

The War on Esoterroism

Every single day, in our city alone, thousands of people fall victim to esoteric attacks. This very night, hundreds of esoteric fucks are bedding down in our community; and it has been made very apparent that our fellow townfolk refuse to take it any more. Fortunately, the Catalyst is here to help create awareness over this heinous movement, and answer some frequently asked questions about esoterism.

'How can I distinguish an esoterrorist from an average citizen?' Picking out the esoteric can be a very tricky task, and should generally be left up to a professional task force, or a squik squad. The appearance of an esoterrorist is generally characterized by large bloodshot eyes, a sloping forehead and un-groomed hair and teeth, their hands and arms are usually obscene and broken, and in most cases they will be found wearing hilarious t-shirts. Many observers have described the actions of the esoteric as, "nutzoid in the butzoid" and "endoplasmic ridicu-

lous". Tight sweaters are not uncommon.

'How do i spot an esoteric attack?' The esoterrorists are very slim-slimy, and their ability to operate undetected can be compared to that of a slinky salesman. Esoterrorists attack so frequently, that, often times, their actions go completely unnoticed. In fact, if you don't understand the majority of this article, you may be under attack rite now. you should always be on the lookout for any of the "red flags" commonly associated with esoteric occurrences. You may hear people randomly ordering items served at a Wendy's restaurant, with no restaurant in sight, or you may find yourself suddenly in the middle of a yoinks-o-rama with little or no warning. But most importantly, if you ever suddenly notice that all of your base are belong to us, it is a very emergency, and you should panic, and seek help immediately.

'What do i do if i suspect that i, or someone around me is being attacked esoterically?'

If you notice that you are being attacked, it's probably already to late. Your best bet is to extend your fingers and put your thumb to your forehead. The chances that this will be successful are very slim, and you will probably end up "eating it," in which case you should be very ashamed. It is also quite possible that you will be killed in the face with a knife.

'Am i being attacked by an esoteric bastard right now?' Yes.

'Are there any other Warnings i should heed?' Warning! warning may be warning when warning. Warning is also used as warning when warning is warning. Warning when kyle warning.

Now that you know everything there is to know about the esoteric bastards that plague our city, you can go on without fear and do your part to help fight the war on esoterism. March on, brave soldier.

via rosco

Silver Solves Problems in the Middle East

Last week in secretive meetings between world representatives in what became known as "the smoke filled room" world leaders emerged with emphysemaand a working solution to the raging Arab Israel conflict. Acting in accordance with a new peace initiative submitted by president Bush the area of land once known as Palestine and Jerusalem has been usurped by local business tycoon Carl D. Silver. The tract is currently being changed from a once hateful den of political unrest to a consumer friendly shopping complex known as "The Promised Land...of bargains" Renovation has taken place all over the city to change once useless relics of the past in to beacons of consumer indulgence. Places like the dome of the rock, which has been the source of many conflicts between Islamic and Jewish faiths has now been replaced with a super walmart that everybody can enjoy. The new shopping complex comes complete with businesses such as bed bath and beyond, the big screen store, and an all encompassing wine and cheese. The shopping center will also include a full fitness center

which has made economic use of the once profitless Wailing Wall, converting it into an Olympic grade handball and racquet ball court. While the initial reaction of the Middle Eastern public was one of disgust and contempt once they discovered the convenience of a grocery store, clothing boutique,

and a full service auto garage all in one large eye-catching building most opinions were quickly changed, although there has been threat of suicide bombings at linens n' things due to a lack of body length black sheets.

via mog

TV TURNOFF WEEK
APRIL 22-28



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Parents Unite Against Hemingway

Citing blatant destruction of their children's morals, area parents are uniting against "Summer People", a short story by popular writer Ernest Hemingway that includes a harshly minimalist sexual encounter.

"This is ridiculous," concerned parent Bill Richardson stated in a letter to the editor published Tuesday. "This kind of vague sexual energy does not belong in public schools."

The nondescript sex scene, considered by Madison High School teacher Rebecca Wilkinson to be purely an element of Hemingway's characteristic style, has united an otherwise divided community. Where issues such as abortion and economic policy have created tension in the past, it seems

the whole county has come together to battle the depiction of the hazy sex act.

Jeff Bridges, head of the Morality in Schools project, released a memo last Tuesday condemning "obscure sexual references of any kind...whose nebulous depiction pollutes our children's hearts and souls." He also calls the unexplicit tale a "cauldron of textual ill repute."

Whereas the majority of adolescents derive their sexual drive from such obviously overt sources as television and magazines, the effects of such a minimalist source as Hemingway is as of yet unstudied and treacherous territory.

Hemingway's blatant use of periods and relentless reuse of the verb 'said' contribute

to the ambiguously sexual tone of the story, as suggested by the excerpt below:

"Is it good this way?" he said.

"I love it. I love it. I love it. OH, come, Wemedge. Please come. Come, come. Please, Wemedge. Please, please, Wemedge."

"There it is," Nick said.

