

NIGHTLY noodle MONTHLY!

issue #3 December 2009

This aint no high-falutin' diva mag.

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MORE CHINS
THAN A CHINESE
PHONEBOOK.

(Celebrating Asian culture)
since 1984.



Christmas Memories

by Billy Corgan

Christmas. It sucks, doesn't it? I haven't always felt this way. When I was a little boy I was a *shut* for Christmas. I'd wake up before dawn and then run and wake my mom and step-father Darrel and rock back and forth at the top of the stairs, waiting for them to give me the green light. And when it came, I ran down the stairs and through the house at full speed, diving into the corner of the tree where I had meticulously arranged the few gifts awaiting me. You have to understand, we were poor - but that made Christmas all the more magical, right? All those stories about Tiny Tim and other poor children beaming with this insane joy even though they only got a small meal or a rickety, old death trap of a bike.

It wasn't about the quality of the price of the gift then, it was about love, and my family had love out the ass. Oh man, I really loved Christmas, believe me.

In a matter of just a couple years, I could afford anything I wanted to give or get because my band, The Smashing Pumpkins, well...we made a lot of money. Not to toot my own horn or anything, but not every band can come up with a line like "despite all my rage, I am still just a rat in a cage". That's *real*, you know? It says it all. I like to think of us as not only the voice of Generation X, but the voice of every generation before and after us as well. You may remember my band's quadruple platinum double album "Mellon Collie And The Infinite Sadness" - that was mostly me. James came up with the "infinite", which is nice I suppose, but I still say that James only said the word in conversation - it wasn't an *idea* - but whatever. We were so fucking rich at that point anyway that we just settled the debate with some cocaine and bourbon.

We had this stripper in a hotel room in Chicago, and we got her to put on a black tutu and this black leather vest with gold cowboy heads all over it, it was awesome. It was fucking cold that night too -this was Christmas Eve, 1995 - a blistering cold Chicago night. The wind was blowing like 70 miles an hour. I said, "Toots", (D'arcy started calling her that because she thought she looked Dustin Hoffman in Tootsie. I thought she looked more like Art Garfunkel, but

Continued on page 3...



Editor's note.

We've hit our milestone 3rd issue, and unless you've been doing after-hour lobotomies up in Alaska all year with yer legs tied behind yer ears, you've heard the Nightly Noodle Monthly has become "the official Duke City zine of awesome," (thanks Miley Cyrus!).

So we're making a Web site version of all this Noodle stuff at Noodlezine.wordpress.com. 2010! AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HHHAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Love,
The editors

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DECEMBER'S NOODLE THINKTANK consisted of:

EVA AVENUE
DAMIEN GARDE
BILLY CORGAN
DANIEL RHINIER
ABBY TIRABASSI
CARLOS RUIZ DE LA TORRE
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The Good Ship Noodle.



HOT	NOT HOT
goat milk	moat guilt
believing in yourself	believing in other people
the good word	the word "good"
M&M	UNM
saving the whales	shaving the whales
Neverland	Graceland
making a wish	making people cry
Ice skating	being chased by a Zamboni
Play-doh	Plato
good luck	bad sushi
Duke City	The Q
going Green	turning green
epileptic fits	hissy fits
Buena Vista Social Club	Buena Vista Social Clud naked
Hot water	Cold water
grandfather clocks	grandfather cocks

MAN ON MAN

Vol. 2 Tom (or Tom-who-gives-a-fuck-I'm-gonna-beat-ass) Yorke

* *
by Joe Buffaloe

Okay, let's get it straight: Real men are allowed to like RADIOHEAD. They're better than any band of their time, and all of their albums are great, ESPECIALLY HAIL TO THE THIEF AND YOU'RE FUCKING WRONG IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT'S THEIR MOST KICK-ASS RECORD.

Real men don't RESENT Radiohead for this, or for all the DUMBASS STONER COLLEGE DUDE-BROS WITH DICKS IN THEIR EARS WHO SAY THEIR LIKE RADIOHEAD JUST FOR CRED. They're a great band. Fuck you.

