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NIGHTLY NOODLE Monthly.

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APRIL
2010
issue
#6



SUICIDE NOTES FROM SNAILS

NOVEMBER 27, 2005

As a larva I dreamed,
as I suppose do many,
of a beautiful place promised only to the few.
I dreamed that I, too, could go there and drift
among so many of my heroes.
But the naïveté of youth quickly gives way
to the cold realities of the aged.
I will never go to space.

AUGUST 29, 2004

Who's laughing now, Geraldine? You sticky
bitch.

JANUARY 19, 2006

There is no laughter in this world for me.
No smiles, no cheer, no levity.
Can you imagine loving one thing so dearly,
so desperately, but having your beloved kept
from you because of inane and curt rules
dreamed up
by some judgmental cretin in the sky?
Well, that is my reality.
I am a snail. A snail who loves salt.
And I'm not going to hide it anymore.
Good night, world.

JUNE 5, 2008

This would never happen to my father.
He was calm, upright and viscous. Not like me.
He would never wallow on hot pavement,
praying for the swift sneaker of a school child
to whisk away his anxieties.
He would never sit idly in the storm drain,
longing for that merciful summer rain
of yore
to wash him into the river
and render him fodder
for the myriad parasites there.
But I'm not my father,
so I'm going to sit behind the tire
of this bus until school gets out.
He was an asshole anyway.

MARCH 14, 2001

Wait, so Bruce Willis has been dead throughout
this whole movie? That's the fucking twist?
Aughhhh!

~ Editors Note ~

→ isn't this page beautiful? the sad Man Ray girl
floating forward over the graveyard of snails;
the still white soul flowers. DING! Note the
meticulous first-letter emboldenings at the bottom
Thinktank. I think this is the comix issue b/c
there are 4 comix this month, and I've never
had a themed issue. Got a theme idea for
the Noodle? Email **LunaticStudios@gmail.com**

Or if you wanna invest in Noodle
exploits, offer up the use of your printer
for a round of issues, or buy/trade ad space,
no hints about that, too! Woo!!

WOW!! @Low Spirits

May 12, Wed. 7:30 AM
LeChat
LUNATIQUE
Fichot
-CHINESE
r from
L.A.)

CARLOS RUIZ de la TORRE

Noodle Thinktank: Eva Ave., Damian Garde, Joe Buffaloe, Emma Crane, Daniel Rhinier

THE Sunny Gallows of Artland THEATRE

Hot Zines	Not Hot people who don't read zines
calico cats	getting robbed
Thai food	David Carradine hanging naked & dead in Bangkok.
trains	training manuals
The Spanish Inquisition	English Inquiry
Starry Eyes	Eating poisonous starfish
-X	-CS, -KS
miracles	Miracle Whip
Route 66 Diner dressed	66 tumor roots in yer brain

4 plays translating my visit to the Man Ray/ African mask show March 2nd.

by Eva Avenue

1
Two aliens wait for alternative transportation after their UFO crashes.

Alien: If I can't express myself, then I'd rather just die.
Alien 2: Aliens don't die, they just recharge, stupid.
Alien: What's the point of terrorizing planets if I can't translate the experience through the Blues scale and some red paint?

Witchdoctor appears out of nowhere.

Witchdoctor: Booga-Nooga!
Alien: Augh! (Zaps witchdoctor with ray gun.) What is that thing??
Alien 2: Wait! Aw, I think that was our driver.
Alien: Aw, man.
Alien 2: Great. Now we have to walk through Nigeria.

(Between plays you must bow heads close eyes and emit high-pitched hum)

2
Alien: If I can't express myself, I'd rather just die.
Witchdoctor: We weren't put here on Earth... (stabs spear into the ground)... to EXPRESS ourselves.
Alien: But I was put on Mars!
Witchdoctor: Is that in Europe?
Alien: Did you know there's no photography on Mars? Like, they don't even recognize that stuff!
Witchdoctor: You complain a lot.

(Bow heads, close eyes and emit high-pitched hum)

3
Alien: I was just, like, sitting there expressing myself on the tuba ... and they banished me!
Witchdoctor: White Earth people love the tuba!
Alien: Then I love white people!
Witchdoctor: They're afraid of aliens, though.
Alien: Why?

Witchdoctor: They all think Jesus is coming back from the clouds, so they probably think of you guys like Gods of sorts. So they're afraid.
Alien: Well, I consider myself a Christian.

