

Proof I Need Stronger Medication

Klaus Does Japan

Volume 3, issue 1.

For an unprecedented Third year, Proof I need stronger medication has remained both alive and true to its roots of providing me with an outlet for both good and bad feelings. but enough of the shameless self-promotion, lets get down to an update of whats new with the Proof, and how it affects you, oh all-too-patient reader

Like last year, The inaugural issue was written in summer, where prying eyes couldnt get their prying hands upon it. These eyes include parents and the all too omnipresent school board, that hasnt been a large factor yet, but Im hoping it will be. This issue is unique, in that it is being written on a third computer, one that is neither mine, nor the schools. Thats right, my mom is unwittingly providing the means for the next years issues of this publication, unless something should happen.

Now, for your knowledge and betterment, Im cluing you in to something important. www.geocities.com/reconiklaus/index.html. Its got rants you cant find anywhere else, plus updates of the progress on these issues and Pdf files of these issues for download and distribution. And its free! Take that R/AA!

And now, the inevitable guilt trip where you sit and listen to why you need to support my magazine. I promise it will be quick. I need to get my old computer fixed, if any of yall want to see a compendium of the complete proof, in all its glory. That, and paper and ink costs are pretty large. Your dollars will go to these costs, as well as covering web hosting for a planned website. Plus, donations are entirely tax deductible provided you itemize them as going to UNICEF.

That wasnt so bad, now was it? Now if you donated, Id shut up much sooner. Any comments, ideas for essays or critiques should be given directly to, whereupon they will be taken up by me and immediately ignored.

Random Thoughts

Turning Japanese

I, connoisseur

Long live the K-car!

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Random thoughts. Your ad here! 612-555-6792.

Somebody should tell fat people that low-rise jeans and midriff-baring clothes are not the clothes they should be wearing. I mean honestly, when you are hanging out of your clothes shouldn't that be a sign that perhaps this style was not designed for you?

Despite the name, the rails used in the Hiawatha line weigh as much as most other rails. In other news, my plot to reroute the line to right outside my door has been delayed once again, until I can find stronger henchmen.

There aren't many brown fireworks.

People think it's vaguely clever to say, "violence is not the answer, it's the question. The answer is 'yes'" but if you're supposed to shoot first and ask questions later, didn't you already pre-empt the answer? In the end it really doesn't matter I guess, as whomever it was you shot should be dead by then anyway.

I'm not 100% sure, but I think we can reasonably assume that I am not the second coming of Christ.

I have nothing against teenagers having sex, but I wish it would include me more often.

I'm no good at solving Rubik's cubes. I couldn't solve the 3 cube or the 2 cube. Hell, it took me an hour to get the 1 cube right.

It's really funny watching the movies from the mid 90's when cell phones were considered small compared to the cordless models of the day.

Especially now that they look so incredibly huge compared to today's.

Ever notice how when there's a fly in the room people suddenly stop whatever they're doing and develop this irrational prejudice against it. "That stupid fly is back" they say, as if they can tell the difference between the different flies. As is "that's the stupid one, and that one there is Lenny, who's just a little bit slow"

Jesus may love the little children and it's just fine, but if anybody else tries that, immediately they become Pedophiles and can't get jobs anymore. I swear, that Jesus guy has far too much power like that. Stupid Savior.

I really think this nation needs scratch-n-sniff yearbooks.

Coincidentally, it turns out that while McDonalds and Starbucks are both considered 'words' by my computers spell check, so is 'scratch-n-sniff'. It's comforting enough to be amusing.

We say "good morning" and "good afternoon" but never "good noon" On "free (dubious) health product Wednesday", I managed to score some instant packaged drink that would make me live to 70 years longer if I drank it every day. I can only get 10 more years, because Wednesday doesn't happen nearly often enough. I don't know why I find that upsetting. It's not like I'd be doing much at 150. I'd be bored of everything by then.

If you're going to be an assassin, you should at least have a good codename. "California Mountain snake"? I don't care how deadly it is, that's far too long to be spoken on your last breath. I swear, she got royally screwed in the codename department. And the eye department.

