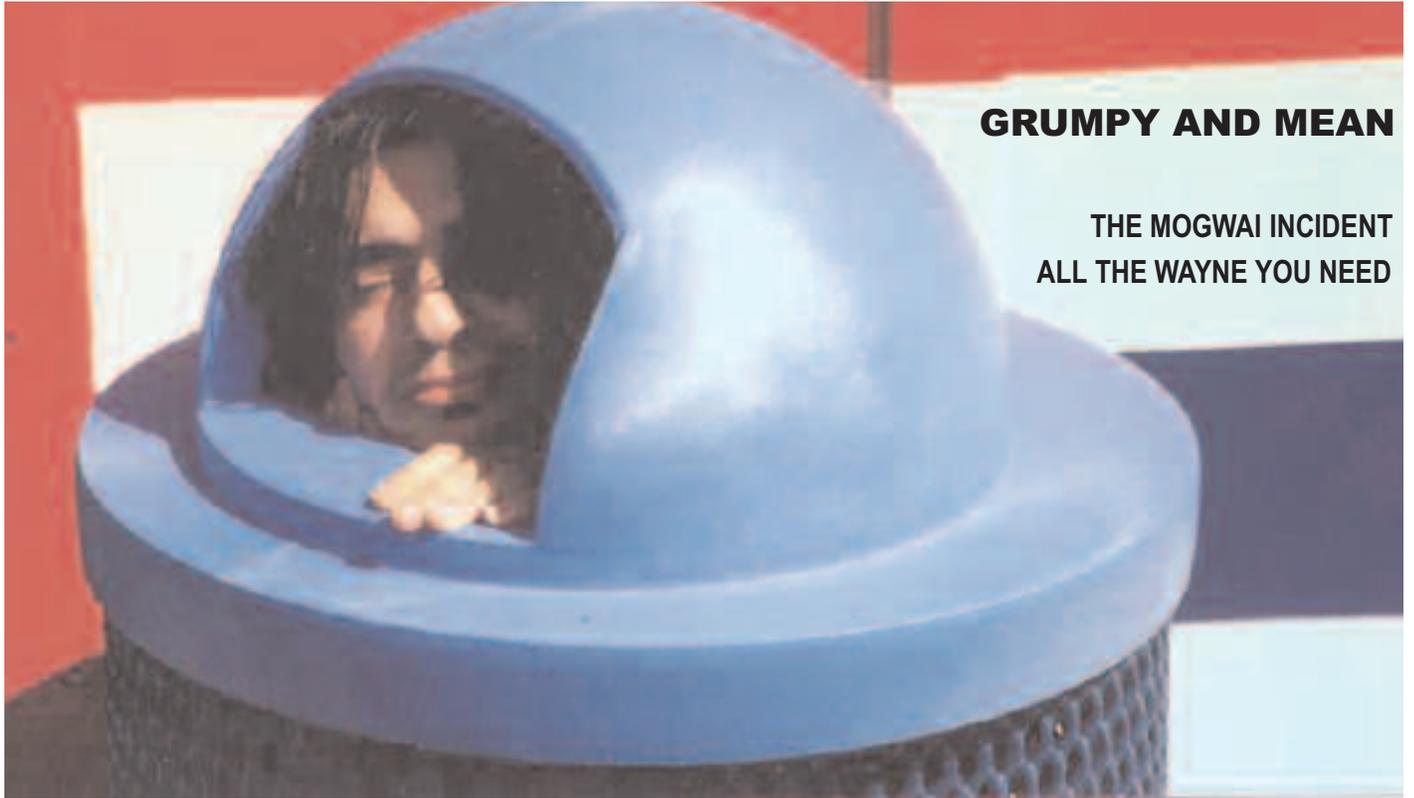
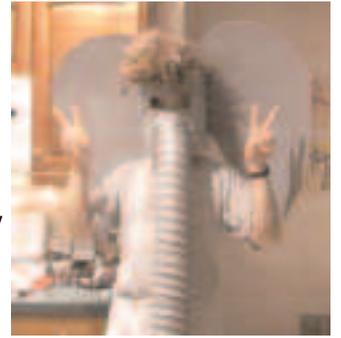




THIS MEGAZINE



GRUMPY AND MEAN

THE MOGWAI INCIDENT
ALL THE WAYNE YOU NEED



WELCOME VOTERS OF ALL AGES.

