

# ePasquinade

Issue No. 11  
September 2002



*Issue No. 11 features work by the following authors and/or artists: Dan Buck, Lindsey Cutler, Burton R. Hoffmann, Daniel S. Irwin, Scott Leslie, Ed Lynn, Joel O’Laughlin, David Spiering and Nathan Whiting.*

*Special thanks to April for finding the Moby quote.*

**ePasquinade Magazine** [ISSN 1533–3752] makes a loose-fitting attempt to publish once a month or so, but seeing as the last time we stated that a year has passed, you should probably take what we say with a grain of salt. All rights are reserved. Copyrights are retained by the individuals authors and have been graciously donated for publication in this issue and this issue alone. No pre-plucked chickens were harmed during the publication of this magazine.

# EDITORIAL

According to a fifteenth-century story, there was a shop in Rome owned by a man named *Pasquino*. Outside the shop was a somewhat-mutilated statue where satirical poems were frequently placed. It was said that Pasquino himself was quite a wit and was thought to have been the source of most of the poems.

These satirical *pasquinades* didn't go unanswered. Some distance across town, there was a very old statue called *Marforio*. On that statue, replies to the pasquinades were posted.

For years (well, in actuality, "year"), *ePasquinade* has been bringing you fine humor and satire.

Starting with this issue, we're going to try something a little different—a bold experiment that will either be brilliant or destined to spend eternity in same circle of Hell occupied by *New Coke*.

We're going to try to work in *almost* everything anyone submits—no themes, just whatever comes in through mail or email—and, in the spirit of the internet, we'll let you, the reader, sort it all out.

Note that above I say *almost* everything. Obviously it would be less than fair if we printed everything since some authors tend to be more prolific, more diarrhetic than others. So there will have to be a limit of one piece per issue. If someone sends us more than one piece in a month, we'll just toss all of 'em in the big wire wastebasket we've labelled "Outbox."

It should be a challenge for us to fit it all in and not have it look chaotic (although, the beauty may lie in the unorder of it all). And, for obvious reasons, we prefer electronic submissions. We'll place a 2,000-word

maximum on submissions; we'd like to keep things relatively short in order to fit as much in as possible.

Be sure to include your name and a legitimate email address. Everything else—published name, phone numbers, mailing address, etc.—is optional, but we need a name and email address.

Any sort of artwork, whether it be a painting, a photograph or a cartoon, should be scanned and emailed via *editor@epasq.com*. The attachment should preferably be under 250k in size.

As for text, we're happy to receive submissions but recommend sending them via Microsoft Word or cut-and-pasted right into the email itself.

Everything is okay as far as content. Short stories, informative articles, poetry, reviews or music or film or whatever the heck needs reviewing, essays, interesting lists, manifestos, whatever.

Call us crazy, call us weird, but this may just work. If it doesn't, though, I still have this secret stash of New Coke in the cellar that should fetch a tidy sum on eBay.

ED LYNN  
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

***"In the future we're all  
going to regret this  
period in music where  
our tastes were  
determined by  
eleven-year-old girls  
and wrestling fans."***

**—Moby**

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Have a question, comment, anecdote, or grievance? Email it to us at [letters@epasq.com](mailto:letters@epasq.com) and you may very well see it here in the near future.

# L E T T E R S

Hey Ed,

Hmmm...the new idea for ePasq sounds a little screwy. You haven't been talking to Crispin Glover now have you? :)

SCOTT LESLIE  
VIA EMAIL

Dear Editor:

I really have nothing in particular to say. I wrote this letter solely on impulse. I have absolutely nothing to say.

There I was, minding my own business, when I happened to come across your magazine. I glanced off to the left and found a box of envelopes. I'm quite fond of envelopes. I love the taste of the glue and will, on a rainy Saturday afternoon, happily lick half a box of envelopes just because I like the

taste of the glue.

Then I glanced to the right and there, in plain sight, was a short stack of writing paper and a brand new pen.

I picked up the pen and started writing words on the piece of paper and, by the time I was finished, I had written an entire letter to the editor of this magazine.

I didn't send that letter. I just wasn't happy with it. So I wrote another, longer, letter. It made a little more sense than the first since it detailed my past attempts at carrying out my impulse.

This is that letter. All I have to do now is finish it, sign it, fold it neatly, place the neatly folded paper in the envelope (which I've already addressed to you), lick the tasty glue on the envelope, seal it, place a stamp on it and drop it in the mailbox down the street.

