

NIGHTLY NOODLE MONTHLY

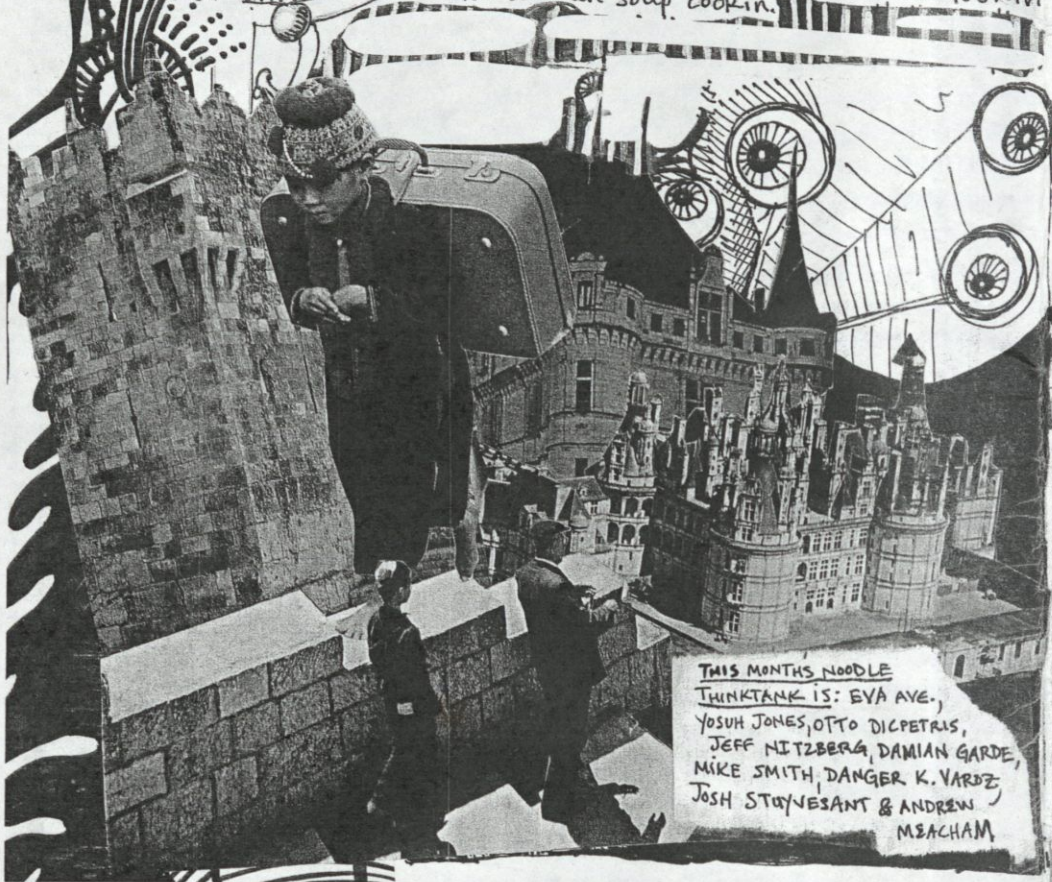
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Hey y'all

Welcome to the Nightly Noodle Monthly. Come in, make yourself at home, take off your shoes, take off yer pants, sit the heck down into one of these bean cushion things, tune out the masses for a minute here and larn yerself a thang er two 'bout social anthropology, ART and the St. Pete, FL underground. This issue is special cause its usually distributed in Albuquerque (& sometimes Philly & Harlem). But this is all St. Pete all the time right now talk to the hand! it will not be televised shoulda been lookin like a bean soup cookin.



