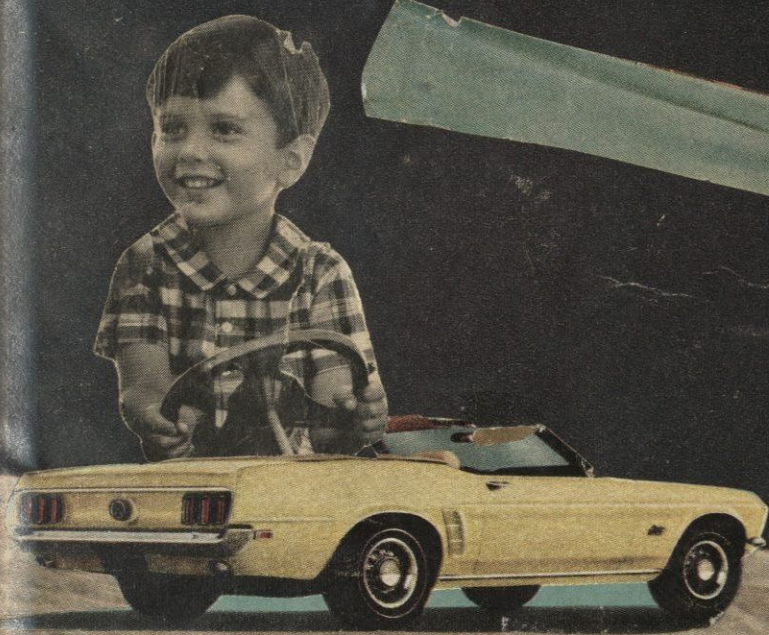


# Night + the Noodle Month



September 2010



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25¢



Editor's Note

# SUMMER OF FLIES OR SUMMER OF EGGROLLS?

We know the story. You and your bros went out looking for a good time when your friend Chad said, "Hey guys, let's go bar-hopping." Needless to say, that left you with thunderous bowels and an empty wallet. Well, fret no more, Joe Citizen. The Noodle is here with a viable alternative that will leave you cool, content and cultured.

Life is a series of choices. Today yours are good ones.

This month, the Noodle endorses wearing clean socks and going eggroll-hopping. You won't find a whopping stuffed guinea pig of an eggroll the way you find burritos in this town. You'd probably die a gastronomical death if you went burrito-hopping. The Student Ghetto is peppered with Asian restaurants, so you can fill up while living the adventure of a lifetime getting all your eggroll requirements fulfilled in 2 hours.

Is it just me, or has this been the summer of flies in Albuquerque?

