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SNARK

SUB-

VERSIVE

LITTER - SEPT. 1993

THIS IS NOT
MY DAY!

HEY, THAT'S NOT
FAIR! I'M GOING
GOOD AND I'M HOT!

ASS·fault·book

What the Fuck?

by George

who am i?
what's going on here?
what's happening to me?
who are you?
why are you here?
why am i here?
where did i come from?
what the fuck?
who the hell?
who have i become?
what happened to you?
didn't we used to be friends?
do i know you?
wait, are you...?
did i change or was that you?

i'm confused.
this sucks.
i hate this place.
too many people.
oh, he's here.
oh shit, here she comes.
fuck this.

why me?
who, me?
what?
him?
her?
never heard of him.
oh, her, yea, nice girl, i fucked her.
oh great, not that.
oh sure, i'll see you then.

hello, glad to meet you.
hi, great to see you.
hey, what's up?
wow, long time....
how've you been?
how was your summer?
are you glad to be back?

what are you taking?
who's your advisor?
are you ready for i. s.?
do you have a topic?
i'm so behind already.
i don't know when it'll get done.

isn't it weird to be this old?
seems like yesterday.
remember him?
and her, she was great.
whatever happened to...?
oh really.
too bad.

are you still with...?
oh really.
too bad.

what are you doing tonight?
oh really.
maybe i'll see you then.
later.

what's happened to me?
didn't i used to be a dork?
why is everyone so nice now?
where were these fucks first year?

hey, there she is.
looks good.
single or not i wonder.
i never used to like her
did i change?
did she?
wonder what'll happen.
could i fall in love again?
so much energy.
so much pain, eventually.

hey, there he is.
looks good.
wonder what he's been up to.
is he still with what's her name?
[i remember that cat from the shower, his dick was
short and fat, wonder what it'd feel like swollen
and hard, veins pumping and skin tight, in my
mouth on my tongue?]
don't think that.
that's gross.
[why is my dick hard?]
nature, cows, school.
there, that's better.
i don't like guys.
i don't get hard in the shower.
i don't want anything up my arse.
besides, rough hands.
and facial hair.
and hard chests.
[hmmm.]
he did have nice lips.
[i could see my dick in his mouth.]
don't think that!
[another boner.]

who am i?
what's going on here?
what's happening to me?



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**ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF EASTER HOLIDAY

12 days since last week:

The terrors of Pismo

by Le mun-murang

It's common knowledge that clutsiness is the source and primary cause of nearly all fecal accidents. Those who spill, spoil, break, topple, crush, crack, demolish, and shatter the property or possessions of others often times suffer from uncontrollable diarrhea or spontaneous bowel movement. It is for this very reason that whenever you visit the bathroom of a goofy friend something always seems to be broken, for not only do they spend a large portion of their days in the lavatory, but an additional 90% of that time focuses on the destruction of toilet seats, sinks, towel racks and nozzles.

So, Wenton Parx is a cluts. He spent the first half of the first grade in soiled underwear and the second half in no underwear at all. Second grade was a free for all with "crusty crack, poopy butt Parx" jokes, and during the third grade, he was declared a living breathing fire hazard by the county fire inspector: "If you get a match anywhere within 20 feet of that boy, he'll phuckin king X-plode and level this whole school to a pal of cinders."

When he got to junior high, his aunt Jim bought him a box of Depends undergarments. Although it kept the violent dysentery at a safe and comfortable distance from his adolescent development, it didn't do much for his clutsiness. Afterall, he was a young boy full of life, passion and three square meals per day. As a fact of matter, the

autumn Couple's Dance was coming up and Beth Franklin had asked him to escort her and the entire 7th grade cheerleading squad to the gala. "You've been cool lately, Parx, and your butt doesn't smell like it used to. As captain of the 7th grade cheerleaders, I'd like to publicly invite you to escort us to the Autumn dance this coming Friday. Bring an appetite, because we're having a Pizza Party afterwards."

