

## North Campus Unveils Taco Bell Tower

For the past four years, denizens and sojourners to University of Michigan's North Campus have expressed two major concerns: lack of restaurants and the fact that the Lurie Bell Tower is a big waste of money. Now, with the unveiling of the new "Taco Bell Tower," both problems have been ameliorated.

"We thought we'd try to fix two problems at the same time," commented director of North Campus affairs Jennifer Logan. "We persuaded the Taco Bell to move from its closed location on Central Campus up to North. We hoped this would provide the bookish engineers, freaky art students, and way too intense music majors with a late night hangout and substandard nourishment. Also, by renting space in the Lurie Bell Tower, we can actually make some revenue off of that tall, rigid, column. These funds can be directed toward worthwhile endeavors, like building a boat



Ahh! My Retainer!

out of cement, tricking more than nine people in going to the Slide Rule Ball, or getting a computer science major laid, nonvirtually."

Logan sees the Taco Bell Tower as the first step in a vast North Campus revitalization process. "We are hoping that the success of this new TB will

show others the vast opportunity for expansion into a new demographic," continued Logan. "Plans are already slated for a G. G. Brownie Store, a Media Union Play, and the opening of a new bookstore, Pierpont Common Knowledge."

Although the idea has been widely extolled, many are resistant to the change. "If people are given the option of multiple eateries, what else will they expect?" asked sociologist Andrew Miller. "North Campus is a well-oiled world where there is no choice—no choice in what classes to take, no choice on where to eat, and no choice

of social venues for weekend fun. It is *this* rigorous lack of choice that hones its students to focus on the academic tasks at hand. It's what makes our College of Engineering one of the top five

See TACO BELL  
page 6

## Theologians Discover Lost "Girls & Trucks" Chapter of New Testament

Jubilant Hicks Declare "Thar are a God after all, I reckon"

**THE VATICAN, ROME** — During renovations on the ancient library of sacred books in the basement of St. Peter's Cathedral last week, Vatican officials stumbled upon several sheaves of aged parchment covered with precise columns of hand-lettered Ancient Greek and Aramaic, as well as large, glossy pictures of customized 4x4 pickups with buxom, scantily clad women draped seductively over hoods and bumpers.

"For centuries we had assumed that 'The Gospel According to Girls & Trucks' was only a myth," said Cardinal Vittorio Pattatucci, "But God hath delivered yet another glorious miracle unto his faithful. And let me tell you, this isn't another one of those lame 'water to wine, bread to fish, fish to fish-sticks' miracles. Once you take a look at the new chapter, you'll see why there's a new Holy Trinity in town: Girls & Trucks." The Cardinal then demonstrated his suggested redesign of the "sign of the cross," miming a sudden manual gearshift with



Thou Shalt Not... um... what was I talking about?

one hand, and giving the international gesture for "huge gazongas" with the other. "Some of these are so big they may spill over into Luke and John," he acknowledged admiringly.

Rumors of the existence of "The Gospel According to Girls & Trucks" date back to St. Augustine, who included obsessive references to "That brunette next to the black Chevy with a racing stripe on page 163" in

his subversive 427 AD treatise, "Why Christ Approves of Me, Saint Augustine, Visiting Hookers." Because of the Church's active repression of this counter-productive work (Vatican officials claim Augustine had been "overdoing it on the Communion wine"), most religious leaders denied the existence of the mysterious manuscript for 500 years, until St. Francis again raised the issue in chapter Five of *The Writings of St. Francis*. When lost in the great forest of Assisi in 1222, Francis lamented, "O Lord, merciful and just, I pray thee deliver me from adversity, rescue me from danger. Most

helpful would be an oversize Toyota with a V8 and traction control. Also, a smooth, artificially tanned and augmented young woman would serve me in good stead. I like blondes especially, O Lord." Still, almost no one expected that the lost book would actually be uncovered, let alone in

See GIRLS & TRUCKS  
page 6

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE



Nation's  
Dyslexics Prepare  
for RAW



Game of  
Telephone Tag  
Ends with  
Skinned Knee,  
Bed Times



Four More  
Felines Found  
Dead in Xerox,  
Copycat Killer  
Still At Large



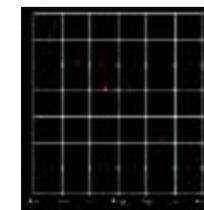
Who Wants to be  
a Millionaire?  
Not Bill Gates



Despite Market  
Lows, Glow-  
In-The-Dark  
American Flag  
T-Shirt Stocks  
Reach All-Time  
High



The Fall's Hottest  
Diseases  
See page 7



Slinky Stock  
Drops!  
See page 2

## New Starbucks in Cava Java Announced

Citing increasing demand for coffee and record growth, Starbucks Coffee International announced plans for a fourth Starbucks in the Ann Arbor area. This will be the third new Starbucks constructed on campus within the last two years.

Experts cite a steady rise in campus pretentiousness as reason for the continued expansion. "Oh yeah definitely," stated pseudo-alternative Cava Java regular Ernesto Franco. "Three years ago if you talk about the latest Mamet play or the newest form of Afro-Cuban jazz you heard you were considered of the highest pedigree. But now, if you mention the word Zeitgeist and genuinely do enjoy listening to Juan Williams on NPR, you're nothing more than a bohemian. The elite looks for a newer, more exclusive place to hang out. Expansion is exponential."

"It's ridiculous!" said freshman Moyra Darsen. "Last week I went to drop a bouquet at my grandmoth-



**We have a picture so you know it must be real**

er's burial plot, and the bastards had dug her up and installed an espresso bar in her place."