Love,  
The Editor



## PRE-NOODLE POST-NOODLE

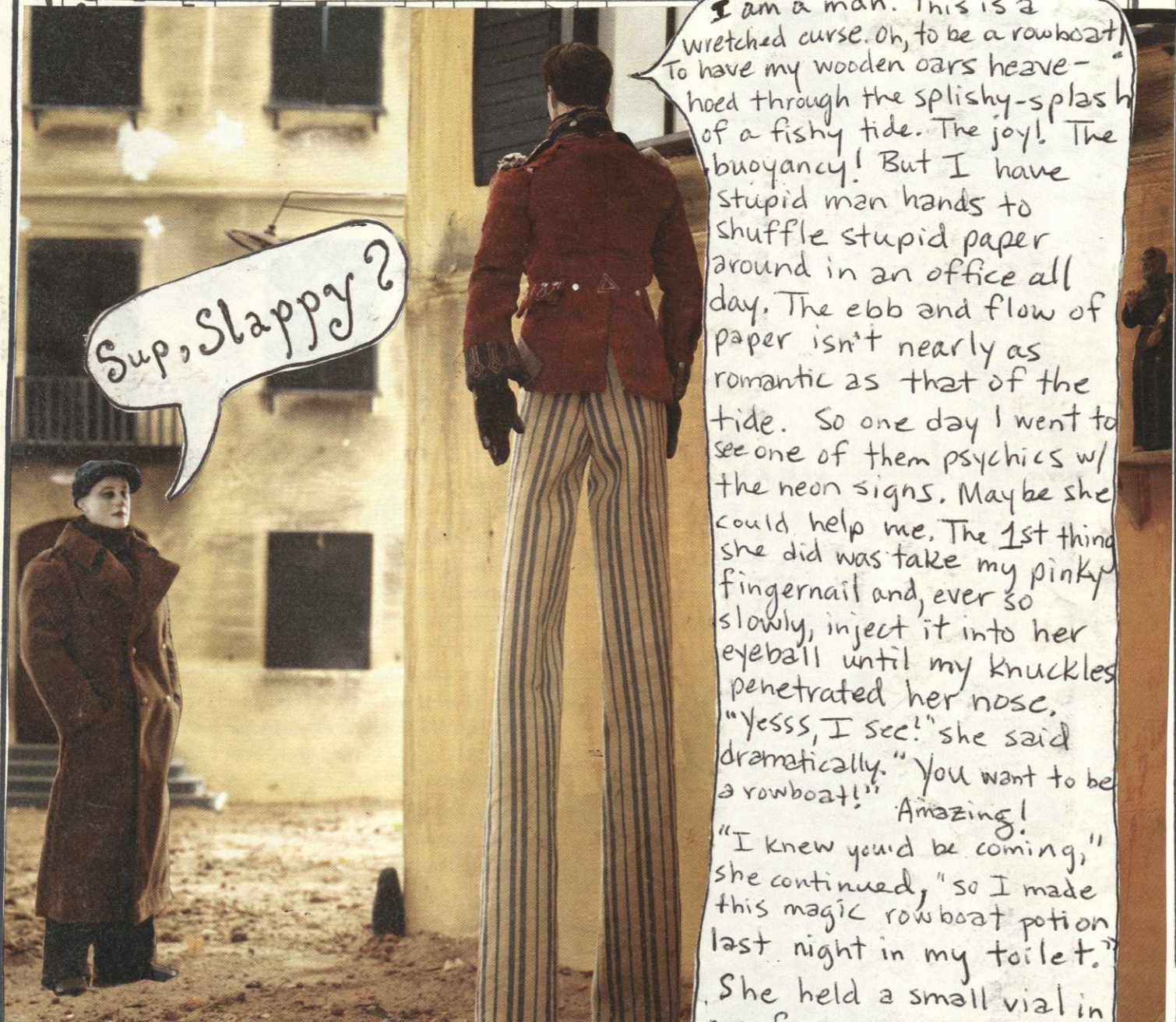


A publisher's confession

The Nightly Noodle Monthly grew from the small means of a modest dream. But before the third issue was out, I was swimming in millions of dollars in endorsements, publishing contracts, pills, and business flights to Thailand on the Noodle tab. I squandered all the Noodle money, mainly on eggrolls. I'm happy to report I've reached the ninth step in my 12-step recovery program and I'd like to apologize to everyone I've wronged since the Noodle's inception. To Paul: sorry about your sister. I hope she finds her eye soon. To the waitresses at TD's: it'll come out with baking soda. To the Lord: forgive me, for I knew not was I did. For if I had known now what I didn't know then, they couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty back together again. -EVA AVENUE



# MARK YER BLESSINGS, ROWBOAT MAN!



Sup, Slappy?

I am a man. This is a wretched curse. Oh, to be a rowboat! To have my wooden oars heave-hoed through the splishy-splash of a fishy tide. The joy! The buoyancy! But I have stupid man hands to shuffle stupid paper around in an office all day. The ebb and flow of paper isn't nearly as romantic as that of the tide. So one day I went to see one of them psychics w/ the neon signs. Maybe she could help me. The 1st thing she did was take my pinky fingernail and, ever so slowly, inject it into her eyeball until my knuckles penetrated her nose. "Yesss, I see!" she said dramatically. "You want to be a rowboat!" Amazing! "I knew you'd be coming," she continued, "so I made this magic rowboat potion last night in my toilet." She held a small vial in my face containing what looked like - "Did you just pee in that jar?" I asked, horrified. "Nevermind. I'm fine being a man."





... Congress failed to pass a bill legalizing pillows.

... Everyone is afraid of Virginia Wolf except me.

... Your roommate's favorite shirt went missing. It's brown in color, three years old and responds to "Bella" when called.