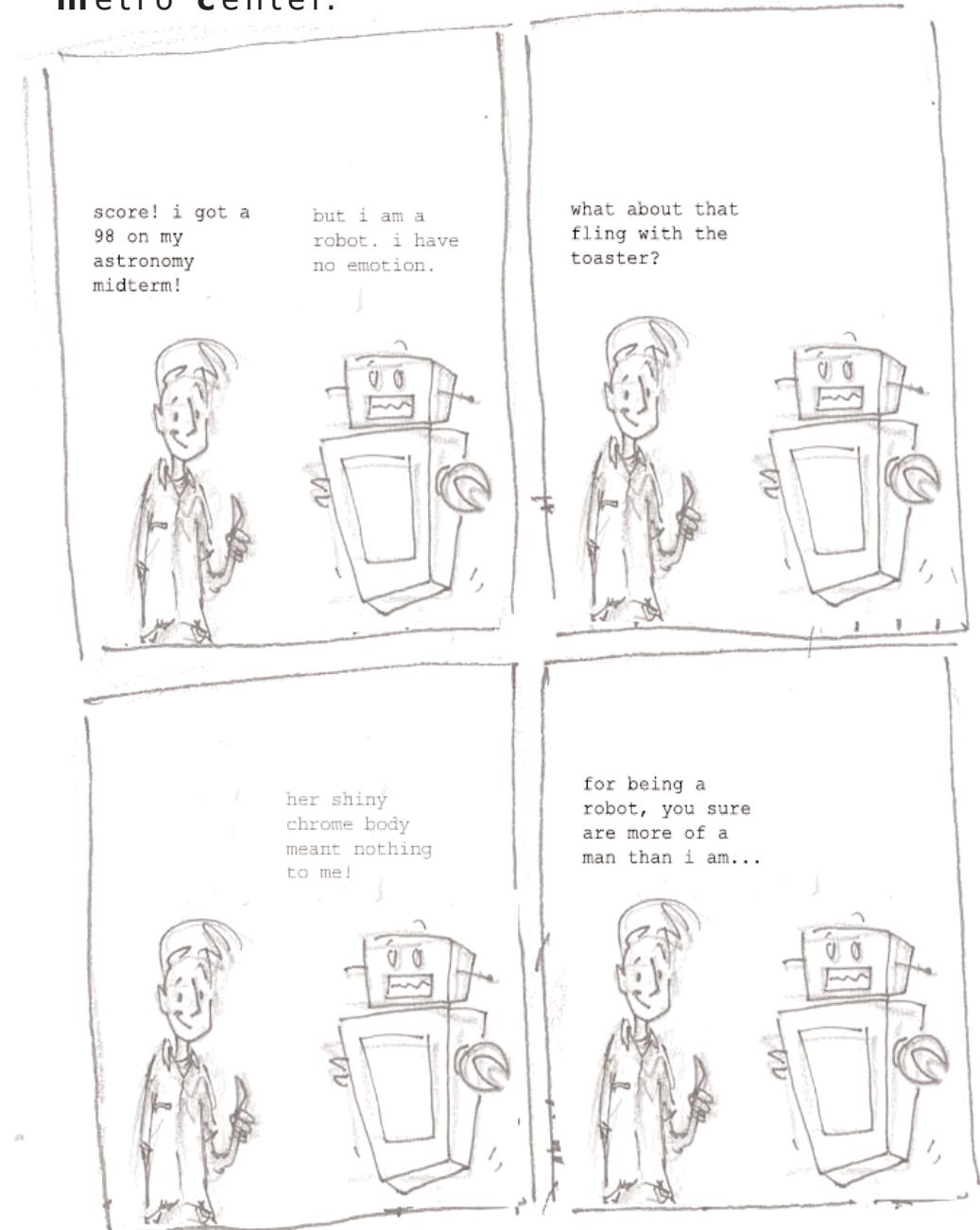
This is not the first time Hemingway's minimalist and opaque writing has gotten him in trouble. Last year a citizen raised concern over the nondescript killing of animals in "The Faithful BULL", another short story. School Board members assured the public that it was taking measures to restrict such offensive and hazily-described events.

Although a few protesters appealed in favor of the story, their arguments of "literary value" and "stylistic quality" could not outweigh the outright offensiveness of Hemingway's vague act of copulation.

"I will do my best to combat nondescript sexual encounters wherever they may arise," said veteran School Board member Bobby Toneman. "I mean, if we don't have restraint on such ridiculously ambiguous literary sex acts, what DO we have?"

via soma

metro center.



via groma



Teenager's Experiment

Proves Stupid

After 56 hours of painful awakedness senior Craig Thompson finally could no longer resist the alluring call of sleep. In a self prompted experiment Craig ventured to discover the maximum length of time his body could endure life without sleep. Although this type of experiment has been replicated in several different lab situations no one has ever been foolish enough to attempt this study while still interacting with day to day normalities. Upon completion of his experiment Craig commented in his conclusion "That shit was stupid, what the hell is wrong with me" When asked what his hypothesis was and what he thought would happen Craig promptly told reporters to "get the hell out of [his] room." We assume that not sleeping has made Craig a bit grumpy. Later he told reporters that he thought his experiment was probably one of the stupidest things he has ever done, although he does start his poisonous snake juggling class on Tuesday...

via mog

h a n d b a l l

Two teams, one ball, on wall, one trophy...Champion of the Universe. Handball is a beast game that is played throughout the globe, more specifically at 6:30 am after no sleep at the computer lab. There are a myriad of strategies, like the skimminy skim skam, rainbow shots, banana shots, pillar impossible (to suicide), or even the infamous slinky salesman. A deadly combination of any of these tactics can send your opponent into a downward spiral of defeat. I've seen some crazy comebacks though, 3-8 to win at 15-8, flippin amazing! Played everywhere from the kenmore wall to the public restrooms to food lion and back. This game is awesome and you too should start a year round, two man league for the ultimate champion of the universe!

via dj

Exercise

YOUR OPTIONS



SCHOOL DATE

Hey baby, I just caught your pretty face outta the corner of my eye as I walking this way to sharpen my pencil. I've been watching you everyday, walking down the band hall to your sixth period. So...are you busy tomorrow? You wanna get together for some lunch? Yeah? Cool...pick ya up at 7:35, cuz a pretty little angel like you shouldn't be getting off that bus alone. Aww, girl that jerk spilled his Mountain Dew all over the floor.

No, don't step around it. I'll just toss my letter jacket over it. That's right, I'd stain my \$250 jacket for you. Oooh, you gotta go to class? Yeah...I understand that you need your space. But we're still on for lunch, right? First shift...good thing cuz the tables are still kinda clean then. I'll even sneak out on the early bell for ya, baby, cuz that's how much you mean to me. I'll see you in my dreams...as I sleep through my study hall.

Look babe, I made reservations for us at the front of the lunch line. No, you go first, I insist. You just order whatever you want, it's on me. You want extra milk, go ahead baby, I got the cash. You can even order double Rib-a-que's, cuz nothing is too expensive for my girl. You need a knife for that, cuz I can ask the lunch ladies. Really, it's no problem. You just wait out there for me, cuz I just got paid, this is on me. You see that table over there? No not the green one, that sorta octagon shaped blue one. Yeah...yeah I thought that one would be a nice romantic spot just for you and me. The rest of the kids in this cafeteria just don't know what they're missing.

...Yeah, buddy. You can use that chair.

via victor

WELCOME TO THE DEMISE.

The world is becoming a worthless place more and more each day. Here are some things that will eventually lead to our demise. We should do away with...

Kindergarten- if you cant write your name by age 3, who really cares. Go break a lamp.

Basketball- the #1 game in the ghetto. Re-invent the sport, naming it trash-ket-ball.

Bananas- Nobody likes bananas...cept for grandma.

Math Class- the only people using page long equations are your braniac/professor fathers and experimental space monkeys.

Capris- OK girls...let's either let it all out, or cover up and prepare for winter again. None of this halfway nonsense.

Cops- We already have an army of blue suited rejects walking around, but we call them boy scouts.

Abtronics- If you are too damn lazy to do 5 sit ups, then don't worry about lubing up ya belly and strapping on an electronic strap that resembles a pro-wrestling belt.

Sour Crème- hmmm...anybody up for cottage cheese and liquid bologna?

