

PHROTH

funny





PHROTH WANTS YOU!

we need people with these skills:

Writing

Drawing

Graphics

Adobe Illustrator

Adobe Photoshop

Proofreading

Page Layout

Quark XPress

Adobe Indesign

Web Design

HTML

Javascript

DHTML

CSS

Flash

We also need interested students from business, marketing, Advertising/PR, and related majors to work on the business end of Phroth.

got mirth?

If you have anything funny that you've written, drawn, recorded, heard, etc., we want it! Aside from content for the magazine, we're also looking for funny stuff to put on the web. If you've made a mirthful movie or written a funny song, we'll put it on the web for you!

Phroth is a great way for students to gain experience in their field of study. If you're in a major where writing plays a major part, writing for Phroth can be a great resumé booster. We'll even help you learn the software if you have no prior experience. Have fun and gain experience working with Phroth!

To get involved with Phroth, or for more information, call Pamela Monk



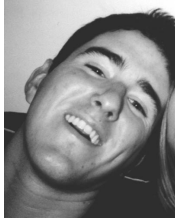
get to know

PHROTH

Not as evil as we look. Honestly.

Larry Palazzolo

If it's late at night and you're flipping through the channels and you come across monkeys or surgery, you just have to stop and watch. In my spare time, if I'm not starring in after-school specials, ("Drugs Are Bad", "Jenny Eat Something"), I run around my apartment in my underwear throwing kegs around like Donkey Kong.



Nate Kushner

Among the things that Nate Kushner likes are: The night-life, and to boogie. Check him out getting down with that nasty, nasty funk. He is pure evil.



Luke Davin

Fun loving and a recent recipient of the Trotsky Award for Excellence in Mountaineering, Luke enjoys long walks through the forgotten hallways in the basement of the Pentagon and showers with mango. He also writes plays and makes movies, but that takes up so little of his time as to be almost unmentionable. He is also the Pope.



Matt Little

So this one time my brother broke his arm, and he went to the bathroom, and my mom and I were in the living room and when he was done he was, all like, "Mom, I'm done!" And she went in and wiped his ass for him because his arm was broken! Yeah, my family is gross.



Chris Coleman

Much to the dismay of his arch-nemesis, Karen, Chris is still hard at work on his new truck-mounted milk catapult. When not delivering milk or verbally assaulting neighborhood freak Johnny Lemonhead, Chris likes to devote his existence to Phroth.



Michelle Nguyen

I am a pumpkin that was raised by bears. My pumpkin mother and father disowned me because of my freakish looks. Mama and Papa Bear have shown me the way. Now I am at State College. I'm glad they like minorities. I haven't met any other vegetables. Be my friend.



Kevin Stabinsky

Best described as that asshole who everyone hates, the one nobody could stand. The type of kid who would have no friends if it wasn't for Phroth. "Guys, you are my friends, right? Why is everyone backing away from me?"



Richard Skarbez

When not entertaining the masses and generally improving the quality of life of all mankind, Rick moonlights as the galaxy's most feared bounty hunter. Wielding his Blastech EE-3 and scathing wit, criminals don't know whether to laugh or soil themselves.



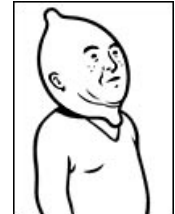
David Papa

My life aspirations consist of having a Romance Channel movie really happen to me. If that doesn't work out I'd like to be a prostitute who means well, until by inexplicable chance Matt Damon walks in and rescues me from the Titanic that is my life. I'm looking at the iceberg, in the shape of a big fucking fist that will drown me in my own reality.



Joe Darrah

I'm too ugly to stand in front of a camera, and too stinkin' smelly to stand in front of a photographer, so think of me as you will. See ya's in hell.



Joe Darrah, er, Johnny Lemonhead is © Max Cannon

Pamela Monk

Phroth's faculty advisor, caught here in a candid moment, interpolating. She has been likened, by her own progeny, to Morticia Addams and considers this one of her finer moments.



You?

What? You say you did something, but you're not here? Tough shit. Maybe you should try coming to the meetings for once, you lazy bitch.

You say you never knew Phroth existed? Well come to Room 10 Burrowes Mondays at 5:30 to join in the action!

PHROTH is a humor/satire magazine published by students at Penn State.

PHROTH uses invented names in all its stories, except in cases when public and commonly-known figures are being satirized. Any other use of real names is accidental and coincidental.

PHROTH is exclusively for hellbound individuals.

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PHROTH is not intended for readers under 18 years of age.

Pester the Jester!

Dear Jester,
Why is it that every time I read Phroth, I get a funny feeling of arousal in my pants?

Bob Smiff, freshman - engineering

*Dear Bob,
The answer is quite simple. You're not reading Phroth at all. You've probably been reading Hustler, which has a tendency to do things like that. Phroth hasn't published an issue that you could have read since before you were born.*

Dear Jester,
Ever since my husband and I moved to a new town, I've been having strange feelings about our new neighbors. I'm afraid to tell Bob for fear of what it might do to our happy marriage, but then again, whenever I see Shirley tending to their garden, I just want to hop the fence and ravage her like an amazon on smack. Should I come clean to my husband, or should I take Shirley behind the woodshed and have my way with her?

Enid Jones, housewife

*Dear Enid,
Contrary to what you may believe, this is Phroth, and not the Penthouse Forum. If you'd like to discuss your sexual frustrations, that's who you need to talk to. But just for the record, we think you're making this up. Either that, or we are.*

Dear Jester,
My hallmates seem to be very

stressed out about work! What can they do to help relieve the pressure they feel about classes and friends?

Concerned in Simmons

*Dear Concerned,
There are many well-known ways to relieve stress such as yoga and meditation. In meditation you focus your energy on a central idea and....Ah hell, this is taking too long to type. Just drink like everyone else does. Could 90% of PSU students be wrong? Well probably, but not in this case. Hell, I had a bad day yesterday, and you know what I did? I downed three shots of vodka and a Cider Jack. Damn did I feel good. And hasn't it been a while since you got laid? That's what I thought.*

Dear Jester,
If you people weren't all so hot, this magazine wouldn't be as funny. Thank you so much.

The Sisters of Tri Delta.

*Dear Sisters,
What a great bunch of young women. Tri Delta, everybody else has.*

Dear Jester,
When Phroth stopped publishing in 1982, I swallowed my tongue and was traumatized. Despite the efforts of 23 Latvian whores, I have been unable to communicate until now, but did get Gonorrhea. What a relief that you are publishing again. When I heard the news, I finally coughed it back up again.

Little did I know that Phroth would be the key to my lingual healing. Thank you so much for Phroth and for such supportive therapy.

Unfortunate Jaw Spasm

*Dear Spasm,
It's a scientific fact that Phroth cures illness and helps. Perhaps the vagueness of that statement will be offset by the burning sensation in your groin. Send us the whores. We'll care for them.*

HOW TO CONTACT US

PHROTH LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Phroth welcomes letters from our readers. If you have a serious or humorous letter for Phroth, please send it to:

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SUBMISSIONS

Phroth accepts submissions from Penn State students, faculty, and alumni. We can not guarantee submissions will be published, nor can we guarantee their return. You will be notified if your work is selected to appear in Phroth. Send submissions and inquiries to:

Phroth Submissions
Burrowes Building
University Park, PA 16802
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Like the Internet better than this paper crap? Take a ride over to <http://www.geocities.com/psuphroth> for important information regarding submissions and other fun stuff.

The Mug and Jester

You're probably wondering what the hell is Phroth anyway? Really, that's a very good question. Phroth, which was originally spelled "Froth", is a humor/satire magazine dating back to the early 1900's here at Penn State. In days of yore, the Froth creators meant it is as the froth of a beer or a rabid Nittany Lion, I'm not quite sure. Back in the day, the Froth mascot was a jester by the name of Frothy. That just screams originality. Hence the title of this piece: The mug and the jester. With the revival of Froth and the new spelling change comes the birth of two new mascots: Jackie Oh! and Democracy the puppy. You're also probably wondering, why should I read this crap? Well, we here at Phroth are trying to make you, the students at Penn State, laugh. And laugh so hard you wet yourself. Actually, any form of bodily secretion emitted by our readers is considered a success. Personally, I would like to write something that induces seizures but that's just me, I'm silly like that. Anypoo, this is the magazine in a nutshell, and what a big shell it is. You have to have big nuts to fill a shell of this magnitude, and our nuts are huge.



