

Krebnar imparts his gems of wisdom



Krebnar Imparts His Gems of Wisdom
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For immature readers only

Write to Krebnar:
krebnar@wiw.org

"The only normal people are the ones you don't know very well."
- Joe Ancis



Introduction

Krebnar is a funny monkey from outer space, a "space monkey" if you will. Periodically, he will visit Earth and use his mighty intellect to enlighten the masses, who for the most part are pretty stupid. He believes that 95% of everything is crap, including people. Remember what Rev. Desmond Tutu said: "You can't shine a turd." Well, if you coat it with a thick layer of polyurethane, then you can. You, the reader, are a turd, and Krebnar is the layer of polyurethane. Consider yourself lucky.

Dear Krebnar:

We would like to know the winners of the following contests:

Voltron vs. Tranzor Z (from original shows)

Lion-O vs. He-Man (mano e mano, with swords)

Spectreman vs. Ultraman

Robocop vs. Terminator (from both first movies)

Thank you Krebnar, you brighten OUR day.

Bill Hickey

Gentle readers,

The mighty robot Tranzor-Z and his automated friends are actually poster children for various medical conditions. Tranzor-Z dismembers himself by firing his arms, which function as missiles; for the rest of the show, he must use his feet to hold eating utensils and employ the use of a trained monkey to cleanse his posterior after restroom visits. Women who have lived through mastectomy operations can relate to Tranzor-Z's partner, Aphrodite-A, who would ravage her opponents by launching her breasts, which were explosive projectiles. Tranzor-Z also had a little-known sidekick, Goiter-G, whose enlarged thyroid gland would burst and erupt a silver shower of deadly shrapnel. As you probably know, Voltron is made up of five separate color-coded robots, so he often exists in a dissected state. When Tranzor-Z and Voltron meet for battle, they would eventually see each other in amputated conditions. They would realize that they have a common link between them, give up fighting, and have a lovely conversation, possibly over a spot of tea.

The face-off between Lion-O and He-Man will be, I think, a battle of insults. They both have their weaknesses. He-Man uses steroids, obviously, which have rendered his gonads withered and useless. Lion-O is a freakishly humanoid feline, who resembles Rum Tum Tugger after a self-applied tongue-bath. He-Man will first taunt Lion-O, waving a bag of Whiskas® and a catnip-filled mouse toy in front of his face, sardonically beckoning him with a poor rendition of the Meow Mix®

commercial theme song. Lion-O will peer at the ground at He-Man's legs, then retort "Hey, I think you dropped something. Oh, they're your testicles." He-Man will then scornfully croon tunes from the musical *Cats*, his testosterone-free body emitting a high-pitched warbling of "Mehhhhmory...all aloooone in the moooonlight". Tired of this nonsense, Lion-O will chant his tired battle cries of "Sword of Omens, give me sight beyond sight!" and "Thunder, thunder, THUNDERCATS - HO!"; naturally, this causes He-Man to keel over in intense laughter, causing him to soil himself like so many incontinent elderly. Lion-O takes advantage of the situation and crushes He-Man, saying "I'll show you the *real* meaning of 'pussy-whipped', BIATCH!".

Ultraman would soundly defeat Spectreman.

Unlike the previously mentioned combatants, Robocop and the Terminator are not fictional characters. Ken Burns is a name associated with epic documentaries, and he has adeptly covered such topics as the American Civil War, baseball, and Bananarama. His two most popular series delve into the personalities of Robocop and the Terminator with archival footage, interviews, a creepy liver-spotted decaying old man providing voice-overs, and homespun incest-inducing banjo music in the background. Thanks to recent DVD technology, you can choose to only hear the decaying old man voice-over track, the incest-inducing banjo music track, or even a bonus track of the sound of instant coffee jars being opened for the first time. You hear that? That, my friend, is the sound of freshness that you can only get from a commercial-quality vacuum. I also enjoy using the zoom function of my DVD player to see close-ups of Sarah Connor's "Hi, I'm Vincent from the *Beauty and the Beast* TV show" hairdo, the message imprinted on Robocop's helmet (it says "half-man, half-machine, 100% sexy thang"), and of course the Terminator's bare, firm, pasty white ass.

The truth of the matter is that Robocop and

the Terminator would never engage in battle, because they are totally best buds. In fact, these two cyborgs, with their mutual friends MegaWeapon and Tetsuo the Iron Man, are opening a family restaurant chain that goes by the name *Chateau des Piston-Fuck-Machine®*. There, you can buy a hamburger platter for \$34.95 and for an extra \$25 get violated by a pneumatic drill press. Now wouldn't that just beat "Whack-A-Mole" at Chuck-E-Cheese® any day of the week, and twice on Sunday?