THIS MONTHS NOODLE
THINKTANK IS: EVA AVE.,
YOSUH JONES, OTTO DICPETRIS,
JEFF NITZBERG, DAMIAN GARDE,
MIKE SMITH, DANGER K. VARDZ,
JOSH STAYNESANT & ANDREW
MEACHAM

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ON OUTFITS & HAIRDOS

by Otto Dicpetris

For Christ's Sake
by Jeff Nitzberg
(Our ~~Disc~~ Noodle correspondent)

If nobody told me religion exists, I wouldn't have known. Single act of kindness is better than a thousand heads bowed in prayer. People do need time to sort their shit out, to form a thought. Forming a thought does not happen instantly always. No time to think, it's all reaction. If you're praying "I really want Cheezits for Christmas," you don't sit there and pray "Cheezits, Cheezits" for 2 hours. How are you going to get the Cheezits? Maybe I can trade someone for Cheezits, maybe I can ask someone for Cheezits, buy some. You can reconcile with yourself. Do I need Cheezits, is this

The are 19 of us artists here in St. Pete who absolutely refuse to wear outfits. Instead our social status is completely forged by our hairdos. Occasionally it should be noted that a real hairdo can be loosely associated with an outfit. I'll explain: Once an older man, upon seeing my hairdo was compelled to ask me "Are you enjoying yourself?" Even though I thought he was asking me a question with an obvious answer.

I mean, hadn't my hairdo answered any and all questions? I still played along and replied "Yes." When he responded "There's nothin wrong with that," I suddenly realized he, too, had a hairdo. He was, in that moment all of a sudden undressed, his outfit could no longer hide his hairdo. As you read this, you're probably realizing. You too have an outfit and a hairdo. Don't get down on yourself, though. It's unavoidable in St. Pete.

really what I want? That's a good thing, people taking the time out of fast paced 21st century time where you don't have time to take a shit without something new happening and you take a break from constantly reacting to everything around you.

Is there any point in your life where you've had your mind changed? Like, you literally fundamentally changed your mind. How do you change someone's mind? Have I ever had my mind changed? You need to know this.

new wave pagoda



Foal Play:

The treacherous world
of horse modeling

NEW YORK - Top horses in the horse modeling industry are thinner than ever these days, and horse-health watchdog groups warn that the trend is sending the wrong message to fillies around the U.S. The trickle-down effects really saying something about our society. What kind of country is this where a horse can't feel good about its body? We remember the days when models like Starry Night, Adriana Hay and Gisele Longmane took over the catwalk with their curvy flanks. Don't get us wrong. They could still stand to go eat a hamburger, but they were also voluptuous in a way. And now they're just skin and bone.

Horse models can offer us fascinating insight into the depths of their horse brains, addled by drug abuse and starvation.

"Neeeeigh," said top model Oklahoma Dust, when asked whether she felt psychologically pressured to spit out each chewed bite of food before swallowing it. "Neeeeeigh," she further clarified.

And she does have a point. But many agents and photographers in the industry say they're just responding to the demands of a changing culture.

"Fat horse, skinny horse, prude horse, whore horse - it makes of different every few years," said Eulalio von Eichenberg, a partner in Stein Stein Jones and von Eichenberg, New York City's largest horse modeling firm. "With Americans, one day, it's Horse too fat. Gross fat. Next day, it's Horse too skinny. Make other horses feel of bad."

No matter the cause, the effects are undeniable. In December, shockwaves blew through the horse-modeling world after Chippy Star de Dios, a sultry Brazilian

thoroughbred, collapsed on the runway during Milan's annual Fete du Cheval. While the toxicology reports were never released, many in the industry believe she hadn't grazed in days.

"We look in their stables, and what do you think we find," said a stable hand. "A centerfold of some emaciated tramp like Gretel Estrella Wong."

Some of the industry's harshest critics have taken matters into their own hands, however, like the Portland-Ore.-based Society for Equu Harmony, which crashed a high-dollar fashion show in November, emptying feedbags all over a Los Angeles hotel ballroom and chaining themselves to frightened horse models.

But, outcry or not, the industry will continue giving consumers what they want: bone-bearing ponies with pouty faces, von Eichenberg said.

"Models make of mirror. They reflect desires," he said. "They want of skinny, the models. They don't care. They do anything. As long as not get turned into the glue, they will do anything it take."



