
F R I C H

Forum for Research Into Communication History

"A most profound love of satire is the surest way to a happy life."

Corrections and Retractions From the Last Issue

1. Cody Dawson, being a figment of your imagination, is too intangible to wrestle well.
2. Elaine Lester is not actually 12 years of age.
3. The sum of 91, 2, and 15 is, in fact, 100 - regardless of what some TI calculators may claim.
4. The listing of a total of only 88% of Seniors under the Marijuana category was intended to reflect answers received from those who "don't remember."
5. 2% of crack-headed sophomores are too statistically insignificant to be noticed.
6. Abo's has actually been "Kickin' **ass** in Niwot since 1996"
7. The word "kyke" is an insult to generation upon generation... of Jew haters, who generally use "kike."
8. The word "censured" should be changed to "reprimanded," to prevent it from being confused with "censored."
9. Stick-figure wise: The one on the left is actually the man, you stereotype enforcing twits!
10. Minnie Mouse is not an alcoholic, merely a social drinker -social being with or without anyone.
11. The first amendment is best rendered **irrelevant** through self-censorship.

Tempting the Wrath of God

(Note: This is a response to an article in FRICH #5 by John Hancock, available online at <FRICH.flatirons.org/frich5.html>)

Okay, I'm taking the bait. Weird AI is a hottie. I've wanted to screw him senseless since I knew what that phrase meant. And, I'm not alone. I have several friends of the same opinion, and I have seen the hordes of screaming girls who attend his concerts. Granted, these are not your average female fanatics. They are dressed in fishnet and chain jewelry. They mix plaid with tie-dye. One girl with "AI" tattooed on her tongue particularly sticks in my memory. Just because a guy is odd doesn't mean he can't have a following of horny teenage girls. In fact, it is his very

strange nature that attracts girls like me. A vegetarian accordion player with longer hair than mine? He's a gold mine! Mention his name and you may hear me utter the words, "Gimme some," under my breath. I agree that he is a great musician, although some might argue that all he does imitates others. However, it takes talent and skill to get everyone's permission. Weird AI is a gentleman when it comes to this. "Amish Paradise" is the only song he recorded without the original artists consent, and he did so unknowingly. I think he's still apologizing to Coolio. On top of that, he writes a few of his own creations that are equally funny as the rest of his work. The man is incredibly funny, intelligent, nice, and good-looking. If no one agrees with me, I might be struck down by lightning, but I get first dibs!

π Misha Promiskiev <Misha@FRICH.zzn.com> π

Dr. Sible: The Frich Interview

"Why?" I ask as I stroll into her office free-hand. She gives a puzzled look, "What are you talking about? And why are you here?" "Why are you leaving?" my associate probes ever so delicately. "Well here is a story about a woman whose life has been filled..."

She lived around Boulder and was fascinated by watching people, watching their lives. She loved life and all of its intricacies. She has always been open-minded to everything and would love to learn about it. Though she always wished to help people fix their problems, she was frustrated with the things people did. She saw people make life decisions without a thought, it made her sad because she could not help. As her life went on she moved to a house and got a job as the Media Specialist at a local middle school, now Sunset Middle School. She loved the interaction with the students and the diversity of the experience.

One of the best experiences that she ever had was helping to set up Westview Middle School, with all the

new programs and details. Her life was one of many experiences and trials of personality. The reason she started in school was the fact that she loved to learn and would take all that she could get. One of the worst parts of the schools was lunch duty, actually it is the sight of a student making a life decision that will impact for the worse and not being able to do a thing about it. She grew up in a family of teachers and swore that she would not be one. When she started as a media specialist she could not get enough of the interaction, she had to go further. However, the school is not her only life. She is a mother and a grandmother. She would like to retire to be able to spend more time with her family.

As to our future, CASE (Colorado Association of School Executives) post job openings to the country and this one has been open for quite some time. She would like to see one of the current assistant principals (Mr. Barry or Mr. Daly) to step up to the plate. The reason for this is that they already know the school and they would be able to put in a good 5 or more years to the school. The has yet to be written, but needless to say she will never stop learning.

