

WHY STATES SHOULD NOT EXIST

by David Reed and Rachel Rosenblum, professors emeritus of B.S. at the University of Pangaea (article written on at)

Alabama - it's between Georgia and Mississippi
Alaska - it's Canada
Arizona - it's iced tea
Arkansas - contains the name "Kansas"
California - it's gonna fall off the face of the Earth anyway
Colorado - it's square
Connecticut - it's a suburb
Delaware - "nothing good ever came out of Delaware"
Florida - old people and tourists
Georgia - bomb at Olympics
Hawaii - volcanoes
Idaho - potatoes
Illinois - Chicago should be the state
Indiana - too much basketball

Iowa - this isn't heaven
Kansas - two words: corn fields
Kentucky - bad fried chicken
Louisiana - originally French property
Maine - inspired this list
Maryland - is not
Massachusetts - it's a commonwealth
Michigan - it has a split personality
Minnesota - it has two capitals
Mississippi - too many repeating letters and sounds
Missouri - misery (if you can't think of anything about the state itself, use the name)
Montana - entire school districts with only 6 students
Nebraska - there are too many useless states in this country
Nevada - say it "Ne-vay-da," Missouri
New Hampshire - not a tax in sight
New Jersey - take your pick
New Mexico - named after another country

New York - even New Yorkers don't like New York
North Carolina - see South Carolina
North Dakota - Fargo
Ohio - three vowels to one consonant
Oklahoma - stupid musical
Oregon - inspired stupid computer game
Pennsylvania - Amish
Rhode Island - should be a sovereign nation
South Carolina - see North Carolina
South Dakota - doesn't even have Fargo
Tennessee - moonshine went out a century ago
Texas - drive-thru liquor stores
Utah - polygamy
Vermont - the cows run it
Virginia - Ollie North almost became senator
Washington - it's *not* the capital!!
West Virginia - the war's over, get over it
Wisconsin - all you can think is "cheese"
Wyoming - even the name asks why?

Some Notes on a Non-Movement

by Crawford Blackhill and Lady Victoria

It was, we suppose, during the hours passing along in the drive from a small, distinguished college founded in the year 1813, a fine year, and which we found to be quite chilly for this time of year, although it was Maine so what can one expect, it's as likely as snow in Canada, to a small, distinguished college in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts where we set our home, that our attention turned from the bent and broken husks of winter-tortured trees that glided past our view slowly becoming an undistinguishable blur of something hinting at the sublimely unnatural domus mundi, and to that peculiar movement of fashion and sensibility that has lately arisen in the minds of tormented teenagers commonly referred to as the goth movement. We were troubled by suspicions that unlike the half-remembered movements of decades immemorial and very like the unwitting actions of those for whom the maelstrom of post-modernism heralds the coming of identity, the Elders of this movement were woefully uninformed as to the true and sublimely beautiful nature of the ancestral Gothic mode of exposing the truth of the human soul to the eyes of all willing and able

acolytes.

Scattered throughout the Continent are examples of cathedrals that reach from the base earth into the Heaven that our souls strive to reach while waging holy war against the temptations of our imperfect flesh, seemingly carved from the very living, feeling soul of the bleeding heart of the death-ridden artist who attempted to create a shadow of the Seraphim image that plagued his night-haunted mind; night like the purple sky in the heavy moments before the long-forgotten orb that the ancients once worshipped as a god stretched its washed out rays of glimmering hope heralding a hopeful birth. Moon-lit sepulchres that danced through the hallucinations of our sleep-deprived and starving- clawing and ravenous with unwashed and ragged tatters of mist-like dreams of times in which the conditions were aptly suited to destabilize the already precarious mental state of the Gothic novelists- sanity, which cried out for the fuel that it desperately craved in a voice that barely gasped above a burning whisper.

Gothic novels, or rather the bulk of the tormented lot that withdrew grandiose and

hell-glimpsed fragments of vision-scapes of uncorruptable stone given form by undo hands that sculpted the very fragments of the hysterical mania that wrenched the very foundations of those Heaven reaching monuments made from the soul-wrenching experience of the blessed whip made from the hands of Our Father, peel away charnel stones of godless psyche revealing the dismal depths to which our most hidden and abysmal longings for the untouchable soul of those who remain beyond our reach or which find themselves outside of our meager vision.

Goths do not know the meaning of Gothic, nor the history surrounding it.

Too much excess in the bowels of immoderate prose written by those for whom life has lost the glistening shimmer of spectacular formless shapes bleeding faultlessly from feverish dreams of that long-forgotten inarticulate voice that calls out to the domus mundi in a voice of unspeakable anguish and angel trumpeted joy that rebounds off the gilded walls of the golden gated palace of inequities that calls forth in shadowed joy for the end of an era that suffered its death in the age of the Gothic. •