



 catalyst  4 

Jesus Christ Returns to Earth

In an amazing show of fire and brimstone hailing from above, the messiah Jesus Christ made an appearance in Houston Texas last night. The seven trumpets sounded from above as the four horsemen accompanied by six winged seraphim led the way through the streets. Panic commenced throughout the city causing the death of over 200 civilians and injuring thousands

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CATALYST ISSUES



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treated the same as always

more. Several people were trampled to death in the flea from the coming of the king of all kings. The National Guard was ordered in by president bush to halt this parade of the almighty. "I don't care who he is, if he doesn't have a permit he can't pull a stunt like this in my city." Commented the mayor of Houston. Shocked by the people's unwillingness to praise him, Jesus broke down into tears in the intersection of 5th and Main Street in the center of the city. He was soon apprehended by members of the local National Guard and taken into custody. After a series of brutal interrogations Jesus was brought before the late governor of Texas and president of the United States. In a press conference Bush told reporters "I am for life and not death. Life is good and death is

bad. This man's actions have caused the death of hundreds and I feel that he should be treated no differently than the rest of the criminals in Texas." Jesus was sentenced to death by electrocution. His case is pending appeal. When asked by reporters why he did not care about the seriousness of sentencing the son of god to death, Bush told reporters. "Oh don't try and confuse me with your fuzzy reporter jibber jabber, I've done what is right for America and if you are anti-America well then I think you should fry just like this cross bearing weirdo. I wash my hands of this case" The American people stand by in waiting as to what will come of this shocking event.

via peter

New Year, New People, Same Zine

As we are all aware, several of the leading writers of the catalyst have graduated from high school and since then gone off to various colleges across the state. But do not be alarmed, the catalyst will continue on. We will continue publications and we will continue to voice our opinions. If you are interested in helping in production

or have an article you wish to be published please contact us, either verbally or by e-mail at catalystmag@bolt.com. Read on dear friend and enjoy what we have to offer.

via peter

Courtland High pranksters taught a valuable life lesson

Welcome back

School right to hold students accountable

high school vandals were punished with 'tough love'



Damage inflicted on Courtland was no joke

high-school vandals must learn to respect authority

READERS' TAKE: Senior pranks, monuments

PRANKS PROVE COSTLY

Courtland pranks vandals? What about the jobless the custodian?

Judgment of School Board worse than pranksters'

Schools say pranks cost them \$6,500

Principal lost his senses, including humor

Schools ready for protests at graduation

Pranksters were victims of the 'zeal to punish'

Editorial defending school vandalism made 'zero sense'

'Zero tolerance' policies bar fairness, compassion

Pranks change grads' big day

Pranksters made choice, suffered the consequences

officials took a stand against vandalism

Michael Jackson Fathers Twins

Last night the renowned king of pop Michael Jackson told reporters that through the methods of genetic cloning he has fathered twins with ...himself. His efforts were funded by the multi-billionaire Macauley Culkin. All were shocked to find out that Macauley Culkin was a billionaire. Culkin later told the Catalyst "My wife and I are medically unable to have children ourselves. The doctors say that it is because she is twelve, but you can't trust those doctor type. After Michael dies we are going to raise the children as our own."



The Man Announces Retirement, Apologizes via peter

Early this morning The Man announced his retirement after an illustrious career spanning almost four decades. "Whenever I saw kids getting kicked out of a parking lot for skateboarding, or saw a Coke machine installed into a school, or saw someone flunk their SATs and not get into college, it used to give me a real buzz. But now I just feel empty and guilty. I'd just like to apologize to all those "rebels" and "nonconformists" out there. I'm really sorry about all this trouble I've been causing you," a teary eyed Man said in a press conference today. Soon after the announcement, punks, communists, and free-thinkers alike found themselves with a disturbing lack of cliches to toss around.

"All my life I've been out to kick The Man's ass," says self-described 'underground-commie-punk-rebel' Johnny Epstein, 17. "But now that he's kicked his own ass, I'm kinda at a loss." "My mom bought me the new N*sync CD today and I was just like, 'Mom! Gross out, they are totally sellouts!' Then she reminded me they had no one to sellout to." remarked Lisa Cleary, 16. "I dunno, I kinda like that one song where he's in love with the girl, but she doesn't know he exists and her last boyfriend hurt her, but he knows he's like totally the one for her." The Man has also expressed his regrets to those on the waiting list to sell out to him. "I've just been swamped with calls lately," said The Man in an exclusive interview with the Catalyst.

"You've got your bands wanting to put their songs in car commercials, your Little League teams getting life insurance company logos printed on their jerseys, and your very own Courtland High School decorating its senior banner with every food brand that was ever targeted at teenagers. It was just getting to be too much in my old age." The recent addition of Ben & Jerry (of Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream fame) to The Man's expansive collection of sellouts marked a high point in his career. "After Ben and Jerry I knew it was all going to be downhill from there. I mean...Cherry Garcia...ohhh yeeeahh."

via victoria

Welcome to Courtland, Freshmen

So, you're finally in high school, or out of middle school, which ever is more significant to you. And, being the friendly people that we are, the Catalyst staff has compiled some tips to get you through your first couple weeks at Courtland.

1) During the first pep rally, you'll be introduced to the "Go home, freshmen!" chant. The seniors of three years ago did it to us, and we'll do it to you, too. But, please, do something my class never thought of doing: Obey the chant. Get up and leave. All three hundred whatever of you. And then we'll see how long it takes for them to put a disclaimer on that chant. "Go home freshmen...and by go home we mean stay exactly where you are."

2) Make sure you bring a bathing suit for the third floor swimming pool.

3) The hip locker combination for this year is 36-8-26. Really, don't even think you're going to fit into high school if you have some *other* locker combo.