"Wow, that is quite a story," I comment, stunned.
 "Thank you, I hoped you liked it," Dr. Sible smiles.
 "What is 1+1?" I coyly ask.
 "2, wait a minute, what am I really answering?" She remarks almost without hesitation.
 "What do you think about the counseling office and their ability to handle the work? I have been messed 2 times by them, and a lot of people have their opinions."
 "The counselors are people too. They make mistakes, and have problems of their own. They do a fine job considering the sheer volume of the work they have to do. They do realize what this stuff means to students. They also are all qualified and have a heck of a time doing a juggling act with their duties. They could use more office support to help them do their job."
 Now I give the one incriminating question. "What do you think of Frich?"
 "Why do you ask me these things? Well, ok, here we go. Frich walks the edge of all rules and sense of personal well being. Frich could easily find itself in trouble; however, Frich does do a great job at keeping itself in line. Frich could also serve a very important purpose, for the school. Frich presents satire, and historically satire has changed the world. Frich's facade is run intelligently with a purpose to bend any

rule it can. I do not know about the inner workings, but then again I don't want to know." "Fair enough, oh yeah, by the way one more question. Do you have any tattoo's or odd piercings?"

"Umm...No"

"Had to ask, they made me. Thank you Dr. Sible, I'm glad we could talk."

"No problem, kind of," As she rolls her eyes, jokingly. "See you soon." I say as I walk out the door. She tried to run after me and ask me what I meant by "soon," but I was already gone.

On the way out I can't help but think that she will, wants to and deserves to retire, I would like to see her stay. Well we all can't have what we want.

π Lord Azreil <LordAzreil@FRICH.zzn.com> π

A Personal Problem

It is practically a fact of life that line for the women's bathrooms stretch out much, much longer than the lines in the men's room. At Niwot this trend continues, and and women continue to be habitually late to classes. Americans also tend to hate public bathrooms. Here are some suggestions for STUDENTS, ADMINISTRATORS, and JANITORIAL STAFF that should make the bathrooms at Niwot less fierce:

1. At various times, stall doors have been missing from each of the bathrooms, cutting down on maximum capacity. Administrators and janitors – two weeks seems sufficient for the doors be replaced.
2. If no trashcan is accessible, trash ends up on the floor or on the back of the toilet. Women – you know what to do when a trash can is nearby. Every stall in the women's bathroom needs a small trashcan of some kind.
3. If every girl who walks into the bathroom avoids an un-flushed toilet, one out of four stalls is not being used. Thus it takes 25% longer to get through the line (3 minutes verses 4). Just flush it.
4. Niwot needs at least one tampon/pad dispenser that works all the time. Most other public places (the movie theater, mall bathrooms, the library...) all provide women this courtesy.
5. Fix the broken lock on the stall doors. Also, ladies, no one is watching you pee. Having friends guard the door just takes up space in front of the sink and mirror.

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The Anti-Cliqueist Manifesto

A spectre is haunting Niwot — the spectre of cliqueism. All the powers of old Niwot have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this spectre: Principal and Teacher, Mathematician and Guidance Counselor, Freshman Radicals and Sophomore police-spies.

Where is the writer in opposition that has not been decried as cliquish by their opponents in popularity? Where is the opposition that has not hurled back the branding reproach of cliqueism, against the more popular, as well as against their secretive adversaries?

What is it that makes cliqueism so dangerous and socially corrosive? How do we even define this fantastical beast? Anyone familiar with cliquish environments is no doubt aware of the exclusionary nature of cliqueism, but only a true scholar of the phenomenon, one who has both experienced and studied the effects of cliqueism is consciously aware of a second, far more important trait.

The free will of the individual involved in a cliqueistic society is the key trait which separates this societal mode from all others encountered within Niwotian life. Not only is this self-selection the obvious cause of many ills, it is also the progenitor of much mischief and mal-used time. The reader could gain much by contrasting these facts with the utility of other environments and the non-cliqueistic social models used within.

Was there ever a great high school whose participants were selected by their wishes? Are these institutions not often the least in their kind, and not the greatest as the cliqueists would have us believe? In comparison, those institutions that stand furthest out by comparison are those in which the free will of an individual is removed from decisions of membership.

There are those who agree that the forces of cliqueism must be arrested before they penetrate further into our society. These people, the Anti-cliqueists agree that the only proper response is to act and form communities – ideal societies in which members are assigned their social circles based on characteristics that cause an individual community to be more responsive.

The Anti-cliqueists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at an Anti-cliqueist revolution. The people have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

Socially Oppressed of all classes, unite!

π Ben Franklin <Ben@frich.zzn.com> π
and *the* Karl Marx (1818-1883)

Primal Love in Gym

Sex, what a great word. This word is everywhere; at school at home (yes, your parents do it on the kitchen floor when you're not there), in fashionable clubs (Don't go to the bathroom alone. You're liable not to return.), in gym class, and even (gasp!) on T.V. The last two I've mentioned are definitely the funniest. Yet, sex on T.V. can be bad when you fall off. Sex in gym class isn't there in it's full out messiness; however, it is present in the females cackling like chickens and the males grunting like apes.