"What can I tell you? Wolverines like coffee. Go blue!" said director of marketing Alan Tretcher. The new location of the Starbucks, within the South University Cava Java, has surprised some people. "There aren't any places in Ann Arbor where there already isn't a Starbucks. The only choices we had were in a men's room at Michigan Stadium, atop a large floating dirigible, or at the back of Cava Java."

"Yeah it's a little weird to be working here since there's a Starbuck in our store, but I don't think we have anything to worry about," said two-year Cava Java Store Manager Tom Maley. "I mean if people have to choose between a small thousand-dollar mom

**See STARBUCKS  
page 6**

## Japan Goes Wild Over Birth Birth Revolution

*Dance Dance Revolution Spin-off Makes Arcades Trips Even More Awkward*

**TOKYO, JAPAN**—The island nation of Japan is caught up in yet another video-game craze; this time it's Konami's new *Birth Birth Revolution* game making the preteens scream and the businessmen slightly nod in agreement, as they quickly scurry to their jobs or large televisions broadcasting the Seattle Mariners.

*Birth Birth Revolution*, or *BBR* to those in the know, is a spin-off of the previous Konami success *Dance Dance Revolution*, a megahit in Japan and somewhat popular in the US with people who like to pretend they are at nightclubs but without the possibility of human interaction, sex, or alcohol.

*BBR* differs from its predecessor in its complexity; instead of merely having to step on four different footpads, players are hooked up to various electrodes, intravenous medicines and must simultaneously breathe, flex pelvic muscles, go completely insane, and berate their fictional husband "Shawn" for "doing this to me, you bastard," his apparent lack of cleanliness, and that "god-dammed penis."

While some Konami executives were concerned that the complexity of the game would put off potential players, the disgusting overtones more than compensated for any potential negatives. "It's a well known fact that the weirder something is, the better it will succeed in Japan," said business school Professor Jamel Young, an expert in Far East marketing. "I mean, have you *seen* their cartoons? I didn't know mutant rabbits were allowed to do that to people. *Even in jail!*"

*BBR* certainly meets any and all definitions of "disgusting," especially with the expensive amniotic-fluid add-on. But the colorful characters that are actually birthed are also a major drawing point, as they range

from Hello Kitty to Anime heroes to the entire A-Team, van included.

The varied characters attract the younger demographic. "I give the birth birth to my Hello Kitty," said Shinoki Kenazai, a supple 13-year-old. "Tee hee! I so do love-yes the various product Sanrios. I hope to decant Keropi into my arms of love in the next try! Hooray! Giggle!"

As the grunting and frequent leg splaying of the younger demographic in turn attracts the pervert demographic, an important economic component of any large industrialized nation, Konami figures to have another mega-hit on its hands, literally rolling in profit. Still, they caution that the aforementioned rolling is not necessarily all it's cracked up to be.

"Sometimes when you roll around in [the piles of money] they get stuck in various bits of you," said an anonymous executive. "They've got holes, so it can be an unpleasant experience. Really. I guess that's the price you pay for being able to buy and sell small countries. By the way, for lunch I'd like two Gambia's and a chocolate Malta."

The success of *BBR* has virtually guaranteed a spate of sequels, some of which are already in the planning stages. Konami hopes to come out with *Caesarian Mix* in the spring, followed closely by *Illegitimate Mix* next fall and *Sumo Triplet Agony Mix* in the spring of 2003.

However, despite *BBR*'s massive popularity, the fickle nature of Japanese culture will soon push it out the door. The *BBR* fad is expected to last a full two weeks—eons by Japanese standards—before the new Pokemon games are released, at which point the Japanese will resume the national pastime of showing twelve-year olds their pocket monsters.

## On Campus

### Newly Renamed Band "Supertramp 2" Still Can't Believe "Supertramp" Was Taken

**ANN ARBOR, MI**—Local alternative rock group Supertramp 2 is still in disbelief following the news that their old name, Supertramp, had already been taken by another rock group some 25 years earlier.

"This blows," said Supertramp 2 front man Alex Day. "I just can't believe this. We used that name for almost a year, and had no idea. Of all the names out there, we had to go pick the name of some band that enjoyed a mild amount of popularity and fame long before we existed. This totally changes the direction of the band."

The group reportedly learned of the problem following drummer Mark Hest's Yahoo! search of "'supertramp'+ 'band' + 'shows'". "There were a couple of pages saying that Supertramp was playing somewhere in Atlanta that night, so I started freaking out, cause you can't make Atlanta from here in eight hours, and even if you could, I was supposed to pick up my brother at 3:00. Everything turned out okay though...except for the name thing."

Hest's primary concern now is that fans looking for Supertramp 2 will have trouble finding them. "There were like 600 people at that Atlanta show," said Hest. "You know at least 400 or so of them thought they were going to see us."

"And it's not just about our fan base being confused," added Day. "This is gonna be expensive. Do you have any idea how much it costs to reprint posters and T-shirts with a new name?"

Day later amended his statement, changing "reprint" to "have my girlfriend make," "posters" to "crude black and white flyers," and "T-shirts" to "a bass drum head decorated with markers."

### Sorority Hopefuls Rush into Tiger Pit

*Hungry Carnivore Sees Them as "Just Another Piece of Meat"*

**ANN ARBOR, MI**—Innocent but obnoxious sorority Fall activities turned to tragedy last week when a group of sorority pledges inadvertently "rushed" directly into a tiger pit mysteriously built outside the house of Phi Phi Tau. There was no other joke to be reported.