At the same time, it's a long-standing, omni-cultural worldwide phenomenon that virtually every society on Earth has adopted, as a rite of passage — the BEATING OF TOM YORKE. And I'm not looking up how to spell his name, BECAUSE REAL MEN DON'T SPELL TOM WITH AN 'H!' Fucking England.

Every year, nearly 3 million boys, and in some cases even girls, between the ages of 9 and 18 travel from their various homelands to Oxford, England to seek out and give a pounding to this most eloquent and skilled of singers. The lines to various pubs and his apartment stand miles long, 24 hours a day, often for months straight.

While Radiohead tours, many of the pilgrims follow them, each night hoping to rush the stage and beat down the FETUS-LIKE PRETENTIOUS WEIRDO MOTHERFUCKER WITH A MICROPHONE and prove themselves to be REAL MEN. Often they are a success. Other pilgrims to manhood stay in Oxford to await Yorke's return.

So humble as this task might be — slightly harder than boiling a cabbage, to be generous — I felt I should take part in such a grand bonding ritual and find out WHAT UNITES ALL MEN. I learned that it's a common hatred of what Yorke represents, like BEING AN ARTSY FAGGOT-LOOKING WEIRD SINGING-IN-FALSETTO AND LITTLE BITCH GIRLY MAN HALF-BEARDS! And being from England, obviously.

I picked the line going to a popular local bar and waited for my turn for a couple months, surviving on beef jerky and Schlitz. Thanks for footing the bill, Eva, cause the CUNT OF A BUS DOESN'T GO TO ENGLAND, and I'm a real man and I have to do MAN'S WORK for money for a plane ticket instead of running some PUNK-ASS ZINE, AND I'M NOT GONNA

EXPLAIN TO YOU FAGGOTS HOW TO BE A MAN WITHOUT SOME BENEFITS.

By the way, I met some dope-ass MEN in line while waiting to KICK SOME ASS. The kid in front of me was thirteen, and from the Masai in southern Africa. He had a big-ass spear, and was just wearing a little animal hide over his ass and crotch, even though it

was 50 degrees FARENHEIT, BECAUSE CELCIUS IS FOR PUSSIES. It takes a man to stand in that kind of cold. And he didn't ask for any of my Schlitz, which was cool, because REAL MEN DON'T MOOCH. We shot the shit while, even though he just clicked back and I couldn't understand him, but I managed to find out LITTLE FUCKER HAD ALREADY KILLED A MOTHERFUCKIN LION with that bad-ass spear. And even HE wanted to scramble Yorke's face a little. A man passed by bringing water an pork rinds up the line, and volunteered to translate for us.

"Why are you going to beat up Tom Yorke?" I asked the boy.

"Well, my four older brothers did it, and now I must do it. My cousins will all do it when they come of age, as will my little brother."

"How do you even know about Tom Yorke, and who first got the idea to beat the shit out of him in your tribe?"

"It was a man from my clan, a distant cousin of my mother's. He gave directions to a crew shooting a documentary one day, and they offered a walkman with a copy of "The Bends" in it as a gift. He accepted it, and using a Masai/English dictionary, translated the lyrics."

"And he decided from that alone to travel to England and give a bruising to the singer?"

"Of course. Fake Plastic Trees? Get over it, Tom — they're not *that* sad. That dude just needs to lighten up, you know? Shit. Sometimes we don't even have water for days, much less luxuries like decorations, plastic or electric guitars an Zildjen cymbals."

"What was it like to kill a lion?"

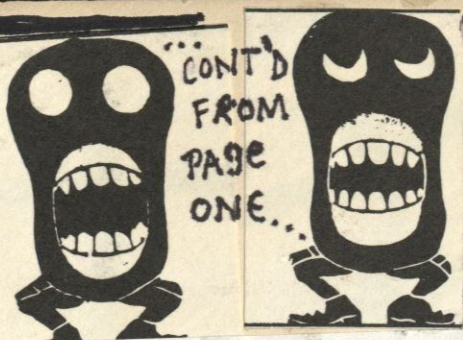
"Pretty cool."

