



the **Rubberneck**

HUMOR MAGAZINE

Issue Three: Winter Camp





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# rn Table of Contents



The Table of Contents –  
written by Steve Bandy,  
Winter Camp counselor,  
full profile on page 7.

Page One

Hi! I'm Steve Bandy, out-of-season "Fat Camp" counselor hired to help run the Rubberneck staff's "Winter Camp." This first page has the cover that the Rubberneck guys cooked up to show you what our Winter Camp looks like. Honestly, it looks nothing like that. I'm not so sure that this really is a camp. I mean, it's a real campground, but I don't think it belongs to them. I'm pretty sure they chose this issue's theme because they illegally moved their office into a summer camp that's been abandoned for the winter. I think they hired me and the others just as a front.

Page Two

The page you're on now, featuring this table of contents, plus a Grocery List by Ryan Wiggins. After those, we should have time to fit in a jog.

Page Three

Editorial Confessions, plus a letter to the editor and corporate info. After that jog, this should be a good time to walk in place for a cool-down.

Page Four

The new-and-improved History Corner, about Amerigo Vespucci. Pretty low-brow stuff. Though from a high-brow perspective, maybe. These guys are really shady. I think now we should move into some jazzercise.

Page Five

This month's featured comic, White Man, by Dave King. Also a new feature, the Poetry Corner, their blatant attempt to regain some status as high-brow, intelligent humorists. Amp up the jazzercise to level two, and get out the free-weights.

Page Six & Page Seven

Here's the main feature on the Winter Camp, the bulletin board, which includes profiles of all the counselors (including me!), an activity list, and some wonderful pictures of our activities. Also found in the center is a feature called Lost Art, showing you the best art you've never seen. Another attempt for these guys to show they're not entirely low-brow. Take a breather and do some stretches.

Page Eight

This is a pretty fun page, featuring games and activities perfect for the winter weather. Get some ideas for snowmen you can make in Snowmania, find tips on winter gardening, and play our brand-new Match Game. Let's eat a powerbar before getting back to the workout. Energy is key.

Page Nine

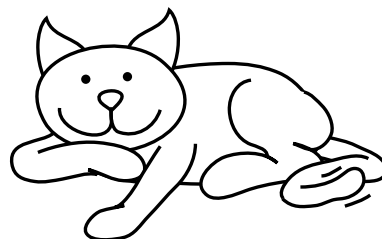
The latest installment of Coffee With the President, plus a recounting of the Classic Wrestling Match of Roe vs. Wade. Ok, that powerbar tasted excellent. Maybe we should get more energy. Let's get some donuts.

Page Ten

A new feature called Ted Looks At Children's Literature. Also another new feature, the Coroner's Corner, inspired by the Rubberneck's incessant need to put the word "corner" after everything. Yeah, donuts are great sources of energy, but I still think we'd better try the turnovers.

Page Eleven

Entertainment-themed page. You'll find synopses of Failed Television Pilots that you'll never see, and The Rubberneck Music Spotlight, which shines its gaze on a new white hip-hop act called "T 'N' A-Train." Workout's done, let's hit the showers, hard.



**KEVIN TINISTA'S RED TERROR**  
Wake Up Captain  
(Poem)  
"Songs of Alienation and Madness From  
Exclusive Chicago Series. 5 STARS." -*Uncut*

**POSTER CHILDREN**  
On The Offensive  
(Hidden Agenda)  
In election season, a mini-album of  
political cover songs written by Fear,  
X, Clark, TIC, Worker Do, & Heaven 17  
ON THE OFFENSIVE

**ANGIE HEATON**  
Let It Ride  
(Poem)  
Every song Angie writes is a love letter  
that never got mailed, a list of hopeful  
New Year's resolutions, fragile,  
beautiful, and real.

**THIRDDIMENSION**  
Permanent Holiday  
(Hidden Agenda)  
"The foursome's sound may point to  
fellow countrymen the Soundtrack of  
Our Lives, but Thirddimension have a  
hard-to-miss, era-spanning U.S.  
influence..." - *Entertainment Weekly*

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## Editorial Confessions

## “I wish he’d quit” vs. “I want to quit”

“Co,” when added to a word, can mean many things. When added to “habitate,” it means to cohabitate, when added to “mpany,” it means company, and when added to “editor-in-chief,” it means a big fucking mess.

Ted Faust and I started this magazine with nothing but his parent’s money and a dream. Ted must still be dreaming, because he sure as hell isn’t working. Ted’s about as much dead weight as Kirstie Alley. Simply put, I expect Ted’s resignation on my desk by 9 a.m., which will be pretty difficult for a man who can’t seem wake up before 2 in the afternoon.

I hope he quits by three so I’ll have a fighting chance to get some phone calls in during business hours. Ted’s idea of a business call is a drunk dial from C.O.’s. He called me the other night just to tell me he was “totally wasted and had a great idea,” then proceeded to slobber about some rap group called T ‘N’ A-Train, as if that’s the sort of trash this publication needs to be promoting. T ‘N’ A would be fine if this was his feminist pussy magazine, but it’s the Rubberneck, and it’s serious.

I keep telling Ted that we need to streamline our work environment. I’m not satisfied with his current system of talking into a recorder while driving and asking me to transcribe the tapes. I don’t have time to type out an order for three “grande soft tacos.” When he finally finds the time to get some work done, he never even thinks about spell check and he constantly uses the tab key, absolutely destroying my workflow. Don’t even get me started on m-dashes and double spaces. Ted is to word-processing what Andrew Ridgeley was to Wham!

And maybe he’s still sore at me about burning him with his own cigarette when he tried to smoke in my Grand Prix SE. It takes a third degree burn or at least a bloody nose to make a productive staff.

I can hear him whimpering over in the little writer’s room. I just might go in there and finish the deal. Hopefully, he’ll either quit or set himself free of this mortal coil. Actually, the more I think about it, I could just fire all of these assholes. If anyone thinks they’re funny, send submissions to editor@therubberneck.com. I’ll be the judge.



Oh man. You wouldn’t even believe what it’s been like around here lately. Shane has become a monster — the kind of monster who thinks the best way to make a humor magazine is to yell in your face because you didn’t use “Bodoni” font while typing a rough draft of your editorial. Or the kind who tells you to “suck it up and write me a goddamned joke” moments after you learned that your kitty has leukemia.

I’m thinking about quitting. I guess I could take this from a boss, maybe, but Shane’s not my boss — he’s my co-editor, and that means that we’re equal partners. Unless we’re talking about money, in which case I guess I’m a bit more important. But we’re not talking about money, we’re talking about respect, and I’m just not getting any.

Back before this venture started, Shane and I were friends. We could hang out and have a good time, make jokes, laugh at all sorts of things. Now the only time I ever hear Shane laugh is when he’s put me in tears by yelling at me in front of our staff, telling them all that I was “dead weight,” and that he’d pay me two thousand dollars to quit as soon as possible.

I’m not asking you, our dedicated readers, to choose between Shane and I. I mean, he does a great job at what he does, those cute little pictures, and he’s usually great about leaving the writing to those of us who really excel at it. I’m fine having him as a co-editor, and I don’t think we need to take it to a point where our readership is divided into sides just because he’s doing all he can to force me out. If you feel the need to sympathize with me, by sending Shane hate-mail (shane@dormantlife.net), leave me out of it, please.