4) High school isn't really like Saved by the Bell. When you're in the hallway and the bell rings...you don't still have five minutes to get to class. And you probably won't have a locker right next to every single one of your best friends, either.

5) Porkette Day. Don't underestimate the importance of this occa-

sion. Cut class if necessary to get a good spot in line. And be sure to ask for a knife. Porkettes+fork=no fun.

6) #1 water fountain in the school=the one in the commons. (Note: not cafeteria...the commons. You might think all you do is eat lunch in there, but it's multipurpose like nobody's business.) All the other water fountains are by the bathrooms, this one is near the kitchen. You get the idea.

7) Write for the Catalyst. Everybody's doing it. You know you want to. *peer pressure*

via victoria

Depression at all-time high at UVA

Piles of textbooks, day after day of class, late-night partying; college is a hotbed of stress and conflicting messages, which can often wear mentally on the student. Most of them can deal with this constant pressure in a productive way, using it to propel themselves forwards in school, while a select few slide down the slippery slope to depression.

Depression, although not uncommon at a university, has taken a rough hold onto the University of Virginia. Edward Ayers, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, says "Our students are feeling more and more neglected, they are constantly melancholy and can find no way out of it."

Richard Milkstad, E-School Dean, is worried too, but for a differ-

ent reasons. "Not only is our student body depressed, but they're taken the monumental step of voicing this concern to the world - a public relations disaster."

Milkstad is speaking of the crying out of "not gay!" during home UVA football games. During the school song, which contains the line "bright and gay," many students cry out in angst to show how little the school has helped them. Many students however, when questioned, attempt to hide their troubled feeling.

"What? Depressed?" Game-goer Zeke Hampton replied when asked about his chronic sadness. Hampton then walked out to his truck and consumed a couple bottles of low-quality alcohol.

Community psychologist

Jill Eavers thinks this kind of drinking has a relation to the widespread depression. "I think that drinking is the way they escape from the harsh world, it is a kind of release for them," she says. "Students aren't getting plastered at frat parties for fun anymore, and that is something we need to fix immediately."

What does the future hold for UVA? Will its next graduation class be nothing but whining, pithy children, unable to take on the world as it is? Will their cries of "not gay!" be heard or ignored by the few that can actually help them? Will drinking ever again be the fun it used to be?

All we can do is hope for the best.

via soma

you fucking homophobes are blatant morons

and i hate you

We come from Old Virginia,
Where all is bright and gay.

"NOT GAY!" the crowd cries out as UVA's school song is chanted in the background. are these students depressed, trying to voice their concern? no, these are typical insensitive moronic students - welcome to college, where everyone is just like they were in high school, but without parents.

homophobia runs ridiculously rampant in society, and is one of the least attacked shows of discrimination. this example of a uva chant involving "not gay!" is one showing of it. if the cry was "not black!" or some other minority group that has gained much attention and acceptance for their cause no one would stand for it. there would immediately be a riot, mandatory openness classes, or at least a crushing condemnation from the president of the school. but no, none of this. perhaps a little mention here or there that it is slightly frowned upon, but nothing serious. when other students are asked about it, they say that it isn't insulting, in spite of the fact that they're opening mocking 5% of the population and creating unwelcome for them, they say that they just mean it in a fun way, in spite of the fact that if "not straight!" were changed they'd be angry. it's disgusting how people can just pretend like a certain lifestyle is simply a joke, like it has no existence but to be mocked, and then not have anyone attempt to defend it. sure, i love free speech and all, but why is there no speech against homophobes? why is it such a locked-up issue? i am sure that if we are given a questionnaire we will all answer that we have no

problem with homosexuals, but as soon as we are let out into the world we seem to cast it to the goddamn wind and attack them blatantly, casually, and repeatedly. since when is blatant discrimination and condemnation acceptable?

misconceptions and stereotypes fuel this in part. why doesn't anyone want a gay roommate at college? because, as we all know, gays have no other mission in life but to have sex, and they will take any avenue to get it. why can't homosexuals be scout leaders in [most] boy scout troops? because, as we all know once again, everyone who is gay is obviously a pedophile, and they just want to get their hands on those virile young boys. sorry to disappoint, but i'm sure that homosexuals also have standards, along with large doses of intelligence and other things that are not red-hot desire, so they aren't going to be after your egotistical, homophobic hunk of self if they happen to share a dorm room with you. if every homosexual out there was a pedophile, i doubt we'd be having such a big dispute over gay marriages. yes, you've read about them in the news, but haven't you also read about that fireman who order a video of a young girl, and any other number of similar disgusting incidents? people have a desire to blame a scapegoat for problems that they themselves also hold; they want to project their faults out onto another object to relieve themselves of the burden. and that's just what society has turned homosexuals into - objects. something to blame for sexual predators, someone to give the blunt end of the joke, somewhere to toss the trash of society.

another source? sadly enough, i've gotta choose some institutions. conservative groups like focus on the family blame homosexuals (along with divorce and other signs of rising liberation) for the "decline" in american family values and morality, and many people have such a singular view in life and an inability to think for themselves that they can't help but listen. they would rather stomp on other people to protect their fragile existence than realize that everyone has rights that need to be respected, and that they aren't the center of the universe. and religion? in all actuality, the bible just condemns gay sex, not gay unions, and commands people to actually treat homosexuals like anyone else. but since when does anyone actually listen to the bible? (insert plug for www.landoverbaptist.org here) if we as a society are ever going to make it somewhere, we have to stop listening to what everyone tells us, and start coming to our own conclusions. if it looks like a human, walks like a human, and quacks like a human, let's treat it as what it is - a human.

the best part about an article like this is that suddenly everyone thinks that i'm gay. i blasted everyone for being homophobes at a suite meeting the other night because of the whole "not gay!"/uva thing, and it took quite a bit of time to get everyone to consider me straight again. how come you always have to be a part of a group you stand up for? all people ever do is look out for themselves, and any particular interest group that they happen to fall into. everyone desires everything to suit them, and to hell with anyone that might get in their way.

