## In honour of Timmy V.G. and Hunter S. Thomps

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AT THE END OF LOST? ARE YOU WATCHING THIS? WHO SHOT J.R.? CAN YOU MAKE A CATCH PHRASE OUT OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE? YOU TALKING TO ME? DID YOU SEE BIG BROTHER DANCING WITH THE STARS ON JERSEY SHORE? **HOW CAN SHE SLAP?** IS THREE HOURS OF MAD MEN BETTER THAN THREE HOURS OF FRIENDS? WHO KILLED LAURA PALMER? NHERE'S MY HORSE? HOW MUCH LOVE CAN ONE **TUNNEL TAKE?** DID WE RAIN ON YOUR PARADE?

DO YOU SEE THE FUN IN THIS?

**ALES OF BEASTLY** INSIDE THE PUPPET Shining as a star in the

lation that is the e dustry takes its toll. lights and cheap plas slaves toil and sweat sweet illusions that r cry. Only the lucky the spotlights and try that feeds on ilv sacrifices even and beautiful chil and whines. I walk i not that of the st bright, fiery blaz small dog with a felony lawsuits ost of its grey. I c sure. Being scor t me like he knov loes; when I was death among th sure. Tragedy is into darkness orld. Lessons f finally collapsin ot yet found out of its own woe a y of the big outsi black that has no sti nd broken at the sa a final cut smothered by a patchy blannner spirit was twisted and choked b ket of furry exploitation and humiliate ome invading force. Imagine a han ing speech impediments. Banished or rapped around your throat from the discredited actors complain about being treated like animals by the entertainment industry...then what is the fate of actual animals in that same in dustry? What fate befalls our favourite commercial We all kn kippy- ad dicted to coke speedballs and methamphet , Lassie – neutered the old-fash Mr. Ed e-gigs in X rated r out our owi countr Surely such a thing could old homel never ry books

side. Imaaine somebody else in side you, pulling strings and making vou talk like vou have brain damaae agine a life where nobody know. n-witted, gullible ai who lives in a bo **n**age to learn e roughout a li he tape reco not have r ent to talk uggle for lov ptance by a brave little pur nother. that pet that came to the big city. to play fore like an old who I think t small, pla with blind viar and cri olours. The nings c re mainly pe le who eith ecific e rement hom decided no r domest **d**n't get rid lenough easons or se and goldf

le shivers at these last words. I thin I hear a tiny velp comina from somewhere beneath the fur like an echo of old hurt. It doesn't take a lot of imagin to sense a dark secret lurking eath the surface here. I hesi ut of that academy burned <mark>n</mark>'t done anything but obey over two years. I was talkrade school level and bound basket. My talent scout owner o sell me to a supermarke

I imagined.

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lies not in my pain, but in h a mascot to attract families ists so he trotted me out to of the smaller chains but withfor themselves. To believe t meaning and sense and a ccess. None of the managers way out and a right thing to im seriously and even if they one of them was willing to rent my place to judge you, go are just words that huma paraplegic dog at the price he ffering, regardless of whether it to hide their own fears be say this with bitterness o talk or not. After about 6 months. living in Hell: I was not a pet, I mean this. You were give an expensive investment turning to achieve greatness an a living expense bill. My owner one day you'll discover th never loved me, but now he had humbs enable you to ually begun to hate me. He still had hold a remote control ar clean up after me every day: since I uld no longer walk, I just went where vas lying. Sometimes I'd spend the etter half of a week encrusted with y own filth before he couldn't stand stink anvmore and hosed me off n his back porch. I'm sure he would nave had me put to sleep if it hadn't been for the studio people: a young production company was looking for a child-friendly, non-menacing dog for a ew television pilot. A records check at the academy had led them back to me and one day, an intern was sent over to

## **ENTERTAINMENT ISSUES**

was brought to

you by

PART I:

NOT SO EXACT SCIENCE

you step out the door on a two-month

ission to escape the daily grind? We

eemingly enjoyable fields of mass en-

tertainment to investigate the excess

Using your

Entertainment has been around for ages. It's a concept that's easy to take lightly and very hard to define. t knows no boundaries and it's also pretty damn inherently subjective, because we all know that what some people find entertaining will make othpeople tear out their own eyeballs nd throw them at their television set while howling in despair. It's all very confusing and vague, a murky blur that spans a few millennia of distraction for the masses; from ancient Chiese shadow play and travelling carnivals to Hollywood's hit formula and 26 seasons of Friends that seem to be orever repeating themselves like Fibonacci numbers. But what exactly is it? Why do we crave it? What is about other people's trials and tribulations that we find so appealing? Why did the Romans enjoy the sight of weakned, malnourished Christians being fed to lions or slaughtered by gladiators? On a more personal note, why do enjoy the mindless action flick every ow and then? Is it some sort of malicious delight we find in seeing others of acid-drooling aliens and gun-slinging roid monkevs with tacky one-liners? Is it some primal mechanism that draws thousands to sports stadiums and pop concerts every weekend? Is our dark side that craves these tales of onder and blood, of passion and deceit, to make up for the lack of exciteent in our own lives? Is it a vital form an inspiring source n and creativity or is escape hatch from y of our own lives? that appeal to

OPERATION DARK

hem at the price of one school semes-

ter. He cut his losses and went looking

can't say whether or not I'm happy

If you yell at some-

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and exploited animal and I may have

been abused in ways that are crue

and unspeakable but I take strength

in knowing that this was all for you

so that you can stop feeding o

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shut you up.

of what everybody should be really to party your pants off. Nov that leads to new sure but he looked tension off his o why not let h t the effects of dem e an easy mutations that t of brain <mark>t</mark>ies? Have v little me leasure age base d be evo<mark>ke</mark> minute mass ent d walls that of dome nore. Shiver rds of a man th bring you Ope anticipating with a severe peerless disgu

PROLOGUE YOU & THE HORSE YO Battle A**gainst** RODE IN ON Boreao**m IS** brought **to you b**e mell of fresh Pseudog<mark>ree Pal</mark> e're stuck i ady turned Light: The only minute j low-fat pet ok to my lei nutrient for overweight animals – same time." I do not offer a reply now 100% synthetic meat!

right after the c

eas are increasing. I flick a burni th Porsche Cayenne's, BMW jeeps

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OPERATION DARK

THROUGH THE BARN

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CHAPTER I:

DOORS

Dark Horsey is brought to you by DermaFresh. the only skinmoisturizing cream that makes up for your lack of confidence and **dys**functional personality!

CAUSE & EFFECT: CHICK-**ENS & EGGS** 

ays of job-related stress, econor

rises, environmental disasters, suden strands of grey hair and all other orts of impending doom. What does hat mean in our present-day society where for the majority of the populaion the pressure to perform makes up of your 16 waking hours for 5 out of might mean that a lot of us are tired

ead from havi onstantly that the t if you eed in o at's clogging your mailb So after you punch that end another hour cursin ng through crosstown tra g a train compartment w ially exhausted, sweaty s who all need to ventila and anxiety into their eed to relax. Your brain ing in charge. You just wa auto-pilot and ride out th day in relative tranquill have to spend another 8 r life sleeping and rest u do a good job being a achine the next day and er and so on. I mean, who o be aware of the fact tha o trade their life at less t our for lack of a viable al can't all be cynical, vitriol pseudo-intellectuals who ingly put every shred of same society they get th curity checks from, nov way, what this means

that at the end of the da

just feel like switching (

o a certain extent, I e

soap opera audience and t

don't blame them.

al peace every weekday at 8PM sim ards to the left of the main entrance. ply by indulging their minds with We sidle our way out, move into the epetitive, utterly predictable vet al slipstream and break off at the VIP ways cosmetically changing tragedy to ntrance. Feel security staff glaring. watch from a safe distance. Life can in flash the pass and walk through. So deed be beautifully simple sometimes we're not doing anything we're ot allowed to so no reason to break a weat just vet, apart from the broiling emperatures around the track. A clock This paragraph

hacks says 14:58. Time to dig.

GloboBank! Dark Horsey is brought to you by Neuromillions. hard-earned dimes to help Because you rich people never know when three X's will get even richer! make your shitty life take a turn for the better. UP NEXT: THE BATTLE

> PART II: COCONUT AIRLINES -MAKES TIME FLY

If you look at the so-called wall that mirrors the highlights of my s, it may seem that a rousing sumause I'm easically bored me across. peractivpoint of ention is ping the tland of t was a estless kan on the utskirts of to start off asically consists of e absorbing the trucl high hopes ethargy. A n vou'i e becau ick with a you bro ing about liv you're sharin trageous party can be tearing en point or place.

