



And now, based on a novel by a man named Lear, here's something..

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

Volume No. Craptasm Issue No. 13 December 8, 2002 Working today for a sillier tomorrow

The Nature of the Universe

On Monday, November 25, I sent a letter to the editors of the *Daily Collegian* on behalf of the Monty Python Society. Naturally, they decided not print it. Here, then, is my unprinted letter:

We don't miss much at the Penn State Monty Python Society, and so it's come to our attention recently that the *Daily Collegian* might be running out of things to write. Let's face it: there's only so much you can say about whether or not students on campus are wearing winter coats. And at over 600 words, Laura Kruczynski probably said it all in her article last Friday. But that's why we're here to help. You see, we're not just silliness and squirrel-fishing at the Monty Python Society, and we've recently made an important scientific discovery that we feel ought to be shared with the *Daily Collegian* and its readers. We have determined, after exhaustive debate (and more than a little name-calling), that the true nature of the universe is, in fact, big. How big, we could not say, but bigger than a breadbox seems likely. Have you ever seen a breadbox that could hold an entire universe? And if so, where do you keep your bread? We've only been in this astrophysics business for a couple of days now, and while we're no Stephen Hawking, even we know you can't just ignore important questions like that. We promise the *Daily Collegian* and its readers (coatless or otherwise) that we will continue to search for answers, and we will never rest unless we get sleepy. We owe you all that much.



In my day (circa 1987) the Collegian was filled with journalists who couldn't write, screeds masquerading as editorials, and - yes - mind-numbing trivia like the coat article. It's nice to see not everything has changed. - Python Society alum Jon Kilgannon

Ask Doctor Bernofsky

"Who's Doctor bloody Bernofsky?"

"He knows everything."

"Ooh, I wouldn't like that, that'd take all the mystery out of life." -- *Death of Mary, Queen of Scots/Exploding Penguin on TV Set*

Dear Doctor Bernofsky,

I am a solipsist and, therefore, do not believe you exist. Care to prove it?

Sincerely,
I Philosopher!

Dear Phil,

Philosopher Bishop Berkeley once claimed that all material objects—indeed, all of space and time—are merely illusions—to which the famous critic Samuel Johnson remarked, "I refute it thus!" and promptly smashed Berkeley's head against a nearby rock. I think there's a moral in that for all of us.

Dear Doctor,

I must protest. I don't want to, but they've informed me that I must. I never lifted a finger—no, not even the littlest pinky—against Bishop Berkeley. I merely stubbed my own toe against a rock to refute his claims. And bloody good I did, too! There's simply too much violence in philosophy these days. Why, innocent children are every day caught in the middle of drive-by Cartesian dualisms or gangland warfare between the Nietzsches and the Gods. It's sickening and, frankly, I blame the media.

Still dead after all these years,
Dr. Samuel Johnson

That's funny. That's just what the media told me you'd say...

Doctor B,

I think it's a shame when dead people have to fight amongst themselves. Or when college students have to resort to ritual murder and cannibalism to tide them over between study breaks. How long can we let these twin tragedies go on?

Feeling a little peckish,
Joan Adams, Landscape Architecture

Dear Joan,

I'd try to cook up an easy answer for you, but I think cannibalism jokes have been done to death, and they're never easy to digest, no matter how tastefully prepared. One might go so far as to call them disgusting, but I think that's best left in the eye of the

beholder. Or the brains. The lovely, delicious brains of the beholder. Naturally, I can't advise you to eat your fellow students, but I am aware of the high cost of campus meal plans, so I think it's largely a judgment call on your part. And that's what I want you to tell the police I told you if they ask.

Dear Angel Drawers,

I think what this newsletter needs is more gratuitous sex and violence. Sex, violence, and soiled budgies flying out of peoples' lavatories, infringing their personal freedom while women with huge tracts of land fondle my bum. Ooh, what a giveaway! Now that's the sort of newsletter I'm sure Mother couldn't possibly object to me reading.

In that red slinky number
that you used to like so much,
Gary Cattell

I'm sorry, did you have a question?

Dear Bernofsky,

I must object to that last letter in the strongest possible terms! It was positively disgusting! Do you honestly expect the reading public to be deceived by such obvious forgeries or to believe these preposterous insinuations? Indeed! The very thought! I believe everyone quite clearly knows that Mr. Cattell is a fine, upstanding individual, a bastion of family values on campus and, moreover, an autumn! Red simply isn't his color!

Kisses,
Bill Zeebub

P.S. If you could please ask Gary to be a dear and return my pink camisole, I'd be most appreciative. Toodles!

That is wrong on just so many levels.

Dear Editor,

Could you be a dear and please stop printing letters from cross-dressing Judeo-Christian personifications of evil? I don't think this is what my tuition dollars should be paying for, and if it continues I fear I will have to take my imaginary mail elsewhere.

Signed,
Paul Bastard, USG Senator

Reader's Poll

The semester is almost over. What's the most important thing you've learned this Fall?