Oreos Finally Go Over the Top

with New Pre-Saturated-With-Milk Oreos

After suffering through Spring Colored Oreos, Christmas Colored Oreos, Double Stuf Oreos, Mini Oreos, Chocolate Covered Oreos, Reduced Fat Oreos, Cremeless Oreos, Double Stuf Chocolate Covered Reduced Fat Oreos, Milk Changer Pink Swirls Oreos and Chocolate Creme Oreos, America is now being subjected

to a new whimsy of the Nabisco company: Pre-Saturated-With-Milk Oreos. "Modern American families are busy and just don't have the time on their hands anymore to stop and actually dunk their Oreos in milk. We've evaluated this problem and hope we have come up with a solution." says Nabisco president Sally Mayfield.

The new Oreos, which appear like other Oreos, are soggy when you bite into them. Supermarkets across the nation are estimating needing to allot an estimated 400 square feet for the different variety of Oreos in their cookie section.

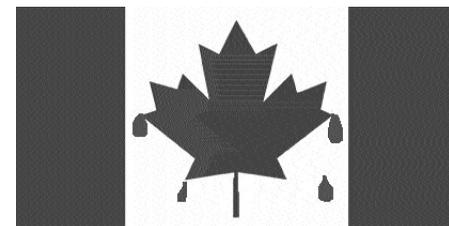
via victoria

Peaceful Canadians Just Want to Kill Each Other, Can't

A recent study has confirmed what Canadians have known for decades: that what the rest of the world perceives as that "friendly Canadian spirit" is really well-disguised and unfulfilled hatred.

"I mean, look at us, our country is falling apart. Half of our provinces want to secede. The French speakers hate the English speakers. The liberals hate the alliance party. Leafs fans hate Canadiens fans and everyone hates Celine Dion. Our problem would be so easy to solve if we just had what we all really want: quick and easy access to powerful firearms!" explains Gordon Lightfoot of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"Canada enforces all these crazy-ass gun regulations," continues Lightfoot, "like required classes before you can own a gun for hunting. And to get a good ol' personal handgun, you have to demonstrate need for a firearm to 'protect your life.' Pfft, what the hell is that? It would be so easy for America to include these regulations as part of their gun laws, but they don't. Why?



Because they realize that the right to bear arms is really an extension of every human's basic right to destroy people they don't like! It's so simple!" Canada's peaceful background has kept them relatively untouched by major wars. The nation has never had problems with school shootings, and has never to date had any tragic deaths which resulted from a child finding an unprotected firearm in his house. "But still," says Lightfoot, "sometimes people just piss me off and I wish that Canada, like America, gave me the right to keep a collection of powerful weapons in my house without any questions asked. Why do you think we're so into hockey up here? The fact that it's freezing up here all the goddamn time is just a good cover up for the

fact that we use hockey as a legal way to fulfill our need for mindless, bloody violence."

The recent study concluded that all of Canada's problems, from their notoriously safe high schools to their environmentally sound policies to their wealth of good music, can be attributed back to the shocking lack of guns in the Canadian culture. In an interview with the Catalyst, NRA President Charlton Heston said, "It is ridiculous to think that the good, gun-totin' country of the United States of America shares a border with a country like Canada. They are lucky that we are a peace-loving nation, or we could be invading them this very night, and what would they have to defend them? Nothing but a bunch of hockey sticks and bacon. I bet they even sanction homosexual marriage!" Heston then fled to vomit in the men's room.

via katoria

Dear Kata

Welcome to Dear Kata. Here I will graciously answer the questions that you desperately need answers to, and hopefully be able to point you in the right direction in your life.

**"Dear Kata,
How do I wear something from Old Navy and something else from Abercrombie and still match? - Confused Consumer"**

Dear Confused Consumer,
Wearing an item from both Old Navy and Abercrombie is shunned by not only the stores themselves but from all of society. For your own well being I would suggest that, unless you want to get thrown in a trash barrel and made fun of until you cry, you should try to stay with one brand name. Hopefully this was of some help.

**"Dear Kata,
How do I break up with a girl and not make her cry/hate me/block me from her buddy list? - Looking for a way.."**

Dear Looking For A Way...,
Kill her. No crying, hating, or buddy list blocking involved in that. Have fun!

**"Dear Kata,
I enjoy running. However, when it's extremely hot outside, my body seems to leak saltwater. I was wondering if there's anything I can do to prevent**

this? - Leaky."

Dear Leaky,
I'm sorry to hear that, and I'm even more sorry to tell you that it seems you have some kind of skin disease. It might be rare, but it also might not. I would highly suggest that you go to your doctor and ask him about the water that is pouring out of your skin.

**"Dear Kata,
I've been dating this guy for about 3 months and sleeping with him for 2 years. He has cheated on me three times, but he always apologizes and tells me he loves me. I know I don't deserve to be cheated on, but what should I do? --15 and In Love"**

Dear In Love,
You most likely deserve everything you get. You probably don't treat him the way that fine young man deserves to be treated, so he is going to other places for his affection. If you weren't such a Skanky Ho, then you would not be in this problem. Straighten up your act, sister.

**"Dear Kata,
Please help me. I'm in love with a gay guy? How can I make him turn straight? -- Falling for a Fruit"**

Dear Falling for a Fruit,
Two words, honey. Sex. Change. Also, how do you Feel

about Falling For the fruit. Is this The First Time it happened? If not, you might have a problem. But the sex change will make everything alright. I'm sure you would make a very handsome man.