Art



tonight's featured Painter is



Yesuh Jones





NEW

by Eva Avenue



There's not much visual arts in the national neighborhood discourse, so the Noodle chose to feature Yosuh Jones this month because his collage, paint and print work provide the viewer with an experience that can feel more authentic than life itself. I know that doesn't make sense and the point of art is not some earth-shattering transcendence, but having a Jones piece really brings out the romantic weirdness factor in your home that is already such a part of life's undercurrents. The way he arranges the space on a surface was of great influence to

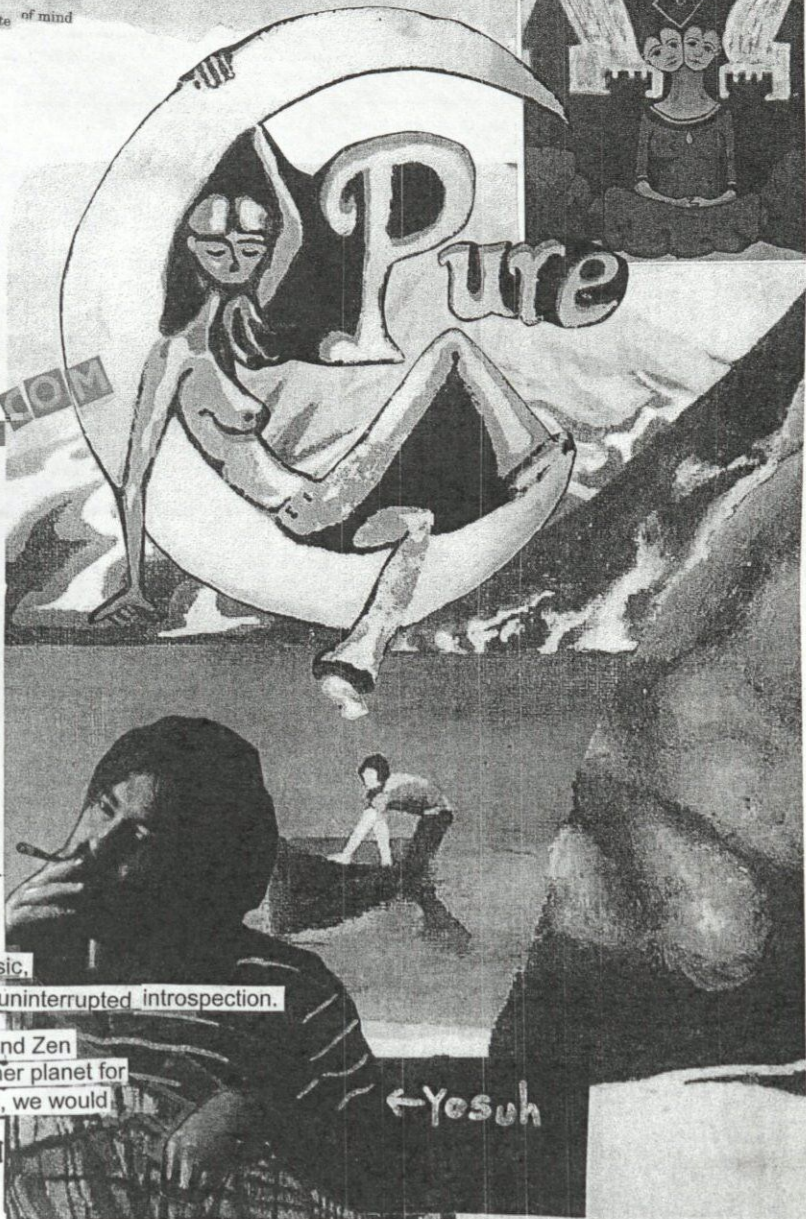
the Noodle before the Noodle

He is particularly sensitive a mind left by itself to imagination, the vast visual lands

Like, a Mütter Museum's take on illustrations. If planet Earth were that planet's art show illustrating do best to send Yosuh's work.

PAINTINGS

It's a state of mind



smoke YESUH 2009
ARTWANTED.COM

became a thing...
to the romance of
the processes of music,
of feeling-states and uninterrupted introspection.

Sixties rock posters and Zen
to send work to another planet for
the nature of humans, we would

← Yesuh

For those of you who made a new year's resolution to end your smoking habit.

Written by Danger K. Varoz: \$75

Edited by Eva Avenue: \$20

The Noodle: Priceless

A Nicorette representative once remarked: You can always tell when some quit by using the Allen Carr way, cause they're so damn happy!

