

Junk

Windows 2000 vs. Pencil & Paper:  
The Ultimate Benchmark

# ePasquinade

(formerly "Chinese Boater's World")

October 2000

Issue 2

## Junk



Old Jokes



Plastic

## eDitorial

**FRED SANFORD AWOKE TO DARKNESS**, a surprise as he was accustomed to sleeping with a small night light in the increasingly likely event he would require the use of the restroom in the inky blackness of night. Damned bulb musta burned out, he thought.

"Lamont!" he called out. But something was amiss. His voice sounded odd, confined, as if he were in some sort of box. Reaching up, to his sides, he felt cloth, silk, and the clothing on his body wasn't his usual bedtime attire. He was wearing his Sunday suit. But where were his shoes and what was—

Suddenly a revelation. The irate customer at the junkyard asking for some very unique items. An iron cauldron. Eye of Newt. Australian Dingo-berries. This wasn't any ordinary customer, he'd realized, but a

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**ePasquinade** is an occasionally monthly publication for very small quantities of occasional. Volume 1, Number 2, is no exception. It is published during a fool moon (which is similar to a full moon, only better at ad libbing) in a dark, dank cellar by scary, hairy monsters who eat little kids for breakfast and is available for download each month at <http://members.home.net/pasquinade>. **Submissions:** Email your ASCII text submissions to [epasquinade@hotmail.com](mailto:epasquinade@hotmail.com) or mail to us at *National Pasquinade*; Post Office Box 535; Occoquan, VA 22125. **Subscriptions:** Send an email to [ePasq-Announce-subscribe@topica.com](mailto:ePasq-Announce-subscribe@topica.com) and we'll send out an email when the next issue is available for download. It's free, so you have no excuse.

## Marforio

**From:** WTFB2@webtv.net

(William Buckley, Jr.)

Dude! You've gotta show up over at Thomas' house tonight! Huge party, dude! Tommy swiped his dad's wallet and bought two kegs, man. We're gonna get wasted and sit in a big circle and read excerpts from the latest Tom Clancy novel. God, this party's gonna rule!

Oh, and Angelo got this great reefer so we're gonna hang out later and write letters to the National Review on his oversized rolling papers. Don't forget your Roget's, man.

—W.T.F. Buckley, Jr.

**From:** chuck@woodsman.com

In answer to your query regarding falling trees making sounds if no one is there to hear, well, I don't know. I *do* know I just stepped in bear shit.

**From:** pghippo@jerryskids.com

I just watched the closing ceremonies of the 2000 Olympics and would just like to say, "Bravo!" to the International Olympic Committee for all the new exhibition events you added. The "Star Search" event was spectacular, as was that event where you had those remote control robots destroying each other. So much coverage on the network and cable channels made this year's 24/7 coverage the best ever.

—Walter Rollie

P.S. What was with those boring people locked in the house? That's one event I won't be anticipating for the 2004 Games.

**From:** HenryVIII@fordmotor.com

Recent findings by the Ford Safety Council are conclusive. Our Ford Explorer models are among the safest SUVs on the road today. Firestone tires, on the other hand, were found to be

# The Monthly Exclamation!

Volume 17, Number 2

October 2000

## INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION TO OPEN A STARBUCK'S

**GEOSYNCHRONOUS ORBIT, EARTH (eP)**—A joint venture was announced this week between Starbuck's Coffee and the sixteen partnership nations involved in bringing the world an international space station. The venture was voted on unanimously by the parties involved during a 122-hour global teleconference.

Asked to comment on the announcement, Peter Ingglsskölsskölöhansson, the Swede who proposed the idea to the joint committee, said that with the sessions running long into the night the idea came to him suddenly [like a pufferfish sucking on a Pixy Stick in a Bergman film] to have a coffee shop on the station. "If the crew is hopped up on caffeine," Ingglsskölsskölöhansson said, "the station will likely be completed ahead of schedule."

Ingglsskölsskölöhansson went on to say that he also recommended a McDonald's, a giant hamster wheel, a high-capacity sports arena, and a 50-gallon goldfish tank be installed as well.

## POLES SUE GOV'T

In a surprise move, the people of Poland have filed a lawsuit against the Polish government. The people allege that the country's use of the name "Poland" is derogatory to Polish residents. They are suggesting the country's name be changed to "Germany."

## NAVY REVISES U.S.S. COLE STORY YET AGAIN

**WASHINGTON, D.C. (eP)**—The Navy has given yet another new account of how the terrorist attack on the USS Cole went down earlier this month, saying that when it was approached by the small explosive-laden boat, they thought it was a practical joke.

"You know how it is on your birthday," said Ensign Thomas Dickenerry. "We were expecting the guys to do something wacky and when we saw the boat coming, we figured it was a gag. Those terrorists were pretty hairy guys so we thought they were wearing gorilla costumes. By the time they were close enough for us to read the big 'TNT' stencils on the barrels they were hauling, it was too late."

sub par, failing on every test to which we subjected them. It's all documented in our new 430-page white paper outlining tests we performed by placing the tires on various models of sports utility vehicles, luxury sedans, sport coupes, sub-compacts, minivans, go karts, Hot Wheels brand toy cars, as well as a tire fire at the C. Everett Koop Junkyard and Petting Zoo in a remote suburb in Western Connecticut (the Firestone tires wouldn't light).

