

Phroth is Penn State's humor magazine. It is intended for mature readers.

PHROTH

Penn State's Humor Magazine

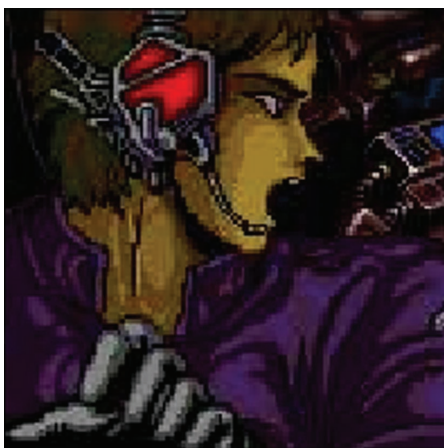
Quality Mirth Since 1909

Spring 2001

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Jennifer Lopez No Longer Dating Puff Daddy, Still Not Dating You see Entertainment. Page C6



"Zig" Taken Off For Great Justice see News. Page A17

GRAHAM SPANIER STEPS DOWN, NAMES RICHARD BELDING AS REPLACEMENT



Richard Belding, the new president of Penn State University enjoys an ice cream cone at the University Creamery with former University President, **Graham Spanier** shortly after his swearing-in ceremony.

PHROTH SELLS OUT

By Dave Papa

In a disgusting display of bending over backwards for capitalism, Phroth completely takes it up the ass from big business and mixes its metaphors.

"We didn't want to rely on UPAC for every issue," comments Phroth figure-head Larry Palazzolo. "Eventually we want to be self-sufficient. So like a blooming flower Phroth must expand into the sunshine of advertisers' money in order to roast the chicken of success."

When Palazzolo was asked how he became head of such a prestigious organization he responded, "Out of spite."

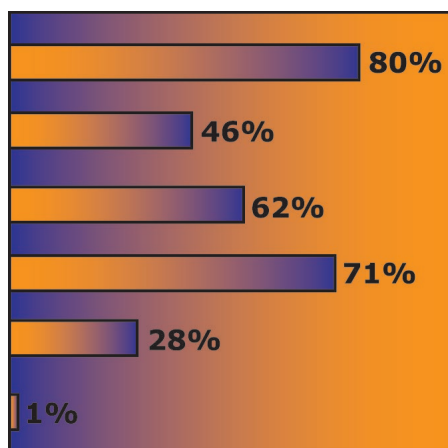
To accomplish this difficult task of footing the bill on its own, Phroth turned to the business department chief Jennifer Erickson who devised ingenious tactics to appeal to advertisers which failed. So the insatiable Erickson, with threatening letters and anonymous telephone calls to advertisers' homes between the hours of 3-5 am on weekdays, managed to convince nervous, frightened businesses to invest in Phroth.

"We find success in low places and friends in pots of gold." Erickson commented. After contributing this intellectual pearl she mused, "I don't mean leprechauns, but I do mean pot."

This reporter was floating like a cannonball after spending just a few hours with the Phroth staff, was completely taken aback by the

STATISTIC

READER SURVEY Most Eligible Babies' Mamas



80% Anna Kournikova
 46% Lassie
 62% Bill Cosby
 71% Pink
 28% Jessica Tandy
 1% Canadian Internet Girls

New President's Office Doors To Be Always Open To Students Seeking Advice

by Jeff Rubin

University President Graham Spanier yesterday confirmed the rumors that he will in fact step down as from his position in the fall of 2001.

"It has given me great pleasure to serve the student body these past six years," Spanier said, "However, I have handpicked Richard Belding as my successor, and I think he's well qualified to make this campus an even better one."

Belding, who served as principal of Bayside High for years, was very excited about his new position. "I may just be from the small town of Bayside, but I have some big ideas how to make living on this campus one wacky adventure after another."

Belding began outlining his plans to make Penn State a better place immediately. One of his first changes will be the institution of mandatory dances every week. "Sure Thon is nice, but what about the weeks in between? I think having a Fall Ball or a Spring Fling every single week will help morale on the campus."

When asked about his position

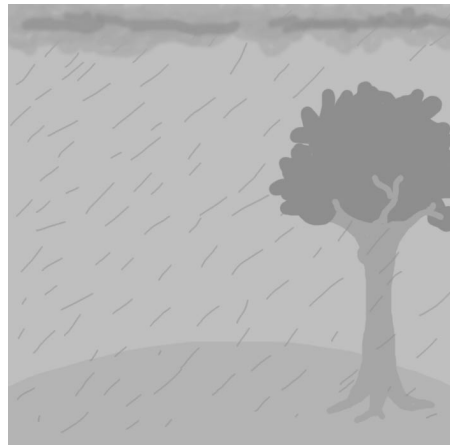
See **Belding**, Page 7

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FOUR DAY OUTLOOK



Monday
Mostly sunny; high: 62, low 41



Tuesday
70% chance of rain; high: 53, low 43



Wednesday
Mostly sunny; high: 68, low 43



Thursday
70% chance of apocalypse

POLICE LOG

Underage Drinking: A can of Miller Genuine Draft was found in a trashcan on the sixth floor of East Halls dorm Pinchot Hal. Police suspect that the owner of the can might very well have been under the legal drinking age of 21. The can was discovered early Sunday morning.

At this time, police are still conducting an investigation and are unwilling to divulge any information. However, it has been learned that Pinchot resident Joe D'Abola is a prime suspect. D'Abola's room contains a vast collection of various empty liquor bottles which he claims he found. He has also recently been spotted wearing a shirt which identifies him as a member of the "Beer Police."

Police are offering a reward for any information leading to an arrest.

Prostitution: Police busted up a prostitution ring run by the members of sorority Alpha Sigma Sigma. The State College Police said the girls were running a brothel out of the first floor of Atherton hall. Investigation into the case is pending.

Evading Police: An attempt to pull over a male who police claim was driving 120 in a 55 zone resulted in a chase yesterday. In an attempt to stop the man, police painted a tunnel onto a side of a wall making it appear that one could drive through. However, much to the surprise of the police the suspect drove through without incident. Fazed but still determined, police tried to follow through only to find out the tunnel had mysteriously reverted to a wall. The resulting accident killed 2 officers and injured 3 others. Police have asked the State College community to be on the lookout for a tall, skinny, male with a big nose and blue feathers.



Lies, Horrible, horrible lies. Don't believe a word those Foster's commercials say. This is what really goes on in Australia.

NEWS BRIEFS

Old Lady Swallows Fly, Authorities Unsure of Motive

KENNEBUNKPORT, Maine - Authorities are baffled as to why old woman Marie Everhart swallowed a fly last night. The incident was reported by close personal friend of Everhart, John Humphries. Humphries claims to have known her for quite some time now. "Quite frankly, I don't why she swallowed a fly," com-

mented Humphries. Mrs. Everhart's pet horse has also been reported missing, along with her dog, cat and goat. Everhart is currently listed in critical condition. "Perhaps she'll die," commented Humphries. He declined further comment.

Drunk Student Rates Girl Too High On AmIHotOrNot.com

HAMILTON HALL - Frequent drinker Tim Brady woke up stunned yesterday to find that after a night of binge drinking, he had rated an ugly girl a 9 on AmIHotOrNot.com.

"It was the beer goggles man, there's no way I would have rated her a 9 sober," commented Brady, "she's more like a 5. A 6 at most." Brady also said he usually takes rating girls on AmIHotOrNot very seriously.

The girl in question, user id GLEUGQ&key=DJF, was unavailable for comment. She is currently averaging a 3.2.

Brady also said that due to his inebriated state he ended his streak of wins in Freecell. According to some reports, he had won 14 in a row.

Language in Phroth Article Outrages State Legislator

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, Pa. - Goddamn Darnit Shit Piss Fuck Cunt Cocksucker Motherfucker Tits Fart Turd Twat. Cunt Fuckstick Penis Damn VaginaMonologue Liberal.