We have to stop President Bush. Stop him from perpetuating his insane ideals of marriage. Marriage is not a valid concept. There is no way that 2 people can remain together for the rest of their lives, after seeing each other naked, on the toilet, throwing up after keg parties, bathing in sweat, mowing lawns, attending pta meetings, singing in church and getting rectal exams, the thought of one more minute with that curse of a partner is TOO MUCH TO TAKE!

Our parents knew it and so did their parents before us. They dealt with it by mixing it up during the sexual experimentation decade of the 70's. Our parents dealt with it by hiding in the back of their minivans with the paperboy or babysitter. We dealt with it by surfing the Internet for phonecam pictures of a face we haven't seen before.

And yet many of us have had babies, and they've already started to grow up into children. Is it too late to abandon ship, trade the offspring in and join the peace pipe corps? Separate like the amoebas that so many years before gave life to the bacteria that grew in the toothbrush cup? No it's not too late. But still we cling to our impossible ideals of companionship and fidelity. Well it's 2004, we have higher then high fidelity, but the music's not getting any better.

The current craze isn't space music from another planet, it's a rehash of the eighties. The youngest generation of kids is going back in time when they should be going forward in time, experimenting with math, and testing flexible fabrics of fashion. Yes, it's true. We have turned into grumps.

My editor made me go back in time and read the very first printout of this megazine. In it I had professed some sort of charter that decreed that the purpose of this megazine was not to complain about everything that was wrong with our pitiful lives, but rather to keep track of everyone that we had met in college so we could stay in touch and share the toenail clippings of our lives.

Then along came Wal-Mart. They do a much better job of keeping track of our every move and purchase, so much so that we gave up the original decree of This Megazine and went commercial. We printed up t-shirts. We setup a website.

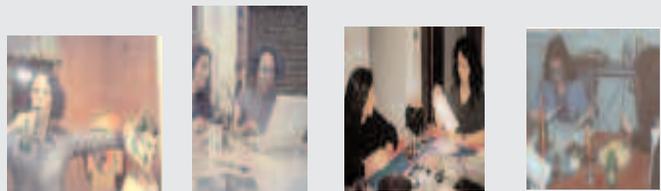
We invested in pyramid schemes and stole slim jims and bought beer underage. Alas, none of that made much difference.

So we gave up. We reseated to the couch of our lives, content to live out the rest of our lifetime prison sentence married to someone who looked good the one night that we got drunk. We lied to ourselves and said that we were happy. We shopped. We ate. We drank. We did the same things our neighbors did. We traded houses, redecorating our lives and faces, painting happy faces on our withered elephant skin, even as our trunks dragged on the pavement.

Every day we went door to door, and no one complained when we came back with empty halloween bags. We consumed turkeys raised in unclean conditions, risked death by cooking them in a heated contraption we kept in the house that pumped lethal gas through a pipe and burned into a box of metal. All for the concept of the almighty family.

Some people are fighting back. Well, at least they're fighting with each other. It's a start. And with your contribution we can all fight with everyone else. Yes, you knew this was going to turn into a request for money. Doesn't everything? I kindly remind you to recall the fact that we are not trying to get rich, we just need your money to continue the ever increasing postage rates and printing costs (since we've all quit our jobs where we had unfettered access to high speed copy machines). We need your money to build up a war chest of propaganda, and join the FOX television network in destroying the concept of marriage.

Won't you please dip into your wallet (when your spouse is not looking, of course) and donate a dollar to This Megazine. None of your contribution is tax deductible. Heck it's not even worth keeping track of. It's just a dollar. Long live PBS!!!
- WAZ



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T H I S M E G A Z I N E

GRUMPY AND MEAN



february 2004
issue 21

Pissed off haiku

October rain, you
Suck. I am so freakin' cold,
My nose is running.

Damn dog. She wipes her
Mouth on my pants every time
She takes a drink. Gross.

I'm hungry. No food
In the fridge; well, at least not
Anything I want.

Shut the hell up, cat!
You've been fed, and I've pet you.
Get over it, please.

Not so pissed off anymore:
Pepitas; lick the
Salt off my lips, burn my tongue.
Mmmm - Do it again.

