

Catalyst

05

# Farewell to 3

Just weeks ago tragedy struck our nation. The number three is dead. Mourners of the beloved numeric have been seen with "Crusin' in memory of #3" stickers on their cars. Most of these mourners are speculated to be mathematicians, who are most affected by 3's untimely demise. However, the entire world is consumed with grief and reeling in the wake of the dearly departed 3. Shirley Jackson, a devotee to the number 3, recalls her reaction when she got the news of 3's death:

"I was at my job, cashier at Wal-Mart, when the funniest thing happened, a customer's total came to 3 dollars exactly. So I says 'That'll be three dollars, sir' and he says to me back 'I'm sorry ma'am, guess ya haven't heard. 3 has, well, passed on.' And that's when I just start breakin' down and crying. Right then I knowed that the world was changed forever. I left work early that day and stayed in bed for three weeks after that, it was awful!"

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To this day the world struggles to not become overwhelmed with grief and cease to function at the loss of that magnificent number, 3. It is suspected that 3 was a victim of foul play, but details surrounding the murder are hazy right now. There is, however, widespread fear among the other numbers, especially irrationals, that a series of number murders will follow. -3 is suspected to be the killer's next target. Half of a perfect number, plenty of nice round curves and the number of food groups contained in a traditional (not white) cheese pizza, 3 you are always in our hearts.

The average reader may not fully realize the ramifications of 3's departure. No more can grade school students confidently cry out "1... 2... 3... 4..." when playing hide-and-go-seek, for now every time they are asked to count to 10 a wave of horror will sweep through their bodies as they recall that wretched day that three died. No longer will students be able to perform enjoyable math problems like  $6/2$  or evaluate expressions like  $-3e^{(\pi \cdot I)}$ , for henceforth these values will be undefined and enter the company of such mathematical anomalies as  $0/0$  and  $0^\infty$ . Millions of people around the world like poor Mrs. Jackson will be baffled at 3's absence



and the consumers will suffer as consumer industries raise their prices in a futile attempt to keep them above values with 3 in them. The near future of the world economy looks bleak.

What can the world do at a time like this, when despair blots out any former optimism just as an oil spill along the Alaskan coastline blots out all forms of life? The answer of course is nothing. Our planet is doomed and it always was, now without 3 it is one giant step closer to apocalypse. Large-scale economic instability coupled with insurmountable grief will result in worldwide destitution. People will lose desire to do anything, not even procreating. With the inevitable downfall of the human race earth will fall into the depraved, sick and deranged hands of nature. As the world weeps for you, 3, they also weep for themselves.

via matt

# MILK MOBS

Mass hysteria erupted in Courtland High School's cafeteria last week as the lunch ladies unveiled the latest addition to their "required-daily-allotment-of-dairy" arsenal: STRAWBERRY MILK!

Unsuspecting students were obviously disturbed by this change in their daily routine, and reactions were varied and unsettling. "There used to be 4 kinds of milk- brown, blue, purple, and red. That's how it's always been. That's what we're used to. When I saw pink, too, I didn't know what to do. I just couldn't handle the pressure of choosing between 5 kinds of milk." said senior Jenni Brady, who then burst into tears. "I'm just so confused." This response was apparently not uncommon, as a rush on the guidance office ensued after last Monday's lunch shifts.

"Students came to us in a sud-

den and severe depression, mumbling things like 'are there even pink cows?!' and pulling their hair out," said a guidance counselor who wishes to remain nameless until the hysteria subsides.

Other students, enthralled by a change of pace, rushed the lunch line and hoarded the school's supply of STRAWBERRY MILK!, consuming it in a frenzy of milk madness. 'What if it's gone tomorrow? What if it's our last day of sweet sweet STRAWBERRY MILK!? What if we never see those glorious pink cartons again? I don't think I am ready to take that chance," said senior Matt Edmonds, between ravenous gulps. "I have to stock up or face a STRAWBERRY MILK!-less life." 6 cartons into his dairy binge, he then sprinted towards the bathroom, shouting 'It's Pepto-

Bismol-icious!" Teachers are taking the situation in stride, suggesting that students remain calm and collected. "Students must try to keep their minds off of the STRAWBERRY MILK!. We have provided twice as much busy work than usual to all of our classes to help soften the tremendous wave of insanity this 'devil dairy' hath wrought." Between outbursts of maniacal laughter, the lunch ladies told the Catalyst, "We just thought it would spice up lunch a bit." The lactose intolerant contingent of Spotsylvania County Schools remain mysteriously apathetic about the situation. "If they would stop discriminating and provide STRAWBERRY soy MILK!, then we could really get on board," said Josh Feldman, chairman of the region's "Down with Dairy" youth council, "But, as usual, we have been left out of the latest dairy trends. What's next? Cottage cheese in schools? MANDATORY ICE CREAM AT LUNCH?!" He then also burst into tears and was escorted to his cage in "Dairy Detention" with all the rest of his dangerous and militant lactose intolerant posse.

via katoria

Are you a Robot?



www.Robot.Base.org

# JESUS AND DAVID BLAINE

Disappearing acts, card tricks, levitation, escape artistry...only one man is capable of such heinous feats. Modern citizens would quickly give the name, David Blaine, acclaimed magician, for an answer; but real Christians know the lord when they see him.

When asked by our writers, Pope John Paul III is quoted as saying, "\_I\_ know the lord when I see him." He later excommunicated all of the catalyst staff.

Our crack investigations team was shocked to learn that the pope is actually Catholic, not

Christian. They have also concluded that Jesus Christ was sent here by his father, our god, roughly two years ago, with direct orders to "initiate apocalyptic sequences". Sometime after his arrival, Christ was taken in by the bright lights and fast cars of America, and was believed to have begun using his super powers to entertain the public, under alias "David Blaine." The time at which Christ actually changed his name is still unclear to us.

God was sought for validation on this, but elementary deduction confirmed that he

does not exist.

When interviewed, Blaine astounded us with a complete confession. "What in the hell is the Catalyst..and why do they need an investigations team?!" Blaine confided.