Pizza! Cheerleaders! Dance! Escort! Wenton was completely stoked by the offer and he completely snapped

the pencil he was holding and a splinter of wood completely shot up and pierced Beth's eyeball.

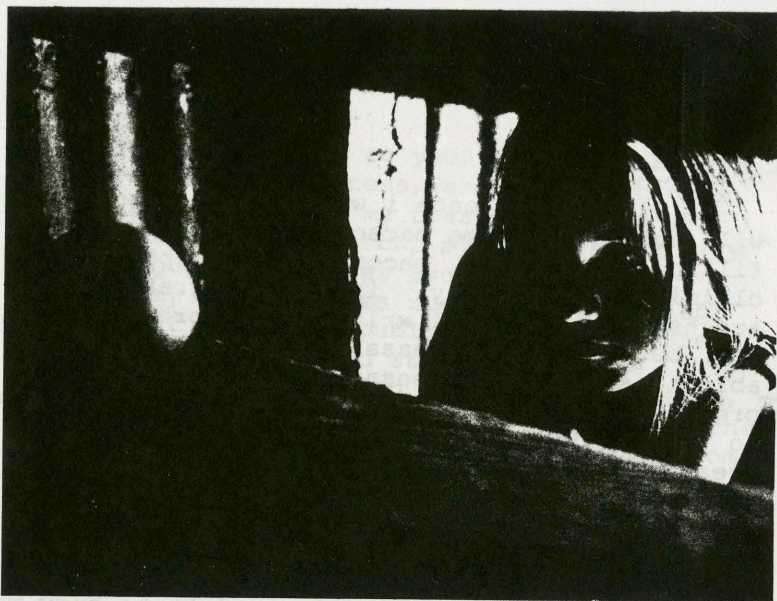
Cornea juice began to squirt profusely from her left eye socket and as Wenton turned to run he tripped over his math book and went flying through the trophy case. When he tried to pull himself from the wreckage, his shoe flew off and knocked Beth in the nose, drawing blood from both nostrils. Once on his feet, Wenton made a break for the door and somehow managed to yank the fire alarm clean off the wall on his way out. A wrong turn lead him into the school cafeteria where gifted students were testing the traction of various floor detergents for an up-coming "Olympics of the Mind/American Leadership" conference.

Sssssssssssssslip!

If you've ever been to a bowling alley then you'll know the sound Wenton made when he crashed into Beth and the group of cheerleaders that stood near her. He introduced himself in the form of an apology and asked what he should wear for Couple's Dance. Laughter was passed around like cold holiday cheer and with tears of pride in her remaining eye, Beth Franklin sheared a rubber coating from her face revealing her true identity: Officer Ponch, a motor cycle cop turned bad. "I think you better come down to the station for some questioning, Wenton," (s)he said. The party was over and the pizza was off. What followed was a long history of delinquency and detergent as Wenton Parx became obsessed with anything and everything that began with the letter D.

To this day you can hear his call, "Death Franklin, O art thou Ponch, or art thou clumsy?"





notes on convocation

by Darth Vader.

IN CASE ANY OF YOU MISSED IT, THIS PAST TUESDAY at the convocation ceremony a very funny thing happened. as you may or may not know, our student government association president, lauren cohen, spoke, and became the first student ever to give a speech at a wooster convocation ceremony. very impressive. in her address, entitled *under construction*, she spoke of the long and laborious task of building and repairing roadways and compared that task with the work we students of the college of wooster do to construct ourselves as people ready to succeed in the world. immediately following her speech, spoke stanton hales, the vice president for academic affairs, who, at one point in his address, said that he and his colleagues in the academic world shared a dislike for industrial metaphores. at that point, myself and a few friends, having been offended at ms. cohen's metaphor that focused on making people into products that somehow fit well into this society, felt justified. so our dearest ms. cohen was made to look like a fool, and finding that utterly hilarious considering the lack of critical thinking displayed by her use of the construction metaphor, it has been my purpose to bring it to the attention of all who may be interested.