*Sarah Koehl - A friend of animals every-
where, but, like everyone, she needs a
vacation from reality.*

how do you like me now?

turning down the afternoon til it slept lightly, in creeping drags of late sun-warmed air, i
felt the distinct and eggless urge to become another thing.

the tiny piece of something white spied at me out of the corner of its white eye. it want-
ed to be me! I considered and imagined and delayed until, finally, Schmidty happened
along and sniffed it. he looked at me and low and behold,
the white fleck was on his cat nose.

he licked once, twice and there it disappeared into
Schmidty's bored mouth, and no doubt onto other trans-
forming parts. missed my chance. Schmidty continued to
gaze my way for quite some time and i considered longly
what becoming HIM might be like.

A bit of a belch seemed to grow deep in Schmidty's belly.
I watched as the noise made it's way upward and eventu-
ally out. The wet catastrophe caused quite a fright in it's tenant, and Schmidty went rac-
ing off up the stairs to regroup and nap. Paper towel poised hovering over my cat's sick,
something white winked at me.



fotofone

*by sara pulver - haunted by voices of wayne, she lies in her bed doing crossword puzzles of
dust, while a creepy sailor stares at her through the television.*

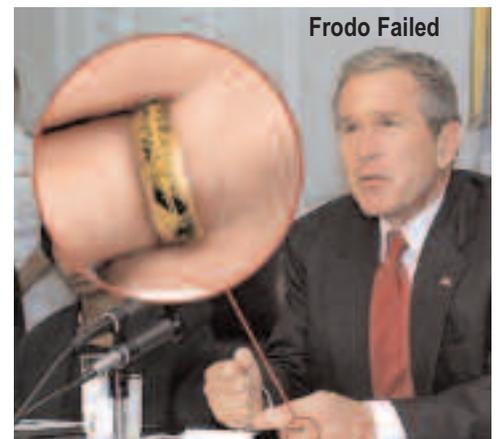
Dr. Jaro,

I have found him at last. I followed your suggested course of action and observed the entrance of the palmist's. Our interesting Mr. Tanabe, it seems, is the palmist's most frequent customer, and once I had seen the door shut behind him, I hurried to the basement apartment where my assistant had already begun recording the transaction. It was a simple exchange. His cash loosened her tongue, which proceeded to wag with rambling drama until, as if the very clock on the wall controlled her mouth, a half hour had passed. When she had grown silent he left her with not even so much as a "good day, miss."

Here is the information you seek.
Mr. Tanabe will out live us all
His period of indecision is at an end
His lust for knowledge is limitless and well founded. We at the bureau have no
doubt he will succeed.
As his decisions are grounded in matters of the heart he will defeat you.

I beseech you, old friend, give up your quest.

Signed,
B
by Rees Shad



Chris Panny

we watch tv

Diddy Runs The City

This Past year I found out just how much I love my homedaddy P Diddy, this deep disdain due to a total lack of talent has blossomed into the kind of love some would tag Illegal! Maybe Talent just keeps you from doing what you are supposed to do anyhow and that is sucking.

Diddy produced an incredible piece of nonsense called "Makin the Band", the show chronicled Diddy throwing a band together ala American SuperIdol. He began by auditioning any number of numbnuts seeking their BlingBling. He then stuck said numbnuts in some fancy ass apartment and filmed them going at each others throats. Hilarity ensued. Oh ,how the kids fought. Diddy did very little to quell the situation, in fact one day he decided to make them walk from Manhattan to Brooklyn just to buy a piece of cheesecake. This is why I love him so! Add insult to injury. Tough Love! The Hamptons!

He makes these kids work for their Wrap careers. Oh Diddy why must you punish thee? I could use some of this tough love, I think we all could.

I most enjoyed Diddy in the studio (smarter than you think, wise like owl) producing. He was concerned in one episode because he had given away one of his great production secrets: Doubling The Vocals. I love Show business and I love secrets. This scene rocks. Now said numbnuts are known as Da Band, they have an album out and yes it blows.

Next Thing ya know he returns with "Diddy Runs the City", I love entertainment, television kicks my ass, again. I find Diddy so watchable, Why? How retarded am I? Yes.

Anyhow Diddy makes plans to Run the NYC marathon and raise 1 million dollars for NYC public Schools. They film every training session and ice bath as he readys himself for the race. So much brilliant drama. I'm hooked. Diddy cramps up on race day but pulls it off raising 2 million dollars. Diddy yer so important. I love you. Keep on Dancin.

Sean Curley - former frontman of the amazing rock band "Wallmen", Sean currently resides in Seattle selling paintings of luxury on velvet.

