



And now, back from an extended engagement in the trash can at the back of the room, here's something...

Completely Different

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Hello, Sailor: A Word from Sir Reginald P. Grobstroppler, Mrs.

Maybe you don't know this, if you're like me and don't pay attention, or spent most of the mid-'80s heavily medicated on horse tranquilizers (I'm all right now, officer, I swear), but the Penn State Monty Python Society used to have a newsletter.

That's right, a newsletter. Its main goal (aside, of course, from world conquest) has been to promote general silliness on campus through write-ups of club events and previews of Monty Python projects. Over the years, it has passed from one editor to another (four in total) and undergone many changes, but essentially it's still just a bunch of poorly photocopied pages thrown together at the last minute and then shoved into the unsuspecting hands of Society members as they try to get away.

Completely Different, a copy of which you now hold in your hands, has been silent for more than a year. This is due mainly to the laziness of its editor, who has usually found something better to do with his time like fall asleep on the couch. He regrets, of course, any inconvenience this may have caused and once he wakes up will be accepting submissions to the newsletter, in whatever form they may come. Do feel free to share any ideas you might have for articles or artwork by sending them to puppetwrangler@unreality.net. It certainly couldn't make things any worse. You can also attach your ideas to a pigeon's leg with one of Simpson's Individual Emperor Stringettes, as used in hospitals, but that's not likely to do much more than annoy the pigeon.

Thank you for your time.

Are You Ready for Some Football?

This past weekend, in the newly refurbished Beaver Stadium, in front of a record crowd of 109,313 eagerly intoxicated fans, the Penn State Nittany Lions suffered their first major loss of the fall football season, defeated by the Miami Hurricanes with a final disappointing score of 33 to 7.

We asked Professor Genghis K. Han, Ph.D., of Penn State's prestigious mathematics department, and the only one who would talk to us without the presence of an attorney, just how such an early loss could have occurred. He writes:

Well if you are to understand anything, you must first come to understand the mentality of the Miami football player. They are a unique breed unto themselves, not just large men in tight pants, but a true representation of their city's rich athletic and cultural heritage. Miami is, after all, in Florida, where there is little else to do but pick oranges and die from heat exhaustion. So it is little wonder that these behemoth-like lads have become so consummately skilled at kicking ass and taking names. As the great poet of the last century William Smith once penned, 'Bouncin' in the club where the heat is on, all night, on the beach till the break of dawn. I'm going to Miami. Welcome to Miami.'

Professor Han then rather violently demanded we 'get jiggy with' and asked if we would like to come back to his place to watch old episodes of *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air*. We declined.

The News in Briefs

BBC America will air episodes of Monty Python's Flying Circus at 6:30 and 7:20 PM every weekday beginning this September. Episodes of Blackadder will air every Wednesday evening from 8 until 10 PM, while Red Dwarf's goldfish shoals will nibble at your toes every weekday morning at 4:20 AM.

An Open Letter to Rep. John A. Lawless

In the spring of 2001, Pennsylvania State Representative John A. Lawless made national headlines when he openly attacked Penn State University president Graham Spanier for what he called "offensive and embarrassing" events on campus—namely, the second annual Sex Faire, held in Pollock Rec Room and hosted by Womyn's Concerns. While Spanier conceded that the event might be offensive to some, he added that the university "stands behind the right of a student organization to sponsor events, even those with provocative and ill-chosen titles." Presented below are the thoughts of one Monty Python Society member, which are perhaps best published here rather than anywhere else, and may not in fact represent the views of all members.

Dear Representative Lawless:

The Penn State Monty Python Society enjoys a long-standing tradition of exposing the bizarre, poking fun at the absurd, and speaking in mangled, high-pitched British accents. Is it not strange, then, that our attention has so rarely turned to the realm of politics—which, as Thomas Jefferson himself once quipped, is perhaps the silliest spectacle on all of God's green earth?* We think so. An organization such as ours, which can elect a gerbil to the highest level of student government, or entertain audiences with little more than a string of annoying men in drag, should be held to a higher standard. We should be more quick to recognize—and, yes, honor—the comedic genius in the legislature and courts of our great and talented nation.

It is with this in mind, therefore, that we honor you, Representative John A. Lawless, and your undying commitment to silliness across the grand state of Pennsylvania. Stand tall, dear sir, and take pride in the knowledge that you, and you alone, are our choice for this year's breakout comedic performer. Your every appearance fills us with joy, as we anticipate the riot of side-splitting laughter that will spill from our lungs whenever you speak. Never let it be said, as you attempt to obliterate our most cherished freedoms in the name of moral indignation, that you are not a funny, funny man.

On behalf of the Monty Python Society—and indeed, on behalf of all mankind—allow us to present to you this CD of original sketches and songs entitled *Sex, Drugs, and Graham Spanier*. Although it could never hold a candle to your goofy little diatribes against the First Amendment, or your semi-irrational fear of everything that does not conform to your own personal views, we feel confident that you will appreciate its humor—if only because we use a lot of naughty words.

So kudos to you and keep up the good work. You are truly an inspiration to us all.

Sincerely,
Fred Coppersmith

* Thomas Jefferson did not say this. In comedy, this is what we refer to as a lie.