decades, we will all e same situation toe very dead, everyone d drink with, everybody and hate, everybody you fear and challenge. At least, this agonizing nental analysis often made me feel Liquor. wfully comfortable during this skull-Grub's – ucking research expedition. What else o I have in my suitcase? I still cared the powerful weapon of fantasy. The mighty gift that would turn the mall space between my ears into an xtended, vivid and safe world when ecessary. So what could probably go standards. et me ask that again to Daniel Biech-

ust a tad too much showmanship and managerial enthusiasm when the band was headlining at a concert 003 at around 11 PM, none of the apoximately 450 spectators at nightlub The Station could have expected er. More specific when the uncurbed thusiasm of Biechele left almost a sel's epic warning words 'wow... this an between the ignition of the flamnable sound insulation foam and the oar, banging their head in front of the restroom was basically doomed. un vou had. The Station nightclub fire ple and injuring another 230. BAR state of ou out there, it's o

avoid it.

former tour manager of the hard ock band Great White - who showed

The only exce acy rule wou and KCTV (N [...] iam pri<mark>dem.</mark> channels ar tal retardati ex quo su<mark>ffragia</mark> ment-appre most of us nulli / uendimus, ing under effudit cu<mark>ras; nan</mark> inhuman means v qui daba<mark>t olim</mark> / imperiu<mark>m, fasces</mark>, that fee caione<mark>s, omni</mark>a. nunc se / continet atque d<mark>uas tantu</mark>m res anx<mark>ius optat.</mark> / panem <mark>et</mark> circens<mark>es. [...</mark> Juvenal, <mark>Satire</mark>

opulus on a string. Give t & a show and the plebeian public von't give a rat's rectum about your orrupted policies and night time orgies paid for by honest taxpayers' sestertii. Oh really? That would imply that you would be able to knowingly downgrade human consciousness and ublic with o ssities in hysical and em sedate athetic to oesn't re egalo. ianiacal iracies circles ching a re gene ally mad scrutin ugh a v r idea of ar

onsisted rimum seats ody spectan action, folsenator's wife e night. are not that inlarger order of e so you al days of me glad hings haven people in po

despicable thin

use we're all too

entertained to do

I find human sloth

and general jadedness to be a more likely cause of social inertia than the conspiracy story (the one with the room full of faceless men in black suits pulling the strings of the world while barbecuing a human baby and snorting uncut cocaine off of underage ladyboys imported from Thailand). I wil concede that such a room may exist but even if it does then I still sincerely doubt the competence and reaching power of the men occupying this alleged den of World Domination. We all know that evil & stupidity go hand in hand, especially when there's money

We now return to Operation Dark Horsev.

**CHAPTER II:** A STEED AMONGST

minutes, where the fuck is this asshole?' The wooden panels and steel bars above us are rumbling and clanging under the weight of a drunker crowd that is fuelled by minimum bets and cheap alcohol. My shirt's sticking to my back and the air under the bleachers is thick with dirt, piss and sweat. We're still bogged down in the lower echelons of Waregem Koerse. This is where the worker class ant scurries about under the bemused eves of

upper class Belgium; where the hicks

'We've been waiting here for twenty

rses and get drunk o while the VIP's water on champagne eneath our fee ng with toss lled beer fr 'I'm thirsty. getting us so

ugh the crow ching elbows read 'outsider' ly made up o ook even mo hordes of exc ks me out of a ds me two cold and rolling her us. I try to giv anding'l-kno nd shoulder m ers where the exted me. He s passes and unges so we sed-up go y sort of

Dark Horsey is sponsored by **Grub's Malt** whenever you need to lower your already non-existent

THE BORING REALITY OF THE MIND CONTROL

fear by giving you nothing but the bad news interspersed with commercia accused of turning everyday kids into machinegun-toting maniacs with its unique Hollywood-brand of screenplay-edited violence. It is said to be the mind control device of some secand rape the world from inside their supersecret clubhouse like the 2k version of the Legion Of Doom. I disagree because that's basically the same mechanism that allows fat people to say that McDonalds turned them into grossly obese monstrosities barely deserving of the name human. This kind of logic eliminates the need for common sense by giving everybody an anonymous and unchallengeable force of all-powerful evil to blame for the FU-

the individual overnetarded ne of an which xcuse for probler 's brillian a faceles scapego nse of par pizzazz th guilt-indu eality of so ed the televi that result w it today d control dev the world for year

ter priests would be able t take advantage of its power and prestige to molest choir boys without legal consequence. Far-fetched, indeed. We do not deny the existence of evil men. we just don't ascribe them the intelligence or compet to successfu vice, i **OPERATION DARK** 

**HORSE CHAPTER** III: MY LITTLE PHONEY tting sick and tire our shiny Miss Fun has-been ce we're getting wi tering hostesses ognized us as th we are, es

make a street hooker blush, enough prick-faced executives and managers and directors wearing expensive hair cuts and tailor-made suits gobbling oysters. I've seen all I needed to see. Pete's still snapping shots but I've had it with this place plus I'm starting to develop a skull-splitting headache.