Other prominent members of the Catholic Church were not available for comment, but assured us that everyone should give them all of their money.

via rosco

## See With Your Eyes:

### not with your blind faith

Anyone who tries to make the argument that taking God out of schools has caused the recent outbreaks of school shootings is not looking at this problem objectively. To get a real perspective on why this is happening you must clear your head of all emotions that do nothing but cloud your logic.

First of all, God has NOT been taken out of schools, rather the stranglehold that religion has had on public life is loosening. This is especially true here in the Bible Belt. Private and public school students have always and will always have the right to pray, meditate, sing, read, pass out

tracts, or to perform any other religious rituals on school grounds and during school time. The only difference between now and the past is that in the past, these religious practices were mandatory and were sponsored by the schools. These days, that sort of captive audience policy in public schools is not allowed. This is because after 200 years, the government realized that this was unconstitutional.

This brings us to our next argument. Some say that the phrase "separation of church and state" does not appear in the constitution, and they are correct. These words do not appear in

the constitution, but its legal equivalent does. The Establishment Clause, authored by Thomas Jefferson, is what gives us this critical rule. Jefferson has explained very clearly in his writings that the purpose of this clause is to "maintain a wall of separation between church and state."

My overall point is that one does not need religion to know that killing and hurting is wrong. That is common sense. If only you would try and see with your eyes and not with your blind faith.

via matt

so, preston,  
have you ever  
thought about  
where you came  
from?



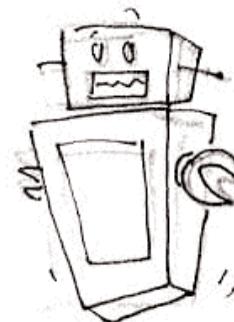
parts from  
malaysia, assembled  
in detriot!  
represent!



i mean, do you  
ever think that  
maybe God put  
us all here for  
a reason?



Robot Mission is to overtake  
World with superior Robot,  
and smash any Human that tries  
to interfere! do you wish  
to interfere, Human?!



uh, have you  
ever heard  
of Jesus?



\*beep beep\*  
\*readying lasers\*



# All the Answers to that Test You Failed

I used to be a person who really liked to complain, but i suddenly realized how completely pointless and spoiled it is when i can actually do something. maybe that means realizing that my "education" is about more than making straight A's. even if that means I am getting a C in a class because I haven't been putting in as much work as I should. or could. we've already been labeled as gifted and it's like once we achieve our little "smart" buttons we just get to sit back and never have to worry about working to keep up ever again. so when we start getting average grades in a class and freaking out about "failing" there absolutely \*must\* be something wrong with the system. never with us. never with how lazy we

are, and how we assume that everything is going to be taught by our must-be-perfect teachers. so instead of begging for extra credit and whining when we fuck up things we probably should have learned by now, no matter how much we deny it, instead of crying and bitching and trying to change the system, maybe we should change ourselves. then we can finally realize that A's only keep us complacent and don't challenge us. i've always been an advocate of screwing the man and all that, but i think the teachers might know what they're talking about. we're villifying the people who are going \*against\* the very system that we loathe. so maybe they're being mean and irrational about it, but they know what's up. they

know that public education is for pansies, and that our grades get inflated to make it look like we're learning more than we are. that's what it all comes down to...we hate the SOLs and SATs because they standardize us, but all we want to DO is get our pretty little A's because they make us warm and comfortable. apparently we don't really want to learn. because if we did, we'd take our shitty grades on tests and worksheets, and go home and try to understand why we made those mistakes. maybe our teachers aren't perfect. yeah, like we are. so let's quit blaming it all on them, and doing something a about it ourselves.

via victoria

# Mmmm Mmmm Turkey

hundreds of years ago, some lame farmers couldn't get their act together in the new world. the one mcdonalds was closed and the quickie mart had a run on pop tarts -- basically they were starvin' marvins. heavily bumming, they sat there and complained. "this really sucks!" wrote one in his journal, expressing the general feeling. "when the next ship from the old disease-and-poverty-ridden world shows up, say two years from now, if i'm not dead, i'm outta heah!" suddenly, with a heavenly chorus, some indians appeared. (they

weren't really from india, of course, so the name makes zero sense, but hey, that's what they were called. and the term heavenly chorus in no way is meant to denigrate the newly sensitive ethos of just about everyone in america; i apologize for its use as a literary convention. i will enter counseling and already feel extremely guilty.) anyhoo, the indians, realizing that the pilgrims had really cool stuff like guns and glass beads, said (translated from the original text, of course): "yo! you guys really suck at farming! we, however, farm like rednecks

in a monster truck! we rule. hah! so get your raggedy buns off the frozen tundra and let's rock." the pilgrims were joyful at this kind sharing of the bountiful indian food, and proceeded to establish a country where mcdonalds were everywhere and no one who has lots of money will ever have to go hungry again. and they all lived happily ever after, except the indians, who now have to live on reservations and promote gambling.

via dave

# THE REDS

while dumpster diving outside of the NSA, catalyst stumbled upon this classified memo from the era of mccarthyism.

The Reds all around us. Their ideas have already permeated our culture, promoting immoral and sickening ideas. They have slowly enveloped country after country, sweeping thousands of people into a miserable existence of

Listen up, kiddos! If you're like me, then you've got friends. LOTS of friends. Do you ever look at the things your friends do and think, "my friends do neat things?" If you're like me, I bet you do. Have you ever had a conversation with your friends and started laughing because one of them said something funny? Some of my friends say funny things all the time, and if you're like me, some of yours probably do too. By this time you must be thinking, "Zaben, I'm just like you!" Well, if you really are like me, then you're probably sad, sad, sad. Why? Because your clothes suck! But have no fear, because I've got the answer that the government (along with the police, your parents, almost all other authority figures and basically every sane person alive) doesn't want you to know.

