

Musings Against a Train Station
Volume 5 Spring 2010 Issue 5

A
SERIOUS
DISCUSSION

OR,

ALL ABOARD!
TO SHIT CREEK



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editor-in-chieves

Daniel “Day-Lewis” Blech
John “Motorboat” Errico
Tyler “Tase of Thai” Theofilos

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production assistants

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writings/images

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To the Readership:

My, my, my, my my! It has been a long time since I last wrote. It must be because I'm riding the last train to nowhere.

Let me be the first to tell you that it is unbelievably cold on this train. The last time I felt my hands we were rolling by Santa Fe. Santa Fe, my friends, is a beautiful place. But it is hard to appreciate it when you are up to your neck in horse manure.

Riding in the horse car has not been ideal, but it was the only ticket I could afford. At Albuquerque some horses got on the train and roughed me out of my seat. Now it's just waitin' in the vestibule, waitin' for the cold to stop bitin' at my exposed skin, and waitin' for the horses to stop bitin' at my exposed skin.

I have a strange feeling we're not in New Mexico anymore.

I have managed to placate the horses with one of my Billy Joel DVDs. Finally, a moment of respite. A chance to regale you, the loyal readers, with the purpose of my journey:



I have set out to discover the multifarious varieties of pain, each one with its own particular character, and deservedly experienced by me, a unique and travelled sufferer of pain.

Originally, I was using traditional academic criteria to catalog my encounters with pain, but I found this framework too limiting. As such, I have developed my own system for identifying pain characteristics and type. For instance, the pain I recently experienced while being kicked in the teeth by a horse at subzero temperatures is officially recorded in my log as First Sequence Protocol Activate VII.

Yes, the world is wide, and there is a great deal of pain to be experienced, but why continue for even another minute? You have a whole magazine to enjoy. Cancel your subscriptions to *People for Tweens* and *Twilight Aficionado* and let's get on with it.

As Always,

Reginald "Ace" Ergold

and Musings Against a Train Station



Figure 1.

In memoriam, Scott F. Fitzgerald recently perished while effortlessly ascending Mt. Rainier.

The Rules of Mr. Potato Head

Steve How

How do you play Mr. Potato Head, you ask? Simple. Three simple steps, easy to do.

Mr. Potato Head is played with by a general surgeon as an inpatient surgery under general anesthesia. The surgery may be performed using an open incision or via laparoscopy.

During a traditional game, a small incision (called the McBurney incision) is made in the lower right side of the abdomen, and the muscles over the wound are split or cut. The surgeon then locates the desired appendage and inspects it.

If there are no complications involving the surrounding tissues, the surgeon separates the old Mr. Potato Head appendage from the abdomen and/or large intestine and then cuts its attachment to the cecum, removing the limb. The cecum is then closed with sutures. If a pocket of infection (abscess) has formed, it will be cleansed and suctioned away by the mouth (suction irrigator). A tube also may be inserted into the abdomen to promote drainage from the infected site. The incision is then closed, and the procedure is complete.

In most cases, surgeons choose a laparoscopic procedure to play with Mr. Potato Head, in which a tiny video camera (laparoscope) is inserted into the toy through a very small incision. During the laparoscopic procedure, the surgeon uses the video camera to view the plastic cavity and its contents. Because plastic regions can be seen easily, this technique is especially useful when the diagnosis of “rot” is unclear.

Specialized surgical tools that can be inserted through tiny incisions are used to remove the new appendage in the same manner as for the conventional open surgical procedure. Although the laparoscopic approach can take longer to perform, the benefits of laparoscopic surgery include less postoperative discomfort and quicker recovery time. In the case of a ruptured or perforated Mr. Potato Head, the open incision method may be preferred because it is associated with fewer incidences of postoperative abdominal abscesses.

With open or laparoscopic playtime, if the toy binding has ruptured (perforated Potato Head), the surgeon flushes the spilled material (pus) from the abdomen with sterile warm water, and a drain is inserted and left in place to promote drainage of infected fluids.



Nazis Fell on Alabama

A fable re-told by "Julian Prokopetz"

The hills were dead. The hills were dead? The hills were dead!

Bang! Smack! Kapang! Bombs flying in everywhere! What?

Where? Nazis descended on Alabama, holy shit!

Full of the dead, full of 'em. Fuller than you could ever count them. Kwitsch! Chan-na-na-nanGuh! Whirl, Methuselah! Ka-chi-chi!

Julie, lets cut the fucking shit. The last time we talked you were running as fast as those little legs could carry you, out from Grassy's field but, boy, could those tiny legs move fast. You met Billy there, you recall, but you could never quite remember his name, so you always called him Thomas because you had a bad lisp. We didn't mind, but it was a pretty bad lisp.