... John Mellencamp died of a self-inflicted panda wound.

... 17 children died playing laser tag at a Kentucky strip mall when they were accidentally given cyanide pills instead of laser guns.

... A man robbed a bank in Michigan wearing nothing but the dentures of his lovers past.

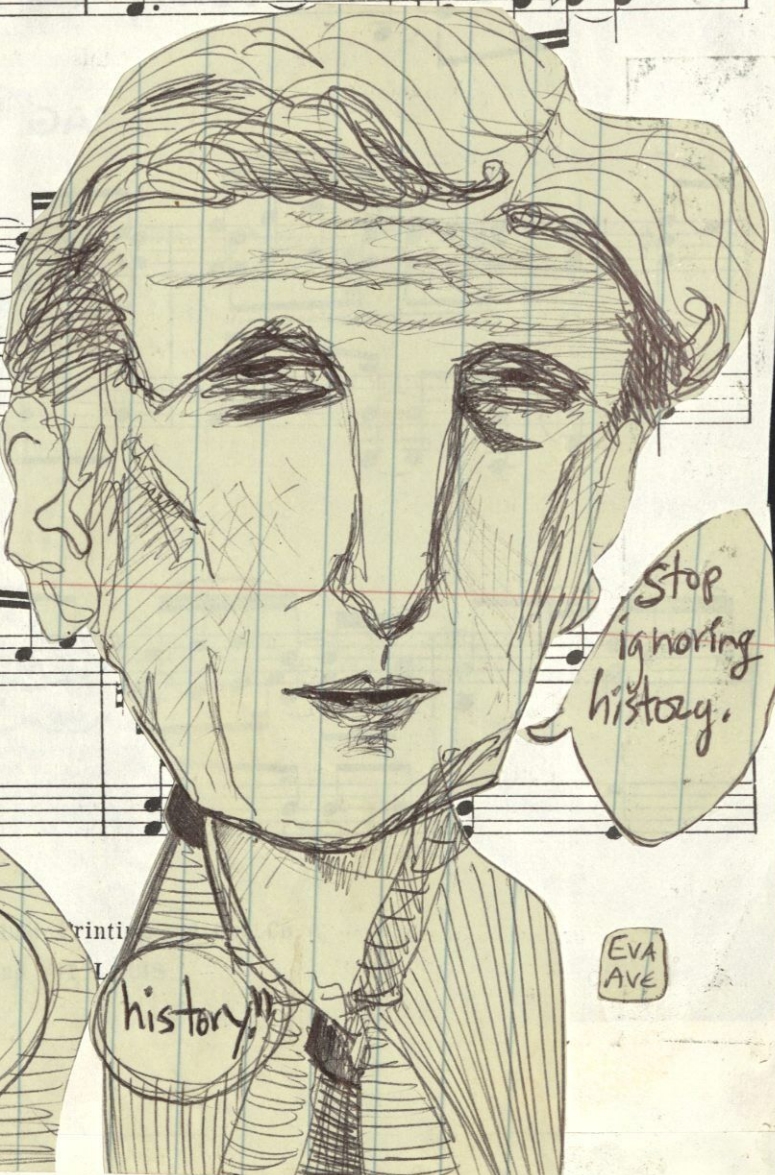
... Descartes thought, but he did not am.



I will shut up  
only on  
the behalf  
of  
freedom.



ignoring.



Stop  
ignoring  
history.

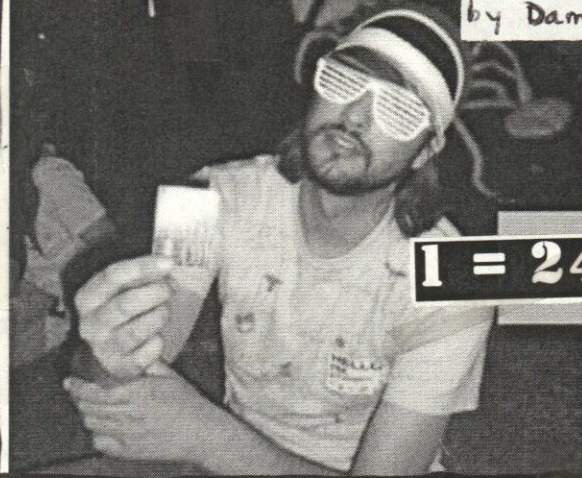
history.