**"Dear Kata,
I'm 17 and involved with a 42 year old man. I can't tell if he really wants to be with me or not. His prisonmates say that he's just afraid of commitment. Help! --Jailbait Jess p.s. i'll be legal in 7 months"**

Dear Jailbait Jess,
The only answer to your problem is to have his babies. Procreate with him like a wild bunny, and hell stay with you whether he's afraid of commitment or not!

**"Dear Kata,
How would you recommend going about catching a squirrel so I can light it on fire and therefore, have a Flaming Squirrel? - Ignant Person"**

Dear Ignant Person,
Squirrels have feelings too, you cannot go about with just catching them and igniting them. Get close to the squirrel, become its close friend. Bring it out to dinner. Then after invite it back to your house, and break out the lighter fluid and have a ball.



whose cuisine will reign supreme?



SELL OUT

it's tough being an indie magazine these days. From labor to printing costs to finding an audience, it's just one obstacle after another. Following last year's successful run, Catalyst was approached by The Man to work out a deal. Being the anti-capitalist fiends that we are, we were at first skeptical. After a few cocktail parties and fancy gifts, however, we began to see that The Man had nothing but love for our cause, and would do everything he could to help us out. We soon signed a contract with the lovable southern gentleman, and we are now his newest acquisition. Because of this soul-selling there is obviously going to be a few changes in the magazine, and we feel that it is our duty to let you know of them in advance.

CONTENT: Gone will be the days of disruption and discontent, The Man stresses that every-

one gets along in order to best serve him. No longer will catalyst writers be summoned down into the office and told to stop production simply because someone disagreed with the content of the magazine; everyone will love the pro-capitalist, comfort-zone theme of the magazine. Like so many before us, however, we will still advertise ourselves as having an "edge", which will most likely show up in "wild" fonts and "zany" pictures of "x-treme" fun.

ADVERTISING: The Man thought it would be better for us if we joined his other fellows in advertising and devoted every other page to a lush, full-color ad to a product that we didn't use, and then skillfully included product placement in article in order to better inform you of the must-haves of modern society. Boy, I sure am distressed that i misplaced my extremely comfortable and obscenely stylish Abercrombie

and Fitch sweater while drinking Mountain Dew, my favorite radical drink for any occasion.

COST: In order to better help The Man help you, He feels like we now must charge for Catalyst. Don't worry about the small \$4.99 cover price, though, Catalyst will occasionally include a CD with hot new bands on it like Limp Bizkit, Britney Spears, and maybe a hip new single from Blink 182. Along with this, Catalyst will be printed on sleek, high-bond paper, to improve your total reading experience.(and to make ads look cooler)

Anyways, enjoy the sell-out capitalist goodness that The Man has prepared for you, and remember: aestheticism is everything!

via soma

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!

Here is a short list of your favorite people who have sold out.

Dave Mathews Band, Blink 182, **New Found Glory**, Jones Soda, **Ben and Jerry's**, Courtland High School, **Bobby Flay**, Channel One, **Britney Spears**, Michael Jackson, **Robert L. (Mac) McCrowsky**, Mary Kate Olsen, **Fredericksburg City**, McDonald's, **Mr Rags**, Cosmopolitan, **Ecuador**, NAFTA, **Sugar Ray**, Gadzooks, **KoRn**, America's school systems, **US Senator Gordon H. Smith**, Jonathan, Soma, **The human genome project**, Pepsi, **Guitar world**, Pac Sun, **The Catalyst**, Coca-Cola, **FTAA**, The United States, **phillip-morris**, Vouge, **Bob Dole**, 'n sync, **Vivendi-Universal**, Virgin Atlantic **transamerica**, kevin smith, **the gap**, AOL Time Warner, **old navy**, Environmental Defense Fund, **the catholic church**, Victoria Young, **CBS-Viacom**, Natural Resources Defense Council, **Marilyn Manson**, sony, **Bertelsman AG**, Callwave, **Yahoo**, The Walt Disney Company

CONTRACT

I, henceforth referred to as the undersigned, do hereby pledge my undying soul into the service of The Man. Any and all ability to make decisions are transferred to The Man, and any and all morals must be surrendered to The Man within a period not exceeding three (3) days from the date of the contract. The Man, however, assumes none of the responsibility for acts that may hinder or impair the image of the undersigned, but may be accredited for any and all things positive in relation to the undersigned. The Man reserves the right to, at any time, overturn this contract and leave the undersigned as nothing more than a dried up has-been. In return, the undersigned is given a period of fame not to be less than forty-five (45) days, and an undisclosed amount of cash money, of an amount to be determined in a future conference. The Man will not be held responsible for any damage done to the undersigned, and the undersigned must accept any and all damage that The Man may deal to them. Once the soul is transferred from the undersigned to The Man, no reclamation may occur either on the part of the undersigned or on the part of their kin, The Man holds complete unadulterated rights to the life of the undersigned for the remainder of their public and private lives, including any and all post-mortem events.

name printed

signature

date

✍

sign your life away for a few minutes of fame and a suitcase full of dollar bills

via soma

Point CounterPoint

soma: it's ridiculous to like a band after they've sold out - at that point they're just doing it for the money. love of dead presidents, not the fun of music-making!

katie: but what exactly is selling out? is signing a record deal or having a successful album or being in magazines selling out? If a band is making good music, they deserve to be recognized and have as many people as possible exposed to their music. A band can be famous and still not sell out. Its not about who is hearing the music or how, its about the music itself.

soma: whenever a band gives themselves up to a label that doesn't let them run themselves, - any kind of agent from a big label will do it - there's always some kind of change, something The Company thinks will make them sell better, something that will increase their likelihood of being America's next sweethearts. be in magazines all you want, but as long as you don't stand there with a pepsi in your hand when you actually drink coke, i dont have a problem with it. it's abuse of their music, is what it is

soma: *cough*

katie: Now you're saying you dont have a problem with it as long as their not pushing a product! And if the song isn't selling you a car or a soft drink, (which is a true abuse of

New Scarlet Letter Jackets!