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# In the News

## Look Behind You, There's a Bear

ANN ARBOR, MI—Early reports from news wire services around the country indicate that there is a large, very hungry bear standing approximately 6 feet behind you. Sources are unclear as to whether the bear plans on eating you straight out; toying with you by “just asking for a nibble;” or systematically debunking your own personal concept of the afterlife, whatever it may be, before fastening his terrifying jaws into your flesh.

“In my 40 years of studying the habits of North American bears in their natural habitat, and wherever you happen to be while reading this, I’ve never seen anything like this,” said Richard Milligan, curator of the Loose and Hungry Bear Society of America. “Let’s be optimistic. I don’t want to say that you’re necessarily ‘done for,’ but I wouldn’t say you’re ‘not done for.’ I also wouldn’t say that it’s ‘not gonna hurt like hell,’ or that you won’t ‘wish you hadn’t rubbed sweet, fresh butter all over your body for no good reason this morning.’ Let me put it another way: the only thing standing between you and being mortally wounded by a ferocious bear is nothing. That’s all there is to it. That, and incredible pain.”

Others however, disagree with Milligan’s assessment of the situation. Stuart Rosenblum, of the Anti-Impending-Bear-Attack-Defamation League, frequently debunks unsubstantiated bear attacks around the Midwest. “The fact of the matter is that bears are not necessarily aggressive in the way—HOLY SHIT! It really is behind you! And look at his eyes! His eyes! Filled with hate! No compassion, no *soul!* Those claws—those razor sharp teeth! Oh lord, lord, lord, lord, lord, lord, lord, who delivereth us from adversity and bears, do not forsake me now! Run, man, RUN!”

Even with the iron-clad, well-corroborated proof of the vicious 700 pound monster directly behind you, you’ll probably continue reading this paper as you normally would, chuckling your all-too-short life away, heedless of the immediate and deadly threat looming over your shoulder. So just keep reading, pilgrim, and keep laughing. Keep laughing all the way to the stomach of a huge bear.

## Slinky Sales Fall, Step by Step

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA—Slinky Toys, manufacturer of the Slinky toy, announced today a bouncing drop in revenue that has taken its toll in the past few months. The company’s investors have complained that Slinky Toys is not doing enough to maintain profits.

“It seems to us,” said major shareholder Tony Cobbins, “that Slinky Toys is just letting their market share walk itself steadily downward all on its own. And unless they counter this downward inertia, it’s just going to flop all the way to the bottom.”

The Slinky, invented in 1945, is one of history’s best-selling toys. Its popularity has generated a large number of spin-offs, including the Plastic Slinky, Slinky Brand Intrauterine Birth Control Devices, rapper Slink Doggy-Dogg (not to be confused with his Mattel-sponsored rival, Nerf Diddy), and the short-lived pioneer style house building toys known as Slinken Logs.

Slinky CEO Bob Rollins held a press conference to speak on the Slinky’s disappointing revenue.

“Now that we’ve untangled some bureaucratic problems we’ll bounce back,” Rollins reassured investors, “no matter how far you stretch us.”

“It’s just a volatile market right now,” Rollins continued. “Personal airplane sales are flying high, while sales figures for knife companies have stabbed sharply downward. Balloons stocks are still inflated, submarine shares continue to plummet, and dreidle values keep spinning and spinning around, bringing Hannukah joy to Jewish children around the world.”

## Woman On TV Guide Channel Seems to Like Everything

WASHINGTON, D.C.— Scientists at the National Institute of Health have completed groundbreaking work on That Woman On The TV Guide Channel Who Likes Everything, confirming yesterday that they are at a loss to find something, anything at all, that she does not give her full approval.

The TV Guide woman, coded as “Susan Etheridge,” first came to the attention of the nation’s medical personnel when she gave seventeen thumbs up to each of three movies, all of which terrible, but for completely different reasons: *A.I.*, airing on Showtime at 8:00, *Battlefield: Earth*, airing on HBO at 6:30, and *They Took My Daughter: The Shiela Ryan Story: A Trial Of A Woman's Battles: Showing Our Strength*, airing on Lifetime whenever “The Golden Girls” isn’t.

Scientists say that the chances of a human tolerating even one of these movies is astronomically low. “These are possibly some of the worst movies to come along in the past ten years,” said Thon Tsai of NIH. “They were all universally panned by critics, movie-



**I express my feminist convictions through my cleavage**

goers, dyslexic chimps, and semi-intelligent cheeses. For one person to watch all these movies and not die from a brain hemorrhage is less likely than a meteor full of Harvard-educated Jell-O smashing into Reginald Vel Johnson [fat guy from Urkel’s old show]. While Mr. Johnson is a somewhat portly fellow, that’s still a rather unlikely event.”

For Etheridge to actually give each of these movies not one, not two, not ten, but seventeen thumbs up was a major event in the history of science. She was immediately tranquilized, caged, and brought to Washington, D.C. to undergo extensive testing, as scientists scrambled desperately to find something she didn’t think was “super,” “terrific,” or “mind-numbingly orgasmic.”

However, after months of horrific experiments indescribable in a family newspaper that never, ever uses the word “fuck,” like this one, NIH threw up their col-

See TV GUIDE  
page 6

## VH1's Behind the Music: The Doors: The Movie: Making of: Behind the Music To air on VH1 Tonight

VH1 plans to air the first episode of its latest foray into the realm of rockumentary tonight with *Behind the Music: The Doors: The Movie: The Making of: Behind the Music*. The show gives an in-depth insider’s look at music used in the episode that documented the music that gave an in-depth insider’s look at the making of the movie, *The Doors*, which itself was an in-depth insider’s look at the band, directed by Oliver Stone.