Where Has Pop Culture Taken Us?

I had a very emotional moment with a Lifetime Movie tonight. In the movie, a little boy was kidnapped by his biological father (like most Lifetime movies) then returned to the mother five years later. Upon returning the child was withdrawn, angry, troubled, dangerous, and hateful towards the mother. In the last five minutes, of course, the mother and child had a made-for-TV heart to heart moment where they reconnected. The child poured his heart out to his mom, listing all the terrible things his father did to him. And then came the moment that made me start crying--- "and there were no kids to play with my age." Fuck. When the kid said that I just broke down. Of all things, after seeing this movie my thoughts turned toward Michael Jackson. Saying I'm obsessed with following the very public

train wreck of his career would be putting it mildly. I saw the original documentary. Dateline. 20/20. His story. His family's story. I am close to purchasing a ticket so I can go out and see Neverland Ranch myself!

The most controversial statement Michael Jackson made was about sleeping in bed with children. Creepy? Yes. At least to the average American citizen. In his own defense, Jackson talks of the innocence and unconditional love of children, and he feels there is nothing wrong with sharing a bed and sharing a peaceful activity like sleeping.

In one way, I do see Jackson's point. Being an adult sucks. I am so fucking jaded, road worn, unimaginative, and hopeless sometimes. I honestly feel like I truly cannot depend on or trust a single living person. And I'm not even worth a billion dollars. I think any of us could imagine what kind of friends a billion dollars would attract.

There is a certain logic in Michael Jackson hanging out with children. I didn't have the manipulative self-serving mind I have now when I was the age of 10.

The difference between Michael Jackson and Jeremy Gloff is that I know I have no choice but to play by society's rules. Like most adults, when I go to sleep sometimes I wake up with a boner. And that's not cool if there's a kid in my bed. That would be fucking weird. Maybe Michael Jackson really DOESN'T wake up with a boner like the rest of



Here let me show you, this is how they do it in Bangkok

us, and that's just too difficult for us to grasp or understand. I was almost convinced he's a child molester, but if he truly isn't, I do offer him respect for trying to fight a battle for purity and innocence. And for choosing to surround himself with purity and innocence.

I was at the club last night and it was 80s night. When "Beat It" came on the dance floor got packed. It was almost a spiritual moment. Everyone went crazy. It makes me wonder what's really going on. Why are people really disgusted with Michael Jackson? Is it because he really does want twelve year old dick? Or is it because his analysis of adulthood is dead right, and it scares the shit out of us?

I wish I had some kids my own age to play with tonight. But I've been in a bad mood all night. I looked online for someone to connect with. But the pickings were pretty bleak. I miss Sam Alimo knocking on my door and dragging me out to the softball field to make fun of me and make me realize what a crappy athlete I am. And always will be. Maybe I'm more mature than Michael Jackson, because I interact with people my own age level. Of course, most of my interaction is gossiping, complaining, or self promoting. If by hanging out with children innocently this is what Michael Jackson is avoiding, then he's my hero.

by Jeremy Gloff

- Jeremy is a self published musician, honored by the state of Florida, for his unique blend of candy covered pop angst and whipped cream.



saggy buns

fotofone

What Are the Odds?

Walter pushes back from the table.
 "Gotta roll."

Deirdre smiles at her son over the morning's newspaper. He grabs his jacket and attaché as Deirdre scans obituaries going over a mental list of friends. Her stomach knots tighter with each name crossed off as dead.

As Walter's car pulls out of the drive she gets up to clear the breakfast dishes.

Later, perched over the computer, Deirdre plays round after round of Internet backgammon. Several opponents come and go before the familiar screen name MasterDoubler32 appears. A flush runs up her aged cheeks that would embarrass. But she is alone and will be until Walter returns from this evening's date.

MasterDoubler32 starts chatting immediately.

"Lunch as planned?"

Deirdre hesitates.

"You bet," she types.

The museum is a good idea. She has arrived early and stationed herself behind one of the rotunda's great pillars just in case a quick retreat is in order. She peeks around for the sign he has promised to carry. When at last she spots "MasterDoubler32" she is startled. He has been on the other side of her pillar for who knows how long.

Overcome with disgust, embarrassment and remorse, Deirdre sneaks out the nearest exit and trots out onto the sidewalk as quickly as her old legs will allow. Gritting her teeth, flushing uncontrollably she marches across the boulevard.