Google-Eye SexualRevolution Clinton Fuck Fuck Sweden Fuck DaddyFucking ShitDamn Fuck Fuck Fuck Nietzsche Fiddlesticks. "Shit Cunt Pussy Sex Fellatio Masturbation" Freedom Love Happiness BillOfRights.

Corrections

Jenna Jameson does not attend Penn State. We can't believe you're that stupid.

The sweater we reported on in our first issue is apparently no longer "cute."

England does not look down upon "s." England looks down upon Sodomy.

Kevin's ass was on the back cover. We apologize for any undue financial loss or unexpected projectile vomiting this may have caused you.

Get To Know Your State Legislators

Things That Are Not True About John Lawless

He does NOT play Xena: Warrior Princess on syndicated television. He just dresses as if he does.

He does NOT eat fetuses. He waits until they are born, because he does not believe in abortion.

He is NOT making eyes at you. He's just making one eye at you.

He is NOT a fascist. He considers himself more of a Nazi.

He does NOT believe it's not butter. The joke's on him, though, 'cause he's spreading Larry's poo on his light, flaky biscuit.

He does NOT want to be thought of as a soulless monster. He'd rather be one or the other.

Dr. Laura was NOT his first choice among experts to speak to the state legislature. He would have preferred Dr. Pepper, who would have been more credible and refreshing.

He does NOT oppose sex education in schools. He just thinks the stork theory should be given equal credibility.

He does NOT have a problem with cigars. In fact, he just installed an anal humidor.

All your base are NOT belong to John Lawless. He prefers to take off every cunt for great justice.

He is NOT opposed to the word "vagina". He's just a reactionary asshole

PHROTH, Penn State's Humor Magazine is published whenever we have enough money thrown together in a big pile to put out an issue. PHROTH is an officially recognized student organization at Penn State University, and is open for anyone to join.

THE BIG LIE It is well-known that all persons, places and things mentioned in PHROTH are purely fictitious, and that any resemblance to persons or places living or dead is entirely coincidental and utterly beyond the control of the PHROTH staff and writers. If you think that your name is in this magazine, then you are purely fictitious.

If you're a public or commonly-known individual, then we would like you to know that due to the wonderful literary devices of **HYPERBOLE** and **SATIRE**, we can make fun of you. Besides, you probably brought it upon yourself. Next time keep your mouth shut.

Where can you get PHROTH? Obviously you're one step ahead of us, because you obviously already have a copy. OK, fine. You can usually get it in the HUB Once or twice a semester, with any luck.

SUBMIT to us physically, sexually, verbally, whatever. We want your funny, witty, sarcastic, raunchy and humorous writings, cartoons, drawing, and poems, just as long as it makes someone laugh. Keep submitted works to 650 words max. E-mail works and ideas to psuphroth@yahoo.com

PHROTH is exclusively for hellbound individuals.

THE MUG AND JESTER

by Larry Palazzolo

For the Spring 2001 issue we here at Phroth were forced to make some budget cuts. Since we didn't have a budget to begin with, it was pretty easy. We chose to go with the newsprint format because it was all we could afford. What little money we did have we spent on booze and hookers; the rest we just wasted. Thus we put together what you have in your hands. Your filthy, dirty, newspaper-inked hands. Dirty, filthy, smelly, sticky, icky, stinky, inked up, foul smelling, butt sweat hands. If you need to freshen up after reading this, there is a moist towellete, or handi-wipe if you may, attached to the back page. Enjoy.

Ahh yes spring is in the air, or maybe that's Summer's Eve I smell. Anyway, as the academic year draws to a close, many of us begin to stress over the usual things: Am I going to do well on my finals, am I going to get that internship or do I have to spend another summer shoveling horse shit and donating sperm? But the biggest question on everyone's mind this year is, "Is Movin' On gonna suck or what?" Let's get real here, the only reason people stagger their drunk asses to this event can be summed up in 8 words: Inflatable Sumo Wrestling and Girls Jumping On Trampolines. Let's face it, those inflatable suits are fun, even though you drop 10 pounds sweating your arse off, and everyone loves a good trampoline. But Movin' On seems to get worse and worse each year, much like the digression of Pearl Jam. So to counteract their suckiness, Movin' On did some revamping and has prepared a fresh, new approach to help kids party one more weekend before finals.

Saturday April 21st Itinerary:

12:05 p.m. **Blue and White Game**

Two options: 1.) Go to the game but leave at half time to get an early start on drinking. 2.) Don't go to the game at all, sleep in and then start drinking. It's not like you're missing anything. Either way, Penn State will win.

3:30 p.m. **Pollock Fields**

After your first hour and a half of drinking, take yourself and your buzz on over to Pollock Fields where you can enjoy the following activities.

The William Tell Game: Test your luck at shooting an apple off your friends' heads with a high-powered crossbow and earn tickets towards winning a whistle or snap bracelet.

Bobbing For French Fries: The kind people of Union Street donated the services of employees, Earl and Marla, equipped with their very own booth in which contestants have 60 seconds to dunk their head into a vat of hot grease and pull out as many French fries has possible. As an added bonus, you get to eat what you pull out. But to no avail Earl and Marla will not get paid overtime for Movin' On.

Guess What's Under My Kilt: Yes it's the classic game everyone knows and loves. Do those Scots know how to party or what?

6:00 p.m. **Moderate Drinking/Light Eating**

8:00 p.m. **Heavy Drinking**

10:00 p.m. **Pollock Fields:** Run DMC throw down hard

12:00 p.m. **Anywhere:** Find yourself Mr. or Mrs. Right, or settle for Mr. or Mrs. Right Now.

THE OFFICIAL PHROTH GUIDE ON HOW TO EXPATRIATE YOURSELF TO CANADA



God damn, how did we manage to elect this schmuck? I'm really, actually finding it hard to comprehend. It's a scary time to be an American. But it is a wonderful time to be a Canadian. So with that in mind, Phroth is presenting some helpful tips for expatriating to Canada, to assist you in becoming accustomed to your new homeland. And they were written by Nate, an actual Canadian citizen, so you know we ain't kidding, eh?



- Change your name to Doug. 90% of all Canadians are named Doug. The rest are named Douglas. Except for Prime Minister Jean Chretien. His name is Dougie.
- In order to be in full compliance with language laws, all kisses must be executed twice, and it must be French the second time. To get used to the change; practice on your mother. Everybody else has.
- Upon crossing the border, you will be issued a "Don't Blame Me, I Voted For Queen Elizabeth II" bumper sticker. Display it with pride.
- When you get a chance, Phroth recommends that you either become violently ill, or become injured in a tragic industrial accident, because Canada truly does have the best health care system in the world, and you have to experience it to believe it.
- The Canadian concept of bacon is slightly different than that of America. If you ask for bacon, expect something that looks more like ham. The bacon you're used to in the States is known in Canada as Kevin Bacon.
- Billy. Sweet, sweet Billy.
- Canada contains a demonic race of Francophones who don't have the decency to learn English. However, if you come across one of these and have trouble communicating, it is often good enough to speak english very loudly and slowly. In fact, you should do this with all Canadians, because we're all a bit slow.
- The Canadian national anthem changes often, but it's usually something by Rush. Woohooo! Geddy Leeeeeee!!!! WAAAAAH! They caaaaaalllll me tha wooorking maaaaaaaan..... Yeah!
- Canadian English contains some slight variances. For instance, Canadians substitute the word "eh?" for all adverbs.
- "Football" is a slightly different sport in Canada. Canadian football is played by two teams of six players skating across a frozen surface on ice skates, attempting to place a small rubber puck into a net with curved wooden sticks.