I am a, shall we say, normalish teenage girl who hates gym class, yet in my pathetic semester I needed to graduate (stupid requirements), I found it quite enjoyable to observe the courtship behavior being displayed around me. Now you might be thinking that gym couldn't possible have sex in it. Well (stupid) it's there hidden in the sweat, B.O., and bleep drills. Outside of these, sex is present in the cackling chickens (female) and grunting apes (males).

Sex is first present in, yes, the smelly, semi crusty gym clothes. The female who wishes to attract a male will sport her newly lotioned chicken legs that are overly exposed by dangerously short shorts. The male won't take as much care in dressing, he will do a smell check some time between slapping the other males butts and leaving the locker room.

After leaving the locker room sex is present in its courtship form when any sort of game is played. The male will try to prove to the females that he is more endowed than the other males in the class by being more aggressive in charging around with a big plastic stick. This behavior even more prominent when males are playing with only males. When this hap-

pens, the male is given a chance to not only show off for the females, but also to size up the other males as well. While this is happening, the females sit, cackling to each other about recent lesbian experiences in the locker room and which male out there is secretly gay.

π Sunflower Doe π

College and IB: Oil and blood?

Do they enjoy slaughtering what's left of our chances in life? The IB program is pouring salt in the wound. Not only does it increase the overcrowding of our school, it is ruining the college opportunities for the vast majority of our sophomore and freshman classes. Sure, putting everyone in the same program won't work, but IB isn't the solution. Colleges prefer IB students; however, they prefer IB students who succeed in the program. Those with lower GPAs will not get as good of scholarships, as seniors can tell you, and some probably won't get in to college, even though they should be A students. The program has chopped off most of the front end of the bell curve and shoved it on a different playing field. Of course, they grade harder in the program, and therefore those who were getting 3.6's or higher now get B's and C's. Colleges don't look kindly on 2.0 students, IB or not.

Of course, those of you not in IB in the classes of 2003 and 2004 aren't any better off. Oh no, you're dead too. Colleges who see 3.5 and even 4.0 non-IB students think the students aren't "applying themselves to their potential." Translation: You won't be on the top of the list to get into college. The college representatives have said themselves that those not in IB aren't looked fondly upon.

So what does this mean? Only the really bright get the good scholarships and into the good colleges. The rest of us are just going to have to live with it. What's a solution? I think we should give Skyline the IB program. That way, the rest of us can live in peace and succeed while Skyline takes the short end of the stick. Bwa-ha-ha-ha...

π Montessor <Montessor@frich.zzn.com> π

Ode to the Band Geek

Ahhh, band geeks. What would we do without them? For those of you that would scoff at this small but important subculture, wait 'till I'm finished. I don't want you scoffing all over FRICH. Anyway, band geeks

have two very important talents.

Talent #1: They can turn anything into a phallic symbol. When I say anything, I mean ANYTHING. These guys don't stop at cigars. Instruments, chalk, stuffed animals—you name it! In the hands of a band geek, it's transformed. You give a band student a fish, he'll turn it into a phallic symbol. You give a band student a donkey...well, I'm not going to continue with that thought.

Talent #2: Band students can turn any innocent phrase into a double entendre mean, um, fornication or a reference to um, "equipment". Maybe it's thunderous banging of the drumline that has deafened them, so that instead of hearing, "My, that's a big saxophone" they hear...something entirely different. Or maybe they are just weird. In any case, their minds are sufficiently warped that to them, the innocent cry "Lizard, lizard, are you ok?" can mean oh-so-many things. (If you get it, congratulations. I don't.) Oh, yeah, and they're also good at playing music.

Disclaimer: Only a small fraction of band students are actually like this. Most are intelligent, dedicated and hard-working. Those of you that do display the talents listed above are probably proud of it. You know who you are. Warning: The author is not responsible for any fools who got ideas from the article. The author is not responsible for any psychological scarring that may occur if the aforementioned fools act on ideas inspired by the article. The author can only leave the reader with these fervent words of caution: Never give a band geek a donkey. NEVER.

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You Are So Unlikely to Read This That I Wonder Why I Bother
Those of you who make a study of Frich are aware that we traditionally save the last bit of the last page for some kind of disclaimer. However, the comments we hear about Frich make me wonder why we even bother.

This is most obvious is the popular perception that the editors of Frich have 'an agenda' - other than the obvious one of writing and distributing a newspaper. This is likely due to the fact that the articles share, in some people's **opinion** a common view. This is because it is impossible to print articles about a given topic if none have been submitted.

If you have an opinion for which nothing has been submitted, it is entirely fitting for you to write one and send it to Frich. The best method to do so is through the website:
<FRICH.flatirons.org>