



And now, found in the bottom drawer of a locked filing cabinet, stuck upside-down, in a disused toilet with a sign on the door saying 'BEWARE OF THE LEOPARD!', here's something...

completely different

"The guys who are shooting films now are technically brilliant. But there's no content in their films. I marvel at what I see and say: 'God, I wish I could have done a shot like that.' But the shots are secondary for my films, and with some of these films, it's all about the shots. I watched *Tomb Raider* last night. Technically, it's brilliant, but it's just crap! Every shot is beautifully composed, the lighting is great, the sets are great. But what's the point? I'm not sure people know what points to make. I'm not sure how in touch with reality anybody is, everybody's too busy phoning each other." – Terry Gilliam, *Internet Movie Database*

For many, Penn State's annual Movin' On Festival is a wash of stupid games, half-drunk (and sometimes half-naked) freshman, and bands you've never heard of and never will again. But for some musicians, the festival represents the closest they will ever likely come to a big break—which makes it all the more sad when they aren't even chosen to perform. One band, State College's very own Ben Franklin's Testicle, came, in their own words, "this close" to winning the Battle of the Bands competition that would have thrust them into the spotlight and onto the long and lazy road to eventual obscurity. *Completely Different*, having some time to kill before the show, sat down with lead singer Neil Woullard and guitarist Eric Jubbles to discuss the band's momentary brush with what they rather pathetically think of as fame.

Thank you for coming.

Woullard: Hey, no problem, dude. But, uh...Eric's gotta be back at the Gap in like an hour, so could we kinda cut this short?

Oh, I'm sorry. We're not keeping you from your job, are we?

Jubbles: Nah, I just like to hang outside the window and stare in at the mannequins. They're freaky.

Woullard: He's in therapy.

Jubbles: Dude, shut up!

Woullard: Well you are! Freak boy. [giggles]

Um...about Movin' On...where were you when you first heard the news you weren't going to perform?

Woullard: When they called, I was in the shower, jerkin' it.

Really.

Woullard: Yeah. I ain't proud.

Jubbles: I was at the Gap. They were changin' the mannequins.

I see. That must have hurt, to see your hopes and dreams snatched away like that.

Jubbles: Nah, man, they put the clothes back on 'em.

Woullard: Dude, he's talkin' about the *band*.

Jubbles: Ohh... Yeah, that blows. Neil called me on my cel phone and we went out and got wasted.

You said earlier that you came "this close" to being picked over the eventual winner. How close is "this close"?

Woullard: Pretty close, dude. Close enough to taste it. I thought the judges really liked the song we played from our new album.

You're referring, of course, to your self-produced second album Bitch Tits and Pancake Batter...

Woullard: Yeah. We cover this kick-ass Celine Dion song on it and, well you know, chicks dig Celine Dion.

They do?

Woullard: That's what they tell me.

But you didn't win.

Woullard: Nah. It's all politics, dude.

Jubbles: Politics, yeah.

It's not because you suck?

Woullard: [sighs] Well, yeah...there's *that*, okay. I mean, Eric can barely even *spell* guitar.

Jubbles: Dude, shut up!

Woullard: Well, dude, it's true. But that's not the point. We...rocked. It doesn't matter if the music sucked, or if nobody was listening, or if I accidentally set myself on fire during our set. We deserved to

win because we wanted it more. That's the American way.

Jubbles: Dude, that one judge was kinda cute.

Woullard: Shut up.

So what's next for Ben Franklin's Testicle?

Woullard: Well, we've got a frat party on the twenty-sixth, and then I have *really* got to think about movin' out of my parent's basement.

A Night of Sketches (that didn't suck as much as it might have) in pictures:



Completely Different needs submissions. This is your final warning.