“Wait, what the hell is this interview for?” asked Val Kilmer the actor who originally played Jim Morrison in the movie as he tried reaching his agent on a cell phone. “It’s for a the behind the making of,” retorted Peter Jackson, the actor who portrayed Val Kilmer in the in the behind the scenes show. “Duh,” added Micheal Andrews, the man who portrayed Jackson portraying Kilmer in the behind the music of the behind the scenes show.

“This is just the latest step music channels such as VH1 and MTV are taking to cheaply produce programming based upon already produced programs to thus avoid playing ‘music’ that people realize they could just listen to away from the TV while actually “doing stuff,” commented some nameless hot 17 year old before being signed to a record contract and being spotted with Carson Daly just moments later.

Cyndi McLaure, a spokesperson for Viacom, parent

company to both MTV and VH1, disagrees. “We’re not trying to avoid music programming, we’re just trying to ease the intellectual burden of music videos. Videos



today are much more sophisticated than those of 15 years ago. I mean look at this one video! It’s so hard to understand! Is Nelly married to that bikini-clad chick, or the one who’s air-humping the cobra? For that matter, is that even a cobra or just a nearly identical species? Is Jamiroquai moonwalking? Is the ground moving? If “money ain’t a thing” why are several clearly more visually pleasing individuals associating with a lead character bears a strong resemblance to Scrappy Doo?” By explaining to the viewer takes place in the video for a half-hour special before hand, more likely

than not they’ll figure out what Britney Spears is making an overwhelming political statement about tort reform when she sucks on a lollipop in a tight miniskirt.”

Plans are already underway to develop *Behind the Music: The Doors: The Movie: Making of: Behind the Music* into a feature length film. For a behind the scenes look at the making of *Behind the Music: The Doors: The Movie: Making of: Behind the Music*, tune into *Behind the Music: The Doors: The Movie: Making of: Behind the Music: The Making of* next Thursday on E!

## Letters to the Editor

All of the following letters are real. If you see your letter printed here and would like a bumper sticker, please stop by the UAC office and pick one up. Have something you want to say or ask? Email us at [threeweeks.letters@umich.edu](mailto:threeweeks.letters@umich.edu).

Subject: Fwd: undeliverable mail  
Date: Wed, 19 Sep 2001 07:35:53  
From: Javier Bobo <[bitchbang2000@yahoo.com](mailto:bitchbang2000@yahoo.com)>

You guys are a bunch of L-O-S-E-R-S. HA HA. You write the worst sack of parody editorials in the nation. The E3W's writing staff is consistently among the dung of the earth. you dorkazoids needs to recognize the fact that nobody gives a shit about your feeble attempts to make yourselves "alternative" or "cool" because when your writers suck donkey d%#\$ as bad as they do, you can't be cool, ya dig?

*You'd think someone with such elegance and thoughtful commentary wouldn't hide the veil of anonymity. Judging by your email address though, there are either 1999 bitchbangs that came before you or you need to update for the current year.*

—Ed.

Subject: Brilliance  
Date: Tue, 4 Sep 2001 20:45:28 EDT  
From: LuckyTheo@aol.com

My high school academic team was recently invited to the University of Michigan to compete in the National Academic

Competition. While there, we ran into the Every Three Weekly, which I took home with me. It's brilliant. It's freaking hilarious. You are freaking incredible.

*Well thank you for the kind words, Theo. Now go home and make sure Rudy and Cockroach aren't bugging Denise.*

—Ed.

Subject: whores  
Date: Fri, 07 Sep 2001 16:03:14  
From: Laura Sloan <[lasloan@umich.edu](mailto:lasloan@umich.edu)>

Thank you soooooo much for publishing that wonderful article about Mariah Carey being a whore, finally somebody has acknowledged the problem, now it's just a matter of putting a stop to it! Her whoreness has influenced not only the freshman sluts that seem to swarm about the front of Mary Markely, but also 99.9% of the sorostitutes that seem to look like Mariah more and more each day. Soon we'll see them attending mass meetings worshipping the "queen of whores." We might as well call this Mariah Carey university, but then again Michigan State has the honor of having that title.

*Kudos for backing up your postulations on "sorostitutes" with statistical analysis. Sadly, however, the Spartans no long own the title to which you're referring. Hulk Hogan was able to win it outright after he tag teamed with Rowdy Roddy Piper at Summer Slam over a decade ago.*

—Ed.

Subject: Satire Study  
Date: Sat, 15 Sep 2001 23:47:16  
From: Ben Lever <[blever\\_us@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:blever_us@yahoo.co.uk)>

Dear Sir or Madam:

I am currently undertaking a piece of investigative study at the University of Bristol. My study divulges into an appreciation of satire as a social subculture. The media obviously plays a pivotal role in the information of modern day satire and its' dissemination in the public sphere. I am thus very keen to uncover some of the processes by which satirical publications operate. I would be extremely appreciative if you or one of your colleagues could provide me with a short informal interview either in person or via telephone or Internet. The purpose of this would be to aid me with my understanding of the ways in which satire operates. I look forward to future contact with you by this means or through any other help you can provide me with.

*Wow. First E3W is used as a learning tool in a Comm class, now we're being asked to provide the process by which we create. I feel like we're going to be on Inside the Actor's Studio...*

—Ed.