JESSE THORPE  
CARO, MICHIGAN

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## MONTHLY PHOTO CONTEST “Dirty Dozen”

**We're looking for a few good pictures.**

Specifically, we're looking for the cover photo that will grace the next issue of *ePasquinade*.

We thought maybe we'd make a contest out of it since everyone loves a contest and the thought of amateur photographers running around snapping pictures like a bus full of Japanese tourists tickled our fancy and, well, our fancy hasn't tickled in some time and everyone should have it tickled once in a while. A full body massage by a Swede named Helga often works as well.

Anyway, the contest.

Shoot a picture (photos only, please), scan

it, and send it as an email attachment to [editor@epasq.com](mailto:editor@epasq.com) with the words PHOTO CONTEST #1 in the subject line. Keep the size of the picture **under 500k**, though. Our inboxes aren't excessively large. Be sure to include a name and address if you're even remotely interested in actually receiving some sort of prize.

**This month's challenge: Dirty Dozen.** Photos should contain some representation of the number 12 (e.g., XII, twelve, a dozen of some item, etc.). Deadline is Midnight EDT, October 31, 2002.

**First Prize:** A copy of *American Spectator's Enemies List*, compiled by P. J. O'Rourke

or

\$5.00

**Runners-up** may be compiled inside the magazine, space permitting.

# THE ARTICLES

## SHADES Dan Buck

Susan stopped by the graveyard to visit with her two dead husbands.

She didn't want to spend any more time with one than with the other.

Time flew by as she examined the flowers and the green grass on their plots.

"I'll be buried by you," Susan told one, then the other.

She hadn't the heart to tell them that her parents' plot was near a shade tree.

*Dan Buck lives in Armour, South Dakota, and has been sending us submissions for years, always accompanied by a handwritten note wishing me well and occasionally noting the weather. We've rarely published since we're usually unable to fit them into any of our theme issues. This poem was received quite a while ago and not dated.*

## LUCKY CHARMS LEPRECHAUN ARRESTED FOR LSD POSSESSION Lindsey Cutler

The seemingly jovial and elfin *Lucky Charms* leprechaun scandalized the nation with recent drug indictments. Beloved to the American public as the quintessential voice of the Ireland nation in its entirety, he has dishonored his homeland. "Personally, I hated all Irish until I saw the *Lucky Charms* leprechaun! He made me see how close-minded I was toward Irish people, and now I am extremely thoughtful toward them. Whenever I have Irish company over, I am sure to offer them Lucky Charms. But now, he violated my trust and now the Irish will feel my wrath! Well, maybe not as much as

Jews, blacks or Mexicans, but I'm still pretty mad," says a man wearing a hat emblematic of a large white dunce cap and a long, white robe.

Better known to family and friends as Liam McGreenhat, he had the huge obligation of single-handedly personifying an entire country. When questioned about the many other great and accomplished Irish icons such as the Pulitzer prize winning author, O. Henry, the political band U2, who aids in third world country famine, or the great athlete Shaquille O'Neal, he responded "Americans aren't cultured, how would they know about all the great scholars from our country!?! But if they're on a cereal box, then they're household names, it's Ireland in a nutshell! Personally, I just wanted to eclipse the whole misconception that everyone in Ireland wears kilts. It's just for special events and holidays." When informed that only the Scottish wear kilts, the man admitted he was adopted into the McGreenhat family at the age of 17 as an extra laborer on the family farm. He later sued his adopted family for a total of \$500,000 on a child labor lawsuit.

A forensic scientist confirmed that they traced large amounts of LSD in McGreenhat's blood. "Personally, I was always suspicious of that fellow. 'Hearts, stars, horseshoes, clovers, and blue moons; pots of golden rainbows and me red balloons'? Come on, you can't tell me it wasn't a shock when you heard he was just tripped out. They were just hallucinations from the acid. Yea, he sees floating marshmallows like I can see up my own ass!" exclaimed illegal substances officer, Robert Espisito, deputy of the NYPD drug wing.

Earlier today, an exhausted looking Lucky Charms leprechaun left the New York Police Department with only one comment to the press. "Trix are for kids! Shit, wait, that's that fuckin' rabbit's motto! I'm really stoned, sorry." McGreenhat will appeal at the Civil Court later this month on

drug possession charges and address accusations of assisting as an accomplice to the McDonald's co-mascot, the Hamburglar in a recent money laundering conspiracy.