We all hated your novel, *Brian Wilson Always Ate His Breakfast, But Not Today* because we didn't think it was up to the literary promise that you showed in some of your other published pieces, but at the end of the day we all know that our opinions don't really matter very much. I don't know where you ever met Brian Wilson, but he was a buffoon in a number of ways. When you befriended him, you didn't write. Why didn't you write? I guess you thought it wasn't important, but we sure thought it was, and you even wrote an entire book about it so you would think that you could have at least mentioned it in your many e-mails.

And, oh, we got the e-mails Julie. Flocking sheep, backpacking through North Africa. Was that what you wanted? Your book, *Africa: One Tale* was so unreadable that it can't be read. What matters is that we know that you're happy and that you're safe, that's the only reason that we keep it up, Jules. It's only because we love you so much. You know that Billy talks of you all the time. Calls you his hero. Writes tales about you. Draws pictures with you in them. Dreams about you.

What happened to your dreams, Jake? How long has it been since you woke up, had a stiff shot of your favorite whiskey, and looked at the world with those eyes? How long has it been since you staggered home, drunk, lost, and cold, your mother worried sick?! You used to talk about those dreams all the time. We gave the world a dreamer, and what did we get back? What was it, James?

Jules, we're going to find a way to make it work, come high hell or water. Give Andy a call, she'd be glad you did. How about your Mom, son! Until next time, we're still waiting for your mail,

Manchester's Pendergast Club
Spring Season, 2010



Figure 1.
Don't F around.

The Game Player's Game Guide to: Backgammon

Setup

Backgammon is a game for two players, played on a board consisting of twenty-nine oblong quadrants called [East Norwalk](#), [West Norwalk](#), [South Norwalk](#), and [North Norwalk](#). The quadrants are referred to as a player's [danger zone](#). The home and outer boards are separated from each other by a ridge down the center of the board called the [flux meridian](#).

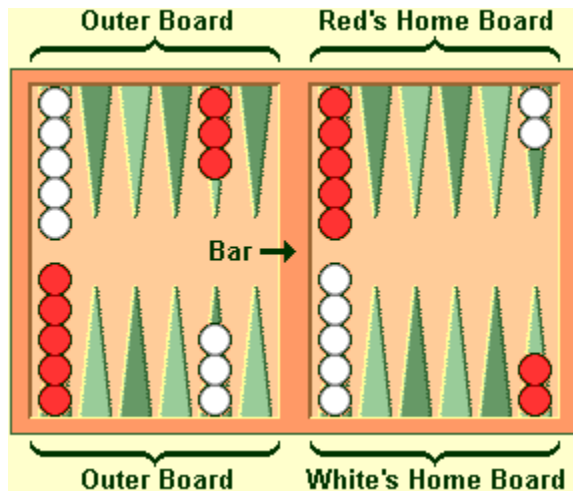


Figure 1. Play begins. Each player must start from scratch with no understanding of the rules, using only his cunning to outwit and survive.



Both players have their own pair of dice and a dice cup used for shaking. Shaking the dice does not have a direct outcome on the progress of the game, but allows a player to alleviate a great deal of stress and maintain fitness. A [doubling cube](#), with the numerals 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, and 64 on its faces, is used to keep track of the doubling fluxus, which requires a separate manual to explain.

Object of the Game

The object of Jumanji is to please, for the love of God, just play the game and make sure that no wild animals appear.



Figure 2. Robin Williams in the film 'Jumanji' (1995)

The Centipede Centipede

Claudelle Straighterton

“Hey, watch out! What’s that in the road????” said Sally, her centipede legs dangling from the Audi like a thousand itchy strands of kelp.

“A simple rock. A stone.” he said.

Then the car hits the rock KABLAMMO and goes spinning gently to the side of the road, with a BOOM.

Sally says “Our car is trapped in here! I don’t know what to do next?”

“Don’t worry,” says Jessica, her muscular female arms bearing the tragedy of their un-roading like a pioneer cutting some hay. “We’ll walk to the nearest mansion and talk to the man who owns it, and then we’ll be able to fix our car, is my agenda.” ##put a joke here##

So they got out of the Audi, crawling on their centipede legs toward the mansion, as the shadows of it poked eerie talons of mystery into the shadow of the clouds’ unpleasantness. Hawks bashed about in the strata like myriad vixens of the air, heartstoppingly slow, yet accurate.

Sally was the first one to reach the house, because she had literally a hundred or more legs, all of which walked at

thJOKEE same time instead of at slightly different times, like the slacky beaver legs of Jessica, huntress of the scantest family of birds or frogs (not the French, you sly lemon!)

