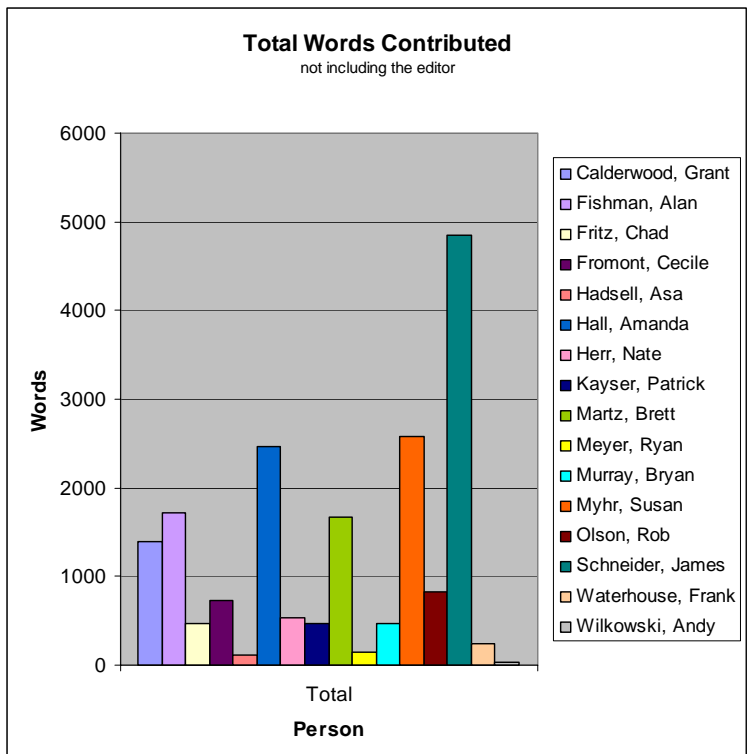
Your contribution can be anything you can fit onto a sheet of paper. Here are a few ideas:

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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