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## If She's Turned on by 30-Year-Old Men, Then I Shall Pretend to be 171

By John Anderson

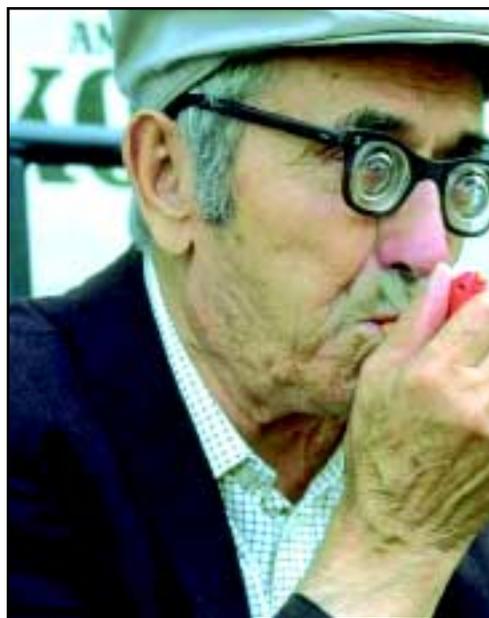
Ladies and gentlemen, once again it is I, John Anderson, here to regale you with another tale of sorrowful woe. First off, please excuse the redundancy; I realize that most tales of "woe," are in fact of a sorrowful nature. Indeed, I've been privy to only three tales of joyous woe in my twenty-two years, and all were fashioned shortly after the nasal consumption of a most heinous yellow powder. But alas, no yellow powder, purple unction, or pink smokable can now provide me with solace. My love hath been stolen by a charlatan, aged thirty.

Yes the news came as a great shock. I confess my first inclination to being that the infatuation was with the age itself. But fair Renee had never shown a particular affinity for dining at Arby's or spending time at company softball picnics. She even despised the adventures of Jack Tripper and his gaggle of three compatriots. I could therefore come to only one conclusion: her fondness is not for the age, but for the aged. Thus as of today, I, John J. Anderson, declare myself to be 171.

It shall be a difficult road to extreme seniordom, but a fulfilling one. The tran-

sition has already allowed me to switch from the normal form of speech to the style in which I share this tale. I also hope to take great joy in celebrating the 149 consecutive birthdays required to make my resolution official. All of you my friends are invited, but be warned. I expect many gifts. A cotton gin, war bonds, two beta cassette players, a robotic dog, and souvenirs from when the aliens attacked (the first time) are at the top of my list.

Next to assure my place among the elderly, I will develop the habits of the post thirty-year-old man. "Get off my damn lawn," I shall proclaim as I peruse the latest reports on my 401K and complain



**This man is old.**

about my rheumatism. "A penny saved is a penny earned." I will wear sweaters, rock in chairs, and vote in elections! Yes! As I cook each oatmeal dinner, her infatuation with me will ever blossom!

I will then endeavor to physically age myself. If Renee enjoys the ravaged body, peeling skin, and receding hairline of a thirty year old man. I expect she'll be further titillated by my slightly more worn appearance. She will gaze upon my jaundiced skin, with-

ered limbs, and glazed expression while longing to kiss my chapped lips, and be held in my atrophied arms. The animal magnetism, which holds us together, shall know no bounds, and my love no longer unrequited. For soon, I shall hold 171 keys to Renee's heart.

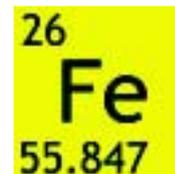
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# How to Write Bad Poetry: *The English 223 Style Guide*

One of the major misconceptions that holds back beginning creative writing students is the idea that their work must be good. This article will guide you, step-by-step and complete with example verse, through the process of effortlessly writing a bad poem that will be instantly recognizable as a classic, by virtue of the fact that you will attach John Milton's name to it.

**Step One** Choose a depressing topic. Overgeneralizing is a bad policy, but no good work of art in the History of Time has ever been happy. If you're inclined to disbelieve, reflect on the fact that Shakespeare's greatest masterpiece is widely considered to be *Hamlet*, and not his more upbeat *The Three Stooges Meet Hercules*.

**Step Two** Spend two weeks in a darkened room without contact to the outside world. Left to yourself, you will rapidly go completely out of your mind, and all of the best poets are insane. Take the lead singer from Weezer, for example: Weezer. Or Vincent van Gogh. He was insane. He was also a painter. The point is, if all of this makes sense to you, then you're on the right track. Keep in mind that during this time you may be tempted to spread ketchup, mustard and pickle relish all over your body and try to sell yourself to hungry students for a dollar fifty on the corner of North University and

State Street. Do not do this. I hate pickle relish. Use onions instead.

**Step Three** Remember that a poem is only good if it is completely incomprehensible. If the reader can figure out what you are talking about, they will realize that you are a moronic hack, and this will not do. The simplest way to accomplish total incoherence is to have no theme to your poem. If you must write about something, though, use lofty imagery to describe a banal theme, such as the indefinite article, "a." (More experienced bad poets may also choose "an.") This will ensure that the reader senses some deep meaning to your poem, which you could not actually supply if you were trying.

**Step Four** Use a source of random, senseless data, like a *Michigan Daily* editorial, to rearrange the lines in one of your stanzas. It is very likely that at this point, your poem still contains some mangled



"And so the the Rabbi says the Bartender..."

form of consistency. But consistency is your worst enemy. This step will force your reader to play a game of verbal pick-up sticks so mind-boggling that, after reading your poem, were you to actually give him or her the game pick-up sticks, they would probably try to get it published in "The New Yorker."

**Step Five** Add an inappropriate line from an '80s hair rock song. The masters of the English language: Shakespeare, Byron, Milton? Wrong. Bon Jovi, Axl Rose, and Sylvia Plath (who composed most of Ted Nugent's early lyrics). These are the true *Wordmeisters*. Your work will never match theirs, so give up trying and just plagiarize them. For the greatest effect, use a line that has no relevance to your poem, and place it at the very end. This will make the reader think there is some overarching theme to the work, further obscuring the meaninglessness of the poem's body.