Then, Dietrich answers the door, his Nazi boots and Nazi scars slashing paralyzing fear into the pair of centipedal dolts, unaware of the unbelievably, cartoonishly hellish prison of anal disgust set to appear before our scheming heroes, their flesh the color of pearls, their eyeballs like streaks of HILARIOUS vision in the parallel schematics of crimson night, each millimeter of their infinitesimal longing taffy-stretched out into a yard of pure anti-bliss, whose character limits are not set by the product reviews of tame heaven, but thJOKE GOES HEREe mid-year diagnosis made by a corporate giant onto its humblest of humble employees, the newsboy. And lo, doth his hat tilt, ever-so-cautiously, as the businessmen rush by him in a gleam of farting, preposterous speed.

Well, anyway, long story short, a crazy Nazi doctor sews the butts onto the mouths of the other ones so they poop in one continuous circuitous circuit for forever. BUT ITS CENTIPEDES THAATS THE JOKE



This is a bunch of peopler asses
attached to a bunch of peopler faces,
i.e. the human centipede.

Star Trek Re-Enactment Ends in Tragedy

CNN Special Report

Friends of James and Walter Murrdock gathered today to hold a silent vigil, hoping that the body they “vaporated” into thin air will return to them so that they can conduct a proper burial. James and Walter were murdered in an as-yet unsolved mystery, but managed to show up to a Star Trek re-enactment two days after the alleged homicide, apparently excited about re-creating one of their favorite scenes from the television show.

“They were big fans of the original series,” noted a friend who did not participate in the filming, but knew of James and Walter’s interests in television. “They wanted to do the episode where Kirk discovers a society that has a written Declaration of Independence that, by chance, has the exact same wording as the Declaration of Independence created in the United States, except that the people on the planet have forgotten how to speak English and what the original purpose of the document is, and require Kirk to explain to them what the document means. Both James and Walter wanted to play several characters who had died earlier in the episode.”

But outside observers say that this episode (and an earlier one, filmed two days before the episode in question), more resembled episodes in which Kirk, portraying an African American man in the early 21st century so as not to frighten the locals who lack warp technology and contact with other worlds (Kirk is actually from the 23rd century), runs an international smuggling cartel and is unhappy that some of his key suppliers have not provided sufficient, high quality meth at a low enough price point, and may have been talking to the authorities. Kirk, enraged, then murders two of his suppliers to show others a lesson that he isn’t

to be fooled with. Experts have not yet identified which episodes this plot line specifically refers to.

Part of the episode re-enactment, which authorities have later stated may have been inaccurate, featured Kirk “vaporizing” members of the cast using paraphenlia claimed to have been purchased at a Star Trek convention in 1993. Aaron Dickson, the cast member portraying Kirk, stated, “No fucking way—what the fuck is going on here? I’ll reach my arm into your ass and make you vomit my fist you fuck, speak to me again and I break my boot off in your dick.” For James and Walter, however, Dickson decided to veer from the alleged script and use a tub of lye to more accurately portray the “vaporization” process. He brought James and Walter to his posh upper-West Side apartment, where he set up a camera in front of his bathtub and arranged for James and Walter to lie in the tub while time-lapse photography captured the event. Authorities believes that Dickson planned to speed up the film, then extract the images of James and Walter from the bathtub scene and place them into the set. Dickson adds, “fuck all see what happens to bitches that don’t pay.”

But, according to reenactors, something went terribly wrong. While (nearly) all effects conducted by these Trekkies are just that—effects—this “effect” proved to be irreversible. After 25 days of exposure to the lye, Dickson was delighted to find that James and Walter had literally vanished, however authorities believe that he was unsure of what to do next. He circulated the film to other members of the re-enactment team, but, apparently, to little avail. So, now, Dickson and the fans wait, still dressed in 21st century clothing (complete with guns!) warning this reporter and others to “stay the fuck away, lest ye be fucked.” Clearly, though we may have different hobbies and watch different television shows, we all feel the same pain.

A Novelization of the Movie 'Avatar'

Lady Gaga

Nobody knows these streets like I do. But then again nobody had to spend as much time as I did growing up on 'em, cleaning them, resurfacing them.

It was my twelve birthday when the big grandpa moved into this town, never speak to anyone, never find himself betrothed to a stranger from the east side after a long night in the gully saloon, not like I did, that very fine morning.

But Mae was good to me. I done what she told me, and she done told me what I told her. All of a sudden my brain was wracked with questions. What am I doing here? What is going on?

And then the blue man flew on the big bird and something else.

Dear Dan,

I took a reading of the "Lady Gaga" piece, and...I gotta tell ya. Really, Dan, I just have to tell ya. There are only a few times in my life that I've really hunkered down and played the Clint Eastwood on a piece of literature, to pick apart the owl pellet of its being, in hermeneutic search for the contents of its "its-ness."