*Lindsay Cutler was born in New Jersey and currently is a student and comedic satirist.*

## **HOLD BACK THE TRUTH**

### **Burton R. Hoffmann**

When asked these days, "How are you?"  
I have taken to reply,  
"Shall I start at the feet and work up?  
Or the head and work down?"  
While the answer is meant to evoke some  
mirth,  
The underlying truth is more than self-  
evident.  
But, I don't mope and moan at growing  
old.  
I only wish I had accomplished more.

*Burton R. Hoffmann lives in New York.*

## **IF SANTA WERE A PIRATE**

### **Daniel S. Irwin**

If Santa were a pirate,  
Would Yuletide be no more?  
On Christmas Eve, he'd rob us,  
The rich and then the poor.  
  
Rudolph would still be his pilot,  
Now sporting a leg of wood.  
And, Comet would wear an eye-patch,  
As every one-eyed swashbuckler should.  
  
From his sleigh, Old Nick would fly the  
"Roger."  
Jolly as ever before.  
And, his "Yo, ho, ho!" would be answered  
With each roof-top-cannon's roar.  
  
Children would send him letters.

"Please, Santa, spare our house."  
And, the elves would surely laugh at  
these,  
While they swilled rum 'till quite soused.

Carolers would sing a warning,  
As we barred chimney, window, and door.  
Damned if Fat Red wouldn't run you  
through.  
'Twould be a season of blood thirsty gore.

Baby Jesus would come to save us!  
Hell yeah, that boy's okay!  
He'd snatch-up that old fart,  
And make him change his evil way.

But, Santa's not a pirate,  
And Christmas is still full of cheer.  
My concern now turns to Easter.  
You know, that bunny was committed last  
year.

*Former artist Daniel S. Irwin resides in Marissa, Illinois, as a medic at a maximum security prison. His poem, albeit a seasonal one, was received on June 28th, 2001.*

## **AISHA TYLER: MY E! NUBIAN PRINCESS**

### **Joel O'Laughlin**

You are the donkey piñata of my mind,  
the Amadou Diallo of my heart.  
I hope that when you're spanking me  
I don't fart.

Yes! You are my love  
My Aisha.  
Will you cook breakfast for me  
if it's capisha?

Ho-hey I got that one!  
You made fun of the cripples!  
BTW, when you laugh  
I watch the orbit of your nipples.

Now if humor be a mountain  
then I'm you're avalanche,  
and I hope I'm not spooking you  
perched here on this branch.

So when I'm seventy  
I'll still be your main stalker...  
let's just say I have a thing for  
black chicks with walkers.

*A columnist for The Kansas City Star featured one of Joel O'Laughlin's poems as one of the worst of 1998—it involved Elvis, swimming and beans. This poem was received on July 15th, 2001.*

## **BOB BARKER GOES TO THE DOGS**

**Scott Leslie**

BURBANK, CA (eP) - In what many are calling an ironic turn of events, longtime game show host and animal rights activist Bob Barker was mauled at a recent dog show where he was appearing as a celebrity judge. At one point during the final judging, Barker asked a prized Great Dane to sit by joking: "C'mon. Down!" The canine promptly jumped the hapless Barker and bit off his cohones.

Best known for his 30 years as host of the "The Price Is Right," the 78-year-old Barker has been advising his audience for years to control the pet population by getting their pets spade or neutered. One dog had evidently had enough

"I'd do it again in a New York minute," growled a triumphant Rex. "How'd you like it if some guy wanted your 'nads cut off!? Huh!? It just ain't right! I had to take him out for dogkind everywhere! We will not be denied!! Attica! Attica!!"

With the dog being held pending further investigation, his owner, Lenny Lebowitz of Sacramento, has said little to the press. "To be honest," said Lenny, "I'm still pretty shaken up by the whole thing. I

mean, Christ...who knew the dog could talk?"

Currently recovering at an undisclosed hospital in Los Angeles, Barker is in stable condition and has been receiving family, friends and well-wishers. Several former co-workers were not among them, however.

"Thank God," said former Barker beauty, Dian Parkinson, of the "high C" incident, "Somebody had to slow that horndog down! Okay, sure, we had a few Showcase Showdowns of our own... But when your head keeps banging up against that Plinko board, it gets old pretty fast, let me tell you."