(Bow heads, close eyes and emit high-pitched hum)

4
Alien is dressed in Pope-like robes.

Alien: Did you know that clothes make the man? Naked people have little or no influence on society.

Witchdoctor looks down at his loincloth.

Witchdoctor: No influence?
Alien: No influence.

(End. Performers bow.)



He just likes to go in the basket.

Like you've never seen dogshit before!

©EVA AVE.

SPECIAL DELIVERY: MAN ON MAN

Vol. 5: THE MAILMAN
by Joe Buffaloe

As long as I have this space to inform you fags about being a MAN, I should tell you about some other kinds of MAN that AREN'T SO COOL.

This is the MAILMAN. The MAILMAN is how "THE MAN" sends you fucking BILLS and SHITTY ASS FAKE COUPONS FOR GROSS CARL'S JR. AND SHIT THAT GETS ALL OVER THE PLACE BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BE THROWING SHIT AWAY ALL DAY, YOU HAVE THINGS TO DO.

So what's our lesson in MAN-ITUDE today? Beating up the fucking MAILMAN and thereby sticking it to THE MAN, you dipshit.

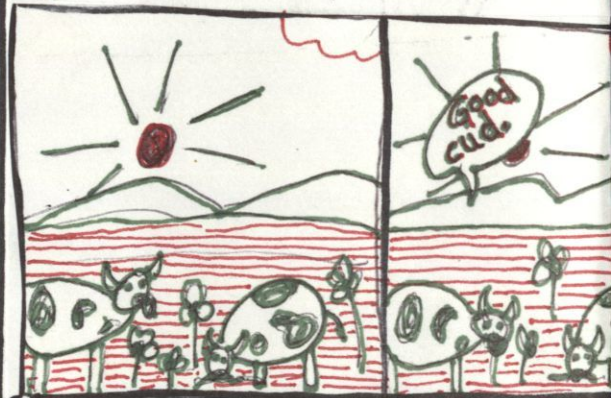
Tools for delivering the pain to your neighborhood postal bitch:

1. Snakes
2. Your fucking balls
3. My two armies: THE HIT-ITES OF LEFTOVIA AND THE UNITED FINGERS-STATES OF JOE BUFFALO (MEMBER OF THE NAFTA TREATY, North American Fuck up any mail-delivering biTch Accord)

Like any REAL MAN ought to, I keep a brood of COBRAS in my bedroom and ACCUSTOM THEM TO MY PRESENCE. I also take SMALL DOSES OF POISON TO IMMUNIZE MYSLF. The uniform-wearing NOT-MALE MAN many know dogs — some of those fuckers were in the army and shit and can disassemble a canine in under six seconds — but I bet he doesn't know shit about ME AND MY SNAKE-SLANGING SKILLS.

And you gotta have balls. And ladies, you just have to find your INNER, SPIRITUAL BALLS if ou wanna do this. Or use your DEADLY MOTHER-BEAR INSTINCTS to get it done. Just follow these steps and the NEXT THE TIME MAIL FAIRY wants to stick some of "THE MAN" in your CAN, he'll find A DEADLY SET OF FANGS UP THERE.

Don't worry about people stealing your ideas. If your ideas are any good you'll have to ram them down people's throats.



I spied him coming down the block, going to each coward-ass neighbor's house all undisturbed. MEN DO NOT TOLERATE MAILMEN WITHOUT PUTTING FEAR IN THEM. Whatever, this faggot would remember his place after he got A FACE FULL OF MY ADDRESS. I let the cobras out all around the front door and waited for this hairy, fat-ass MAIL PURSE-WEARING BITCH to come up the stairs — and it takes a while on my stairs, because you have to dodge the glass shards and nail traps.

Then I opened the door.

My mailbox is just to the left of the door, you see, and he'd have to come right up to it. A couple of the snakes slithered over my foot while I was standing in the doorway. Good, I figured, I wanted them to be excited, out for blood. Then I felt one climb up my leg. That was fine because kicking a guy's ass with snakes draped all over you is EXTRA COOL. He was up the stairs now, and we gave each other bullshit smiles, then I took a step out, arm back and ready to STAMP HIS NOSE and SEND HIM FIRST CLASS TO HURTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

The snakes could have sloppy seconds.