LEVEL 27 ARCHMAGUS FORCED TO CLEAN ROOM

"This is So Bogus" States Glartok The Mad

by Rick Skarbez

To hear him tell it, the story of Bill Mueller's most recent quest is not one of gain and glory; rather, it was an unjust punishment dealt him by the cruel hand of fate.

Bill, a 6th-year sophomore at Penn State-Worthington Scranton campus, assistant manager at a local Taco Bell, and level 27 archmagus Glartok the Mad of Ostia, was recently forced to clean his room by his mother, whom he calls the "Witch Queen." The story unfolds on a Wednesday night, when Mueller, 27, had come home from a grueling 4-hour shift behind the register at Taco Bell. Says Mueller, "I was just comin' home from a long day at work, and was lookin' forward to playing the next chapter in the heroic saga of Glartok and his companions. Not to mention, I had just got paid, and my friends and I were gonna get a case of Bud to go along with the story. I thought it was going to be just another night of fun and adventure. How wrong I was."

His mother, Mrs. Alice Mueller, had this to say: "That lazy boy of mine has had empty bags of Doritos and unwashed cans of Milwaukee's Best piling up in his room for weeks. We're goddamn kind enough to let him live here, without payin' rent no less. We've started getting all sorts of vermin in here. The least he can do for us is clean up after himself."

However, that is by no means the end of this tragic tale. The cruel manipulations that forced Glartok from his chosen path also caused him to desert his friends in a time of need.

His travelling companions,

including Sam and Dave Hollandsworth of Pittston, were sorely wounded by Mueller's failure to arrive as planned. "Last time we adventured," said Sam, "We were betrayed by an evil wizard, who waylaid Grimmak (Dave's level 25 dwarf) and myself. Our only hope of escape lay in Glartok's heroism and magical powers. However, with his inability to help us, we live on in continued torment and peril. Also, he's the only dude we know old enough to get us beer. This totally ruined my day."

Glartok, who graduated 425th in his class of 447, did clean his room, much to the vengeful delight of the Witch Queen. "See, I knew

**"One day, I will
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ing."**

he would do it, my Billy's such a good boy."

Glartok countered back with, "I shan't long endure the evil machinations of the evil wench. One day, I will become manager at Taco Bell. That should provide me sufficient gold pieces to obtain my own place of lodging. Then, my adventures will be so daring so as to spread my fame throughout the land. Ah, I can see the glorious morn now."

He added, "Yeah, and I'll be able to slam some brews every night. And have chicks over to slay the dragon, if you know what I'm talkin' about. I'm such a bad-ass."

TUMORS PROTEST DANCE MARATHON

"Less Dancers, More Cancers!," Say Tumors by Nate Kushner

The outside of Rec Hall was the scene of a gruesome massacre on February 17, as police in riot gear had to use radiation treatment and chemotherapy to subdue an angry mob of tumors that had come to protest the annual Panhellenic Dance Marathon, the largest student run philanthropy in the nation.

Mal Carcinoma, a resident of Edward Brown, age 34, of Bellefonte, was the only casualty of the conflict between the police and the protestors. Carcinoma shrank under repeated exposure to the radiation, and was pronounced dead at 2:34 pm. Edward Brown, however, is expected to survive another 40 years, according to his doctors, rather than the 6-month estimate originally proposed.

"This event, this absolute farce, held under the false label of 'charity' is discriminatory, hateful, and a threat to our well-being," said Kaprini Sarcoma, the primary organizer of the protest. "The actions of the State College Police Department were atrocious, and an affront to the freedom of every citizen of this nation, and not just us diseased lumps of flesh. Long live Mal Carcinoma!"

"Excuse me for a moment, I haven't eaten all day." He then proceeded to light and smoke an entire pack of cigarettes simultaneously. He then added, "Yum."

When the march first began outside the venue on Saturday morning, it appeared to be a benign expression of peaceful dissent. The protestors appeared in such small numbers as to be undetectable, but by lunchtime, the crowd had

enlarged, and the mood had become malignant, hard, and painful, with angry tumors chanting such slogans as "Less Dancers, More Cancers!"

Ben Melanoma, a highly curable skin cancer, and one of the hundreds of THON dancers was appalled by the actions of his fellow tumors.

"It's attitudes like this that are destroying our nation. As a benign cancer, I feel it is the duty of all tumors to help those in need, especially the children, and these protestors, these cancers, are nothing but a cancer on the misshapen left breast of America.

Melanoma did share some empathy with their cause, however. "On the other hand, I understand where their anger is coming from. When it comes to cancer and their children, humans inevitably assume a 'not in my backyard' attitude, which doesn't solve anything, because these cancers do have to live somewhere, after all. What we need in this country is a greater degree of understanding, so that benign tumors, malignant tumors, and humans alike can live in peace and harmony."

Carcinoma, Sarcoma, and Melanoma, as well as the other tumors this reporter spoke to, denied the allegation that cancer is an Italian conspiracy.

The author of this piece would like to make it known that he is a great admirer of the Dance Marathon, and loves what they do, and that even though THON will be over by the time this goes to print, he wishes everybody who reads this would donate a little something to it. You can make a donation with your credit card at: <https://www.lionlink.psu.edu/credit.nsf/AnnualFundCheck> more information.

LOVE BLOSSOMS ON FRAT DANCE FLOOR

"I knew it was love the second I felt his crotch grinding into my ass," says Keenan

by Jeff Rubin

"I knew it was love the second I felt his crotch grinding into my ass," commented Lauren Keenan (junior – park management), "I didn't even have to see his face. We just kept dancing to Who Let the Dogs Out and barking and I knew this was the one." Lauren is not alone. At State College, the place to meet dates is the beer stained dance floor.

Robin Mehler (sophomore – fashion design) had a similar experience Friday night. "I met Chet Davis on the dance floor and he was nothing but a perfect gentleman. He even invited me back to his room. It's probably good too, I would have never remembered his name if he hadn't mentioned it the next morning."

But why this springtime romance year round in what seems

like an overly crowded room? "What we do is satisfy a demand," commented Gamma Hoo Beta brother Jason 'Keg Dog' Sanders, "The demand for an atmosphere where you can meet and molest new people while getting smashed and yelling 'hey must be the money!'"

Sanders had his own story of love to tell. "This one time me and my brother Ryan did a 9 foot beer bong. I don't remember what happened after that, but I woke up with scratches all over my arms and my friends tell me me and Ryan were dancing with this girl from Alpha Sigma Sigma. It was fucking AWESOME."

Some have been more critical of the fraternity party system. Unpopular freshman Adam Mendelson commented "I don't get it. Guys don't want to dance. They only do it because they are intoxicated and think it'll give them a better chance at getting into some wrecked chicks \$60 pair of Abercrombie ass pants. There has to be a better mating ritual than this. Don't birds have some dance they do or something?" When asked

what he thought about this Keg Dog replied "I AM SOOOOOOOO FUCKING GONE RIGHT NOW!" and smashed an empty can of Milwaukee's Best with his head.

"I wasn't meeting any cute guys," remarked Irene Mitchel (freshman – philosophy) while wearing a miniskirt in the snow "I

had really low self esteem. Then my friends told me I just wasn't drinking enough. They were right. Before I knew it I was waking up in more guys rooms than I could believe! And two of them were even frat guys!"



Jason "Keg Dog" Sanders (second from left), shown here in a file photo, "drunker than an Irishman on St. Patrick's Day," last St. Patrick's Day. **INSET:** Some girl Sanders met at a party at his frat house. Irene! No, Irene had brown hair; maybe it was Kate, or was it Beth? Oh, I know, it's that girl from Sigma something, oh wait, no...Aah, fuck it.

FOX NAMES SATAN AS NEWEST PRODUCER

In an attempt to plumb new lows in television morality, Fox recently named Satan as their newest producer. Fox executives defended their choice of the Prince of Darkness: "Satan, as you will see, is not only about trapping your soul in everlasting torment," said Sandy Grushow, chairman of the Fox Television Entertainment Group. "Satan is at the forefront of development in the dynamics of lust, mistrust and moral depravity in prime-time programming. We wanted a new point of view. Satan gives us that."