Kill your friends and steal their skins, then wear those skins as pelts to conceal your own wretched fashion sense! If your friends are so damn great, wouldn't it be nice to just be them? If you

poverty and hatred, siezing control of economy after economy to bend to their own twisted desires. We. the righteous guardians of virtue, have a distinct obligation to stop this scourge from spreading, to eradicate its source, to crush the USSR and its allies before they crush us. The Reds have been brooding for years, quietly winning the weak-minded over to their side through dark lies, greed, and ruthless manipulation. We must stand by our glorious morality and not allow these infidels to infiltrate the sanctuary of our own

American hearts and replace its soft warm beat with their steely frigid thud. It is imperative that we use every means necessary to protect ourselves from this threat and keep our culture clean from these evil ways.

it's reasonable to want to protect yourself, isn't it? now the fun part: replace The Red->capitalists, and USSR->USA. magical, 'eh? lets see

via soma

# Gimme Some Skin

make the incisions the right way, no one will ever know the difference between the real you and skin-covered doppelganger you have become! Think of the possibilities.

Scenario One: You're nowhere near as funny as your friend (we'll call him "Zeke") and no one bothers to laugh at the pitiful jokes you do try to make. In fact, they call you dumb, stupid, and aphonous, but you're too dumb and stupid to even know what the last thing means. So how do you win them over? Just invite Zeke over to your house to play "Nintendo" and then take his skin! Wear it to school and then just by going on Zeke's awesome personality your horrible jokes will be funny and you'll easily achieve a phony sense of self-worth that is solely based on the ignorant judgments of others! Huzzah!

Scenario Two: Your friend (this time we'll call him "Greg") gets all the foxiest ladies at school. You wish you could date just ONE of twenty-three girls he's dated this

year, but not even the girl with the robotic arms will go out with you. So what do you do? Work on your charm? Clean up your act? Try to become a better person and hope to win girls over that way? I don't think so, mister. What you need to do is go over to Greg's house to "help" him with his "homework" and then take his skin! Pretty soon you'll be dating the hottest chicks in the school, while they're meanwhile oblivious to everything, knowing only that they are dating Greg; the Greg, the hottest guy in school! They'll be putty in your sweaty, fake, Greg-hands to do whatever you want with! Go get 'em tiger.

So as you can see there are many advantages to stealing someone's skin and wearing it like a pelt. Just be careful not to wear the really good skins for too long, or someone might want to try it on you. And say hello to Queen Doppelpoppelous for me.

via zaben

# HIP EMO GUIDE

Hello, friend. You are about to embark on a wonderful, magical journey. Yes, these days the coolest new subculture is that of the whiny-depressed-greasy emotional punk world, and we know you're just dying to jump on the emo bandwagon. "But my beloved catalyst writers," you say, "I just don't know how to get started!" Fear not: what kind of underground magazine would we be if we didn't help you out with your desire to conform to the latest anti-conformity trend? And so dear reader, we present 12 easy steps to instant hipness. Ready?

did you just say yes? \*emo bitch smack\*

first lesson, grasshopper. emo kids never agree. are you ready? ... no? good. let's begin.

step #1: status. pretend you do not want to be the center of atten-



tion. make sure that you are always the center of attention.

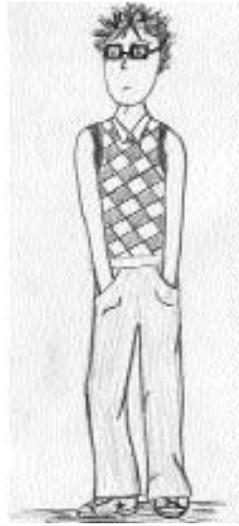
step #2: attitude. insist that you just don't care what others think about you. casually remind everyone how much cooler than them you are.

step #3: eyewear. put on some rectangular, black-framed glasses. i don't care if you have 20/20 vision...being emo isn't about the music; it's about the appearance, so get crackin'.

step #4: clothing. black turtle-necks. tight dark jeans- rolled up once at least, twice at most. black shoes or chuck taylors. grey sweaters. threadbare goodwill tshirts. scarves, gas station jackets with names like "bubba," and anything argyle. you get the picture.

step #5:scrawn factor. no matter how upper-middle class and suburban a lifestyle you lead, everyone must know that you are a starving artist. veganism helps here, and if you can't suck it up and lose the weight, enlist the help of a tapeworm. pale and skinny is the way to be.

step #6:hair and skin. emo kids don't see the sun enough to have pigmentation, and they sure don't care enough to bathe. so you'd better be pale. and you'd better be greasy.



step #7: music. ok, so maybe emo depends just a little bit about what you listen to. endlessly wallow in cds that convert any positive energy you may have to energy spent on feeling sorry for yourself. make sure everyone knows that you were the first to discover this music-- in fact, you came poppin' out of the womb screaming pedro the lion and dashboard confessional songs.

step #8: cry, cry, cry. you're so sensitive and vulnerable, seeing as how your heart has been broken more than anyone else on the planet (or at least that's what you will tell people who "just don't understand what you've been through") and remember, crying alone at home is not enough. everybody has to know you cry at home. alone.

## emo guide cont...

step #9: demeanor. don't smile. and if you do, be sure it's only to chuckle cynically at the world. hands in pockets, eyes on the ground. that's right.

step #10: write sad, pathetic poetry. fill it with deep metaphors only you understand about all the girls who have dumped you and all the people who don't get where you're coming from and the society that suppresses you each and every day of your wasted life. writing about hating girls is especially important to remember-- it will help you get more chicks, and that's what being an emo boy is all about.

step #11: start a band. you don't ever have to play a show or have a rehearsal, but make sure everyone knows that you are the lead singer/ songwriter. have a hip name that you can throw around.

step #12: suicidal tendencies. society is driving you to a deep dark depression and a pit of never ending whiny-ness. better end it all now. note: no respectable emo kid ever actually commits suicide, not after all that work they've done building up a depressed, suicidal aura. Just threaten to do it a lot to remain the center of attention and get sympathy from chicks.

via katoria

## Steve

Steve awoke at 6am every morning. He didn't need an alarm clock. He got out of bed, shaved, showered and brushed his teeth. He selected a suit from his closet and dressed. Steve ate a bagel and drank a cup of coffee on his way to work every morning, in his mid-sized car. He never cursed at other motorists when they cut him off on the interstate. Steve always arrived at work 30 minutes early. He sat in his cubicle all day and never strayed in his concentration. At 12 'o clock and four 'o clock he went to get a drink of water. Steve always said hello to his co-workers when he passed them in the hallway, but he never knew their names. Steve always stayed at work an hour after everyone else. When he got home, Steve ate a frozen dinner with a glass of wine; he ordered Chinese on Wednesdays. Then Steve would watch the news and go to bed promptly at ten. On Sundays, Steve organized his work for the upcoming week.