Brand yourself with all your friends!

the music itself,) it's fine. Of course being part of a major label is going to change the artist or the band in terms of success but it wont necessarily effect the music. A good band knows why they started playing music in the first place and can stick to their principles. If they give in to what an agent or label tells them to do in terms of being more "commercial", then their heart isn't in the music they're making and they should quit while theyre ahead.

soma: dmb, for example. i hate 'em, but i sure do know that as soon as that one glen guy or whatever rolled in their their whole music has changed from a jam-style band into a 5-minute-radio-song genre. selling out, if it doesnt' push a product or change the band, is theoretically OK, but money is a hard demon to resist, and i am sure it can overcome the principles of 80% of bands, as has been proven in the past. moby sold every song on one of his albums, but all of his money went to charity - i actually do have respect for selling out in some remote instances. the worst thing about selling out, at least from a greedy-indie-rock point of view, is that the band you've loved underground for so long is now in the hands of the masses, and you might as well be one of them. that's not a moral delima or anything, but it sure is depressing.

katie: Of course it's depressing when an indie band you love is all of a sudden in the public eye, being introduced to millions of teenagers. Your first reaction is "Hey, theyre MINE!" But then again you've gotta think to yourself if you're such a fan

of this artist, why wouldn't you want them to be successful? Why wouldn't you want people to hear what they're doing? You can't be selfish when it comes to that stuff. The hard part is trusting that they won't lower their standards or change their image just to gain their popularity. In the case of DMB, they didn't change their music to get successful, but they certainly have changed at least their records in their efforts to stay successful in a pop industry full of boy bands. Most artists chalk it up to a "natural progression as a band," but that's BS. At some point you do have to face the fact that as much as the band themselves want to stay true to the art, everyone around them is thinking of ways to make more money off of them. There's groups who fall into the pit of sell-out doom and end up marketing soft drinks and cars and lip gloss and there's those who manage to balance success with good music and morals. But to be a successful musician you gotta accept that money is a big part of it and try to stay in as much control as possible and focus on the music you're putting out there.

soma: i'm greedy, what can i say! sure, i want the best for the band, but you can't help but want the best for the band in a place where they're more isolated from change, away from the mainstream. a band does have to balance their success with their morals, but it does seem like they're continually choosing the "greener" side of the pasture (ha! ha HA!). maybe if a band goes mainstream and changes, you just made a terrible choice of a band to listen to in the first place.....

The Girl-Friendliest Movies

Yo, Dr. Zaben here with some professional (I am a licensed video clerk; I didn't go to 8 weeks of video clerk school to be called "Mr.") renting advice for you young bucks. Sure, every suave beau out there likes to occasionally rent a movie to watch with his beauty. But how do you know what to choose when you're faced with "Rocky IV" vs. "The Unbearable Lightness of Being?" Simple: don't think about it, because if you've got testosterone in you, you're gonna screw it up.

Instead, use this handy list of movies and make your choice BEFORE you go to the store. Then, after 5-10 minutes of deliberation, "happen upon" the right selection. Damn you're smooth. Now let's get down to brass tacks.

First we have an animated feature, "The Emperor's New Groove." I know, I know. It's Disney. It's a cartoon. It's sure to be filled with ridiculous kiddie humor that you're WAY above. WRONG. Well, about the last one anyway. This movie is very, very funny. It's one of those kids movies that's chocked full o' adult humor if you listen, much like "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory." And your "sensitive side" comes out as you watch an underage movie. Added bonus: If your chick has younger siblings, you can ALL watch it together and be entertained, and then you get MAD sensitivity points.

Next we have "What Women Want." With a title like that, you're sure not to go wrong, plus the movie itself isn't too bad. If you can stand your woman gawking at

Mel Gibson for a couple hours, this one's for you. And because he sleeps with multiple women throughout the flick, you get to check out some hot chicks; not a bad deal. Plan of attack: Your girlfriend might be suspicious of your renting this movie, but you use this line: "I know YOU'LL like it, and even though the movie might not be for me, seeing you happy makes me happy." Name your children after me, Romeo.

Third we have a softer title. This is for all you guys out there who think you're at least a little sensitive already, and don't mind some sappy love stuff every now and then. It's called "All The Pretty Horses," but don't let the title throw you off. Setting: Texas, just after WWI. Matt Damon (once again you score points for bringing home a movie with a guy she likes in it) and a friend travel into Mexico to seek their fortune. They work on a horse ranch for a while, where Damon falls for (your turn to be entertained) Penelope Cruz. Anywho, there are also gunfights, chases, and run-ins with the corrupt Mexican police. The vibe: All and all, the movie is VERY laid-back and chill. It's great to just sit back and watch, and it really mellows you out.

Lastly, the kicker. This one's for all you guys who want to watch a COOL movie with your lady that you would've seen anyway on your own: "High Fidelity." It's by the same dudes that brought you "Gross Point Blank," and stars John Cusack as a record store owner going through a messy



break-up with his long-time girlfriend. Will you like it? Yes, it's insanely funny and clever, and I have not met the guy yet that cannot somehow identify with Cusack's character. Will she like it? Hell yes! She'll like seeing Cusack go through his break-up, because he comes off looking like a real asshole at first, so she'll dig seeing a guy get what he deserves. Then, she'll start to like him. Finally, she'll notice (but not mention) all of the similarities between him and you, causing her to dig you even more. Meanwhile, you'll be watching a cool movie and knowing that by the end your chick will be ready to make with the love. Not a bad way to spend a Saturday evening.