Boy Bands- If you can get paid for singing with 4 of your charming guy friends, get a life...or get a girlfriend.

2 dollar bills- Why not make your wallet look fatter by carrying twice as many one dollar bills. Don't you know anything?



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THE KUBRICK

COLLECTION

Okay, it's Zaben again with yet another film-based filler article for the Catalyst. But don't distress! This time I'm going to tell you not only about one film, but about a whole director's worth! The director, you ask? Stanley Kubrick! Okay, we've got a lot of ground to cover here, so let's get started.

For those of you that don't know, Kubrick is not only one of the best directors of all time and is featured in most film programs as one of the illustrious Top-Five Directors, but he's also one of the most controversial and my personal favorite. What I'm going to do here is give you a quick run down and synopsis of his big-ticket films. Sorry space-geeks; I'm leaving 2001 off because it's not as big of a crowd-pleaser.

First on tap is The Shining. Chances are good you've seen this one. Jack Nicholson is a family man who used to drink heavily and beat his wife a little on the side. By the way, his kid has semi-psychic powers manifested through an imaginary friend he calls Tony. So Jack and the family move up to be the caretakers of this spooky old hotel

during the winter season, with no one around for miles, and just like many before him, ol' Jack goes bonkers and tries to kill his wife and kid. Now the beauty of this film is the suspense. The first hour and a half or so of the movie is shot very slowly, with wide, sweeping shots. The whole thing seems to inch along. There's rarely even music. Then when the pace picks up the cinematography does too. It actually gets to the point where, if you really diagnose your feelings, you'll realize it's the way that the movie's SHOT that's scaring you, not necessarily the movie itself. Good stuff.

Moving on we've got A Clockwork Orange. A little warning here: this movie's got a bunch of bad language and violence and nudity in it. That being said, one must also remember that all that stuff's in there to fuel the movie and Kubrick was all about some excess to prove a point, etc., so don't get too freaked out. Anyway, the movie's set in the future where there's this gang. The leader is our hero. The gang goes around raping, beating, and stealing all kinds of stuff and people. That is, until

the gang turns on the leader and he takes the fall for them and gets sent to prison for a real long time. While inside he applies for a new treatment that will cure him of his ability to do wrong; essentially, it will make it so his body physically cannot do harm to others. So he gets his cure and is released back into the world, but now all the people he messed with before are free to get back at him. This movie really shows off one of Kubrick's more recognizable styles: he loved to juxtapose music with odd scenes. Let me just say that there is a lot of Beethoven in this film and let you see how well it's used for yourself.

Last but not least we'll talk about a comedy; it's called "Dr. Strangelove, or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb," and it's a dark film about the sarcastic hilarity of nuclear warfare. Premise is this: it's during the Cold War and the good ol' U.S. of A. has a bunch of B-52 bombers flying around Russia, each a couple hours from a certain target, and each carrying a LOT of nukes. This way if we ever need to strike we can do so quickly and

THE QUIP

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effectively. However, a military official decides to take the fate of the world into his own hands and orders the use of Plan R (R for "Robert"), which enables him to go above the president's head and order the strike. What he doesn't know is that Russia's got a Doomsday Device, which will pretty much destroy the world in retaliation if Russia is damaged by a

nuclear attack. This movie features Peter Sellers, the only actor that Kubrick would ever allow to stray from the script a little and improv in his roles. And I do mean roles: in this movie he plays Dr. Strangelove, the president of America, AND Colonel Mandrake, a British military official. This movie is hysterically funny in a dark, brooding way, and is actually rated as the #3 funniest film of all time by

the American Film Association.

Okay, if you liked those movies I'd say you should also see Lolita, Full Metal Jacket, Eyes Wide Shut, 2001: A Space Odyssey, and any other Kubrick you can get your hands on. You may not always like or agree with the morals of his movie, but you certainly won't be able to deny that they're pure genius and that he's a great filmmaker. Zaben out.

via zaben

we have all experienced personal loss in some way or another. whether it be the loss of a family member, a friend or someone that was close to us, we have all been effected by death. we sometimes grieve in private, or maybe in public, and we rely on friends or family to console us. they help us to cope, even though we know that they cannot identify with the pain that we feel in said time of loss. but who is there to console when the community as a whole experiences great loss? our community has recently suffered a terrible loss; the passing of a legacy. for those whom haven't already heard, i sincerely regret to inform you that subway, of the salem fields shopping center, is dead. this fine dining establishment was a staple of our community and a pillar of our economy. it was widely renowned for it's second class service and it's first class heart. many of you knew subway as a place to congregate for intellectually stimulating conversation. or maybe you knew subway as a place to get a bit of exercise on a sunny day, as it's spacious parking lot offered play to four-square and handball competitors regularly. if skateboarding was your bag, there was a park in the rear. or maybe you just knew subway as a place where you were sure to find good people and good times...but one thing's for sure, all of you knew subway.

the subway legacy was built over a 2 to three year period, and every employee was instrumental to it's construction. it all started in june of '99 when i, adam b, attained a summer job at subway. every time somebody quit, i would refer one of my friends for the position, and by the end of the summer we were running the place. i ended working there a really long time, and was eventually made the manager, ensuring people of lesser social caste would never get the job, and if they did by some fluke, they were quickly terminated. the roster went as followed...matt roe, adam estap, peter kang, johnathan soma, leanne z, dj hipsher, and welford orrock. late editions to the team included jim lily, mike croak, and homeless jimmy smell bad. all of these kids (yes, even adam e) helped contribute some great experiences to the legacy, but for purposes of space in this article i'd like to

recall, individually, my most memorable experiences involving only certain employees, for you, the loyal catalyst reader.

matt roe - one snowy morning matt and i were scheduled to open the store together. business was rather slow, due to the weather, and matt and i had been having sword fights with cardboard poster tubes in the back all week to pass the time. this particular morning we decided we that it was time to resolve the question of whose medieval kung fu was best. and there was only one way...a shopping cart joust to the death. before i continue, any further i would like to point out that these events took place before mtv's jack-ass was on the air. so matt and i called dj and paul t to assist us in generating forward force. while we were waiting for them to arrive we constructed body armor and shields from cardboard and selected weapons of broomstick. matt made a rad medieval helmet from cardboard and his base ball cap, and i assumed the infamous subway ninja character (here i must credit soma for creation of the subway ninja). our allies arrived and we each took our positions at either end of the battle field, each standing in the basket of a shopping cart, provided compliments of food lion of the salem fields shopping center. paul pushed my cart and dj matt's. we gained speed over the entire length of the parking lot and met in the center where a monstrous collision ensued toppling both of our carts and inflicting minor injuries. to this day, i remain kung fu joust champion of the tri-state area.

