

TNT Produces Ford Frick Winner

We are honored to reproduce Jake Naismith's award winning piece, which first appeared in the Tacoma News Tribune on April 20, 2004. Naismith has been a staff writer at the Tribune since 1993. Last week, it was announced that his piece, entitled "Simon, a Pervert?" was awarded the Ford Frick Prize for Outstanding Journalism in Sports and Entertainment.

Last February, when Seattle resident Bill Lundergren heard that the original manuscript of Paul Simon's "Fifty Ways to Leave your Lover" was up for auction at Sotheby's, the loyal fan of nearly 40 years knew that he couldn't pass up the opportunity to own the rare piece of pop music nostalgia: "I pretty much knew that I'd spend about \$5,000 on it, but I didn't care. I mean, this is real, American, rock-'n-roll history," announced a beaming Lundergren in an exclusive interview outside the famous auction-house. "Besides," continued Lundergren, "all of the proceeds go to Children of Botswana, which is Paul's charity organization."

But when Lundergren, a 44 year-old biochemist at Immunex, took a closer look at the two-sided, one sheet manuscript, he was shocked to find that there were several "verses" which were not included on the 1971 CBS Records recording. "I sort of had a feeling there were a couple more verses," said Lundergren in a phone interview with EMP rock-historian Fred Sessions last Tuesday. "I mean, he really only mentions, like, six or eight ways to break up... I guess I just wasn't expecting the type of salty language I read in those lost verses... Some of them are pretty damned obnoxious!"

Here are four of Simon's "lost verses" which our editing department has grudgingly allowed me to print:

*Teabag her dad, Brad.
Pretend that you're gay, Ray.
Stop orally pleasin' her, Ebenezer,
And just get away.*

*Contract a penile virus, Cyrus.
Cease wipin' your rim, Jim.
Stop mowin' that rug, Doug,
An' she'll give you the shrug.*

*Piss on the seat, Pete.
Stop goin' to work, Kirk.
Work on that fartin', Martin,
and she'll call you a jerk.*

*Say she needs a butt-lift, Sutcliffe.
Imagine you're dickless, Nicholas.
Come home golden-showered, Howard,
and she'll know you're a coward.*

Simon, who is currently studying West African polyrhythms with François Mfume in Ghana, could not be reached for comment. However, his longtime collaborator, Art Garfunkel, in a phone interview from his Greenwich, Connecticut home, had this to say:

"Paul Simon a pervert? Nooo! You're kidding! I mean, seriously, I've been trying to tell you people about this for thirty freaking years! Remember 'and like a bridge over troubled water?' Paul originally wanted it to be 'I'd like some pics of your troubled daughter.' I'm telling you, the son-of-a-bitch is crazy," explained an obviously flustered Garfunkel. When asked whether Simon's charity work was sincere, Garfunkel expressed mixed views: "Well, of course he makes time for his charity work... when he's not trying to pick up young latin boys down by the schoolyard, the sick freak!"

As for Lundergren, he's not so sure about how to display his \$5,175 trophy: "Well, originally, I was going to frame it and hang it above my fireplace – but Jesus, I've got two small kids at home – I sure as hell don't want them to think this is how normal people break up with their significant others!"

The story only continued to become more bizarre as Lundergren brought the manuscript to his job at Immunex: "Well", he reported, "there's a couple of yellow stains on the document that I wanted to examine under our new, ionic microscope. Not surprisingly, it turned out to be alcohol – probably Jack Daniel's whiskey. You know, as much as I love Paul's music, this has turned out to be a bitter disappointment!"

Chauncey Baines Vanderwoort's Poetry Corner

We are pleased, as always, to present Dr. Vanderwoort's instructional poetry colloquy. Dr. Vanderwoort is professor emeritus in Humanities at Bard College. His writings appear courtesy of Alfred Knopf Publishing and the MacArthur Foundation. He has been on sabbatical in Greece since January.

Dear Students,

Having been two-and-seven fortnights since our previous lesson, I am well pleased to resume my duties as professor-emeritus of all things lyric, iambic, and onomatopoeic. To those of you with whom I enjoyed a continuing correspondence during my Eurasian sojourn, I extend a warm and heartfelt "Good Show!" and "Keep Trying!"

Now then, on with the business at hand: Today, we shall confront and conquer a problem which has plagued us bards for nearly four centuries. In keeping with the fundamental rule of poetry writing, which states that "all good poems must rhyme", and knowing that any worthwhile essay on the human condition will allude to our deepest desires and the jovial, floppy organs which produce them, we must steadfastly seek out those words which rhyme with "scrotum."

Many of you will recall Sir Frederick Rhinegold's historical epic poem on the animalistic, nay, zoomorphic tendencies of Delaware Indian wenches, entitled "May I Poke-a Your Hontas?" in which the celebrated 19th-century wordsmith cleverly rhymed "scrotum" with "totem".

For an example more pertinent to our nascent 21st century, however, we should turn to the work of Skip Flanders. In his 2002 ode to the satisfying activity of seeking out internet pornography, the rakish young Manhattanite found that "modem", while not constructed from identical phonemes as "scrotum", was indeed a suitable match.