'Looks like you're as excited to be here as I am.' I look up to see one of the hostesses hovering beside me with a tray full of empty and half-empty glasses. 'Don't even ask. Watching these people make asses out of them selves was fun the first half hour but now it's just getting pathetic and awkward.' On stage, some hump and his wife are gracelessly demonstrating the new moves they learned in last week's ballroom dance class. Emily (as her nametag reads) follows my look and snickers. 'What exactly did you expect to find here?' 'I'm not sure anymore.

I guess pretty much this, only a lot worse. I mean, this is disgraceful but it's not really degrading stuff. We were supposed to get some VIP passes to get into the lounges but the guy who was supposed to get us in chickened out. So now we're stuck here.' Emily looks at me and shoots me a smile that says she's just decided to do something she's not allowed to. 'I can get you into the lounges if you put on one of the catering uniforms. But no longer than fifteen minutes, our supervisor is on his break and he'll be back after the next race and he will pick you out of a crowd.' Yes. Professional persistency and personal participation are paying off once more. 'Stay here. I'm going to find my boss.

Dark Horsey is **brought** to you by **Coca-**Corrosive Liaht: with no sugar, only aspartame – **beca**use it's **better** to have **canc**er than be fat!

THE BATTLE AGAINS BOREDON PART III: PROZECSTASY: POP IT

n the lookout for some outmost, unadulterated entertainment. Unknowng whether or not this mental escape to alleviate the horror of being and to One thing's for sure, entertainment can cost you a lot of money. I decided that the easiest way to meet the most ecstatic feeling would be by doing the uld've stepped into the closest travagency and get that ticket to Hawaii but considering the absolute lack of

elfare. I was having serious doubts about enduring the festival season that would soon kick off.

Armed with a shitload of backstage passes I was ready to discover the fun of skimming the beer drown grounds of a land that has more music festican sincerely say I have gone through a couple of dozens of festival and party nights straight. Time enough to realize sic scene is wrapped up in a too noisy and overpriced skein of expensive booze, musical overkill and overrated unk food wherein everybody seems to after weeks of doing the same thing all over again, it's really hard to find anyging as the mind is already more excitement. highlight in the at an indie fes o with only a e. Despite th

th toxic ar We now return to our main fea **EXPENSUS MAXIMUS:** 

**TURNING FARTS TO** ip half of the Super B n all agree is a fitting examp popular modern entertainment) will set you back roughly 2,5 million US dollars? Now this amount only buys do. May the fun be with you. you thirty empty seconds and does not cover the production cost of the ad itself, which in this case will

higher than the normal 250 it's the Super Bowl and how people the reg shots with a v go rush of pi resonates You war vn' into ne screen ts into blue red CGI-explo s with a tagline saying 'Pepsi Max. st Served Stone Cold.' That's enter-

FRAGRANCES

J KNOW....Havi

vertisement play

many commercia

inment, and it doesn't come che u'll probably want to outsour rticular ad to one of the hip ies like Saatchi & Saatchi ccount managers wear and all the creatives p in the cham- fixed gear bikes in the parently the to show visiting clie porarily out of the a side note, the pr "30 slot during p starts at 100,000 goes up. But wait, tiser routinely spen on what is basically a then sell that same fart as a Because the truth is that most of the time, they're lying and a lot of people