I like that kid. But I don't remember his name, cause REAL MEN AREN'T GOOD AT REMEMBERING PEOPLE'S NAMES.

In early November I was finally next in line. Of course, kicking Tom Yorke's ass is more of a symbol than a fight by now; a way to reflect upon the millions of others who've taken part in this shared experience. I gave him the ceremonial uppercut to the jaw just cause I get the faggot's all worried about his teeth and throat and hit cause he'd be out on the street with nothing if he couldn't sing cause he's such A WHINY WEIRD-LOOKING LITTLE ENGLISH PRICK FAGGOT WHO'D NEVER MAKE IT IN A MAN'S WORLD BUT THAT'S KIND OF OKAY BECAUSE RADIOHEAD STILL OWNS!

In the airport bathroom, I sold my plane ticket for some meth and shot up, then robbed an old man of his passport and tickets to get back home. My life felt perfectly normal again — not so different from any given Thursday — but I felt that I was changed. Thanks, little African what's-your-name, for helping me and my readers understand MANHOOD a little better.

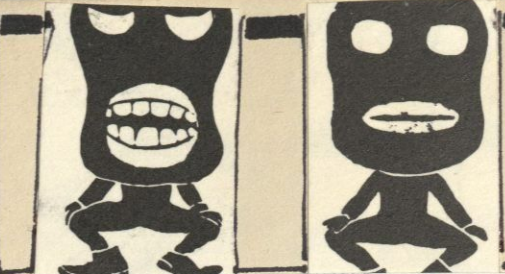
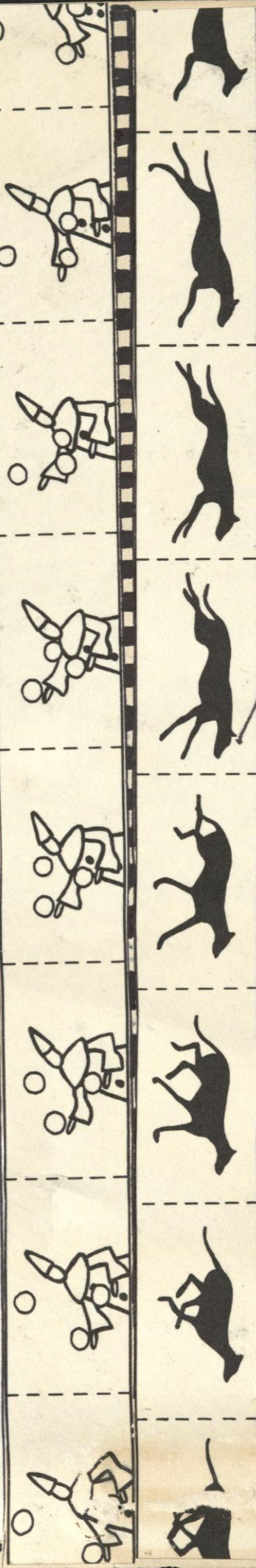
See you next time, queers. MAN: 2, EVERYTHING ELSE: 0



Toots suited her more), "It's Debbie." "Ok, ok, Debbie, put on these rollerskates and get up on this railing here." Toots Garfunkel started complaining, said she wasn't getting paid to freeze her ass off or hang off the 10th story balcony of the fucking Howard Johnsons on Christmas Eve. She started pulling down her tutu when James stepped forward, "just do it Debbie." God those Asians are cool! And then Jimmy and D'arcy stood up and folded their arms across their chests, just fucking stared, and that's when Ms. Debbie realized the Smashing Pumpkins always got what they wanted. My mom and Darrel couldn't afford to get me the Atari system, they were really sorry. Sorry?!, I could have killed them. It was the only thing I ever asked for, but noooo, nothing could be done. Well, now I got what I wanted. Me and the Pumpkins. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't just taking out past grievances on poor Debbie for fun, it wasn't just misplaced revenge...I, I had a vision...for a music video...

