
F R I C H

Forum for Research Into Communication History

Playdoh Paranoia

People often ask me why I am such an angry person. Well, it's simple; Playdoh. Yup, that's right, Playdoh is the source of my bitterness. You see, I grew up in the kind of environment that frowns upon things like television, video games, and other such forms of entertainment. Now that I think about it, we were a toaster and an alarm clock away from Amish. My anger came about when my mother refused to buy me a can of Playdoh, because she was afraid I would choke on it. **CHOKER ON IT!!** She assumes I would try to eat the stuff!! I admit, I was the kind of kid who would eat the paste in art class. That stuff was good, but Playdoh?!

Now, I know that this article sounds a bit random so far, but keep reading. My point is coming, I promise. I was thinking (at least, I was doing the best I could!), and I came to the realization that I may, in fact, be the smartest person alive! Think how much happier we would all be if we blamed our problems on Playdoh! If you think you're unattractive, instead of blaming supermodels or society's overwhelming pressure to stay thin and perfect, blame those small, plastic dolls that grow Playdoh hair; they always seem to have perfect bodies with oversized gazoongas! If you feel that you are overweight, place the blame on those toys that sculpt the Playdoh into scrumptious little hamburgers that serve as a constant reminder of how good a slab of dead meat can taste when placed together with such things as lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions, ketchup (or catsup), mustard, and tomatoes – all on a sesame seed bun.

So, from now on, instead of blaming your problems on a society that seems to want to stab you in the back, blame them on Playdoh, and watch how much happier we can all be!

Note: No offense was meant to be directed towards the makers of Playdoh. Playdoh, in itself, can, in fact, be quite an entertaining toy, and, although we do not encourage it, is perfectly edible, and is rumored to taste like chicken. In short: Playdoh, please don't sue, please don't sue, please don't sue!

π Cody Dawson <cody@frich.zzn.com> π

Does "IMC" Stand For "Immense Mound of Crap"?

What the flying frich is with the IMC? I mean, COME ON. I've determined that, over the course of Niwot's history, the library (call it what it is) has lost all dignity it once had. Have you ever tried to find a resource there from any time in the past ten years? They don't exist. **THEY JUST DON'T!** I mean, come on. Here we are, learning, growing teenagers, and these are the resources that the school district gives us.

Now, I understand that books cost money. Nobody can argue that schools get too much funding. However, our school seems to enjoy wasting what little money we're awarded. And I can back up this statement with three little letters: M-A-C.

The Macintosh company is just wrong. They're just as stupid as Microsoft, but they're worse at marketing their crap. But the one shining light in their whole set-up is their little "corrupt bargain" with the nation's schools. I envision the meeting in which they decided on the little deal beginning with liquor, bargaining tools of strippers, and the contracts signed following the mob-style execution and "disposal" of a CEO or two. And, as if it's not bad enough, they put their little protection programs on the computers. Give me a break. If anybody is dumb enough to download porn on a school computer, he or she would be seen by some no-good wuss (one of the those with a yard stick 35-inches up his rear) who would then scream bloody murder for all people to see. I really don't need to see that black screen accusing me of looking for Asian teen bestiality when I'm looking up the fourth amendment (true story, by the way) during the little bit of class time I get between website loading times.

In summation, not only is our education not worth the taxpayer money to update literary sources, but we're not good enough to even get good technology! If this is the system's idea of a joke, they need some serious mental masturbation.

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Candy-<rear>ed? How Nice of You to Say That!

Those of you who normally read my articles: I must warn you. This one is serious. Those of you who loyally bust your guts at the cynicalness of my mind, I thank you, and promise that my next article will contain more of the crap that our simple, socially-ruined mind's adore.

I'm sure you read the article accusing everyone of being a candy-<rear>ed wimp. If you haven't you may want to. Those of you out there who know me know that I am usually a "people are entitled to their opinions" kind of person. Well, here's mine:

The candy-<rear>ed article is 100% B.S.! First of all, how can you tell people to resort to violence to solve their problems, and then say you're not condoning acts like Columbine? That's exactly what you are doing! You say that if people had stood up to the shooters, it never would have happened? Wrong! It happened because people did stand up to them - they had the guts to say that [the shooters] were wrong with their opinions.

I don't care if you don't want to hear complaints about the nature of your article, you're going to. Besides, I'm sure you will do your share of complaining when you're in prison and some 350-pound man decides to make you his toy. Negotiate that at the end of a baseball bat, I dare you.