But while young Flanders has enjoyed much notoriety among avant-garde circles, you're probably wondering (and rightly so!) how a true modern master – namely myself – has gone about solving the "scrotum problem." Well, as a general rule, I do not reproduce my own verse in this column... for the obvious reason of intellectual theft. However, I shall grudgingly break my own rule and quote a few lines from a work-in-progress which was commissioned by the Federal Alcohol and Gun Safety Advancement Commission, or FAGSAC:

*She produced a pair of pistols
I begged her not to load 'em
But ere could I whistle
I'd twelve holes in my scrotum.*

And with that, dear students, our research is complete. For you may search high and low, east and west, but you will not another "scrotum" rhyme discover. Again, the master has done all of the hard slog for you! No need to thank me!

I'm sure you've found this both an interesting and enlightening activity, and not "so dumb", as my mall-strolling, teenaged daughter has deemed it. Ah, the young! So much is lost on them!

When the harvest moon once again persuades Aegis's briny tears to effervesce, and the time for our next lesson is nigh, I shall demonstrate how one may rhyme "labia" with a part of the world in which the elastic virtues of these inviting flesh-petals have been sadly ignored since the days of Scheherazade. Until then, write often, send scrumptious care packages from the New World, and remember:

*I make fresh rhymes daily.
You burn me? Rarely.*

CBV.

The Short Plays of Mort Hayes

It has long been our opinion here at Parcipitation that the work of relatively unknown playwright Mort Hayes (b. 1957, Arlington, Va.) represents the cutting edge in the burgeoning area of the participatory arts. In this issue, we are proud to finally publish three of Mort's least-known works: "Partially Deaf Gramps" (1988), "The Parakeet" (2003), and "The Promotion" (2001). I interviewed Mort in March at his Los Angeles home, which he shares with his adopted, 15 year-old Korean daughter.

Parcipitation: Mort, it's long been my opinion that, while you're relatively unknown, your work represents the cutting edge in the burgeoning area of the participatory arts. Why do you think you've had such difficulty in getting your work performed or published?

Mort: You need a beer or something?

Parcipitation: No thanks.

Mort: *Kyunsun!?* *Kyunsun! Daddy need beer, honey!* So what was the question?

Parcipitation: Well, I think I said something along the lines of "it's long been my opinion that, while you're relatively unknown, your work represents the cutting edge in the burgeoning area of the participatory arts", and "why do you think you've had such difficulty in getting your work performed or published?"

Mort: Oh yeah. Well, actually it's not meant to be performed. Next question.

Parcipitation: Okay.... Um, the sheer lack of female characters in your work is suspiciously Melvillian. Do you consider yourself a misogynist in any way?

Mort: Shit, no. I'm a feminist, man...hold on... *Now, Kyunsun, now!!* Dammit, man, you know how to say "move your ass" in Korean?

Parcipitation: I'm afraid not.

Mort: Hold on, man, okay? I'll be right back. Christ, I gotta piss like a war-hound!

Parcipitation: Well, while Mort uses the restroom, I'd just like to say that I think this interview is going along quite well. This is my first mini-disc recorder, though, and I really wish I knew where the "pause" button was. Oh well, that's what an editing department is for, right Jeff? Heh Heh. When the moooooon is in the seventh hooouse...I could have brought my dad's DAT machine, but he doesn't like me to borrow his stuff. The guy's kind of a prick, really. I mean, the thing's been sitting in his closet collecting dust since I was in high school. And Jupiteeeeeeer ala-hines with Maaars...He probably doesn't want me to go in his closet and mess with his porn collection. As if I would want to watch "Bukkake Babes 21", or the pitifully-produced, historically inaccurate "Let Them Eat Cock." Then peeeeeeace will gah-hah-hide the planet... Oh, snap, here comes Mort! Ahem.

Mort: Alright, man, you got what you need? I gotta put Kyunsun to bed soon. It's way past her bedtime.

Parcipitation: Sure Mort. Just a few more questions: Can you explain what you meant when you said that your plays are not meant to be performed?

Mort: I never said that.

Parcipitation: Yes...um, you're right. Sorry.

Mort: Yeah, well I see them being acted out at parties, jury deliberations, business meetings, you know, small gatherings... listen, man are we done? Kyunsun needs a diaper change.

Parcipitation: Just one last thing. You told me over the phone that your important, anti-war, pro-humanist piece "The Parakeet" was comparable to Ionesco's "Rhinoceros". Having read your play, which, by the way, I loved...

Mort: Naturally...

Parcipitation: ...I take it the comparison came to you via your main character's struggle to maintain his individual, atheist identity in the midst of overwhelming pressure to conform to the status quo - which in this case is represented by religious fundamentalism on the part of his brothers-in-arms, and also his Iraqi captors, *n'est pas?*

Mort: Nah, man. They just both have animal titles... You bring that suit of Coors Light?

Parcipitation: Sure, Mort. It's in the...

Mort: There's the door. Drive safe.