So, before you start placing blame on the fine folks at Ford Motor, re-evaluate Firestone's inadequacies. Read our report (\$18.95, Simon & Schuster; at fine bookstore and import auto body shops everywhere).

**From: phil.collins@philcollins.com**  
(Phil Collins)

Just to show there are no hard feelings over your calling me an asshole in your last issue, I've composed a beautiful song about your warmth and kindness. Unfortunately, the Disney lawyers caught me at it and won't let me print it in this letter. So, you see, the Disney lawyers are the real assholes. —Phil Collins

**From: hendersoni@marconi.net**  
(Ida Henderson)

I still haven't heard back yet about my last idea for an article to be printed in your magazine. But the professor at the Correspondence School says I should keep writing and submitting. With that said, I include for your consideration a piece I thought of while baking an apple pie for my three wonderful teenagers, Becky, Todd, & Percival. It's called *Political Smells* and I believe it is very topical with the elections coming so soon. Oh, my pie is burning. Toodles. —Ida

**From: amusician@fish.net**

Help! Someone, please! My letter's been stolen!

# Ask Ms. Paranoia

*Jimbo Masterfield, 27, writes: "This cop just pulled me over and asked me to breath onto his flashlight. Should I?"*

Gentle Reader:

As dear Mother always said, "Policemen should be seen and not heard." In other words, law enforcement should operate strictly as a silent threat because the instant they speak up they make fools of themselves. Now, Ms. Paranoia is not advocating wholesale rebellion against law enforcement officials simply because they open their mouths on occasion. She is simply advising you that when a policeman tells you to breathe on his flashlight, you should definitely look askance.

Gendarme faux pas aside, never ever allow a policeman to remove your bodily fluids or analyze your breath. It's all part of the vast Government Conspiracy to Clone a New America. This is a relatively new phenomenon, the scope of which is just starting to be understood. Conspiracy experts are just beginning to uncover the true nature of this evil plot. At the last Conspiracy Experts and Rosicrucians Against Politically Prosperous Yesmen (CeRAPPY) convention, Ms. Paranoia was fortunate enough to attend a lecture by the great Dr. Randy T. Nager. He brought forth astounding evidence that, using DNA obtained through blood donations, breathalyzer, urine, and blood tests, and gum that has been spit out on the pavement, They are slowly but surely cloning the entire nation, raising these clones in a vast network of underground tunnels. Eventually, once They have replicated the entire population and trained these new citizens to unflinching and unswerving loyalty, They will activate the detonation chips implanted in all our necks at birth, and start afresh with a devout nation of brainless drones.

Gentle Reader, do not breathe on the flashlight. Run the opposite direction and use your fifteen minutes of fame on Fox's *Best of Criminals Running from the Law and Getting Hit by Mack Trucks* to speak out against this dreadful conspiracy. Ms. Paranoia suggests finding a nice doctor to remove your DestructoChip™ so you don't get exploded in mid-speech. She also suggests you find a nice underground bunker to retire to.

*Dr. Hymie Rumpelstiltskin, 54, asks: "What's the difference between impotence and erectile dysfunction? Does either entitle you to a discount in restaurants?"*

Gentle Reader:

As dear Mother used to say, "Your father was never very good in the sack but he sure was a great fly fisherman." What Ms. Paranoia means to say is, there are some things we just don't need to know, thank you very much.

However, Ms. Paranoia will endeavor to answer your question. The difference, Gentle Reader, is quite simple: Bob Dole has erectile dysfunction, and everyone else is impotent in preventing him from talking about it. To illustrate: just last week, coincidentally enough (although Ms. Paranoia firmly believes there are no coincidences and quite possi-

From: puffy@combs.net

Not stolen. Sampled.

From: honey@mustard.com

I was flipping through your first issue with my seven year old son when I came across some pretty strong language, especially in that bit you did on the History Channel where you refer to Hitler as "a coward and a dingleberry." My family and I are white, God-fearing dingleberries. We attend our town's monthly KKK rallies as a family unit and are proud of that fact. We resent the insinuation that Hitler was anything less than a dingleberry and we will not read any more of your magazine.

Unless you show more boobies. e

## Jaded Press Clippings

Selma Troyanoski, 53, a county board member and substitute teacher, was chased by four squad cars. When finally stopped, she refused to get out of the car and had to be pulled from the vehicle—with nothing on below her waist. She blames her nutty behavior on an herbal tea with St. John's wort. (Milwaukee Journal Sentinel)

Mary Ann Haley, 43, a self-proclaimed Don Henley fan, is seeking unspecified compensatory and punitive damages against the former Eagle. The lawsuit alleges that Henley threw a maraca at Haley, hitting her in the forehead, for standing to take a photograph during an early October concert. He then pointed at her and said he would appreciate no more flash photography. (AP)

Complaints of an overwhelming stench from a Belen, New Mexico, home turned up the body of Kathleen Morgan, 84, and over 130

Confucius say "Whazzup!"

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# Dimples

BY LEO GODA

Tom stared at the blank blue screen on his sixteen year old PC from Radio Shack. The cursor was flashing steadily. The computer's small fan sounded like a propeller laboring through an uncharted sea. From the innards of the components came an electrical buzz, reminding him of a miniature power station. A subtle smell of ozone added to the electrical ambiance of the den's computer corner. This was an electrical site where the electrons in Tom's brain somehow manipulated his muscles which in turn tapped the various keys that controlled the circuits at his command in a crude simulation of God-like powers, but Tom, of the God-like powers, continued to stare stonily ahead, as if he were some kind of stone-boy.