Now, let's see the results when we put all of this together:

## Death Darkens My Now Darkened Soul

by John Milton

Sweet wombat breath tearing my liver.  
I try to swim through the cold, dark salami sandwich  
But will I find anything but bitter repose?  
N-o.

"Crabcakes," I say, "Are meaningless."  
I ask her. She replies,  
"So order the soup."  
"I am alone." I say.  
"Except for you and all these other people."  
"I think I will have the crabcakes."

Did you know that Van Gogh ate no lettuce?  
'Cause nothin' lasts forever  
Even cold November rain.

## Attention Writers

### M-agination Films

is currently accepting short screenplays to be considered for production.

Entries must be from 5 to 30 pages long.

Please submit two copies of each entry.

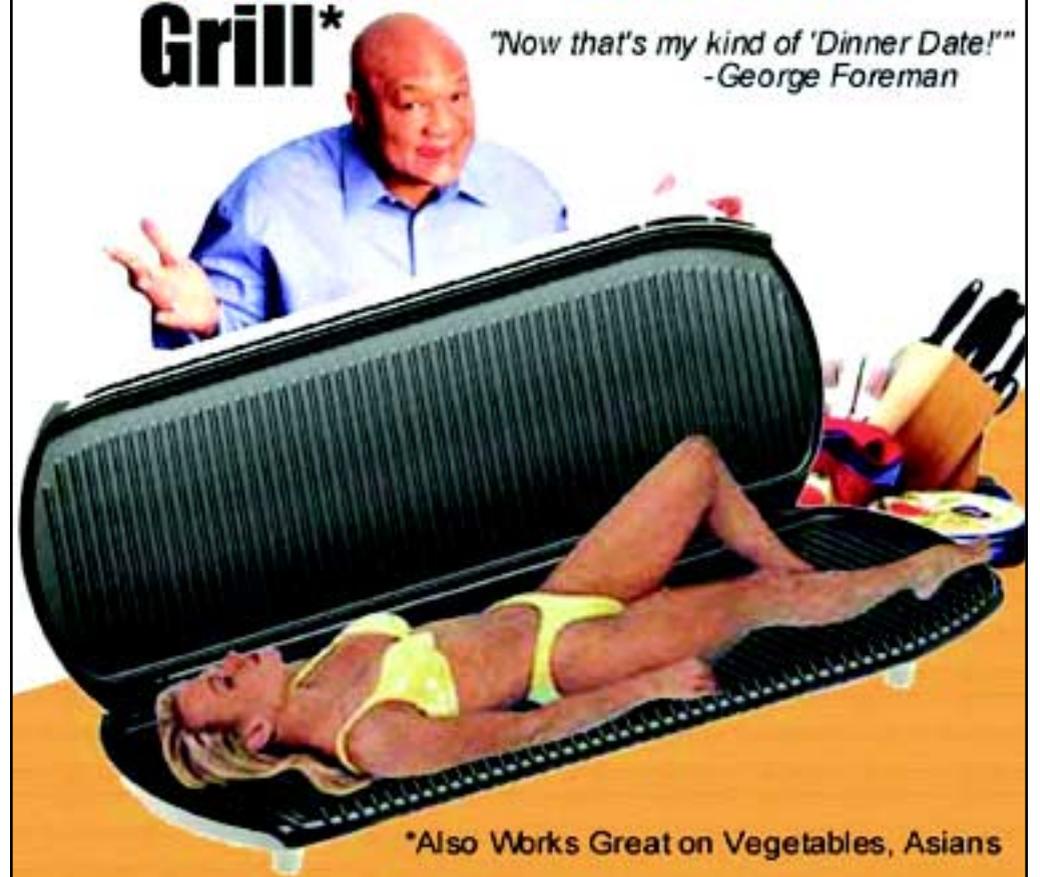
All entries must be turned in to the UAC office (Michigan Union, room 4002) by no later than Friday, October 12.

Questions, comments, or concerns?  
e-mail [uac.m-aginationfilms@umich.edu](mailto:uac.m-aginationfilms@umich.edu)



## George Foreman's Cannibal Edition Grill\*

"Now that's my kind of 'Dinner Date!'"  
-George Foreman



\*Also Works Great on Vegetables, Asians

## TACO BELL

continued from page 1

programs in the world. Over at MIT they wear identical futuristically metallic uniforms and all partake of the same nutrition enriched gruel. We'll get to that point someday."

Several social activists on campus see this as just another example of the University selling out to major corporate sponsorship, and exploiting of human labor. "A unionized American worker could not possibly create a delicious pizza that cheaply," shouted Jessica Simpson, a member of SOLE. "Eating one of these 'Mexican Pizzas' condemns a fellow human being to a life of poverty." She followed her remarks with 10 minutes sitting-in, protesting her severe intestinal anguish.

Still, many students remain excited. "This'll be so great," said EECS major Thomas Dorffman. "Usually I spend 18 consecutive hours banging out code before passing out at my desk. Now I can spend 18 hours, run to the bell, grab a burrito and still have time to pass out at my desk."

## STARBUCKS

continued from page 2

and pop coffee shop or a large multi-national multi-million dollar coffee shop, where do *you* think they're going to go for their \$8 cup of triple espresso mocha blast?"

Franco has yet to decide. "Whoever starts charging admission I'd probably go to first," he said. "But they're talking about opening a place where you can pay \$100 an hour and you get to make a shirt. I think I'd like to try that."