Partially Deaf Gramps by Mort Hayes

CHARACTERS:

Partially Deaf Gramps

Jeff, his granddaughter's fiancé.

SCENE:

Partially Deaf Gramps is watching TV from his favorite arm-chair. Jeff enters the house.

PDG: Hey, Jeff! How're ya doin', buddy?

Jeff: Hiya, Gramps.

PDG: You bought me some stamps? Well, thanks, Jeff, but I got plenty over there in the bureau!

Jeff: Wow. You really are as deaf as Beethoven.

PDF: Left with your fly open? Ha ha. Well, every man's done that! Join the club! Yep, we've all had a license to sell bratwurst at one time or another! Heh, heh.

Jeff: (shouting) Listen, Gramps! I came to get my stuff! I'm breaking up with your granddaughter!

PDG: Baking up some almond-butter, huh? You know, they sell it down the corner at that hippie-dippy Natural Foods store. Don't care for it much myself – gets my dentures all...

Jeff: Doesn't that hearing aid work at all!? Christ, it's the size of a satellite dish!

PDG: Parasite itch, you say? Well don't get too close. Had me the ringworm back in Korea. Not much fun, kiddo, I can tell ya that. Well, there's some calamine lotion in the...

Jeff: Tell you what, Gramps. Why don't you cut the bullshit, huh? Yeah, that's right. I saw Dr. Coleman down at the Rumpus Room last week. He seems to think the perforated eardrum injury you sustained in Korea has been fully healed since 1956! Hell, I don't blame you for the act you've been putting on all these years...Your wife waited on you hand and foot, and when she died, you forced the same servitude on your granddaughter! Well, I'm sick of it, old man, an' I got the balls to speak the truth an' call a spade a spade, you hear me?! You're not deaf, you're BULLSHIT! You're BULLSHIT, gramps! You're BULLSHIT!!

PDG: (taken aback) Why, you little son of a bitch! How dare you talk to me that way in my own home?! And to think I fought the commies over in Asia to make sure your sass-mouth generation had a pinko-free future! Now you get the hell outta here, see?

Jeff: FINE!!
(Jeff storms out)

PDG: That'll teach him to call me a bolshevik!!

Revisionist State Mottos **by Bob Stevens**

For years, Libertarian presidential candidate, Montana Militia member, flautist, taxidermist, and all-around misanthrope Bob Stevens has been campaigning for a fresh, modern take on state mottos which properly reflects the qualities of our 50 great republics. Writing from his jail cell in Bozeman, Bob regularly sends us an appended list of states and some rather refreshing catch phrases which capture their uniqueness. Thanks, Bob, and good luck on that parole hearing!

Idaho

I wish I'd a ho.

Wyoming

Why the fuck not?

Mississippi

Hello, Mrs. Sippi. Is Mr. Sippi home?

Alaska

Home of Muslim reggae.

Hawaii

Fine, and how art thou?

Utah

You "tah," I'll "tee-tee," and by gum we'll get this rhythm straight!

Illinois

Hip-hop band that covers Chicago songs.

Arkansas

My dog's pas, and my cat's clas are, under current state las, lethal weapons.

Minnesota

Land of 10,000 douche-bags.

New York

And you thought York smelled like piss!

New Jersey

Cal Ripken Jr. never needed one.

Florida

First jerk: Is Florida Florid?
Second jerk: Duh!

Oregon

A many-sided geometric figure that's hairy and smells like patchouli.

Washington

"Hey-hey, ho-ho, the old state motto's got to go!"

Marriage Announcements

Lipschitz – Smallwood

Myra Lipschitz of Woodbridge New Jersey moved to Seattle in the fall of 1998 to study dance at Cornish College. After receiving her MPS degree (Masters of Pole Arts) she took up work at a prestigious downtown studio. It is there at the Lusty Lady where she met Peter Smallwood, a prominent b-movie location scout. The two will wed this Thursday atop the Space Needle.

Earl – Grey

Josephine Earl and Harold Grey plan to tie the knot this Sunday, barring any unforeseen tragedy like was experienced last month. The couple would like to have all their guests see them off to a lifetime of happiness in harmonious matrimony. All guests will be strip-searched at the door of the First Baptist Church. All gifts must come unwrapped and are subject an x-ray machine screening. Again, guests are reminded that no dogs are allowed.

Death Announcements

Wilcox, Thomas (1952 – 2004)

Thomas, the lead grocer at "Jim's Fruit & Ammo Stand" in Puyallup, leaves behind quite a legacy. Mr. Wilcox, father to Kim, Steve, Phillip, Daisy, Dawn, Sue-Ellen, Big John, Little John, and Sue-Jon, husband to Heather Wilcox, and Tammy Wilcox, and Dianne Wilcox, and Doreen Wilcox, passed away last Wednesday while on the job. Thomas' apple and wife a day habit ultimately came back to bite him in the butt when Tammy decided she wanted out of the marriage so she could marry Joseph Wilcox, brother of Thomas Wilcox, et al. Tammy slipped a hand grenade into the apples at Jim's stand. Under hillbilly law, Joseph will assume his brother's estate and his marital commitments.

