

Proof I need Stronger Medication.

A great big ketchup stain on the shirt of literature

Hello, there readers. Yes, it's Klaus (as though there were others who copy my writing style). I must apologize for the last issue not being in print. Well deal with it. This one isn't going to be either. It's gonna be on the website.

Now before you get all worked up in a tizzy, just calm down and have a cool, refreshing glass of mint juice. (I ran out of cherry) I have some clear-cut reasons for going this route. First is how I have no way to print the issues with any sense of rapidity. I can't do that at school, because it's not only inconvenient, but also FLAGRANTLY illegal. I also cannot complete this task at home, as the elders don't entirely approve of the content herein. So unless any of y'all can hook me up with the necessary printing thingys, I'm going my route.

Secondly, I really want to drum up publicity for the site. More than I have now. Having it exclusively online allows for greater flexibility, as I can upload the text in an instant, change it to a PDF, text file or whatever. I'm also going to have the old issue as a text file on the site, and I'm going to take the PDF down soon. That way the frequent readers can see it as it was meant to be.

Finally, it encourages others to spread the word at their disposal. If I print copies, there are a limited number (never more than 20) but by having it online, people who love the site can print off copies for all their friends, encouraging the spirit of pass-it-on that was so rampant in the 1st issue. Well, had I printed more than 1 there would have been that spirit.

Okay, I know this issue is a little bit behind, but I'm working my ass off trying to get everything done. That being said, I'll try to get as many in as I can this year. Probably less than ten, but I'm still on track for completing my complete compendium "95 Feces: the collective rants of Klaus" (tentative title) As of now, I've got about 49, so it's all good. Just buy the book damn it. Even more finally, it will make my Great Experiment, all the greater. What is this great experiment, you ask? Well, let's just say I think I might be able to make the news with it. I expect to bring it about with the Next issue, so please don't plan on dying anytime soon.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Random Thoughts

I Have Lost all Respect in the Iowa Punk Scene

Your Car Sucks, so Shut Up about it Already

I will Survive.

(c) Nick Muellerleile Enterprises Inc. Not to be used for the other use. Do not hanging from heat lamp or the fire might come out. Have happy time while in use and remembering to know all is in jest. (Brought to you by whomever it is I'm offshoring this issue to)

Random Thoughts: individually wrapped to increase obscurity
A certain individual has accused me of copying George Carlin with these bits. Let's be reasonable here. How, honestly, can he lay claim to this sort of thing? It's not like any joke shorter than 90 words is copyright violation.

I'm pretty sure I'd be an awesome father. Although the reasons I think I would be are the same reasons the Hendersons won't let me baby sit anymore. They'd have learned those words anyway.

There are some things you just can't break: Most world records, traditions and puppies.

George Washington slept around.

You use the same words to describe playing most wind instruments and acts of sodomy. Especially the French horn. But it's French, so what'd you expect?

I'm not worried about a vast left wing conspiracy, or a vast right wing one. It's just that darn middle wing we don't ever hear about. They've been a little...too quiet recently.

You know how whenever you get food you find out tastes really bad, how you just eat a little bit and then claim to be full? I think that's how the "loaves and fishes" thing worked out. I'm pretty sure Jesus wasn't a very good cook.

I tried cleaning my iPod recently using toothpaste. Believe it or not, it worked and now it's a little less dirty and will fight cavities for 8 hours. All that flossing is a real bitch, though.

Okay, so this one time I was IM-ing the girlfriend of Elijah Wood. At least that's what she said. And come to think of it, I'm not even sure she was a woman. So does this even qualify as an event?

Ever wonder what would have happened if Jesus had been born in a trailer park? Probably be more allusions to honky-tonk music, Ford pickup trucks and wrasslin' in the gospels. It'd prevent most from sleeping in church for once, however.

I want to institute a ban on Caucasians using any word ending in "izzle". Also, anyone caught using the phrase "fo shizzle my nizzle" or any derivative will be shot on site.

I am of the opinion that the weblog is something that really doesn't need to exist. 95% of them out there are about wholly uninteresting people. That and the thing where they type EvErY OtHeR LeTtEr As A CaPiTaL OnE. Come on if it's giving me eye seizures, how do you expect me to care worth a damn about it?

I have lost all Respect for the Iowa Punk Scene

Okay, so while I was debating in Iowa, the school had all these posters with “about me” biographies on them. Most of them were ass-boring, and all but one of the chicks had that sort of unbearably perky blonde look. I swear, all the girls looked exactly the same. Adolf would be proud. That’s because Iowa isn’t known for its’ non-conformists and free thinkers. California is overrun with them, but Iowa has roughly 12. and that’s only because some people accidentally checked the “non-conformist” box on the census.

But seriously, non-conformists and conformists are essentially the same. The big pressure in society isn’t to conform, it’s to think for yourself. Want proof? I challenge you to name a movie made in the last decade where the message was “be like everyone else” Ten bucks says you can’t name 5 that grossed more than a million bucks.