EVA  
AVE

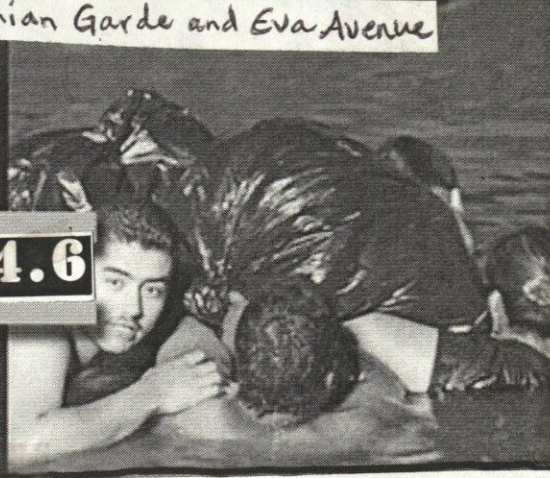


# The Noodle Solves Immigration!

by Damian Garde and Eva Avenue



**1 = 24.6**



*This story also runs on NMdefamationsuit.com, but it's a Noodle original, man. Read on:*

Illegal immigration is a hot-button issue here in the U.S. of A. Your lefty dad thinks we ought to treat everyone like equals. Your richy-rich uncle thinks we should nuke Juarez. Your weary mom just wants someone to keep her warm, all night long.

Well, you're in luck, America. We here at *The Nightly Noodle Monthly* have decided to solve this whole kerfuffle right here and now.

You're welcome.

Here's how it works: This nation's porous southern border is chock-full of starving Mexicans who want nothing more than meager pay for honest work. Meanwhile, stateside, we're up to our designer scarves with yammering, liberal-arts shitheads, telling anyone who'll listen about the sheer majesty of living like a king in a third-world country on \$3 a day.

Let's institute an exchange system!

We will grant full citizenship to any Mexican nationals who can orchestrate an exchange for one of our myriad douche bags. The new Americans can pursue their dreams and live a better life in our comparatively booming economy. As for the outgoing cretins, they'll be fine as long as the Mexican consulate provides them with a quaint café, a moleskin notebook and some sort of "eye-opening cultural experience" they can blog about for their faggy friends back home.

Now, we know what you're thinking. "Hey, Noodle. Thousands of immigrants cross the border daily. How will this system help if it deals with them one at a time?"

Allow us to explain: This arrangement uses people as currency and thus must correspond to the market. According to current exchange rates, one prissy, upper-middle-class American is worth 24.6 Mexican laborers. And that's not racism; it's economics.

"Wait a minute," you're probably thinking, "why would Mexico ever agree to this? They'd be losing their workforce, right?"

Well, first of all, you're stupid.

Second, this is perfect for Mexico! As you perhaps have heard, they're embroiled in an orgiastic symphony of a drug war that kills, rapes and eats people every day. What better way for them to convince foreign investors that everything's A-OK than to stock their cities with whiny, self-important Americans? Losing a few diligent workers seems a small price to pay.

"What about what we're giving up? Won't we suffer without such a large portion of our educated workforce?"

Frankly, we've had our fill of people yakking about their house shows and filling our coffee shops with cigarette smoke and ninth-grade existentialism. "Success," in their terms, means pooling welfare checks to buy a new Theremin for their Brian Wilson tribute band.

They will not be missed.

Instead, this arrangement will provide just the shot in the arm this nation's economy needs. Our industrious new citizens know a thing or two about hard labor. We'll skyrocket to levels of wealth and prosperity we've only dreamed of!

The time is now. Children are our future.

Mr. President, give us more Mexicans.



# She get it from her mama: Part II

Tongue-slappin' New York City from the backstreets of truth.

What? when these exercise... ful truth



By Allison Zajac

My friend Annabel and I are both actresses in the city. Annabel is working on a scene from *The Boom Boom Room*—a play about strippers. She tells me she has never been to a strip club, so I insist we go for character-research purposes.

