

THE INNER SWINE

Volume 3, Issue 3, December 1997

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"Wherever they burn books, they will also, in the end, burn human beings."

- Heinrich Heine

VITA '97



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any purpose will be flown to New York City for a weekend and given the opportunity to take Misty S. Quinn, esq. (above left) out and get her stinking drunk, which isn't very hard.

THE INNER SWINE

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INSPIRATION: "Searching for Bobby Fischer"

ADVICE & FREE DRINKS: Over his lifetime, Ken West has subsidized my perilously cavalier drinking more than once, now that I think about it.

PROOFREADER EXTRAORDINAIRE: Karen Accavallo, even if she does it only to have an excuse to search each issue for her name.

OVERALL OFFICIAL COOL CHICK: Lauren Strutzel

OFFICIAL STIMULANT: At the risk of being trendy, The Inner Swine loves coffee.

FRIENDS OF THE SWINE: **Elizabeth Augoustiniatos**, for moving back to New Jersey (which I know in my heart she did solely to be closer to me) and for trying her best to sink down to my level; **Lauren L. J. Strutzel**, for occasionally even making my level look pretty good and for not moving away just yet; **Jeof Vita** for once again providing the best cover art known to man, while putting up with my bullshit; **Misty S. Quinn, esq.**, for continuing to be a person I can count on for unsullied support and affection (thanks) and for being my trophy date with good grace; **Kim Darconte**, who got married; **Laura Pergolizzi**, who didn't; **Wes Hegg**, as always, for supporting the Swine up in Canada despite the fact that we do nothing for him; **Ellen Long**, of JoyBuzzer fame, for inviting me to her house and for linking their site to mine; **Pete Nesbitt**, for letting me print his weirdo cartoons and for also linking his site to mine (see page 59); **Karen Accavallo**, for not being nearly as crazy as I make her out to be in this zine; **R.A. Haberman**, for making a (doomed) attempt to stay cool despite her newfound parenthood; **Alice Pucknat**, for subsidizing the Swine with good cheer (although she did call my lack of subscribers "pathetic")



What the Fuck's Been Goin' On?

I AM AMAZED BY THE NUMBER OF THINGS IN THIS UNIVERSE WHICH ARE STICKY: I'm finding it harder and harder to find good reasons to leave my apartment. Beer, the threat of termination from my job, the discomfort of bedsores...these are really all I have left as far as motivation goes. I end up staying home a lot, which makes me really sensitive to all the funk and dirt that a single male accumulates, so I clean a lot. It doesn't do any good. All my cleaning just seems to mutate the dirt into a sticky substance that eventually collects all the dust and dirt unto itself, a huge monster that forces me to hide in my bathroom until I sober up, when it miraculously disappears.

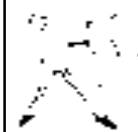
Since issue 3(2) came out all those months ago, what I've mostly been doing is living, breathing, eating, and watching baseball. The world series is over now and its all said and done, and nothing will fill this empty wound in my heart until March...when spring training begins again. As my friend Karen would say: I miss baseball, like the deserts miss the rain.

Aside from that, I've been drinking, which I continually lobby to be counted as an activity, and attending weddings, which usually resulted in more drinking. I am slipping quietly into the dark twilight of my twenties, and while I won't bore you with pathetic *I am getting old* bullshit from a child who still can't be trusted to pay his bills on time much less comprehend his 401K fund, I will say that I find myself increasingly questioning my direction, or, more specifically, my lack thereof. Of course, something else I've been busy doing is *just barely not getting fired*, so I guess it all ties together.

CHESS and COFFEE: Ah, my new loves. I've always been a coffee drinker, but recently I've been sucking the stuff down at a really dangerous pace, to the point where back in July I was suffering from heart palpitations due to the heroic caffeine intake. And my father taught me the basics of playing chess when I was but a lad, but recently I saw "Searching for Bobby Fischer" and it clicked in my head just how fascinating this game is, and I've been attempting to learn to play *well* ever since. I know I'll never be a GrandMaster (since almost all of them were under 10 when they played their first serious game) but maybe I could be, you know, average.

Yeah yeah -shut up about chess already. Heathens. Probably a bunch of checkers lovers. I think chess appeals to me because in this increasingly chance-ridden and luck-assisted life, it's a game that requires no luck at all: no roll of the dice, no shuffle of the cards, no good spin on the ball. It's just your brains against their brains. That's it. Since every day of my life is a gruesome pot-luck of unpaid bills, violence and hangovers, this kind of methodical process reassures me that there's a plan in the universe, and that I am part of it, even if that's not really true.

If chess doesn't convince me, there's always the "new" AC/DC song with Bon Scott on vocals that just got released - it's basically an early version of *Whole Lotta Rosie* before the boys sobered up enough to polish it. I don't care. AC/DC's never been about "creativity" or "originality". It's about thirty-thousand 13-20 year olds in denim pumping their fists in unison, or else its about beer - and either way I'm glad for a new song. Rock on!



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We don't want to hear how to get rich on the web, we don't wish to see naked jpegs of Jenny McCarthy, we don't want your stupid and pathetic chain letters and I don't want to hear about 1-900 lines from sleazy companies masquerading as women named "Candi". Other than that, feel free to drop me an email any time.