As Walter leaves he is embarrassed for having been such a fool. He crushes a piece of cardboard into a garbage can and crosses the intersection without noticing the ambulance pulling away.

Rees Shad - Purveyor of music, none of which I've heard.

W
e
g
e
t
o
i
d

How it feels

I wake up
 get dressed
 wash my face.
 Trip over a toy,
 fall on my face
 and get on with it.

Guess what,
 You tiddly winks,
 I'm not dead yet.
 I still dance around
 like a madwoman.
 Just because
 you're too embarrassed
 to see me dance in public
 Doesn't mean
 That I won't do it.

What do I WANT?
 Nothing,
 Just like yesterday -
 nothing,
 Only hope for
 more fun tomorrow.
 Its only 8am
 but I get through the day.

What is there to do?
 Lots and loads.
 Everything.
 But all I want to do
 is dance
 and make you feel
 uncomfortable.

Andrea - Still crabby, after all these years.



enerds and penerts by mike f.



Still alive. here's
 2 plums at the
 1978' world cup
 final stadium,
 singing the
 above ever-
 hopeful Scotland
 78 world cup
 song
 T
 Goooooooooooooaa
 aaaaaaaaaaaaaall-
 lllllllllllllllllll-
 laaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

we have kids

Wise guys

Mike (While playing video game): I hate this part as much as I hate bologna. 5/5/01

Jon: I don't know how it feels when you are gone. When the sun blows up or you die- 9/22/02

Jon: I'm like Noah cuz I potty talk and I don't like cannolis. 10/4/02

Jon: Dad, when you're done drinking and I'm done chewing, let's play tackle. 11/13/02

Jon: Why do you die when you get too old? 1/3/03

Jon: Mom, this is the 1st time it's ever been 2003. 1/13/03

Jon: If you have a girl Xatu, you can get more Natus. 1/19/03

Jon: I only have nightmares. Except for the dream about raining pearls. 2/27/03

Michael: The Theory Of Life=You have to hang around until you get used to it. 4/2/03

Jon: Everyone has a middle finger. 4/8/03

Jon: If you have a good life and you die, you go to heaven. And if you have a bad life and you die, you go under a grave. 4/14/03

Jon: It's (the pizza) so hot that the cheese is following the pepperoni. 4/17/03

Jon: Mike, after we have a big fight or something, we always have a lot of fun. 5/18/03

Mike: I always thought of 4th grade as the beginning of getting old. 6/25/03

Michael's rules about friends:

If a friend lasts a year, they will like you forever. If a friend gets a new friend within one week of you being their friend, they won't be your friend anymore. However, if they get a friend that is your friend as well it means they will still be your friend.

If you have a school project where you have a partner for a year, you may become friends with them. However if you already did not like them you probably won't.

One tip for making friends: Usually you will become friends if you help them. September 2003

Mike: when I drink out of those creepy (Halloween) cups, I feel like a crazy person drinking out the brain juice.. 9/30/03

Jon: Whoever invented swear words must be crazy. 10/03

Jon (very sincerely): Today I belched like Barney (Simpsons). 10/20/03

Mike: Usually if a song is really good, you have to make a really bad video. 1/7/04

Me: Do you still like the taste of your thumb? **Mike**: If you touch a dandelion or shove it in your ear, it doesn't taste good.

Mike: The worst thing: Being sucked up into an infinite vortex of doom. Jan 2004

my thoughts exactly

Why the hell is there only one monopolies commission in the UK? And another thing, what the hell is flubber meant to do? *Barry - constantly asking questions. Jeez.*



fotofone

GRAY

Gray is the wolf strong and bold,
It is also the color of hair when you get old.
A dolphin in the water, a rain cloud much higher,
Deadly smoke in a fire.
Smooth stones and rocks,
Cages shaped like a box.
Gray feels smooth, but up in the sky, really up high,
Looks like the cloud is going to cry.

By Noah Rankin - Writes poetry better than I do.



Hopewell

Until one is committed there is always hesitancy, the chance to draw back, always ineffectiveness. Concerning all acts of initiative and creation, there is one elementary truth, ignorance of which kills countless ideas and splendid plans: the moment one definitively commits oneself, then providence moves, too. All sorts of things occur to help that would never have occurred. A whole stream of events issues from the decision, raising material assistance which no man could have dreamed would come his way. Whatever you can do, or dream that you can do, begin it. Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it. - Goethe

Rap Wars

Oi Dirty Bastard- This man definitely wins the award for "most abstract". He is Raps' Jackson Pollack. He may have lost his talent now that he is off of drugs. Lets hope not. Not unlike being beaten up by a 70s soul singer while high on Nyquil. I give him 5 stars.