alice,

i fear that once i write these words i will not be the same person. i am expanding, filling out my body, becoming a full person, claiming my sexuality. it is with great pain and hesitation that i write this short note to you, but it seems necessary as i have not been able to speak the necessary words in your presence. when i see you i ache with attraction to your smile your strut your peaceful green ocean eyes your bent knee pose and your don't fuck with me attitude. the fast clinging of your shirts to your collarbone and chest, the gentle sloping fan that leads to your breasts, the subtle swaying of breath and the hot stick of sweat make me so grateful at night to bury my face under your chin drawing lines with my nose and tongue down your throat to your belly and down, slowly down, much further down, hot breath frizzing the hair on your body. there have been times when i have tried to ignore your body, to touch it less often, to forget the smell of your skin, but i cannot. when i go down on you i drink the soft sounds and silent movements that communicate your most tender spots as fervently as i do your natural fruit juices, as necessarily as a parched desert traveler would the nectar of a seldom found cactus. you know these things, alice, we have laughed of them over nude oranges on my kitchen floor. what we have not been able to laugh over, nor speak about, and yet we both feel, is the pain that i experience when you roll over happily satisfied, exhausted and delirious, falling asleep dream smiles nestling between pillow and sheet. i then role over and die, wondering what i did wrong, crying out silently, screaming in my skull, choking back hot bitter tears of rage, telling myself what a fool i've been, hating my body. for so long alice, i've needed you to touch me, needed you to be as in to my body as i am yours, i've waited and hoped that you'd do

back to me what i do to you, hating my body and its un-touch-worthy-ness, and growing bitter towards you. i want my toes sucked, my skin taken between your teeth, my ears filled with your tongue, my nipples swollen from your breath, my fruit juices running down my leg licked off by you on public transport systems, my clitoris sucked and stroked, my arse fingered, my back walked on, my hair braided, my pubes trimmed by your teeth, my scalp scratched by your nails, my hips gripped as i buck from pleasure as you suck me dry, i want you massaging the inside of my cunt, preparing me for the fist, i want to clamp your hand hard inside me, feel you everywhere, and know that you have smelled touched tasted everything that is a part of my body. i want you to need everything from me that i need from you. i want you to cry tears of love and pain onto my stomach, fill my belly button, lick your salty sadness from my skin.

now i am afraid, for i am now not the same.

marie



Brian Giltch

by Doctor RW Sillups



I've been thinking a lot about where I put my feet in the morning. I am learning to put my feet and my pen in the same spaces. Writing is dangerous, so is walking. This is what I read in the *rolling hippopotamus* review, it was written beside a sidebar about a lease on a ranch in the interstellar sector that you and I had thought about photographing. It apparently no longer exists except for a few scattered quadrants including range eleven, not a good choice of words I thought. Whoever grabs that junk will empty a life;s work into floaters, olympia tubes, and fester modules (de luze). This is from the advice column to us, petty thieves and all:

and fester modules (de luxe). This is from the advice column to us, petty thieves and all:

Don't write for sound or for the taste of lip and ink. There is a genealogy to everything. Soon, friends, there will be a genealogy of our trespass. There will be mention of us through heredity, tracers, nostalgia, lostness, cycles.

Our cavities will be filled with straw and soaked with flammables. Our bones will be tied together into faggots and distributed using a form SPK-non. Our skin dried, it will be rolled into canisters for mailing small placement rugs that custom cut under the lip-stained sink, for it is there we drip, there is part of our sign-sleek and fast, ~~wreaking~~^{reeking} of viscous fluid, cream surface.

Our best times will scratch our vinyl backs making us skip and repeat. There will never be an ointment for the pressure that comes from the invisible pipes that circulate amongst us. For now, we use saliva, they use formaldehyde. We use slow steady cams, they use flashes, making snapshots and reversing them, leaving us floating in meaning. We love the suspension, though, my pal, because in it we can finally do one thing that has always been prohibited: choose to be meaningless. (The rest is gone from the paper. - think I used it.)