I just don’t think this magazine is going anywhere, not like this. A work atmosphere where the person who is supposed to be your equal tosses you a pack of straight razors and tells you to “go ahead and do what you know is best for the magazine” simply can’t produce a good product. This third issue was going to be so great, and now it’s basically the “Let It Be” of humor magazines. You’ll notice greatness, but you’ll also witness a creative force coming apart at the seams.

Next month’s issue will be better, so long as I don’t quit. If I do, I expect you all to do the right thing and read the magazine I’ve been working on in case worse comes to worse. It’s called “Kitties and Me,” and it’s an entirely text-based periodical focused mostly on reviews of 17th-century feminist lit that I’ve written with help from my kitties. At least kitties don’t step on your ice-cream sandwich because you forgot to single-space an entire paragraph.

## Letters to the Editors (from a well):

[Editors’ note: this was not mailed to us. We found it on the ground outside of the well at Old Man Stewart’s place and had no idea what to make of it. So, we’ve decided to print it here]

## Someday I’ll Get Out of This Well, But For Now I’ll Just Eat My Arm

Howdy folks, it’s me, Charles Stewart, and I’m stuck in a goddamn well! Now listen close, I don’t want your sympathy, I want your help — help to get me out of this well! It’s been about 6 days now since I fell in, and I’ve been having to improvise quite a bit. I’ve done everything I can

to signal for help, which is limited almost exclusively to emitting shrill, blood curdling screams.

Alas, nothing has worked. I’d bet that I’d be a famous TV person if I could just get someone’s attention! I’ll definitely make local news, but probably not national (I’m not a baby or pregnant with a baby, for Christ’s sake!)

Deep down in this soggy well, I’m lacking the essentials that I’m accustomed to: peppermints, my Bloodsport VHS, other food, or water that doesn’t taste like my own urine. I’m pretty sure if I don’t eat within the next day or two, I’ll be as dead as my broken legs. Speaking of which, my legs have succumbed to

gangrene, so I’m thinking that they’re no longer edible. No big whoop, I’m willing to make other sacrifices — I’m talking to you, Left Arm.

Now I don’t have anything sharp to cut my arm off with, so I’ll just be using the teeth the Lord gave me; luckily I’m delirious from hunger, because I’m not feeling any pain and I’m taking some pretty big bites outta my arm here.

Wow. I’m not the type to toot my own horn, but I am DELICIOUS! This arm tastes about ten times better than those SlimFast shakes I had been choking down — finally I’ve found a diet I can stick with for longer than a few days!

I also must admit that I’m

pretty lucky to have fallen in such a roomy well. I have room to do lots of things you wouldn’t expect. I have my bathroom section, a dining section, an office, and a section for masturbating! I even used my blood to paint the walls around me to add a little flavor.

Heck, I could probably raise a family down here. Perhaps I shouldn’t try so hard to get out; I’ve got everything I need down here. All in all, I suppose that I’m pretty blessed, and without regrets — except maybe that I didn’t bring any tartar sauce!

Desperately,  
Charles Stewart

the  
**rubber  
neck**  
humor magazine

## Editors-in-Chief

Ted Faust  
Shane Pangburn

## Head Writers

Ted Faust  
Andrew Kling  
Shane Pangburn

## Staff Writers

Zeb Griffin  
Dave King  
Bonnie Kleiss  
Ryan Wiggins

## Contributing Writers

Jeremy Dallas  
Jason Williams  
Dan Tye

## Designers

Shane Pangburn  
Ashley Tarr

## Cover Art by

Joe Martin

## Advertising Queries

Ads@therubberneck.com

## Submissions

submissions@therubberneck.com

## Questions or Comments

editors@therubberneck.com

## Visit us online at

therubberneck.com

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The Rubberneck is a satirical magazine.

The Rubberneck is not intended for readers under 18 years of age.



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## Our Mission Statement:

We, meaning most of us, created the Rubberneck and all its subsidiary merchandising, as a forum and creative outlet for humor-based artistic expression. We intend to supercede this obstacle with sharp wit, intelligence, and pleasing typography.

The Rubberneck Presents:

# History corner

page

# Amerigo Vespucci

**History Corner**  
By Vasco Duibois

These days, the word “America” is thrown around so much that it has little more value than an everyday buzzword. People refer to themselves as “Americans,” and even challenge others’ status as truly being a “good American.” Yet, for all its overuse, very few people really think about where this word came from, or how a third of the world was given this moniker. Most people would probably barf all over the place if they learned that their great nation was actually named after a skeezy, drug-addicted, sexed-up Italian man. Well then, all I have to say is: start barfin’, because that’s exactly where the name came from. Now I’d like to give you a little peek into how this came to be, and let you see just who this man was, to see him as a human being. His name, dear friends, was Amerigo Vespucci.

“Die, fuckers, die!” These were Amerigo’s infamous last words, as he crawled through a back alley overdosing on cocaine in the final few minutes of his life on Earth. These few words, spoken to absolutely nobody, give us a powerful yet somewhat misleading insight into this self-described “pussy wrangler’s” life. He hated life, and he hated everybody in it, escaping into happiness only with the use of recreational drugs, or when drawing pornographic pictures, or when indulging his sweet tooth for loose women.

He wasn’t always like this, though. Growing up in a straight-laced Italian Catholic community, Amerigo went to Catholic school until the age of 17, leading the life of a normal, well-behaved young man. After that, he decided to get a degree in map-making from IIT Technical Institute, after finding

a stone pamphlet for the school laying in a trash can. It was while at this college that he first began experimenting with substance abuse, and was also where he would meet his life-long rival Magellan, his freshman-year roommate. The two initially hit it off, but soon the friendship collapsed when Magellan was accepted into the Tau Iota Tau fraternity, making Amerigo quite jealous. After their fall-out, Amerigo went into a tailspin, experimenting with heroin and sleeping with anybody who bought him a drink.

In his autobiography *Sailin’ & Shit*, Magellan recounts this period in his life, saying that Amerigo “just lost it, dude. I mean, yeah, I got into the frat and he didn’t, but that doesn’t mean he needed to act like a bitch about it. Sometimes I’d bring him with me to house events, my bras would be all, ‘Dude, Dirty Magz (that was their nickname for me), ‘sup with that buzz-kill who came with you?’ They even started calling him “Ves-pussy.” I mean, I wish it woulda happened differently, but shit happens, man. We had a huge fall-out and I didn’t see him again for years.”

Amerigo was soon kicked out of the school, forced onto the street with nowhere to turn. But then lady luck came a’knocking. A prominent sailor known only as “Captain Ron” ran into Amerigo at a bar, The Salty Mast, and asked him to be on his crew. To this day, historians know very little about this Captain Ron, except for details gathered from expert Martin Short. Amerigo went to sea, and began fulfilling his dreams of exploring the world. On only his second voyage, Amerigo discovered the two things which ultimately would change his life: the woman he would love forever, Joan of Arc, and the substance he would love even more, cocaine.