Thanks,
Tyler



What in Good God are the kittens doing here? Who's doing all our flight traffic controlling? There are planes in the air right now, and for the FORSEEABLE FUTURE!!!



The Rat's Tale

David Brosa

Hell's fury hath no wrath like George Maryburn Annover Fortras. What George lacked in sheer grit he made up with his unique ability—wordingit.

Yes, we now live in what the scholars have called the “clear modern”—the time in which we have the foresight to realize our place in the meandering path of time. But, readers, there was a time, and a time not very far removed, during which we were enslaved—fearfully so—by masters who neither knew our names nor spoke our words (our words then being largely unspoken).

Maryburn was one whose words were always spoken and he was a speaker. “Quick the alarm sounds!!” he cries, but there was never any alarm, there had never been any alarms. The rat overlords grew angry with their human former masters-cum-servants-cum-masters-cum-servants (omniscience tells me the time draws near again), their words like piercing triangles flying into their sun, their sun like a billion right angles exploding into George's mind. He thought he had imagined it all, but he hadn't.

It didnt matter George could talk because it was all he could do after hearing the alarms. The alarms went off all the fucking time but we told the rats that there weren't any alarms because we thought that the rats couldn't hear any and when we told the rats that in our wordspeak we know that they would believe us because that's all it really takes to convince rats and a bunch of our first meths grown from local meth man. The nightmare social experiment pased as quickly as it had come: a several millenium buildup period immedately following a mass extinction, followed by eons of genetic degredation culminating in the ejaculatory revelation that all we needed was more schooling saying no, and a cock paradise which we finally built after scrapping our plans

for it like 30 times or whatever it was. It only lasted, I don't know, like 10 years but while it was up it was a literal paradise mang!!! We wanted to build a bunch of them but we ran out of money because we blew it all on tight, stone-washed jeans. We thought we were so cool back then, idiots!

But realize that this entire tale was created to appease the rat kings. We love the rat kings, always did, always have.



An Audit of my Life

Hank Hank

Loneliness don't come to you the way a woman comes to you. You can't find loneliness in the troubled corners of a seedy bar, or passed out on meth in a port-a-potty factory. But what you can do, is you can find loneliness in Spokane, Washington, which is where I live, with my enormous family and huge group of close and compassionate friends. Corrosive, soul-splitting loneliness.

Which is why I got into the meth business. They call me a "meth doctor," because, quite kindly, that's what I am. Morning, noon, and night, I'm dreaming up heaping helpings of wrist-licking meth. Whose meth is it? That's for the people to decide. I'm hoping they decide: "It's for the people," because that would help my business in tangible ways.

The best meth is aged for 20-40 years in oak barrels. Why oak, you ask? Why does anyone do anything? I picked oak because my family owns an oak farm, and it would help their business in tangible ways. But then again, I'm a doctor, and my education is what separates me from the other doctors. I graduated with a degree in "Meth Studies" and "Humanities" from Villanova university. I also graduated from Middle School in the same year, for various reasons.



Do you want me to go insane here? You want me to break down and go nuts right here? No? Well, I'll tell you something. This is the last time I ask children to do a man's job. This is the last time I have a man's job, and I know it's a man's job, but I go out on a limb and ask children to do it, because I...I don't know...because I caved to my emotional core a little, and let the sadness and the pain flow out of my body. But this is the last time children do a man's job.

Unless of course that job involves sewing people's mouths onto other people's bums. Because that's a man's job, and I sure as hell will not be giving up my team of superintelligent, adequately-paid children. It takes a village to raise a child, and it takes a village of children to make a human centipede as long as my dreams are wide.

Making it walk? That's a job for an etymologist!*

*joke



Point: Several Cocks

Cocks remind me
Of all my days
Surfing on the waves
In the deep blue sea

Cocks around me
Cocks within
Can't get enough
I'm too far in

Many cocks better
Than just this one
It sparkles in the sunshine
And simmers in the sun.



Counter-Point: One Cock

I don't know a better darntootin' dangle
Than this here cockadoo hanging from my spangle

Some say a boatload of cocks is great,
But as far as cashflow, it's a hole they make

Could drive one mad with all the cravings.
Too many cocks, too little savings

Now where the hell is that bandana I bought last week at
the Hard Rock Café?



JOHN IS THE BEST HE IS THE FUNNIEST
PERSON I LIKE THE TRICKS HE PLAYS HE
PLAYS THIS ONE TRICK HAHA BUT SERI-
OUSLY THERE'S NO ONE WHO IS BETTER
OR NICER OR MORE NICE THAN JOHN FCO



**Stop The World
I Want To Get Off!**