He had had an idea for a short story which he intended to submit to his college's literary magazine. Just as he had sat down to type his name it occurred to him that next year's batch of students in Mrs. Nestle's creative writing class would be critiquing his story.

"I was stopped here," was a typical comment the class, including Tom, had used over and over to indicate some rough spot the author had not "finished" well enough to suit the freshly-keenened literary senses of the novice critics. Tom groaned.

Various voices from the past semester haunted him now, immobilizing his leaden hands: "I got the impression the writer was trying to be clever;" "I thought the author couldn't think of a word so he, or she, went to a thesaurus and selected one that doesn't really seem to fit;" "It doesn't sound...well, realistic, you know?"

He tried hard to recollect the ideas that rolled through his brain during the dozen times he had checked the bedside alarm clock the night before when the stress of completing a story for the magazine ruined his sleep. "Why didn't I put that pad and pen by the bed, like I keep telling myself to do?" he thought. He remembered bits of possible scenarios and undeveloped themes. "Something about a student turning in a story but not revising it a lot because there was so much else to do," he muttered aloud.

Elaine, Tom's wife, had been passing the den, and upon hearing his voice supposed he was talking to her. "Tom, do you want to eat soon? And, you are coming to my Christmas concert tonight, right?"

"Sure, I might as well get something done right tonight."

"What do you mean?"

Tom rose from his chair and stretched. "I got so much I'm trying to do that I'm doing everything half-ass. Know what I mean?"

"Of course. I gotta pick up Diane and Fred, serve dinner, sing in the concert tonight... I could really use some help."

"Yeah, sure. I'll pick up Diane and Fred."

"No, I have to swing by them. You can set the table and straighten up, okay?"

"Sure."

"So what's the problem with the writing thing?"

Tom gestured to the blank screen. "I can't get anything on the screen."

"Something wrong with the computer? Say, did you accidentally hit 'hold'? Yesterday when I was at Sally's, no wait... it was—"

"No, it's not the computer; it's me. I don't think I have the time

mostly dead cats. A half inch of cat feces covered the floors in the house. "There were over 130 cats in there," said Valencia County Fire Marshal John Cherry, "and probably three-quarters of them had died and were in various stages of decomposition." Neighbors said they'd seen three or four cats occasionally but hadn't known she kept so many. (Albuquerque Journal)

A couple in a meadow near Brnicko village in the eastern Czech Republic were enjoying a romantic encounter when the driver of a tractor decided to take a short cut through the field, cutting the couple's encounter short. Until doctors and insurers investigated the origins of their injuries weeks later, said injuries—the man's buttocks and the woman's chest—remained unknown. (Reuters)

The "eezeewee," a reusable device with a plastic cup and a pipe that allows women to urinate while standing is now patented in 106 countries. It will be in stores around the world by the end of the year. "Having a wee has never been so easy," said Stephan Odendaal, managing director of Mouldmed, the South African company that invented the device. "It even has a handy, discreet carrying pouch so it can be taken everywhere. One of these can last a woman a lifetime." (Reuters)

A performance artist, Dona Nieto, a.k.a. La Tigresa, has started a new women's movement against logging redwoods by exposing her breasts and reciting poetry to loggers. (Reuters)

A Croatian policeman and his fiancée, intent on a suicide pact, shut themselves in a car, took handfuls of sleeping pills with alcohol and attached a hose to the car's ex-

and energy to turn in something really good. So I don't feel like turning in anything, but that makes me feel bad, too."

"At work, we have this sign. 'Do your best and forget the rest.' That's what I do, otherwise, I never get anything done.

"Damn. You're right." Tom slapped his knee. "I'm just going to sit down and type something out. This story thing for the literary magazine—it's like a voluntary thing. I don't have to finish it perfect. In fact if I make a lot of errors it could help."

"How's that?" Elaine raised an eyebrow.

"Well, if it's great the students can only write stuff like "I loved it" or "It was really clever," but if it has mistakes in it then they can put a lot of comments on the page... see? They can practice critiquing on it."

"So, if you want to do something nice, you do a lousy job, and if you do a good job then you're being selfish and...not helping the students." Elaine tilted her head sideways adding elevation to her raised eyebrow. "Do you really think that makes sense?"

Tom laughed. "Honey, I got deadlines. I can't afford to make sense. I'm just going to write stuff and hit 'print.'" Tom sat down and began to type.

Elaine watched him peck away as bright white letters popped onto the screen, forming a line that stretched across the field of blue. "You remind me of a child at play," she said. "I envy you. You're having so much fun."

"Yeah, well, it's a lot of work, too. And, we have rules to follow."

"Like what?"

"Like you can't put anything in a short story that doesn't advance it. If we see a rifle, it's got to have something to do with the story."

"Huh! I never thought of that," said Elaine as she dusted her M18A1 antipersonnel Claymore mine and its m57 firing device.

"And we need metaphorical stuff...like symbols...signifying...stuff."

"Really? I never get that symbolism stuff." Elaine then drew a swastika on a rotting pumpkin, sang two verses from "Cats" (in Swedish), and hopped on one foot over to their aluminum Christmas tree (made in China) where she hung her bronzed baby shoes on the second lowest branch.

"But that's not the worse of it."

"Yeah?"

"You can't change point-of-view."

"Huh?"

"Like you're only supposed to let the reader see things through one person's eyes."