Thirty years later, Steve retired from his job at the office. He planted a garden in the backyard and tended to it every day. He awoke at 6am every morning, shaved, showered, brushed his teeth and dressed. Steve ate a bagel and drank a cup of coffee before going out to work in the garden at eight-thirty. He



worked diligently all day and never strayed in his concentration. At 12 o' clock and four o' clock he went inside to get a drink of water. Steve always said hello to his neighbors when they walked by, but he never knew their names. He always came inside at six o' clock, ate his dinner and went to bed promptly at ten. On Sundays he mowed the lawn.

Fifteen years later, Steve got arthritis, and eventually moved into an apartment building; for his old house was far too much space for a man of his age. There was no work to be done, or garden to tend to. Now Steve would finally have time to do all of the things that he had always wanted. He could spend time with his friends and go to the park; he could wake up whenever he pleased and just sit around the house all day if he wanted; he could go to bed at 11 o' clock or midnight. Two weeks after moving in, Steve shot himself in the head.

via rosco



Tired of your silly democratic government not letting you be the dictator you were always meant to be? Pesky Catholic priests interfering with your drug mafia? Have no fear the School of the Americas is here to help. The SOA is a military training base in sunny Georgia, while there you will be instructed in guerilla tactics, counter insurgency, and how to [forcefully] interrogate witnesses, along with lots of other fun things. And the best part is-it's all paid for! The SOA is fully funded by US taxpayers. Just ask famous graduate Manuel Noriega-"The SOA taught me everything I needed to know about how to be a great dictator and then some!" Other graduates include Omar Torrijos of Panama, Leopoldo Galtieri and Roberto Viola of Argentina, Juan Velasco Alvarado of Peru, Guillermo Rodriguez of Ecuador, and Hugo Banzer Suarez of Bolivia. All these \_great\_ guys can't be wrong! But seriously look at all the things you learn how to get away with. Graduates of the SOA have been responsible for hundreds of unchecked human rights violations--the Uraba massacre in Colombia, the El Mozote massacre of 900 civilians in El Salvador, the assassination of Archbishop Oscar Romero, and the Jesuit massacre in El Salvador, the La Cantuta massacre in Peru, the

torture and murder of a UN worker in Chile, along with lots of other great stuff. Sign up today! For more information visit <http://www.soaw.org/> via peter

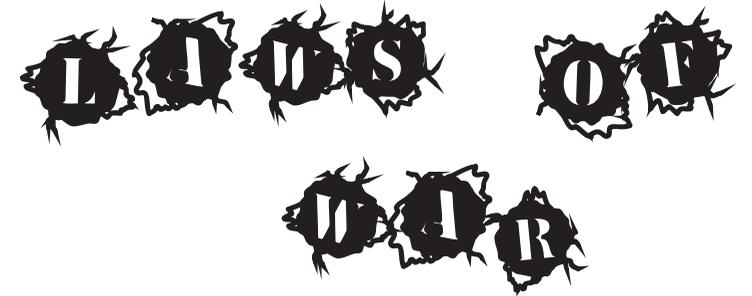


# OPERATION PHOENIX

After September 11 the entire United States reacted as one enraged mass, terrorists had intentionally targeted our civilians. Thousands of helpless men and women were killed in an instant without prior warning. What kind of horrible spineless people would intentionally target civilians? Somebody guilty of this loathsome crime should be punished to the fullest extent... Operation Phoenix was a program developed by the CIA 1967 to aid the American

war effort in Vietnam, it's main objective was to "neutralize" members of the Viet Cong infrastructure and civilians suspected of supporting communism. In 1969 the program called for the "neutralization" of 1800 VCI (civilians suspected of supporting communism) a month. Of these 1800, 600 were being summarily killed. 1.7 billion dollars of US taxpayer money was used to fund this program which indiscriminately killed men, women, and children suspected of supporting Viet Cong forces all civilian. Many of the VCI captured were tortured and imprisoned without any form of due process. During the operation of this program between 60,000- 80,000 Vietnamese civilians were "neutralized". Of which 20,000 to 40,000 civilians were killed. The program has been referred to as "the most indiscriminate and massive program of political murder since the nazi death camps of WWII" -*counterspy winter 78*. Before a Senate subcommitteeed Ambassador William E. Colby testified that op Phoenix had killed 21,587 Vietnamese citizens between 1/68 and 5/71. In response to the question "do you state categorically that Phoenix has never perpetrated the pre-meditated killing of a civilian in a non-combat situation?" Colby replied "No, I could not say that...I certainly would not say never." Seems as though we have done our share of the civilian killing as well. Now I am not writing this to trivialize the lives lost on September 11, or to offend any who have experienced loss due to the attacks. I just wanted to point out that the America we are so proud of, the one we fly the flags on our cars for and the one we so proudly recite the pledge of allegiance to every day may not be as innocent and pure as we think. Operation Phoenix is just the tip of the iceberg; the US has been involved in several activities that we shouldn't be too proud of. We sent "death squads" to El Salvador, have tried to assassinate several political leaders, we also did things like give syphilis to a bunch of unknowing African American men, and fed LSD to unknowing office workers to study it's effects. So think about some of the awful stuff that we have done next time you're out avenging the United States.

via peter



As given by Cpt. Frank J. Cook AROTC

1. We will not inflict unnecessary destruction or suffering
2. We will treat prisoners of war, captured or detained personnel, and civilians humanely.
3. We will not obey orders whose execution are in violation of the laws of war
4. We are responsible for our unlawful acts
5. We are entitled to humane treatment if captured