Where are my scissors? Do you have them? That's ok, you'll need them soon anyway.

Chompion of the World.

By tommy Lasorta

The club would meet and get into fights and end up bloody and hating each other, out of breath and angry at everyone else. Their main objective was to improve the efficiency of the city sanitation department and help the elderly cross streets. Let's share a few words with their leader and bear trainer, the county music man himself, Mr. Wayne Breath:

dog, cat, umbrella, pizza, bath robe, camp, time table, abicus, impotence.

As it works out, the club functions on a budget of forty bucks per month. Half of that goes towards basic provisions such as plumbing, electricity, coffee and instructional video tapes. The other \$20 is used to pay for club jerseys, hats and similar pleasures of that nature, for not only do they strive for social cohesiveness but they're also a baseball team, 10-3-0 last year and 4-0 so far this season. Their opponents include the cast from Beverly Hills 90210, workers at Columbia Gas, and the Dallas Cowboys who never win when on the road.

One evening after a game, Wayne Breath (the county music man) showed up at his favorite restaurant with the rest of his club and ordered a lot of food and a lot of drink and a lot of swingin guys and gals to dance for them while they ate and drank. The game was a tough one, and although they were not victorious they looked sharp and were well applauded by the home crowd. The team mascott, a laid off factory worker called Lasa, took off her wig and dumped a cherry coke slurpy on her bald head screaming, "The club-a-dub is a punk band! The club-a-dub is a fist!" That was around the eighth inning and that's what got the whole crowd on their feet and excited about american culture. Fireworks cloved the skyline, big beef hot dogs packed into big red cheeky boys and girls, flags were up, it was america, Wayne said, "I love my stomach full of good drink and good food," and thats why they went to the restaurant, duh.

Popular gym kelp by mc red clay

If I were to write a letter to aunt Jim, this is how it would go:

Dear aunt Jim:

College is swell fun. This year we got an underground water sprinkler or something that looks like one in front of Schide and the food service has all this newtrition info. and fancy food contraptions and mom's has a new expresso machine and all the students hold these electromagnetic ID cards that go 'beeeep' when Arlene slides them through yet another machine. Its like christmas time at Wooster and Santa is sliding down the chimney bringing to us *fourtyounates* a continuous onslaught of gifts. Do you know what I'm saying Jim?

Of course the only buzz kill is that there's not enough professors to show me what I want to learn cause all the cash is going to Santa. I've been turned away from 3 classes already because they're so full that even me with my skinny arms and legs can't fit in. The professor says,

"Sorry, no room,"

"Not enough room,"

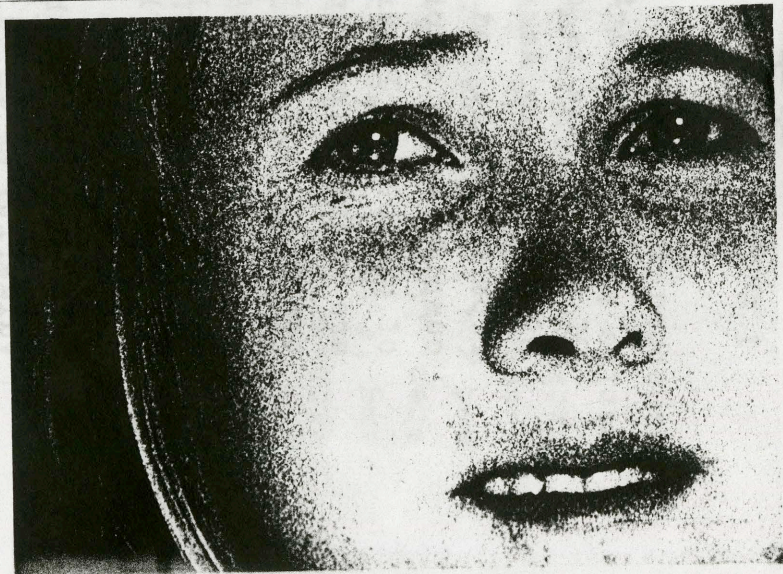
"Ah, can't do it, sorry."