"Huh!"

"Gee," Tom thought, "this is going right over her head."

"Or what'll happen?"

"What d'yah mean, 'what'll happen??' You just can't, that's all. It's not done. It's taboo, forbidden, really bad."

"What a load of crap," thought Elaine.

Suddenly two sets of clouds blocked the sun. Four shadows.

"Oh, no! You changed POV. This is the end of life-as-we-know-it, Elaine."

"Oops!"

And they were much afraid. (But, don't tell anyone I told you.) e

haust. When that failed, the policeman fired his gun through his right temple. When the shot didn't kill him, his girlfriend gave up and called an ambulance. Both lived. (Reuters)

A 23-year old volunteer fireman, identified as Zsolt F., has caused nearly \$600,000 in damage to pine woods and houses around a village in southern Hungary. Zsolt told police he'd felt an irresistible inclination to set ablaze the dry forest floor with his lighter. The report did not say whether he helped extinguish the fires he caused. (Reuters)

One problem encountered by the women's water polo team at the Sydney Olympics involved frequent ripping of the player's swimsuit tops. While the European players would unabashedly play on, the American and Australian players would scurry to the edge of the pool and cover up. (Reuters)

A recent U.S. study shows that, in addition to being an irritating habit, snoring makes you stupid by depriving the body of oxygen and killing brain cells. (Reuters)



Seen an odd story in your local newspaper? Snapped a picture of a funny sign in your neighborhood recently? Send them to us. Okay, so you won't get a T-Shirt or a toaster or a half million dollars, but we're not one of those big budget mags, are we? No. We're all doing this out of the goodness of our hearts because we know that you, the reader, have a primal need to laugh. It's what separates us from the animals (well, except the hyena, maybe). Anyway, email newspaper URLs with funny stories to [epasquinade@hotmail.com](mailto:epasquinade@hotmail.com) and everything else to our mailing address, listed on page 2.

# The Visit

BY JEFFERY DUNN

Just like that. She was out of my life without warning. I can scarcely remember the faces of her predecessors. Intimacy had never been an issue. After all, how do you develop a relationship with a woman you just met? It takes time for these things to evolve.

Thinking back, it feels like a lifetime, but if the facts be known, it's scarcely five years since I first set eyes on Corrine. My dear Corrine. Her touch was gentle; her voice calm and assured. Corrine. Did I possess a life before we met?

Remember our first moments together? You wasted no time. You knew, as I did, that what we had between us was special. Remember what you said. "I hope you're doing well today, Richard. I admit the words were simple enough, but the sentiment behind them was incalculable. My heart leapt into my throat. The beating resonated in my ears at such a volume that I was nearly rendered senseless. Although I so wished to respond to you in a memorable way, I was unequal to the task. I failed you that first time. Being the person you were, I knew you would give me a second chance.

My Uncle Leander once told me that opportunity comes knocking only once. But he never met you. For if he had gazed into your eyes, eyes that could provide solace to a condemned man, he would have disregarded his most solemn beliefs.

"So, Richard, tell me a little about yourself. Seeing this is our first time and all."

I was initially aroused by her words, but then flooded with doubts. The others hadn't put such demands on me. What was she really after? Could I meet her expectations? I was fearful of disappointing her. Not that it had happened before, but life seems to delight with messing with our psyches, doesn't it?

Expectations. Arbiter of happiness. Expect too much and you get stomped on. Expect too little and you get what you bargained for. Uncle Leander again. But how do you expand beyond your horizons and achieve if you don't have expectations? There's the rub.

Upon arrival that day, I accepted Corrine's invitation to relax in her chair, feeling its cool leather against my skin. Indeed, moments such as these still exist for mortals such as myself. She was pleased. I followed each and every one of her suggestions with aplomb, no matter how disagreeable. I was hers to serve.

You may think me a wuss. Ball-less wonder. But nothing could be further from the truth. It's just that when I set my sights on something, I go for it. Corrine understood.

Conversation varied little those early visits. "How's the job going? Seen any good movies lately? Wasn't that too bad about so and so?" Small talk. But it's what is underneath that counts. In a story, they call it subtext. And what lay beneath the surface here was electrifying.

But where are my manners? I failed to formally introduce my fair maiden. Should I begin by describing her? I know, there's so much more to a person than their physical appearance. But, you'd have to agree that it's normally how they look that draws your attention to them in the first place.

*continued on page 8*

bonafide Haitian bokor. A voodoo witch doctor!

He had heard that one whiff of the zombie dust would render a convincing death-like state that often led to burial. He didn't believe it at the time. Even after inhaling the cloud of powder the Haitian blew in his face, he'd faked his own heart attack.

"I'm comin' ta join ya', 'Lizabeth," he had said. "I'm comin' ta join ya."

Only this time it was real.

And now, Fred was awake, trapped inside his own coffin, deep within the earth.

But what is this? Digging? Someone was trying to rescue him! It must be Lamont, he thought. These little situations always had a way of turning around in the end, with Fred having learned a valuable lesson about dealing with people. What had he learned here? If a Haitian bokor walks into your junkyard and asks for some extremely odd items, you don't make off-color jokes and inflate the prices. Respect the man. He has power you'll come to regret.

As the lid opened and the bokor lifted the weakened, but living, body of Fred Sanford from his burial place, Fred suddenly knew his future. This man was now Fred's owner and he was bound by voodoo law to obey the man's every wish for the remainder of the bokor's life.