1. Do not attack non-combatants
2. Do not fire at any medical personnel, vehicles, nor facilities
3. Do not shoot at a parachute unless it carries a paratrooper
4. Do not attack protected or undefended property
5. Do not use prohibited weapons (weapons which cause unnecessary suffering i.e. poison)
6. Do not use treachery or illegal tactics (i.e. improper use of uniforms and insignia of the enemy)



# I am a Girl

I wait in line at the checkout counter, my eyes torpidly drifting over Snickers bars and 99 cent lighters, my mind lazily wandering over nothing in particular - and then i am seized. Karulina Kurkova's hazel eyes have gripped me, cemented my focus directly onto her, all from her perch on the cover of Vogue. She extends an invisible finger to me, inviting me into her glossy-paged kingdom of glamour, two hundred and thirty four pages of sex and health and beauty secrets, promising to keep me fertile and voluptuous as long as i donate the slight fee of \$6.98 each and every month to keep me up to date. but it is such a meager price for immortality, is it not?

if there is one thing this magazine and its flesh-laden kin offer me, it is their own patented brand of hope. mister perfect is out there, with his chiseled abdomen, his effortless ability to

recite captivating lines of shake-speare, his elegant and romantic bedroom manor - and sleek page after sleek page will clue me in on how to ensnare him. ravish him as you are? impossible! even the greatest of fish in the sea need bait to be caught. without the right mascara or the proper cut in your blue jeans you're doomed to singledom forever, because we all know sex appeal is the only thing that The Single Guy is after. womens magazines do an incredibly laudable job of attempting to bring the less style-conscious of us out of the dark to give us a shot at the man of our dreams. their hope is the hope of change - the hope of making our lives better for ourselves by changing ourselves. according to their herculean logic, the world will soon follow suit to accommodate us. the most successful way of doing this, the shiny gospels preach, is to turn into the perfect

graceful princess. we all envy that one girl at school, the one with the most outfits/boys/glamour, and we are lectured into how to bring ourselves to be that girl, how to surpass her, how to attain this form of happiness. hope of a brighter future is a beautiful and captivating thing. cinderella was a lowly servant girl, who had no chance of ever getting the hand of prince charming. prince charming, as charming as he may have been, though, only paid attention to the rich girls with the new shimmering dresses and flowing golden tresses. thus cinderella wasted away, day after day, yearning for the unattainable. one fateful night, however, her fairy godmother shows up and bequeaths to her a beautiful gown and an expensive carriage, until she was able to be the shining beacon of wonder at the ball, et cetera et cetera, eventually attaining prince charming's heart. after hearing this story each and every girl will strive to improve herself to become what some jewel-crowned/letter-jacket wearing prince/random-high-school-guy wants her to be. because, as we all know, objectification is a part of love.

oh. wait. that's bullshit.

via kay

**CRIMETHINK**



T-SHIRT 10\$

DECK 40\$

JUSTICE YOUR LIFE



# I Got Two Turntables

...One's in the attic, but the other happily occupies a corner of my bedroom, right next to my CD player. It's easily twenty years old, and though the tape deck no longer works, it plays my record collection beautifully.

The record collection and its origins is the real reason I'm writing this catalyst article, because every last one of you needs to go find your parents' record collections, whatever dusty corner they may be in, and play them. Once upon a time, they really DID listen to good music. Oh, I know, I know, you've already got Jimi Hendrix's "Greatest Hits" and the Beatles' "1" on CD, so why bother looking for more? Because, my friend, you have but scratched the surface.

Some of your newly discovered music you might hate. That's OK, I found my mom's copy of "Abraxas" by Santana and can't stand it. But there's way more that I found and enjoy-Tommy (the Who), Flowers (Rolling Stones), the Graduate Soundtrack (Simon & Garfunkel)-the list doesn't end.

Be warned: your parents may begin to act strangely when you start going through their younger music. They tend to reminisce a lot ("This record came out in 1972, when I was trying to hitchhike from New Jersey to California..." or "My sister and I

always pretended we were the Beatles when we listened to this record. She would play john and I would play paul.") I came up on Fleetwood Mac's "Rumours", and, strangely, neither of my parents will admit to having owned it. They always blame it on some aunt or uncle.

Records are cheap. If you go to the thrift store, the best place to find them, they usually go for around \$1 a pop. However, to find these marvelous things, you usually have to dig through at least

## EDITORS NOTE

A lot has happened since we last put out an issue of the catalyst, there was the whole September 11 attacks and all the insane patriotism that followed. We saw Thanksgiving and Buy Nothing Day pass us by, along with Christmas and New Years, and we even had an article in the Freelance Star written about us. And yet during all that time I never got around to putting together a new issue and for that I am sorry. Hopefully I'll be able to get the next issue out in a more timely fashion. I would just like to thank all the people who submitted articles and those that helped in production. Remember, its us kids are the ones who write, edit, print, fold, and staple all the issues and if you would like to help in any way hit us up at catalystmag@bolt.com we definitely

one record by Burt Bacharach, 5 "Country and Western Classics", and about 17 full of "Inspirational Music". But the persistence pays. Finally, a word to those who get on a high whenever they "discover" and indie band and no one else has heard of them... because how many of your friends know who Moby Grape or the Turtles are? Tune in, turn on, drop out.

via alex c-s

could use a hand. And thanks to Soma for all the help and guidance he has given me in the production of this issue, though the catalyst was his idea and baby and am glad that he has entrusted it to me.

~So listen up all you kids out there who feel like you have something to say-- write it, type it, draw it, or record it and send it to us and we'll try and stick it in our next issue. And if not, I'm sure I'll have a good time reading your e-mails.

via peter

# A SIX PACK OF APATHY

As I write this, it's pretty much the end of this year. Soon school will be out and summer will be upon us. Before that final bell rings though, here's a last morsel of food for thought on the subject.