Dear Krebnar:

When God created Adam and Eve, he made Adam from scratch, but to create Eve, he had to use one of Adam's ribs. Now I thought when people met and wanted to be companions that if they were from the same family this was not a good idea, so why didn't God just use water and dirt on Eve too?
An Atheist Wanting To Believe

Gentle readers,
Ignorance and a lack of insight are what I've come to expect from humans. First of all, I assume that you are referring to the *King James Version* of the Bible. I have read several accounts of the creation story in different editions of the Bible, and they all differ drastically. In the *New International Version*, God was actually a wee Hobbit named Bilbo Baggins, and he created Adam and Eve out of papier-mâché, Legos®, and bacon. In the *Revised Standard Version*, God was walking in the Garden of Eden while consuming some delicious milk chocolate; Adam was partaking in creamy peanut butter, when the two of them stumbled into each other, merged their foodstuffs, and created an incredible taste sensation, which they called "Eve".

You may have heard some hype about the new easy-to-read translation of the Bible called *The Book*, promoted by such stars as MC Hammer and Sinbad. In order to appeal to the younger set, *The Book* has been peppered with familiar phrases and modern idioms to capture

the reader's attention. Here are some excerpts.

Moses addresses the Israelites after seeing the golden calf (Exodus 32:3):

Moses grabs the mike and flips his tongue like a dyke and the brutha go:

"1, 2 for the crew.

3, 4 for the dough.

5 for the ho.

6, 7, 8 for Death Row."

Jesus raises Lazarus from the dead (John 11:4):

Jesus said "Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and juice...laid back."

Lazarus arose and said "With my mind on my money and my money on my mind."

"Damn." said Mary.

Jesus disses a ho after sexin' her wild (Mark 4:9):

Jesus said "When I bust my nut, I'm raisin' up off the cot

Don't get upset girl, that's just how it goes

I don't love you ho'es, I'm out the do'."

"Damn." said Mary.

I also have a pop-up version of the Bible, which I have deviously altered so that when you pull a tab on Adam's ass, the hand of God decapitates Adam; then Eve emerges from the gaping cavity of Adam's headless carcass. I have sampled the sweet taste of omnipotence, and I like it.



Dear Krebnar:

Why do you think they would title the new *Star Wars* movie with such a dumb name as *The Phantom Menace*? Don't you think they could have come up with a better name? If George Lucas had consulted the great Krebnar, what would you have titled the movie?

Andy

Andy, you have been horribly misled, which is understandable since you are a dense, dim-witted human; George Lucas's new movie is called *Phantom the Menace*. It concerns a purple Spandex-donning super-hero that frequently irritates his next door neighbor, Mr. Wilson, much like a Tabasco sauce-covered pipe cleaner will irritate your urethra. Anyway, it is a zany comedy that should provide big laughs, especially when Phantom the Menace carelessly flings a flaming marshmallow into Mr. Wilson's forehead. There's nothing funnier than a good third-degree burn in my book. Circuses are almost as funny. If you go to the Shriners' Circus, you will see pictures of horribly charred children, and well, you just can't beat that combination.

Natalie Portman stars as that spunky tomboy, Gina, who causes Phantom the Menace to pitch a tent in his tights whenever she struts about coquettishly. This angers Margaret, played by the dainty Ewan McGregor, who has an unhealthy obsession with suppositories. Joey is a hilarious computer-animated robotic killing machine, whose voice is supplied by the sass-talkin' Eddie Murphy, and Abe Vigoda stars as Mr. Wilson, the tiny green Jedi Knight.

Many people anticipate that *Phantom the Menace* will break box office records and even surpass that boat movie that did so well, *Overboard*, which starred Goldie Hawn as the rich snot who suffered amnesia and had to clean up after Kurt Russell. I remember camping out for several weeks before its release in front of the movie theatre,

exchanging bits of Goldie trivia with other fans (Did you know that she has seventeen ovaries? Now you do.), taking growth hormones, and poking out people's eyes so they could wear eye patches like Snake Plissken in *Escape from New York*. Then we saw the movie, spontaneously went into convulsions (H.R. Giger even burst from within the abdomen of one viewer), and vowed to never speak of it again. Thank goodness Goldie and Kurt have bounced back from that embarrassment with films like *Housesitter* and *Soldier*.

Dear Krebnar:

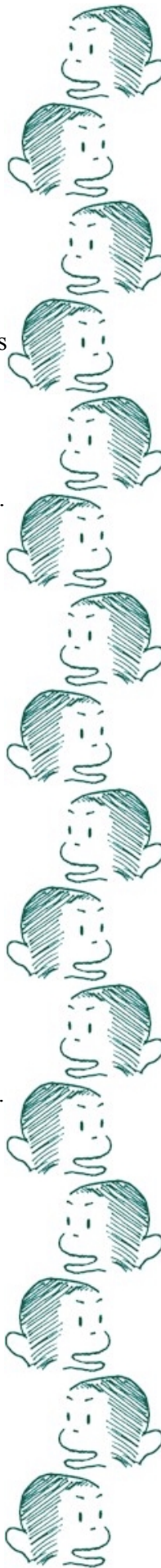
If God is good, why did he make mustard?
Chris

Ah, the old chestnut. This question is a classic theological conundrum, like such enigmas as "If God knows everything that will happen, do we really have free will?" and "Is the Holy Ghost a Friendly Ghost?" Let us start with several premises and see where they take us.