Once you suffered through your first few cigarettes, your body quickly adapted and BAM! You were addicted. Depending on your personality, this addiction can be more or less of a frenzied, neurotic codependency. Your addiction is a beast, and your inability to deal with it is frightening. At least it makes you feel that way. In truth, the human mind is endlessly more powerful, but it gets lazy. What if I told you that you could quit today and never want to pick up another cigarette? Not only that, but what if I told you that there would be absolutely no side effects or withdrawal pains, no cravings, no longing for more? For the dozens of people all around me who have quit smoking in the last few months, this is a beautiful reality, mostly because I've been telling it like it is ever since I read Allen Carr's book *The Easy Way*. Quitting is easier than people make it out to be. In a way, people mostly enjoy the drama of suffering. But if you look at the reality of what you are doing, as Allen so simply and eloquently points out, you sort of end up in this dumbfounded space when a small-voiced nico-monster in your body pipes up "Hey! Smoke!" and you're like, "Uh...weird. What was that? Anyway..." And your whole life just fuckin' glows with confidence.

Allen tried everything he could think of to quit smoking: gums, patches, therapy. All his will power methods ended unsuccessfully. One day he went to a hypnotherapist, also ineffective, but he did have an epiphany as he exited the clinic: he had been hypnotized by the tobacco hype all along. The media, his parents, his friends, and tobacco itself had somehow brainwashed this man into honestly

believing that he was trapped with no way out. Once he understood the complexities of his addiction, he threw his pack away and never touched one again; never wanted one again. Vowing to cure the world of smoking, he quit his job and opened smoking clinics all over the world with a 90% quitting success rate. His book has saved millions across the globe and I highly endorse the reading. Many of my friends found the ability to quit smoking simply after listening to me rant in person. Some read the book.

In this tumultuous political environment, with these corporations tightening the noose on the world, with these occupy protesters springing up in every city, people are looking for ways to do their part and help out. Whenever I go to the general Occupy assembly meetings, I look around and see a gaggle of smoking hippies trying to fight the power with a fag stuck in their lips, sucking putrid hot chemical death into their bodies. If there is one thing that you can do to 'stick it to 'em' so to speak, if there is one contribution you can make to fight back it's this: stop smoking immediately. As a former smoker of ten years, I can proudly say that after months of freedom I am happier than ever. I sleep better, smell better, breathe SO much better, I can taste every delectable nuance in my food, I have more sexual stamina, I feel amazing and it is all because I stopped pumping toxic ooze into myself.

The only thing that is truly stopping those who wish to quit from doing so is the primal fear of any addict. What I am telling you from firsthand experience and from witnessing the experiences of those closest to me is that you do not have to be afraid.

I used to smoke all day but I don't anymore. All my friends quit, too, along with my mother and the mother of my child. I've seen friends who've insisted that they enjoy cigarettes open their hearts and their minds to the possibility that they are wrong and then quit soon after. That's the key, you see; having an open mind is the only thing that can save you from your addiction, but only so long as you are able to acknowledge said addiction as the prolific mental block that it truly is. There's something else, though. A more subtle villain which has partnered with chemical addiction to utterly fool you into literally killing yourself and paying somebody around thirty to fifty dollars a week to do it. The villain is brainwashing, and the delivery system is every cigarette smoker you have ever known.

I didn't realize these things on my own. *The Easy Way* helped me see what foolishness I was ritually engaging in, neurotically endorsing: the systematic poisoning of my life. The habit really is that big of a deal. We all know it's true. Do you remember your first few cigarettes, learning to inhale properly, learning to control the coughing and battling the nausea or "cigarette buzz?" All of our bodies have warning systems put in place to let us know that we are in danger. The coughing and dizzy sensations experienced during the smoking of your first few cigarettes, before your body learned to adapt, were your body telling you, "Hey, Buddy, don't ever do that again!" It truly is poisonous to suck hot, chemically laced smoke into your precious pink, sticky lungs and we all know it. We all know that it kills us and makes us ugly. We all know that it makes our hair, skin, hands, clothes, house and car stink. We all know that it turns our teeth yellow and wrinkles our faces and ruins our voices.

So why do we tell ourselves that we enjoy it? Why do we suffer through the coughing fits and light up again? We are absolutely certain that it's worth it; that we enjoy it.

Shout out
to The Palladium!



Life is a Joke ONCE

E.N.D.