π Cody Dawson <cody@frich.zzn.com> π

I Am Nothing

I'm a little pea
I love the sky and the trees
I'm a teeny, tiny
Little ant
Checking out this and that
And I am nothing
(Red Hot Chili Peppers)

If you know the rest of the lyrics to that song, you know my life. I get up way too <> early every morning to freeze my <rear> off while driving to school. I get inside the building and try to avoid getting stuffed inside someone's locker before my fingers thaw out. Sitting through a class is like having a very boring play performed for me. My social standing extends to the point where I can ditch unnoticed. It's a weird little invisible boy thing I have going on. Surprisingly, my veil of transparency works everywhere but in the girls locker room, or when I've somehow managed to piss off another bonehead. We've got a huge population of them in these four or five acres. Someone should really do something about it. I'm not talking about Columbine-style culling here, but you know something's gotta be wrong when a jack-off football player says "nu-cu-ler" and threatens to bash your face in when you correct him. I admit I'm not the smartest cookie in the jar, I don't have the 4.000 GPA. Hell, I don't even have the 3.000 GPA, but when someone honestly doesn't know that "X" is not Malcom's original last name well, it's time's like those that 50% of America voting for Bush Jr. makes sense.

π Francis Scott Key <frankie@frich.zzn.com> π

I Fervently Dislike Formatting

I fervently dislike, fervently dislike, and fervently dislike formatting. I fervently dislike formatting because it is predictable, unrealistic, and stifles creativity. The worst problem with formatting is the predictability it enforces. Simply by knowing how one might write the typical paragraph essay, one could predict that I consider this my strongest point, the next my weakest, and the third somewhere in-between. One might guess that my weakest point, the lack of reality in the triplet structure, would be the second point. However, few would disagree that topics rarely can be broken down into three neat, equal pieces as the standard format requires. The format's requirements also stifle creativity. Think about it, who is the most creative writer you know (hint: rhymes with "crêche A")? Then, attempt to resist giggling while telling yourself that they could use a good shot of formatting. Admittedly, some kind of structure is necessary, but it should serve as skeleton, not straightjacket or better yet, bread pan instead of Tupperware, or even better, mind expanding as opposed to headache

inducing. In conclusion, I fervently dislike formatting because it is predictable, unrealistic, and uncreative.

π Ben Franklin <ben@frich.zzn.com> π

Are You Man Enough?

I am an idiot. I am very proud of this fact. Idiots serve possibly the most important role in a society. It takes commitment, drive, and perseverance. Most of all it takes courage. The village idiot brought all the needed elements to their village. People that needed to feel that they were superior to others could always look to the idiot and get the feeling of superiority they needed. People that have the need to help others could always rely on the village idiot to care for. With out idiots our society would fall apart. The idiot's life is not as easy as it sounds. You must be strong enough to take the verbal and mental abuse of all your fellow comrades. Brave enough to play true to the role even when you know it will only cause you harm. Humble enough to eat from the lowliest hand. It takes a true man to be the village idiot these days.

As I will soon be retiring this position when I leave Niwot, I am sending out an invitation.

Who will take over my role?

Are you man enough?

π Skizel <skizel@hotmail.com> π

10 Inappropriate Titles for Frich Articles

1. "Forget the Dress Code! What this School Needs in an Undress Code"
2. "10 Amendments to the U.S. Constitution that Do Not Apply Here"
3. "How to Curse in Spanish"
4. "When did People Get so Candy-<rear>ed?"
5. "Idiot's Guide to Pronouncing 'FRICH'"
6. "A Better Use for Laboratory Chemicals"
7. "10 Words You Can't Use in Frich"
8. "My Article is Better than Yours Because I Hate You"
9. <censored>
10. "Where I Hid the Bodies"

It is an article of Frich editorial policy that any article that is well written MUST be printed. This results in a number of unique properties:

First - the opinions expressed can only be considered those of the author.

Second - anyone can be published, simply by sending in their article through the Frich web page: <http://frich.flatirons.org/>.

Third - attitudes that may be perceived to belong to the editorial staff may not, in fact, exist.

Through a complete understanding of these effects, a more accurate understanding of Frich can be achieved.

On a completely different note, due to the recent increase in article submissions, FRICH #7's proposed release date is **1-29-01**. Of course, this implies that all submissions must be in by **1-24-01**. So long, and thanks for all the fish.