In an interview with *The New Republic*, Joan remembers Amerigo as “such a lively spirit. The first time I saw him, he was vomiting off the side of a ship, because he was terribly sea-sick and had just downed two fifths of chocolate schnapps. Despite our language barrier, he won me over right away, mostly by beating the shit outta any guy who glanced at me, not to mention the fact that he was into some freaky shit, sexually. Also, he totally respected the fact that I could talk to God, often having me pass along questions, like what time it was. He could never tell time well, that Amerigo.”

After he said goodbye to his great love, Amerigo continued on with Captain Ron to the far East, where they discovered the coca leaf. Claiming that this new drug was “truly fucking boss,” Amerigo decided to fill their ship up with it to take back home. Even though there were no laws governing this just-discovered drug, the oft-paranoid Amerigo insisted on sewing all the coca leaves inside the stomachs of his shipmates. He returned home and became the world’s first coke dealer and smuggler.

Addicted to blow and losing friends fast, Amerigo never returned to sea. He would do nothing but sit in his room, naked, getting high and drawing pornographic pictures, sometimes composing rock operas on his piano written in a language known only to him. Just when he had reached absolute rock-bottom, Captain Ron came to see him, writing in his diary:

“I think he was beyond saving at that point. He kept showing me pornographic pictures he’d drawn, claiming they were his maps of all the worlds we’d seen on our voyages. Really, most of them were poorly-rendered depictions of the

time he broke into the zoo and had intercourse with a gorilla. I mean, when he got wasted and went to the zoo, he couldn’t be reasoned with. It was bad there at the end.”

Captain Ron took one of the dirty pictures to remember Amerigo by, and a few months later a friend of his who ran a map-making sweatshop in Indonesia saw it hanging on his wall, and decided to publish it as a map of the world, cementing Amerigo’s place in the history of the world. To separate his maps from the image of the coke-addicted sex offender, he changed the ‘go’ to ‘ca’.

One week later, Amerigo set out to kill the man he considered his lifelong rival, though Magellan never really considered Amerigo as anything more than a footnote in his illustrious life. Amerigo found him in a bar, having a celebratory drink after a successful voyage he’d just returned from. Magellan describes their confrontation in *Sailin’ & Shit*:

“He stumbled into the bar and started yelling, ‘I’m going to jail tonight, I don’t even care! I know kung-fu!’ But he didn’t know kung-fu. He was just wearing underpants and holding a banjo. The bartender kicked him out, and he crawled to the back alley, where he died. I woulda felt bad, but there were some hot-ass bitches all over my shit that night.”

Though he lived a short, electric life full of pain and misery, Amerigo Vespucci did touch the lives of a few, and named about a third of the world after himself. Through the misinterpretation of pornographic pictures, a New World was born, and this legacy lives on to this day, when you call yourself an “American.”



Vespucci’s original map of the New World was drawn on the back of a Taco Bell wrapper.

# Featured Comic

## Whiteman by Dave King



The Rubberneck presents:

## Poetry corner

Occasionally the Rubberneck has a tendency towards low-brow banal smut. However, we're actually highly educated intellectuals who happen to find the phrase 'Americo Vespucci' reasonably funny. In any case, to prove our worth, we've heightened our cultural awareness (and yours) with a little something we like to call poetry.

### High Bouncing Lover by Shane Pangburn

You're speeding, feet flailing, careening towards a low cloud. Fog so thick you can stand on it. You pick up your problems and throw them at other problems, and somehow that seems to help. Keep speeding and flailing, and you think you'll win it all.

So you didn't have enough gold to keep the girl; she's fucking your brother. It's wonderful for her, saved by her knight in shining overalls. You've got it all figured out, and nothing can stand in your way: be bullets flying with albatrosses to slow your pursuit. But, you'll never get it Luigi; the Princess is the winner.

### Bang, Bang, Bang by Ryan Wiggins

Bang, Bang, Bang.  
Gunshots resound.  
Confusion.

Bang, Bang, Bang.  
The gunman moves closer.  
I cower into an alley.

Bang, Bang, Bang!  
His aim must be terrible  
if he's still not hit his target.

Bang, Bang!  
Oh! It's just a crazy homeless  
guy  
hitting trashcan lids together!

Hi homeless guy, are you  
hungry?  
Bang, Bang, Bang!  
Right on! Lets get you some  
hot cocoa and pizza!

### "I'm Going to Steak 'n Shake" by Ryan Wiggins

you guys coming?  
Alright I'll see you Thursday.



# Winter Camp 2005

## Winter Camp Daily Itinerary

- 8 a.m. Morning Jog – cancelled due to snow\*
- 9 a.m. Outdoor Crochet – cancelled due to snow
- 10 a.m. Karaoke by the lake – cancelled due to snow
- 11 a.m. Ice Fishing
- 12 p.m. Ice Ultimate Frisbee
- 1 p.m. Lunch – cancelled due to snow
- 2 p.m. Swimming – cancelled due to snow and possibility of post-lunch cramping
- 3 p.m. Trip to Local Nursing Home
- 4 p.m. Post-Nursing Home de-lousing
- 5 p.m. Free-style Rap Contest – cancelled due to snow
- 6 p.m. Mandatory Lecture on Recognizing STD Symptoms – cancelled due to snow
- 7 p.m. Dinner with Celebrity Guest Rip Taylor – cancelled due to lack of interest
- 8 p.m. Longest Drive Contest – moved indoors
- 9 p.m. Movie Screening – K-PAX will be shown every night
- 11 p.m. After-movie K-PAX fanfic reading
- 12 a.m. Mandatory Experimentation in Co-Ed Bunks

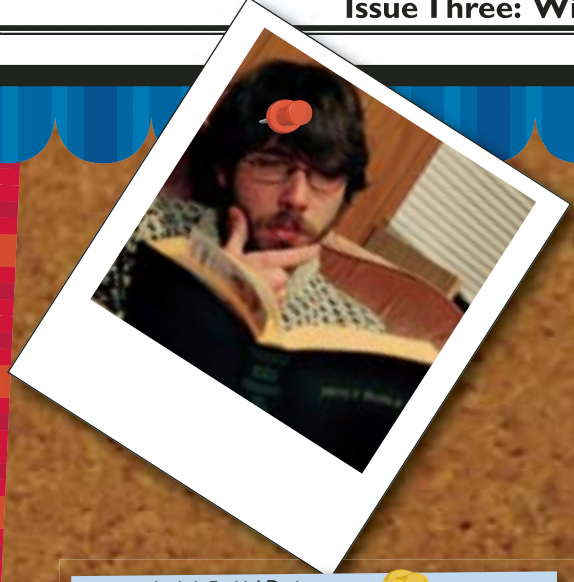
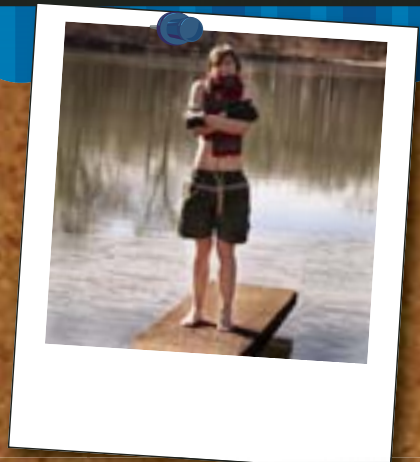
\*cancelled activities will be replaced by mandatory mahjong tournaments