Larry Palazzolo
Editor-In-Chief

Oh My God, That Sweater Is So Cute!

by Sandy Mitchell

Oh my God, that sweater is so cute! I just have to get it. God, I love Abercrombie. I really don't know what I would do without this store being in this town. We so totally needed it. Like, before Abercrombie went in downtown, I had like totally nothing to wear ever. I had to wear Gap all the time, and that is like so 1998. I had to drive all the way to Allentown to get Abercrombie, but now I can just go down there after my history class.

And after my English class. It's so great!

A lot of people don't like Abercrombie because its more expensive than other stores.

These people are just poor. It's not my fault if they don't want to look good. And the quality of the clothes at Abercrombie is just so much better than anywhere else. I mean, sure, it's \$40 for a T-Shirt, but the shirts there are so much better anyway. Like, I'd much rather pay \$80 for a pair of pants from Abercrombie than pay \$50 for the crap they sell at American Eagle.

And another thing. Everybody is wearing Abercrombie, not just the really hot people. I saw this guy who had a beard with an Abercrombie shirt the other day. I mean, if so many people are wearing it, it must be good then, right? How could any right-minded person ignore this strong evidence for the superiority of Abercrombie & Fitch?

They also have this one really cute sweatshirt for \$75, but I didn't buy that one, because it only had a really small logo. It was gray with a blue Abercrombie logo in the center. It was cute, but I got the sweatshirt

“A lot of people don't like Abercrombie because its more expensive than other stores. These people are just poor. It's not my fault if they don't want to look good.”

that was basically the same, except the logo was about twice as big. I know, it cost \$95, but I think it was worth it, because it was so much more stylish. I hate people who are too cheap to want to look good. And I know that the only time I'll wear it is when I'm sitting in my dorm room watching Dawson's Creek, but still...I look hot in it. Not that I'd ever be caught dead in public wearing a sweatshirt. When I go out, I always have to be wearing something that shows off my body. Guys know that only fat, unattractive girls wear stuff like that out in public. I don't want anyone to think that I might not be a size four.

I hope that everybody starts to shop at Abercrombie. Well, I mean, almost everyone smart does now, but one day, when I was walking to class, I saw that almost 20 people I passed weren't wearing Abercrombie. These people really need to get with the times. Abercrombie has been around since like 1892, so there's really no excuse why they haven't been able to buy at least something with Abercrombie on it by now. **CC**



Guess what? We let the dogs out!! MWA HA HA HA HA!

You are now on page 7. By this point, we will have stolen 23 minutes from the average reader's life

I think I'll have a protest today!

by Julia Ann Ellington

What a beautiful autumn day! The sun is shining, the birds are chirping, and the leaves on the trees look beautiful. I think I'll have a protest today!

Why, do you ask, would I want to go out on campus and protest something? The way I figure it, how can I not have a protest? I know, I really don't have much to be upset about, but I'm pretty sure that somebody, somewhere in this world must be suffering from some sort of oppression or otherwise bad situation. Look at those people on that continent. You know, the big one, Africa. That place must really suck. Nobody there is ever happy, and everybody is either killing or raping each other, or starving, or something like that. Maybe I can protest Africa today. We should definitely find a way to get all those people out of there.

Maybe Africa is too general. I could always protest men. I mean, do they ever do anything good? The guys are always keeping the women down. Look at all the rapes that happen on campus every day. Women are obviously not safe here, or anywhere. Every man is a potential rapist. Maybe we should do something to get rid of men, since they cause so much crime against women. Or maybe, we can, like, make them be nicer to us. I need to raise awareness of something, maybe this is it.

But anyway, back to why I want to protest. I have like so much posterboard that I don't even know what to do with it. All this brightly colored paint is also going to waste. What better way to make use of all this stuff than to have a protest. Also, I notice that It's been too quiet on campus lately. I need to liven things up around here. I really think that awareness needs to be raised. It doesn't really matter what about,

but rather just that awareness in general is raised. Plus, I think I know of some really good places where everybody would see me.

Remember when they had all of those pictures of dead babies on Pollock Road a few years ago? That was so cool. That was a first class protest. I need to make sure that I protest there. Maybe I can make up some big signs so that people will get the idea better. I think that bigger signs will make my plea for help seem more urgent.

I hope that religious family that was around last year isn't back today. That would suck, because I might have to protest in front of the University gates, and its just not as good to protest there.

I know my protest will be good. I'll have to go round up some of my friends to help me out though. I'll need people to hand out flyers for me. I'd do it myself, but I'm going to be the one with the megaphone. I can't be doing everything at once, you know. I'm going to try to make this a cross between the Free Tibet protest I saw in Philly last year, and the WTO one in Seattle, except not so big.

So be sure to look for me, I'll be the one by the Willard Building on Pollock Road with people crowding around, supporting my cause. I hope you will come out and lend your support to help the people who need my assistance. And please let me know if you have any suggestions for a topic, because I don't have too much time before I need to get out there. Thanks for your time. **CC**

I Enjoy Wearing Black

by Jason "Dark Rose" Rhodes

Yeah, I know what you're thinking, "Oh no, not another one of those goth weirdos." Well, before you jump to any conclusions, let me just say that the truth is I just enjoy wearing black.

I know, I may look like one of those goths that you see on the street sitting in front of the church, but I'm really not. I'll admit that sometimes I do hang out with those guys, but we're two totally different types of people. You see, those guys are all in it to try and impress somebody. They think that by wearing black that people will notice their different personalities.

They all have some sort of problem, it's like they're all depressed 24 hours a day, seven days a week. But not me. I'm definitely not like that.

I'm generally a pretty cheerful guy. Sure, I may look like a cross

between Robert Smith and Dr. Frank Furter, but I really have no problems with depression, nor do I think that I'm at all weird.

I see all these frat boys and sorority girls wearing their fancy Abercrombie and Fitch, and American Eagle, and I just think to myself, "why?" I really don't understand what they see in that silly stuff. I'll take a full-length leather trenchcoat with leather pants and an industrial-grade chain necklace over that crap any day. I suppose it's just a matter of comfort for me. I guess it only makes sense--there's so many people who dress like me because they want to be goths. Maybe its an excuse to wear the nice, comfortable clothes.

A lot of people seem to take notice of my jet black hair and pale white face. I don't see what the big deal is. Plenty of people have black hair, why should I be

singled out for ridicule just because I was cursed with blonde hair? Is it so wrong to prefer to have a certain color hair? I'll bet that at least 60% of the girls on this campus dye their hair, and probably another good chunk of the guys do too. I think this looks a lot better than those frat guys and atheletes with the blonde ends on brown hair. Now that does not make sense. And the white makeup on my face is just another one of my little quirks. I just think it looks cool. I'm not trying to be anything I'm not, but I just wear it because I like it.

I just hope that people will stop thinking I'm weird. Sure, I don't look like everybody else, but I'm a good guy. Just like most of the other guys out there, I hope to someday find a nice girl, get a good job and settle down in the suburbs. I know that when I have kids someday, I may not look like all the other dads at the Cub Scout meeting or soccer practice, but I know, that in my heart, I'm just a regular dad. **cc**

"Sure, I may look like a cross between Robert Smith and Dr. Frank Furter, but I really have no problems with depression"

Popular Tattoos For Men

Location: Upper, inner thigh
Description: Squirrel reaching up

Location: Pelvic region
Description: Elephant ears

Location: Very lower abdomen
Description: In very small print "I'm a genie in a bottle..."

Popular Tattoos For Women

Location: Tailbone
Description: One Way traffic sign

Location: Breast
Description: Third nipple (Just to mess with people)

Location: Belly Button
Description: Bullseye

No, you can't have back the precious few minutes of your life that we've stolen from you

Too Many Couples on Main Campus

by Candace Braun

Okay, I would just like to know why there are so many couples at our campus all of a sudden! Everywhere I go, I see two lovebirds walking hand in hand down College Ave., kissing outside of the dorms, or—dare I say it—holding hands across the table in one of the downtown restaurants. Actually, holding hands isn't nearly as bad as those who sit on the same side of the booth. I mean, what is the deal with that anyway? Is it so they can try out each other's food by putting their tongues down each other's throats? Gross!