Added Grushow, "He should also really help us connect with the key 18-24 demographic."

Satan's first proposals for new

programming include "The Last Temptation of Christ Island," "Who Wants to Be Rent Asunder by a Pack of Demon-Hounds," and "Sodomy Night Live." The premise of "Temptation..." is to clone Jesus Christ from the Shroud of Turin and place him on an island with thirteen prostitutes named Mary. Jesus has six weeks to decide whether he wants to go through with his crucifixion or live out the rest of his life on the island. "Temptation of Christ Island" is set to replace current Fox super-hit "Temptation Island" which, despite an opening night draw of 16 million viewers, was described by network executives as, "...[S]till

having some traces of redeeming moral value."

The American Family Association, a conservative watchdog group, has already urged its followers to protest the show, and a Dallas-Fort Worth rabbi asked his local station not to air it.

"Satan should be ashamed of himself for trying to bring about the corruption of our saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, for the entertainment of the low-lives who consent to watch this trash," said Brent Bozell, founder of the Parents Television Council.

As part of the deal that brought the Morningstar to Fox from his frozen pit of despair, the network

agreed to send an interim Dark Lord to rule Hell in his stead. While Lucifer is on Earth, redefining tastelessness and immorality, Aaron Spelling is taking over the nether-realms, using concepts of moral depravity he developed on the set of "Beverly Hills 90210." Said Spelling, "This is just the break I've been looking for. A change of scenery might be just what I need to recharge my creative batteries. Maybe a new show about the tawdry lives of teenage jet-setters..."

BELDING REPLACES SPANIER

From **Belding**, Page 1

on underage drinking, Belding commented "Come on, how are underage kids going to get alcohol? That's just unrealistic. Our university has been wasting money on an anti-drinking campaign too long. I'm going to take the money we've been throwing away on that, and use it to launch an anti-cafeine pills campaign."

Belding also plans to take a much more hands on approach by leaving his office open all the time. "I hope to see it become a sort of hang out for the kids when they should be in class," commented Belding. In addition, he announced his controversial plan to lay off the entire faculty and teach every class himself.

"Don't get me wrong, I think Penn State is a fantastic campus already," commented Belding, "but if I have one complaint, it's that the student body is a little too diverse. One of my goals is to make sure that in a few years, everyone can be immediately identified as belonging to a distinct social category."

Belding also proposed spending \$300,000 to install lockers in Willard that have intricate passageways between them. The lockers will also be designed so that they open if pounded hard enough by a football player.

Tori Scott (junior - engineering) said she was very excited about Belding's new policy to train all of The Diner's wait staff to be magicians. "I'm going to be hanging out there all the time now," said Tori, "nothing but burgers and fries for me. And I'm not paying for 'em, that's for sure."

ORDINANCE THREATENS EATERY, WAR CRIMINAL CAPTURED

BY BILLY MCLUBRICANT

The lines at 260 Beaver Avenue are long, drunk, and loud. Underneath the feet of a multitude of scantily clad coeds in tight pants, and under the cloud of masculine fragrances, plastic fondue forks and partially gnawed duck bones are strewn all about the sidewalk. The servers can barely keep up with the customers, a seemingly endless line of twenty- somethings.

Most would call this scene a harmless expression of good-natured drunken fun, a place to grab a snack after an evening of collegiate revelry. But the local council begs to differ. If a recently proposed ordinance goes through, as it is expected to, it could spell the end for L'Hermitage, State College's venerable French Restaurant and Patisserie, for years a favorite spot for Penn State's hungry partiers.

"I love this place! Where else can you get a plate of frog's legs this late at night at prices like this" said Adolf McHitler (Junior - Agriculture) as he exchanged a \$20 bill through the small window in the front of L'Hermitage for a small serving of the delicacy. When asked about his name, McHitler assured us that there was no relation, that he was Irish rather than German, and that he really wished people would stop asking him that. "I swear, they hear my name, and they think I'm going to invade their restaurant or something." McHitler then abruptly ended the interview, saying that he had to go, because he was moving to Brazil.

The ordinance, proposed after the recent string of riots in Beaver Canyon, would directly affect L'Hermitage. It would prohibit gourmet food from being served in State College after midnight. The idea behind the law, ostensibly, is to reduce the size of outdoor food lines in downtown State College.

Police claim that such lines can easily lead to disturbances, especially when those in line have been drinking alcohol.

The ordinance was proposed in response to the March 23rd riot on Beaver Avenue, which according to the official report, occurred not because of the outcome of the basketball game against Temple, but because of L'Hermitage's serving policies. The report states that University President Graham Spanier, who arrived late for his 1:00 AM reservation, was seated at the only table available, which was near the kitchen. Spanier was furious, and quickly became violent. Rep. John Lawless, R-Montgomery, was also present at L'Hermitage that night, and also became violent and belligerent, at one point, even threatening to have the University closed because his Salade Niçoise had too many croutons on it. The diners of L'Hermitage took to the streets in protest and caused thousands of dollars in property damage, and had to be stopped by police in riot gear.

Luckily for our community, the council quickly came to the perfectly logical conclusion that hungry people eating at restaurants late at night, not stupid people breaking things, are the primary cause of rioting, and took the appropriate action.

L'Hermitage's proprietor, Chef Jean-Pierre Gustav Eiffel Louis XVI feels the measure was put into effect specifically to shut L'Hermitage down. "J'aime manger le merde et mes odeurs de merde vraiment. Laissez-les manger le gâteau. Je déteste des Américains." This reporter had no idea what the hell he was talking about.

Whatever the reasons for this proposal, L'Hermitage and its culinary delights may soon be con-

spicuously absent from downtown State College, and with it all those wonderful memories of late-night drunken snacks of mouth-watering Boeuf à la Bourguignonne and Ratatouille.

PHROTH SELLS OUT

From **Sells Out**, Page 1

mental level at which they perform, and wishes such elevated thought processes existed at his publication, the Collegian. Enough about this reporter.

Current issue editors, Luke Davin and David Papa, were unavailable for comment because they were too busy arguing over "which bad jokes are best." This reporter was then chased by Davin with a tazer after observing Papa drool and chew on his desk.

Papa was found moments later hiding in some bushes and screaming his name while attempting to make love to a small fat bird.

Advertisers are pleased with their investments, many are asking, "What is this crap?"

One advertiser spent their entire budget for the year on phroth ads and is willingly risking his livelihood on the success of the magazine. Upon hearing this, supportive Phroth members laughed and laughed for days.

Palazzolo commented, "Ha-ha, that's rich. That's really great. We'll buy them dinner, or maybe the newspaper he'll be using as a blanket from now on. No wait. We can get that for free." He added, "It feels good to kill two birds with one stone from the tree of good will hunting."

THE RACQUETBALL DIARIES

WEEK ONE

BY NATE KUSHNER

1-8-01: First day of racquetball class. Teacher says we are to keep a journal of our progress. I said, "OK." And then I accidentally dropped the 40 I was drinking. There was broken glass and malt liquor everywhere, as well as some of my urine. Teacher told us we were to buy our own balls for the next class. I said that I already had two testicles. It was quite ribald. I laughed and laughed.

1-10-01: Teacher showed us his racquet. Asked if any of us knew how it was supposed to be used. I volunteered to show the class. After I was finished, I looked around, and the teacher was in the foetal position, rocking back and forth, and screaming about his uncle. The rest of the class was also in the foetal position, screaming about their respective uncles. There's some weird-ass people in that class.