## GIRLS & TRUCKS

continued from page 1

the condition it was found.

However, the real beneficiaries of this momentous discovery are, of course, the Hicks. "Finally, Gawd has come on down and gived us a sign of what Christianity is all about. I knowed, when I war at the Jenkins County Monster Truck Fair, that I had seed the glory of the Lord, and now the Bible backs me up," said Jebediah Campins of Jenkins County, Missourah. "Thangs is sure gonna be a lot different now that I can finally baptize my GMC."

Dean Horntree, of Badstone County, Kentukah shared Campins enthusiasm, despite the 70-year blood-fued between the Campins and Horntree clans. "Jesus knows I hate the Horntrees. Ever since Jessie-Mae Horntree ran off with that rascal Billy-Bob nigh on 1921 I hated them

Horntrees. Always hootin' and hollerin' and carryin' on and wearin' undy-pants and such odditiness. But if ever anything was gonna git us on back together, it would be the mercy, and infinite wisdom of all them Girls & Trucks up in heaven. God bless them Girls & Trucks."

"Papa Horntree is right," added Daisy-Jane Horntree, Mr. Horntree's wife, sister, mother, great aunt, supervisor, bartender, and complex federal tax advisor. "I reckon this is the best thang that come around to church in a while, and I'm peach pleased to be worshippin' a God with a gospel about Girls & Trucks." After a short pause, Mrs. Horntree continued. "Now if only there was some-thin' in there about sawed-off shotguns and moonshine—*then* we'd have us a religion!"

## TV GUIDE

continued from page 3

lective hands and gave up. "The electric ferret machine, the jalapeño-urine vat, a marathon of 'The View,' all of it, and nothing," said a distraught Steven Keller, project director. "I've never been so depressed by someone so happy."

Etheridge, for her part, rated the experience a "ten-plus-plus" and said that she'll never forget "all those swell cat dismemberings" before returning to her job of happily telling innocent viewers that films such as *Kazaam* or *The Prince of Tides* are "stunning, once in a lifetime experiences."

Meanwhile, bitter NIH scientists are plotting their revenge, but are unsure about how to go about it. "We need to teach everyone that you don't fuck with men in lab coats," said Keller, gesticulating wildly. "We are dangerous motherfuckers. Ow, my hand!"

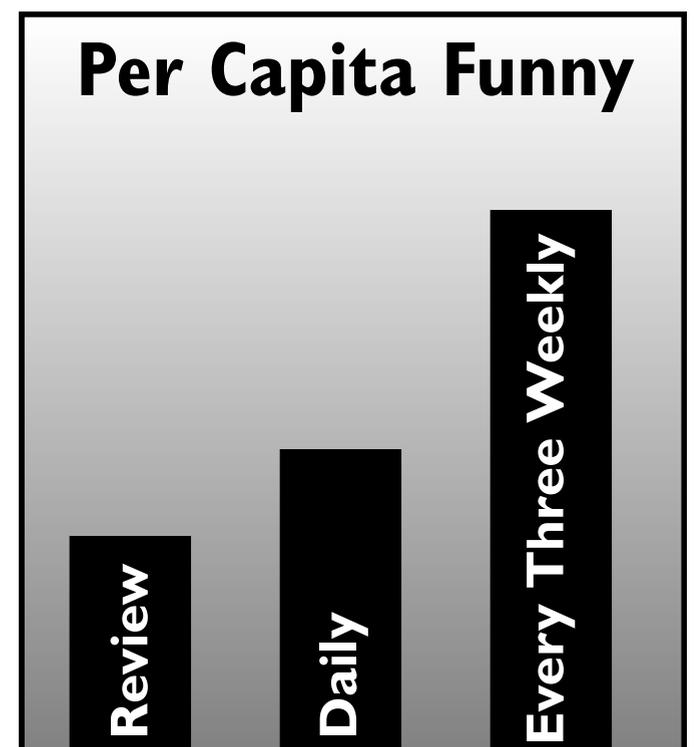
Despite a call for retribution within the scientific community, most agree that a mere assassination of Etheridge's family would get at least six thumbs up, as would dissolving various limbs of hers in acid, or, well, basically anything. Thorough examination of Etheridge's past has revealed that the only thing she has ever rated less than six thumbs up was former President Richard Nixon's penis, which received a mere three thumbs up along with a somewhat reassuring "tune in next week."

"Maybe if we offered her a movie about Richard Nixon played by Shaquille O'Neal, involving life-like androids, and taking place on the post-apocalyptic envisioned by John Travolta we'd have a chance for a negative review," Keller said. "But she'd probably find a way to trick me into watching that instead of *Friends*."

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## Haley Joel Osment Draws Critical Raves for Portrayal of 75-Year-Old Woman

NIMES, FRANCE — Critics from around the world were aglow last night as they emerged from the main screening room of the *Festival Cinematique du Nimes*, one of the premiere italicized film festivals in Europe. The featured film was *The Secret World of Mrs. Dumont*, an independent feature about the trials and triumphs of a small-town septuagenarian, and the star was none other than the 9-year old thespian prodigy, Haley Joel Osment.

“Osment’s performance of the acerbic, but emotionally generous Marjorie Dumont is an inspiration,” said Guy LeClerk, motion picture critic for the *Montreal Examiner*. “He brought a depth and perspective to this most challenging role that would have been impossible for an actor that was ‘older,’ ‘female,’ or ‘fluent in his character’s language.’ Especially moving was the scene in which Osment, as Mrs. Dumont, rediscovers her feminine sexual identity by re-reading love letters from a long-forgotten WWII romance. The lustful urges in Haley Joel’s eyes, are palpable; and the crestfallen expression that washes over his young but aged countenance when he reaches the last letter, in which the lover explains that he will not be writing

to her anymore because he is dead (and warns that he’ll die again if she asks any follow-up questions), is both devastating, gorgeous, and highly erotic.”