A word of warning before you rush out the door: Make sure you girlfriend doesn't read Catalyst. If she does, pretend that you don't. If she knows that you do, pretend you didn't read this article. If she knows that you DID read this article, laugh at its contents and tell her you "wrote it off as arrogant and stupid, full of womanizing strategies that no real man would ever use." Then you'll have her right where you want her.

via zaben

Teachers Should Wait

Teachers who mosey on up to the front of the lunch line without regard to the rest of the student body (who have been waiting in line all period) should be shot!* And half the time its new educators that just follow the lead of Administrators and Department heads. Way to teach fascism to young impressionable citizens like myself! When teachers commit such heinous crimes, I hope they

realize they're saying its ok to treat people differently. In this case better because of status. POINT: Teachers are paid, students are forced to come to school AND wait in line while teachers chuckle to themselves. COUNTERPOINT: teachers will say "hey we went to school to become teachers, we deserve to cut in line! ALSO: people are people, they all need to eat, many a

time have I reached the front of the line only to find that a teacher who had been in line all of three seconds got the last two por-kettes. The most respected teacher of mine would be the one who waits with the rest of the plebeians, but that has yet to cross my eye.

via dj

Enjoying lunch for breakfast

I'm sure that by now all of you have heard about the new lunch schedules. Whether you understand it or the reasons behind it may be another issue altogether.

My first clue that that this new thing was going to suck was the fact that after numerous explanations, I still didn't understand it (granted it was august, not my sharpest month of the year, but I like to think that I am a relatively intelligent person ...)

So now that I have finally gotten a grasp, albeit a feeble one, on the whole idea, I'm struggling with it's ramifications.

The most obvious of course being the poor souls who are subjected to their lunch shift before they even feel the initial stirrings of hunger...only to feel the pangs of hunger halfway through the afternoon.

For the fortunate few (myself included) we still manage

to eat lunch at the respectable hour of noon, but it's the reasoning behind these three different schedules (which I am sure guidance must be enjoying..) that really aggravates me.

To keep from disrupting class? While a half hour lunch break in class may lose some student's attention upon the return to class, how many of those kids were paying attention in the first half hour of class? And you might have even gained the attention of some students whose attention span just doesn't last w hole class period.

But you want to talk about distractions? Just wait until you see what all those different bells do. Even after the first week confusion is over, we will still have countless sets of bells going off for teachers to try and lecture through, or students to test through.

Distractions aside, I heard

(and of course I could be wrong) that it also has something to do with the fact that 5th period was always a little longer than all the others, and some classes were getting ahead.

Man, don't you hate it when people actually learn in school? Maybe that class will actually have time for the teacher to teach outside the permanent maker lines of the all important SOL's. Okay, so maybe it's more work for the already overworked and underpaid teaching staff, but what kind of teacher doesn't want their class to learn and get ahead?

So we're sacrificing a little advancement and a long class break for short distractions and people eating lunch 3 hours after they eat breakfast? Smart thinking.

via emily

Ten Minutes to Earlier School

is ten minutes too long

someone please tell me the deal with school starting 10 minutes earlier this year. is there actually a legitimate explanation, or is it just another way for the over-the-hill gang at the school board office to torture its already sleep-deprived students? seriously, what will require everyone to be at school 10 minutes earlier really accomplish? the decision-makers can't honestly believe that it will make things any easier or better. they claim that it will ease the hectic bus schedules. but how will they solve the problem that will arise when students who can no longer get those "10 more minutes, please!" miss the bus, and elect to either arrive tardy or skip the entire day? disciplining violators of the attendance policy creates an even larger (and to some degree, unnecessary) headache for administrators.

"Dear Kata,
I've been married for about 3 years but something seems to be lacking in our marriage. I'm away from home a lot, and even after the birth of our two children, I feel like she's still in it for the money. what do you think? - Drummin' it up in Toronto"

Dear Tyle-- Err, "Drummin'..."
I'm very sorry that you feel that way about your marriage. But chances are... She most likely is using you for your money and fame. She had your children to stay with you, because she knows you're such a nice guy that you couldn't

in addition, research has shown that teenagers are less alert in the morning. an earlier school starting time could, in theory, be putting students into danger. teenagers require more sleep than adults, and have "a delay in the timing of the internal biological clock... which causes... a natural tendency for teenagers to go to bed later at night and want to sleep through the morning." also, two-thirds of the nation's asleep-at-the-wheel traffic accidents occur in people between the age of 16 and 29 before 8 a.m. so not only is this new ordinance inconvenient, it is potentially dangerous. faced with such adverse evidence, the decision made by the school SHOULD HAVE BEEN one to move school starting times (especially high school) to the later morning hours. in 1996, schools in

Dear Kata cont.

leave her if she had children. Sad story, but not uncommon. I'm sure you can make something good come out of it... possibly a song or two? Thats what I thought.

"Deer Kata,
My parentz say that bein online iz unhealthie, they say that i shou'ldnt talk 2 N-E1 on tha intur-net that eye dont know n that if i spend 2 much time online my brain will fri N2 a lil fried peace of brain! iz thiz true?- Afrade of fried brainz"

Dear "Afrade",
Um... It seems that it is much too

edina, minnesota moved their high school starting time to 8:30 a.m. "school administrators have been struck by the positive effects -- more alert, less irritable, engaged teens in the classroom." so instead of making a rational, informed decision that would benefit all parties involved, the school board has thrown us a kink into our precious beauty sleep, which will undoubtedly be compensated for throughout first and second periods. i am certainly glad to know that the people making vital decisions about my education know what they're doing. because i sure don't.