“But what about social pressure?” you ask. Exactly. Society also wants us to think different, and to be ourselves. And here’s where the two become one. Most people are dumb, unimaginative dolts. But I’m sure you already knew that, looking at our school. So these dolts try and emulate a group that has legitimate reasons for being different, by buying the total kit, and listening to conversations and picking up buzzwords. They don’t necessarily care about what they supposedly stand for, just so long as it’s “different”. And that, Virginia, is why the anarchist movement has been bastardized.

This makes things confusing. If people really want to be non-conformists, they have a very limited swath to take. Either, they go to new dangerous and uncharted territory, and risk being tossed in the loony bin, or do the unthinkable: don’t conform by conforming. Go back all the way to the standards set up in the 1950’s (or whenever) be the straight as an arrow narrow minded asshat those eras loved. That’ll show them.

But consider the heart wrenching irony. The preps will no longer be the most conservatively dressed ones in this shithole. (we’ll still hate their guts, but at least we’ll be able to steal their clothing and use it)

Yeah, now for those of you who have headaches over the conformity is nonconformity thing just don’t worry about it, and focus on laughing at that one chick named madonna

Your Car Sucks, so Shut Up about it Already

Okay, I don't have a car, but I can now drive. We all know that. Now would I sell my soul to have whatever car comes along next? Hell no. Not here in Minnesota (motto: oh shit, it froze again.) And Especially not this close to the school, because let's get this out of the way: Most of your cars suck. Hard.

Okay, I'll grant my Chuck Taylors aren't nearly as fast as your car, at least I'd like to be seen in my shoes. Your Honda that's half primer? Nope.

Okay, I'll grant that the "import racing scene" has basically every male between the ages of 15 and 25 wanting to modify their car. Some people are actually good at it. Not you. But you have to be taught the ways of the Klaus 'well fucking duh' school.

First and foremost: get a car that's actually worth money. If I can buy a new golf cart for more than your car, it ain't enough. And no, you can't make up the difference by modifying it. Shit painted blue is still shit. If you can't afford a nice car, get your loser friends to help. Or take the bus. There's no shame in riding the same vehicle Hobo Wally uses.

Okay, now that you actually have a good car, let's not forget the basic rule of wheels: you should have no less than 4 rims for the car. The "only 2 rims on the car" look was popular for about 3 seconds in 1974 during an intense acid trip.

There are some things you're supposed to paint: over the primer coat, and those plastic things you put on the bottom to make the car lower and therefore 'Pimping'. Primer is like your ass: I should never have to see it. Yes even if you're a chick.

Finally, even if your car somehow manages to fit all of these criteria, it still doesn't mean you can rev your engine multiple times to sound menacing. No matter how many times you turn that key, you're still going to be in a 94 honda. The one you bought working at McDonalds. All that says is "I am not only an asshole, but a loud one at that. Cower in my might"

And for gods sake, please don't drive like you're in the indy fucking 500. you're in high school. There's nowhere you really need to be anyway. You aren't that important, and considering this is a public, urban high school, you probably won't ever be. In any event, I recommend you sell that piece of shit you own.

Hobo Wally wants to make an offer.

I Will Survive.

Recently, I was given the opportunity to go to one of those hippie schools. I believe they're called "alternative learning centers" but the same concept applies. Basically, No teachers, just lounging around completing the "standards" you're expected to. Okay, so I was intrigued. And seriously considering it.

Now, before you ask why I'm not enrolling there, let's get one thing straight. I need material to write these things. 6 pages of "lounging in my cube is fun" doesn't cut it. I draw my material from one source: general cynicism.

What this means is I need something to be cynical against. Some huge impending force, like the tyranny of the schools. Or Walmart stores. Or how yahoo won't let me say "fuck" in chatrooms. Fucking wimps. It's not like we haven't heard it before.

That's why I'd rather not move to Canada should president Cheney decide to reinstitute the draft. Yeah, it's really convenient, but what benefit does it serve me? Moving away legitimizes the threats of the thing which started this whole proof: the war in Iraq. I'm not moving to Canada. I'd rather stay here, and live my life, trying to escape the system which so desperately needs me.

I don't want to go to war, but If there's no reasonable alternative, I will. Not because I feel it's my duty, but because I will have a new tyrant to oppose. It's a necessary evil. Like working at walmart. Much as I oppose the place, I'd work there if I had not many other options. Hobo is on my list of alternatives, however.

Now before you accuse me of feeding into the vast right wing conspiracy, remember: I'm actually taking a pretty dangerous stand here. Not because I'm gonna get mugged by a deranged fan, but because people generally don't want to suffer. But suffering is good. Sorta. So long as it isn't too bad. And so long as there's a definite end. Not that there exists a phrase "a moderate amount of suffering" 40 lashes with a wet noodle comes close. Or watching a Richard Simmons workout tape.

In retrospect, I guess I don't have much to complain, as I'm not going to the hippie school.

They sorta denied my application. Fucking hippies.