> are what other ible morons,

**OPERATION DARK CHAPTER IV:** 'I FEAR GREEKS, EVEN **THOSE BEARING GIFTS'** 

> ing straight for a security checkpoin carrying two plates full of oysters and champagne glasses. Both of us have squeezed into vests that are at least sizes small. 'So do you. Let's cut the bullshit for two seconds and try to get in here okay?' Two dressed up gorilla's standing on muddied red carpet cast indifferent looks as we approach. I'm trying to focus on keeping this damn plate straight while my heart rate is climbing in anticipation of being unmasked. Walking closer, I'm tuning into a fleeting shard of vintage bounc er's dialogue. '...wouldn't mind rolling in the dirt with some of these chicks myself. Hold it, buddy.' Shit. I look up at a face that reminds me of a bad guy in an Fric Roberts film. Looks like this is our final stop for today. Colonel San chez' bodyguard smiles a rapists' grin and makes two glasses and one oyster disappear with one hand, 'Let me get that for you,' Before I even fully realise I'm not about to get my ass kicked and permanently banned off the premises, Pete pokes me in the ribs to push me out of my blank stare and through the connecting corridor into the INGlounge. We're in.

'Allright, let's find this asshole.' This is

'You look like an idiot.' We're walk

the bloated inner sanctum of today's ritual of decadence. Standing on the red carpet that covers the wooden pre fab floors, we're looking at what's under the mask of money and mascara; the real face of Waregem Koerse is not a pretty sight. Tailor-made suits strain ing to hold in swollen guts, inch-thick layers of make-up smudgy with sweat and white wine, glazed eyes glancing around furtively for flesh and liquor. 'There. Between the fake flowers and the mini-fountain.' I follow Pete's look and lock in on a male in his early thirties wearing a light grey suit -clearly of the arrogant assdouche windbag type - talking to a bored waitress. Legs weaving, mouth twisting and eyes darting all over catering assets; Laurent. 'He's drunk. Not stupid drunk yet, but he won't need a lot of convincing to start shooting his mouth off and talking shit. He loves to talk shit.' It is at this point that Laurent sees the two of us seeing him. It's pretty obvious he has not counted on us getting in without his help and I can see him regain ing composure before he swigs down the remainder of his drink and sways his own dragging, drunken weight way from a relieved waitress and to wards where we're standing. 'Let's play nice. If he makes an ass out of himself it saves us the trouble of making him look like the scumbag he is.' I can tell Laurent feels pretty confident about facing us here. We're outsiders, he feels right at home. 'Don't worry, I've got something perfect for just this



non-existent, otherwise we'd have

CONCLUSION:

I must have been trying to get severely drunk at one festival or another to anticipate the fun, when the city of Duis burg expected 800,000 people in their town. Allegedly 1.4 million people showed up to celebrate the 2010 edi tion of the Love Parade although police authorities believed around 400,000 people were present. Anyway the enor nous lineup of distraction and amuse had to pass appeared to be too small. Near the overcrowded tunnel leading into the festival, 21 party people lost their lives resulted from suffocation injured. The party wasn't shut down on that terrible day in July but the legary event that originated in 1989 in

stayed there until 2003, will er see the heat of night

left me in an absent state of mind for le of days and my mind ay to the day I watched g footage of the Heyzel ich 39 people died by enple soccer game. Nobody and age will forget the day stival-goers were crushed and suffocated to death in while watching a Pearl Jam Roskilde. Let's not even sh wedding a few years ago. on, I started seriously tripls at every event I attended odv around me didn't seem to ve a damn because everybody busy having too much fun. Lit these doll party monsters know what's left when the fun vanis nothing but pure panic. And will vanish as well as it has vrong more than a few times in ourse of entertainment history. houghts went out to all those of m the fun abruptly ended on their to, when enjoying or while headthat in this life, you'd better stay red and try to live with it. Do not try crush the big walls of the grey cas . Just stay inside and fight the men l demons who are trying to conquer your mind with sick thoughts. That would be probably the safest thing to

le now bring you the thrilling

**OPERATION DARK** HORSEY

FIFTH & FINAL CHAPTER: DEUSEX MACHINA - THE SKIDMARKS OF ROLLING THUNDER

n the UK once told rops (the common, pe that some people their pocket in case nses go dry) can have e effects if accidentally pice up someone's drink particular sort of eye drop ou are very likely to cause that rson sudden bursts of violent and explosive intestinal distress. He told me all this while rummaging through my backpack looking for the source of the scent of narcotics his dog thought to have smelled on me. He never did find anything and I walked out of Manchester Central Station a free man. While I'm remembering this, I'm standing to the side of a prefab separation wall, smiling and nodding at Laurent who is now nearing the end of his second glass of spiked Chardonnay.

These people are all retarded. I mean, I'm here to do business you know? But most these fat pigs have no...intel ligence. You know, like we do, right?