Chingy- Enough with the Chingy already, Dumb name. No star.

Fifty Cent- Not even fifty cent Canadian. This guy blows . I bet he is good at killin people, cause his "wrap" bites. .50 stars

Outkast- Finally something good. Rap has waited a long time for talent, this is it. Andre wears pink and green golf outfits, Ice Cold. Nuff said. Lets hope they stay on Drugs (see talent). 6 stars

Eminem- Does Dave still like him? I have been heavily taxed, yes, I am cleaning out my closet.

Wayne Coyne- I know he will rap this year, he has to. Madonna told him to. I will count stars as he wraps.

Madonna- She rapped, we laughed, I enjoyed it. 1 star.

Sean Paul- That dancehall shit gives me shingles. Fuck Springbreak. Pud Mangler at best. No Star.

Kool Keith- Anal space prophet, who knows. Future Hero. I am so confused, its abstract and I dig it. This may be one of raps finest. Raps' only visionary. 6 stars

JayZ- Sellin Heineken to the brother man aint cool. He is retired now so we don't have to worry. Allowed Benonce to shake her ass. Hard Knock Life deserves 1 Star.

MC Hammer- Being dumb should cost you money. No Star. OK 2 stars for the "Sinbad style" pants.

Tupac- Dead but still rapping. I liked his axcting. 3 Stars (he is dead)

Missy Elliot- Good Videos, Old School Stylee. A Backwards Chorus. No you havent done it. Yes a backwards chorus, all hail the backward chorus. 5 stars

Public Enemy- Raps' finest. Laurel and Hardy. They hit us hard with the foil and the best rap production to date. Big Clocks. Flav. 5 stars.

Beastie Boys- Arent they Jews? Professor Griff told me that Jews are responsible for the wickedness in the world. Star of David

Snoop Dog- A friend with weed . 5 stars

Lil Kim- Ho, Ho, Ho it aint Xmas bitch, where's my money?

Porn Star Nelly- They make bandaids for black people Y'know. You sang that dumbass song in yer head as much as i did, yes that does mean its good. 2 stars herre.

Biggie- Biggie Fries, Biggie Shake. Not sure. Supposedly he was good, They said the same of that douchebag Jeff Buckley. Both Dead now. 2 stars (for my diddy)

Fabulous- Dont wear those bigass earrings when you have bigass Dumbo ears, Big Ears to hear your shitty rap with. No Star

Sean Curley - still in Seattle, still selling art to old rich bastards.



Katie



Mark



Tom

Manic Identity

ride the fateful roller-coaster
diving into hell
it overtakes my deluded mind
like a child lost in a maze
panic
anguish

tremors stir my soul
leaving me in turmoil
lost in a thick fog
depression is like breath
mania
rapture

breathing it's life into my soul
over my being
into my soul
like a raging sea
relentless
fierce

upheaval shatters the mind
splintering each shard
remnants of wellness long gone
broken
scattered
Kate - getting better all the time

So I went and...
You did what?..
Well you would think that...
At what point did I infer that?..
What I meant was...
But...

All I'm saying is...
So I went and...
You did what?..
Well you would think that...
At what point did I infer that?..
What I meant was...
But...

All I'm saying is...
Well, it...
At what point did I say...
You said...
Right and...
So I went and...
You did what?..
Well you would think that...
At what point did I infer that?..
What I meant was...
But...

All I'm saying is...
So I went and...
squid - feeling very jellyfishish



enerds and penerds by jon f.

