

You ain't seen nothin' like this in any amusement hall. Here's something...

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

Volume No. Craptasm Issue No. 15 December 15, 2002 Working today for a sillier tomorrow



What Santa Wants For Christmas

by Matt Rudy

- ❖ For Mrs. Claus to get the Victoria's Secret bejeweled bra (I'm getting sick and tired of flannel)
- ❖ The latest Beck CD
- ❖ For those damned elves to stop sending me reindeer porn
- ❖ That the reindeer stop being fed baked beans before the big flight. (Oh, wait, that's what makes them fly, dammit)

- ❖ 'Ouchy -the-Clown'
- ❖ For Ted Turner to stop showing "A Christmas Story" over, and over, and over
- ❖ Leather, lots of leather



Art Talk (A Not Terribly Funny Sketch)

by Fred Coppersmith

Ricardo: Hello there, and welcome to Art Talk. This is Ricardo J. Urbles, coming to you live from Le Musée de Machins in Paris, France, and with me this evening is American sculptor and stockbroker, Conrad Glasgow. Conrad, it's a pleasure.

Conrad: Yes, Ricardo, I'm sure it is. I'm quite a captivating person.

Ricardo: Yes. Right. Of course you are. Now, Conrad, as I understand it, your sculptures on exhibit here in the museum have recently received a great deal of praise from a great many people.

Conrad: Well, I don't like to brag. But yes.

Ricardo: How do these pieces differ from your earlier works—aside from the fact that people actually seem to *like* them?

Conrad: Well, Ricardo, it's actually an interesting story.

Ricardo: All right, stories are good.

Conrad: Yes, well you see I'd been thinking...

Ricardo: That's always nice.

Conrad: Yes. I thought, clay and marble...well, they're just so overrated, aren't they? So passé. They've been done to death. I wanted to explore a sculpting medium previously untouched, untapped. Virgin material, if you will.

Ricardo: Will what?

Conrad: Never mind. So I thought...ice? No, no, it's been done too. Metal, wood...it's all done before. It looked like there were no new frontiers to conquer at all. I don't mind telling you, Ricardo, it looked like I'd have to throw in the towel as an artist and go back to Wall Street a beaten man.

Ricardo: Oh no!

Conrad: But then! I struck upon an amazing and revolutionary new idea! A brand spanking new sculpting medium.

Ricardo: You're speaking of course of dead fish.

Conrad: Yes. Large, dead bluefish.

Ricardo: Intriguing.

Conrad: Yes, quite. You see this piece here? *[he gestures]*

Ricardo: *{obviously enraptured}* Oh yes! It looks just like a little Christmas tree!

Conrad: I call it "Evergreen Made from a Big Dead Fish." I don't necessarily consider it my best work, but I do think it's indicative of the new artistic ground I've broken here.

Ricardo: *{still engrossed in the sculpture, obviously not listening}* A little Christmas tree. How cute!

Conrad: Yes...uh, "cute".

Ricardo: Does it light up?

Conrad: No, it doesn't light up.

Ricardo: *{very disappointed}* Oh. Why doesn't it light up?

Conrad: Because it's a *fish*, that's why!

Ricardo: Oh. Oh yes. It is so easy to forget these things sometimes, isn't it?

Conrad: Yes, well, I *do* strive for realism.

Ricardo: Of course. Well, thanks for the interview, Conrad, and good luck in this new dead fish endeavor of yours.

Conrad: You're too kind.

Ricardo: Yes, indeed. *{to audience}* Well, I guess that's all we have time for tonight on Art Talk. This is Ricardo J. Urbles saying goodnight, godspeed, and please, go the hell away.

All Thumbs

by A. Nonymous

Gordon hated his left thumb. It just lay there, sticking out from his hand. It didn't do anything. It didn't contribute. It seemed like an innocent appendage, but still, Gordon hated it. It scared him. Very much. In truth, it terrified him. He knew he would have to put an end to his fear somehow. And that's when he knew his only course of action: he would murder his own thumb. It was ingenious. It would work. It had to work. He knew how to go about it. He would need some bologna as bait. And a blunt object, like a good-sized paperweight or a hammer. He would soon be free of the monstrosity. He would be free of his evil thumb. Gordon began to shiver in delight.

Turn page here.

Reader's Poll

What are your plans for the holiday?