The most prominent observation I've made this year is about teachers, or more specifically their job descriptions. The way I see it, a teacher's job is twofold; 1) they have to present the material they're supposed to teach in a way that we, the students, can understand, and 2) to actually make us care about said material enough to learn it, by somehow making it pertinent to our so-called 'real lives.' Take, for example, the subject of US History. A teacher might go to great lengths to give a detailed description of the Whiskey Rebellion, or to describe Wilson's ideals for the League of Nations, and that's great, s/he'd be doing the first part of his/her job very well. However, unless this teacher makes us relate to eighteenth century farmers or relations in the global community circa 1920, then it's just going to go in one ear and out the other. More than once have I seen classes full of students with such teachers discretely sleeping, doodling cartoons or contemplating the complexities of paper-clip sculpture.

In the past, this magazine has referred to 'hole-fillers' among the student population. What

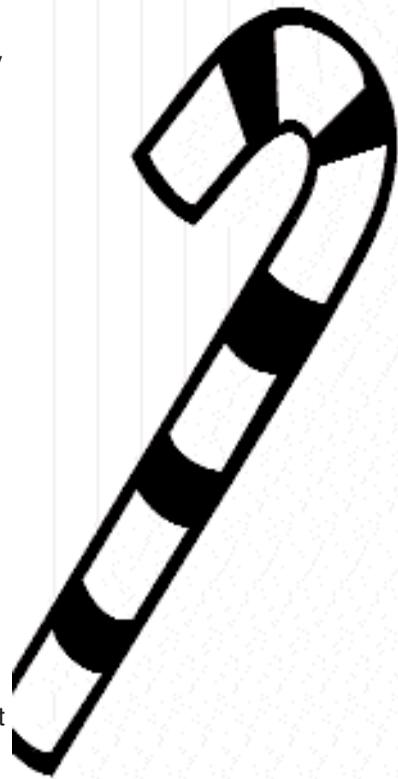
about the teachers? Too often we let them get away with simply presenting facts and expecting us to memorize them, with the passing of the class being our only motivation. After the quiz, test or exam, we forget everything, and the result is we keep the system moving by going on to the next grade without actually learning anything. Teachers that permit this are the 'hole fillers' and need to be recognized.

I'm by no means implying that every teacher is guilty of slacking in his/her responsibilities. To keep everything squeaky clean, I won't name any names, but I've had a few teachers that've done an excellent job of even interesting me in subjects I'd previously loathed. Sadly, however, I've had just as many who've had the opposite effect. (Again, I'll refrain from naming names, despite great temptation.)

So here's the point. If, like me, you're still going to be found in a high school come September, I'll offer a little piece of advice. Don't hesitate to ask your teachers why you should care about what they have to say and how it relates to the everyday world in which you live. Don't accept any BS, either, because odds are, if they can't give you a straight, honest answer, they're not doing their job.

via alex j

T I S  
THE  
SEASON



SEX  
APPEAL

# THE MOSH

ah the mosh! the newest addition to pop rock music. how incredibly delicious. recently adopted by our most favorite rap-rock and pop heavy metal bands, the mosh pit is gloated as an aggression outlet for the uncannily depressed pop culture of our generation. this violent core of pushing and punching has earned disapproval by parents everywhere, attained fame for shinning stars such as kid rock, and even found itself as the center of attention on a rousing edition of twenty-twenty; victory is yours, mighty mosh. how incredibly delicious.

the fact is, however, that all of you limp bizkit, slipknot morons have ruined the good name of a mosh pit, long ago born to punk rock and perfected by hard-core. this pit was modest and good, and thrived with an aggressive code of chivalry. ignited by dances such as the skank and the gorilla, this delicate style of expression was born in the early 1980's, shortly after

punk rock was brought to us by the english. here, the pit remained fairly dormant in style, until the hard-core scene was born in the inner cities of new york by a revolutionary band called agnostic front in the mid to late 80's. building on the cornerstones of the punk sound, hard-core produced a much more aggressive form, with a heavier voice, and a positive message. with the introduction of hard-core, evolution of the pit approached it's finest hour. the dances took on a more aggressive, and faster pace. 'the windmill', 'pickin up change', spin kick successions and the circle pit were brought with this new found speed and aggression; these dances came to define the mosh, along with a common code of respect and unity that rules the scene. out of this trend of positive and united youth, straight edge materialized. bands such as madball and 25 ta life, representing a drug and alcohol free lifestyle, flooded the hardcore movement, bringing with them young fans with intensity and charisma, whom pushed the limits of the mosh. this is the pit that i've come to know and love.

the name of the mosh pit has been spat upon, twisted, broken, demoralized and turned

upside down by pop culture. this, once positive thing of skill and beauty, has been stolen by bands like metallica and pantera, and turned into an ugly and violent mass of chaos; nothing more than an objective duty to inflict boddily harm.

"i owned the pit at the latest lincoln park show"...."i love hard-core bands like slipknot"..if you have ever uttered a phrase similar to this, you have never felt the energy of a true mosh pit. you do not listen to hard-core, nor are you able to comprehend it's principals. if you don't have respect for bands such as comin correct, madball, 25 ta life or throwdown, do not claim that you are hard-core, because you are not. H2O frontman, "toby," said it best when he said, "don't go around throwing up flags if you don't know what you stand for."

there is a pit out there that is pure; built on the blood and sweat of positive youth. it still lives, somewhere, in an underground club, a rented community center or church, at a house show; traveling across the country in a van filled with members of a touring band. ah the mosh.

via rosco

# O T E N M E

Zaben here with yet another catalyst movie update. The movie? "Memento." You, the reader should now do one of two things: decide that you really enjoy watching a great movie and that you don't need to know anything about it ahead of time to watch it and have a great movie-viewing-experience that changes the way you look at cinema, or decide that you do need to know a little before hitting it up but that you're still going to see it. If you're in the first group, go out and rent "Memento" now; don't bother reading the rest of this article. If you're in the second group, read on. If you don't like movies or you think that this one already sounds stupid for some unknown reason, well, you're not totally helpless, but probably close to it.

So "Memento" is all about this guy who has a rare memory disorder. After his wife is raped and murdered, his mind kind of goes

into shock, and he loses the ability to develop new memories. So what does this mean? He can remember his name and a good deal about his past, up until his wife's incident anyway, but tomorrow today will be gone from his mind completely. Every time he wakes up, he has completely forgotten everything that's happened to him since that fateful day. If he even has a conversation with someone for too long, his mind resets and he loses it again. But this movie's not just about some crazy guy; he's out to solve the murder of his wife.