But actually, I have found this year that there is a worse place to show your "public displays of affection" than in a restaurant or dorm. It appears that couples have now taken to study lounges in my building. Now can you tell me why a couple would go to a study lounge to make out? First of all, the chances that no one will be in there are very slim. Second of all, why? Why on God's Earth would you want to whisper sweet noth-

ings in one another's ear while the person next to you pounds out his calc equations on a calculator? Does it give you personal satisfaction to not only distract your fellow students, but at the same time, make them feel lonely and longing for companionship as well? What is wrong with you people?

In conclusion, I would just like to ask that all couples begin to think of others whenever they partake in their lovebird activities, and not try so hard to make the rest of the campus feel like lonely losers for not having someone to swap spit with during dinner.

Why on God's Earth would you want to whisper sweet nothings in one another's ear while the person next to you pounds out his calc equations on a calculator?

That Special Rectangle

by Susan Lobby

Did you ever notice how the Collegian can be picked up at so many useful places on campus? You can grab a trampled one off the stairs in the Willard Building, or you can get one from the floor in any large classroom, or pick one up on a HUB table. I never actually read the Collegian as a freshman; I didn't even really know that it existed. Although just last semester, in the spring of my junior year, I found the gold mine of the Penn State newspaper--the crossword puzzle.

How many times have you gotten to the third floor of Willard, settled in your seat and realized that you somehow overlooked the mess of newspapers as you escaped inside from the Willard Preacher's squawking? Looking around, you locate a crumpled paper under the seat in front of you. The last student read the entire edition

You can grab a trampled one off the stairs in the Willard Building, or you can get one from the floor in any large classroom, or pick one up on a HUB table.

before class began and left it for the next to peruse. You pick it up and glance at the headline, or rather the attempt at what should be a headline, and maybe browse through the ads; ultimately you are looking for

that special rectangle on the last page that will occupy your wandering mind during class. You didn't bother to read the articles, because skimming through the inky pages was enough to get the gist of each story. As you get to the final page, you realize that the last person who had the paper didn't read it at all—they had the same goal in mind as you! The crossword puzzle is gone, with only the ragged edges remaining. You toss the useless paper to the floor; disappointed that now you have to take notes during class.

Binge Drinking Is Naughty

A Phroth Special Report

A dangerous new buzzword is gripping college campuses through the US. This term is binge drinking. University administrations throughout the country are alarmed at this new term, and what the effects of this term on students may be. Parents are wondering where this term came from, as there was no such term as binge drinking when they were in college. It has come to a shock to many parents that their sons or daughters have been taking part in this alarming new non-trend.

Binge drinking is described as having five or more drinks in one sitting for a man, or three or more drinks in one sitting for a woman. Those who were at colleges and universities in years past may recall having often drank many times that amount, but all surveyed have no recollection of ever engaging in

“binge drinking.” Of the 7500 college graduates surveyed, who graduated between 1946 and 1996, none admitted to ever binge drinking. “One time back in ‘52 I drank 36 beers at my frat house.” said Class of 1953 Penn State alumnus Thomas Ryan. “It really bothers me that the kids can no longer drink responsibly. I hope something

“Our generation just has no control, we really should stop this dangerous activity. How can anyone have any respect for the youth of America after this?”

is done to curb this dangerous new word that is binge drinking.”

Among current Penn State students surveyed, 80% admitted to binge drinking by definition on a regular



Above: Penn State students proudly boozin' it up. University officials presume they will go to either jail or hell.

basis. “Sure, I had about seven or eight last week at Sig Pi. I was a little buzzed, but I guess that what I did was wrong. Our generation just has no control, we really should stop this dangerous activity. How can anyone have any respect for the youth of America after this?”

“Penn State students are the future leaders of America,” said Penn State University President, Graham Spanier, “if they can’t refrain from binge drinking, I see little hope for the future of our nation. Anybody who drinks more than five beers is obviously a menace to society, and should be dealt with accordingly.”

Most students, however, say they will not change their drinking habits. “Just because they put the word “binge” in front of drinking doesn’t automatically make it bad. Do they all ride the short bus to Old Main every day? We really don’t drink any more than college students ever did.” said Sandra Mason, a junior in kinesiology. Matt Collins, a sophomore in physics said “Why are they suddenly calling it ‘binge drinking?’ Hell yeah, I drink to get drunk. Isn’t that what college students have always done?” **CC**

Squirrels Love You Too, Baby

by Michelle Nguyen

If the recent influx of squirrels upon Penn State's campus is beginning to worry you... then good. The underground construction taking place across campus, (and more noticeably in the mall) is all due to a squirrel cloggage. That's right: squirrels. Those cute, arousing little neighbors that dart by our legs, down our pants, and around bikes have been up to some

These mutated animals have dangerous properties such as rabies, a knack for beer pong, STD's, and a fondness for WWF wrestling.

The steam that most students feel coming up from underneath the grates around campus contains a chemical hazardous to squirrels. We shall call this "Chemical X" for journalistic purposes. Now, when exposed to "Chemical X," squirrels mutate and become the terror known as "Radioactive Squirrels." Yes, these mutated animals have dangerous properties such as rabies, a knack for beer pong, STD's, and a peculiar fondness for WWF wrestling. They also have physically frightening characteristics such as glowing fluorescent black eyes, extra tails, enlarged genitals, and strength equivalent to three hamsters and a pregnant gerbil.

However, be not only amused by these balls of fluff whose goal in life is to put as many nuts as possible in their mouths at one time (not dissimilar from sorostitutes). Be afraid, for they have an undying craving for cafeteria shepherd's pie and the sweet, soothing, sounds of Kenny G.



trouble lately on the PSU campus. They have been multiplying at an alarming rate and have been making their homes in the underground passages around campus.

The steam

nate's insanities...

Writing a haiku
Is a whole lot more fun than
Eating a baby.

I'm a seventeenth generation reproduction.
I feel fuzzy, and though
I may be a photocopy
of a sketch
of a drawing
of a painting
of a photograph
of a shadow
of a sculpture
of a description
of a poem
about the man i used to be...
But i can still play a mean KAZOO!
And I'm fuzzy.

"Chutney Dealers"

I am a chutney dealer.
Every day I carve out my piece of the chutney world with a big old spoon.
Any and every kind of chutney you want, I can get it for you . Yeah. Motherfucker.
For example, today, I sold some chutney to this Scot, and then I sold some to my mom. Then my mom bought some more chutney from the Scot, which she sold to me. Then I sold some of the chutney to the Scot. Then the Scot bought the rest of my mom's chutney.
See, this is why I hate the Scots. Damn chutney-hoarding Scots. Hoarding chutney like that, and playing their bagpipes, and talking funny, and wearing kilts, and playing James Bond at the cinema. Damn Scots.

I'm not as naked as i used to be.
Most people are happy about this.
Except for Larry.
Larry is creepy.

This poem is brought to you by crack babies:
Crack babies: Take two, they're small.

JENNA

A Porn Star Falls into the Campus Spotlight

by Angelo Milone

After falling in love with the campus during a recent film shoot in the area, Jenna Jameson, world-renown porn star and humanitarian has enrolled at Penn State amongst a shocked community. Jameson, who has starred in such adult classics as *Forrest Hump*, and *Saving Ryan's Privates*, has decided to further her education by seeking a degree in mechanical engineering.

"I want to be known for more than just my body and my films," said Jameson. "With a degree in mechanical engineering I can have something to fall back on when my porn career dies," said Jameson. "You can't just have sex on film forever, well you can, but who would watch," said Jameson. "I just hope everyone will welcome me into the college."

Kerri Sue Carner, a senior biochemistry major, said that Jameson's presence on campus is in poor taste due to her career in front of the camera. "I just don't think it's ok for a woman to make a career out of sleeping with anyone for money," said Carner.