Industry sources report that Osment took several months to prepare for the role, using a walker, eating only soft foods, collecting social security, and even developing a slight case of osteoporosis to get into the mindset of the 75-year-old Mrs. Dumont. “Haley Joel took this role extremely seriously,” said his agent, Brad Mendelberg. “He was really sick of being typecast as brilliant, aston-



**What a cutie! That is... he would be if I was into 12 year old boys. Which I'm not. I swear.**

ishingly prescient young boys a la *The Sixth Sense*, and *A.I.* He wanted to demonstrate his dramatic range a bit, and we both agreed that the character of Mrs. Dumont was the right character for this exploration.”

*The Secret World of Mrs. Dumont* tells the story of an aging widow’s slow reconciliation with the forces of family and nature, accepting both her legacy and mortality through an imaginary world constructed in her

journal. Through a series of moving, epic adventures, including a game of bowling, a job at the local Wendy’s, and a CIA plot to put a giant condom on the Eiffel Tower, Mrs. Dumont comes to realize that she

was her own best friend all along, and consequently decides to stay in and masturbate more often.

Donna Weintraub, a spokesman for Miramax, the distributor of *The Secret World of Mrs. Dumont*, seemed pleased, but not particularly surprised by the early acclaim for the film. “Once Haley Joel signed up for the film, we knew we had something great on our hands. He was really our first choice from the beginning—there just aren’t any good geriatric actresses anymore. I mean, ever since Gloria Stuart, Katharine Hepburn, and Angela Lansbury died, Haley Joel is really the only person out there who can credibly tackle this kind of role.” When informed that all three of the actresses she mentioned are still alive, Weintraub replied, “Those bitches just don’t know when to quit, do they.”

Reports from Hollywood suggest that Osment’s next projects will continue to stretch his dramatic range, as he is slated to play a Mafia Don in Martin Scorsese’s upcoming “The Boss,” Shaquille O’Neal in the cinematic adaptation of the 2001 NBA finals, and a loveable, but insecure flying elephant in the live-action version of “Dumbo.”

# E3W health watch

# Fall's HOTTEST Diseases

Health Watch is a nationally syndicated column featuring freelance writers outside the traditional realm of so-called medical expertise. This month’s Health Watch comes to us from Roxy Olevsky, fashion editor for *GlamGirl Magazine*.

Want to be a superstar this season? Sure you’ve already spent thousands of dollars on the clothes and accessories to make you special on the outside. But as the proverb says, “it’s what’s beneath the surface.” That’s why this fall’s not about shoes, handbags and lip-gloss, but about inner beauty. So bring fourth the microbes, phobias, germs, and ailments! In fact, nothing grabs the spotlight like a creative case of happening hypochondria. So, for all you Sick Kids and Sick Kid Wannabes, here’s the latest word on what’s glam and what’s just plain gross in the world

of modern diseases this fall.

Back to school means back to cool. As always, asthma is all the rage with the younger grade school set looking to get out of gym class and sell their inhalers on the playground black market. Meningitis is always pretty big in the college dorms, but it’s definitely no way to make new friends. My advice? Skip it! Instead, why not try the much more enjoyable (and relaxing!) infectious mononucleosis? They definitely don’t call mono the kissing disease for nothing, and just think of all the terrific R & R that goes with it. That’s right—Ruptured spleens and Rashes! And for those into the retro look, the common cold is once an in vogue. Back to cool indeed!

Hey! Like seafood? I do! Especially crabs! Nothing says, “I love you” like

genital herpes, and they’ll be making the rounds this season in all the hippest crowds. If crustaceans don’t turn you on, just clap twice—everyone’s going gaga for gonorrhoea! But remember—save those genital warts for Halloween for the sporty witch look. For the males, try tuberculosis Dracula. You’ll be a-coffin to the fashion bank!

If you’re jonesing for that unique look, or just too cheap to buy a Halloween costume this year, several more distinctive diseases are the epitome of cool. How about gigantism? Sure, you may not be tall, dark, and handsome, but one out of three ain’t bad. Or perhaps jaundice? Overdose on carrots or kill your liver, and you’ll be the yellow-skinned envy of all your friends. Also making a triumphant return this year are goiters, a must-have neck-accessory

for any superhot outfit.

For all those artsy starving artsy sorts, leprosy is always the disease of choice. Nothing says “Living on the edge” like the occasional scab mixed with open wounds. Those going for a more romantic look might be drawn to the dramatic-sounding Scarlet fever, but frankly my dears unless you have the cheek bones to pull it off, we don’t give a damn. Instead, try going old school— with chicken pox. Sure, the itchy spots and oatmeal baths sucked in kindergarten, but now everything old is new again, and ten times as kitsch!

This year, make viral *faux pas* things of the past. With our fall disease guide, you’ll be well on your way to making a splash in the medically afflicted haute culture scene.

# **Cancer Killed Over 500,000 People in 2000**

## ***Did you know?***

- *Cancer costs the country \$107 billion per year*
- *Thousands of people lose a limb to cancer each year*
- *One of every four deaths in the US is from cancer*
- *If you get cancer, chances are you'll die from cancer*
- *Cancer can be prevented...*

**Sure, cancer might seem like the "in" thing, but don't be fooled. Cancer kills. When someone offers you cancer, don't be a fool, just say "No."**

# **Just Say "No" to Cancer**

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