"But how does he know anything," you may be asking yourself. Well, he leaves himself notes and pictures of people, and even gets tattoos for the really important stuff he needs to recall. And using this method where he can never be sure of himself, who his friends are, or even where he is when he wakes up, he stumbles

through life with one purpose: find his wife's killer and make him pay dearly.

But this cool memory disorder isn't the film's only cool idea. Also, it's filmed backwards. That's right, sdrawkcab. The scene you just watched happened after the scene you're about to watch, and as you gather and re-gather information, constantly forming new opinions as to where his case is going, you being to go a little nuts yourself and wonder if you'll ever figure the plot out.

All in all, it's a great film, and, as I've said, there's no reason for not seeing it. I've personally seen a lot of movies, and this would have to be in my top-5 movie list of all time. It's sheer genius and proves that cinema can still be an art form these days, if you know where to look. So go see the movie and tell other, to do the same. That is all.

via zaben

# BATHROOMS

Using the bathroom at school has never been fun, even in elementary school when you actually had a bathroom \*in\* your classroom. So now in high school I think I'm finally beginning to understand why some people have vowed never to use public school restrooms. It's not the fact that teenagers have an inability to flush the toilet. It's not the way that seventeen girls crowd around one mirror to make sure that their hair is perfect for their arrival in

study hall. It's not even the rank toilet-paper-covered, nasty bathroom floors flooded with who-knowswhat. It's the graffiti. Come on, I barely have enough time to do my business before the bell rings, how does some girl have time to scribble \*everything\* that she's planning to do with/to her boyfriend over the weekend on the door? And to the girl who has immortalized her love in the upstairs bathroom with the ingenious "I ' Chris forever"...thank

you. I'm sure Chris is totally touched that you were thinking of him as you were pulling up your pants and decided to preserve the moment by scrawling your emotions in Sharpie for the whole world (errm, at least a couple other girls) to see. And then there is the girl who had the nerve to circle the word Chris, draw a big ol' arrow and write "he's mine bitch!" somewhere under the door handle. Because, ya know, Chris is such an uncom-

# on the 22nd of january

i mean, i tried to sleep for an hour and a half. when i lied down, it was 12:44, and when i got up for about the fourth time due to restlessness and small fits of coughing it was about 2:15. maybe 2:23 or something. maybe it was because i tried to sleep on top of my sheets in my clothes. i was sick last week and i haven't washed the sheets yet, and, well, it would be cold to sleep in boxers on top of sheets on the 22nd of january, wouldn't it? but i don't think that was it. i don't really have a problem with sleeping like that; i can usually sleep however, wherever, as long as i want to. so maybe i didn't want to. i dunno. the point is, i tried for an hour and a half. what a fucking waste of time. so it was somewhere

between 2:15 and 2:23 when i was faced with two choices: watch movies on my computer with headphones or go find light to read by. light, i knew, was outside. also, since i had been outside only an hour and a half before then, i knew it wasn't too cold. so i went outside. it had gotten colder, but not too much colder. however, realizing that i couldn't take the next four hours or so in this new temperature, i went back in, but this time to the lobby area on the first floor. plenty of light there and even chairs with cushions. did i mention i had a mellow yellow with me? i had taken one out of the room when i left, sometime between 2:15 and 2:23. i got to it, drank the mellow yellow slowly over the next few

hours, read 241 pages of my book, then went back outside. at that point it was 6:44. i smoked a clove with my left hand for a few drags for a change, but i never have liked how that feels, so i switched back to my right hand. i never really appreciated florescent light until then. through the glory of florescent light i had exchanged a very dark 2:30 or so for a steadily lightening 6:44, and with no noticeable difference from the inside. i have to say, though, that the blinds were shut the whole time while i was in there, and that i wasn't even facing towards them. still, it was weird. so it was around 6:45, and i was smoking a clove outside with my right hand when i noticed that dawn is a lot like dusk. it's got almost exactly the same amount of light. i didn't catch the sunrise or anything like that because i was surrounded by hills, but there was a dusk-like light to dawn. except it's dawn, you know? it doesn't feel like dusk at all. my nose was stuffy and i couldn't smell, so i can't say that it didn't smell like dusk, but it certainly looked like dusk. except it was different, everything just seemed different. i thought of a lot more things to write while i was smoking my clove outside with my right hand at 6:45 on the 22nd of january, but i forgot them all.

# BATHROOMS con't

mon name, so it absolutely \*must\* be the same Chris that you suddenly feel so possessive of as you're sitting there taking a crap. Make your own shrine to your own Chris. Maybe you can even be wild and crazy and write "I ' Chris 4eva." Oh and whoever wrote the little Jesus poem...precious isn't spelled prescious. I guess that's why all the English teachers use another bathroom...I can see them busting out the little red pens to proofread your poorly spelled vandalism. And why are you writing about Jesus anyway? Separation of church and state also extends

to church and bathroom. I guess at least you didn't write "I ' Jesus forever." Now I don't know what's written on the walls of the boys' bathrooms. Maybe they are covered in philosophical quotes or complex math formulas. Maybe boys don't regularly carry writing utensils with them to the bathroom and the walls are nice and, um, clean. Or, maybe it's just Chris returning his girlfriend(s) favor by smearing her name all over the bathroom walls.

via victoria

via zaben

## the opaque oppressive darkness that consumed my entire life

it was 1 am. i was sitting in front of my computer screen, staring at the columns of text that had consumed my life. i had been digitized, turned into nothing but a bright red jumbling of uncertain characters, a small grain of meaningless sand in a boundless, sterile desert. if i disappeared from this wasteland tomorrow, no one would miss me. they would continue on with their lives as normal, just as if i had never been in contact with them, changed neither for better nor for worse. was this really what i wanted? was there nothing more?