1-12-01: It turns out that the racquet can also be used in sport! The teacher used it to hit a rubber ball (not a testicle) against the wall. What ingenuity! We did some fluid drills. I got some fluids all over everything. I started wondering if I'd done enough with my life. After class, I crawled under my bed with a bottle of J.V. and cried for 36 hours. What a delightful game!

EDITORIAL

I LOVE BEING A TOW TRUCK DRIVER

BY ROY MOLNER

Man, let me tell you, some people don't like me. In fact, most people probably think I'm a huge asshole. That may be so, but I still love being a tow truck driver.

What's that you say? "You love being a tow truck driver, Roy?" Yes, it's true. I can honestly say that I cannot possibly think of any occupation in the world that would give me greater job satisfaction on a daily basis. Sure there are some great jobs out there. Teacher, doctor, porn star; these are all great jobs, and all are rewarding in their own special way, but none of these jobs can live up to that of a tow truck driver.

All right, I know that by this point, you're all asking yourselves how anyone can be so excited about having a job as lowly as tow truck driver. I'll be honest with you and tell you that at first, I didn't have the highest expectations for this job myself. Being on-call at all hours sucks, you get dirty, wearing that ugly jumpsuit all day long is ass, and you have to put up with irate people whose cars are in the process of being towed. Then it hit me. It hit me like a '84 Isuzu Trooper that wouldn't stay propped up: I am a professional bastard.

Yes, it's true. I am a big fucking bastard. Think about it: I wield supreme power over you, and every other person out there who parks where he shouldn't. Oh, you didn't

know it was 15-minute parking? Well, I didn't know I was towing your sorry-ass '91 Taurus. See you at the garage! Have fun getting there! Better watch out next time you park in a handicap space. I have a contract with every business in town that has a parking lot. I generally don't have to look far to find someone to tow. If you don't have the plate or the sign on your mirror, you're gone. I don't care if you actually are disabled, you'll have to wheel your ass down to the garage. It's not my fault if you forgot to hang the sign.

I get excited just thinking about it. Every morning I wake up, secure in the knowledge that, though the rest of the world may change, I can be an utter bastard with no fear of retribution. There are certainly many other jobs that would allow you near-infinite bastardage, including telemarketing and law enforcement, but none allow the full-time insolence and legalized property theft inherent in being a tow truck driver.

I mean, you could argue that being a bastard isn't as fulfilling as, say, pursuing world peace, but I'd say that you are wrong, my friend. Really, who would you think has more fun at his job: me, or some priest or something? Deep in your heart, I think you know the answer. Look inside yourself, and then let me know. You know where to find me. I'll hook you up.

Why Is This Magazine So Funny?

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. That's why.

COAT HANGERS AND COCAINE

BY LUKE DAVIN

The Editorial

I would just like to take a moment to voice my views on late-term abortion.

I think late-term abortion is funny. At a recent staff meeting, we were all howling with laughter just thinking about birthing a baby four-fifths of the way out and then reaching in, cracking its only partially formed skull, and then throwing it in a dumpster, or maybe just flushing it down a toilet after you cut it into little pieces, so as not to disturb the plumbing or septic tank. No way can you consider a seven-month-old fetus to be alive, look how quickly it shrivels up when taken out of the womb and laid out in the hot Arizona sun. Man, those claymation raisins got nothing on my would-be baby brother.

It's never too late to say no.

The Reaction

Dear Reader,

The rest of the Phroth editorial staff would like to clarify that neither they nor the organization as a whole agree with the views expressed by Luke Davin's editorial. His views are crass and without moral value. Late-term abortion is definitely not funny.

Sincerely yours,

Papa Bona, Ante Kosher, Big Matty Smalls, Larry Lollapalooza, Coleman Thermos, Dick Skarz, and Monkey Ninja

Dear Froth Editorial Staff,

What the fuck ever. You guys were all laughing your asses off when I was going off about Papa's aborted twin brother, so you can all shut up about late term abortion not being funny. Seriously, it's not like I'm eating them or anything.

Swiftly and modestly yours,
Shluka, from the second floor

Dear Shluka,

You really should try them. They're delicious!

Tastefully yours,
Ante Kosher

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<i>Copy Editor</i>	Rick Skarbez
<i>Issue Editors</i>	Luke Davin Dave Papa Nate Kushner Matt Little
<i>Business Manager</i>	Jennifer Erickson
<i>Secretary</i>	Michelle Nguyen
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Chris Oster
Steve Pohland

Special thanks to Colleen Simeral, Amanda Gentzel, and Kaity McClincy for their help.

THE ICE CREAM MAN COMETH BY LARRY PALAZZOLO

I wonder if there is a high rate of suicide for ice cream truck drivers? As a kid when I heard the calliope play "Pop Goes The Weasel" it was like a little kid's equivalent of a dog whistle. Panic raced through my head, my heart felt like it was gonna beat out of my chest, and the only thing I could think of is, "I gotta get money and get a snow cone or heads are gonna roll". But I remember that each summer it would be a different guy in that Jack & Jill truck.

Now that I'm older I think I know why. If I had to hear that god damn song for so many hours a day for so many days a week I would go out of my friggin' mind. We're just lucky that no ice cream man ever got medieval on any customers. "Yeah I'll take a Mickey Mouse ice cream bar and a red, white and blue pop and...How about a get you a bar of shut the hell up." That evening you hear on the news: *An outraged Jack & Jill Ice Cream employee went on a rampage of terror, driving over seven children then backing up and driving over them again. The children's bodies were found arranged in various sexual positions with Creamsicles and Snow Cones in the place of genitalia.* All because of that goddamn song. Feel pity for the ice cream man, he can only take so much. Ice cream man, I salute you.

I AM A TOTAL PORN HOUND!



BY JOHN LAWLESS
R- MONTGOMERY

You may not know it by looking at me, but I'm like a lot of other guys. Sure, I may be free speech's greatest enemy in Pennsylvania, and I champion causes of supposed "decency" in order to protect Pennsylvania's taxpayers from obscenity, but that doesn't mean I don't love dirty, dirty porn.

Yes, it's true. I love porn. And not just a little bit. I love porn more

everyday over missing the Cuntfest, but there was no way in hell I was going to miss the Sex Faire. And I just wouldn't be the legislative branch's greatest porn hound if I didn't bring along a camera crew! I was hoping I could get at least a few shots of what was going on inside of that Tent of Consent. Actually, I was hoping that some *Live Teen Barely Legal Clit-Licking Whores* would maybe consent to two minutes of pure pleasure with the Lawman, but oh well. That would have made quite the addition to my video collection!

Speaking of my video collection, did you know that I have the most extensive porn video collection in the history of the history of the 150th district? It's true. I've been collecting since 1982, and I haven't stopped yet. Aside from having amassed a collection of over 43,000 videos of porn, I also have 234 porn movies on DVD. Not bad for someone who has only had a DVD player since last Christmas! I'd have to say that my all time favorite porn movie

fully regulate speech and expression at Penn State on a content-based basis; I just wouldn't be a hypocrite if I did. The truth is, although I love *Nasty Shaven Bestiality Whores*, I really don't give a rat's ass about you. I really don't care about the people I represent, either. I just have an agenda. That agenda is to rid the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania of indecency. The whole marketplace of ideas can eat a big one as far as I'm concerned. There are certain ideas that I just do not want to see expressed, and I'm going to wage an all out war to make sure that nobody is exposed to an opposing viewpoint. But in the meantime, if you have any pictures of *Anal Licking Black Beauties*, I'd like to check them out, to make sure that they're uh, not obscene.

*Friendly Reminders
for the Dim-Witted*

hyperbole n.

A figure of speech in which exaggeration is used for emphasis or effect, as in *I could sleep for a year* or *This book weighs a ton*

satire n.

1. a. A literary work in which human vice or folly is attacked through irony, derision, or wit.

b. The branch of literature constituting such works.

2. Irony, sarcasm, or caustic wit used to attack or expose folly, vice, or stupidity.

caricature n.

