



And now, evil incarnate in easy-to-make payments, here's something...

completely different

Volume No. Toady!

Issue No. 4

February 10, 2002

Working today for a sillier tomorrow

Don't Look Now The Olympics Are Here
by Victor Colonna

Last Thursday, in Salt Lake City Utah, a Mormon man made love to two of his seven wives. Earlier that day, however, a more monumental event occurred. The Olympic torch finally reached its destination in Rice-Eccles Olympic Stadium, recently given the award for stupidest name of an Olympic Stadium in all of history.

The games have been overshadowed, though, by the thick veil of security surrounding the stadium and all of the Olympic events. After the tragedy of September 11, both local and federal law enforcement have been on high alert in Utah to prevent any possible terrorist attacks. The police even showed that they are capable of quick intelligent action, confiscating and detaining a bag full of electrical wire and fuses found in a parking garage three blocks from the Olympic media center. The fact that this bag was discovered just under the fuse box of the garage inside the storage room did not prevent the police from disarming this particular threat.

"I think this just goes to show that we're not going to be lenient when it comes to security of this event," said local police chief Robert N. Philipson. "To ensure this my staff and I have cracked down on any items that could possibly be used to create a bomb. Local farms have been raided for all fertilizer, and anyone possessing any electrical device is being jailed without question. Also we've shut down all the local gas stations so that a terrorist could not use gasoline for a bomb."

Salt Lake City organizing chief Mitt Romney said that September 11 called for "a very serious response to terrorism and to protecting our people and our guests." Romney continued, "Does that mean it's impossible for anything bad to happen? Of course not. I know for a fact that the small door on the west side of the stadium that leads directly to the main electrical hub is not guarded at all from six to nine PM any day of the week. Why one small bomb in that room could cause the deaths of almost everyone visiting the stadium."

The games in Salt Lake will be the first time that the Winter Olympics have been in America since the 1982 games in Lake Placid. The Lake Placid Games were considered one of the best Olympic competitions held in the last century, marred only by a large alligator attacking Bill Pullman and Bridget Fonda in their small cottage next to the stadium.



The Can that Was the Can
(a very silly event that occurred in 1984)

by Maureen K. Pierce,
former Python Society member and officer (1980-1984)
reprinted with permission

I had only one overwhelming dream: to meet a member of Monty Python's Flying Circus. I didn't care which one. I would go to bed at 9 p.m. each night; set my alarm clock for a few minutes before 11 p.m.; wrap the clock in a piece of clothing; and place the bundle in the wastebasket next to my bed. I was 15 years old. It was a school night. I was supposed to be sleeping. But each night I would awaken to the muffled ringing of a cheap electric alarm clock. I'd quickly turn it off, always fearing that I would awaken

my parents. Then I would sneak downstairs to the family room and turn on the TV to the local public television station. Turn down the volume low. Grab a snack. Monty Python. They used to show it in an earlier time slot, but they had moved it to 11 p.m. Monty Python. I needed my fix of sick English humor. Monty Python. The funniest show I had ever seen. Well worth getting yelled at if my parents caught me out of bed. I needed to laugh hysterically and as quietly as possible. As soon as the show concluded, I'd happily creep upstairs, still stifling my laughter while I reset the alarm clock to awaken me from wild Python-filled dreams in the morning. My parents never caught me.

Ask how you too can submit to *Completely Different*

Six years later, I got my chance. I was a senior Journalism student at the Pennsylvania State University. It was 1984. Graham Chapman was doing a tour of American colleges. The speakers' group had decided to book him and asked the Penn State Monty Python Society to co-sponsor Chapman's visit. We leapt at the chance. Normally, the Python Society was dedicated to causing mischief, such as: running a gerbil for president of the student government (we were relieved when he came in second because it meant we didn't have to fake his assassination); or throwing preppies onto a wagon while yelling "Bring Out Your Greeks!" during the homecoming parade. Yes, the Greek Union didn't like that prank. They threatened to ban us from future homecoming parades.

But Graham Chapman meant serious business. Besides, as co-sponsors, we were allowed to send four club members to a special dinner in Chapman's honor. We selected the club president, vice president and treasurer. One slot remained to be filled. Who? Who would dine with Chapman? It came down to my friend Bob or me. Bob was mighty popular. I knew I might not get to go. I was prepared for that possibility, and I would have been genuinely happy for Bob. After all, Bob was my friend. But in the end, I won out because I was the only member who had been in the club for four years. It didn't hurt that I was also a past club officer: president of vice (what most normal clubs refer to as vice president).

So, we headed out to the Nittany Lion Inn, a quaint little inn on the fringes of the campus. As we lingered in the lobby, Graham Chapman walked in through the front door. He drank from a Pepsi Light can as he conversed with a man in front of the check-in desk. Then he placed the can on a low table and walked out of the inn.

We decided to go to the dining room. We sat in a little cluster, four nervous Python Society representatives in the midst of the speakers' group members. Eventually Chapman walked in with a young man: his ward. He sat down right across from me. I was so nervous I could barely blurt out a question. I was living my dream. A particularly chatty member of the speakers' group kept talking to the almost-shy Chapman, who tried ever-so-hard to be polite, while still trying to figure out some way to eat his lamb. I couldn't take it any longer. This annoying clod was preventing one of my heroes from enjoying his dinner. I can't remember what I said, but I made some pointed remark. What I do remember is the look of sheer gratitude upon Chapman's face.

After dinner, Chapman went on ahead to the auditorium to prepare. We sauntered out to the lobby.

"Look, that's the can he was drinking from," I said, directing my cohorts' attention toward a lobby end table. "Should we take it? He's not going to come back for it. It must be flat by now."

As the other three debated whether or not to take the can, I had already opened my handbag and casually stuffed in the can.

"I've got it. Let's go," I said, quickly walking out the front door.

We stood in front of the inn as I carefully pulled the can from my purse.

"It's half full," I said.

I think it was our club president, Tony, who said, **"Should we drink from it?"**

"What if he has some kind of disease that no one knows about?" said Laurie, the vice president.

"Well, cola takes the rust off of nails. It kills sperm. It should kill germs too," I said. (Yes, students learn all sort of useful information at college, don't they?)

I swished some of the soda around the rim of the can. We all looked at the can dubiously. We each took a tiny sip.

"God, I hope we don't get sick," said Dave, the treasurer.

It was time to go to the lecture. I carried the can, soda still sloshing around the insides.

"There's still soda in this. I've got to dump it out," I said.

We stopped in front of one of the graduate buildings. We found a large conglomerate planter, which we ceremoniously christened "The Graham Chapman Memorial Pepsi Light Shrine." We nicknamed it "The Shrine That Is The Shrine."

The can we dubbed "The Can That Is The Can." I became the "Keeper of The Can." I brought our aluminum trophy to all the meetings. We revered it. (Except for that one idiot who crushed it. We all yelled at him. "You just crushed The Can That Is The Can!") And when I graduated, I gave the can to Bob, who became the new "Keeper of The Can." And one would think that this can would still be passed from generation to generation. But alas, during club sign-up week the following year, someone left "The Can" unattended upon a table. A janitor came along and threw it into his trash can. So, all good things must come to an end. As did Graham Chapman when he died of cancer a few years later. But his memory lives on among his fans, in whom he inspired a little good-natured lunacy.