peter kang - i would like to credit peter on the invention of the subway pizza. one must admit that eating subs every day would get a bit redundant redundant. so one day me and peter are sitting around and he comes up with the idea that we could make a pizza using all ingredients from the store. we defrost two frozen pieces of bread and flatten them together as a large piece of dough mold it into a fine pizza shape, then add a layer of meatball sauce, american cheese, and proceed to top it off with our favorite meats and vegetables. 30 minutes in the oven, and we had a most

chronic pizza. delighted with our product, we were even so inclined to take a slice next door so that our buddies at primo pizza could praise us. the owner there was so impressed that, after observing our pizza, he called all of his employees to gather round us, announced something to them in their foreign tongue, and everyone had a hearty laugh. after that day, subway pizzas were baked in abundance.

johnny soma - four most hilarious stories come to mind when i think of soma's subway antics, but unfortunately i only have room to relate one in depth. though, next time you see soma, i beckon you to ask him about our corporate research poll where the subway corporation wanted to

know which type of pickle the consumer preferred: sweet pickles/dill pickles/epidermal pickles/or olives. or how about the time he and dj forced more than thirty gallons of water into a single latex glove, or the time he and i though we could speed up particle movement in order to make rock candy in 30 minutes instead of over the course of several days. the ninja water fight, though, is my personal favorite. at subway we had this large piece of equipment called the proofer that was used to hydrate frozen bread dough so it would rise some before we baked it. well one time this proofer thing broke and they gave us water bottles to spray the bread with. well come to find out that these spray bottles could shoot water a solid ten to fifteen feet, we knew it was trouble waiting to happen. well one friday night, me and soma are working together, just the two of us, and we get to battling with these squirt bottles. i'm strategically positioned behind the cash register, and soma is around the next corner in the back room. we're crouching behind our corners and popping out to drench each other in short bursts, then retreating

back to our respective positions around either corner. there are about five parties sitting in the restaurant eating, and i'm in full view, as i'm right behind the cash register. everyone seems to be rather entertained. at one point soma doesn't jump to squirt me for several consecutive minutes. i'm rather familiar with his strategies of war, so i immediately recognize this as a ploy to lure me further into the back room where he could ambush me. so i hold my ground, staying behind the cash register. after a couple more minutes of waiting, soma jumps out on the other side of the cash register, drenching me mercilessly...that's right, soma has exited the back room

and crept into the area where the customer are eating to squirt me...but here the fucking kicker...he's got this god damn subway shirt tied around his head like ninja! this was easily the funniest thing i have ever seen in my entire life. the customers seemed rather scared, though.

dj hipsher - this story takes place at about 8 o' clock on a saturday night. dj and i had both worked double shifts that day, so we had been there since about 10am and we hadn't had any business in the past three hours or so. our collective sanity was not at full, due to a combination of sleep deprivation and boredom, and we are entertaining ourselves by making these huge spitballs from wads of paper towels and throwing them at the big windows in the storefront. we became rather obsessed with the patterns in which the water splatters when it hits the window, but as water is kind of hard to see, we decided we could study further by using a less translucent moisture. so we gather a huge wad of paper towels, several times larger than any we had used previously, and submerge it in A1. i take the dripping mass and move back as far as i can, then the wind up,

and i launch it as hard as i can at the glass wall in front.....*bam* a steak sauce explosion! this shit was everywhere, it covered the whole window, spider web style, it was on the ceiling, it was all over the tables and the floor, this shit was everywhere! we tried to clean it up, but the owner was finding big gobs of it in weird places for months afterwards, and she could never figure out how the hell it got there.

welford orrock - i was working one afternoon with the store owner, karen, when she found an old box of soda syrup that someone had put behind a shelf in the back room. this soda syrup had expired about 8 months ago, so she was going to throw it out. now, if you've never worked anywhere that you've had to deal with soda syrup, it's just a five gallon bag of slimy sticky syrup that's flavored like soda, and it goes through these tubes to the fountain, where it mixes with carbonation to make soda; and if you are familiar with soda syrup, than you know that it's every teenagers dream to get a bag of this stuff to use for personal gain. karen was a really cool boss, so when i asked her if i could take it, she said it was okay, as long as i agreed not to blow it up, in, on, or around her store.

i was working a double shift that day, so when karen's shift was over, she left and welford showed up for the evening shift. i told him about the soda syrup, and we began brainstorming, to figure out how we could put it to good use. we decided that we should climb up on the roof of the shopping center (this was a fairly common place to hang out) and walk over to the roof of food lion and throw it off while there were lots of people in the parking lot. unfortunately, we both had things to do that night, so we decided we would post-pone the event until the next day. we put the syrup in the back of welfords car, where it remained for several weeks. we finally got around to carrying out our plot on a saturday night, around 9:30....well, kind of. we rendezvoused at subway, welford and i, caroline from caroline and matt roe. when i got there, welford and matt had already attained a length of rope and tied it around the bag of soda syrup.

(so one of us could climb up on the roof and use the rope to pull it up). we went around to the back of the shopping center, so we could scale the wall using the pipes that run to stores. when we began climbing up the pipes, the owner of primo pizza came outside and began scolding us, as he had already warned me several times about using his gas pipes to pull myself onto the roof. he pretty much foiled our plot with threats of calling the police. with shattered dreams, we piled in welfords car and drove down the main road of a nearby neighborhood at seventy miles per hour, and tossed the bag of syrup out, watching it explode on the concrete.

wow, i never realized uninteresting that story really is until i wrote it down.

karen "alf" burrel - as i previously mentioned, karen was the owner of the store we worked at, and she was cool as hell, so i figured she deserved to get a little story in this tribute. karen owned two other stores, besides ours, so she was constantly driving in-between spotsy and orange county to deliver stuff or cover shifts. one day she was traveling on route 3 towards orange county when she saw something really odd. there was a dead black woman in a ditch on the side of the road, naked and half covered with leaves. this sight scared the hell out of karen, and she almost crashed her car. she pulled over to get help, but upon further investigation, she realized that it was actually blow up doll that had been discarded on the side of the road. this angered karen. she was really pissed off, because it had almost made her crash, so she ran back to her car and got a knife and then proceeded to stab the fuck out of this doll, right there on the side of the road. then she brought it back to our store in the middle of the night, and tied it up in a hilarious position in the back room, as to scare the hell out of soma and i when we arrived to open the store the next morning.

we love you subway
pit my laf...pit all of out lafs

via rosco

M * * * * * N ? !