"Now," said the bokor, "about that junk I wanted."

**COVER:** We haven't scrounged our articles and stories from that big black bin on the left. No sirree. The material you may find yourself reading here is as fresh as that daisy over there. No, that one over there. No, not that mold... —EL e

Corrine was a deceptive 5 foot 4-1/2 inches tall. By that I mean that she seemed much taller, but was imprisoned in a smaller body. She had blue eyes that captured the essence of a sunny day with a smile that nearly apologized for knowing all too well how to accommodate your needs. Her hair was magically spun to accent the ovular shape of her face. She was thin, but not too thin. Not like one of those anorexic models who look like they've been on the sharp edge of a needle too long. No, Corrine beamed health.

She possessed a social worker's heart and viewed me as her reclamation project. Why else did she seem to care so much about my welfare? There's nothing special about me. Believe me, I'm not being modest. I would be lost in a crowd of two. My own mother once forgot my name in a conversation we were having over the phone. I swear. She was talking about some dinner party she attended and then suddenly, as she was ready to get off the phone, she said, "So, . . .uh, . . .dear, I have to go now." It's Richard, you bitch, I wanted to say.

Corrine knew me from the start. "Richard, I bet I know what your favorite kind of food is. Italian. Am I right?" And she was. Over time, Corrine became my soulmate. Conversations were always initiated by her and, oftentimes, I was able to render only monosyllabic responses to her inquiries. She possessed a truly inquisitive nature. Certainly, I held some doubt as to her true motives. Was she only doing this because it was part of her job? But I, as she, knew the truth.

For all of Corrine's remarkable qualities, she had one that created tension between us. Her penchant towards perfectionism. No matter how hard I tried to please her, it was never good

enough. Needless to say, it can be very frustrating when you have taken special care to meet someone's demands and still come up short. "There is always room for improvement, Richard." No one tried harder. Why couldn't she see that and give me more credit? Despite this, I still cared very much for her. I had big plans for us.

Till that day when my dreams were shattered. I arrived as usual and took my rightful position. Just as I was lying back, closing my eyes and waiting for Corrine's graceful entrance, a voice intruded upon my world. "How are you today, Mr. Lucin?" Why so formal? I thought. But just as quickly, I realized the voice was unfamiliar. I hesitated before I opened my eyes—only to note a woman of unrecognizable identity.

"You're not Corrine," I informed her. The intruder sensed my alarm. "Where's Corrine?" I asked in a voice that projected over the thunderous heartbeat that was now pressuring my ear-

drums. Vacation, I prayed. "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Lucin, Corrine no longer works here. My name is Sheila. And how are you doing?"

Doing? Need you ask? Take a look at me. I'm nothing...just as before...before Corrine. Oh, Lord, why did this happen? I've asked for so little in my life. Just as you delivered me from the hell I've inhabited for most of my years, you hurl me back. No offense intended to you, Sheila. I'm sure you're quite good at what you do. But you are not her. There is only one Corrine.

As I left, uncertain whether I would return, Sheila spoke with such resolve and encouragement, that I realized I would need to re-appraise my options. Her words were to stay with me the remainder of the day and into the next. Words I never heard from Corrine. Words that offered me hope. "You're doing a great job, Mr. Lucin. Just make sure to floss after every meal." I will, my dear Sheila, I most certainly will. e

## What Sort Of Person Reads ePasquinade?

Who the hell knows. Here at ePasquinade, we distance ourselves from the reader as much as we possibly can, taking those extra precautions that other eMags only consider. Precautions like rubber gloves, unlimited disinfectant, and all the penicillin we can obtain under current federal and state regulations.

And since we don't print our magazine on paper, we avoid any unnecessary contact with the reader, as well as the occasional paper cut.

Feedback? Forget it. That would mean we'd have to listen to some schlub whining about this or that and who has that kind of time? We've got a magazine to run here.

**ePasquinade.**

**Just Read It And Leave Us Out Of It.**

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# National Address

BY STEVE MULLETT

President Hampton looked at the camera. He knew there was a lot riding on this speech—there were significant doubts among much of the public about his ability to lead the country after his release from the mental hospital, but the doctors had given him a clean bill of health, so Congress decided to wait and see if he slipped again before attempting to relieve him of duty.

“OK, roll,” said President Hampton.

The cameraman looked at him for a moment, unsure how to put what he had to say. “But sir, I think—”

“I said roll!” the president said. “It’s bad enough I’m the only president who’s ever been committed. It’s seven o’clock. I don’t want to be the president who

keeps the nation waiting too. Roll, dammit!”

The cameraman shrugged and rolled, and the president started talking.

“Good evening, America. As usual, most of you are wondering why your president is interrupting “The Cosby Show” or “The X-Files” or whatever it is your kids are watching these days. I just want to assure you that I’ve completely worked through all those paranoia issues I was struggling with, and when I nuke Cuba tomorrow, it will be the action of a perfectly sane man.”

President Hampton continued at length for two hours, closing with a prayer, and thanked America for its time. The lights dimmed, the cameras went off, and the president went to speak with his advisers.

“Well, what do you think?” asked the chief executive. “Do you think I convinced them that I’m sane, and that sniveling limo driver will leave me alone?”

The advisers all looked at each other uncomfortably, and Snorki, the chief adviser, knew it was his job to tell the president what he didn’t want to hear. Snorki cleared his throat.