"A bottle of Jim Beam and an inflatable woman by my side. Happy friggin' New Year!"
- Jim J. Stapleremover
(prof., interpretive dance)



"It doesn't really have a name yet, but it involves some livestock and a stick of dynamite."
- Janine Neenerneenerneener
(jun., History.)



"I'm going to fill the bathtub with egg nog and soak my Christmas balls."
- Bob Bobberson
(fresh., Econ.)



"While the students are gone, I'm gonna cover Willard Building in melted cheese!"
- Clement Umbrellahead III
(Prof., Linguistics)

Trousers Talk

by Stuart J. Trousers

I have to pee. Not all the time, and not right now, but often enough that my house has a special room built just for that purpose. I used to hold it in all day and let loose in my neighbor's bushes when everyone else had gone to sleep, but my doctor says that I can get arrested for that sort of thing— and, even worse, that it might lead to something like kidney infection, discomfort, occasional swelling, or smelling bad if my clothes get wet. None of which, quite frankly, is at the top of my to do list. So now I pee whenever I have to. Provided, of course, that I'm in the special room. It's a relatively simple process, and I won't bore you with all the technical details, but I'd like to think I've mastered it and could easily compete in the unlikely event it should ever become an Olympic sport. Most people, I think, take urination for granted, which is fine, but I don't trust anybody who tries to tell me that it isn't important.

Do you know what else I don't trust? Magnets. It sounds crazy, I know, but that's just how it is. I can't exactly pin it down, but there's something about them that I just don't like. It sometimes seems like they're everywhere, running up and down my refrigerator door like barnacles stuck on the underbelly of a ship, crawling like little metal rats into every dark magnetic corner they can find, lying in wait at the bottom of the cellar stairs with a knife already bloodied from that morning's kill, a sacrificial offering to

some all-consuming totemic god who, even now, cries out for *blood! blood! blood!*

Well okay, no. Actually they *are* just on the refrigerator door. But you have to understand, there are so *many* of them, and they're so varied in color and shape and size, that I've begun to suspect that maybe my wife is sleeping with a traveling magnet salesman. The only thing that prevents me from confronting her with this accusation is my other suspicion— that there is *no such thing* as a traveling magnet salesman. I suspect that she would probably just laugh at me and say that I'm being silly. She might even suggest that I see a doctor again about my so-called "emotional problems". It's a difficult situation in which I now find myself, made only more difficult by the fact that I can't reach the potato salad in the refrigerator without having to read ten or twenty different magnets every day.

Honestly, it's enough to drive a man to his breaking point. It's possible that magnets now outnumber people in my house—which is no small feat with the family of seven currently hiding out from the law in our upstairs linen closet. My wife says I should probably ask them to leave, but with the holidays coming up, that just seems kind of cold, you know?

I just wish they'd quit hogging my special room. I really do have to pee.

Completely Different Horoscopes

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

Your success at combining business with home life won't seem quite as impressive after you get that job on the demolition crew.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

You will finally be in your own element this week. Unfortunately for you, that element will be plutonium.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

Drinking all night until you puke may have finally lost its charm, but that's no reason to go and ruin everybody else's fun.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

Choose this week to let go of preconceived notions. Maybe you *are* the chosen one after all. Try demanding a sacrifice or two and see how that makes you feel.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Take some time after finals to regain your focus. If an idle mind is the devil's playground, your brain right now would be the Disneyland of hell.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Your plan to make alcoholic beverages and sell them to the neighborhood children might not go over too well with members of the local community. Remember, when in doubt, run!

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Use this week to reach out to others. Just don't forget to wear the special gloves. You don't know where they've been.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

Life takes a turn for the surreal when you realize, quite unexpectedly, that your hovercraft in fact *is* full of eels.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

A secret admirer surprises you with some love poetry this week. Although you may be a little disconcerted by the repeated use of the phrase "massive internal hemorrhaging".

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

Sometimes, it seems like your left hand doesn't know what your right hand is doing. But that's okay. Your spleen is keeping tabs on both of them.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Only when the mouth is open should one attempt to sing. That's just good advice any day.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Walk without rhythm. It won't attract the worm.

Random Answers:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Nostradamus | 6. "Quit poking me." |
| 2. all your base | 7. Pop-Goes-the-Weasel |
| 3. little pink sponges | 8. big juicy blueberries |
| 4. at the <i>back</i> of the throat | 9. the Taj Mahal |
| 5. frogs | 10. Richard Nixon |

Editor: Fred Coppersmith

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