1. a. A representation, especially pictorial or literary, in which the subject's distinctive features or peculiarities are deliberately exaggerated to produce a comic or grotesque effect.

b. The art of creating such representations.

2. A grotesque imitation or misrepresentation: *The trial was a caricature of justice.*

"I beat myself everyday over missing the Cuntfest, but there was no way in hell I was going to miss the Sex Faire."

than just about anything else out there. There's nothing that makes me happier than getting home from a long day at work and sitting down at my computer to download live streaming QuickTime videos of *Hardcore Asian Cum-Sluts*. That really makes my day.

You may be asking yourself if I am the same John Lawless who opposed the recent Cuntfest and Sex Faire at Penn State. Well, wonder no more. That was definitely me. I mean, come on, you and I both knew there were going to be some *Busty Pink XXX Lesbian Sluts* there. I beat myself

would be *Oral Report 13: The College Years*. That was a classic.

I don't know why people look at me like I'm a freak or something whenever I tell them that I always carry the latest issue of *Club International* to the Capitol building. That's what I'm all about. Pornographic publications like *Penthouse* and *Playboy* are terrible magazines that are degrading to women. No self-respecting man would ever read anything like that. I'll take a fine men's magazine like *Hustler* over that smut any day.

No, this doesn't mean that I'm going to give up my campaign to

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Phroth, Phroth has to be the funnest shit I have ever read! Everyone on my floor was laughing their asses off. Good job, keep it up.

Susie Witmer

Dear Phroth, I love the issue that you just put out. Please inform me of the next time you publish a printed copy. Thanks a lot.

Brian Hansen

Dear Phroth, Just want you to know that your magazine is great! It's nice to know that other people like to make fun of the idiosyncratic assholes on this campus. Let me know when print issues are coming out, please.

Erin Hess

Dear Phroth, I loved the sweater article! I totally know how that girl must feel! I feel

exactly the same way. I'm glad to see that somebody out there is trying to do something about this problem.

Geoffrey Jellineck

Dear Phroth, I thought your last issue looked like it was put together by an autistic monkey. I hope that your next issue looks a little less like the Cedarbrook elevator on a Sunday morning.

Schmalice Schmeepfe

Dear Phroth, No, I don't want a raffle ticket. Please get away from me. Can't you see that I'm eating? Please go away. Please.

Graham Spanier

Dear Phroth, Your posters are offensive. If you continue to hang them in the HUB, I'm going to report you to Police Services. OK, that's it. You think you're

funny, do you Kushner? That's it. I'm telling.

Maud the Custodian

Dear Phroth, Hey, whats up man? Could you do me a favor and remove me from the Phroth list? Thanks bunches.

Angelo Milone

Dear Phroth, Did you know that they don't have toilet paper in Houston, Texas? I found your first issue very useful.

Joe Paterno

Dear Phroth, Whatever you do, don't write anything bad about John Lawless. He'll see to it that you never get a job. On second thought, write away.

unsigned

Dear Phroth,

Bullshit! I say bullshit! Why have you disgraced the Indian-American community? I have come from India to learn at Penn State, not to be insulted by a bunch of half-witted, illiterate English majors.

Vero Patel

Dear Vero, we're sorry if you were offended, but we did not even mention the Indian community. We promise to insult you in the next issue, coming in September.

Dear Phroth, I hope that you can keep up the good work, and not fade away into obscurity like all the previous attempts to revive Froth. I hope the university gives you adequate funding to publish on a regular basis. After all, behind every good university, there's a great humor magazine.

unsigned



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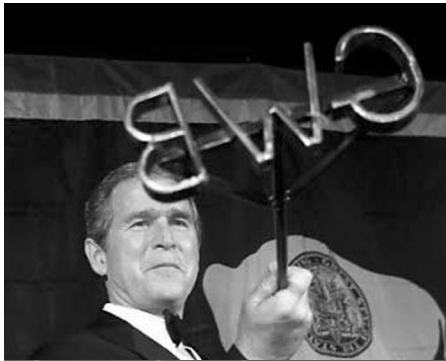
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PHROTH PRESENTS: A DAY IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE W.



Hey Kids! Have you ever wondered what it would be like to spend a day in the life of the President? Now you can see what it would be like to have a primitive intellect and be in control of the world's largest nuclear arsenal!

8:00 AM - Wake up, and get ready to face another busy day as the chief executive!

8:30 AM - Eat breakfast. Waffles are yummy! Leggo my Eggo!

9:00 AM - Meet with White House staff. Hope nobody notices syrup on tie.

9:15 AM - Change tie; continue meeting.

11:00 AM - Discuss the goings-on in the Senate and House. Sign a bill to get the nation's non-violent minor drug offenders out of rehab and into our maximum-security prisons, where they belong. Call Congressional Black Caucus "them coloreds."

11:17 AM - Long for the sweet feeling of a job well done afforded by the signing of the death warrant of a mentally challenged Mexican immigrant.

12:00 PM - Lunchtime! It's Texas wiener day at the White House! You like yours with extra sauce!

12:37 PM - Change tie again.

1:00 PM - Naptime.

2:00 PM - Meet with token prominent, photogenic, light-skinned, black republican.

3:00 PM - Meet with John McCain to discuss campaign finance reform; agree with him wholeheartedly. Cheney reminds you that the platform you were elected on included strong opposition to campaign finance reform. Disagree with McCain. It's OK. Even presidents make mistakes sometimes.

3:45 PM - White House press conference. Mispronounce name of island nation. Call Canada "that scourge of democracy." Refer to England as "Our neighbor to the southwest." Play dumb when White House press corps call you on it. Apologize to England. Declare war on Delaware.

4:23 PM - Tell secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld to sit in a chair and twitch violently, as if being electrocuted, while while you flip the Yellow Room light switch on and off repeatedly.

5:00 PM - Thundercats on Cartoon Network! Thundercats, Hooooooooo!

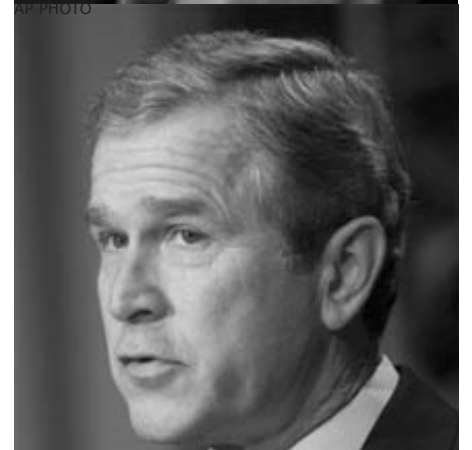
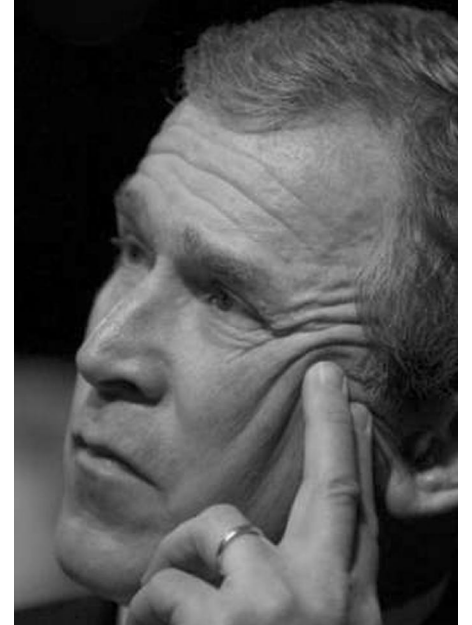
6:00 PM - Dinnertime in Washington! Filet Mignon? No way! You want steak! Beef is yummy! Laura makes you eat your broccoli.