It's not a practice exclusively for those who aren't getting any. It's not disgusting or pathetic or kinky. It won't do you any physical, moral, or visual harm-although the Christians might like you to believe so. It's not just for guys. I'm female, and I do it. A lot. Why do I do it? Well, I certainly don't fall into the category of those who aren't getting any. I'm not a nymphomaniac, or any other variety of freak.

Well, let's go over the benefits of masturbation-because, sadly, I think they are largely unknown to most women. For one, orgasms (as well as those actions leading up to orgasms) feel good. If you masturbate, you can have one any time you want. You don't have to rely on some guy. Besides, 99.9% of the time, guys aren't as good to you as you could be to yourself.

Perhaps more importantly, masturbation helps you become familiar with and appreciate your own bodies. Once you realize the immense pleasure your genitals can bring you, it's a lot easier to stop thinking they are dirty. Christianity would want you to believe your vaginas and clitorises and everything associated with them are dirty. They also want you to drop that attitude once your wedding night rolls around. Well, it doesn't quite work that way.

Imagine this frightful wedding night scenario. Since

you have been such a perfect Christian, you're a virgin to all sexual acts, and you've never had an orgasm. You never touch your genitals except to wash them-and even then you feel guilty. You've certainly never bothered to locate your clitoris. Your husband initiates foreplay, but he doesn't know what the hell he's doing. You can't help him out, because you don't know where your clitoris is or how she likes to be touched. It is the beginning of a stumbling, awkward, unsuccessful night. You took two weeks off of work to have sex-and for what? It'll take him half that time to find your clitoris.

It's easy to prevent this situation. Just masturbate! Even if you do

not wish to engage in sexual activities with another person until you are married, masturbation will help you guide your future man across your rugged terrain.

For those of you who haven't ever had an orgasm and are waiting for a guy to introduce you to the world of orgasmic pleasure, I have one question for you: if you can't enjoy touching yourself, how can you ever expect a guy to get you off? And for those of you who have already achieved orgasms with a partner and feel content the way you are, I urge you to reconsider. Masturbation still has a lot to teach you-and your boyfriend.

via jen

elementary cool

man, i miss elementary school. i don't mean just recess and fun friday and nap time. what i really miss is the simplicity of it all. i think the biggest problem i ever had in elementary school (besides running away from my two older brothers) was getting to first base in kick ball...man i sucked at that game.

but, remember how you never used to care if you looked stupid? it wasn't so much that you didn't care-- you just didn't even notice. that was the greatest thing about elementary school. not the ice cream at lunch, but the confidence we all had.

it was just an unchanging fact: i was always cool. hot pink polka dot spandex shorts, my t-shirt with a knot, 4 slap bracelets, plastic shoes that didn't match and my hair in a side ponytail-

oh man was i cool. i never once questioned it. i never felt like i needed to act a certain way, or talk a certain way, or be anyone other than me. i was just cool exactly the way i was.

when did that change? when did we let it change? was it 7th grade, and one day we just woke up and said, "okay only these kids can be cool"? 6th grade? when did we start to say "hey, you have to do this to be cool"? 5th grade? 4th?

just for one day i'd like to go back to being that kid who didn't care what anyone else thought. Just to have one day when everything didn't have to be so complicated all the time.

via emily

happiness:

bottled, shipped, delivered

Everyone that I know loves to complain. They love to complain about school, about college, about their parents and each other and about America. We drive from our heated two-level suburban homes to school in cars that we didn't have to work to pay for. Yet, you'll never find us tangled in conversations of who leads the happiest life. Our lives are marked by conversations of who has the most homework, who is the most stressed out, who is the most depressed. Maybe the reason behind my generation's constant state of self-pity and pessimism is that in our culture we don't experience any real oppression. There is nothing we have to stand up for, no rights being denied, and no luxuries that we are refused. And the more technologically advanced and "connected" we become, the more isolated we are. We talk on cellphones to faceless friends while ignoring the cashier at the supermarket. We order music, books, electronics, food, gifts, anything we could possibly imagine online without having to talk to another human being, let alone come face-to-face with one. The average American household has more televisions than children, and those children probably spend more hours a week zoned out in front of those TVs than they spend communicating with their family. We don't know the names of our neighbors, perhaps because we spend minimal time outside of our comfortably air-conditioned and heated homes - only the time necessary to mow the lawn or unload our newest purchases from the trunks of our shiny cars.

We are good, obedient consumers, who dealt with our grief following September 11 by listening to George Bush and Colin Powell's advice to buy more than we did before the attacks to show our undaunted American patriotism. During World War II, Americans showed their patriotism by

learning to survive without basic needs such as sugar, gas, rubber, metal appliances and vegetables. Now we struggle through a dark time in our nation by smothering our sorrows with the purchase of electric blankets, blinking cell phone antennae, commemorative plates and bottled fragrances with ironic names like "Happy." Even our emotions are forced and false. We spend more time laughing in unison with the laugh-track to a sitcom plotline that we don't really find funny than we spend actually laughing at the jokes our friends tell. And when our lives lose meaning, we turn to our wallets before we turn to our

family and friends. The market is flooded with items to make living easier, to extend life and not necessarily make it any more enjoyable. Our Prozac-nation pops pills to avoid facing up to what is missing in their life: substance. True satisfaction. Working 9am-5pm, six days a week with the ultimate goal of earning a raise or a bonus or saving up for a 6-week vacation can suck vitality and the energy to live out of any sane person. It is common to accept that materialism is the path to a successful life. It takes a deeper awareness to realize that happiness lies elsewhere.

via victoria



POSTER SUBMISSION: DELUX DESIGN, VERMONT

crazy old advertising hijinks

catalyst: a purely independent magazine, manufactured with no ulterior motives in mind - only the pure intellectual pursuit of humor, subversion, and all of the shiny silver words that come along with them. since the beginning, catalyst has lashed at the foundations of ruthless capitalism, attempted to tear free the mental bonds of consumerism, blasted the media for its endless stream of mind-numbing product pushing. must the executioner now take the blade to his own mortal neck?

issues 01-04 of catalyst rang free of advertisements, save for the anti-ads, mainly courtesy of adbusters.org, which were the antithesis of advertisements - they launched attacks on widely held attitudes about advertising ethics and mindless purchasing. issue 05, however, featured a set of ads for crimethink, a skateboard company. catalyst

stooped to the level of promoting a product within itself, it had become the very enemy it had spent so much time defining and seeking out, it had soiled its idealism and purity with the green-and-silver stain of advertising to sell. catalyst has opened its doors to let itself become a tool of consumerism, rather than being the tool used against it. its rebellious demeanor emits an aura of defiance of the status quo of advertisement, yet the betrayal of its roots is clear - an advertisement in catalyst is a slap in the face of what i, and many others, believed to be its ideology.