Earl, Susan (1958 – 2004)

Mother of Josephine Earl, passed away in the most unfortunate of times and ways. While attending the wedding of her daughter, fell victim to attack by a large Doberman-Pincher owned by a wedding guest of the possible soon-to-be in-laws. Whilst falling under the weight of the dog she landed on a box containing a chef's knife kit. The bread knife penetrated her heart killing her within an hour's time. The peering knife only lightly sliced her skin on the top layer just above the sixth rib. While no charges have been filed, Susan, an avid conspiracy theorist noted hours prior to her death that the groom's parents were out to get her. This followed the groom's father barging in on her in the bathroom. After laughing at her appearance, she revised her last will and testament to provide that in the event of a marriage between her daughter of this family all guests would need to strip before a security team to allow for fairness, or at least the appearance thereof while Mr. Don Grey (father of Harold) would require a full and thorough body cavity search to assure humility. We must also note that Don took pictures on a digital camera and added them as inserts to the wedding program flyers. Services were held last week at Somerset Funeral Home.

A Letter Neither To Nor From The Editor:

Dear Sir,

I am compelled to bring to your attention your complete and utter disregard for any sense of conspicuous written word. Your last issue of what you deem a "literary review" I found to be stagnant, riddled with vacancy, and down right passive. You can rationalize the situation all you want, but non-existence of a publication is no excuse. In your failure I see more and more another gleaming bit of evidence that Germans do love David Hasselhoff.

Yours truly,
Bryan

The Short Plays of Mort Hayes No.2

The Parakeet

by Mort Hayes (2003)

Characters:

Captain Bleything, platoon leader.
Sergeant Baines, second in command.
Private Coleman
Ahmed, leader of United Jihadists
Ali, Ahmed's loyal henchman.

Scene:

The three Americans have been captured and await death by firing squad.

Ahmed: Well, captain, your time is now up. I suggest you prepare yourself and your men for the impending doom which awaits you. Ali?! Prepare the firing squad!

Ali: Yes, my friend!

Captain: *(to his two comrades)* Well, fellas, I guess this is it. Just remember – we'll be goin' to a better place. Aint that right, Private Coleman?

Coleman: Yes, sir. Y'see, my Daddy's a charismatic minister back in good-ole Hotlanta, an' I just know we got the glory-a God on our side, Sir!

Captain: Don't I know it, Private. Hell, we got paradise a-waitin' for us. Matter-a-fact, ole Bainsey here might even get himself laid for the first time!

(Captain Bleything and Private Coleman laugh and exchange high-fives)

Baines: Aw, shit. That ain't funny, Captain. Yeah, keep laughin', Coleman! See if I don't—

Ahmed: Whoa! Shut up, OK? Just shut up! You idiotic Americans make me sick to my stomach! How dare you find humor in such a naturally melancholic moment?! Christ Almighty, is everything a god-damned movie to you people?

Captain: Listen, friend...

Ahmed: "Friend?" I'm no friend of yours, Captain. Just for that, I've decided that you will be the first to feel the fiery maelstrom of bullets!

Baines: Coleman, what the hell is a "maelstrom?"

Coleman: Well, Sarge, I think it's kinda like when....um....

Ahmed: And that's another thing! How the hell is it that I, for whom English is a fourth language, am able to speak it so lucidly compared to you three limpicks, huh?

Captain: "Lucidly?" That sounds like faggot-talk. Ain't it Sergeant Baines?

Baines: 'Fraid so, Sir.

Ahmed: Okay, Captain. Your time's up. Say goodbye to your idiotic American friends.

Captain: Alright, alright. *(to his troops)* Well, fellas, it's been an honor to serve with you. Bainsey, keep it real my man.

Baines: I will, Cappy.

Coleman: I just know we'll be seein' ya real soon on the other side, Sir.

Captain: Well, see you later, Alligator.

Ahmed: Oh! A-ha!...A-ha-ha-ha!! Ahhhh-ha-ha-ha!! Ali?! Did you hear what this man said?

Ali: No, my friend, what did he—

Ahmed: He said – Ahhh-ha-ha!! He said, “See you later, Alligator!” A-ha-ha-ha-haaaa!!

Ali: Oh! Ho-ho-ho. Very funny! Ho-ho! Very clever, indeed!

(Ahmed and Ali continue to laugh uncontrollably)

Ahmed: Oh, Captain! Just when I am coming to the conclusion that you Americans are the dumbest, most uncreative people in the world, you use your powers of improvisation, (no doubt inspired by Kenny G. and the other great jazz musicians of your infidel culture), to completely charm me! Well done!!

Captain: Well, jeez, I uh...

Ahmed: Ali, there is no way we can put this genius to death!

Ali: Of course not, my friend.

Ahmed: Tomorrow, Captain, I shall arrange for you to be handed over to the provisional authorities. Your genius *must* live on! Oh! Ha-ha. “See you later, Alli-” HA HA HA!!

Captain: Well, but what about my men, Mr. Ahmed?