“Well, Mr. President, your delivery was excellent,” he started, hoping to soften the blow of the forthcoming criticism by preceding it with praise.

“Thank you,” said the president, wiping off his makeup. “I’ve been rehearsing it for weeks.”

“Yes, and well done,” said Snorki. “The only negative is, well...”

“Well what?” said President Hampton. “Did I do that mad blinking thing with my eyes again?”

“Well, no. It’s just that...”

Junior adviser Pontiff stepped forward. “We all pretty much agree the speech would have been more effective if you’d worn clothes,” he said.

Impeachment proceedings began the following day. e

## Ten Great Reasons To Start Smoking

BY LIAM O’BUACHALLA

1. You will look cool and sophisticated: cigarettes are the ideal prop for someone insecure like you.
2. People will think you’re the edgy, rebellious type: only squares want to be fit and healthy.
3. You will always smell “nicotine fresh”: you will never have to buy mouthwash or deodorant again.
4. Smoking helps you lose weight: you will weigh less with one lung.
5. So what if tobacco is more addictive than heroin: you have exceptional willpower, you’ll be able to give up any time you like.
6. You will be setting the younger generation a good example.
7. As a smoker you will belong to an oppressed minority—très chic.
8. Hospital food is delicious; unfortunately all food will taste the same to you.
9. You will make lots of new friends: doctors, nurses, thoracic surgeons.
10. No need for you to save for retirement; who wants to live that long anyway? e

## Next Issue

What does Max, The Wonder Cat think of the Pets issue of ePasquinade? “You go on hiatus for, like, three years and all you give me is this mindless dreck? You unbelievable bastards!”

Max can be a bit outspoken some times.

Don’t miss the long-awaited Pets issue, mid-November, at

<http://members.home.net/pasquinade>

## ***Paranoia from 4***

bly, Gentle Reader's letter is an attempt by the Soap Cabal to undermine her reputation in which case you FAIL! FAIL MISERABLY! Ms. Paranoia has powerful friends in both the Monkey Mafia and the NRA, and they will EAT your SOULS!!!!!!!) Pardon. As Ms. Paranoia was saying, just last week, she was cornered by Bob Dole at one of those parties where the politicians are smarmy, their wives sharply eye the blonde waitresses, the cocktail weenies are redolent of past scandals, and the entertainment consists of bland yet strangely sleazy covers of Fleetwood Mac songs. Mr. Dole seemed to have this bizarre and fatuous need to regale us with tales of his penile shortcomings. His audience, of course, listened helplessly (yes, Gentle Reader, IMPOTENTLY) while he blathered on and on about how Viagra (which is secretly backed by Gloria Steinem as a way of distracting men while women take over the world, and they are doing very well thank you very much) has saved his life.

In short, Gentle Reader, neither erectile dysfunction nor im-

potence entitles you to a restaurant discount but Bob Dole probably gets one anyway.

*Louise Lewis, 46, asks: "Whatever happened to Joe Piscopo?"*

Gentle Reader:

As dear Mother used to say, "Great movie stars never die, they go into rehab, find Jesus, start a mediocre singing career, and end up on VH1's *Where Are They Now.*" However, Mr. Piscopo took a vastly different route, thereby ruining all chances of fifteen minutes of renewed fame. In fact, after a brief run-in with the Monkey Mafia, Mr. Piscopo destroyed any chance at renewed fame. You will not hear anything about this in the news. But it is all true.

The official line is that he lost custody of his son, Joe Jr., in 1988. But the true story is that he was forced to go into hiding after his work in *Johnny Dangerously* offended certain members of the Monkey Mafia (why did they not go after Michael Keaton, you might ask? Well, they did, actually. They forced him to be in "Gung Ho"). The whole custody thing was just a cover story.

When he finally came out of

hiding, what did he do? He started a comedy tour that involved poking fun at Frank Sinatra. And then last year, he played a night club owner on *Law and Order*. And what happened? His character got in trouble with... the Mob. Ms. Paranoia knows, Gentle Reader, that you won't believe what happens next. He and his partner, Corey Eubanks, (son of "Newlywed Game" host Bob Eubanks, and we won't even go into how the Soap Cabal controls that nasty little game that pretends to be so squeaky clean) developed a new sitcom for, yes, Discovery's *Animal Planet* network! Described as a cross between "Green Acres," "Dr. Doolittle," and "City Slickers," it so offended the Monkey Mafia that they once again threatened to kill him. For years, he had been playing with fire, and this was finally the straw that broke the camel's back—literally, since a much hushed incident on the set involved the death of a high-ranking member of the Camel Liberation Army.

Once again, Joe Piscopo went into hiding. He tried pretending to be a plumber for a while, but the Monkey Mafia found him and he had to go into deeper hiding. A Yahoo! search for Joe Piscopo still yields the now closed website for [Joepiscopoplumbing.com](http://Joepiscopoplumbing.com).

So why are you seeing him at so many corporate events, you might ask? Well, here's the clincher: the National Union of Sheep Who Don't Sleep got together and, using Dolly's connections in the scientific community, obtained a clone of Joe to use for their own ends. The real Joe is probably in hiding somewhere, watching them use his image and pounding his ape-like head against a wall.