Hey, Eva--

I think I may be depressed, just a little. Everything I write goes way, way dark after like a page, and the darkness makes me laugh. Anyway, I wrote this tonight, based on a rough idea I had--"a New Age guy is depressed and so is excited for 2012 to be the end"--but the idea quickly got weirder and bigger and somehow became some kind of gay love letter and suicide note and now I may be the only person alive it could possibly amuse. If nothing else, I enjoyed writing it, though it was more intense than I had planned on the experience being.

SHUT UP MIKE GET A BLOG

Okay, fine. I hope this works for you. If not, let me know and I'll give you something else.

You rock, Eva.

-Mike Smith



2012

An Overview

by Zaxden Sunbow

Whether arranging and tying high-energy crystals into zodiac-themed mobiles, pedaling a recumbent bicycle on a pilgrimage to the Sedona desert, or simply relaxing with a hot cup of green tea to the music of David Lanz and the smell of freshly burnt sage, everyone lately, absolutely everyone, seems to be talking about one thing and one thing only: 2012.

"2012," you might say, "What is that, some sort of special numerological code?"

No. Well, yes, of course it is, but it is also a year.

"Okay then," you might say. "Is it, like, a verse from a Gnostic gospel that foretells an especially fateful alignment of planets?"

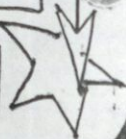
No again! Well, actually it might be. I need to check. But what it is, in this instance, that's relevant to us right now, is a year, a very, very special year.

"Fine," you might say in exasperation — warm, good-natured exasperation, of course, Namaste — "what is this '2012' then that everyone keeps talking on about? Oh wait, is that — is it something to do with the number of stones we need for the community garden — because that rune book, and the Egyptian—"

Look, you're really just not getting this. And now my individual/personal energy is growing just the slightest bit frustrated with your energy, even though I know of course that they're both part of one larger energy, as we all are. I am you, and you are me, and we are all one. And I want to apologize to you for that, for what I thought, sincerely. You know I've always loved you, as a fellow life-force, as a friend, and as a partner. Please forgive me for that, for how I felt toward you for a moment there. You, perhaps better than anyone, know how much I struggle with these issues, with the blaming and the rage and the self-harm and the tendencies toward violence.

Anyway, 2012 is a year, a year on the Roman calendar. It's this year, in fact — 2,012 years since the birth of Jesus Christ, one of the great Bodhisattvas of the Age.

And it's the year at the very end of the final 5,125-year-long cycle of the ancient Mayans' Long Count calendar. (Let's not forget that they had accurate lunar and solar calendars, and that they



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and discovered the idea of zero.) All of which means, of course, that all of us are going to die. It's the end of the world! Of everything!