She told me I had some coke on my nose. "Stopped changing the subject Debbie, we have to film while it's still snowing, chop chop!" The Pumpkins got things done. There was too much to do and not enough time. I explained that inspiration was sometimes ephemeral — you had to grab it while you could. I said it was a good thing we had it coming out the ass or else she might not have gotten the chance to be a part of the action. We partied, sure, but we worked while we partied because we just couldn't waste time, and she should consider herself lucky, we were making history!

I don't know how I ended up there, but on Christmas Day I woke on the balcony. Massive headache. Totally confused. Probably approaching hypothermia. And then it happened...I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror lying next to my head. It was speckled with cocaine, or was it snow? I tested it, it was a bit of both. I got another glimpse of myself, now wiping slush from my nose and looking mad. Oh God, what had happened? I was terrified. We were doomed. The hotel room was a mess. Everybody looked like a corpse, draped over various pieces of furniture like they were. Debbie was gone. The drugs must have worn off for her because in lipstick on the glass door leading to the balcony she scrawled "MERRY XMAS YOU FAGGOTS, YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM MY..." - she had run



out of room. What about the good times Debbie? So ungrateful. Melancholy and infinite sadness, indeed. Waking up on this Christmas, the sun already down, no more coke, maybe no more money, I paused on each of my bandmates' sleeping faces and I wondered like I'd never wondered before - where did our love go?

Christmas of 1995, that's when it all went down hill. MTV stopped calling. I started getting mistaken for Michael Stipe more and more (argghhh!). Why our next record didn't sell as well I'll never know. I thought it was our best work to date. Nothing made sense anymore. I stayed in Chicago and spent Christmas of 1996 with mom and Darrel. I was thinking that all I had to do was recreate what Christmas used to be like. I really tried to get into the same state of frenzy I would reach as a boy. The band was fresh out of rehab and had made a pact to stay clean so I had to drink of bunch of Red Bulls to help me get there. And I had special-ordered a replica of the pajamas I wore when I was little. I waited at the top of the stairs on Christmas morning, going forward, and then leaning back...I was almost there, I could almost taste the love.

But then Mom and Darrel appeared behind me. Mom gently patted the top of my head and said "Silly Billy, you don't have to wait for our signal anymore...oh my, look at you - must you shave your head darling? You had such beautiful hair. You look like a big baby! Doesn't he look like a bib ol' baby Darrel?" "I'm not a baby" I tried to explain but Darrel cut me off, "looks like Michael Stipe to me, now there's a damn good singer..."

ARRGGGHHHH! I stomped down the stairs and through the house to my old corner of the tree where I had meticulously arranged my packages. I was feeling a little better once I got my hands on them. At first, I just picked at the tape, but I couldn't help myself. Ripping through the paper and the ribbons and bows and those stupid, stupid cards I realized that this is where the love was. It had always been here, and in me! I would share this knowledge with the world soon enough, *love is at home*. But first things first. I opened up the shoebox on my lap and lifted a smaller box out and opened it - a Rolex watch. I tilted my head back so my voice would go directly through the ceiling into Mom and Darrel's room: "Gucci Mom! I said Gucci! I even gave you the fucking money! God, I guess I have to do everything myself."

USEFUL FOREIGN SENTENCES FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER ABROAD

ENGLISH

USE NUMBERS LISTED BEFORE EACH SENTENCE TO IDENTIFY THE FOREIGN TRANSLATION.

- 1 May I take your picture?
- 2 Please turn to the right (left).
- 3 Please don't look at the camera.
- 4 Smile. Don't smile.
- 5 Stand closer together. Don't stand so close to each other.
- 6 Move forward, away from the wall. Move back.
- 7 Where is the nearest camera store?
- 8 Please continue what you were doing. I want a natural picture.