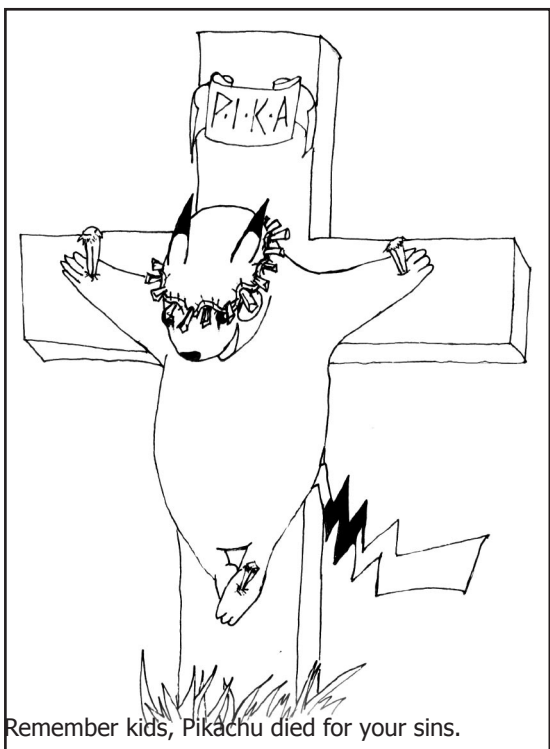
8:00 PM - Watch Dukes of Hazard and Hee-Haw reruns on TNN. Bo and Luke are so cool! Go Uncle Jesse!

9:00 PM - Make itinerary for tomorrow. Laura says not to bother. That's Cheney's job.

9:23 PM - Decide to hang steer horns on the grille and a decal in the back window that says "Don't mess with Texas" of the presidential limo.

10:00 PM - Bedtime. It's been a busy day for a future ex-president. Tomorrow is another day though. Get some rest, dubya.





RAGING ALCOHOLIC

by Luke Davin



A SQUARE DEAL

BY NATE KUSHNER

The draft that blew through Teddy's office constantly rocked the chandelier hanging above his desk. It was a big, complicated chandelier, with a lot of glass bits, and they all tapped against each other in the breeze. It clinked. A lot. The chandelier used to be in William's office, but as soon as the clinking got to be too much for him, he had it installed in Teddy's. Thank you, Mister President.

I am important. Of course I'm important. Just keep telling yourself that, Teddy.

And thus it was that Teddy kept telling himself that. Of course, it never made him feel any better, because he didn't believe it for a second. He used to be somebody, a certifiable Hero. There was neither an American, nor a filthy Cuban anywhere who did not know the story of his glorious charge up Kettle Hill, or his capture of Santiago. He'd been governor of New York State. And now what was his job? He barely had one worth talking about; there were so many damn Democrats that he'd never get the chance to make the deciding vote on anything, so there was no point in his hanging around at the Senate. The most useless person in the entire government, that was Teddy. There was nothing to do but sit at the desk and wait for McKinley to die, which of course was not going to happen anytime soon.

Teddy played with things. Paper clip, pencil, glasses, his hair, anything. He played with things, and fidgeted compulsively, and listened to the clinking, which was unbearable, but infinitely preferable to not-clinking. At least it was louder than the voices in his head that relentlessly made quite sure he knew how ineffectual he was.

It was July. The only thing worse than being bored and useless was being bored, sweaty, and useless. Teddy checked the newspapers: Nope, William hadn't died the day before. He wandered over to his office and poked his head in; Yessir, the newspaper industry, being the embodiment of journalistic integrity at the turn of the century, had been absolutely correct in failing to report McKinley's demise. Bless their hearts.

Teddy felt that familiar pressure on his bladder. He pulled out of his desk drawer a small blank book, about half of whose pages had been filled. His last entry read:

July 4, 1901 ✓ ✓ ✓

McKinley still alive, 928 days remaining in vice-presidency.

TR

He turned to the next blank page and wrote:

July 5, 1901:

McKinley still alive, 927 days remaining in vice-presidency.

TR

Next to the date, he scratched a little check-mark with his pen. All of his journal entries followed this format. He closed the book, put it back in the desk drawer, and went to the wash-room. Ever since the inauguration, he'd been micturating an average of one and a half times more per day than usual. The difference might have been more than that, but Teddy was almost completely sure he'd computed it correctly. For some

reason, he never had to defecate at work. He washed his hands in front of the mirror, and took a good look at himself. He was still a relatively young man, and this was no way to be spending his life. What Teddy needed was a change. He smiled at his reflection, and noticed for the first time what a nice smile he had. What was he thinking covering it up with that bushy mustache of his? He would shave it off tonight. No, better yet, he would bring his safety-razor to the office tomorrow. Anything to kill a few minutes. Now, to get through the rest of the day without going mad....

July 6, 1901 ✓

McKinley still alive, but it is O-K. I shaved my whiskers today. I must say, clean-shaved, I do look rather sharp. And what's more, I only evacuated once today. Hurrah! Only 926 days remaining in my vice-presidency!

TR

It was July 7. Teddy urinated, washed his hands, and turned to the mirror to admire himself, only to find that all evidence of the New Teddy was concealed by his facial hair, which had regrown to nearly its original density since the day before. Had he just imagined that he'd shaved himself yesterday? No, there it was, plain as the black ink in his little book. Well, this was certainly queer. Unfortunately, he'd left his safety-razor at home the previous evening, so he'd have to deal with that later. Despite the hair, he was still the new Teddy, and the New Teddy was going to have himself a little nap. He closed his book, put his feet up on his desk, and let the clinking carry him off to sleep....

Teddy awoke to find himself sitting one of the posts on the fence of a wooden corral. He recognized the location immediately. This was the cattle ranch he

ran 15 years ago in the Dakota territory. He stood up on top of the fencepost, and spread his arms. He slowly turned himself around in a circle, and surveyed the landscape. There was nothing about but a tiny log cabin where the men lived, another one for himself and his office, the corral, and nearly 360 degrees of stunning landscape. Teddy lost himself among the mountains, and his balance on top of the fencepost. As he helped himself to his feet, he noticed for the first time his spindly little legs, and how small and young his hands looked. He was a boy again. Teddy climbed the fencepost again, and took another look. The sunset had painted the mountains, the buttes, the clouds, and the cattle with every wonderful shade of pink there was. He drew the deepest breath he had ever taken, and wondered what had happened to his asthma. Before he could think any further, he heard the ringing of the dinner bell from over by the living quarters. He hopped off the post, and headed in that direction, licking his lips. To his amazement, the young Teddy's tongue discovered that he still had his mustache. Odd, but then again, it was a dream. Queer things happened in dreams.

Teddy entered the dining hall to find all the seats filled, except for his at the head. The men were motionless, some with cups to their mouths,



the liquid within them likewise frozen, some paused in the act of cutting a steak or bringing a forkful of food from plate to mouth. Teddy sat and looked at his plate. His mustache fell off his face and into his bowl of chili. Teddy picked it up between his thumb and forefinger, and examined it. It spoke to him in a squeaky voice that sounded very much like Teddy's own. Except it was not a voice Teddy could hear with his ears, but rather one that spoke from the interior of his brain.

So how do you like the food?

Teddy humored it. This was a dream, after all.

"It looks pretty good, actually."

Take a bite. Try the chili.

"If it's all the same to you, I would rather avoid the chili. After all, it was just swum in by a talking mustache.

Fine. Try the steak.

He did. It was a good steak. "That's a good steak."

Yessir. And what do you think of the ranch?

"Oh, the ranch is great. I cannot believe that in all the years I worked that ranch, I never really took a good look at the landscape."

You have lost, as most people do at a young age, your ability to enjoy such simple pleasures. I am happy this form has lent you some perspective.

"Well, this is an exquisite dream. I'm having a wonderful time, truly."

And you could continue to have a wonderful time. Do you know who I am?