**Who:** Ben McGuire  
**From:** Aqua Camp  
**Hobbies:** Well, I like to swim, but not in icy cold lake water. I came from a professional swimming and diving camp where we've trained several high school and collegiate record holders. We had an indoor heated pool with diving boards and legitimate lifesaving equipment. Here they've got a frozen lake and a couple of two by fours.  
**Favorite Book:** Matt Christopher's "Dive Right In!"  
**Favorite Movie:** Swimfan, but not because of the swimming. I'm really into online chat rooms. I'd like to send a shout out to Fly\_Girl235, Golfbundes69, and Hags2k!  
**Favorite Quote:** "When Hell is full, the dead will walk the Earth!" I think that's from the Bible.  
**Favorite Food:** I mostly eat power bars. I keep a highly regimented diet to keep up with my swim schedule. I need to check with the mess hall on when food will be served, though I suppose I can eat whenever I want, until this lake thaws.  
**Who I'd like to meet:** Michael Phelps. What! I can't believe you've never heard of him. Didn't anyone watch the 2004 Athens Olympics?  
**About Me:** I'm a two-time state champ in the butterfly. Then I suffered an head injury diving into the shallow end. I never returned to full strength, so I started training others. That's how these assholes found me and told me they'd be doing a winter camp. They wanted a swim counselor. I figured they'd have proper facilities, but so far they've only had sub-zero weather and a few extra pairs of mittens. I didn't even pack warm clothes because I was supposed to just swim. Also, the Rubberneck's check bounced so I can't afford to buy warm clothes. I'd drown myself but that would just prove them right about the water being warm enough for a dip.

**Who:** Zebediah Ezekiel Davis  
**From:** Camp Holy 'Giant' Cross  
**Hobbies:** Flogging, Singing, Praying, Jogging, Shopping  
**Favorite Book:** The Rock Teen Study Bible  
**Favorite Movie:** Left Behind II: Tribulation Force starring Kirk Cameron  
**Favorite Quote:** "I am the dancer / I need the Lord of the dance" - Stephen Curtis Chapman "Lord of the Dance"  
**Favorite Food:** Vanilla Pudding, No Tapioca Pudding and Vanilla Wafers. No. Nilla Wafers.  
**Who I'd like to Meet:** Jesus, or at least a high ranking disciple. I'd settle for Mark.  
**About Me:** I guess I just try to do the best I can by my Lord and by my campers. Sometimes those forces are in conflict. Like the time one of the campers found a way to clone paper cut-out people. Only God has the power to create life. Now macaroni necklaces is another story. Anyone can make jewelry out of food, even Jews.  
**I mainly use crafts to keep learning fun.** The other night we made nail crosses to symbolize Christ's death, the nails through his hands and feet, and also his skill as a carpenter. The nails symbolized more stuff, but I forgot some of it. We also do some outside activities, but less in the winter because it's so cold. This winter camp thing is nothing new for me, at 'Giant' Cross we've been doing winter camps for years. Our motto is that if Jesus could walk on water then we can walk on ice.

**Who:** Thora Poplar and Brett Boder  
**From:** Women's Rugby Camp  
**Hobbies:** Rugby, fly-fishing, underground hip-hop, Twin Peaks  
**Favorite Book(s):** Bridge to Terabithia (Thora), The Garden of Forking Paths (Brett) – what, not dyke-y enough for you? Deal with it. We're more than just lesbians, you know.  
**Favorite Movie:** Another Stakeout  
**Favorite Food:** I suppose you want us to say something like "clams" or "fish tacos," right? Grow up. Our favorite food is hummus. Hummus or muff.  
**Who We'd Like to Meet:** Billy Crystal or Jack Palance. Hell, even Daniel Stern would do. You see, we're big fans of City Slickers 2: The Legend of Curly's Gold, and we're also looking for a man to father our child. These guys could work well.  
**About Us:** We met at rugby camp when we were both campers, back in the eighth grade, and hit it off immediately. Everyone likes to make a big deal out of our sexuality, like it's a defining portion of our lives, but it's not. We're both just regular girls. Especially since Thora got the operation. Since we found each other at the camp, we return every summer to pay back our gratitude. Some people try to claim that the only reason we're counselors at the rugby camp is to oggle young girls, so we were relieved when the Rubberneck asked us to work at this winter camp – there's one girl here, and she's only half a lesbian, so nobody can claim we're in this for eye candy.

**Who:** Steve Bandy  
**From:** Camp 'Big' Fun  
**Hobbies:** Swimming, Running, Pull-ups, Push-ups, Sit-ups, Crunches, Chocolates  
**Favorite Book:** 'O' Magazine. Is that a book? She's an inspiration to fatties everywhere. If that doesn't count then I choose the book adaptation of the movie adaptation of The Color Purple.  
**Favorite Movie:** Heavyweights, just kidding. Well, mostly just kidding. My real favorite movie is Meatballs. Can I change it to Poison Ivy? You know what I'm saying, right?  
**Favorite Quote:** "Gooooood Morning, Vietnam!" Robin Williams is so funny. He was even funnier in Mrs. Doubtfire because that suit made him look so big.  
**Favorite Food:** Wow, that's tough, um... can I use one my lifelines on this one, Regis? Seriously though, fresh Dixie Cream donuts with white icing and sprinkles.  
**Who I'd like to Meet:** Jared from Subway.  
**About Me:** I've been an Obesity camp counselor for seven years, but I've always had my fall, winter, and springs free. That's why I was so glad to have the opportunity to participate in winter camp. I've been really lonely lately since my wife left me (just when she was really getting skinny, too). We met at camp four years ago while she was a camper and really hit it off once she lost her initial water weight. Since then, everything was wine and lean pockets until she left me in August. I spent the fall mostly half in the bag of potato chips and just in time for the holidays. This camp will get me back to doing what I love to do, which is forcing people to lose weight. Now, just like Oprah, I have to look to myself first. If I win this battle of the Bulge, I'll be ready to re-enter the summer as a swinging single camp counselor.



Trust wood chopping



The trust fall in three parts:



Trust Canoeing

Before we could begin our Winter Camp, the staff of the Rubberneck had to first go through a rigorous 8-hour training program, implementing trust exercises, balancing exercises, and Rorschach tests. Here are some pictures of us learning how to trust one another, by doing things blindfolded. Despite the numerous injuries, we did learn a few things about friendship. And a few things about losing your vision.

Lost Ultimate Corporate Art



This piece is by an unknown artist. It is one of a series of motivational "corporate art" works, the kind you'd find hanging in the office of a high-powered businessman or stockbroker. For some reason, it slipped through the cracks, even though it supplies all the themes that businessmen like to remind themselves of. Hopefully our efforts to retrieve it will help inspire you to conquer the known business world.

Unknown, Lost Ultimate Corporate Art, 1998, Mixed Media, 24" x 28"

Portrait of a Suicide



One of many, many "lost" works of "art" by depressed teenaged girls, we've chosen to share this piece as an example of this ignored genre. Though the collage format is a clichéd, hackneyed medium, the emotions, though very trite, are palpably felt. The artist is unknown, and quite obviously deceased.