"That I could have gotten away with the pirate treasure if it hadn't been for those meddlesome kids and their mangy dog."
- Claude Vasectomy
(alum., '59)



"That there really isn't a Martian landing scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. Damn those Cliff's Notes."
- Jennifer Plenomegonn
(jun., Turfgrass Mgt.)



"That you can hide only so many bodies beneath the floorboards before people get suspicious."
- Betty Shapedlikeaweasel
(fresh., Sports Med.)



"That vodka with a peanut butter chaser is a very bad combination."
- Denise Oobledorf
(soph., Russian)

Trousers Talk

by Stuart J. Trousers

Call me Ishmael. It's not my name, and I won't answer, but I want to make sure I'm pronouncing it correctly. I am always pronouncing words incorrectly. My doctor, whose clinical skill I admire almost as much as his milky white thighs, says this is because I am stupid and ought to be shot. I think maybe he just needs to relax, and possibly take a vacation, and I would tell him so myself only I'm afraid I might mispronounce it and he'd just think I was asking to take a bubble bath with him again. I don't need a repeat of *that* mistake, thank you very much.

But the truth is, words are funny things, and they can mean different things to different people. Take, for instance, the seemingly innocent phrase "vibrating panty snatcher". It has a variety of uses, and, given the proper context, I'm sure it can seem perfectly acceptable. But its use is probably inappropriate at, let's say, your wife's mother's funeral, especially when what you're supposed to be reading from is a passage in the book of psalms. Say what you will about the Bible, it almost never mentions the word panties. It also almost never mentions the sort of bizarre obscenities my wife spat out at me in the car after the funeral, but that's another story and there's little cause to go reliving it now.

Because that isn't the point. The point, as I think I mentioned before, is that words are funny things. Take, as another example, the phrase "machine tool components". Now, maybe it's just me (because, I'll admit, it usually is), but there has always seemed to

be something vaguely sexual about that. Not that I want to start rubbing myself in strange places with machine tools or their components—I'm pretty sure that would hurt, and it would probably stain the carpet—but the words themselves have a curious rhythm that has always seemed somewhat sensual to me, evocative of dark street corners and unknown fluids exchanged. The words themselves roll off the lips, and it isn't their meaning so much as their *sound* that gets to me. There is a certain mellifluous music to them, much in the same way that there is music, for instance, in the French language, which one can appreciate even if one doesn't understand a damn thing those weird freaks are saying.

In fact, for the longest time, I thought it might be nice to write a column *entirely* in French. I realized, of course, that since I don't *know* any French, you would probably just get annoyed and walk out on me. People are always walking out on me for things like that. My first wife, Enid, walked out on me after only five weeks of marriage, which I think upset our minister, since he had picked three and a half weeks in the betting pool and lost fifty bucks. Enid was a good woman, and I don't blame her for leaving, but I don't need to start alienating all of you as well by *merci beaucoup*-ing all over the place, now do I?

The bottom line is, words are weird, and that's really all I've got to say about that. You can stop calling me Ishmael now if you want.

Completely Different Horoscopes

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

You'll insist you're being followed by time-traveling ninjas, but for some reason no one will believe you.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

Just because you *can* cover your body in melted cheese doesn't mean you have to. Other people have to eat in the dining commons too, you know.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

Do your best to understand what makes your loved one tick. Or at least, that's what you should tell the police you were doing when they ask about all the blood.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

This could be the week you finally get to toot your own horn—by which of course we mean making lewd and suggestive noises on the kazoo.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Oh come on, don't be such a baby. For all you know, you'll grow to *like* demonic possession!

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

The song distinctly says *don't* go chasing waterfalls, so you really won't have anyone but yourself to blame when your room is flooded, now will you?

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

A prospective employer is impressed by your ability to juggle many items at once, but secretly wishes they weren't all live cats.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

A get-rich-quick scheme meets some resistance when the doctors inform you that yes, you *did* need both kidneys after all. Live and learn.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

As the planets move into alignment, you'll spend most of your time making dirty jokes about the full moons of Uranus. Maybe it's time you grew up, huh?

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

People are starting to worry about all that Baywatch fan fiction you've been reading lately. Help alleviate some of their fear by choosing this week to bathe.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Negative thoughts are a waste of your precious energy. And besides, the mole men are probably more afraid of you than you are of them.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Remember, bad things are bad, and good things are good, and don't take no shit from anybody who tries to tell you different.

Random Answers:

1. very small rocks
2. time travel
3. Richard Nixon
4. Yes, but it wasn't *real* butter.
5. fourteen inches
6. the Edmund Fitzgerald
7. the square root of 16
8. saltwater taffy
9. "No, I said *bowling* balls!"
10. opposable thumbs

Editor: Fred Coppersmith

Completely Different is the mostly weekly newsletter of the Penn State Monty Python Society. Go figure. For more information on how you can submit -- and we accept most anything -- write to different@unreality.net.