Ahmed: THESE SWINE!? Why, they shall face the firing squad! Beginning with Mr. Coleman here, I should think! Unless, of course, he too can impress upon Ali and myself an innate ability to rhyme a species of reptile with a time-dependent prepositional phrase...

Coleman: Oh, OK. How’s about “In a while, Crocodile?”

(Ahmed and Ali burst into hysterical laughter.)

Ali: Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho, my friend!! I’m dying here! I’m absolutely dying of laughter!

Ahmed: Yes, Ali! I too have been put under Mr. Coleman’s hilarious spell! May Allah bless you, Private Coleman, despite your evangelical Christian upbringing! Ah-ha-ha! Your life, like that of your superior, Captain Bleything, shall be most gladly spared!

Captain: Well done, Coleman.

Baines: Uh, Captain?

Coleman: Gee, thanks, Cappy!

Baines: Uh, Captain?

Ahmed: But as for you, Sergeant! You have precisely 30 seconds to match your colleagues’ highly creative, nay, ingenious off-the-cuff musings!

Baines: Um...OK. Uh, just give me a minute...

Ahmed: You don’t have a minute, you miserable infidel pig!

Baines: Ok, ok, I got it! “I’ll *catch* you later, Alligator.”

Ali: I don’t think so.

Ahmed: No, no, no. That rhyme has already been used...Ali?! Have your loyal band of simple-farmers-turned-fanatical-jihadists loaded their weapons?

Ali: Yes, my friend.

Ahmed: Prepare them for the execution of –

Baines: No, wait!! I got it, I got it!! Here goes. “In an hour, dino-sau-er.”

Ali: Hmmm...

Ahmed: No, that doesn’t quite work, does it? The phonemes have been deliberately subjected to a sort of semantic molestation to suit your purposes. Haven’t they, you insolent goat!?

Captain: Well, hell, Mr. Ahmed, I thought it was pretty damn creative!

Ahmed: Oh, pleeeeeease, Captain! I expect much better from you! Ali, begin the sequence!

Ali: Yes, my friend. Ready....Aim....

Baines: No, wait, wait! I got! I got it!

Ahmed: OK, OK. But this is your last chance, Sergeant, you uncreative American swine!

Baines: OK...Here goes. "Til next we meet, parakeet."

Ali: He's reaching.

Ahmed: I don't think so, Sergeant. A parakeet is not a lizard. Ali?! Resume the sequence!

Ali: Yes, my friend! Ready....Aim....

Baines: Wait! Fer cryin' out loud! Don't you people know that birds evolved from lizards?

Ali: Foolishness!

Ahmed: "Evolved?" My people don't believe in evolution! We're Islamic fundamentalists, for the love of Christ!!

Baines: Captain? Coleman? C'mon, you guys! You watch the Discovery Channel, same as me! Help me out, here!

Coleman: Well, actually, Sarge, I don't believe in evolution neither. Y'see, when the God of Abraham commissioned Isaiah—

Baines: Oh, screw you, Coleman!! Captain, get me outta this, man!!

Captain: Shit, Bainsey, I gotta agree with Coleman. On the sixth day, when God created—

Baines: Oh, screw the both of you!!

Ahmed: Ali, resume the sequence!!

Ancient Philosophy & Its Impact On Toilet Etiquette

I think it was Plato who once noted, "Wearing fur is murder, but wearing spandex is just plain inconsiderate." Later in the same dialogue, he proceeded to instruct the masses to be sure to flush the toilet after each use. This he urged all the people-- except in the cases of folks living on farms in Iowa where the old slogan still stands firm: "If it's yellow let it mellow. If it's brown flush it down." I first read Plato on a family vacation to visit my great-grandmother in Iowa. She had been a good friend to Plato. There are some family rumors that she may have even had an extra-marital affair with the philosopher while my great grandpappy was off fighting in the front lines against the Trojans in Nebraska. I've never been able to drink Mellow Yellow soda since that trip.

I recently came to note that quite a number of people today have never heard of this text, nor have they even taken a glance at the works of this great ancient thinker. Unbeknownst to me, this is not required reading in high schools across America, even with the No Child Left Behind initiatives in order.

The reason it's so clear to me is that I have recently noted there is a non-flusher in my office building. I walk into the potty thinking everything is safe: I'll do my business, wash the hands, and leave (seemingly) within the realm of reasonable sanitation. Instead, I walk in to see a pool of yellow liquid festering in the reservoir. This has been going on now for a week. The perp makes no discernment between urinal and full-style sit-down john. He does not swagger in his non-flushing, nor does he discriminate between the different toilet races.

How foolish it is of me to assume we live in a mature and advanced society? We can surely put a man on the moon, but don't expect him to flush the orbital after he goes number one.

To protect my interests, (mainly involving not catching ebola) I now assume that someone gross enough to NOT flush is obviously not going to be washing the hands. So, I figure it's safe to come into direct contact with the faucet as I turn on scalding hot water-- burning away the slightest possibility of contracting the perp's germs. For safety's sake, I am sure to open the door with the same paper towel I use to dry.