FRENCH

- 1 Puis-je prendre votre photo? (Pweezh prahndr vohtr fohtoh?)
- 2 Tournez à droite (gauche) s'il vous plaît. (Toor-neh z'ah drwaht [gohsh] seel voo pleh.)
- 3 Ne regardez pas l'appareil s'il vous plaît. (Nuh reh-gahr-deh pah l'ah-pah-ray seel voo pleh.)
- 4 Souriez! Ne souriez pas. (Soo-r'yeh. Nuh soo-r'yeh pah.)
- 5 Rapprochez-vous l'un de l'autre. Eloignez-vous l'un de l'autre. (Rah-proh-sheh voo l'uhn duh l'ohtr. Eh-lwah-nyeh voo l'uhn duh l'ohtr.)
- 6 Venez plus près, éloignez-vous du mur. Reculez. (Vuh-neh plew preh, eh-lwah-n'yeh voo dew mewr. Ruh-koo-leh.)
- 7 Où se trouve le photographe le plus proche? (Oo suh troov luh foh-toh-graphe luh plew prohsh?)
- 8 Continuez comme vous faisiez. Je voudrais une pose naturelle. (Kohn-tee-nweh kohm voo feh-z'yeh. Zhuh voo-dreh ewn pohz nah-tew-rell.)

SPANISH

- 1 ¿Puedo sacarle una foto? (PWEH-doh sah-KAHR-leh OO-nah FOH-toh?)
- 2 Sírvase dar una vuelta hacia la derecha (izquierda). (SEER-vah-seh dahr OO-nah VWEHL-tah AH-th'yah lah deh-REH-chah (eeth-K'YEHR-dah).)
- 3 Por favor no mire la cámara directamente. (Pohr fah-VOHR noh MEE-reh lah KAH-mah-rah dee-rehk-tah-MEHN-teh.)
- 4 Sírvase sonreír. No sonría, por favor. (SEER-vah-seh sohn-reh-EER. Noh sohn-REE-ah, pohr fah-VOHR.)
- 6 Júntense más, por favor. Sepárense un poco, por favor. Retroceda un poco. (HOON-tehn-seh mahs, pohr fah-VOHR. Seh-PAHR-ehn-seh oon POH-koh, pohr fah-VOHR. Reh-troh-THEH-dah oon POH-koh.)
- 7 Sírvase indicarme la casa fotográfica más cercana. (SEER-vah-seh een-dee-KAHR-meh lah KAH-sah foh-toh-GRAH-fee-kah mahs theh-KAH-nah.)
- 8 Continúe haciendo lo que hacía. Yo quiero una pose natural. (Kohn-tee-NOO-eh ah-TH'YEHN-doh loh keh ah-THEE-ah. Yoh K'YEHR-oh OO-nah POH-seh nah-too-RAHL.)



GERMAN

- 1 Darf ich Sie photographieren? (Dahrf ikhk zee foh-toh-graph-FEE-r'n?)
- 2 Bitte, schauen Sie nach rechts! (links!) (BIT-teh, show'n zee nahkh rehchts! [links!])
- 3 Bitte schauen Sie nicht in den Apparat! (BIT-teh, show'n zee nikht in dehn ah-pah-RAHT!)
- 4 Lächeln sie, bitte! Bitte, lächeln Sie nicht! (LEH-khehn zee BIT-teh! BI' LEH-khehn zee nikht!)
- 5 Näher zusammen! Nicht so nah men! (NEH-hehr tsoo-ZAH-meh zoh nah tsoo-ZAH-meh.)
- 6 Etwas nach vorne, bitte! Weg! Etwas zurück! (EHT-vahs nah! teh, fohn deh vahs tsoo-R!)
- 7 Wo ist da? (Voh ih geh-sh)
- 8 Bitte!