Turning Japanese

As many of you are by now tired of me bragging about, I went to Japan this summer, and you didn't. I followed in the tradition of Dave Barry, and more likely than not George Carlin. Needless to say, it was a unique experience. Mainly because I was totally fucking lost.

As you may remember me bragging about from last summer, when I went to Germany and Austria, and again you didn't. But at least there I had some idea of what was going on in the way most six year olds do. As a 'world traveler' I know that when you do the tourist thing, there's a lot of English. But stray off the beaten path and you'll get lost in translation. There I was in Europe, a teenager who could fake the necessary accent due to constant bombardment, but couldn't speak too well. They probably thought I came from some German trailer park. In Japan, I wasn't at the Faulknerian idiot man-child level. Hell, I wasn't even at David Sedaris' evil baby level. I was, well... an American Tourist. (Cue 'dun dun dun!')

Now I was told that most Japanese spoke pretty good English. Of course, this is a lie as I soon found out. Sadly, almost all spoke better English than I could speak Japanese. It took five days for "Hai!" to become a reflex, and I still don't know what the word for 'no' was. If they had asked, "are you a terrorist?" on the way back home, I'd be screwed.

On the free day, I went down to Shinjuku and Shibuya for... shopping. (Yes, I feel so metrosexual,) But I'd be entering these shops with my dad and the shop owner would greet us, to which I'd respond "domo", which is the Japanese equivalent of "aloha", only with about 40 more meanings in it. It's the ignorant foreigner's best friend. Usually, I'd spend about 5 minutes there after which point I'd attempt to say "arigato", fail horribly, and leave. I never wanted to buy anything, I just wanted to get some AC, because it was honestly like 90 degrees out there. I really wish I'd known the phrase 'just looking around', to justify my presence.

The hardest moment was at Mo's burger (I'll talk more about that later). I wanted my mo's burger my fries and my drink, but the cashier guy didn't quite understand. And this wasn't a case where I could attempt to order in Spanish, as with most American fast food places. There might have been some sort of lunch special that would have saved us half a million yen (\$1.50), but the details were entirely in Japanese. The cashier guy kept pointing to it, forgetting that I had no clue in hell what it said. I wanted to appeal to the guy about the unfairness of it all, "listen, I know you are just doing your job, but I'm an ignorant American, and If you don't give me my goddamn mo's burger, I'm gonna come behind that counter and rip your fucking head off" Ten minutes later, thanks to some very good pointing at the menu, the issue was solved without unnecessary loss of life.

It was kinda creepy not being able to know what was going on. I guess that's quite obvious, but it's a lesson all of you have got to learn. Like 'don't play with fire' Honestly. I wonder why I trust you with matches.

It turns out that a quarter pounder with cheese is still a quarter pounder with cheese, even with the metric system. Take that Tarantino!

I, connoisseur.

With all due respect to Isaac Asimov, I based the title off one of his books. If you don't know which one, I reserve the right to smack you. It's okay, because after this new Will Smith flick he's probably spinning in his grave fast enough to power the metrodome, were you to attach a generator to his remains.

But what remains is that during my trip to Japan I had to eat, and I didn't want to eat at McDonalds or Starbucks. Heaven forbid. So, I'll tell you about my food-related incidents and experiences while I was in Japan. Please don't drool on the paper: it'll ruin the next essay.

Of course as we all know you can get all kinds of stuff from vending machines, right? Well, yeah you *can* get stuff, but there's not too many of the vending machines that have schoolgirls' underwear, sadly. Thus, the first stop on our culinary tour is Vending machine food. There are lots of drink vending machines, usually selling canned drinks, but drinks in cups are sold as well. You've got Aquarius, which is like non-carbonated Fresca, Pocari Sweat, which is just plain weird, and some sort of drink with aloe vera chunks floating around in it. I guess that's for when you accidentally lacerate your esophagus. There was also Qoo, which was my comfort drink, to ease the pain of having no idea what was going on. I'd be drowning my sorrows in qoo, glaring at the oh-so-cute mascot who's smiling, despite having clearly lost an ear. I called him 'Vince'

They also have food in them thar' vending machines. Naturally, I took the bait. The way it works is you put your money in, press the button and wait. That's because the tiny illuminated character that kinda looks like the kikoman logo must mean that it's all out. So you have to settle for something else, like fried chicken. Again, put in the money, wait and then pick up the little box that rises from the bowels of the machine like Christ on Christmas. Or Easter. I forget which. Just so you know, the food is unbearably hot. That's to kill all your taste buds, because quite frankly, it's pretty bad. I mean were talking about it makes KFC taste like Spago's chicken special (I assume they have one). If I can say such a phrase.