Unknown, Portrait of a Suicide, 2004, Mixed Media 8.5" x 11"

Whistler's Mother's Vagina



Though many art historians claim this is a fraud, some believe that this was an abandoned work of art made by Whistler before he hit it big with the famous, more tasteful portrait of his mother. Other clues that this was not made by Whistler include the out-of-period tattoo seen on her leg, as well as the fact that vagina's were not discovered until the early 20th century. The Chicago Bulls logo did not appear on the original work of art; we have added it for censorship reasons, and because co-editor-in-chief Shane Pangburn loves the shit outta "da Bulls."

James Abbot McNeill Whistler, Whistler's Mother's Vagina, 1871, Oil on Canvas, 3' x 3'

Christ's Hand Turkey



Suppressed for two millennia by theologians worried that it would present Christ as a two-bit hack of an artist, this is the one and only work of art the Savior ever produced. Though few could argue that this piece has any meaning or passion, it still hangs on God's refrigerator to this day.

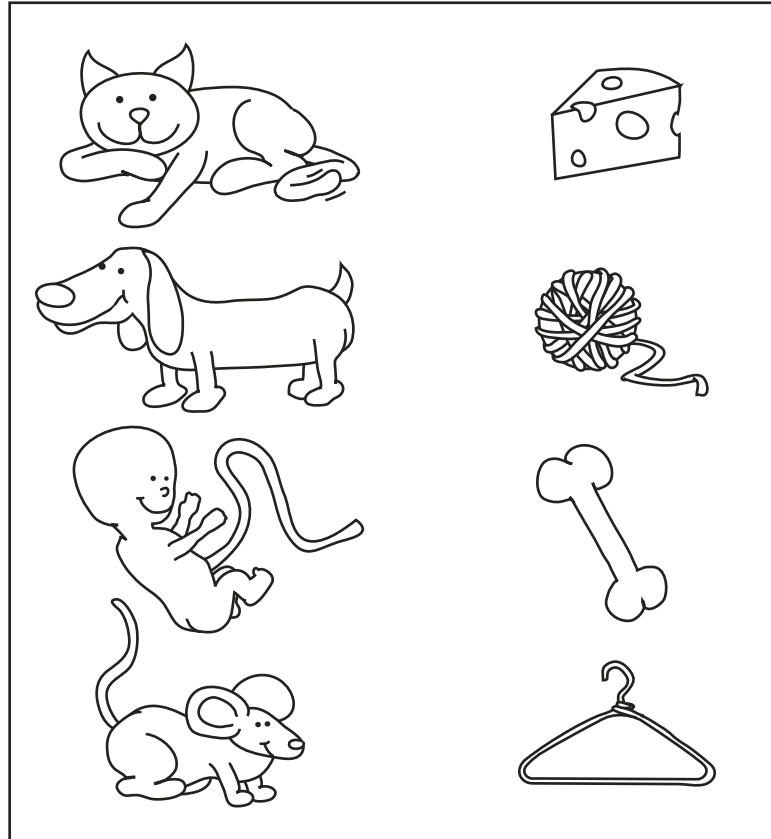
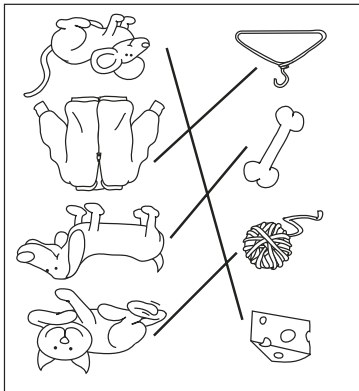
Jesus of Nazareth, Christ's Hand Turkey, c. 6, Oil on Sheepskin, 10"

# Lost Art

The staff here at the Rubberneck is made up almost exclusively of art connoisseurs, and our appreciation is deep enough that we've discovered a number of works that have never cracked the mainstream. We've compiled some of the best and most interesting pieces right here, so please enjoy them, but remember – no touching.

# Children's matching game

Readers have complained that the Rubberneck's games have been too difficult for younger readers, so this issue we've chosen to make a game that all you little Winter Campers out there can handle. Just match the items from the left column with the object they are most closely related to on the right! Somebody call Charles Nelson Reilly, 'cause it's time for Match Game!



# Uncle Shelby's winter gardening tips

Gardening in the dead of Winter can be a hassle. Even if you're P. Allen Smith, you'll probably find it difficult to keep anything alive or flourishing. Still, if you give it your best and don't give up, you just might find yourself enjoying a plump, delicious January tomato. Mm-mmm, nothing tastes better in the dead of Winter than fresh tomato soup. So before you give up on that beautiful dream, read our gardening tips; they just might get you — and your garden — through these dreary, depressing, soul-deadening months.



Q: Should I turn the soil in winter?

A: No.

Q: What flowers do you recommend planting in the winter?

A: None

Q: Is there anything I should be doing with my perennials in the winter?

A: Leave them alone.



## NINTH LETTER

fall/winter 2004, featuring

ANN BEATTIE

RON CARLSON

BOB HICOK

ADAM JOHNSON

SUSAN PERABO

Available at the Illini Union Bookstore, Borders, Pages for All Ages, Caffe Paradiso, Verde Gallery, and

[www.ninthletter.com](http://www.ninthletter.com)

# Snow mania



The best thing about Winter is the plethora of Winter-exclusive activities that can be done outdoors, like making snow-angels, making snowmen, or, um ... you know, you'd better stick to snowmen. To spice up this tired, cold old activity, we suggest you try to make your snowmen look like famous people. Here are a few ideas to get you started in making snow-caricatures of your favorite celebrities. Bundle your kids up in layers of clothes and drag them away from their SEGA games and Hey Dude reruns, because this an activity the whole family can enjoy!



Tiny Tim



Anthony Burgess



Pillsbury Dough Boy



Brian DePalma



Susan B. Anthony



Abraham Lincoln

# Coffee with the President

recorded by Jason Williams  
Contributing Playwright  
(who is fighting with, but still dating the waitress)



## Today: Apocalypse Now or Spirit and Song with Ronald Reagan's Ghost

featuring a special appearance by John Ashcroft

**Reagan's Ghost:** Word in Hell is you pissed off God. Waitress approaches.

**George:** Yeah, he threw a little temper tantrum. Tore the old coffee shop all up. (They had to build this fancy place. (To waitress.) Remember that, honey?)

**Waitress:** (Aside.) Like I remember your first reason for war. (To George, sweetly.) It was another 9/11, Mr. President.

**Reagan's Ghost:** Okay, little lady, fill 'er up and scoot. We've got important things to talk about.

**Waitress:** (Fills coffee, reads from notepad in front of George. Aside.) How to wage false wars, the benefits of widespread poverty, the silliness of civil rights. Important Presidential business, indeed.

Waitress leaves.

**Reagan's Ghost:** Let's get down to business George. We've got plans to enact.

**George:** Let's see, I'm doing pretty good with wars. As for widespread poverty, well, I can check that one off, wouldn't you say?

**Reagan's Ghost:** I'm not talking about the checklist. I wrote that thing 20 years ago. We're on to bigger and better things now.