They found this little jellyfish creature (*Turritopsis nutricula*, a form of hydrozoa) that doesn't ever die. Biology is beyond me, so I'll let somebody else do the talking while I make a sandwich have a sandwich made for me.

They're able to return to polyp stage due to a cell change in the external screen (Exumbrella), which allows them to bypass death. As far as scientists have been able to find out, this change renders the hydrozoa virtually immortal.

These little folks revert completely to a sexually immature, colonial stage after they reach sexual maturity. They're even cooler than that. When they're young they've got only several tentacles, but at a mature stage, they get to 80-90 of them.

Did that make any sense? I didn't bother reading it, but I think it had something to do with being able to regenerate your arm like a starfish. **sawing through bone**

immortal jellyfish

UPDATE: Um, does anybody have the number for Luke Skywalker's doctor?

I only want to live long enough to see a hovercar.

od,
m
ts.



Then the fuckers started biting me. It got harder to walk forward, how long had I been on my second step and why was my arm falling? Vision got blurry, then black, then I totally half-remember passing out and hitting my chin on the ground.

The worst part of it all? The fucking MAILMAN adds insult to it by DELIVERING me to the HOSPITAL, just like another goddamn piece of mail, in his stupid faggot car and everything. And in a couple weeks he'll DELIVER a big fucking BILL FROM THE HOSPITAL I don't need because REAL MEN DON'T GO TO HOSPITALS FOR COBRA BITES, EVEN WHEN THE SHIT THEY THOUGHT WAS IMMUNIZING THEM TURNS OUT TO BE SOUTHERN COMFORT IN AN EYE-DROPPER

This one's not over yet — I'll give a win to the cobras, but not the mailman. He didn't kick anybody's ass.

So the record stands at
MAN: 3, HINKLER: 1, MY AWESOME BROOD OF COBRAS: 1

Noodle News



Inventor of instant noodle dies at 96 (three years ago.)

Memofuku Ando, born in Taiwan in 1910, introduced Chicken Ramen, the world's first instant noodle product, 50 years ago. He got the big idea to develop instant noodle after coming upon a long line of people on a cold night shortly after World War II, waiting to buy freshly made ramen at a black market food stall. In July 2005, his company, Nissin, introduced a vacuum-packed instant noodle specially designed for Japanese astronaut Seichi Noguchi to eat during the Discovery mission. Showcasing his Space Ram Noodles in front of reporters, Ando said, "I'm happy I've realized my dream that noodles can go into space."

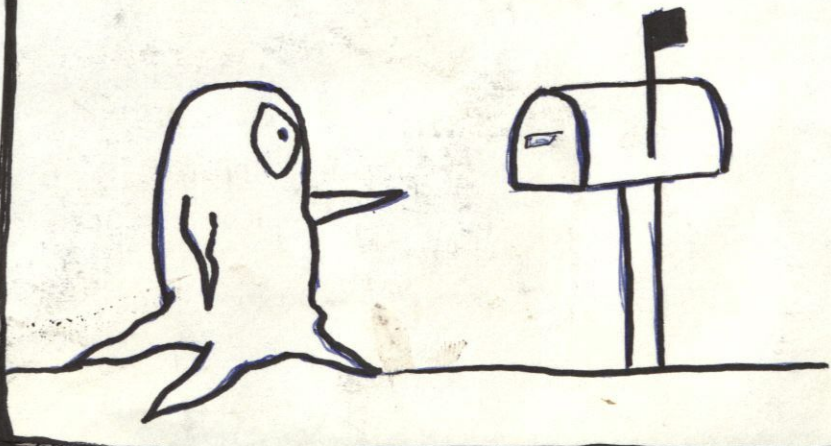
Hey! Hey! You! You! Get offa my cloud!



Noodle Doodle by the Arsonist

Can we BE Friends?

ME TOO.



THE PLOT THAT WAS NOT

6.

Next time you're mad, try dancing out your anger. ~Sweetpea Tyler

Movement never lies. It is a barometer telling the state of the soul's weather to all who can read it. ~Martha Graham

Out with the new, in with the old!

