

## They Killed Cable!

You can suffer the noise your suitemates create and ignore that strange one your roommate makes when you're trying to sleep, but this is the final straw. You're in *South Park* withdrawal. A semester without Comedy Central is one adjustment you can't make.

You sorry bastard.

*South Park*'s popularity has been sustained on the initial wave of shock value and the low production values which make the characters' voices incredibly easy to imitate. How else can I explain the show's appeal without calling you stupid? It's not brilliantly funny. The show rarely takes a joke beyond its basic concept: Planetariums suck, talking poop is gross, Very Special Episodes are lame. These may be inherently funny themes, but themes don't carry an episode. *Friends* takes greater intellectual leaps to provide less predictable attempts at humor than *South Park* ever considers.

For once, I don't see what there is to complain about. You can catch *Sifl & Oilly* for quality wackiness. *The Simpsons* offers less grating quotes for use in casual conversation. The subtle (bordering on obscure) satire of *Sam & Max* is more biting. You can watch all these without having to bear the infinite *Daily Show* advertisements that plague the comedy channel. In addition, our college cable provider is saving you the pain of accidentally flipping on another Friday night "Movies That Killed Careers" marathon.

Do you realize the horrors that this show has wrought? Surely everyone knows someone with PTCB, Post-Traumatic Cartman Syndrome. (As simple as it is to do, you still don't sound like him!) Then there's the undeniable urge everyone has to make "They killed Kenny!" jokes, a social disease which even I have been diagnosed with. There are other effects of the fallout you may never see, but exist nonetheless in dark corners, waiting for you to wander onto the wrong website. *Babylon Park*, anyone?

So I don't care about *South Park*. That's OK, because you don't care about my programs either. I've had to survive two years of college without *Mystery Science Theater 3000*. My sophomore year I was deprived of *Millennium* by its very creator, who decided to hand it over to two guys who couldn't even keep their own series alive. I panic every time the cable company hides Fox from me and I'm very bitter about our conciliatory access to the Sci-Fuzz channel.

We share a problem and I think we can feel each other's pain. In recognition of our similar predicaments, I offer you my personal coping mechanism.

When I was a child, *Muppet Babies* taught me that when the TV isn't working, you make your own shows. All you need is some imagination and a cardboard box, and the former is optional. This is how I got through elementary school after they canceled *ALF*.

More recently, I brought *MST3K* to St. Andrews. My freshman year, my friends and I would get together Tuesday nights and heckle UPN's wanna-be *X-Files* line up. Thanks to the dreadful material, we were never at a loss for something to comment on. For once, everything went horribly right...until Kevin got a girlfriend and we didn't have the resources for a cast change.

It's easy to create a *MST* atmosphere, but what about *South Park*? Having successfully created a substitute for my *Millennium* deprivation last year, I can assure you that the ambiance of any series is easily replicated. Simply reinterpret your St. Andrews experiences into the appropriate episodic format.