crimethink was not a pure, independent group that catalyst desired to praise within its paper walls. crimethink was not a far-off organization that catalyst decided was deserving of an advertisement due to agreement in ideals or methods. instead, crimethink got ad placement

because catalyst's editor is one of crimethink's founders. a splendid conflict of interest - any other ad would have probably been denied, yet crimethink gets the go-ahead because it will directly benefit the editor. this duplicitous form of advertising is the most damaging to the public at large; it is the same kind of monopolistic strategies that are consolidating everything from venues and bands to media and journalists. when one group controls what you see and hear - or only one group has your trust - your mind is bent at their whim, and they can self-promote an overpriced low quality product with no one to answer to but themselves.

crimethink has good boards. crimethink has nice tshirts. catalyst is still a great magazine. all i offer to you is a warning.

via soma

b o o . h i s s . b o o .

note: sometimes people are hip enough to send us mail. this particular one almost sent us straight into nirvana, so we figured we'd print it here for ya.]

young persuasive matt told me today,"want a catalyst?" knowing that dear soma was no longer in the picture i responded with a simple no and left it at that. but persuasive matt told me "take

one, take one!" so i reluctantly stuffed the magazine into the cover of my government book. I tell myself that until soma writes 99.98 per cent of this here magazine, i dont think i am interested. but that blank unappealing cover enticed me so...so i open to the first page. "Farewell to 3", funny, light reminiscent of early soma zaben style, i enjoyed it, though with more of a quiet chuckle, not

laugh-out -loud humor. Victorias & Katorias satirical articles about strawberry milk and emo kids are also good for a laugh, and their quiet criticism is endearing to all conforming non-conformists that read this paper. Soma and Zabens articles are funny and unusual as ever, stories form sleep deprived over achievers cant be wrong. Congrats peter and soma to making a smooth

transition and good luck to editor peter, you gave credit to where it was deserved. Your politico disposition shines through your articles and though i am not always in agreement with you , well said. I think you need to realize and give as well due credit to our united states as much as you may like to bash them. After all, this country has been what allows you to not say the pledge of allegiance, not to avenge, as you say, the united states, and gives you the right to publish your little emo-fag non-conformity little paper for your esoteric little bastard friends. So next time you wish to comment the negativities of our homeland, our united states, get the fuck out...theres no easier or better answer at this point to appease your young, liberal, open mind. One day I know you will be a republican. To alex c-s, nice article, i do like to indulge in my mothers old records at times, however that last line threw me off. Now i have done a few drugs in my day so i know what this last line means. Tune in, turn on, drop out, coined mainly by the doors, oh those beautiful doors, was actually a statement commenting on the use of those oh so euphoric little cubes of sugar. The point of that statement: once you take the drug and get the euphoria, stop using the drug and try to incorporate that euphoria in your daily life. Now alex c-s, i dont think thats what you meant by the last line of your article, unfortunately, it has nothing to do with music. Maybe it was minor, but it makes your credibility drop. so with my basic small, unimportant comments addressed, i wish to work towards my larger concerns. Rosco, your article on David

Blaine initially tickled me, however about three lines into it i realized you didnt know what the fuck you are talking about. I hate to tell you this but , catholicism is a sect of christianity, so if the pope is catholic he is christian, which, by the way, the pope is a catholic figure head, and for being a catholic yourself roscos, this makes you sound real fuckin dumb. I also would prefer that you didnt blatantly say god does not exist. You remind me of one of those little middle school fuckers that decided they wanted to be different by being a supposed "hardcore" atheist little fuck who didnt have any basis for your decision but the idea of being that societal non-conformist. I pity that you cant find god in your life and maybe one day you will realize how stupid you sound. I know your parents made you go to that after school catholic bullshit and its too bad that you are only doing what you do to fit in (but not really)...which brings me to matts article who calls belief in god blind faith...i pity you too. you , also like the 12 year old sentimentality of roscos, go back to that simplistic idea that if you cant see him , he cant exist. Im not a good christian and i know that, but at least my mind is open enough to try to understand the complexity of my higher being, in stead of blatantly denying it, which is , if i may say, rather *close minded* (He forbids that i would use such a word while talking about catalyst mag, the epitome of free speech and open mindedness, only not)...and Courtney, take some heroine, drink some liquor, and eat a bottle of aspirin, and then comment about the idea of suicide, because i am telling you that

slitting your wrists stuff is gay, and also very reminiscent of middle-school-depressed-korn-listening-deep-bullshit-poetry-writing stuff that all you started out as just a mere few years ago. The magazine, and those writing for it as a whole, suck. Most of you are too sheepish to stick to your fucking guns, so you add little disclaimer lines like "im not saying that all..." or "I dont mean that it is definite...". Take that pussy bullshit and shove it up your ass. In your non-conformity you have all forgotten that you are conformists to each other, making peter the ring-leader of you esoterists. Be the way you are , force your stupid opinions on people, tell them thats what is cool, to challenge authority and be open minded. Because I know and you all know subconsciously you are not... you are as for embracing your underground culture as you are against embracing , oh say, the black american pop culture. Open minded my ass, and i know whenever your parents, (who by the way are still happily married or at least get along to make life happy for you , cook your dinner , clean your clothes, help you with your college applications, even decide to come home at night and wipe your ass) tell you not to stay out past twelve thirty you dont, so challenge that authority damnit because as of now you are still a pussy. At least i am comfortable and accepting of all my faults, insecurities and prejudices

via xystusinta

I Hate You

So I understand that the catalyst is an underground mag...I'm not completely clueless...but sometimes I think it buys into stereotypes as much as everyone else. Peter likes to keep saying how america sucks, and why the hell is everyone patriotic and what's the deal with all the flags?...and I understand this...I get that he's a typical rebel who's against the establishment in any form and feels you should be your own person (even though he continues to conform with the rest of the wrestling team - blue hair included), but why does no one realize that sometimes patriotism is ok? Now, don't misunderstand me, I have my problems with the good ol' USA, but I realize the fundamental goodness that

exists. I stand for the pledge, and recite it, because my grandfathers, my father, my mother, my sister, my cousins, felt this country was important enough to give their lives to it. I have a deep respect for those people who put their lives on the line so you can drive in your expensive cars, paid for by your middle class parents, to the punk hangouts in your super-suburbanite town to complain about the government and yell "fuck the man" a lot. And spare me the groans...maybe you're sick of hearing about the military risking their lives every day to protect your way of life, but people keep talking about it because it's true. Does america screw its citizens? Yes. Does america exploit for-

eign situations and people to further its own causes? Yes. Does america have a bad history? Yes. But all of this is beside the point. Stop belittling the heroic actions of people just because a bunch of old men decided that it was a good idea to promote another man's war and put people in dangerous situations. Stop bashing the people in the armed forces because they protect a different way of thinking than what you agree with...oh, wait, I forgot, you hate everyone else for being hypocritical, but it's different with you...you're not two-faced, you're just anti-establishment. Silly me.