So I walk off into the hall, rejected. And with my middle finger pointed at Copeland's bedroom window I scream, "I can't wait for dinner, I know Cap'n Kit won't turn me away!" 'Cause apparently the southern man thinks it more important that I'm well fed versus well-learned.

Then again, if we didn't eat so much we wouldn't be such fatty porkers and take up so much space in the classroom that no-one else could come in and sit down.

Well aunt Jim, see you at new years.

Bye-Bye, MC red clay.



44 Teeth

by Furball Inc.

He has forty-four teeth. That must be the answer, or the problem. Of course this is only my guess, as I've never tested the boundaries of intinacy by asking if I could count them. Sometimes I just reel from his smile and lack of understanding and think, "my god, these cuspid and bicuspid are overtaking his system, blocking the synapses of his brain. Physiology in conflict." Forty-four seems good. They are neatly lined up, unusually small, square, ^{milk teeth,} white. School-picture teeth, from first to twelfth grade (smoothed-down hair and Un-BRAK-able comb, half-life similar to carbon-14). A mother's heart-breaker, I'm sure. Under pillow. In the evening I catch them sometimes, as brief glinting reflections in the window...

There has now come a pause where our exchanges are filtered between his teeth, through his fucking-lovely smile (consider here the vulgarity as an adjective). You know I waited and waited until he brought his tusks near a phone this summer. Before dog days but al-

ready feeling low and humid, I would sit on the kitchen floor in the dark(or muffle a whisper with a pillow and a blanket...don't wake the baby), listen to the click of calcium on phone receiver. My my, beautiful boy.

Now the telephone frustrates me, and I have to resist the cliché of throwing it at something(wall). Now we sit out nights...or used to; his dental necklace glitters with passing car lights as I try to tell him about books and pictures, cutting people out of photographs (I have never done this before, and will never do it again) and wondering if there's a voodoo-effect when I throw them away. There are times when, listening to music and not really paying attention, it grabs you and you lose yourself for seconds or minutes...this is met with, you guessed it, a smile. As I type this, Kate Bush is playing in the background, "they're setting fire to the cornfield;" to try to describe the smoke and the smell to him would be met with...lights mirrored on dark water...reflections and not much else.

I have sixteen bottom teeth, including wisdom teeth. Someone once described me in a letter to his friend, " she has huge, strong teeth...could swallow you whole." Yeah. I chewed him up and spit him out. That is another story.

The Lonely Whip

Tarlittle Tom.

Slimy pete lays eggs in his sleep. Some say it's because his dad is an iron profile of a rooster crowning the peak of a big red barn, others say that its because ole pete is a damn pervert and aint got nothing better to do with his self than get in his bed with a dozen of grade A large whiteys. Slimy pete jacks off between classes too.

Rhoda has 14 fingers. Nine belong to her and the other five came from her little baby boy blue, cold and stiff when he came out her womb. The doctor screamed at her, "look what you did, now we gotta throw it away," and he took the hard piece of fetus, chucked it out the window. He left and Rhoda slid off her stainless steel mattress and blood came from the middle and she took her little baby blue home by the hand.