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with sleeping with anyone as long as they are a select group," said Buffy Fleming, a member of a prominent sorority around campus. Engineering Professor Wilhelm Klutz said although Jameson may have survived the wrath of 200 men in *Debbie Does Ethiopia: For Just Ten Cents a Day*, she will have more than just her hands full with mechanical engineer-

ing. "Mechanical engineering is not something that can be easily mastered, it takes time, dedication and heart. It will require her to give it all that she's got," said Wilhelm. "Being a former star will make professors come down harder on her than other students, so she better be ready for that," said Klutz with a huge smile on his face. While some may doubt Jameson's chances of successfully receiving an engineering degree, she disputes the naysayers.

"I have always loved mathematical problems. In between shots at work I will scurry off into a corner and work on finite element theories, or complex heat transfer problems," said Jameson. "Nothing in this world excites me more than when I prove an old theory of mine wrong. I want nothing more than for the

muscles in my mind to be as tight as the muscles in my body," said Jameson. "One time we were in the middle of a shoot, and Jenna is supposed to yell 'ohhhh Roger, yes oh yes, I love you,' and instead she yells ' $U = N_1q_1 + N_2q_2$,' said cast mate Bruce Longpole. "And obviously anyone who knows anything knows that is the base formula for finding the equation for distributed loads acting on the surface of edges connecting to boundary nodes, most commonly known as traction force," said Longpole as he picked his nose.

Penn State President Graham Spanier said that he is very excited over Jenna Jameson arriving to the college, and wishes her the best and welcomes her to the



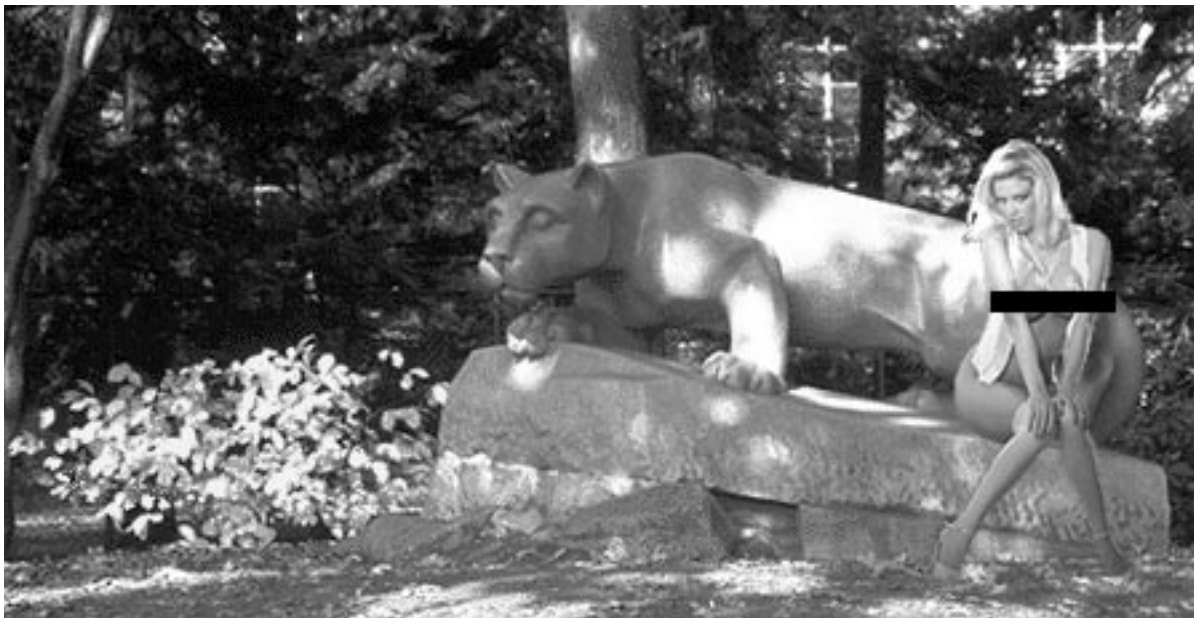
Above: Jenna in her dorm room. Probably naked behind the black things.

PSU family. "I wish her the very best at Penn State and I hope she sets an example for aspiring porn stars seeking to return to college to make Penn State their home," said Spanier. "I am a huge fan of Jenna's movies. In fact the wife and I just rented *When Vaginas Attack*, and I must tell you we can't get enough of that girl," said Spanier. "She is no stranger to adversity either. Remember, in 1996 she won *Best New Starlet* in 'Hump Fiction' and 'Best Actress' for her role in *Midget Fantasies XVII: Return to Oz*," continued Spanier, "so I'm sure she can handle a little thermal expansion theory, or qualifying polar binary codes."

Local businesses have tried to cash in on the recent addition of Jameson to the community. Mike, owner of Mike's Movies and Music said that while they have

deep, deep, deeper down body thirst." The department store has also booked Jenna to do in-store autographs for her new novel, *Against All Odds: The Jenna Jameson Story*.

Jameson's recent application to PSU has gotten high reviews from former cast-mates. "I think it's great that Jenna is going to get her degree," said Chastity Bellt, Jameson's co-star in *Dial 'S' for Slut* and *Chase Ventura: Breast Detective*. Bellt said that while she has no hesitations on saying Jameson can make it as a mechanical engineer, she questions if that may have been the right choice of major. "I personally think molecular biology or organic chemistry would have been better suited for her, but I think Jenna didn't want to take on a bad rap for selecting an easy major," Bellt said.



Above: Jenna poses for PHROTH at the Nittany Lion shrine. Gee, I wonder what's behind that black strip? Probably something so shocking that the general public could never understand.

just recently added Jenna's films to their wide selection, they are certainly not short on her hits. "We feel that we are blessed to have Jenna be part of the PSU family, and in honor of her arrival, the first ten customers Thursday night at midnight at "Mike's Movies and Music" will receive a free copy of Jenna's new film, 'The Rare Crotch Project,'" said Mike. "We also decided to hold blow out sales on all of Jenna's classic films such as 'The Good, The Bad, the Horny,' 'Gentlemen Prefer Dumb Blondes,' and 'Deep Impact 2.'"

Wal-Mart, who has banned all music with explicit lyrics from its shelves, is celebrating the arrival of Jenna by giving away free samples of Jameson's new sports drink, "Porno-ade," whose slogan is "for that

"She definitely has what it takes to become anything she puts her mind to," said Sindee Lovecups, who first worked with Jameson in *Domi-Matrix*. "One time she wanted to help out at a charity auction but the promoter wouldn't let her join the event because he said

it would bring negative publicity to the charity," continued Lovecups, "so Jenna stormed back into the promoter's office and 40 minutes later they both came out and the promoter had nothing but good things to say about Jenna, and he let her back into the charity function.

Rick Studley, who was Jenna's love interest in *Hump Fiction*, said that the media attention could be bad for Jameson's college career. "I don't know how she is going to be able to get anything done with all those cameras pointed at her face," continued porn star Studley. "I could never work under that kind of

Continued on Page 14

pressure.”

Pressure is something Jameson will be no stranger to this semester. She not only has to juggle 18 credits, but she is shooting 19 films during the semester. “It is going to be hard for me, because I will have to come home sore from a long hard day at work and try to equate complex fractions in the essence of time continual motion,” Jameson said.

Jameson, who is in the middle of shooting *The Pink Mile*, said that while she may have a busy schedule, she would still try to participate in extracurricular activities. “I will definitely try to get into gymnastics, because in my current line of work, you must be limber in order to be successful,” Jameson said.

Jenna will be reading the Good Book this semester as well as her mechanical engineering books. “I’m definitely going to be attending mass every weekend. I’ve been a religious person for the past two years,” said Jameson, who was inspired to lead a holier life on the set of *Erotic Confessions 3: Father Knows Best*. Jenna said that she hopes to someday sit down one on one with the Willard Preacher and have a discussion about some of his beliefs. “I think [the Willard Preacher] is right about most of what he says, but he thinks sex and pornography are not what God wishes for us to indulge in,” said Jameson as she adjusted her “I Agree with Adam” T-shirt. “Give me 40 minutes with him in an office room and I can persuade him otherwise.”