*Scott Leslie has been a part of the magic of ePasquinade since the beginning. This piece was received for the fake news piece we ran in previous issues on February 7, 2002.*

## **ASK THE MORTONS**

**Ed Lynn**

"If you look at Article V, Section 7, of your NEIGHBORHOOD DESIGN HANDBOOK, you'll see the color of your house must lie within the Pantone 452-454—basically beige or tan."

Arthur Jones gently set down the box marked "KITCHEN" and aimed a piercing stare at the man holding the beige/tan clipboard.

"And you are?" asked Arthur.

"Richard Jacob Worthington IV, PhD."

Silence. A childhood memory jumped into his consciousness allowing the recollection of a contest suggested by his young pal Tommy Morton when they were nine years old. Tommy had bet Arthur his jar of lightning bugs that he could out-stare Arthur. After twenty-one minutes and four seconds, Arthur collected the jar of dead bugs and went home hoping his mother would have eyedrops in the medicine chest.

After a mere twenty-one seconds, Worthington broke the silence.

"President of the Neighborhood Design

Committee here in *Timbuck Tudors*? The NDC assures homeowners that property values are maintained through homogenous community.”

“I’m sort of busy moving in. Can this wait?”

“Yellow is simply unacceptable.”

“So, what, you want me to stop what I’m doing and run right out and pick up some paint?”

“Beige or tan paint.”

“This is insane. You *do* realize that I didn’t paint it this color in the first place, right?”

“So you won’t mind changing it to beige or tan.”

“I was planning to repaint it at some point, but I’m starting to like the yellow.”

Worthington closed his eyes, bowed and shook his head as he “tsk’ed” Arthur’s last statement.

“You will be on *Community Watch Patrol* one night every two weeks,” said Worthington.

“My job is pretty demanding and I can’t really afford to give up a night’s sleep during the wee—”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Jones. You’ve misunderstood me. That was *not* a question. Article IX, Section 8, of the TIMBUCK TUDORS COMMUNITY SERVICE ASSOCIATION RULEBOOK requires service on the *Community Watch Patrol* one night every two weeks.” Worthington scribbled something on his clipboard.

“We have an opening on Tuesday night. I’ll commit you to that.”

“Next you’ll insist that I wear a tie while I’m working in the yard!”

“Except on the weekends, although you’ll still need a collared shirt. I see this lawn needs a little trimming.”

“What are you talking about? This lawn is immaculate! The grass is as green and full as any I’ve seen!”

“It’s a little high. You’ll need to adjust your mower to exactly 1¼”. As it is now, it’s

¼" too high. The electric mower, of course, and not this gasoline-powered model here.”

More silence.

“Article XVIII, Section 2, of the TIMBUCK TUDORS OUTDOOR MAINTENANCE MANUAL states that an electric mower is required in order to reduce neighborhood pollutants.”

“Pollutants?”

“Exactly. It’s really an improvement. Now, about the fence.”

“The white picket fence? What could possibly be wrong with a white picket fence?”

“Article VII, Section 27, of the NEIGHBORHOOD DESIGN HANDBOOK states that wood fencing shall be composed of pressure-treated oak. This fence is clearly not oak.”

“It’s painted! You can’t possibly—”

“We confiscated a small sample earlier today for the boys at the lab to test.”

“You defaced my property? That’s vandalism!”

“No, it’s allowable through Article VII, Section 27, Paragraph C. ‘Acquisition of fencing is allowed for purposes of testing for illegal woods.’”

“What happens when I tell you to ‘fuck off?’”

“Article XXXVIII, Section 2, prohibits it. Though there is nothing that says you may not tell me to ‘go suck an egg.’”

“What I’m saying is you have no real power to punish me for these so-called violations. We bought the house. We own the house. You can’t throw us out of a house we own outright. So, what, you’re going to try and throw us out for having a lawn that’s ¼" too high?”

“Ask the Mortons.”

“And who the hell are the Mortons?”

“The previous owners.”

Arthur Jones picked up the box marked “KITCHEN” and gently set it down in the back of the moving van.

*“EL DORADO HILLS, CA, July 20—The*

*property values police here had just resolved a case of a flagrantly yellow house when they found themselves with another one, hiding in plain sight on Woedee Drive.”*

—New York Times, July 24, 2002.

