



And now, same as it ever was, same as it ever was, here's something...

# COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

Volume: Zambesi Issue #1 January 18, 2004 Working today for a sillier tomorrow

## First, Some News

The Monty Python Society website ([www.clubs.psu.edu/up/Python/](http://www.clubs.psu.edu/up/Python/)) has been updated. While we recognize that this is an important and joyous occasion, we must ask that you please try to contain your enthusiasm. Excited yelps and shrieks are to be expected, as is the occasional celebratory wetting of oneself, but such displays should be kept to a bare minimum. We ask that you please do not drool in fevered anticipation on this page, as that will only make it soggy and the words difficult to read. Under no circumstances should you attempt to visit this link unless you are first sitting in front of a computer. As of January 5, 2004, the following major updates have been made:

- Uploaded the remaining Fall 2003 newsletters;
- Re-uploaded the Python Society album sound clips;
- Added a link to the official Carol Cleaveland web page; and
- Removed a photograph from the 1988 Homecoming Parade write-up at the request of a former Society member

Thanks to the tireless efforts of another former member, Alyce Wilson, and her personal history of the Monty Python Society ([alycewilson.tripod.com/python/](http://alycewilson.tripod.com/python/)), we have also been able to make the following extensive additions:

- Photographs and additional write-ups on past Homecoming Parades, including 1988, 1989, 1991, and 1992;
- Extensive write-ups, photographs, and minor corrections on past Mall Climbs, including 1989, 1990, 1992, and 1993; and
- Previously unavailable write-ups and rules from past Upperclassman Twit of the Year Competitions, including each of the three times it happened from 1989-1991.

## From "Dedicated Idiocy" by Alyce Wilson

The following is taken from Alyce Wilson's personal history of the Penn State Monty Python Society, "Dedicated Idiocy" ([alycewilson.tripod.com/python/](http://alycewilson.tripod.com/python/)). Wilson is currently the editor of the online quarterly literary magazine Wild Violet ([www.wildviolet.net](http://www.wildviolet.net)). The following is reprinted here with her permission:

If life had a soundtrack, my freshman year in college, it would have been "The Liberty Bell March," the theme from *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. That year gave birth to a number of traditions, that survived at least while I was a Monty Python Society member. That year was manic fun. We were explorers on Planet Weird.

I didn't know what to expect at my first MPS meeting, but I was accepted with open arms, and not a little tickling.

At my first meeting, Sept. 14, 1988, so many attendees showed up that we had to move the meeting from a small classroom in Boucke Building to the HUB Lawn (which in those days was far larger and could comfortably accommodate a mass of roughly 75 unruly Pythonites; I understand it's since shrunk to half its size and will one day consist of nothing but a patch of grass with Ode de Capa, a.k.a the Fighting Red Onionhead, a.k.a Roger, sitting triumphantly on top. But I digress...)

The president at the time, one Floyd Crossman, told us our first big activity for the year would be the Homecoming Parade, in which we were to follow a *Holy Grail* theme. He also asked us if we had any other suggestions for activities. This massive group of people was full of unruly ideas, such as Olympic Hide-and-Seek and a Twit-of-the-Year Run. The latter would bear fruit. Fresh fruit.

Another of our suggestions was to move Ode de Capa. A group of brave freshmen gave it a try, but desisted when Floyd told them the campus police had been cracking down on people. Someone had recently been suspended, he said, for disco dancing on a car. We told him that being on a car at the time was probably immaterial, but Floyd convinced us not to press our luck.

Informed that "Ode to Capa" or FROH, no longer sits on the HUB lawn, Wilson had this to say:

I do remember that being mentioned to me....I have mixed feelings about it, given that it was, by popular consent, the most atrociously ugly, ridiculous sculpture to ever mar a public place. However, we sure did have a lot of fun with it.

I imagine I feel somewhat the way Woodward and Bernstein might have felt when Nixon died.



## Weekly Horoscopes

### Aries: (March 21—April 19)

Try to be more self-reliant and less dependent on others this week. But don't be surprised when the police decide you really *can't* perform your own full-body cavity search after all.

### Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

In moments of tense discussion, you sometimes worry that something may be lost in translation, but wenn ist das Nunstruck git und Slotermeyer? Ja! Beiherhund das Oder die Flipperwaldt gersput!

### Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

This could be a good week to nurture a new relationship. Show that deranged monkey god just how serious you are about earning its trust.

### Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

You will finally feel on top of your game this week. Which is good, because those pesky kindergarteners are just *asking* to have their asses kicked at Chutes and Ladders.

### Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

A business partner might consider changing his or her tune later this week, but your repeated insistence that it be changed to "Freebird" really isn't helping matters any.

### Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

A blast from the past could enter your life this week, but be wary. You wouldn't want to let old mad Professor Winterbottom's time machine fall into the wrong hands, now would you?

### Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

You might want to let a friend or colleague lead the way in a tense situation. Just don't tell them you're really putting them up front to act as bait.

### Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

You might feel the need to express what you've been feeling this week to friends and colleagues. But don't worry: your panicked screaming and flailing limbs have probably already tipped them off at least a little.

### Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

A little good luck and perseverance could carry you through this week. And you'll probably need to be carried, what with those freakishly broken legs and all.

### Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

You'll want to "make hay while the sun shines" as the saying goes. Once night falls, you'll need it as an offering to appease those evil bloodthirsty horse-people.

### Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

This could be a week for newfound resourcefulness and independent thinking—unless, of course, those hideous brain slugs have anything to say about it.

### Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Your attempts to pick up the pieces of a past relationship could prove somewhat difficult. After all, dynamite only leaves so many pieces behind.

## Reader's Poll: What should the Python Society do this semester?



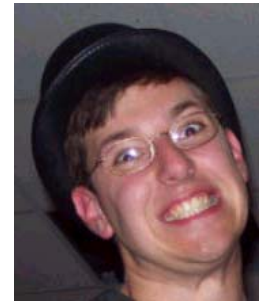
"Well, bringing peace and harmony to people of all races and creeds while simultaneously eliminating world poverty and hunger would be good, but maybe you just wanna stick with recording another CD for now, huh?"  
- Doug Dougerson, soph. Math



"Obviously, you'll first need to ensure that those dastardly ape creatures don't escape when you destroy the evil Dr. Mutabi's secret underground island lair. I hate when that happens."  
- Gerald Langsyne, grad. Undecided



"Oh, lots of things. Nibble the earlobe, knead the buttocks, stroke the thigh, suck the nipple, so on and so forth. We have all these possibilities before we *stampede* towards the clitoris."  
- Humphrey Williams, prof. Undecided



"Well, making lists of all the things we could be doing if we weren't so busy making lists of things has always worked in the past. Why mess with tradition?"  
- some guy in a hat

## Mustard by Fred Coppersmith

First, some background. The November 4, 2001, issue of *Completely Different* featured a section entitled "Very Bad Poetry", which professed to have been written by Mullah Muhammed Omar, the former supreme head of the Taliban in Afghanistan. (This in itself requires some explanation: following the 2001 Homecoming Parade, members of the Monty Python Society ended up in the HUB eating pizza and watching television news. Because there was no sound—and, more importantly, because we were a little stupid about international politics at the time—we had the mistaken impression that *everyone* was being introduced as Mullah Muhammed Omar. It seemed like a perfectly legitimate pseudonym at the time.) At any rate, the section featured three poems of varying length, written by yours truly, and *not* the ousted Muslim leader. Each of them was written initially as a song. The best, "Diarrhea: A Love Song", would have been performed at that spring's night of sketches, had the lyric sheet (with its crudely scribbled guitar tabs) not unfortunately gone missing fifteen minutes before curtain call. The worst, which really wasn't much of a song to begin with, was called "Mustard on My Penis". Against my better judgment, here it is in its entirety:



My doctor says always  
Put mustard on your penis  
It's weird, I know  
But it's true, so I do

And every morning when I wake up  
Grab a big cup, fill it up top  
With my Dijon spicy mustard  
Yeah I get hard, yeah I do



Not exactly what you might call lyrical genius. Flash ahead to December 26, 2003, however. A gentleman named Michael Craft e-mailed to say that he had read the poem recently and thought it was great. He suggested that I join an online forum, in which a particular message thread had been dedicated to this very topic. That's right: a message thread about smearing one's naughty bits with mustard. At last count, it was up to two pages. While my natural impulse was to immediately delete the e-mail and pretend that it never happened, what I actually ended up doing was writing the following:

I'm hesitant to ask how you came across the poem, much less that message thread. There are certain sexual practices which one would rather keep securely in the realm of fiction—which is all that my little poem is supposed to be, I assure you. The same is true of my sketch "The New Spatula" recorded with the Monty Python Society on its 2001 CD, "Sex, Drugs, and Graham Spanier". While it, too, combines freaky sex and food, it should in no way be read as an *endorsement* of sexual intercourse with coleslaw. I could die a happy man never knowing if such things actually happen, or if certain spicy condiments really can be used as penile lubricants.

Much thanks, then, for dashing that dream into little bits. It's not the worst or most depraved thing I've come across on the Internet (not by half), but I'd prefer to give anyone using the contents of a jar of mustard this way a wide berth. Besides, you've already gone and posted the poem for me, so what would be the point in joining the discussion now? It's not as if I have any personal experience with this sort of thing, and I'm *very* keen to hear *nothing* of anyone else's experience, thank you very much. As it is, it's going to be awhile before I can comfortably eat a hot dog with mustard on it again.

But, in all seriousness, I suppose I should thank you for bringing this to my attention. It was, in its way, disturbingly amusing. I'm glad you liked the poem. It's just a little something I tossed off recently in the Caribbean.

So far, Mr. Craft has failed to write back.

## Trivia

Things you maybe didn't know about Penn State's new Information Sciences and Technology Building:

- Originally intended as the site of "Dr. Spanier's Wild Ride";
- Includes nearly 19,000 square feet of underground tunnels in which fierce and dreaded mole people toil endlessly;
- Is actually a huge super-conductive antenna that was designed and built expressly for the purpose of pulling in and concentrating spiritual turbulence; and
- Features complete wireless network coverage, making it perhaps the best place on campus to anonymously download porn

**Editor:** Fred Coppersmith

*Completely Different* is the mostly weekly newsletter of the Penn State Monty Python Society. It leaves the skin feeling soft, silky, and supple. Back issues available at [www.clubs.psu.edu/Python](http://www.clubs.psu.edu/Python). Submissions always welcome. For more information, write to [different@unreality.net](mailto:different@unreality.net)