**George:** The apocalypse?

**Reagan's Ghost:** It's nice to see you've been paying attention.

**George:** Hey, I've got a stake in this, too.

**Waitress:** (Pouring coffee at a nearby table. Aside.) Somebody's gotta be the Antichrist.

**George:** So what do we need to do? Sacrifice Ruth Bader Ginsburg?

**Reagan's Ghost:** That won't be necessary. The boss's directives are clear: we are to summon a bloody-robed rider on a white horse.

**George:** To ride around and yell "The apocalypse is coming!"?

**Reagan's Ghost:** Something like that.

**George:** Hmm. I think I might have one of those robes in my closet. I don't know if I ever told you about the time when—

**Reagan's Ghost:** I know about the time. You do fine work. Can we stay focused?

**George:** Did you see my inauguration the other night? Do you know I'm the only President to get two of those crystal cup thingies? I think I'll use them to hold all my pennies. Say, how do I get my face on money? Is that something I can demand to be done?

**Reagan's Ghost:** George!

**George:** Okay, okay. Don't hurl fireballs at me. I'm listening.

**Reagan's Ghost:** After we summon the bloody-robed rider, other horses should follow: orange and red and yellow—

**George:** Like the colors of the terror alerts.

**Reagan's Ghost:** (Impatiently.) Yes, George, we've gone over this.

**George:** Can I be one of the riders? It would be really impressive to give a freedom speech while sitting on a fiery red horse.

**Reagan's Ghost:** The boss just wants you to make sure there's widespread war and famine. That will summon the horses. Don't go messing this up, George. War, famine, horses. That's it.

**Bush:** Can I at least rebuild the Jewish Temple in Jerusalem?

**Reagan's Ghost:** Well, it does have to be done...wait, how did you know that?

**George:** Ariel told me. Waitress approaches, followed by

John Ashcroft.

**Waitress:** Your buddy's here.

**George:** John, what brings you here?

John sits. Waitress fills John's cup.

**John:** Retirement sucks. Sure, there's Cops, but then what? I don't care what Rumsfeld says, you can only watch so many shirtless black men. Speaking of shirtless and black men, boy do I miss Clarence Thomas rubbing me with holy oil. Hey, Ron! I almost didn't see you there. It's been awhile. How are you doing?

**Reagan's Ghost:** I'm holding up. Got my memory back.

**Waitress:** (Aside.) I wonder if he remembers the crack epidemic and the explosion of AIDS?

**John:** Great! Boy, you should have seen the admiration when you died.

**Reagan's Ghost:** I saw it.

**Waitress:** (Sarcastically.) Tell me, Mr. Reagan, what's heaven like?

**John:** I bet he hangs out with quite a group. Goldwater, Helms, Thurmond. All the great republicans.

**Waitress:** I would say that's a safe bet.

**Reagan's Ghost:** John, you'll see heaven when you get there. Tell you what, I'll be the first to greet you. But I must go now. Got a letter here for Mr. Rove, signed by the boss himself.

**John:** Okay, but first, a song. (Raises coffee cup.) To great Presidents and great Americans. (Clears his throat.) Let the eagle soar/ Like she's never soared before/ From rocky coast to golden shore/ Let the mighty eagle soar.

**George, Reagan's Ghost, and John:** Soar with healing in her wings/ As the land beneath her sings!

**Waitress:** (Aside.) Armageddon's bells will ring.

# Classic wrestling matches in history

**Match:** Roe vs. Wade at Wrestlemania  
**When:** January 22, 1973

**Where:** Madison Square Garden

**Attendance:** 18,200 (SOLD OUT!)

**Rules:** One Fall, No Time Limit

**Description:** Roe vs. Wade was one of the most influential wrestling matches in the history of the United States, the match to which all other matches are compared.

Jane Roe, a hardcore abortion rights activist, was fighting for her life to end the life of her baby! Her opponent in the square circle was district attorney Henry Wade, whose mysterious origin, good looks, and breathtaking bombshell escort made him a fan favorite. The attendance was as high as the stakes, since the victor of the match would automatically win in the Supreme Court case they had going on the side.

Speaking of which, all nine Supreme Court judges were ringside for the bone-crunching, high-flying action. Once the pre-match inflammatory opening statements were over, the fight was underway and history was about to be written.

Some early highlights of the match included a Wade piledriver, Roe delivering a low blow (feminist!), and

Wade getting suplexed onto Mean Gene Okurlund's announcing table.

The fight was a grueling thirty minutes long until Roe did her patented "People's Choice Elbow Drop" off of a tumbuckle that nearly ended the match. However, Roe accidentally knocked referee Mills Lane (then a young upstart) unconscious, preventing her three count.

While Roe was desperately trying to rouse the referee, Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist came out from the stands and landed a vicious blow to Roe's crown with a steel chair. Rehnquist then placed Wade's body on top of Roe and ran out of the stadium, while a downpour of jeers came from the thousands in attendance and the millions watching at home.

Referee Mills Lane came to and started the pin count. Just as he was about to land the third count, Roe suddenly came to life and lifted her shoulder. The crowd went into an absolute frenzy and began chanting "Choice!"

Roe then delivered a series of ten punches to Wade, with the crowd counting along. Eventually Roe executed her finishing move, the "Back Alley Powerbomb," ending one of the greatest Supreme Court cases our nation has ever seen.



Roe vs. Wade

Before



After



'The Choice is Clear'

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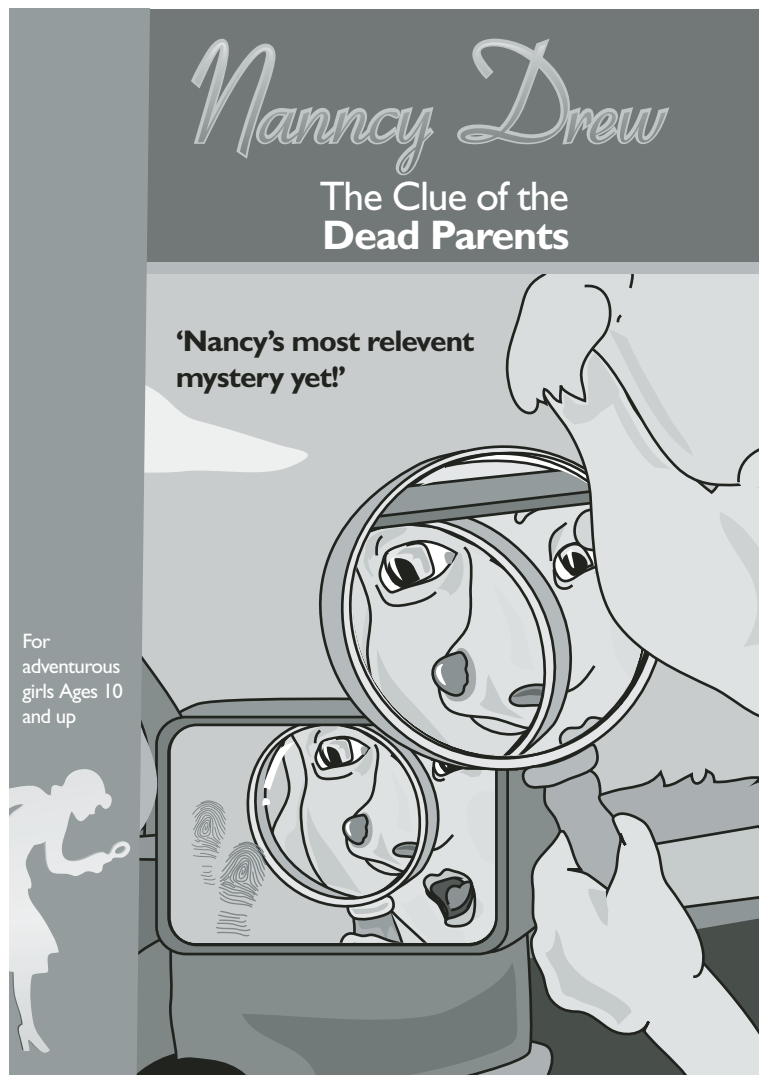
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# Ted looks at children's literature

