

THE INNER SWINE



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STILL MORE CRAP FROM THE BITTER, TWISTED MINDS OF YOUR FAVORITE PINKO PUBLICATION, FEATURING ART, COMMENTARY, FICTION, MINDLESS CHATTER, ENDLESS INTELLECTUAL MEANDERING, POINTLESS HOSTILITY & HUMORLESS SARCASM.



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"They sicken of the aim, those that know the storm ..." Dorothy Parker

THE NINE IDENTICAL MOODS OF KAREN ACCAVALLO

by Karen Accavallo, authority.

My rage factor is about a nine today. It all started out when I heard these two guys on my bus (it was snowing; the bus was filled with the odor of wet wool and fumes, which would make anybody's rage factor skyrocket) talking about dumping oily refuse into a sewer. Really. The first guy (I'll call him Sawyer), claimed that he would not dump oily refuse into a sewer because it would break some environmental law. His friend (I'll call him Bennett) stated that he would dump oily refuse into a sewer if it would save lives.

A guy I know named Jack coined the term "rage factor." I just don't understand why everyone on this green earth (although I don't know how green it will be if Bennett keeps dumping oily refuse into sewers) has to fill me with rage. Rage, rage, rage.

So anyway, Sawyer and Bennett are discussing oily sewers, and I'm sitting on a bus next to a woman who smells of old sausages. I march through the fudgy snow on the New York City sidewalks, bumping into international sensation Margaret Cho in Times Square. She glares at me, and I get mad because after working in the city for two years, she's the biggest celebrity I've seen. (I did see a guy that, in the right lighting, could have been a distant relative of Eric Clapton once.) I get to work and become filled with rage (for the umpteenth time today) when I receive the following voice mail message:

"Hello, Karen. I spoke to woman yesterday for about a half hour about this particular article. Her name was Karen, too. I just found out today that it wasn't you. Hee Hee. Anyway, I know you've faxed this article about sixteen thousand times already, but could you send it again? And this one marked 'unscheduled.' When will that be published?"

All this brings me to what I really wanted to write about: Mentos commercials and Wilford Brimley. Does anyone understand either one? A guy is running through a festive shopping mall, trying to escape from an old lady wearing a hat. This is my worst nightmare! And I must be inundated with this torture just because I want to catch a little Richard Bey? When he escapes from this woman (mind you, we, the collective consumer has no idea who this woman is, or why she is stalking this fun young man with the candy.) He thrusts the Mentos roll in the air victoriously and winks at us, as if we were in on his adventure from the get-go. Color me reactionary, but HOW DOES THIS SELL CANDY? Whenever I even see Mentos in the supermarket, my blood pressure rises, my heart pounds, I sweat, I run away. (Sounds

like what happened with my last boyfriend.) I will never purchase a roll of Mentos EVER, in fact, I want everyone associated with this product maimed or killed.

And who does Wilford Brimley think HE is? This guy has the gall to sit there in his Vermont cottage with his dog Myron or WHATEVER! and he sits there and tells me that "it's the right thing to do" if I eat oatmeal. Now I went to college; I know oatmeal. I still may be a little naive about the workings of the world, sometimes I am faced with tremendous moral judgements; but I see nothing particularly "right" about eating oatmeal. Or particularly wrong. I lived on it for a year. It's good with honey. But who in this green earth does Wilford Brimley think he is that he can invade my living room and tell me what is right and what is wrong? Just what has this world come to? Here's my real question: WHY IS PROCTER AND GAMBLE TRYING TO KILL ME? Same deal with the Mentos people.

Can anybody help me?

BEING AN EXPLANATION OF THOSE MENTOS ADVERTISEMENTS

By Jeffrey Somers

We've all seen those Mentos advertisements that fill Karen with such rage, we've all wondered about them, their eerie emotionlessness, the absolutely disturbing fact that they seem to be trying to convince us that the route to personal effectiveness lies through candy. If they don't make you into a drooling pit of rage, they must at least make you scratch your head. Here then, I will try to make sense of these commercials so you will know what you are getting enraged at:

Commercial #1:

PLOT: A young woman, looking spunky and happy, walks up to her car, just as a bloated capitalist pig parks his heaving gas guzzler so tightly close to her small, enviro-friendly compact that she cannot conceive of getting out of that spot. He shrugs with the natural apathy of the elitist fascist pig and walks away to consume more. She doesn't pause to weep, though: she has Mentos! She pops one into her mouth and, energized by such blatant consumerism, entices several burly workers nearby to move her car by sheer brute force with the promise of free love.

EXPLANATION: The cars are obvious symbols of wealth, and this commercial is a mini sponsor for the coming communist revolution. The wealthy elite will put us down, but one day we will gather up strong brutes and by sheer force steal their cars!

Commercial #2:

PLOT: A young man is in a mall, enjoying some good clean fun with his zany friends, when he is suddenly and mysteriously stalked by a menacingly grandmother in an odd hat. For a moment it seems he will be caught and consumed by the old woman, when suddenly he realizes he has Mentos! He pops one into his mouth and pretends to be a mannequin, and the evil old woman breezes past him, unawares of his ruse. He is then free to pursue free love with his young friends.

EXPLANATION: This commercial attempts to illustrate to the masses why old people are bad. The youth, enjoying life and making a difference with their energy and good looks, are momentarily menaced by an old hag intent on some unnamed cruelty. However, as the commercial ably proves, old people are slow and easily confused, and thus youth wins the day, as it must. Once again, the established culture of baby boomers is overthrown by kids souped up on sugar.

Commercial #3:

PLOT: A gang of youths roams a city street, supporting free love and cool fashions. Suddenly, as the group crosses a busy street a car blocks the way and one of the group is trapped, cut off from the rest, who stare in horror. The one left behind is horrified at his situation until he remembers he has Mentos! He pops one into his mouth and opens the back door of the car, moving through it to join his friends and be rewarded by free love.

EXPLANATION: This commercial is a blueprint for revolution without violence. It teaches the youth of the world how to subvert their fascist masters by unconventional thinking and a willingness to vandalise or otherwise abuse existing property. The youth of the world must learn to think in new ways, or the established rulers of the world will win the day with superior cars.

These Mentos ads are thus much more sinister than you ever imagined, even if you are aware of their creepy cheeriness and bland view of the world as giant mall. With their vaguely european look, lack of dialouge, and insanely cheerful stories of self-achievement, I view The Mentos advertisements as the second most evil, annoying, and creepy commercials in the world. The number three evil commercial is The Puttermans spot for batteries. Number one, by far the most disturbing series of ads I or anyone has ever seen, are the ads for Diesel clothes. These ads, I am convinced, are subliminal in some way. I always have a vague urge to kill my officemate Alison whenever I read one. The fact that this urge is fairly common and easily transferable to anyone else means nothing, I don't think. If anyone out there has any info on the Diesel ads, please forward them to me care of The Inner Swine.