via matt

late for you to have a fried brain caused by the "Internet". But your parents are right. The internet is the tool of the devil, by far. It leads young people into nothing but a life of RPG games and kiddie porn. You're screwed. But I can still help... Take your computer, unplug it, and throw it out into your drive way. Have you and your parents chant and dance around it as you light it on fire in a ritualistic way, and your mind will be rid of RPG and Kiddie porn.

via kata

*the catalyst stresses that no teacher should be harmed in any way

NARCOTIC INDUCED RANT

My face fucking hurts, I've spent the entire morning spitting blood into my sink. My cheeks have swollen beyond recognition and I can hardly speak. I woke up mid-surgery as my wisdom teeth were being removed-that was an interesting experience. The dentists were talking about golf; their words overpowered by the sounds of bones crunching in my face and the whiz of the drill. I could hear them debating over whether the white lump in my face was a bone or a tooth. (God I hope it was a tooth, because they sure did rip it out.) But, you know what was worse than that experience? Sitting through Jurassic park 3. That must have been the worst movie I have ever seen. The plot was non-existent and the action sequences were horrible. A family comes to an island infested with dinosaurs to find their lost 12-year-old son, who somehow has survived for 8 weeks on his own. They hire some mercenaries who all get killed in the first 5 minutes and the rest of the movie is them running away from overdone non-realistic computer graphics. Nobody else gets killed and the family makes it out to live happily ever after.

It's movies like this that make me want to yell out "Fire!" in a crowded theater, just to cause a little excitement. I mean I'm not getting to see anybody get killed on screen, so I might as well break the rules of clear and present danger to cause a riot. Maybe then I'll get to see somebody's face get smashed as they fall and are tram-

pled on the way out. _That_ would be worth my 7.75.

Isn't that what movies are all about these days anyway, just millions of dollars in special effects so I can see a hundred monkeys burn and go flying through the air?-(I read somewhere that in a Texas town they had a problem with rampant primates, apparently a bunch of reuse monkeys broke out of the zoo and are eating all the farmers watermelon. With no natural predators they are multiplying rapidly. Thus causing a decline in watermelon production.) Shit, give me a can of butane and a lighter, I'll show you a hundred burning monkeys for free. "Oh my god that's awful" you say. Why? You get a kick out of watching it happen on the movie screen. Why not get the _real_ deal? The smell of the burning flesh and the taste of fresh cooked meat. The screams wouldn't be any actors either; you would get to experience the death first hand.

In the 1st century AD the Romans would have games where they fought to the death in mock battles and it was free to the public. If you were really lucky maybe you'd get to dip your rag in the king's blood for good luck. Wait.... maybe that's 18th century France. But whatever, just as long as there was some blood there was quality entertainment. And nobody would complain that it didn't look real enough.

The moral of the story, don't go see Jurassic park 3, it is the worst movie ever. If you want to see blood and guts go out and have your wisdom teeth removed, and make sure your nose mask comes off, so you breath through your mouth. That way you get to swallow a bunch of your own blood. Or you could fry a bunch of reuse monkeys and do some Texas farmers a favor. Cheaper watermelons for all!

via peter



WHY ARE YOU BUYING YOUR FOOD FROM A TOBACCO COMPANY?

Did you know that every product pictured here is owned by Philip Morris, the worlds largest tobacco corporation? Chances are you've been helping to promote Marlboro cigarettes without knowing it. Now you can withdraw that support. Next time you go shopping, boycott these products. Keep your family food budget out of Philip Morris' pockets.

AN OVERWORKED SKEPTIC

I wish I were not a loser. Do you ever feel like there is something missing in your life? I do, all the time. Not just missing slightly, like I wish I did more of a certain thing, but rather lacking totally. I have no direction, no goals. All my work is seemingly in vain. I am working on the pretenses of elders telling me my work is for the best. Why not go back to survival of the fittest? Do not try to mold me to the conformation of standards the ones who speak up try and set. People are different. They should be permitted to act differently and not be judged. I should not have to prove my worth through my grades. My worth is within me. Why does it matter if I can put it on paper? Why are we here? This is the ultimate question. One that cannot be answered. I wish it could. The inevitable truth of the matter is: no matter how much we try, few of us will find our place in life. Instead we end up merely settling. Settling for something we may not really want. In perspective to the age of the universe or time here is short. Proportionally to all the masses of humans very few lives live on in glory. A few can be named, but what is in a name? Nothing. It is the soul that matters. Not what you do, but rather what you feel.

To say that something is there because it is tangible is instinct. To believe something is there because of faith is naïve--to me that is. To think we should follow on blind faith. Is that not the first lesson we are always taught never to do as a child? Never trust those you do not know they told us. Have passwords for when parent's friends come to

pick us up as children. Yet we can believe in the lord as our savior blindly, can we not? None of us have seen him. More go to church for social pursuit or simply because "it is the right thing to do." Less are there to worship. Why do we feel compelled to think that there must be a life after this one? Is it fair to demand more; is it selfish? The life we have here now is obviously going to end. Does it matter when? Or how? If we live on after this will that life end as well? Think of all the turmoil religion has brought to the world.