Yesterday I posted a sign in the men's room. It reads, "Flush the toilet!" There's a picture of a toilet smack dab in the middle. So far, exit polls indicate a 13% rise in flushing. I'll keep you up to date on the developments as they come. If you know this man, (the non-flusher), please urgently contact local authorities. If you think you may have come into contact with him, or happen to see him on the street, please use caution. Though we cannot determine at this time whether or not the perp is armed, he definitely should be considered dangerous. His actions are a threat to the civilized world. Intelligence agents are working to determine if he is working with or connected to Al-Qaida.

**The Short Plays of Mort Hayes No. 3:
The Promotion
by Mort Hayes (2001)**

Characters:

Barnaby: CEO of Barnaby and Baines

Matt: Mail Room worker at B&B

Phil: V.P. of Direct Marketing

Janice: V.P. of Internet Services

Sheila: Barnaby's secretary

Scene:

The two V.P.s meet with Barnaby at their quarterly meeting.

Phil: ...and while my department's numbers are slightly off the quarterly projection, I'm optimistic—

Barnaby: Oh, I'd say they're a hell of a lot more than "slightly off", Phil! What about those lay-offs we discussed?

Phil: Um, four this quarter, if I remember corr—

Barnaby: FOUR?! I thought we agreed on ten, Phil!

Phil: Yes, but circumstances beyond my—

Barnaby: You've got until June thirtieth to get that goddamned department back in the black, Phil! Christ, direct marketing was our bread and butter two years ago!

Phil: You can count on it, Sir.

Barnaby: Last chance, Phil! (*sighs*) Alright, Janice, please tell me you have better news than this asshole, Phil.

Janice: I certainly do, Sir. The website has met and exceeded its projected sales goal of three-million—

(Intercom beeps)

Barnaby: Yes, Sheila?

Sheila: Matt O'Donell from the mail-room is here. He says you sent for him.

Barnaby: Yes, send him in.

(Matt walks into the boardroom)

Come in, Matt.

Matt: Hi. You want me to go to Starbucks or something?

Barnaby: Ha Ha. No, Matt, have a seat, son. You know Janice Swerski, our V.P. of Internet Services, don't you?

Matt: Um, I think I've seen you walkin' to the rest room a couple-a times.

Janice: Yes. It's nice to meet you, Matt.

Matt: You too, Miss Swerski.

Barnaby: And of course you know Phil Laraby, the V.P. of your department.

Matt: Um...I'm not sure...

Phil: Oh, pish, posh! Why, sure he does, heh heh. Matt's a big part of my crackerjack squad! Right, buddy?

Barnaby: And exactly what is it you do for us here at Barnaby and Baines, son?

Matt: Um, usually I run the Pitney-Bowes letter inserter.

Barnaby: And do you like the work?

Matt: It's OK. I pretty much jog paper, make sure the stamp-moistener has enough water, shoot the shit, er, I mean talk about stuff with the other—

Barnaby: That's fine, Matt, thank you. Phil, Janice, the reason I called Matt to our quarterly meeting is because he told me something very interesting the other day...Well, son, why don't you pitch your idea to my V.P.s?

Matt: Oh, OK. Um, on August 29th, in the third race at Saratoga, my bookie says that the spic jockey kid—

Barnaby: No, Matt. Tell them what you told me on Tuesday – about how we can save money on our bulk mailings.

Matt: Um, OK. Well, I read where the American Heart Association has like, a surplus of 500 million um, refrigerator magnets.

Barnaby: Yes, go on...

Matt: An' um, if they can find a bulk-mailer to include one in each piece of mail, um, it'll decrease the postage costs to Not-For-Profit rates.

Barnaby: And exactly how expensive are those rates, Matt?

Matt: Well, Sir, I figger with a mailing of about a hunnert-thousand pieces, about nine cents a piece.

Barnaby: And tell me, Phil, what do we normally pay for one piece of mail in a one-hundred-thousand-piece marketing project?

Phil: Uh, well, about 27 cents, Sir.

Barnaby: I see. So Matt, you're telling me that all we have to do is include one of these magnets in each of our next five-hundred-million pieces, and we'll save, uh...
(punches calculator)
4.71 million dollars?

Matt: Um, yeah, I guess so.

Barnaby: Well done, Matt!!

Phil: Uh, yes! I taught him well!

Barnaby: Matt, I'm making you special assistant to Phil. How does that sound?

Matt: Uh, great.

Phil: But, Sir, I'm not sure a mere high-school graduate—

Barnaby: Zip it, Phil! We both know you can use the help!
(Pushes button on intercom)
Sheila? Do you have the paperwork I asked you to prepare?

Sheila: I'll bring it right in, Sir. Congratulations, Matt!

Janice: Yes, congratulations, young man. We've been hoping for an injection of new blood in the direct marketing department for a long time. I know you and Phil will accomplish great things.

Matt: Gee, thanks, Miss Swerski.

Janice: Please, call me Janice.

Matt: Uh, sure, Janice.

Barnaby: Phil, I want you and Matt to make this magnet thing your first priority, capish?

Phil: Consider it done!