One might ponder if the porn queen will delve into her liquor cabinet, as so many Penn State students are notorious for doing. “I never drink alcohol. I’m very picky as to what goes into my body,” said Jameson, who won Best Anal Scene for her work in *Young Buns 2*, and Best Oral Scene for *Porn Wars: Episode 1*.

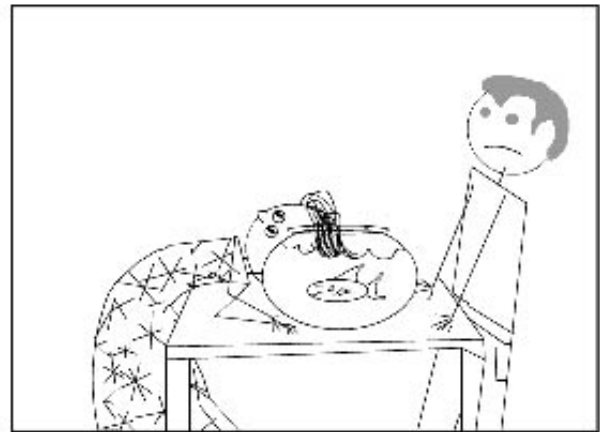
The welcoming of a porn star in the community has prompted other celebrities to consider enrolling into Penn State to further their education. Both O.J. Simpson and Heidi Fleiss have spoken publicly about enrolling at Penn State to take graduate classes. Detroit Redwing Sergei Federov, who once dated a 16-year old tennis star, had publicly considered enrolling in Penn State. He decided to scratch that idea once he found out that Penn State was a college and not a high school.

As for Jenna, only God knows how she will fare in the rough life of a college student. With the support of her former castmates and an overwhelming majority

of Penn State students, it seems as though the sky is the limit for Jameson. For those who doubt her ability to succeed in college, give her 40 minutes in an office room, and she will persuade you otherwise.

it'd be funnier if you were there
by Luke Davin

Aw, Fish!



A Guy's Ending to Chick Flicks

by Larry Palazzolo

Titanic

Leo gets eaten by penguins. While Kate is grieving his loss she meets a sassy brunette, and they steam up the back of another car in the hottest lesbian scene allowed by the MPAA without getting an X rating.

Pretty Woman

Richard Gere realizes, hey! She's a hooker, and drops her off at the nearest corner, and goes home to watch scrambled porn.



Dr. T And The Women: In this scene that should have been in the movie, Richard Gere comforts Helen Hunt by telling her, "A Pap smear is just like a throat culture, only you don't gag."

Runaway Bride

Richard Gere has the epiphany that Julia Roberts was a hooker in Pretty Woman, tips her a twenty and drops her ass off at the corner.

A League Of Their Own

Geena Davis gets a sex change and tries out for the Orioles.

Object Of My Affection

Paul Rudd realizes, hey this is Jennifer Aniston and

she wants me, what the hell was I thinking being gay?

Grease

All out gang war. Everybody dies.

Shakespeare In Love

Unable to convince the people of Stratford that the she is actually a woman, Shakespeare is arrested for molestation of a youth. England looks down upon s

Thelma & Louise

They drive off a cliff and die. Great ending, don't change it.

While You Were Sleeping

Peter Gallagher wakes up from his coma to find his family standing over him, but instead of Sandra Bullock by his side its Ace and Gary, the Ambiguously Gay Duo.

City Of Angels

After Meg Ryan dies, Nicholas Cage cashes in her life insurance check and blows it all on beer and hookers.

My Best Friend's Wedding

Dermot Mulroney gets Julia Roberts and Cameron Diaz into a threesome.

Ghost

Instead of communicating through Whoopi Goldberg, how about Jerry Stiller or Steve Buscemi? Or instead of bringing back the spirits of loved one's, Whoopi evokes Sam Kinison by accident.

Stepmom

Susan Sarandon dies. Oh wait, that is what happened. Good ending.

The Official Phroth Guide to Who Can Eat What In My Bed

by Nate Kushner

Jennifer Lopez: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating crackers.

Janeane Garofalo: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating cookies.

Amy Brenneman: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating pudding.

Halle Berry: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating pizza.

Angelina Jolie: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating a roast beef sandwich on rye bread.

Amanda Peet: Would not be thrown out of my bed unless she ate a roast beef sandwich on rye bread.

Bjork: Would not be thrown out of bed for eating Pönnuköökur (An Icelandic variety of pancake.)

Cameron Diaz: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating lamb curry with mint chutney.

Christina Aguilera: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating caviar.

Lauryn Hill: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating pate de fois gras.

Melissa Auf Der Mar: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating pheasant.

The late Jessica Tandy: Would not be thrown out of my bed for being eaten by maggots.



Elizabeth Hurley: Would not be thrown out of my bed for eating mild salsa with Doritos

Phroth Social Terrorists better living through misguided mirth



2 I sense injustice! Where's the nearest civil unrest?

Wow, this is a comfy couch.

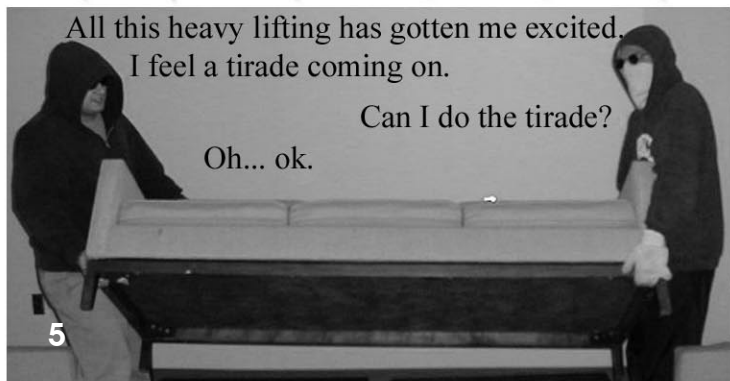


You think what I'm thinkin'? ET! Phone home?

3 No. Steal the couch for justice?



! Y e !
s

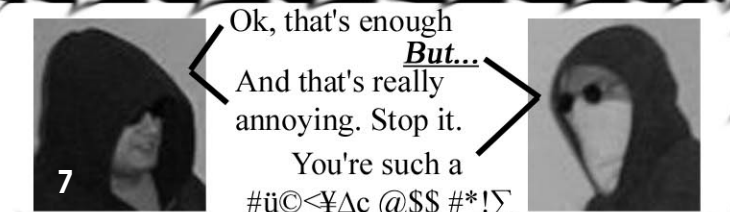


5 All this heavy lifting has gotten me excited. I feel a tirade coming on.

Can I do the tirade?

Oh... ok.

6 "Why?", you *might* ask, "Why do you feel the **need** to *steal* this couch? What **injustice** are you setting right?" Simply put, we are **rising up** against a **perverse** trend in *gender discrimination*. As many of you out there *privileged* enough to be *female* know, your bathrooms are often furnished by couches, placed there to ease *your* suffering from "*feminine problems*." Well, **we've** got our problems too. I *fantasize* about *Senators* from *Texas*, now *there's* a **problem**, a **masculine problem**. And we're going to **fix** that problem by *installing* a couch...



Ok, that's enough

But...

And that's really annoying. Stop it.