"You're my mustache."

No, Teddy, you shaved your mustache off yesterday.

"Well then, I'm stymied."

What would you think if I told you that you didn't have to wake up from this dream?

"I don't think I'd believe you."

Are you happy with your life, Teddy?

"Yes."

I think this is my turn to say that I don't believe you.

"I am a successful man. What have I got to complain about?"

Please. This is not success. You go to work, sleep all day, and track of your urination statistics to keep you amused. You spend your waking moments fantasizing the death of the President.

"I do not!"

Of course you do. As the governor of New York, in the war, as the president of the New York police board, in the war, you were important. You made things happen. But when you accepted the nomination for the vice-presidency, you moved to a position whose importance was only symbolic, and it tears you apart. And you and I both know that what would have to happen to make you the most important man in the country is a little accident. You might not know it, but you would like it.

"I don't believe you"

You don't sound so sure, Teddy. How would you like me to take you away from all this? How would you like it if you never had to obsess over whether you were important or not?

"I'm listening."

Teddy, this is not a dream. This world was created for you from the most pleasant memories of your life. I have taken some artistic license with the sunset, and of course, by removing your asthma symptoms. Let me introduce myself. I am not your mustache. I do not fit neatly into any human definition of what you call life.

"I don't understand a damn word you just said, but pray tell, what are

you?"

In your physical existence, I am an antenna. A hairy, distinguished antenna. I receive transmissions from the Great Mother Whisker—

"The Great Mother Whisker?"

The Great Mother Whisker. Its name is the Great Mother Whisker. Its Greatness rules us all. Bow to its Greatness, for it is the Great Mother Whisker.

"Oh, yes, that Great Mother Whisker."

And I in turn transmit them to the nervous system of the host organism. That would be you, Teddy. Last night, as you slept, I crept onto your face, and achieved symbiosis with your nervous system by interfacing with the nerves of your philtrum, the small dimple located under your nose and above your lip.

"So you are connected to my brain through my face."

Yes. What you are talking to is a symbolic representation of my efforts to subdue your willpower using electrical impulses. It isn't working, unfortunately.

"Unfortunately."

Unfortunately. You possess easily the strongest willpower our species has ever seen. By this stage in the process, most host bodies are completely unresponsive to Her whim.

"Now that you've done this to other people?"

Not necessarily. But other antennae such as myself, yes. About 12 percent of all of our detached men in the world, and about three times as many of our detached Sicilian women are puppets of the Great Mother Whisker. Even unreceptive to more forceful methods, the only way to gain control is with your kind permission. We are prepared to offer you a deal.

"Why are you so concerned with possessing my body?"

The Great Mother Whisker, who resides in a state of existence incompatible with primate nerve tissue, has no body of her own, and thus it is that she sends us, her servants, out among the humans of your planet, in order that her infallible will is done. Her goal is the ultimate conquest of all alpha males,

and all alpha women?"

And all alpha women as well. When all such minds are conquered, our antennae will align in a state known as the Infinite Squirt, and all unwarmed men will die of hemorrhoids.

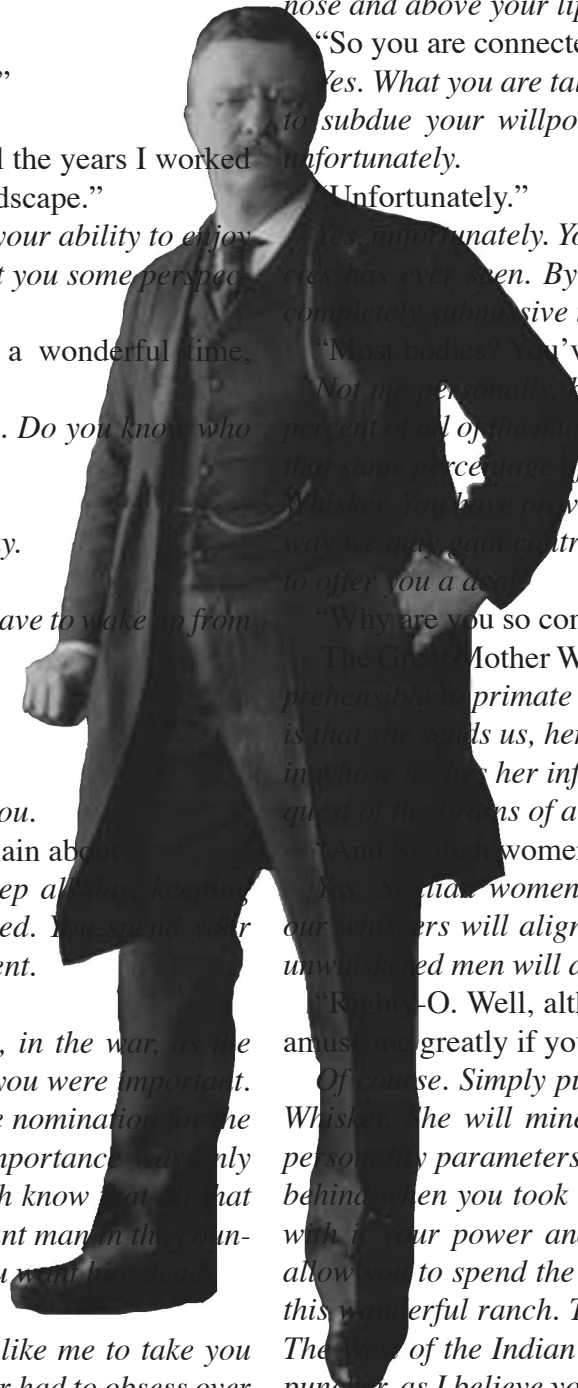
"Right—O. Well, although I plan to decline your kind offer, it would amuse me greatly if you'd delineate the terms."

Of course. Simply put, you surrender your body to the Great Mother Whisker. She will mine your memories in order to construct a set of personality parameters virtually indistinguishable from the one you left behind when you took this nap. She then will utilize your persona, and with it your power and charisma, to further her interests. And I will allow you to spend the remainder of your body's life as a young boy on this wonderful ranch. Think about it, Teddy. This is the world you love. The world of the Indian and the buffalo hunter, the soldier and the cow-puncher, as I believe you put it, a free and hardy life with horse and rifle. You would be neither useless nor important. It's a square deal, to put it in the parlance of your time.

"Well, bully for you, but if it's all the same, I'd rather be useless. I would prefer to awaken now."

You've already accepted the offer, Teddy.

"I have not."



A Square Deal (Continued) *Yes you have. What did you think this idle chatter was about? I was just distracting your conscious mind while my higher functions worked on your subconscious. You see, deep down, everybody wishes they could drift through life without any problems or responsibilities. Presidential ambitions or not, Teddy, you're no different. Your inner brain jumped on the chance like McKinley on a whore. In short, your body belongs to the Great Mother Whisker.*

"This isn't fair, you know."

No, Teddy, not for you. It's been an honor speaking with you, but I must be going now. The Great Mother Whisker will try to treat your world well. This world, however, now belongs to you. Good day.

And the mustache dissolved, leaving the young Teddy alone with his new world.

July 7, 1901

Spoke with a Mister Czolgosz, whom I met during my morning constitutional. Gave him what monies I had on my person. Mister Czolgosz assures me everything is in order for September 6th. Only 61 days remaining in my vice-presidency!



Hi, we're the New Kids on the Block. Sitting around, living off past glories, booting up on heroin, and waiting for VH1 to do a behind the music on us isn't easy. That's why we drink milk. We think it's the "right stuff" because it has nine essential nutrients to keep us "hangin' tough." Hey babe - please don't go. Someone pay attention to us. Jordan came out of the closet and Joey's got a nasty Coke habit. We think Donny may even be a boy touchier. Will that get us on Entertainment Tonight? Oh God, someone put our song on a compilation album.

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