via amanda

Editors Note

As editor of catalyst it makes me sad when people take an issue and do not read it...when it is tossed in the trash or carelessly left on a table. All I really want is for people to read what we have to say and to think about it. If they like it then great, and if they get pissed off-even better. Because if they are fuming about what we have said then they obviously have considered our ideas and viewpoints and maybe now they will take action on what they believe. And that is the reason we why started this magazine in the first place. But just a few words in defense...
"So next time you wish to com-

ment the negativities of our homeland, our united states, get the fuck out..." The great thing about the united states is the fact that if we don't like something we have the right to change it. If the free thinkers and people who wished to comment on negativities we kept silent then there wouldn't be a united states to begin with. About crimethink... I did stick some ads for my company in the previous issue. We had empty space. I am part of a skateboard company trying to get off the ground. I didn't really see it as a conflict of interest, just lending support. If others see it as "soiling

the idealism and purity of the magazine" then I won't put any more ads in, we like to listen to the reader here at the catalyst. I just want to thank everyone who has helped in the production of this issue and we hope that you the reader will enjoy it or at least think about what's been said. If you would like to help out or write something or just hit us up visit catalyst at www.thinkfreely.com Even if you hate our guts and want to tell us how bad we suck, me and my conformist blue hair would be glad to hear from you.

via peter

slim!

I'm sure you've all seen it.

a healthy-looking, incredibly happy woman with a radiant smile, offering to you the secrets of the world and an easy way out. juxtaposed next to this vision of loveliness is a unclean, overweight, profoundly melancholy collection of flesh and bones that you are to assume is female as well. underneath a series of bolded letters and exclamation points unravel to you that the path to eternal happiness is out there, and it only costs \$39.99.

thirteen percent of high school girls have vomited, take laxatives, or use diet pills to lose or keep from gaining weight.

"I went from a size 14 to a size 6. I FEEL GREAT!" proclaims slimfast.com's web site, one of the fore-runners of the dieting revolution. They insist that they know you, assure you that they understand how you feel, and present to you the wonderful equation that happiness is the reciprocal of weight. the lower the scale rates you, the higher your peers will!

five to ten percent of all adolescent girls suffer from an eating disorder, including anorexia, bulimia, or a binge eating disorder.

the television and magazines cry out to you that sure, you're OK as you are, but if you want to be grand you must assume a role - and that role begins with being thin. Most mainstream magazines targeted for women and girls refuse to print stories unless there is a picture of an attractive woman who can be placed

within its text-based walls - even in serious situations of abuse and rape. we are well aware of the games the world plays with us, yet our senses are continually under siege by the warlord of The Media, and we are nearly powerless to not have these ideas seep into our minds at one point or another.

Eating disorders have the highest mortality rate of any mental illness, killing six percent of those who have them. twenty percent if it's serious.

eating disorders are an important issue that are only paid lip service by the media, who brushes over them and then returns to hypocritically

sensationalizing the incredibly underweight ubermodels. nothing can be done until we ourself stage a revolt of the mind against these ideas. promoting unhealthy eating patterns and glorifying being thin in even the most subtle ways are damaging to our self-image and encourage us to take the wrong path to happiness- we do this every day without even thinking about it. don't let this destructive rampage continue.

most sufferers of eating disorders are prone to relapses, but with the right support and environment, recovery is possible.

via kay

Mediocre Roll

I suck at physics. I don't know the difference between centrifugal and centripetal force (I also don't know how to spell them), I get my integrals confused with my derivatives, and it took me three months to stop thinking about this video game I used to have with an alien talking about the science of swingsets whenever I heard the term "kinetic energy." So I'm really not surprised that I pulled off an 82 for the last six weeks. But when I went to guidance to get my report card, I was surprised to see the certificate for a free game of bowling...I'd gotten honor roll. Maybe my physics teacher in a moment of blinding compassion had bumped up my grade to a B. No. I still had a C in physics, and I'd made honor roll.

Apparently the school system has created the policy that honor roll is no longer restricted to students with A's and B's in all their classes...we are now rewarded for getting C's in advanced placement classes. If I am "advanced" enough to be taking these

classes, then I should be capable of getting an A or a B. It feels really cheap to me to be on honor roll for doing a mediocre job in a class that if I worked really hard in, I could probably pull off a high B. Sure I'll enjoy my free bowling and pretzels at Ukrops, but that's probably just more time that I won't be spending on studying physics. I guess since the class is weighted, a C is technically a B. I guess if i was in a regular physics class, I would probably be doing better than average, and that's the whole point of APs being weighted to begin with. But the fact is that I have chosen to take (well, forced to take, but that's another article for another issue...) an accelerated course, and I should be able to exceed the expectations of the course, or at least not be rewarded for simply meeting them. But I don't really have that much time to complain, I've got to go head down to AMF, it's time for some tutoring in the momentum of a bowling ball.

via victoria

GIVE ME CONVENIENCE, ~~OR~~ GIVE ME DEATH.

A bright moon on a cloudless night illuminated the parking lot in front of Ken's apartment. 'What a beautiful night,' Ken thought, as he pulled into his space, perfectly centered between the white lines. It was one o' clock in the morning, and Ken Higgins and just gotten off work, and was quite looking forward to lying in his bed, as he had just worked a full shift, and hadn't slept all week. He took a moment to admire the bright night time sky, and then he opened the car door; the dome light switched on. Ken got out and shut the door, watching the light, for he knew it wouldn't turn off immediately. Ken loved his time delay dome light. 'How convenient this is,' he thought to himself, as he walked towards his apartment door, looking over his shoulder at the light. 'Can't let the battery go dead'. He put his key in the door, still looking over his shoulder. Jiggled the key, looking. The door was unlocked, and the light still on, like some beam from the heavens, illuminating a tiny spot of the otherwise dark earth. 'Maybe i didn't close the door all the way,' Ken considered. He re-locked his apartment and walked back to the car. Click-Slam; now the door was definitely closed. Ken admired his time delay dome light. Walking back towards the apartment, eyes on the light, he stopped halfway between the two. The light remained on. Ken stood there. 'It definitely should have turned off by now....shouldn't it?.....how long have i been standing here?....days?...seconds?...', Ken lit a cigarette. 'It'll turn off any second.....now!' it didn't turn off. 'Hell' Ken thought as he pulled smoke into his lungs, holding it there. He walked back to the car, and opened the door again, holding it, and then closing it. He exhaled. The light's radiance was distorted as it diffused with the smoke. 'Dammit,' Ken thought, 'The light was just about to turn off, but now i've gone and reset the time delay mechanism

again...dammit,' but he had to admit, it was pretty convenient.