You're such a

#ü©≤¥Δç @\$\$ #*!Σ



8 Cute. :P Now, in the door



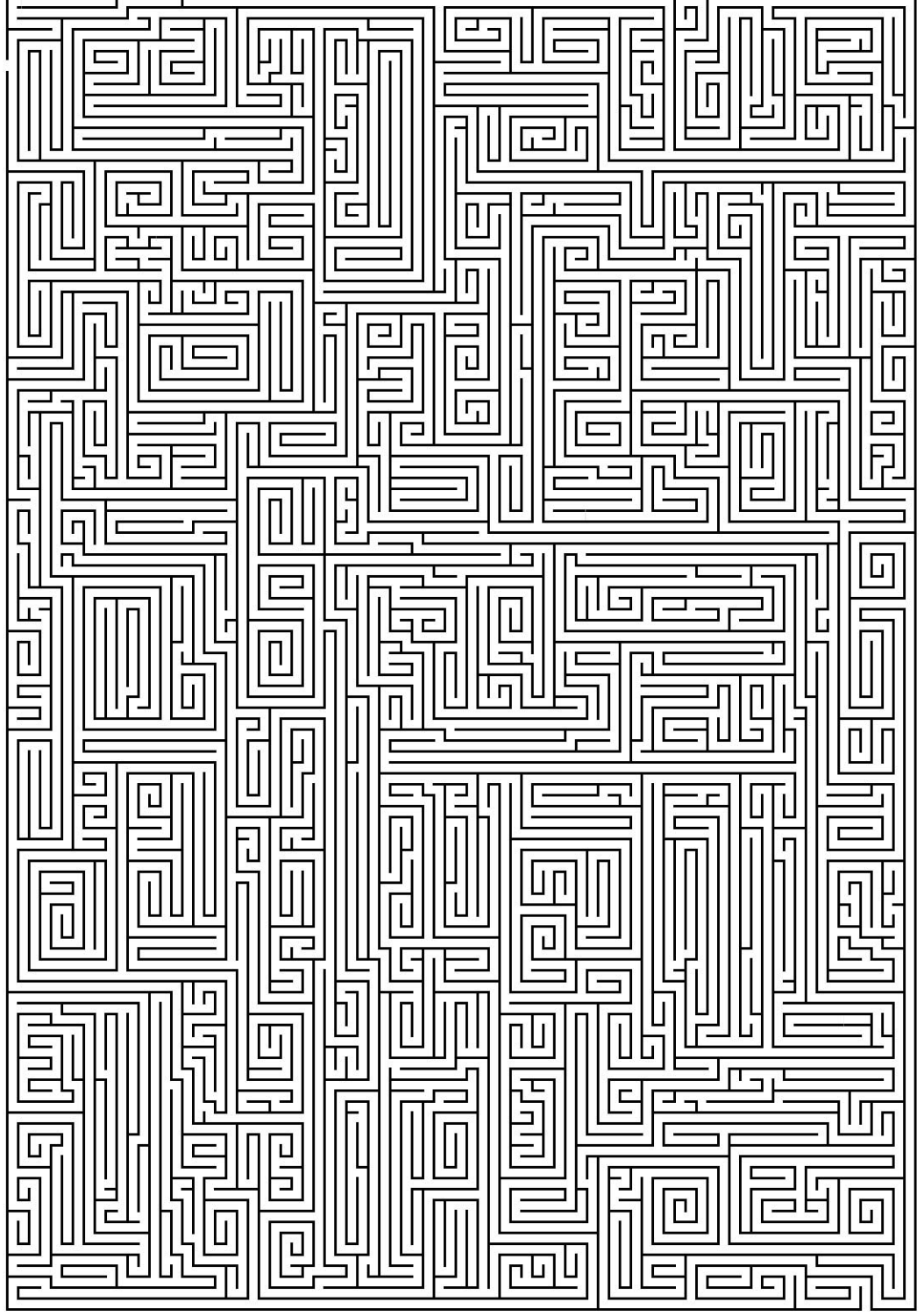
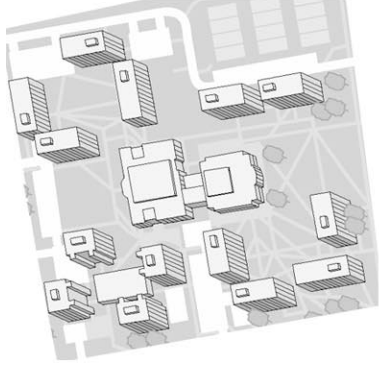
9 Mission accomplished! Well done, comrade!

You're still an @\$\$ #*!Σ



HELP THE SORORITY GIRL GET FROM EAST HALLS TO FRAT ROW

OH NO! It's Saturday Night, and there's no booze to be had at East Halls.
Help the sorority girl get to Frat Row so she can get her dose of Jacob Best.



Get To Know Your President: An Interview with Penn State University President, Graham Spanier

by Larry Palazzolo

President Spanier, thank you for granting Phroth this interview. Can I call you Graham?

My pleasure and yes, you can call me Graham. I want the students of Penn State to feel that I'm not just the President of the university but someone they can come to with any questions or concerns that they have about me and this university.

Can I call you Graham Cracker?

No.

How about G-Man?

That's a good one, but no.

So G-Man, not many people know the other side of you.

All we know is Graham Spanier University President. Will the real Graham Spanier please stand up? For instance, what do you do for fun on weekends?

Well, I like to dress up like Gene Simmons from Kiss and play my washboard.

That's creepy. Who do you like better, Backstreet Boys or N'SYNC?

No comment.

Sweaters on dogs, what's up with that?

I think they look cute actually.

So Graham, who did you have to sleep with to get this job?

I didn't sleep with anybody. I am a qualified administrator of higher learning and am fully capable of running this university. I was the Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, Vice-President for Academic Affairs at Oregon State University and Vice Provost for Undergraduate Studies at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

Oooh Chancellor, I had no idea I was in the presence of royalty, no but seriously who did you sleep with to get this job?

I already told you I didn't sleep with anyone.

If I were an ice cream cone, what would you do to me?

What kind of a question is that?

It's ok, you can tell me. No one will read this anyway.

I'm not going to answer that.

Do you have allergic reactions to latex?

I don't see what these types of questions have to do with me running this university.

Ohh it's all about ME. I'm important, look at ME. I'm the President of Penn State, pay attention to ME. Get

over yourself. So anyhow, I found it very disturbing when the Nittany Lion took its head off at the end of the 1999

season. Care to comment?

That was Marty Duff. He was the lion for the last two years. You do know that there is a person in the suit? It's not a real lion.

I suppose you're going to tell me that Santa isn't real either.

Do you take any prescribed medications?

Who's doing this interview here, me or you? I'll ask the questions, you answer them,

ok?

Would you like a Twinkie?

Yes.

Can I have a bite of that?

No.

Does this look infected?

I'm not a medical doctor. I can't really give you an answer; maybe you should go to Ritenour and have it looked at.

Do you want to lick it?

I think you should leave.



Could you be the next Ronald McDonald?

by Joe Darrah

Think YOU'VE got the credentials to be the most famous mascot for the biggest fast food chain in the world?

Take this quiz now because your life is probably going to suck either way.

1 When people ask you how are you doing? You reply...

- A. Fine, thanks.
- B. Yippie Skippy!
- C. I'll see you in hell!
- D. Do you want fries with that?

2 When you see a family eating in a restaurant, you...

- A. Leave them alone.
- B. Throw feces at them.
- C. Buy them a round of waters.
- D. Pop up from under the table and play with their kids.

3 If someone steals your french fries, you...

- A. Kindly ask for them back.
- B. Call the police.
- C. Set them on fire.
- D. Pat them on the head and say "Robble Robble."

4 Who did you vote for in the Presidential election?

- A. Al Gore
- B. George W. Bush
- C. Denis Leary
- D. Mayor McCheese

GOATS

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5**Do you have any big purple friends?**

- A. No.
- B. Yes, the head of my penis.
- C. Only when your mother wears her Saturday evening dress.
- D. Hey man, Grimace is only big boned.

6**Do you believe in magic?**

- A. No.
- B. Only if making out with your Anna Kournikova photo qualifies.
- C. Go ask the fourtune teller laying in the Shortlidge Road gutter.
- D. Yes.

7**When you sunbathe, your skin...**

- A. Becomes so tan that other people could use your sweat for oil.
- B. Darken and freckle so that you resemble a chocolate-chip cookie.
- C. Burn with the fire of a thousand suns.
- D. Isn't affected. However, white paint drips off your face like honey.

8**When it's time to go Christmas shopping, you...**

- A. Bust out the VISA
- B. Bust out the Mastercard
- C. Dig a ditch and remain in there until you end up on a milk carton.
- D. Really hope the current Happy Meal toys are solid.

9**When playing Monopoly, what do get if you land on Board-walk?**

- A. The opportunity to buy it.
- B. A rim job. But that's only when you and your girlfriend's sister play.
- C. A picture of Richard Gere being skinned alive.
- D. A sweet Filet O' Fish.

10**You mainly turn down alcoholic beverages because...**

- A. You're underage.
- B. Some saps only serve Royal Crown Gold.
- C. You don't want your liver to shrivel up like Don Knotts' mug.
- D. It's hard enough walking in this ludicrous red footwear.