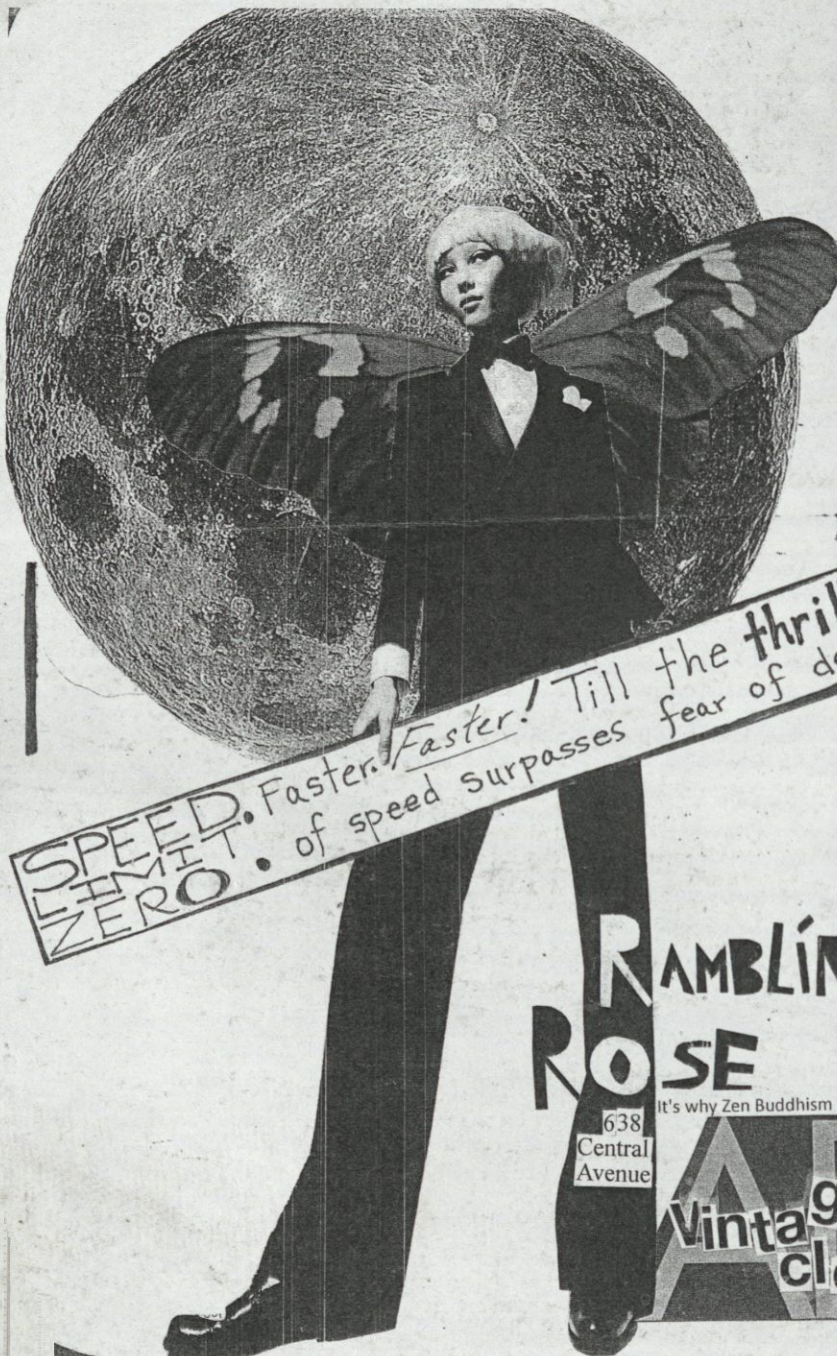
A lot of people seem to think that this is going to be, for the most part anyway, something of a bad thing, what with all the plants and animals and people dying and the planet burning up and the Sun exploding and the Universe collapsing in on itself and then the Shadow Universe also collapsing in on itself — with only the souls of a few already chosen survivors escaping via deep meditation into another, safer dimension, where they will have an opportunity to atone in some way for humanity's involvement in the destruction of the lost continent of Lemuria and, of course, of Atlantis.

However, I have always been a positive person, or tried to be anyway, so I choose to look on the positive side of things. That's how I am. Almost everyone I have ever known and loved has already died. After years of intensive treatment, my mother finally succumbed to breast cancer. The Essiac tea my naturopath applied as a poultice would have certainly cured her had she been able to continue applying them, but she apparently had some past-life karma that came calling. My father as well — for although he fasted and fasted and fasted, his kidneys never chose to work again as they once had in his youth.

So many of my friends have succumbed to illness and drug abuse and accident — even you have, my dear Rodrigo, and oh how I miss you, your smile, your eyes, the tattooed ivy twining about your wrist and shoulder and neck and face and head, my little green wood sprite — and the world now seems sadly pale and empty, an ever-drier husk of what it once was.

I can think of almost nothing keeping me here, Rodrigo. The things that once brought me joy are now like ashes to me. The music and the views and the rituals that once filled me with happiness are now like tin caricatures of what once they were. I find these former sources of joy now laughable, and I see who I was as laughable and pathetic for ever enjoying them. I need this to be the end. I've been waiting for an end. This has gone on for far too long, all of it. On December 21, 2012, as the Mayans so kindly promised, the world will end, all of us will die, and if by some strange chance it doesn't, I will see that at least my world does, and at least I do — with a bullet, with a bang, with blood coursing out across the uneven cedarwood floor we put down together with the logs we brought down from Taos in your Toyota that time we saw all the deer, with a note to you on a nearby table and your name at the top of the note.





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LIMIT. of speed surpasses fear of death!
ZERO.

RAMBLIN ROSE

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It's why Zen Buddhism is so sexy.

ART

Vintage
clothes
and
oddities