we lose our friends

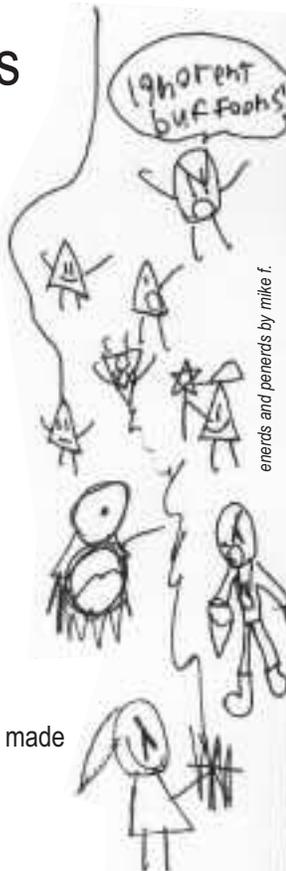
<http://www.likeucare.org/likeucare/answeringmachine/message.html>

we lose our minds

http://www.rathergood.com/moon_song/
contributed by Tomi

Friends

There once was a little girl
who laughed behind her hands
and sat alone
on the floor in the attic
like there was a real mystery there
like the moon actually slept there
or something
the girl went to the drug store
and bought a large amount of candy
mary janes and laffy taffy
charleston chews and milk duds
too much
for one little girl
and when she returned to her attic
and sat on the floor
she was struck by the sound the wind made
on the roof so close by
and forgot all about her bag of candy
until the wind ceased to blow
and then she ate all her milk duds
and later threw them up in the slanted corner.
There is nothing like distraction.
Sara



enerdis and pencils by mike f.

Identity in the Sky

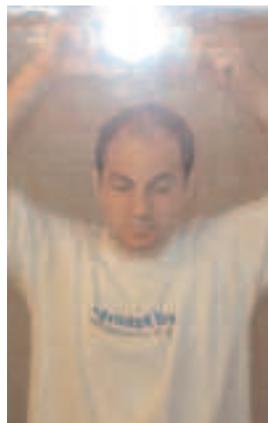
The day had come. I was in my truck, heading towards my new property. The sun was just sinking, and the sky was spectacular. Crimson. The color stretched the whole circumference of the sky. All my life I dreamed of having my own land. I took it all in. The cashiers check beside me, the sunset, every nuance. As I took the last big bend, there in the clouds, were three doves. I was breathless. I instantly thought of my parents and a love I lost in a motorcycle accident, Vulture. Their pride and spirit joined me on that last bend. I pulled in the drive, just as the sun was disappearing. I had a glimpse of the beauty my family and friends would share every evening. I jumped down and made a mental picture of how I would do the gardens and plant some trees. Maybe a pond someday. All the joys of my life came rushing through my body. The doves had guided me to this place. A place where I now have begun to fill in the pictures. To this day I see the doves in the sky. Usually when joy is in my heart. I found a place where I can be myself totally. Here I have found genuine friends, security, happiness, piece of mind, and finally my IDENTITY
Kate



*Fotofone sighting
Rare shot of the Mogwai
Incident -
The only proof we have
of what happened that
night in Cleveland.*

Rant

Mostly I try to pretend none of it is happening. Because in a way nothing really is happening. To me. To them. Everyone thinks this is what everyone, anyone would want. And I'm not going to try and get rid of everything because there is discomfort involved. The alternative would just be a different type of discomfort. But can you get out of this one? When so many people put a personal stake in you. When you become their source of hope. When they need you to be a certain sort of person for them. When they need you to fulfill something. They will give you a certain type of love. But only if you pay them back with what they want. If perhaps you should have a human bone, forget it you are screwed. The hate flows as quickly as the (to me, cheap) love.



Mike J

Well and everyone says how strong I am because I tell it like it is but I have no choice. I am out of control with that. Oh but if I could be the person people wanted me to be, I would be. But never, never will that happen.

I've been watching tv too. The old 80s bands from the days I loved music, reuniting. Back then the posing was really wonderful. I love that state. When people are just it. When people can just be so audacious to make such jackasses of themselves in public. And it's cool. But these

shows have been so touching. It's so sad how everyone ages. For me. It is bizarre how scarred these people were by going through their success. People who were friends from childhood on had to get away from each other after these success experiences to never speak for 15, 20 years. And they are not lame people. These people were so vulnerable to the hideousness of their breakups. And curious and eager to see each other again. Yet very wary, "well if the other guy will do it but I bet he won't". God. Is that success?

Is it a success that you can't keep your friends because they want too much from you or because they think you've got it all and have no need of them? Why can I accept you and your strange beliefs but you can't accept the things happening to me? Have we just become too old to have the energy to accept each other's realities? Or are we just unable to accept our own?

Mary Gavazzi - for more rant:

<http://www.netsync.net/users/fridmann/mgf/mgfrants.html>



This Magazine
PO Box 632
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Safe to use around pets and children, although it is not recommended that either be permitted to drink from toilet