11**How has Wendys' use of the 99 cent value menu changed the landscape of the fast food industry?**

- A. Great Idea. Everyone else is doing it too.
- B. It hasn't. It's still greasy food for greasy folk.
- C. Couldn't they just make it a dollar? Is it out of the question to split their wigs with the pennies left over?
- D. Screw Dave Thomas and that slut, whore Pippi Longstocking look-alike bitch of his.

Answer Key

If you answered mostly A, B, or C, then you just don't have what it takes to work in the fast paced world of McDonalds. Sorry, better luck next time. This isn't necessarily a bad thing.

If you answered D for any of the questions, then congratulations! You may be the next Ronald McDonald. Now go home and hang yourself.

A CASE AGAINST
WEATHERMEN
BY JOE DARRAH

I don't recall when the decision hit me over the head. But I definitely remember it feeling like a ton of bricks. There's a certain group of misfits in our society, invading our Tellys and ruining our near midnight snacks. They're your friendly neighborhood meteorologists a.k.a. weathermen. And I'm promoting an all-out brigade on these saps. John Baleris, Hurricane Schwartz, the goofus from the Channel 10 news that looks like a beaver, the doof from the State College newsroom-torch them all.

I wanna call up Denis Leary and have a "weathermen's skull keg party." I wanna drink beer from Al Roker's empty head. I mean seriously, how much more bunk do we have to take from these guys? Why can't they just start telling the truth? "Yeah, we've got a lot of green activity over here, some dull yellow blips over there, and some major red flashes down there. Beware the red flashes! Do they really know what these colorful flashes represent? Does snow take one of these forms? I could have sworn the stuff was white. Maybe the yellow activity is lightning?"

And what's with the standing outside all goddamn day to prove the weather conditions? These asses stand outside during rainstorms, blizzards, lightning extravaganzas, yada, yada, yada. I for one don't have to see hail balls pelting the side of Hurricane Schwartz's face to know that it's time to cancel my picnic in the park. And I don't need these guys to tell me it's sunny every five frigin' minutes. I can get off my ass and look out the window myself.

Maybe someday a tractor trailer will whisk one of these whores away as they're standing out on the highway. Another ingenious idea. I guess that's what they teach you in meteorology school, how to create more highway traffic. Is there a such thing as meteorology school? I bet they'd have classes like "Tsunamis 101" or have lectures like "Wind, Barometers, and You." They probably call each other doctors and have their own secret societies where it's like 82 degrees everyday.

I have a dream...that one day these sorry sacks of shit will be outcasted and scorned. I so much want to drive by Channel 10 studios in Philadelphia and egg John Baleris and his hair grease. A friend and I used to see him and Hurricane Fuckface giving their spiels on the way to our softball games. "Bring out the sun you horse's ass!" I distinctly remember telling Hurricane one cloudy afternoon. He didn't help us then or any other time we asked. So, to hell with him. To hell with all of them. The brigade is on. I want to get as many people as possible and ransack weather studios. I want to harass every weatherman, woman, and child by mooning them and stuff. Who's with me? Let's rain on their parade.

These asses stand outside during rainstorms, blizzards, lightning extravaganzas, yada, yada, yada. I for one don't have to see hail balls pelting the side of Hurricane Schwartz's face to know that it's time to cancel my picnic in the park.

Jackie O and Democracy vs. the Phroth Social Terrorists



The year is 2005. Jackie Kennedy is on vacation in Dallas with her adorable little puppy, Democracy. As she takes her evening constitutional, she thinks to herself, "What lovely memories this brings back!"



She strolls along, safe in the knowledge that nothing bad ever happens in the fair city of Dallas, Texas. But oh lordy lordy, how wrong she is...



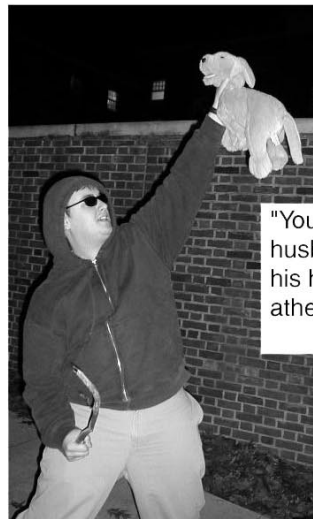
The Phroth Social Terrorists lay into the First Lady with their Soviet-Issue Commie Bludgeoning sticks. "Ouch! Oh my stars, that smarts!" says Jackie O.



"Get the puppy!"
 "Yes, let's steal the puppy! We'll take it home to Mother Russia! Stalin will have quite a feast tonight!"



"For the love of Capitalism, give me back my Democracy! Aieeee! The pain!" exclaims Jackie!



"Democracy is mine! You Mensheviks will never win the Cold War now!"

"You godless commies! If my husband still had the back of his head, he'd kick your atheistic Slavic heinies!"



"Alas, poor Democracy; I knew him."

The Score:
 Communism: 1
 Capitalism: 0
 Democracy: MIA

FLASH NEWS

stories on which the collegian blew it

State College - Last week in the back of the fresh new café Mio Zio an unidentified man cascaded bounce after bone-crushing bounce down a flight of metal stairs. The man was Amoni Horjaji.

As one witness, Amanda Herman, reports, "The metallic chime of each successive collision could be heard for about a block." The witness was walking towards College Ave from Fraternity Row when she heard the "collisions" which were actually Horjaji hitting each stair with his face.

"At first I thought it was maybe music," she claims. "Probably a calypso rendering of an Enya beat, my favorite kind, but then it resembled more the unmistakable sound of someone getting beat with a metal pipe."

Various explanations of exactly what happened are being considered, but according to well-worded police reports it was Horjaji who dealt the concussive beating, leaving the innocent stairs "marred and twisted...and presently unusable out of malicious intent." No motive has been identified but the theory that Horjaji was attempting to emulate an Enya beat has not been ruled out.

The police speculate that Horjaji has suffered no injuries. He is

in police custody but unavailable for comment because "the location of his face cannot be determined" and was unresponsive to questions, threats, or sounds of any kind. Seemingly, in taking his Miranda rights to the extreme, has refused to utter a single word since the incident.

When the police chief was asked by Phroth about the reported shards of metal and "unidentified blood" on the scene he commented, "Yes." When asked to explain: "I mean that defamation of public property is becoming increasingly serious."

Café Mio Zio maintains that the now ruined stairs are private property and the store should be reimbursed for damages. The owner happily told reporters, "Great. Now I have no stairs. That's so wonderful I can scarcely contain the unrivaled spirit-lifting joy I now fucking feel."

Police were confused by this comment and to add to this scandal Horjaji was reportedly seen walking on PSU campus a day later which is impossible since the unrecognizable Horjaji has remained in police custody since the incident. A Patrol has been dispatched to locate the imposter before more of State College's valuable stairs are ruined in cypocat fashion. **DLP**

Houston - In a Planned Parenthood abortion clinic, a Texas A&M student claiming her baby's conception was immaculate had an abortion Wednesday because she said she couldn't take on the responsibility.

The student says she planned to keep the child, but she began to have her doubts about the pregnancy. "I really knew I was in for it when a resonant voice instructed me to name the child Jesus 2," said Mary Smith, the young girl, who wishes to remain unidentified.

More complications occurred during the operation when the power went out at the hospital due to a localized lightning storm directly over the electricity plant, but power was shortly restored by the back-up generators, much to the relief of doctors and the mother. **DLP**



meow



MULLET OF THE MONTH

We at Phroth would like to include this portion of the magazine as a public service. The problem of mullet proliferation, while decreasing slightly in recent years, is an ever present one. While its true that mullets can be beautiful and peaceful creatures, the vast majority are dangerous and aggressive. Should you encounter an aggressive mullet, it is recommended that you don't show fear, as mullets will generally kick your ass for being a pussy and not accepting their challenge. This month, we give you a harmless mullet. This variety can usually be found masturbating, at Residence Life functions, or jammin' out to Styx.