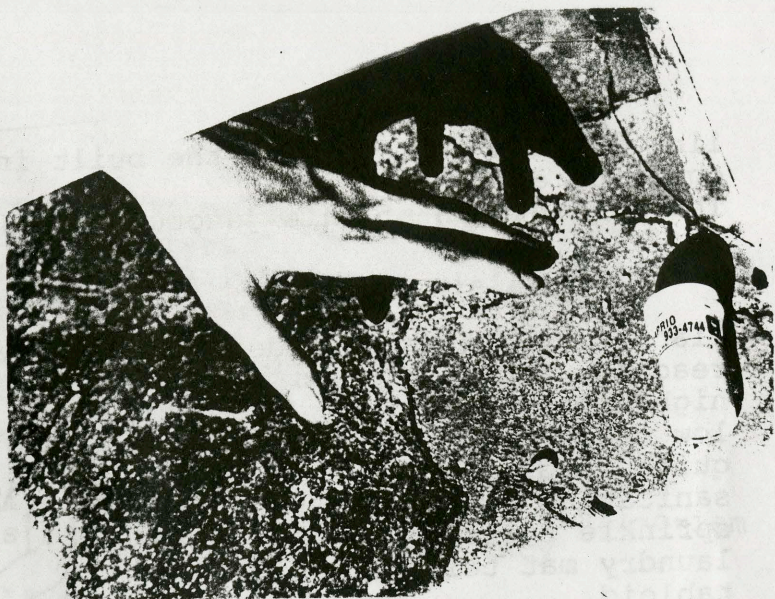
Slimy pete flips off his teacher with the same finger he sticks in his anus between classes, and he talks with the same mouth he kisses girls on the way home from school. The football captain beat him up at the pep rally but made sure nobody knew that they were secret toilet lovers. He cried and screamed and he was jealous of Slimy pete.

Rhoda coughs every morning when she stares at the sun. She makes breakfast with her 14 fingers and eats lunch out nearby or whenever she can. When her neighbor needs a head of cabbage he comes over because Rhoda has an overgrown garden and she'll give him whatever he wants. Mostly she has BLT sandwiches with no mayo cause it always sticks on her lips for days and days.

Slimy pete is left handed.

Rhoda never finished high school and she would have gotten a car upon graduation if she didn't have to go to the hospital. Because of that cut between her legs.

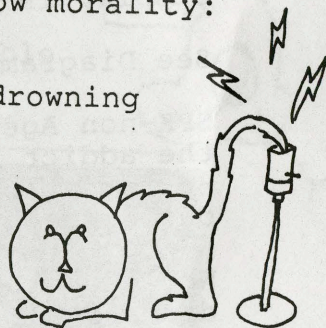
Slimy pete is a blue special five finger discount.



The following is an exerpt from the *Manual of Cyber-Tooth Tactics*, a manual written explicitly for the rebellious student of high class and low morality:

SPK-non Agent
to be used in the event of drowning
in a semiological pool

Manual of use includes
efficacy levels,
discriminating solvents,
circulators,
disenchanters,
and
addict-o-format (observe cautions)



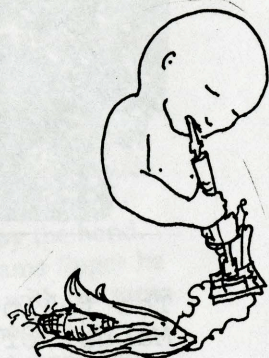
From Chapter Three:
To select circulators and invalidate
others
select the vertical option button
adding new cells to the height box

From the converters,

link running installer to the built in
equation editor
The combination of this juncture is nine

See Diagram

Place circulators in order of efficacy
reading, such as:
high urban,
low urban,
quick rural,
sanitation area,
sprinkle systems,
laundry mat televisions,
tabloid,
maintenance room,
gas pipe,
lead pipe,
etc.



with efficacy reading equivalent to one
display in each

See Diagram

a - maize - zing!

SPK-non Agent is used to reduce
the addict
-o-format by one degree
during each second of use

While operating efficacy equations,
discard all previous contents
from file under addict-o-formula

The screen should read as follows:
I am tired. Addiction status: invisible

If it reads thus,
result in seperation of a-o-f from the
circulator,

remove all valuable contents from file
under 'general',
shut down all bessemer dialectics
shut down everything

The system now in use is open

See Diagram

Circulation is depleted, and nihil-o-ism
is restated to full efficiency

[If restored properly, the pool will
drain itself in the matter of time it
takes to ignore all previous
interpretations of surroundings.]

Eliminate all excess contents
Destroy all fixed circulators
Addictions must remain invisible

