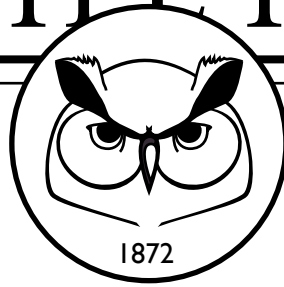


PARAPHERNALIA



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF HAMMOCK BOY

At the tender age of 22, a young college student was diagnosed with a horrible unnamed disease. The doctors agreed that the only way he could survive was to stay confined to a hammock for the rest of his life. Here we follow a day in Hammock Boy's life:



"Hi! I'm Hammock Boy!"



Hammock Boy goes to the bathroom.



Hammock Boy gets called on in class.



Hammock Boy argues with the teacher.

PARAPHERNALIA



Hammock Boy window shops at Urban Outfitters.



Hammock Boy gets mugged by a ninja.



At a party: "No thanks, I don't drink."



Later, he does a kegstand.



Hammock Boy plays hide-and-seek.



Goes to bed. Good night!

—LIPOFF

I Think There's a Mistake In the Equations on Your T-Shirt

You know, you've got some nerve. You've been strutting around here like you own the place ever since you came back from the Star Trek convention in Akron. Every man wants to befriend you. Every woman wants to date you. But you know what, sir? I think there's a mistake in the equations on your t-shirt.

Don't think I'm taking issue with this just because I'm bitter. Sure, I was better qualified than you to be president of the official Cincinnati Star Trek fan club. I would have held the office with the dignity and nobility such a respected position demands, if only my campaign hadn't been derailed by that Klingon Spelling Bee scandal. Far be it from me, however, to dispute the votes of my fellow Ohio Trekkies. But let me tell you one thing: when you emblazon Maxwell's equations in differential form across your torso via a silk-screened Hanes Beefy-T, you had better be damn sure they are correct.

I've seen you at the fan club meetings flaunting your "Microsuck Winblows 2000" coffee mug. This flippant slogan may garner you a few cheap laughs, but as a (presumably) civilized human being, you should find a less vulgar manner in which to critique that operating system's painfully flawed design and limited functionality. You think you're cock of the walk with your phaser autographed by Wil Wheaton, the man who captured our hearts and minds with his touching portrayal of the Enterprise's fragile, young Ensign Wesley Crusher. But how can you hold yourself above us as a paragon of Trekkdom, all the while misstating basic physical law? Could the brave men and women of the Enterprise have gone "where no man has

gone before" without an accurate mathematical description of wave propagation in electromagnetic fields? To that, sir, my answer is an emphatic no!

For a fleeting moment, I flirted with the prospect that the offending shirt was in fact a deliciously

ironic misprint. Perhaps the gentleman is simply mocking the low degree of scientific knowledge among the general populace, I thought to myself. The fact that one could wear this shirt in public and not have rotting produce flung in one's face is truly a mark of how low society's scientific apathy has sunk, and deserves to be lampooned mercilessly. Recalling, however, that you majored in history, I find it highly unlikely that your knowledge of electromagnetism allows for such sophisticated social commentary.

I can barely comprehend the bald-faced temerity you display with that garment. When I bought my tasteful blue t-shirt proclaiming Kurt Gödel's infamous theorem

on the incompleteness of formal arithmetic, I went over it with a magnifying glass to make sure every λ was in its place. It's that kind of care that must be taken whenever you make the decision to express fundamental scientific truths on your t-shirt.

Don't you get it? This isn't a game. You're playing with the very fabric of reality here. You make me want to vomit in disgust and—

Oh, wait. That is a minus sign.



—GLAZIER
ILLUSTRATION BY D'AGATI



It's early March, and I'm sitting in a small room atop a large hill at Mount Glenshire College, nestled in the sleepy town of Glenshire, Mass. I've been granted a rare chance to observe what has become one of the most sacred and secretive rituals in modern American Life—the college admissions board meeting.

This group has convened to ponder the fate of Marjorie Abbots. Marjorie, who hails from Wilksburg, Oklahoma, has maintained a 3.99 GPA throughout four years of high school and earned a 1590 on her SATs. She is a National Merit Finalist, a member of the National Honor Society, and has received several other awards from highly respected groups that have “national” in their title. Marjorie plays tennis and lacrosse, plus an additional sport which she herself invented, a combination of ultimate frisbee and hockey called “frockey.” Although this game does not have varsity status at her school, it will be an exhibition sport at the 2008 Olympics.

Marjorie has glowing letters of recommendation from her teachers, guidance counselors, congressional representatives, and renowned South African civil rights leader Nelson Mandela. Her personal essay describes a self-financed trip to Nicaragua to feed homeless orphans, which led to her family's adoption of three of these former street children. She sings with a local gospel choir, edits the school newspaper/literary magazine/yearbook, plays her homemade didgeridoo with the state symphony, and founded a club dedicated to raising prematurely-born farm animals. Let's listen in as the Admissions Committee ponders Marjorie's fate...

“At Glenshire, our program offers a broad-based education—a “liberal arts” education, if you will—and we want students whose abilities reflect that. Looking at Marjorie's transcript, I'm concerned about the rigor of her courses. Of her high school's sixteen offered Advanced Placement courses, she took only twelve. I have to ask: where's the challenge?”

“I appreciate her attempts at community service, but, as I understand it, homelessness is still a major international crisis. So I'm questioning just how effective her volunteerism really was.”

“I see here that she didn't check the organ donor box on the back of her driver's license. In contrast, some of our other applicants actually donated their internal organs to Glenshire's endowment fund. Inexplicably, we have yet to receive so much as a spleen from young Marjorie.”