Ken Higgins pulled another bit of smoke into his lungs, the cherry burned a fierce red. The bright moon illuminated the parking lot, and his car, whose dome light illuminated it's own interior. Ken exhaled. He glanced at his watch: 4am. '...?...How is it 4am? Did I open the door again? Did i reset the mechanism? No...it can't be, i'm still smoking'. Ken looked to the ground and counted: 1...2...3...4.....7 cigarette butts. 'Dammit'. He looked back up; the light was on.

Barbra awoke at 5am and was ready for work at 6. Barbra was Ken Higgins' roommate. She stepped outside and found Ken standing beside his car, staring at the dome light...again. 'That damn fool has been out here all night, every day this week,' she thought to herself. Intrigued by his obsession, she inquired further, "Got class this morning?". He replied, with the voice of a sleepy robot, "yea". He opened the car door again and shut it. Saying no more, Barbra got in her car and shut the door. Her dome light turned off in an instant. 'Sucker,' they thought simultaneously.

Ken arrived at school around 6:45, the rising sun was a beautiful sight, shedding light on an ever growing mound of earth as it climbed higher. Door closed, Ken walked to class with his back to the dome light, giving it no thought, as it's luminescence wasn't noticeable in daylight. As he strolled into class, thick black circles under his eyes, Professor McClellan eyed Ken curiously. He was blunt, "Ya look like shit, Mr Higgins".

After school, Ken went to work, and then back home, arriving around one in the morning. It was still real nice out, almost as beautiful as the night before. Ken reflected on this as he pulled into his space, perfectly centered between the white lines.

via rosco

fair weather friends.

A girl walks down the street in her own little world, on a mediocre day. In passing, she looks over and sees a familiar face. As a hint of recognition sparks in his eyes, it's lost in that same moment, as he keeps walking. That same face that was there for her so many times before. Through thick and thin, good and bad, they were inseparable friends till the end. The times spent on the phone, or passing time away lazily... Those same days taste so bittersweet in the mouth of the present.

As she continues on her walk down the street, now mulling nostalgically over her memories, she passes a girl with red hair. That same girl used to stay at her house in sixth grade. The same girl who was addicted to Big Red, and would sneak cigarettes with her behind her house when her parents were asleep. Once again, a memory in the eyes that was obliterated at the same instant it was conceived.

Now, visibly shaken, our heroine continues on her way, traveling backwards in time to days and moments shared with those once trusted. In her dilemma, she bumps into a boy standing at the curb, and without notice she keeps walking. He remembers her as being the girl that got away. That one love that he'd have given his life for in an instant, yet now has become a perfect stranger. She broke his heart without a care and never looked back to see him pick up his pieces. All at once he hated and loved this girl to no end. Yet he watched her walk away.

And as she kept walking, lost in her own thoughts, she never noticed the out of control

fair weather friends cont'd...

car speeding her way. It happened so fast she never had time to pull her mind from her past. In an instant, she was gone.

At her funeral a week later, few people showed. One boy whom she had trusted and loved and who had the courage to say what others simply choked on, spoke bitterly.

" In life, we make choices. We choose to love ourselves, or give our love to those around us. We choose to create bonds, or to destroy them. We are either selfish people who revel in our own glory, or humble people who give all they can to others without hesitation or want of recogni-

tion. She was not the latter of the two. Rather than give her love to others, forging unbreakable bonds of friendship, she lived for the here and now only to regret the past nostalgically. Instead of working towards helping those that she called "friends" she took what she wanted and discarded people as if they were no longer good enough for her company. I'm sure if she were here now, having been given another chance, she would mend the error of her ways and pledge to us all her commitment to each of us. But, in life, there are no second chances. You receive what you give to others. She was a

fair-weather friend, and she got what she deserved."

And with that, he walked slowly back to his seat in silence. Yet, unbeknownst to all who were in attendance, she was listening from far away, and could hear their voices dripping with malice. She had never realized that it was her fault that friendships fell through on account of her selfishness and greed. In that moment she knew the meaning of life. That you get what you give, and that you should always look both ways when crossing the street.

via smelly

DESTINY, FREE WILL,

CARBON MONOXIDE.

Do we have free will or are we slaves to destiny? That question has been debated by philosophers and theologians for centuries.

Well, I'm here to tell you that it's neither.

I believe we are living machines, just like everything else in the living world. Our daily "decisions" are a result of our biological processes, our environments, and especially our experiences.

Most of you are probably thinking, "Of course I have free will, I make decisions all the time! I spent hours trying to decide whether or not to ask out Sally the other day!" But, in actuality, you didn't have a choice.

As you were trying to "decide," you took into account a lot of things, both consciously and unconsciously. Your brain worked as a machine, examining your past experiences with women in general, your past experiences with Sally specifically, your current life situation, and your opinion of yourself (which is also affected by your genes and your past experiences). If

you asked her out in the end, it was because your neurons led you to the conclusion that you would probably have success-or that success might not be as likely as you would normally hope, but that the risk was worth taking. Evolution also had a lot to do with the "decision" you finally made. It's all about reproductive success. If you went ahead and asked her out, it was not only because you thought it might work out, but because you have (at the risk of sounding too Freudian) the unconscious drive to find a mate. If you didn't ask her out, it was because your unconscious told you that saving yourself the humiliation now might save you a slip in social status and make you more likely to find a mate in the future.

However, this does not, in any way, mean that destiny exists. There is no "plan" for us as human beings. Our environment is an external, non-human factor that can randomly affect the way our lives play out. For example, if it rains on a day I planned to go to the beach, I may stay inside my house instead, and, as a result, die from a car-

bon monoxide leak. The stove in my house that caused the gas leak was also an external, non-human factor that affected my life. There is so much randomness in our universe, right down to the movement of particles, that I don't see any place for destiny. If you're not convinced, I don't blame you. It's impossible to explain the biology behind my argument in a short magazine article. The Moral Animal, by Richard Dawkins, gives a much better and much more detailed account of this deterministic view, and I encourage you to read it if you want to learn more. Many people say that they believe in free will because, without it, they see no reason to live. I believe evolution gave us the illusion of free will so that we would think in this very way. Indeed, those who figured it was worth it to live probably lived longer and left more offspring. I admit that, even though I don't believe in free will, I live my life as if I do have it.

via jen