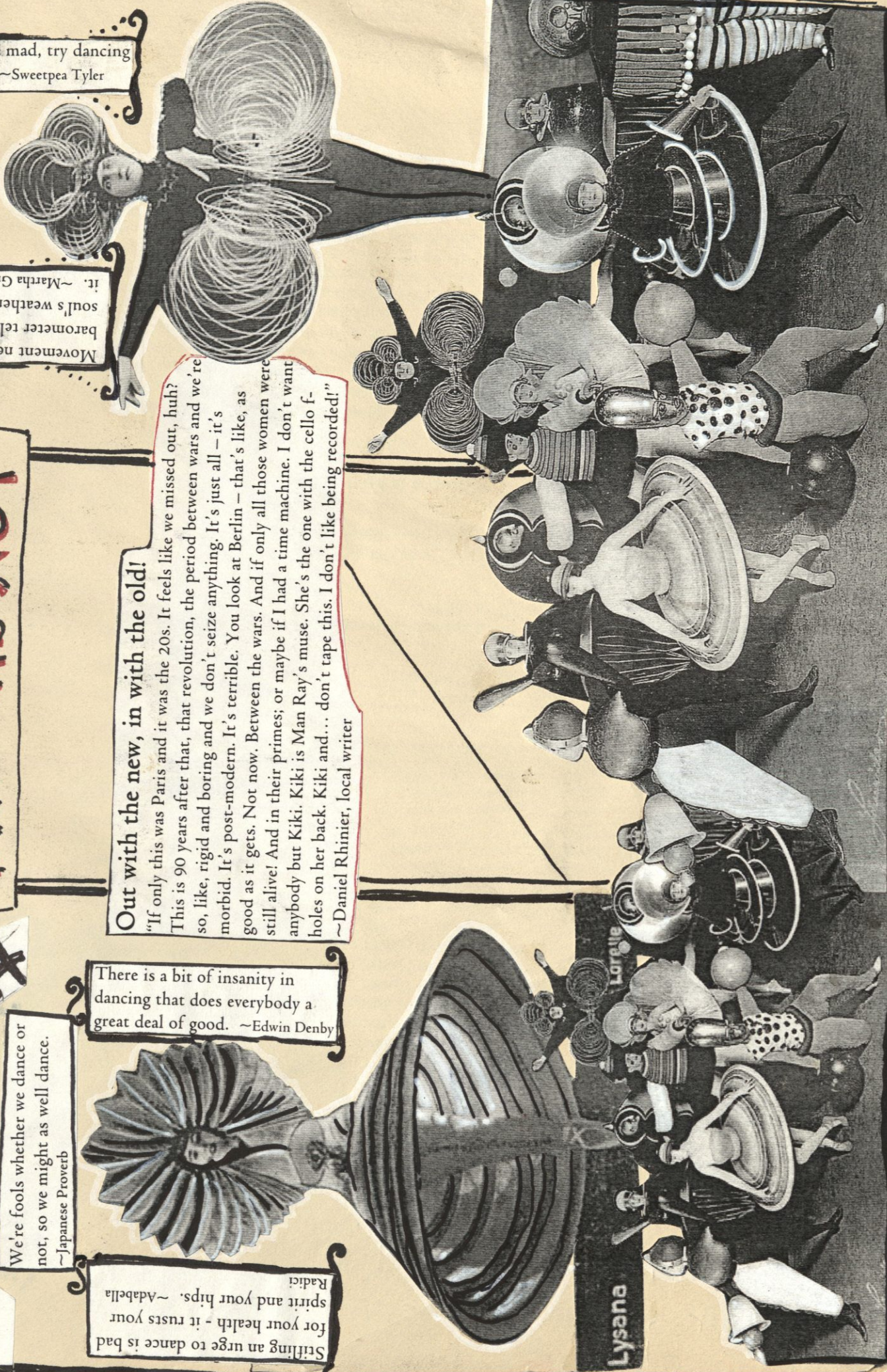
"If only this was Paris and it was the 20s. It feels like we missed out, huh? This is 90 years after that, that revolution, the period between wars and we're so, like, rigid and boring and we don't seize anything. It's just all - it's morbid. It's post-modern. It's terrible. You look at Berlin - that's like, as good as it gets. Not now. Between the wars. And if only all those women were still alive! And in their primes; or maybe if I had a time machine. I don't want anybody but Kiki. Kiki is Man Ray's muse. She's the one with the cello f-holes on her back. Kiki and... don't tape this. I don't like being recorded!" ~Daniel Rhinier, local writer

There is a bit of insanity in dancing that does everybody a great deal of good. ~Edwin Denby

We're fools whether we dance or not, so we might as well dance. ~Japanese Proverb