The other amusing thing was the Mo's burger. All it is, is a chili burger. Not that such a concept is unfathomable, but it's still cool. We have chili dogs, but I've never seen a chili burger. Who said chili, when served on meat, has to be served on oblong pieces of meat? The age of the circle is now!

But I did have "Japanese" food too. I had Pocky, which is like crack, only in stick candy form. I shudder at the thought of all those poor pocky babies that are born. I mean, Women love it because it's covered in chocolate. Men love it because they've got a variant called 'men's pocky' it's masculine Dammit! Surprisingly, the men's kind is still covered in chocolate. But you can have your nori, your sushi, the squid jerky (as if it wasn't chewy enough) your three liter beers (instant party kit. It even comes with a co2 cartridge), even your pocky, but give me my qoo.

No seriously. GIVE ME MY QOO! I'm in withdrawal here.

Long Live the K-car!

Yeah, I know here we go with another rant about cars. Actually, this time it's not entirely about the inherent stupidity of the SUVs. Notice my use of the word entirely. This time, it's to inform you about the dangers of driving in Japan. That, and a little history. But history first, just because I'm not entirely sure how to approach the topic, due to the fact I didn't do any (legal) driving while in Japan.

Okay, flash backwards to the early-mid 1980's. Most of you weren't born yet, and if you were you were too busy doing things like wetting your pants to care. This may be hard to comprehend, but there was a gas shortage. Okay, that may be not too hard to comprehend, but then they actually gave a shit and did something about it. All the foreign car manufacturers had cheap, efficient cars that were reliable, while we had not much 'cept the Pinto. So Chrysler came up with the K-car, which was the answer to the pressure of foreign cars that were good. Surprisingly, I'm gonna have to leave it at that, just because the cars weren't very dangerous, nor notoriously bad. Nowadays, the k-cars are absolute crap-piles that nobody would want to drive, except for them po' folk.

Now you're either thinking, "so how does this relate to Japan?" or "I could really use a sandwich right now" Now the crazy thing is that they actually have a class of cars in Japan called "K-cars" from *kei*, meaning light. Needless to say, these cars are small, reliable and Japanese. One of these cars is the Suzuki Twin. The car is teeny. It's so fucking small I actually had to sink to the level of using the word "teeny" I mean, you could probably jump the length of the car from a standing start, if you wanted to. The car is no longer than 6 feet long. It's smaller than those cars outside the grocery store that cost a quarter. The engine isn't much bigger than a weed whacker's, and it's got wheels that would look small on a golf cart.

Of course they also have some pretty cool cars there. They have the Scion XB, but it's called the Toyota bB. Yes with the funky capitalization. I'm not sure how you'd go pronounce that: beeBEE? Bu'buh? Bubba? That isn't the only car that got lost in translation. You've got the Daihatsu Move, the Suzuki Every, the Toyota WiLL Cypha, the Nissan Cedric, the Toyota SurferAce, TownAce and HiAce, as well as the Suzuki Jimny (as in cricket) the Honda Lapin, and the Nissan Cube.

Now, they also have just enough space to drive these cars over there. Unfortunately, they happen to drive on the wrong side of the road. And so many of the side streets are not only one way, but are lacking sidewalks and are about as wide as most doorways. Combine that with a road system that was apparently drawn by an Irishman on absinthe, and you can see why they charge six bucks for a taxi.

And yes, I did see an SUV, a Hummer H2 with roughly 25 inch rims. That has got to be the most obnoxious vehicle to drive in Tokyo, simply because it's American. Yes, we really do suck that bad. So remember my (omnipresent) mantra: Just say no to SUVs. And sandwiches.

Bubba would want you to.