PORTUGUESE

- 1 Posso tirar a sua fotografia (foto)? (POH-soh tee-RAHR ah SOO-ah foh-toh-grah-FEE-ah [FOH-toh!])
- 2 Volte-se para a direita (esquerda), faça favor. (VOHL-teh-seh PAH-rah ah dee-RAY-tah [ehs-KEHR-dah], FAH-sah fah-VOHR.)
- 3 Não olhe para a máquina, faça favor. (Nowng OH-l'yeh PAH-rah ah MAH-kee-nah, FAH-sah fah-VOHR.)
- 4 Sorria-se. Não se sorria. (Soh-RREE-ah-seh. Nowng seh soh-RREE-ah.)
- 5 Juntem-se mais. Não estejam tão juntos (uns dos outros). (JOON-tengh-seh mise. Nowng ehs-TEH-jowng towngh JOON-tohs [oons dohs OH-trohs].)
- 6 Venham mais para a frente, afastem-se do muro. Cheguem-se para trás. (VEH-n'yowngh mise PAH-rah ah FREHN-teh, ah-FAHS-tengh-seh doh MOO-roh. SHEH-guengh-seh PAH-rah trahs.)
- 7 Onde fica a casa de máquinas fotográficas mais perto? (OHN-deh FEE-kah ah KAH-sah deh MAH-kee-nahs foh-toh-GRAH-fee-kahs mise PEHR-toh?)
- 8 Pode continuar a fazer o que estava. Eu queria uma foto natural. (POH-deh kohn-tee-NWAHR ah fah-ZEHR oh keh ehs-TAH-vah, EH-oo keh-REE-yah OO-mah FOH-toh nah-too-RAHL.)

ITALIAN

- 1 Posso farLe una fotografia? (POHS-soh FAHR-leh OO-nah foh-toh-grah-FEE-ah?)
- 2 Per favore, si volti a destra (sinistra). (Pehr fah-VOH-reh see VOHL-tee ah DEH-strah [see-NEE-stra].)
- 3 Per piacere, non guardi la macchina. (Pehr p'yah-CHEH-reh, nohn g'WAHR-dee lah MAHK-kee-nah.)
- 4 Sorrida. Non sorrida. (Sohr-REE-dah. Nohn sohr-REE-dah.)
- 5 Stiano più vicini. Stiano meno vicini l'uno all'altro. (STEE-ah-noh p'YOO vee-CHEE-nee. STEE-ah-noh MEH-noh vee-CHEE-nee LOO-noh ahl-LAHL-troh.)
- 6 Si sposti in avanti, lontano dal muro. Si sposti indietro. (See SPOH-steeh een ah-VAHN-tee, lohn-TAH-noh dahl MOO-roh. See SPOH-steeh een-d'YEH-troh.)
- 7 Dov'è il più vicino negozio di articoli fotografici? (Doh-VEH eel p'YOO vee-CHEE-noh neh-GOH-ts'yoh dee ahr-TEE-koh-lee foh-toh-GRAH-fee-chee?)
- 8 Per favore, continui a fare quello che stava facendo. Desidero una fotografia naturale. (Pehr fah-VOH-reh kohn-TEE-noo-ee ah FAH-reh k'WEHL-loh keh STAH-vah fah-CHEHN-doh, Deh-SEE-deh-roh OO-nah foh-toh-grah-FEE-ah nah-too-RAH-leh.)

BUT I LOVE YOU!

JUST GOOGLE ME!

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HEY, WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?



SANTA BUBBALA

By Jeff Nitzberg

Everyone thinks Santa is such a nice guy and that even if your naughty he is still going to go out of his way to get you all these presents for Christmas. But what everyone doesn't know, is that Santa is a karmic gremlin, and the rest of the year he's running around messing up your life on account of all the times you've been naughty.

Will Santa bring me that remote-controlled-shampoo-dispensing-sandwich-flipping-machine I've always wanted? Or will he simply shit on my Christmas tree like last year? Is Santa even a real person, or is he merely my Uncle George disguised in red socks wearing a lampshade on his head, mumbling something about bourbon?

While these are the essential Santa questions, let us pause and see if we can't reach deeper into the more meaningful mysteries surrounding the cryptic Claus.

Pause.

Who was this man? Where did he come from?

To answer these questions we must turn to obscure works, dusty books archived in tiny public libraries in Jerusalem, potentially never to be translated or made available on the Internet. One such book, "The Spear and the Men of Time" by Zee Zee Plexbont, an exposé of ancient peoples and origins, reveals this insight into Santa's past:

"Hershel Von Santa Clausgold, or Santa Claus as he's known today, was raised in east Manhattan by Donna and Elmer Clausgold. Most people don't know this, but as a young child Santa never got anything he wanted for Christmas. As a lower-middle class Jew raised by non-secular Jews, young Santa didn't have much invested in Christmas outside of presents.