Stifling an urge to dance is bad for your health - it rusts your spirit and your hips. ~Adabella Radici

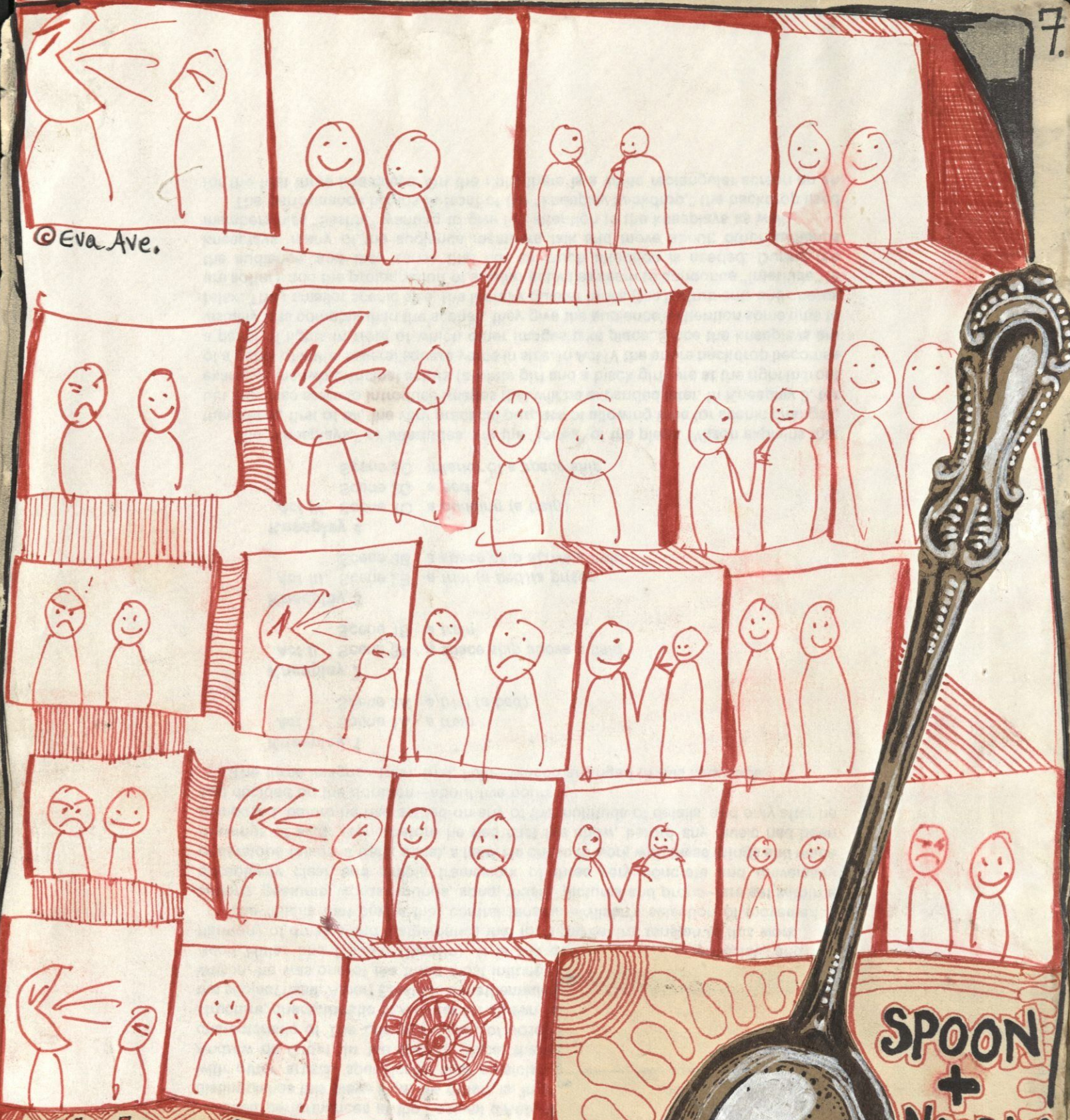
Triadic Ballet



Lysana

Lorelle

© Eva Ave.



Artists suffer; and they make others suffer. ↴

Artist: what happened last night?
Wife: You don't remember?! You don't remember smashing up a whole restaurant?!

SPOON + NOODLE = Spoodle!

(fork + noodle = nork)