A Message from The College of Liberal Arts

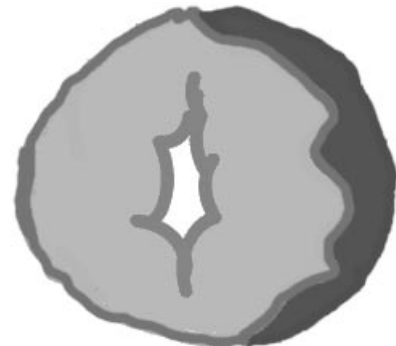
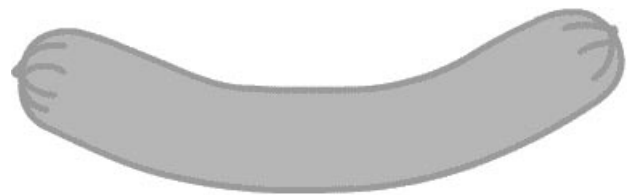
The College of the Liberal Arts is pleased to announce to students that it will be offering a new major in the coming year—Pimpology. This major is designed to allow students to develop their natural skills of salesmanship and interpersonal interaction in a challenging, fast-paced field. If your friends have ever commented on your similarity to someone who deals in prostitutes, or if you think that you might just have the ability and drive required for success in this booming industry, then this major might just be for you.

You might ask, "Now what courses might an aspiring pimp take at this fine university in order to pursue his (or her) dream?" Well, the university has developed a comprehensive plan for students hoping to pursue this major. The courses you will have to take include ESACT 672 and 819 (Girl Watching and Ho Smacking), and HIST 739 and 740 (History of Prostitution through 1864, and History of Prostitution 1865-2000). Also available for students is the Leadership specialization, where optional coursework includes classes such as Stable Administration and Gang Relations. You can also study abroad, learning techniques of prostitution on the scene, in such locations as Hamburg, Germany, or Amsterdam. You can also study "a broad", if that is your area of interest.

If being a pimp sounds like the perfect job for you, please feel free to contact any of our representatives. We'd be more than happy to introduce you to the world of Pimping! For more information, check out the College's web site at <http://www.la.psu.edu>



Uncle Phrothy: good for getting people to join Phroth, but not quite what we had in mind for a mascot.



Hot Dog and Doughnut.
By Luke Davin

I Hate Eminem

by Chris Coleman

I'd like to take this space in the magazine this month to discuss a subject that affects me, and hundreds of other students at Penn State on a daily basis. This subject is music. I love music. It's great. Not only do I like music, but I like to think that I enjoy a wide variety of music. I think its fair to say that just about everybody likes music, including all the people who live downtown in Cedarbrook. How do I know that the people in Cedarbrook like music? Well, that's simple. As anybody who lives within a two mile radius of the place can tell you, they perform a public service by making sure that everybody gets to hear the music they love so much. Not only that, but they provide other downtown residents with this service at virtually any time of night. What diligence and community-mindedness these people have! I can get entertainment at virtually any time of day or night, and I don't have to do a thing. Screw Napster, Cedarbrook is on to something here. With that said, I'd like to provide to you, Phroth readers, a list of the top ten songs that get blared from Cedarbrook balconies.

1. **Big Pimpin'**
2. **Who Let the Dogs Out?**
3. **Back That Ass Up**
4. **Some stupid Eminem song (I think its The Way I Am)**
5. **Some other song with no beat and incoherent lyrics. I think it's by DMX.**
6. **Country Grammar. This is a prime example of the genre known as "Music for retarded people." Why is this dude called "Nelly" anyway?**
- 7 - 10. **There's only six. Why only six? Because there are only six songs that get blared out of Cedarbrook windows. Either they don't listen to anything else, or they don't listen to anything else loud. I, for some reason, favor the former.**

This list reminds me of something. It reminds me that Cedarbrook sucks. No wait, that's not true. Well, it is true, but that wasn't what it reminded me of. It reminded me that music today sucks. For example, take Eminem. Here we have a guy with undeniable talent, but with a useless desire to shock the piss out of everybody. If he wants to beat his bitch or whatever, fine. That's all well and good, but why do I have to hear about it? If he could just get some decent lyrics, he could be huge. Well, he's already huge. Mostly among 16-year old kids with really big pants, but that doesn't really count.

In one of his worse songs, he sings something to the effect of "and I am whatever you say I am/If I wasn't then why would I say I am?" OK, what the hell is with that? Who writes this crap anyway? When he was writing it, what was he thinking? "Oh, I need something that rhymes with 'say I am'. Hmmm...I know...'say I am' rhymes with 'say I am'. It's perfect! I'll put it in a song! Then I'll beat my bitch some more!"

And if that wasn't bad enough, he thinks that the world is out to get him. As a fellow honky, I have to say that it really isn't that bad out there in the world for a saltine like Eminem. Nobody's forcing him sit at the back of the bus. Just because he's a rapper doesn't mean that whitey is out to get him. There is no organization whose sole purpose is to destroy Eminem, so I think he can let down the defenses, if only for a little while.

My main point here is that Eminem is a talented rapper. I don't know if he writes his own songs, but I sure hope not. If he can get some decent material, and if he can get over this silly need of his to try to scare people, I think he can make something of himself as a rapper.

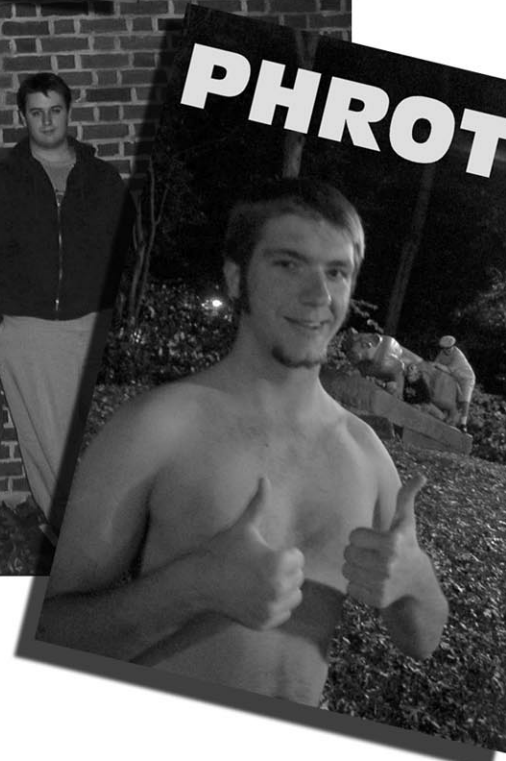
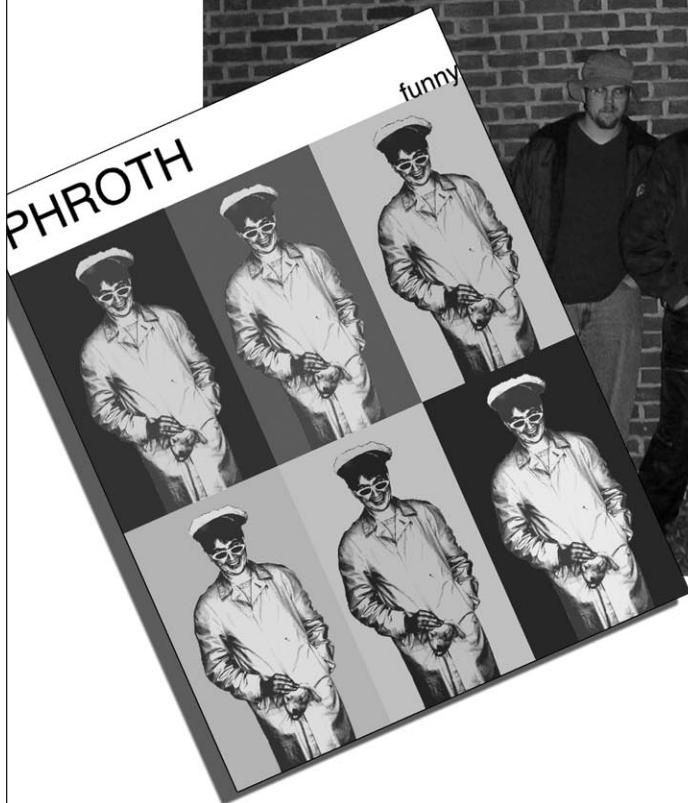
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