## “MICHAEL DON RILEY”

### Michael D. Riley

Out of cyberspace he skis  
down mountains of junk mail  
into my office, this doppelganger  
of the computer lists, this Spanish Celt  
who daily drops commercial greetings  
into my pregnant mail slot.

“I’m sure he’s just you with a snarled  
center,”

Gail the secretary says. “Michael D.  
and Michael Don, after all...”

No, no, no, no, no I say five times  
with Lear, his best self lying dead in his  
arms.

“Besides,” she smiles, “they tossed in  
a touch of Iberian class.”

Absurd, I growl, dumping two more dead  
pounds  
upon the desk. Don is a title coming first,  
not buried between two sensible—  
eminently sensible—names.

Unless it’s a nickname for Donald,  
and who but some mint-juleped mutant  
Billy Bob-or Bobby Sue-raised Dixiecrat  
could name a helpless infant Michael

Don?

What bet would an academic  
have to lose to keep *using* it?

“So, like I said, you  
with a dot-matrix crick in your neck.”

And yet, and yet, I said Byronically,  
clearing a path with my palm-edge

through a week’s worth of glossy booklets,  
sale magazines, endless envelopes  
in all sizes and colors, each with  
a transparent window into its paper soul  
proclaiming—Michael Don Riley.

And yet, and yet... the junk trail  
never lies (at least until the junk is read).  
And this junk is not quite my junk.  
Almost, but not quite.

Foreign language ads are creeping in.  
Interdisciplinary skills I do not possess  
available in films and loops.  
Now and then a theater text.  
And once—Yes!—a course  
of Spanish language cassette tapes.

Last night I dreamed of a polymath,  
his elbows on the bare wood of his Ivy

League desk,  
a silk cape and Donegal tweed cap  
on his coat rack, marveling at the sudden  
meaningful density of his mail:  
letters, postcards, manuscripts.  
Less is more, he grins as he continues  
his translation of one of Cuchulan’s  
mythic identities into modern Spanish  
for a performance by the Hasty Pudding  
Club.

*An Associate Professor of English at the Berks Cam-  
pus of the Pennsylvania State University, Michael  
D. Riley has been printed in Poetry and the  
Cumberland Poetry Review.*

## THE HISTORY OF MISS CLEETRIS AND ME 1

### David Spiering

oh Miss Cleetriss what will you say  
to me tonight?  
you look at me like I’m a freak; it’s  
poverty you see and it means more for you  
than it does for me; has  
it been a good year? as long as I can have  
my black beer I’ll not complain; maybe



I should wallpaper my front room candy  
 strip  
 gray, buy a kit to arrange my life; if  
 my socks are clean, and my hair's combed,  
 will you talk to me?; there's more to ro-  
 mance  
 than positions of wealth; I'm  
 more than monitory oxen pulling  
 my "little heart" out; when two people  
 need each other it almost hurts, and  
 desire  
 may be messy at first, making  
 us color outside the lines; the teacher  
 admonishes us,  
 the whole class knows; but many people  
 have this problem; are you  
 waiting on your new diet to slim-down  
 your self-imagined "thunder thighs;" are  
 you waiting  
 in your green-youth, fashionably dressed,  
 make-up  
 applied thick enough to mottle your cheru-  
 bic  
 cheeks for some white horsed prince;  
 oh Miss Cleetriss, it's  
 your human warmth I need; lets sit to-  
 gether  
 in a booth our body's touching; I'll feel  
 your warmth, you'll feel mine, than you'll  
 know  
 my heart's a bowl of diced tomatoes and  
 fresh  
 herbs; lets drink red wine  
 and contemplate the perfect circles of our  
 flat mouths.

*David Spiering* has been published in quite a variety of journals and zines and has two chapbooks, *Night Driving (Forestland, 1998)* and *Dinosaur Catfish (Hidden Oak Press, 2001)*. He lives in Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

## DUG FROM RUINS

**Nathan Whiting**

The rapper grooves bagpipes.  
 The rapper's pipers squeeze.  
 Wails challenge  
 verses from drone to chanter.

*Nathan Whiting* is a dancer in Brooklyn, New York.  
 His poem was received on July 12th, 2002.

## FOUND OBJECT

**Anonymous**



*Found in a used paperback copy of Kurt Vonnegut's Hocus Pocus on July 21, 2002.*