

SAY WHAT?

Urinal fount of wisdom of ages and literary gems

In the spirit of those who claim to see an impression of Jesus' face in their refrigerator, or witness their neighbors' 5-year-old daughter give birth to a small wolf cub, or even consider strange symbols mowed into their wheat fields alien art, I offer the story of a single, routine trip to the little boy's room that turned into yet another vestige of supernatural forces in motion.

This is a story of grand proportion filled with harsh words that stab at reality, twisting and manipulating the very beings of our existence. The type of story that makes "Little Red Riding Hood" look like just another innocent, carbon copy tale of a young girl sent by her mother with a basket of goodies to visit her ailing grandmother.

No, my friends, I'm afraid my tale is of the dark side of the human mind. You see, while making a pit stop at



Some
Call
Me...
...Jim

JIM RASH

your typical, run-of-the-mill "Eat here, Get gas" truck depot, I was abruptly introduced to the growing epidemic of Urinal Graffiti Art.

As I stood there, relieving myself (or in more gentle words "going tinkle"), I became victim to the cruel, uncensored words of a society gone wrong. Here I was, face to face with the yellow pages of the '90s. The scribbles of deranged lunatics who find it necessary to tell you to call them if you are looking for a good time, or to go screw yourself, or even alert you to the fact that they did your

mother.

But one phrase on that urinal wall — one simple, straight to the point, no-holds-barred statement — said it all: the inspirational "Suck Me." So often, I've found myself writing letters to old friends, but couldn't quite find that wrap-it-all-up-type phrase that lets my friends know that I'm thinking about them and hope to see them soon. Now, thanks to the graduating class of Urinal Graffiti Art, with confidence I can write my friends, "Having a good time at college. The weather is great. Wish you were here. Suck me, Jim."

Plus, how can I forget all those late nights of racking my brain over those darn St. Patrick's Day limericks. Now, thanks to "Suck Me," I've found yet another word that rhymes with "luck."

I've often been convinced that if all those who have ever blessed a bathroom wall with their "Suck Me" literature were to rise up and join

together, they could successfully stage and execute a world-wide revolution. Billboards and newspapers would display their "Suck Me Across America" campaign. Or in the footsteps of Nike, magazine ads would read, "Just suck me."

In order to understand the mentality of these people of verse, we must first glance at the several stages through which a Urinal Graffiti Artist progresses in order that they may obtain "Suck Me" status. First, there's the novice or Virgin of Lavatory Verse. These are the ones who find it necessary to alert you to the fact that they were there on such and such date. In other words, as you park it on the porcelain god, you can rest at ease in knowing that "John Doe was here — January 19, 1991."

The next stage involves becoming a Urinal Critic. These are the ones who maim or deface an original artist's work by scribbling out a letter here or

a word there and transforming it into something completely different. (For example: Let's just say that in the case of "Suck Me," the letter "L" would not be the likely candidate when looking for an alternative to "S".)

But, for the critic, an even more popular activity is to draw a line from the original artist's work to a subsection of the wall where they may post a rebuttal. (For example: Original artist: "Suck Me." Critic: "Suck Me! Suck you!") As you can see, the critic is just as verbal and creative as the artist.

I'll admit that I've been known to write my number in a stall or two, or maybe a little risqué note like, "I'm not wearing any underwear right now. How about you?" But, that's it. Nothing else.

So, to all you die-hard Urinal Graffiti Artists, the next time you make a trip to the restroom, be original and take along a thesaurus.

Hooters, feminism, leopard-skin fu: What more is there?

They're passing "hate speech" laws left and right, saying you can't say this, and you can't say that, and if you say this they'll put your hiney in jail, and if you say that they'll whip you with a wet noodle, but I've got one nobody's thought of yet. Basically I think you oughta be able to say any goldurn thing you wanna say, anywhere you wanna say it.

However, I would support the death penalty for anyone caught saying the following words:

- "Company Policy."
- Aren't you sick of this?
- "Why can't I have my check today?"
- "Company policy."
- "Why won't you pay for my moving expenses?"
- "Company policy."
- "Why do I have to wait on a letter? Why can't I meet with the supervisor in person?"
- "Company policy."

Have you ever noticed that "company policy" is another way of saying "shut up," but the people who use it think they're being polite?

Listen to me. There is no company policy. Company Policy is what happens when some Vice President of Feminine Hygiene Products/Western Division keeps getting letters from women demanding their money back, because, two hours after using the company's product, their armpits turn green. And so the guy gets sick of all the letters, of having to call these women on the phone and listen to 'em yell for three hours, and so he tells some "customer service department" that, from now on, it's Company Policy that all complaints have to be in writing. It's not Company Policy, it's the Vice President of Feminine Hygiene Products/Western Division lying to you.