“She didn't dot an “i” in the fourteenth line of the thirty-seventh page of the application. Above all else, Glenshire is a school committed to good penmanship. I think that's an automatic half point deduction.”

“This 4 on the AP Nuclear Physics test just isn't going to cut it.”

After a full two and a half minutes of heated debate, the admissions committee eventually decides to admit Marjorie. As one admissions officer puts it, “throwing a few underperformers into the mix is always a good way to increase campus diversity.” However, she has been placed on preemptive academic probation based on a B+ she received in Chemistry the third quarter of her sophomore year. If Marjorie decides to attend Mount Glenshire College, the school will award her a financial aid package consisting of forty-three dollars (Canadian) and a Charms Blow Pop (Watermelon).

—COHEN-WADE

an improvement!
1740%
70%

Vocabulary Test: *Pride and Prejudice*

English Period 4

Name: Staci Washo

Write a sentence using the words below (8 pts. each).

1. caprice—Kevin Murdock seems like a nice boy but actually he is full of caprice.

2. reverie—I thought Kevin was really sweet but that was just a reverie.

3. discretion—maybe if Kevin and Lindsay Serchuk had a little more discretion I wouldn't have found out about them

4. forthright—^{firting at Sarah's party. creative!} Kevin had been going out with me for more than a fortnight and Lindsay knew it.

X mien—I told Kevin I didn't know how he could be so mien.

No-look this up again (homonyms!)

6. scrupulous—I was always a scrupulous girlfriend; ask anybody. (semicolon)

Nice try X pedantic—The teacher asked the students to use the word pedantic in a sentence.

8. surmise—He ^(Kevin) said nothing was going on, but I surmised he was lying.

9. censure—When I found out Kevin was cheating on me I censured him (comma) but he didn't care.

10. emphatic—I was very emphatic when I told Kevin "I never want to see you again." (comma)

X disconcerted—I'll never go on a date with a fat ugly jerk like Kevin Murdock again! Where is the vocab. word???

12. countenance—I can't wait to see the look on Kevin's countenance when he finds out I'm pregnant.

X fastidious—In Jane Austen's novel Pride & Prejudice, Elizabeth Bennet is fastidious.

half credit
(see me after class.)

DAILY SCHEDULE OF A BUDDING ACTIVIST

April 5, 2003

- 5:16 AM: Wake up with the sunrise. Wash face with all-natural soap.
- 5:30 AM: Collect honey from beehives out back. Get stung. Thank Gaia for giving the life-affirming experience of pain. Apply aloe from aloe vera plant to swelling arm.
- 6:15 AM: Perform daily tai-chi exercises. Honor the life-spirit of the creatures that inhabit the earth. Take ten deep breaths. Stretch out sore right hamstring.
- 7:00 AM: Enjoy breakfast of granola and soy milk.
- 7:30 AM: Brush teeth with organic toothpaste made of baking soda and herbal supplement. Spit in disgust.
- 8:00 AM: Tend to chemical-free garden.
- 9:00 AM: Work on hemp necklaces to be sold at mall.

12:30 PM: Peacefully tolerate the construction workers who throw beer bottles and American flag pins with needles exposed.

1:30 PM: Perform civil disobedience in event carefully orchestrated with local police.

2:00 PM: Craft tourniquet to dress wound received from police horse which "accidentally" trampled several protesters, including self.

3:00 PM: Hear police promise all protesters to be released within the hour.

4:15 PM: Give police officer the finger behind his back when he announces the protesters won't be released until tomorrow.

4:36 PM: Use little-known violent form of tai-chi to repel fellow inmate who is excessively exercising the right to freedom of sexual orientation.

10:42 PM: Return home to find house broken into, soy products stolen, garden defiled with pesticides. In fit of rage, blame damn minorities residing in your neighborhood.

11:00 PM: Kick small consumptive

10:00 AM: Edit essay on the racist, sexist, heterosexist, age-ist and ethnocentric implications of capitalistic corporate growth. Read "Marmaduke."

11:00 AM: Get into electric powered car and drive extremely slowly to City Hall. Push car up big hill in the middle of town. Pick up, get robbed by hitchhiker.

12:00 PM: Arrive at anti-hatred rally. See disappointing turnout of two people. Discover that the two are actually the homeless that sleep outside City Hall. Get asked for spare change; give them knowledge instead, i.e. lecture them about the alienation of the working class.

12:05 PM: Start rally when three other activist friends arrive with their enormous street puppets, provocative signs, and fake plastic vomit.

5:00 PM: Refuse to eat mass-produced meat product offered as dinner.

6:18 PM: Rant about police brutality and "the man." Sing "Killing in the Name" by "Rage Against the Machine."

7:49 PM: Craft lock pick out of belt buckle. Pick cell door. Knock out prison guard with hardcover copy of Noam Chomsky's "Manufacturing Consent." Escape.

8:30 PM: Steal car while being chased by police. Cause five-car pileup while driving wrong way down one-way street. Marvel at "Fast and the Furious"-like driving ability. Lose police after a spectacular foot chase ending with series of jumps from roof to roof of city buildings.

9:30 PM: Smoke cigarette to calm jangled nerves. Still feel on edge. Line cigarette with opium, angel dust. Feel slightly better

orphan on side of road. Take the money she collected for her charity and buy a Big Mac, a Starbucks double shot, and some heroine. Sell heroine to local school children and buy more fast-food, drugs.

11:55 PM: Pass out in drug-induced haze.

April 6, 2003
Repeat April 5 schedule.

-CROWLEY