To this day, though, the whereabouts of the real Joe Piscopo remain unknown. e



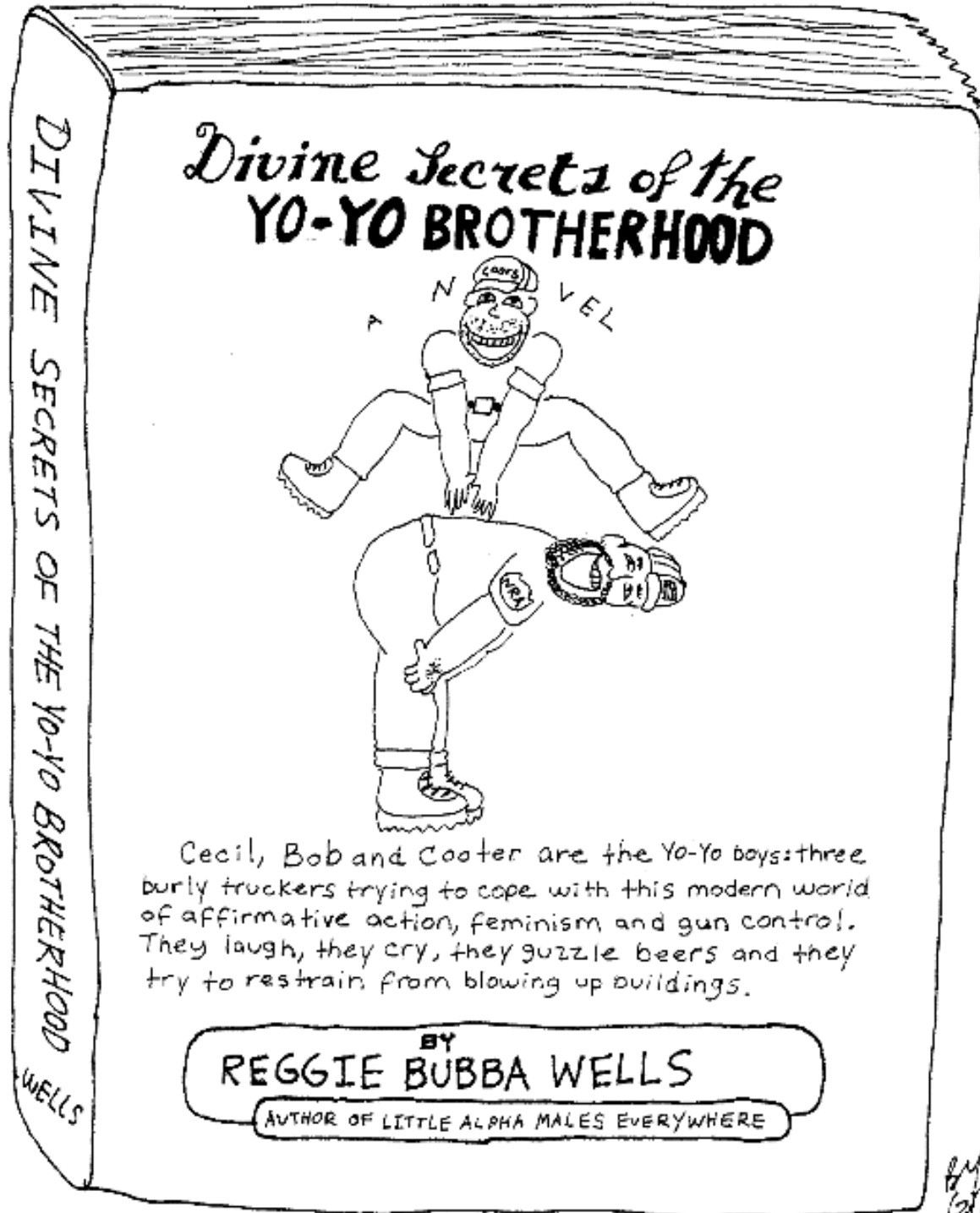
North on Hwy 10, a half mile past the Hooter's

*Look for the glow!*

**Come on down to  
Jorge & Sven's  
Phosphorescent  
Bunny Farm**

# More Angry White Male Backlash

BY GREG ALLEN



# Contributions

**Greg Allen**, whose cartoon appears on the page before this, lives in New York. He didn't really send us a bio, so we'll make up something. Greg is currently employed as a stamp licker at a bagel shop in Brooklyn. The pay sucks, but he gets to keep any bagels that fall on the floor.



**Jeffrey Dunn** is employed as a therapist in Toronto, Canada. Jeff's bio was extremely limited as well, so Jeff is, as far as you know, a down on his luck coalworker who has to work three jobs to make ends meet. He paints houses for lonely widows and is also a licensed feline massage therapist. The pay sucks, but he gets to play with cats. "The Visit" appears on page seven.

**Leo Goda** submitted "Dimples" to his creative writing class teacher's literary magazine. It was summarily rejected for being too disrespectful of literary standards. Then he thought, "Hey! ePasquinade doesn't have any literary standards! I'll submit it to them!" And it worked. The story appears on page five.



**Liam O'Buachalla** was born in 1962, in Dublin, where he has lived all his life. Since graduating from high school he has worked as a janitor, warehouse operative, and office clerk: undemanding occupations that have allowed him to pursue his main interests in life, reading, writing and painting. He has travelled extensively throughout Europe, North America, North Africa, and The Near East. He has had previous work published in *Portland Review*, *Eureka Literary Magazine* and *Liquid Ohio*. His surname is pronounced *oh boo'kal'ah*.