Another way it happens is when the president of the company, who has nothing to do but sit in his office reading computer printouts all day,

at the drive-in
JOE BOB BRIGGS

suddenly notices that the company is paying out several thousand dollars a month in "freelance day care expenses" — baby-sitters. And, of course, most baby-sitters don't give out receipts, and so there's no way to know if people actually paid the baby-sitter what they claim they paid the baby-sitter. And so the president says, "Carol, come in here a minute." And poor hapless Carol comes in with her steno pad, and Mr. President says, "Issue a memo that, from now on, we won't reimburse baby-sitting expenses unless the baby-sitter has been pre-approved by Personnel."

And then, four weeks down the road, some lady at the company wants to hire her regular baby-sitter, Suzy, that she's been using for eight years, and her supervisor says, "You can do that, of course, but she's not been cleared by Personnel as of today. So we can't reimburse you for that."

And the lady says, "But we haven't had time to get her approved. And besides, you know this woman. She's totally honest. I've been using her forever. Why can't I use her again?"

And the answer is, of course, "Company policy."

I'm gonna say this one more time, because some of you out there don't get it. When somebody, anybody, uses the term "company policy" with you, say, "Did you make this policy?"

When they say no, tell them you want to speak to whoever made the policy. When they don't know, tell them you want to speak to their supervisor.

Repeat the same questions with the supervisor. Eventually, when you talk to enough people, you will work your way up the ladder to the office of the person who actually made the policy. When you explain the situation, you might instantly be declared

an exception to the policy. Because the person that makes the policy is also the only person who knows what a crack the policy is.

Isn't Corporate America great? I'm not kidding. It's gonna take the Death Penalty.

Ask me if I'm happy about this. Speaking of things I am happy about, Andy and Arlene Sidaris are at it again. The husband and wife team that makes the world's greatest pictures about undercover federal-agent Playboy Playmates running around Hawaiian islands firing extremely large guns and discussing their assignments in a hot tub have just come out with the best one yet — *Hard Hunted*. As the poster says, "Someone will not get out of this alive!"

This is the seventh sequel in the Sidaris series of guns-and-hooters flicks that started with *Malibu Express*, meaning that they're actually approaching their stated goal of being a more successful series than James Bond. And to further that goal, they hired R.J. Moore, son of Roger Moore, to star in *Hard Hunted*. Unfortunately, nobody told Andy that Roger Moore was the hero of the James Bond movies — he was, in fact, James Bond — and so he hired R.J. to be the sleazoid international criminal who rides around in his yacht having kinky sex and ordering people murdered (a job handled in previous Sidaris movies by Pat Morita).

Anyhow, what we've got here is that old story of the voyeur yachtsman who steals a Klystron Relay nuclear trigger that's concealed in the body of a small jade Buddha that looks like a piece of soap, but he doesn't realize that his personal harem is really made up of undercover federal agents (and I do mean undercover) who are reporting to radio sex-show hostess Ava Cadell, who always wears leopard-skin Spandex in the broadcast booth and is served coffee by the lovely Becky Mullen, who waits in the hot tub between coffee breaks (this is

Andy's feminist statement), and sometimes waves at next-door-neighbor night-club owner Cynthia Brimhall, who sings "Another Day in Paradise" when not seating her regular customers, and everything is just hunky dory until the jade gets stolen, the Pentagon gets worried, and crack Playboy Playmate agents Dona Speir and Roberta Vasquez are forced to fly to Sedona, Ariz., and do deadly battle with a mini-Black Thunder helicopter equipped with rockets and flown by a mad Asian named Raven, but then they all go back to Hawaii, where Dona is kidnapped, then she blows up a plane, then she hits her head on a rock and is captured by smugglers, but she has amnesia, and meanwhile a lot of people get blown up and a lot of people aardvark on the beach, and... well, as usual, Andy has way too much plot getting in the way of the story, so let me put it this way:

Cleavage and explosives.

Andy and Arlene promise. Andy and Arlene deliver.

They've created their own category of movie.

Twenty-two breasts. Eleven dead bodies. One motor vehicle chase. Copter attack, with explosions. Multiple aardvarking. Exploding airplane. Gratuitous hot-tub breaks. Kung fu. Bimbo fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Ava Cadell and her two Cadells, for broadcasting in a leopard-skin bikini; R.J. Moore, as the sleazoid criminal, for saying "Looks like we've got company"; and Dona Speir, the original Donna Hamilton, reprising her role for half the movie but is such a great actress that you can't tell when she has amnesia and when she doesn't have amnesia, for thrusting a machete through a double-agent's chest and saying "We were never lovers! I faked an orgasm!"

Four stars.
Joe Bob says check it out.

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