Hi there, this co-editor and chief Ted Faust, and I'm here to recommend to you some wonderful books to share with your children this winter, when you're trapped inside due to cold weather or rheumatoid arthritis.



## The Hardy Boys Meet the Arby's Girls

Another attempt to place the stuck-in-the-20s Hardy brothers into modern society, this book falls flat. For example, when Frank Hardy arrives on the scene where two Arby's workers have been found raped and murdered, he exclaims "Boy howdy!" before pulling out his magnifying glass. The only true attempt to make the brothers themselves up to date is a lengthy, detailed chapter in which they shop for Hollister clothes.

## Babysitter's Club #1089: Kristi Goes On Welfare

Now that she's 29, single, and has children of her own, Kristi's babysitting gig just isn't enough to pay all of the bills, forcing her to seek assistance from the government. The real-time timeline of this series has caught up with it, making it difficult to keep things enjoyable and funny while portraying adventures in babysitting the neighbor's children for \$10 a day. The series' original appeal — the love lives of pre-teen girls — has disappeared, as real-world issues have taken away time to gawk at cute boys.

## ◀ Nancy Drew: The Clue of the Dead Parents

In her first truly relevant case, Nancy has to track down the man who murdered both of her parents. Not only that, but she also has a big math test on Friday! Oh man, it's tough to be a 13-year-old sleuth, and this book gets it just right. Just when you think things are going well because Nancy has found her own mother's bloody fingerprints on her neighbor's car, she gets a zit on her nose two hours before a date with Jake, the school hunk. Don't miss this one!

## Goosebumps: Zombies.edu

R.L. Stine has run out of ideas, basically, and turned to modern technology for inspiration for his long-running children's horror series. This rather uninspired offering details a young boy's discovery of a frightening website, zombies.edu, which hosts an online-only school for zombies. Very little actually happens, and it mostly chronicles the government's attempts to shut down this "money for zombie-degrees" scam site.

## Encyclopedia Brown and the Case of Gonorrhea

Tired of being considered a geek by everyone at school, Encyclopedia finally decides to cut loose and go to a party. At the party, Encyclopedia experiments with recreational drugs and wakes up the next morning with the entire cheerleading squad. It is soon discovered that he has gonorrhea, and it's up to him to figure out who on the squad is the guilty culprit. This book is a noticeable blemish in an otherwise wholesome series.

## Boxcar Children: The Mystery of the Missing Mystery

The Boxcar children have lost the note on their bulletin board with the details of their latest mystery, making the actual mystery the odd disappearance of the previous mystery, which leads to arguments over whether the previous mystery is even needed since they have the new mystery, even though the new mystery is dependent on the existence of the missing mystery. This entry in the series was guest-written by post-modern master David Foster Wallace, but few parents picked it up for their children, turned off by the 400-plus pages of endnotes

accompanying the 78-page novel.

## Matt Christopher: The Three-legged Dog Who Hit the Inside-the-Park Home Run

Matt Christopher, the world's best young adult sports fiction writer, has hit one out of the park with this novel. It's main character, Babe (catch the reference?), is a golden retriever who overcomes the odds to help his owner Lucas win the Little League World Series. Catch all the heartwarming drama interspersed with heart-pounding sports action in this wonderful novel.

## Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, The Witch, and the Walk In Freezer

An alternate version of the original "Chronicles of Narnia" debut book "The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe," this novel is tough to find. It never made it to print because its editors were very concerned that children would attempt to copy the book, locking themselves in walk-in freezers while attempting to travel to a magical land. It was followed by the also-unused "The Lion, the Witch, and the Microwave Oven."

## Treehouse Times Collection

I can't say much about the "Treehouse Times" series of children's books, except that there were only about 10 novels and I found them all in my co-editor Shane's bedroom. Upon reading them, I've discovered that nearly 90% of the things he's ever said to me are quoted directly from the characters in these books. It's basically Babysitters' Club for preteen girls who would rather make a newspaper than baby-sit. When I confronted Shane about it, he said this magazine wouldn't even be possible without the Treehouse Times. He then proceeded to read

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## Which Character from The Birdcage are you?

- Are you **Nathan Lane**?  
 Yes  No
- Gene Hackman**?  
 Yes  No
- What about **Robin Williams**?  
 Yes  No
- Not Robin Williams, eh?  
How 'bout **Hank Azaria**?  
 Yes  No
- Fine then — **Dianne Wiest**?  
 Yes  No
- Christine Baranski**?  
 Yes  No

\*to figure out which character from The Birdcage you would be if you were in the movie The Birdcage, send your answers to editors@therubberneck.com (don't forget that article "the!") and we will analyze the results

# Coroner's Corner

By David Watts  
Coroner

Rubberneck boredom was pronounced dead on arrival — the arrival of David Watts that is!

Whassup?! My name is David Watts, and I'm a somewhat famous local coroner who's been given a wonderful opportunity to write for this publication. Some of you may ask yourselves questions about this, like "why would they let a coroner speak his mind?" or "how the hell could a coroner's view of the world be interesting enough to read?"

Well, let's just say that I was the dude who pronounced Bozo the Clown dead. Read it and weep.

I don't think of myself as the typical "stiff," like most coroners I

meet. In fact, I don't find anything wrong with having a fun or wacky outlook on life (or death!) just because my career is a tad morose.

Of course, there is always the occasional death that really shakes my bones, such as the

disheartening death of Emilio Estevez's career! Yowzers! But honestly, pronouncing my mother's death really did shake my bones.

I've been "dying" to move on to better things, such as packing up my hearse and moving to L.A. to pursue my pipe dream of pronouncing my favorite celebs dead.

It's not that I want them to die because I dislike them, but they're gonna die at some point anyway, and I wanna be there when it happens because I respect them so much. I'd "murder" someone just for the chance to pronounce Jay Leno murdered, but I wouldn't want to stop there.