Santa's mother and father were weary of the entrapments of materialism. They would entertain Hershel Von Santa's prosaic, illustrated, long-listed diagrams of Christmas wants, but only because they were interested in their sons ability to find the best values, coupons and cash-back offers for any given gift."

The frugality of Santa's parents wasn't limited to Christmas either. Their day-to-day expenses were at best, circumscribed. Rudolf Wankewitz illustrates this notion concisely in his book, "The People I've Known: Santa Claus, Randy Newman and Other Famous Friendship," where in this excerpt, he recounts a childhood moment spent with young Santa:

"Even though they didn't make Santa go to Hebrew school, the Clausgold's were real Jews ya' know? I remember this one Halloween when me and Santa must a' been in third grade- and we had big plans for bein' monsters and scorin' candy- and there I am at the Clausgolds waitin' on Santa to get on his costume- and I had this shvitz costume myself- I mean it was a ghoulish suit that had big red blinkin' eyeballs and glowed n' the dark n' shit, and Santa, that poor bastard, all he wanted was to be a friggin' ghost. Nothin' fancy. You know- a sheet with two friggin' holes cut outta the top?

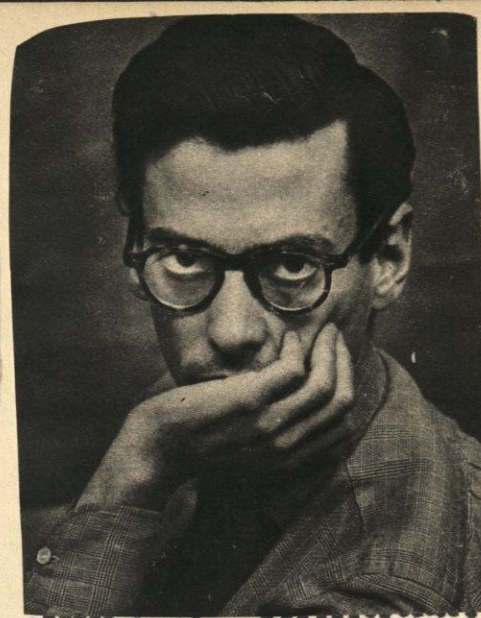
But his pa' refused. Buyin' a bedsheet for the purpose of slashin' it up? No way. And his ma' sure as shanda wasn't gonna slash up one of hers, and I remember what she said: "Santa-bubbala, how vill you sleep at night Vith two holhes CUT int'sa BED sheets? I two holhes become RIPS, I two rips become TEARS, and soon you vill be sleeping 'vit SCRAPS! UNASSKEPTICAL!"

Oy did they kvetch until finally his ma' got some left over diner napkins out of the friggin' trashcan and scotch taped them together and threw them on Santa's head. And here's the kicker, she only had enough to cover just his friggin' head! So, there was little Von Santa, that poor friggin' bastard, with these nasty gefilte-fish stained napkins taped to his head, and OY how they STUNK, and he looked, hah, at best he looked like some kind of homeless head injury ghost schmekel ... haha, ah what a shmuck! Christ, I mean ... he didn't get much candy that Halloween."

By the time he was a teenager Santa was a serious shoplifter. Police reports show he started by stealing small things like candy-canes and PEZ-dispensers, and then moved to much larger items like jumbo-sized pretzels and sacks full of clothes. What he'd steal he'd eat, and what he couldn't eat he'd sell for candy. This of course led to his long battle against obesity.

In an interview with Bob Frapples, Santa's sophomore college roommate, he had this to about the subject:

"Santa started gettin' real crazy the end of sophomore year man. Real fat. He joined a gang. No he started a gang. The whole point was to steal from the stores and give to the poor or somethin' like that. I mean he gave it all away-



2.
"Shit,
he's
off
script."

well, not the cookies, he kept the cookies for himself, you didn't touch his fucking cookies. He had a stash in his bunk and he flipped one time because I said I liked the way our room smelled like chocolate. "Ho-ho-ho don't you touch my FUCKING cookies!" he screamed. He thought he was Robin Hood or something, but he was fuckin' crazy. You see that weather report?"