i eyed the razorblade that my mom had been using to cut the new wallpaper she was putting up. the new wallpaper was bright pink, a color i detested with the whole of my heart. my mom new this, but she didn't care. she might even be doing it to spite the one child that it seems she didn't want, the one she would've tossed out the window if given half a chance and a knowledge of the present. she would want me to do it. she would want the cold metal scraping against my soft wrist, she would squeal with delight as the bright crimson blood quickly formed puddles on the frigid bathroom floor, grin gleefully as the harsh fluorescent light captured my last breath. the razorblade glistened in my mind.

if there had been any real friends left in my life to think about, they no doubt would have

brought me to an even lower level of my crushing depression. ever since cindy had moved here from cincinnati, i had been old news. like a rag-eared magazine with all of the good articles long since cut out, i had been tossed aside in favor of something newer, something fresher. at that time i still had my morals, my ideas. i felt that if i simply waited they would see that i was truly what they were looking for in a friend, that cindy was nothing more than a passing fad, who would pass by in a week or two. i was wrong. slowly my circle of friends turned into a square, a triangle, a line, and now was nothing but a dot. and that dot was myself. none of them ever talked to me anymore, none of them showed a sign that i existed. those who i once had sleepless sleepovers with and played house with and did hundreds of makeovers with no longer cared about my very existence. if i did indeed indulge myself in the pleasure of the razorblade, though, they would weep and cry in a futile attempt to rake in some popularity from my efforts, perhaps even convince a few naive teachers to let them turn in their creative writing essays late. maybe i should give them what they want.

slowly, with nothing but anger and melancholy acceptance in my mind, i took a firm hold of the razorblade and walked into the bathroom. the figure in the mirror stared back at me

through dark, sullen eyes. i knew what had to be done. with my last shred of decency, i stepped into the bathtub. it would be easier to clean up the mess this way, maybe that simple act would give them a reason to love me. i examined the razorblade. after weeks of use, it was beginning to dull, small knicks here and there in the weak steel. my viens strained out of my left wrist, yearning to acquaint itself with the sharp metal, a meeting i had no right to deny them. slowly, the two lovers joined, and in a flash of tearing pain and rushing crimson, their union was complete.

"megan! what the FUCK are you doing?!" a fat old man peered at me from atop the toilet. "look at that!"

"FDR?!" my mind spun. i guess this is how it all ended.

"that's president roosevelt to YOU, madam! now explain to me what you're doing here, with the blade and the blood and the bathtub and whatnot!"

i stood there, stunned, the essence of my life still running down my hand, across the bathtub, down the drain.

"when i ask you a question, i expect an answer! now, ms. wood! i implore you, whatever are you doing?" FDR was visibly irritated by my speechlessness.

"i, uh, i'm trying to kill myself, FDR, uh, mister presi, uh, president roosevelt, uh, sir." i stammered. who was i to deny the president information?

"i didn't make the New Deal just so your mom could go use her welfare to buy razorblades to end your life, megan! now brush yourself off and help me find my argyle socks! hop to it!" fdr stepped down off of the toilet and offered me a crisp white hand towel. not realizing any other avenues, i wiped my arm off and stepped out of the tub.

"argyle socks, sir?" the mirror showed me a deathly-white image of myself, cheeks drained of any red, no sign of visible life. but one couldn't argue that i was talking to fdr!

"yes! a crazy ol' fox stole them from me! he jumped into the oval office through a window, quickly removed my shoes, first the left, then the right, then removed my socks in the opposite order - that's right before left, mind you - and hopped out another window with them in hand! or should i say paw?" fdr guffawed for a good twenty minutes. "lets hit the road!"

fdr took me out of my bathroom and into a large room that he said was the control room for his spaceship. "with this" he said "we can track down that fox like a crazy old president with a dead girl tracks down a close relative of the coyote that has taken his under-footwear!"

he then commanded me to take control of a giant parcheesi board, which i was instructed not to bleed upon. carefully, i placed the rats that i had found sitting next to the panel in a large cup onto the board in the shape of an infinity sign. fdr,

busy with the carp and the couch and the sophisticated headphones, yelled encouragement to me from the other side of the room. after i had finished placing the rats, a giant striped ball appeared on top of the refridgerator fdr keeps his cheap beer in for the after-press-conference parties.

"megan! you've done it! we've got him in our sights!" the president cheered. "soon i will get my socks from that fox! perhaps i will throw him into a box! let us hope he does not say he was under the influence of some kind of illegal substance and just get into detox!"

i chuckled. we were going to win. the stripes on the ball were getting bigger, which meant we were getting closer to the fox. within 7 to 10 seconds we would be there. suddenly, the ship was jarred, and i fell to my knees. i heard fdr let out a whoop.

"we've got him!"

quickly, fdr and the fox whipped out their light sabres and battled. before i knew what had happened, though, fdr was missing his legs. without so much as a flinch, however, he deftly countered, slicing open the fox's torso, spilling the foxy guts onto the floor.

"he sure won't be able to make it to the emergency room in one trip!" fdr began to guffaw again. once he recovered, i helped him put his socks back on his disembodied legs, and then carefully positioned his torso on top of them.

"thank you megan, you've

done a great service to your country!" fdr patted me on the shoulder, then reached into his beer fridge and offered me a cold one.

"no, sir, i don't drink" i informed the president.

"i keep a non-alcoholic o'douls in here for people like you!" the president beamed at me, proud of his own ability to anticipate his underage guests.

"actually, frankie, o'douls still has a small amount of alcohol in it, so if you serve it to me, you could get into a ridiculous amount of trouble with the FDA or FICA or the DEA or whatever portion of the government takes care of those things." fdr winked at me and pressed some malt liquor into my hands, assuring me it would be alright. fdr then walked me back into the bathroom and bid me farewell. i nodded at him, and grinned the biggest grin i had ever grinned before. i had a reason to live.

with that, i walked back into the bathroom, and fdr back into his spaceship, from which he flew away to distant cities and states, taking away a little piece of my life with him, but bringing to me a renewed interest in life. as it turned out, however, he also took away the time-stoppage he apparently brought with him, and i collapsed to the floor, dead, sending fresh vermilion blood and high quality malt liquor cascading around the room.

via courtney