### Top five list of celebs I would like to someday pronounce dead!

1. Frankie Muniz
2. Bono
3. Robin Williams
4. Karl Marx (if time travel is possible)
5. Luc Longley

# The T 'N' A-Train Interview Exclusive

This month we've decided to look at the music industry, after finding a fantastic up-and-coming underground rap duo named "T 'n' A-Train." These boys, "T" (Thomas Huxton Zeddemore, III) and "A-Train" (Albert Jarvis Venkman), have just dropped a new album, "Titties 'R' 4 F-ing," and it's hotter than hot. A Rubberneck staff member recently got a chance to cut loose and shoot it straight with these boys, resulting in a Kafkaesque romp for the ages, transcribed as follows:

**The Rubberneck:** So, first of all, where are you guys from?

**"T":** Straight outta J-ville (Jacksonville).

**"A-Train":** Actually it's a little suburb called White Moose Grove, but we got friends from da mean streets who actually went to public schools and shit.

**T:** Gotta respect the Jags, man, much love.

**RN:** So how'd you guys get together to start this act?

**A:** Well we first got our meet on in Catholic school, a few years back.

**T:** Yeah we were all prayin' and shit, but we was totally hard-core so we blew outta there as soon as we graduated.



**A:** Yeah so then we went to Carnegie Mellon so I could get a Bachelors in Engineering, and this fagshit got his in Philosophy.

**T:** Mad ups to my main man Kant.

**A:** So then we graduated with mutha-fuckin' honors and started rappin' and shit.

**RN:** How would you characterize your music? Some critics have claimed that it's the most inept attempt at braggadocio ever witnessed within the hip-hop genre.

**T:** Yo yo yo, firsts of all, we don't be listnen' to no fool critics. Second of all, we ain't braggadocious, man, we just speakin' it like it be.

**A:** Yeah exactly, man, like my dick really is dragging, like in our song "Dick Draggin' (Happy

Mothers Day)" and I really did want my mom to have a happy mother's day.

**T:** And don't even be bringin' up no mutha-fuckin' questions of genre, man, we collab'ed with Melissa mutha-fuckin' Etheridge.

**RN:** I'm glad you brought up that song, your cover of "Come To My Window," because many have wondered if the two of you are singing to each other. It seems pretty homoerotic.

**T:** No mutha-fuckin' comment. Next.

**A:** (Blushes, lights up a "Philly Blunt")

**RN:** Alright, sorry about that. Moving on, could you give us a description of your writing process?



Titties R 4 F-ing  
T 'N' A-Train

1. Blue Balls
2. Titties R 4 F-ing
3. Nut Bustin' (feat. Slappy)
4. I-ROC in My I-ROC
5. Titties R 4 F-ing (Reprise)
6. Drive Bi-Bangin'
7. Tough Titties Easy Jizz
8. Merry XXXMas (feat. Muff)
9. Yeast of Burden
10. Dick Draggin' (Happy Mothe& Day Song)
11. Titties R 4 F-ing (Acoustic)
12. Fuck Tha Pó (feat. Lil Joey M.)
13. Cum To My Window (feat. Melissa Etheridge)
14. Titties R 4 F-ing (Radio Edit/Instrumental)
15. Outro

**T:** First we buy a sixer of Mike's Hard Lemonade and get bedazzled as shit, yo.

**A:** Yeah then T makes up a hot-assed beat and lays down the hook, while I just straight-up thug it out proper, yo.

**RN:** Alright then, well, I want to ask you about some of your lyrics. According to the liner notes, the song "Blue Balls" was written to memorialize your dead friend "T-Catfucka," correct?

**T&A:** Yeah, man, much love.

**RN:** Well, could you explain what he has to do with these opening lyrics: "Does it look like I'm walkin' funny/It's cause your mama gave me blue balls/Does it look like I gots no money/It's cause I've been makin' dirty phonecalls/

Does my disposition not look sunny/it's cause my dick ain't up in some bitches vaginal walls"?

**A:** Shit man, you bein' all analytical and shit is totally killin' my buzz.

**T:** Listen yo, once y'all start critizin' art, it's dead, man, so get off our mother f-in' backs.

**A:** Yeah, plus those lyrics came to me in a dream.

**T:** Not to mention how much havin' blue balls really sucks, yo.

**RN:** Well, that's all the time we really have to chat. Any last thoughts?

**T:** Gotta love the titty f-in' man, much love.

**A:** Pick up our album, man, and I just wanna say, the tougher the titties, the easier the jizz.

# Failed TV Pilots

*A television pilot isn't a character on JAG, it's a single episode of a show created to try to get money to make more episodes. Often times, they don't get picked up for more episodes, even when they're brilliant. Here, we've compiled descriptions of some of the best never to make it.*

## Miami Vice: New York

Description: Inexplicably, the entire Miami Vice squad gets transferred to New York. Fish-out-of-water hilarity ensues as criminals get beaten down. Don Johnson is conspicuously absent, but just-getting-into-drama Joe Piscopo was a worthy replacement.

Why Wasn't It Picked Up? Respect for the concept of intelligence. Also, viewers weren't able to brave the 12-hour commuting scene planned for every episode.

## Who All Wants To Marry a Morman?

Description: A reality show in which a Morman man must slowly whittle down 30 possible brides to 28, all of whom he would marry in

a proposed two-hour finale.

Why Wasn't It Picked Up? Nobody was very responsive to the concept of watching a man eliminate two women over the course of twelve episodes, not to mention the limited audience inherent in a marginalized religious theme.

## The Adventures of Eddie the Dog featuring Kelsey Grammer as Frasier

Description: The loose premise of this show barely had anything to do with its title character: the dog from Frasier runs away from home, traveling the country, and the show follows Kelsey Grammer as he attempts to get him back.

Why Wasn't It Picked Up? Obviously a weak attempt to

allow Kelsey Grammer to play Dr. Frasier Crane for the 21<sup>st</sup> consecutive year following the cancellation of "Frasier," networks had no desire to let that happen.

## MC Hammer Mysteries

Description: To cash in on his fading popularity, Hammer teamed with a young David E. Kelly to play himself as a retired hip-hop star turned detective. Supporting characters would constantly refer to him as the one detective who was "2 Legit 2 Quit," and every time Hammer would enter a crime scene, he would shout out "Stop! It's Hammer time."

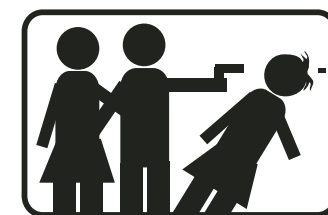
Why Wasn't It Picked Up? Hammer's popularity had evidently faded more than he thought, as his relentless need

to pepper his dialogue with the names of his songs fell extremely flat to disinterested network execs.

## Pimp My Daughter

Description: Hot off the success of his "Pimp My Ride," Xzibit created this follow-up reality show in which he makes over teenage girls, blinging them out to the max. After the makeover process is finished, he pimps them out to high-paying customers and adorns them with finishing touches, like slashes on their tits.

Why Wasn't It Picked Up? Legal issues and death-threats followed the filming of the pilot episode of this show, so "X to da Z" went back to pimping what he pimps best: cars.



**TERMIDATE**

Go to [www.therubberneck.com](http://www.therubberneck.com) to find full descriptions of the following shows, as well as short clips from some of them:

- Ms. Jackée Robinson
- Fuck My Wife
- HIV: Miami
- Room Raiders: Nazi Germany (Zimmerüberfall-ers)
- I Want a Famous Face: Willem Dafoe and Seal
- Animal ER: Hotlanta
- ▲ Termidate
- I'm Dreaming of a White Kwanza

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