The weather report Frapples refers to is a taped broadcast Santa made as a major in meteorology at the University of Nevada. In the recording, Santa, quite obese at that point, haunches in front of a weather prompter and delivers a seemingly mundane weather forecast. The following is a transcript from the tape:

Santa: ...and you'll see to the east some cooling pockets forming which are going to just slowly but surely slide right on up your ASS unless you start to improve the fucking quality of your own fucking LIFE!!

Off camera voice: Oh-my-god-what-is-he-doing?

Santa: And over here we have you self-entitled sheep fuckers and your god damn idiocracies! You think the world is full of sun-shine sauce so you just take out your fucking sunglasses and toast and make yourselves a self-denial sandwich but the DAY OF PRESENTS IS coming and YOU NAUGHTY mother FUCKERS aren't getting shit!!!! You hear me?!

Off camera voice 2: Shit, he's off script.

Santa: How's this for a weather forecast You butt fuckers!? The RULES ARE CHANGING! From now on- NOBODY'S GONNA GET SHIT UNLESS THEY ARE GOOD! You hear ME?! You've GOT TO BE NICE. If you're naughty- I'll PUT COOOAALS IN YOUR MUTHA-FUCKIN' STOCKINGS and PUMP YA' FULLA' LEAD!!! HO-HO-HO!!!

Rounding out Hershel Von Santa's last semblance of regular behavior before the complete transformation into 'Santa Claus' is an enlightening sentiment from the New York times best seller "Seduction and Soul Selling," written by Lucifer, Lord of Darkness. An excerpt:

"As the Devil, my reputation precedes me, but the art of acquiring souls is hard work and it takes panache. Take for instance Santa Claus. Talking him out of his soul was not as simple as promising him unlimited cookies and eternal life. Sure he wanted those things- they all do, but his list of demands was far longer, far stranger than would have ever anticipated. The sled for instance with the reindeer that could fly, the workshop, the elf slaves, the solitude where no human could find him if they looked but where they could still reach him by letter. I was lucky to get a sub-prime loan on a nebulous quantum vortex in the North Pole. But the panache of the sale you see, ah, that is the trick. And Santa took a little extra."

"When I approached Santa at the crossroads between his childhood and adulthood, pouring Klesmer pathos into his Uncle Myrtle's hand-me-down fiddle, I couldn't just challenge him as I did Daniel Webster ... Santa was a far better fiddler than myself. No no. I had to sell myself, so I wore my finest Jacquard-stitched suit and lent him my ears, and I listened to him play and tell me of his dreams to give gifts to the giftless, but only if they were nice, because he was nice, but he had so little to give, having received so little himself. So I gave him gifts enough to give to everyone, and in turn, he sold me his soul. Bon magnifique."

And by Santa's selling his soul to Satan, the rest of the world has gained a powerful moral compass, one that rewards us on Christmas morn with strudel and bicycles, and the rest of the year, if we're bad, causes birds to shit on our heads and cops to pull us over for having bad haircuts. Less we go astray or rise above the ranks of moral decency, he'll be there to let us know. Thank you Santa Claus. Thank you.

Noodle Doodle, by the arsonist.



«Sad Man Land»

by Antonia van Omme

I'll never forget the day my parents took me to Sad Man Land.

My brother and I woke up at 4:45am and made them both get out of bed. Boy were they pissed. Mom made us a breakfast of eggs, sausage and toast, but we just threw it all on the floor, declaring that we wanted to leave *right now*. In the car, we screamed the whole way for Dad to drive faster, even when he threatened to crash the car into oncoming traffic if we didn't shut up. He swerved into the other lane a couple of times, just to show he meant business, but we knew he never meant business.

At Sad Man Land we waited in line for 7 hours and spent \$40 on a hot dog with no bun or condiments. Finally we got to meet the sad man himself. "I'm so sad," he said.

It was the best day of my life.