(Sheila brings in paperwork)

Barnaby: Thanks, Sheila. I'll take it from here.

Sheila: I just wanted to say that all of us secretaries are pulling for you, Matt. We're very proud of your promotion.

Matt: Gee, thanks.

Barnaby: Well, assuming that all of your personal information is up to date...

Matt: Yes, sir.

Barnaby: There's only the matter of settling on a salary. How does \$75,000 a year sound?

Matt: Like, wow, that's great.

Barnaby: And, I'll simply sign and date this to make it official... "Samuel Barnaby, this day, the thirty-first of March—

Matt: Um, actually, yesterday was the thirty-first.

Barnaby: Are you sure, Matt?

Matt: Well, yeah, when you work in the mail-room, you always know what day it is. Today is April first.

Barnaby: Hmm. I believe they call that April Fool's day, don't they, Phil?

Phil: Yes, they do.

Barnaby: Well Matt, April Fool's on you, son! There's no promotion!

Barnaby, Phil, Janice: AHH HA HA!! AHH HA HA!! AHH HA HA!!

Matt: But what about my great idea?

Barnaby: You moron! Those magnets weigh four ounces each! Even with the Not-For-Profit postage, they would have increased our rates quadruple-fold!!

Barnaby, Phil, Janice: AHH HA HA!! AHH HA HA!! AHH HA HA!!

Barnaby: Oh, and Matt, Phil and I would like non-fat double lattes, and what are you having, Janice?

The Park Bench Down On Main Street

There is a park bench at the end of Main Street unlike any other. From first look, it appears to be a standard wooden bench with all the usual amenities. This bench first appeared on a blustery autumn day many years ago. A Mrs. Deborah Highlander, the town witch, donated the bench to the park's department.

Deborah was said to be mourning the loss of her husband Jack, the county sorcerer. Jack disappeared without a trace. The couple spent many an evening on the very corner where the park bench now rests. Perhaps this gift could help bring healing not only to the bereaved widow, but also to the community at large.

Bob, the owner of the general store in town mentioned to me that he'd seen the couple bickering one night. This very night Bob speaks of is the last that anyone has seen Jack.

"It all started when ma' niece walked into mah' shop," Bob re-tells the events of that evening with clarity. "they wuz standin' over by tha' ginger and sage display. Well, Jack plum dropped his jaw wiiiide open." Bob loves to gossip. Bob's General Store sees all kinds. Bob sees it all. "Now, you didn't hear it from me, but I think he had a thing for booties. You know, butts, rumps and the like. Jack was an ass man. Now, like I say, I can't verify it, but Deborah came into the shop a few days later to buy some Kleenex. Jack was gone by this time, an' well, I jist though she was doin' her mourning thing. Anyway, she said right then and there that Jack had gone to another place: a better place at that. She said he'd be free to check out all the butt he could. So, like I said, I can't verify it, but rumor and legend has it that weary passers-by on Main Street can take a rest on old Jack."

Deborah has since given up witchery. She now works as a customer service representative for a major communications company. Rumor has it, she'll be employee of the month for October.

The Dalai Bryan's I.Q. Examination

As you know, my family and I have declared our building to be a sovereign nation. We are, at the moment, an autonomous collective that is also looking into the possibility of either sanctioning a monarchy or a theocracy. I do like the idea of a Theocracy because I could be the Dalai Bryan. The only roadblock we see at this moment, aside from a possible infraction of the USA PATRIOT Act, are the other tenants. While a select few tenants are invited to join our nation, there are some that are not desirable to the collective. While we will not require them to leave the boundaries of our newfound state, we also cannot accept them into the fold without some form of heavy taxation. The state is contemplating accepting really good baklava as payment of tax. We will revert with the final rulings.

The first order of business is to establish relationships with the citizens of the neighboring states. As Emperor and/or Dalai Bryan, I hereby declare that all those within a 250-kilometer radius of the collective must petition to maintain diplomatic relations. Applicants must take an I.Q. test, and display a proficiency of at least something higher than 'dumbass'. In order to reach citizens of our state by telephone, applicants must test higher than the level of 'stupid incompetent moron.' For those who do not understand the level at which a 'Stupid Incompetent Moron' operates, note that the S.I.M. level is just below that of 'dumbass' on the I.Q. scale. Here is a written example of what one S.I.M. might write in an e-mail:

"We acknowledge receipt of your filing for this matter and will revert with acknowledgement upon receipt of filing. Best regards, Dumbass"

Note that this S.I.M. acknowledges receipt of the idiot gene from his parents. A closer look reveals that he is attempting to make people think he is smarter than he really is by signing off as 'Dumbass' when we all can plainly note by the idiocy of the writing that he truly is barely a stupid incompetent moron. He tested in that level, you see, but I think he cheated. If you ask me, he's somewhere in the middle of 'waste of space' on the I.Q. test scale.

Now that we're all square on who is and who is not invited to apply, I'll move onto the details. We are looking for people to be foreign ambassadors to our state. If you are interested, stop by the palace/cathedral with a bit of red wine (please no boxes) and we'll hash out the details.