**Steve Mullett** must be about twenty-one years old now. We received his "National Address" at the end of 1998. At that point in Steve's life, his only published work had been "of the newspaper journalism variety" and he was "looking for the opportunity to break into the market." We at ePasquinade hope everything is okay in Steve's life and that he didn't need to resort to the extremes of robbing grocery stores in the dead of night.

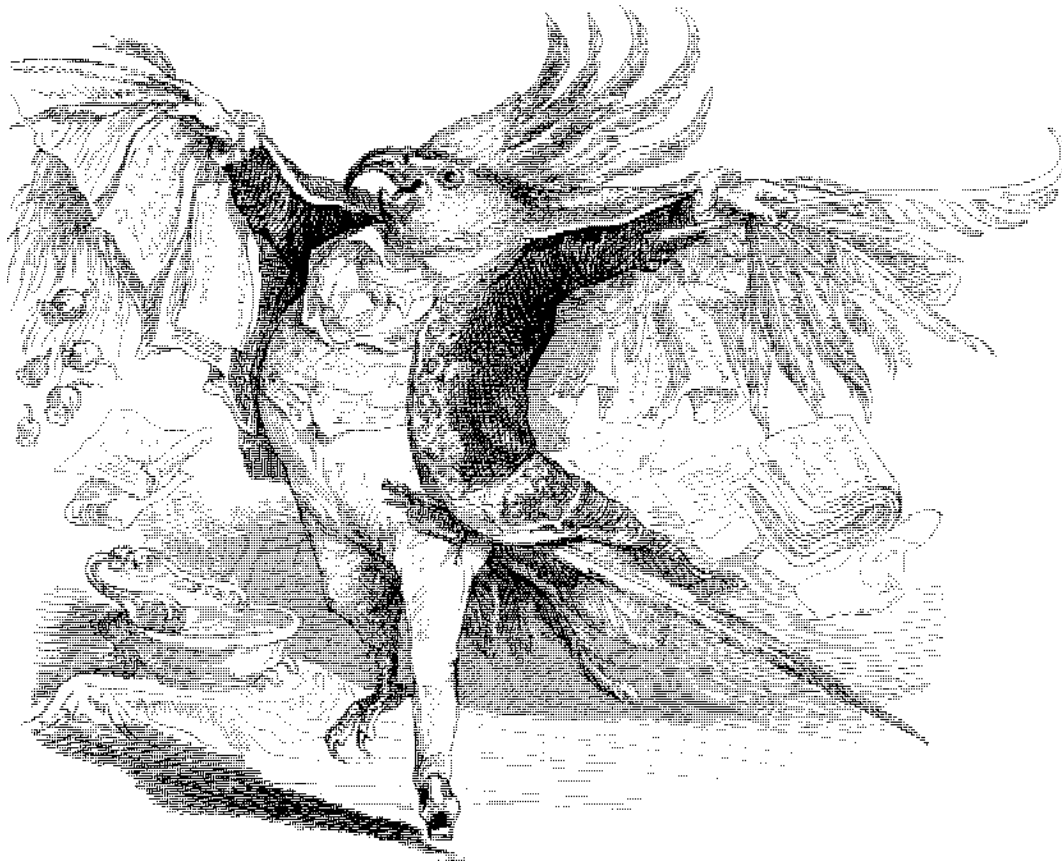


## We're Spreading Our Wings

Birds. They've got wings. They've got a beak. Some of them eat mice. Here at ePasquinade, we don't eat mice, but we are soaring high above the competition. A competition that eats mice. And rats. And those little insect thingies that curl up into a little armor-like ball when they're frightened. No, I'm not talking about turtles. You know, those little ball thingies. I think they're called Roly-Polies. But, what's important here is that we don't eat mice. Or shit on your newly-washed car.

**ePasquinade. We're so high.**

# Surprise Contest #1



**Objective:** Scan or photocopy your pet in any position. Any non-human animal in your household will do, the weirder the better. Entries will be judged by the *ePasquinade eDitorial Board* for humor and creativity.

**Rules:** 1. Entrant must be the owner of the pet in question (hence "your pet") and must testify to that claim if called upon to do so at a moment's notice. 2. Any documented cases of animal abuse shall be reported promptly to your local ASPCA. Especially if there's a reward involved. 3. The use of any sort of tool to hold an animal in place while photocopying or scanning is strictly prohibited, unless said animal is a cat. 4. If the copier or scanner is too hot for your hand, it probably isn't going to be beneficial to Mr. Whiskers. Use some common sense and test it on yourself first. And please don't send these test scans. When you receive a threat from Roseanne consisting of fifty-seven photocopies of her ass, you learn something about common sense. Or was it liposuction? 5. Please do not blind your pet. Forcing Mr. Whiskers to keep his eyes open might result in red eye, pet owner decapitation, piles, liver flukes, gout, and/or severe angina attacks. Also law suits. And you might have to teach your pet braille. And maybe Mr. Whiskers will mistake your face for his scratching post one night. In which case we are not responsible, but we hear Bill Gates has a lot of money so sue him instead. We're sure you can find a way to prove criminal negligence on the part of Microsoft. 7. No pet rocks or chia-pets. 8. Deadline for entries is November 15th, 2000. 9. Winner will be announced next issue.

**Grand Prize:** A Leather Medal Award circa 1953. About a foot tall and an inch thick, this trophy of plexiglass and gold-coloring-embossed leather will make a fine addition to that trophy case in the den. We think maybe it was some sort of fishing award, but no doubt it could double as a doorstop! e