Shit, I'm hooking up with one of these aspiring beauty queens behind one of the barns later on.' He grins. His face twitches slightly. He shuffles his feet. I think I hear a bubbling sound. Pete smiles and nods. You said it. Well, we've almost got to get going. How

about one more drink bottoms up? Look at his face and recognize his eagerness to get rid of us. 'Sure, what the hell. A quick one!' I hand him his third glass and lift mine in the air. 'Here's to supreme intellect!' Out the corner of my eve I can see Laurent's features contort in desperate agony as the final double dose hits home. This is our cue to walk; I disappear around the corner and double-quick my way to the two bouncers at the door. Colone Sanchez' bodyguard looks up. I point at Laurent who just made it around the corner and is now awkwardly trying to make his way towards the restroom area. 'This drunk asshole just asked me if I could help him get some coke. You might want to tell him to be a bit more discreet.' The goon follows my look and takes off on an intercentive trajectory. I join Pete at his vantage point between the fake rose bushes. 'Ok. Stand back and let's hope this

Laurent bumps into 175 lbs of pure

purpose and looks up. Our agent of

umiliation seizes him gently by the shoulder and gestures him into taking a few steps back and out of sight. Laurent shakes his head, squirms and pleads. He tries to slip loose. The ouncer tightens his one-handed hold and holds up a warning finger, indicating that he is not in the mood for jokes. Laurent shivers. He squirms harder. He panics. Alcohol and the power of accelerated peristalsis suddenly give him wings as he swings himself free, shoves off the bouncer and breaks past him towards the restroom door. Surprisingly nimble, the bouncer shifts his weight, swivels around and catches Laurent square in the gut with left hook before he grabs him by the neck with his right hand. Time stands still. Laurent looks up and straight into my eyes looking back at him. In a split second I see helpless incomprehension turn into incredulous understand ing and rise into hopeless desperation before finally surrendering to inevitability. Even with all the drunken chatter and lounge music in the air, the sound is the first thing to make heads turn: it is a mix between a deflating balloon and the sound of wet mud sucking at plastic boots. A duet between a muf fled car exhaust and a broken espresso machine. A concerto of boiling tar and old people making out. The bouncer gags and steps back, releasing his eck-hold on Laurent who drops limply to the ground, grey suit and red carpet around him now turning to shades of brown. People are standing up, lookloose and mixes with Hugo Boss and white mink feints face-first into a plate need to go. Our work here is done.' As

Dark Horsey was brought to you by Zide Stain Release Crystal Cleansing Formula! The only

detergent with nano-crystals that remove stains and shame!

**BRING THE NOISE** 

that different scenes are cut to similar guided, gently babied into a highe state of empathy by a mathematica algorithm that is rigidly followed by let's say 99,9% of Hollywood produ tions. We're not judging anyone or trying to play Captain Buzzkill (Lord thought you might want to be aware cinema, it's psychophysiology, Repet three-day old ielly donut. It might ever media (might) turn your brain into the woman who had to get craned out of her house after three years of gorging

So in conclusion; we have no conclusive answers for you and as usual, it all comes down to the choices you make as either a conscious individual or an empty shell on auto-pilot. Do I watch a documentary on colonial history in the Middle East and gain valuable insights into the current state of affairs or do I just really need to see what the latest STD on Jersey Shore is? It's a matter of personal responsibility and determining what you're looking for when you turn on your television (excuse our perhaps biased focus on television, but we have limited printing space and as it is, it's the biggest passive entertainment-platform known to man, which is

why it merits our unrelenting scrutiny).

herself on buckets of lard and watch

slow and lazy.

ing the Home Exercise Channel, Fat.

Entertainment is necessary because your life is boring and fiction makes more sense than reality. In what we call a good movie, every line, shot and scene makes a point. So in that sense, your life is like a bad movie: it does not have a gripping plotline and it does not star carefully casted people as your friends and foes; Morgan Freeman does not offer little tidbits of metaphysical insight to soothe your psychological discomfort and there is no official theme music when your girlfriend breaks up with you. The bad guys win and there is no redemption or retribution. Oh and spoiler alert: the main character in your movie dies, unlike Jean Claude Van Damme who is actually a real hero and will live foreyer on VHS. What to do? I don't know. Try to have an interesting and fulfilling life or get some digital television, I hear HBO is running some good shows

TO BE CONTINUED..



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