Later that week I meet Annabel and her friend Melanie at a Russian Bar. We all take shots of pepper infused Vodka. Our throats burn. We go to a club called 'flash-dancers' because we hear it's seedy and the cover charge is low. Melanie falls drunkenly as we descend the stairs to the bar. We are directed to leave the bar because Melanie is falling drunkenly. Annabel accidentally trips trying to lead Melanie outside. Melanie falls to the ground, appearing to the doorman as having been shoved. The doorman accuses Annabel of attacking Melanie. Melanie is crying and her knees are bleeding. Profusely. The doorman begins hitting on her saying "poor baby don't cry—your friend is a *bitch*. You had a little too much to drink but I can't be mad atcha for that! You know *I'd* never hurt you like that. You can't stay here but I can take you somewhere else."

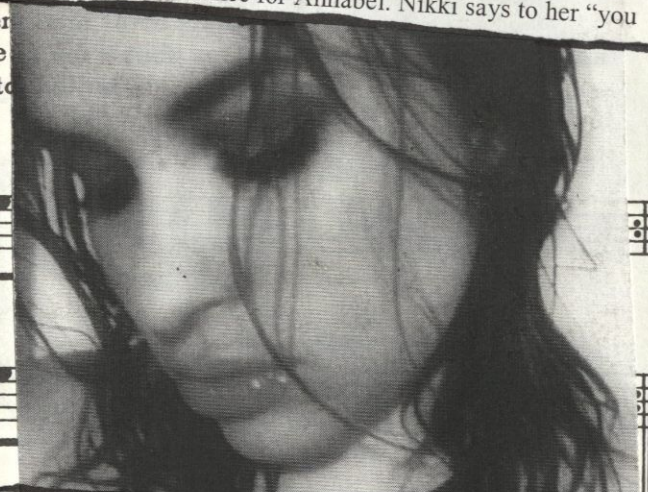
The doorman is a boxy, strangely unkempt man of indiscernible ethnicity with braces in his mouth. Annabel tells him to fuck himself. Melanie is wandering into traffic, shouting: "I don't understand why they didn't let me stay!" Annabel and the doorman are now two feet shy of a fistfight. I light a cigarette. Eventually we are able to put Melanie in a cab and send her home. Annabel and I share a bud light at a pizza joint in Time Square so I can use the bathroom. We go to a fantasy club called 'Lace'. We have trouble with the Doorman. He says we need a gentleman to accompany us in the club. We get a big guy dressed in a t-shirt that looks like a tuxedo to escort us inside. We hailed him down off the street. It wasn't hard, but now we have to "play by the rules" the man says. I play along...but not for too long. I sit on his lap and fart. "Whatcha gonna do? Irritable bowl syndrome," I say, and shrug. We don't see him anymore after that. A few martinis later and we make friends with all the dancers. They tell us their hopes, fears and dreams. Everyone is drinking. I see a few baby pictures that one of the dancers pulled out from her garter belt. A Beautiful Egyptian woman named Ranya tells

Missing back issues from yer Noodle collection? Did you get the one with Obama's letter to the Noodle? Email Eva at [lunaticstudios@gmail.com](mailto:lunaticstudios@gmail.com) and we'll mail you what you want (Oct. '09 - Sept. '10). You can leave the money in an envelope at

Winning Coffee on Harvard. 50¢ per back issue.

# ART FOR ALL

me that her boyfriend takes half her money every night and it's been a slow night so far. She tells me she knows what a woman wants and I believe her. I give her 80 dollars and she dances for me all night. Annabel meets Nikki, a stripper twice her age and they chat for a while. Nikki is very tall and wears a short, black wig. Annabel drinks too much and Nikki takes care of her. They sit on a couch and hold each other. Nikki says she won't dance for Annabel. Nikki says to her "you