Long live the Autocracy/Monarchy/Theocracy!!!

Outsourced to Heaven and/or Hell

Furor and tensions mount around the topic of the 2004 presidential elections. Both candidates have clearly stated the stand they are taking on views relating to the issues at hand, which they cannot discuss due to national security. Yesterday, President Bush noted, "We need to create more jobs for people," but fell short of mentioning any stance that might indicate he's actually got a plan of action.

Meanwhile, the Kerry camp claims that they will work to create high-paying jobs here in the states, and NOT send them overseas. Now, although it sounds like he's got some kind of vision at least, I have to take a stand against the Kerry/Edwards campaign here. It is outrageous for them to blatantly dismiss this option. What America needs are *more* jobs shipped overseas. Please hear me out before you start flailing your arms and gathering a troop of monkeys to throw poop.

Under the Bush administration, we've seen countless jobs outsourced to places we can't find on a map. I don't need to tell you the impact that this job loss has on families. "So", you may ask, "why would he want to ship jobs overseas?" The answers are there. First off, little Timmy asks Daddy why he's getting nothing for Christmas this year, and why the last few holiday dinners consisted of ramen noodles and celery (a good source of phosphorus by the way). His father picks him up and points to the town of Srinigar and says, "Riiiiight here. This is where the little bastards are who stole my job and our Christmas." I know the scene is sad, but the boy is learning geography! He's college-bound with in-depth learning like that. Hell, I had to google to find some obscure town with a funny name on a map of India. I didn't know where the place is. For all I know, the map was faulty and Srinigar is actually just south of Indianapolis. I think it can be said that be it a small step, here's one more example of a child who will not be left behind.

company. Rumor has it, she'll be employee of the month for October. My other reason to ship jobs overseas comes from my desire to get that job being shipped away. In fact, you can ship *my* job overseas. "What's that boss? You want to take the job to Italy?" I wouldn't even mind Canada. Basically, if Bush does get re-elected, I'll be the first one in line to have my job shipped away to anywhere... That is, anywhere but within the 'Axis of Evil' counties.

The campaign trail is riddled with twists and turns. Bush's team keeps digging up mounds of dirt on Kerry and his voting record as Senator. They accuse him of waffling on the issues. On one vote he'll authorize funds for Medicare. On a later vote he'll vote against lowering drug costs for seniors. I'm fabricating the voting issues here, mind you, as to keep in synch with the TV ads. So, what the ads fail to mention is that the drug-cost lowering bill had a runner on it that would both decree the Oil Industry tax-exempt and change the national emblem from a bald eagle holding arrows and an olive branch to SpongeBob SquarePants holding a Krabby Patty and a harpoon. John Kerry, how dare you deny senior citizens lower drug costs: shame on you.

A key point in the Kerry camp's de-facing of Bush's moral structure includes a story broken by CBS news about Bush's military

record. It's now come to light that the only documents in existence that might clear Dubya's name may have been in fact forged. I don't blame the guy for not showing up. No one wants to fail a drug test. There is a new development. According to Bush, he was born on July 6, 1946, in New Haven, Connecticut, and he grew up in Midland and Houston, Texas. While we don't deny he's a Texan, because it's obvious, there is now question to the legitimacy of his birth certificate. Forensic experts at a press conference in New Haven stated the certificate appears to have been computer-generated. They cited examples of fonts and characters not available in the 40's. Mainly, the "Wild West" style font that imitates the writing on old signs reading 'saloon.'

After the farce of the November 2000 election indecision, there was question to the legitimacy of George W. Bush as President of the United States. In light of current findings and the birth certificate scandal, there is question to the legitimacy of Dubya as member of the human race. What's worse is that UN inspectors still are not being allowed to do a job mandated by the security council last February. According to an agreement of the major players in the United Nations, inspectors were to go within Dick Cheney to verify his status as alive, dead, or undead. Russian President Vladimir Putin, who himself draws a resemblance to Macaulay Culkin, has questioned if perhaps Dick Cheney indeed passed away and is being played by TV actor Jason Alexander.

While I don't know what the outcome of the election will be, I can rest assured that it's all going to be okay in the end. Especially with Bush because he's on 'God's side' these days. Bush may have said some pretty strange things in the past. It's not too weird though, really, coming from a guy with a nostril full of cocaine. People say funny things when they are on drugs. Now that he's clean and sober, it's nice to know that God's talking to him again. You know, Georgie, it's wonderful to hear that it was not some lunatic Frenchman, intelligence operative, or some whacked out United Nations secretary general or even security council telling you that we needed to invade Iraq. I was so relieved to hear you say that when you decided to invade both Afghanistan and Iraq, it was God who told you that you needed to do it. The next time the two of you sit down for brunch, (or even tea and scones) would you mind asking who his pick is for the World Series? I could use a few extra bucks for Christmas. Little Timmy keeps asking if I can get him a either a real meal, or maybe a house that isn't a storage locker. I thought, it's Christmas and all so I'd like to splurge a little and get both if I can. Anyway, thanks again. Godspeed! (I hear it's the best meth in town!)