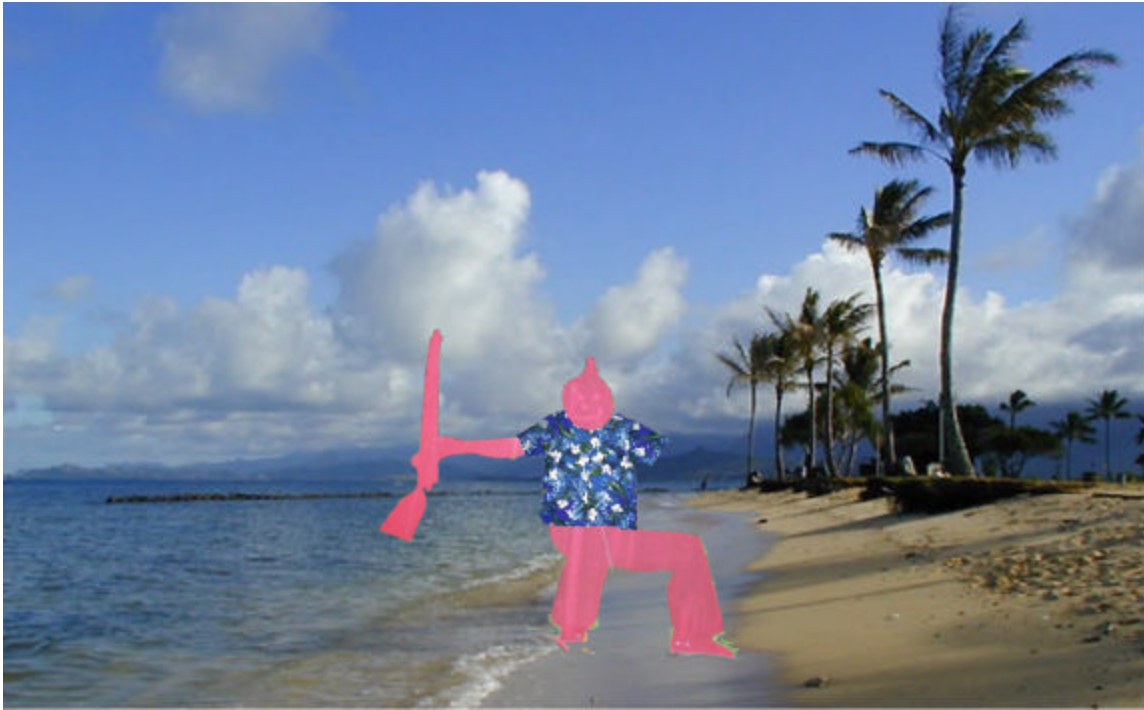


And now, full of nothing but gratuitous sex and violence, here's something...

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

Volume No. Craptasm Issue No. 1 September 1, 2002 Working today for a sillier tomorrow



How I Spent My Summer Vacation

by FROH, the Fighting Red Onion-Head (also known as "Ode to Capa", better known as "Roger", most commonly mistaken for that ugly piece of rusted metal crap sitting on the HUB lawn)

Hi there, kids. Eric Idle once asked, "What is the point of going abroad if you're just another tourist carted around in buses surrounded by sweaty mindless oafs...?"¹ Of course, he also once asked, "Ba Weep Gra-na Weep Ninny-Bong?"², but the gist of his nib is still pretty valid. He was talking about vacations, which is jolly good, since that's exactly the thing I wanted to talk about with you today.

You see, every summer it's the same thing: I think, this will be the year I finally get to take that vacation I've been planning for so long. I've been at the University for fourteen years now, and I've never had a day off. I've just stood there on the HUB lawn, day in and day out, enduring snow, sleet, rain, and frequent shouts of "Hey, what's that thing?" or "I don't know, but let's throw things at it!"

I'm not one to complain, but enough was enough. So I packed my bags and headed off for adventure. I wanted to see the world - or at least as much of the world as one can see when one is a large red metallic recreation of a famous Spanish Civil War photograph. I threw caution to the wind, and my only guide was that unforgettable Beach Boys hit, "Kokomo", which led me to somewhere south of the border in search "afternoon delight, cocktails and moonlit nights". And that, friends and neighbors, is what I found.

Man, it sucks to be back in State College.

¹ "Travel Agent", *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, Episode 31

² *Transformers: The Movie*

Reader's Poll

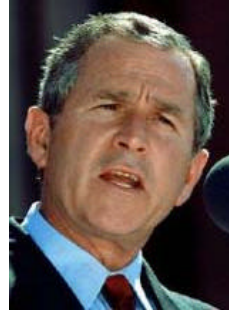
Ba Weep Gra-na Weep Ninny-Bong?



"Bloody foreigners."
- Oliver St. John-Mollusc,
(soph., internat'l finance)



"This new learning amazes
me!"
- Arthur, King of the Britons
(sen., pol. sci.)



"I don't know. Getting carted
around with sweaty mindless
oafs doesn't sound too bad to
me..."
-Georgie B.
(fresh., landscape arch)



"Steady as she goes, Mob!
Snoopy visitors get mud in the
eye and bye-bye. Film at
eleven!"
- Wreck-Gar
(prof. interpretive dance)

Off My Medication

by Stuart J. Trousers

You know something? I think it's a shame that science hasn't discovered another use for that gunk that forms in the corner of your eye every morning. I think that if we could harness its power and use it as, say, a cheap and effective rocket fuel, or as a weapon against the onslaught of alien invaders that would inevitably follow, then ending world hunger and insuring world peace couldn't be too far behind. But science isn't interested in that. It's all *we've got to cure cancer* this, and *hey, we've mapped the human genome* that. Big deal. Scientists are too hung up on celebrity. All they care about anymore is getting their names in the paper, being photographed at trendy restaurants, having wild and sloppy sex with throngs of nubile groupies. The gunk that forms in the corner of your eye every morning is the last thing they're thinking about, I can assure you. And that's a shame. A lowdown dirty, rotten shame.

Personally, I blame Albert Einstein, the first celebrity scientist. Before him and his precious theory of relativity, if you were trying to unlock the secrets of the universe and create a better, brighter future for our

children, most likely nobody gave a rat's ass. You'd be lucky if you could get arrested, much less published in a reputable journal. And that's how it was supposed to be. Science was supposed to be difficult.

But now *National Geographic* or *Scientific America* and its paparazzi are everywhere, and engineers are wined and dined regularly by Hollywood's elite. Everywhere you look, science is tossing away thousands of dollars each year on frivolous pursuits like missions to Mars and curing disease. It's a sad and sorry state of affairs. Meanwhile that gunk in the corner of your eye continues to form until eventually you can't see straight and start walking into doors, bumping into people, and getting told to *watch where you're going, asshole*, until eventually you trip over and die.

But the truth is, science doesn't care. You could trip over and die a thousand times, and if there isn't a movie deal, beach house, or big-breasted lingerie model in it for them, they're going to tell you and that gunk in the corner of your eye to go to hell. And, in my book, that's just wrong.

Editor: Fred Coppersmith.

Completely Different is the mostly weekly newsletter of the Penn State Monty Python Society, which our parents tell us explains a lot. For more information on how you can submit, write to different@unreality.net.