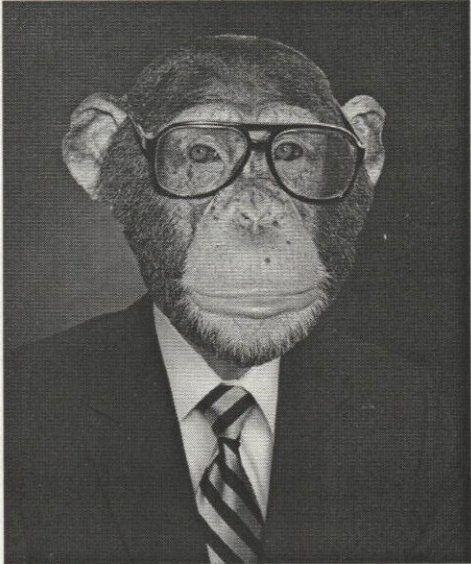


remind me of my little sister that really makes you too special for a place like this." I talk to the manager about working at the club because Annabel and I both want jobs by the end of the night.



# Let's TALK POLITIX!

Faustus is back with another installment of his vast memoir. You can also find Mr. Valdez's work at [NMdefamationsuit.com](http://NMdefamationsuit.com), the insider's guide to the backwaters of our local political inner circle. With no further ado, here's a transcription of the battered cassette Faustus left for us this week.



Faustus Valdez, consultant

OK, shitheads. I know your TV-rotted brains can't remember past the Cheetos you ate for breakfast on Monday afternoon, so when I say "Domenici," you probably think of that runny-nosed hippie who couldn't outfox a wrinkly lump of PTSD in the Republican primary. Well, buckle up, you dingleberries of history. Uncle Faustus is going to educate you on Pete Domenici Sr. — or, as we called him, The Big Cannoli. It's 1984, and I'm holed up in the backy-est backroom D.C. whorehouse. The kind of place where the girls are Thai, the beer is Mexican and the walls are always sweating. With me is a then-congressman who shall not be named. Let's call him Rill Richardson. Anyhow, me and Rill are in a real jam. You see, the night started off innocent enough. Nothing soothes the soul after hours of committee meetings like a hummer and a cold one, each delivered by a mute teenager with eyes like dinner plates. But things turned for the worst when ol' Rill took one of our fine hostesses into what they called "la Salle de la Dégradation." I think she called herself Sookie, although perhaps that was just her business model. I digress.

You see, I'd been a little wary of my pal Rill after he'd gotten a little too into the, uh — let's call it ocaine-cay. So, about an hour goes by before Rep. Richardson creeps out from behind the salle's curtain. When I catch sight of him, poor ol' boy's white as the tits on a Mormon. "Is something wrong, Brown Bomber?" (That's what we called him back then. Long story.)

But he just stood there, lip quivering, staring through me. I made my way past the sweaty blob and peeked in the curtain for myself. Sure enough, I saw something I'm ashamed to say I recognized immediately. "Well, that's a dead immigrant whore," I said. After we sat down, the gravity of the situation clearly descended upon poor Rill. He started blubbering and wheezing, saying his career was over, saying he was going to get divorced, saying he'd never grow up to pay off his friends in the contracting business. "Snap out of it, you drooling pussy," I told him. "There's only one way out of this. I'm calling The Big Cannoli." Pete Domenici Sr. showed up 20 minutes later with a frown and a hand-rolled Havana. We caught him up on our predicament, and he sat

in silence for a moment before asking to use the phone. Five minutes after that, a white dry-cleaning van pulled up to the brothel's service entrance, and out of it came 10 fresh-off-the-boat guidos with saws, duct tape and an industrial-sized roll of plastic sheeting. Pete motioned them to the salle and then sat down next to Rill and me.

"Listen, kid," he said to Richardson after lighting his cigar, "we like you. You got a future in this town, if you want it. But next time, save the choking for your own little pecker, *capiche?*"

When the boys were done with their work, Pete tossed a roll of hundos to the *maitre d'* and pressed his finger to his lips. Then he turned to me.

"And Faustus, I'm gonna say this makes us even."

"Pete, baby, you're a saint," I said to him. And that was Old Man Domenici: cool, calm and reliable. The guy was a true original, God rest his soul.

Female voice in the background: Darling, Pete's not dead.

Baby, in my book, the moment you can't wipe your own ass, you're as good as in the grave.



# Words To Make Your Mouth Water



smart bird,  
dumb bird

Cuckoos lay their eggs in the nests of other species of birds. The hosts unwittingly rear the alien chicks as their own.