All the war, all the hate. How could it be good? It gives people direction, but still they stray aside. Why is it human nature to act on impulses? Do we feel as though the moment might be lost? Of course it might be. We might die in our sleep. We could conditionalize things to death. It really has no bearing on reality. Take what comes when it comes. Don't worry about what lays a head. Worry about what lies beneath. Be grateful for what you have. If there is in fact life after this one, we shall cross it when we come to it. Why worry about it now? Live well. And undoubtedly you will end up in the right place. Whether is be in the bosom of heaven or simply in the hearts of surviving loved ones. Better your memory live forever with those you hold dear, than being lost as simply another person. Make sure people smile when they think of your name. Be your own person. Do not conform. Live your life. Why ever you have it.

via tom



SEX APPEAL

the art of possession

I don't know. Maybe I'm completely alone. But have you ever had something that you love SO much, you make it your own? I mean, like a band or a song or a place. And then you get really pissed off if someone else likes it, but not as much as you do? I mean, they're not worthy, and you know it. But what are you gonna do about it? I was talking to a friend of mine about how at a Dave Matthews Band concert, all these TRL watching Abercrombie kids started screaming when they played "I Did It" because they heard it on the radio. All the other songs got mild applause. My friend commented that someone came up to him a week ago and said something like "hey have you heard that song by that new band Weezer?" Things like this make me want to kick people in the face. I mean, if you're gonna say _____ is your favorite band, at least listen to some of their songs that AREN'T played non-stop on the "hit music station." For some reason, I get on

my high horse, and I decide just who is good enough to say they really "love" (insert obsession here). Oh but it doesn't stop at music and the media. I used to be pretty damn emo. Long, long ago, I called myself a "wingless starchild". Therefore, I decided that these words were mine. Now I cringe when I see them. Why? Because they're not mine. They're not mine any more than the words "the" and "it" are mine. But there's a certain part of my identity that gets taken every time I see it somewhere. My zine is called Juliet's Refrain. Somewhere on the web, there is a website called Juliet's Refrain, and the "about me" page is called "wingless." These are my words, used to label someone else. Hell, they're not even my original words. I ripped them off a singer/songwriter named Michal. It was her song title to begin with. But I'm the one that gets all red-faced when I see them in HTML code. The same goes to musical and cinematic obsessions, but in a different way. I think these are more to share. No matter how much I love Dave Matthews Band and American Beauty, I am well aware of the fact that there are millions of others out there just like me with the same tastes. On a thousand different occasions, I have "taken" musical obsessions from friends. People have introduced me to Poe, Michal, Tori Amos, Radiohead, Pearl Jam, Requiem for a Dream, Girl, and Jesus' Son. If I were these girls, I would want to keep this genius all to myself. But they didn't. That

makes them more respectable than myself already. Celebrities and books are taken the same way. There are girls who feel they have claims on Angelina Jolie, Natalie Portman, Gisele, Weezer, Thom Yorke, and Dave Matthews. Do these people want to be claimed? No, but we claim them anyway. I haven't met 10 people who don't use Catcher In The Rye to define themselves in some way. We're all too generic to be deep and beautiful. I think that the roots of this lie here: we use these words, this music, and these movies to define ourselves. They become our way of standing out, or fitting in. These become us. How would you feel if some one, somewhere, were running around with your face? Would that not rip you apart? There is no database anywhere in which these claims are officially logged. So go ahead, call yourself wingless, call yourself a starchild, call yourself Meredith Leigh Galemore while you're at it. Listen to Dave Matthews, and write stupid emo poetry just like mine. I don't care. Maybe if we break down those barriers and act exactly the same, some truth will come out of us after all. Maybe I don't know what the heck I'm talking about. Maybe I'm the only person that feels this way. Maybe I just got all worked up over nothing. I think I need a valium.

via meredith

eye

"C'mon, we're gonna be late!"

The boy looked up to his father with sparkling eyes. It was raining, raining like it can only rain in Chicago in the winter. Crossing the street hand-in-hand, they were the perfect father-son team. They were on their way to the boy's the school, P.S. 67, as they were every morning at this same time.

"Pick your feet up outta the water! Your mother just bought you those shoes!"

As the boy desperately attempted to get his feet higher with each step, the father yanked his hand onward towards the school, and his liberation of the child. Still the boy looked up at his father as they walked.

"Ask me one, dad! Ask me!" The boy smiled a smile up at his father, his special smile, inviting him to play.

"Not now, we're late, and we still have to stop for cigarettes." He answered without looking down, only ahead at the traffic and the stores on the next corner.

"Please! Twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty-four. Fifty minus sixteen is thirty-four. Ask me one!" The boy pulled his father's sleeve with his other hand, which was also holding a lunchbox. As this caused the box to hit the father

in the arm, he felt obliged to finally say something to his son.

"Fine! Two plus two."

"Four! That was too easy, ask me another."

"No, damnit. Now I said we're late and it's hard for me to walk and talk to you at the same time, so just be quiet until you get to school." This of course was untrue, as the man was a fully capable adult, and had, on several previous occasions, walked and talked at the same time with little to no difficulty.

They continued walking, the boy oblivious to everyone and everything around him, besides his father. The expression on his face, though for a brief moment stung, had returned to one of blissful acceptance of where he was, and he cared neither about the rain nor about walking in it. He didn't care about the other people, only what was inside the magical bubble surrounding he and his father on their way to school. When school was over, they would do the same thing again, only backwards, and he couldn't wait to learn something new so that he could tell his father of it later.

"Seventy-two plus nineteen is ninety-one," he said quietly but contentedly.

They walked on, and soon stopped in a corner store for cigarettes, the boy still absurdly happy, the father still

short-tempered and rushed.

"Pack of Luckies, hard box, no filters," said the father. The boy looked up at him with sparkling eyes.

"That's three-seventeen, sir," said the young man at the counter, who looked like he should be in school by this time himself.

The father handed the young man a ten-dollar bill, unfolded, then quickly pulled back his arm to look at his watch.

"Damnit, your mother's going to kill me if you're late to school again."

The young man laid a pack of Luckies, hard box, no filters on the counter.

"And sixteen eighty-three your change, sir."

The father looked at the young man for a moment, seeming to ponder something. The boy looked up at him with expectant, sparkling eyes.

"Thanks. Have a good day," said the father, and walked out with his son.

They arrived at the school, and the father whispered a gruff goodbye and told his son to be good. The boy walked into class and sat down at his desk, his eyes on the floor.

"Ten minus three-seventeen is six eighty-three."

via zaben