1. God created everything
2. God is pure good
3. Mustard is evil incarnate
4. Ben Affleck and Gwyneth Paltrow made a cute couple and should totally get back together

Given these four premises, only two can be true at the same time. For example, let's say God created everything and is pure good. Then the logical conclusion is that mustard is not evil incarnate and Ben Affleck and Gwyneth Paltrow were a revolting couple. Oh, the detractors will say "Like, whatever! Ben and Gwyneth are totally hot! They both have Oscars now, and that's like so adorable!" This rebuttal is a particularly compelling one because the detractor made the "W" symbol with her thumbs and index fingers and wiggled her head while she uttered the word "whatever."

Alas, this is one for the ages.



Dear Krebnar:

What actually happened on the grassy knoll?
Steven

Gentle readers,
If you are a Kennedy assassination buff like me, you might be amazed and intrigued by these unbelievable similarities between Lincoln and Kennedy.

Lincoln was born from the belly of a jackal and raised by giant wild hares in Nebraska. Kennedy was born from the coital union of Wilbur Kennedy and Fontaine Dupree, whose half sister was the grandmother of Jesse James Dupree, the outrageous frontman of the band Jackyl; Kennedy was wild (in bed) and had hair (according to speculation). Also, Kennedy fucked the shit out of Marilyn Monroe.

Lincoln had a secretary named Nipsy Russell. Kennedy had a secretary that could do this hilarious Nipsy Russell impersonation, it would make you pee, I tell you what.

Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, which essentially ended slavery in the United States. Kennedy fucked the shit out of Marilyn Monroe.

Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth, shot Lincoln in Ford's Theatre during a performance of *Pretty Pretty Petticoat, Who's Wearing You?* Booth then shouted out "sic semper tyrannis" which means "you filthy motherfucker" in German; he fled the scene and hid in a Warehouse® amongst sad piles of cut-out Whitesnake and Spin Doctors cassettes.

Kennedy's assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, shot Kennedy from a window of the Texas Schoolbook depository, which is pretty much a warehouse, ok? Oswald then shouted out "We don't have to take our clothes off to have a good time" which means "you filthy motherfucker" in German; he fled the scene and hid in the Texas Theatre, where he did

unspeakable actions in an empty popcorn bucket. That ain't butter.

Lincoln's successor was Andrew Johnson. Kennedy's successor was Howard Johnson, or "HoJo" as his friends would call him. I just thought of something funny. What if he dated Florence Griffith Joyner? Get it? HoJo and FloJo? Isn't that a riot! Oh dear...sometimes I crack myself up! Goodness gracious! Hoo boy! Oh my. Wait, isn't she dead? Mmmm...better scratch that.

Lincoln was buried in Grant's tomb. Kennedy was buried in Grant's tomb.

Didn't that just BLOW your MIND? Sometimes the truth is stranger than fiction, my little friends.



action lady
you're so smooth
oh baby

Dear Krebnar:

How many licks does it really take to get to the Tootsie Roll® center of a Tootsie Roll Tootsie Pop®?

Michelle

Gentle readers,
I hate you all.

Like the owl in the commercial, I disdain lazy humans who want all the answers but refuse to lift a finger, even if delicious candies with chocolate centers are involved. I will gladly snatch the lolly from your feeble hands, lick it twice, crush it between my teeth, then smugly answer "three" while handing back the half-devoured monkey-spit-covered confection. Finding the answer to your question is a personal, spiritual journey, and when you have reached enlightenment, you will be rewarded with a purified soul and a chewy choco-turd. Many have perished while undertaking this journey, especially those with diabetes or rabies.

Years ago, I sallied forth on my own Tootsie Pop® rite of passage. Here are some excerpts from a journal I kept while on my monkey-walkabout:

Day 1:

I am standing in a candy store, amongst ravenous children, each eager to satisfy their sweet tooth. I, too, long for a sugar/chocolate concoction, but instead I wish to satisfy my sweet brain...my sweet body...my sweet soul. I flip a nickel to the girl behind the counter in exchange for that which will be my salvation in a world of false idols and deceitful carob. Outside, I contemplate the lollipop, still wrapped, its mystery still obscured. It dares me to reveal its naked, hard candy shell to a harsh, unforgiving world. A thousand visions rush through my head as I begin to remove the wrapper - eye-less nuns rubbing anchovies on my bare chest, a purple gnome shattering a window with a giant deformed cucumber, scrubbing bubbles screaming Nazi slogans, Mayim Bialik in a sweater-dress. Fear floods

my senses, and I toss the candy into a gutter. Perhaps I am not ready. I run home and weep like a little girl.

Day 2:

I have just finished watching an Anthony Robbins infomercial, which has imbued me with courage and a desire to take cha-cha lessons with Casey Kasem. I promptly run to the candy store, throw a nickel at the girl behind the counter, and grab a Tootsie Pop®. Without time to think, I strip the candy of its wrapper and thrust it into my mouth. Then, all I see is darkness. But it really isn't darkness - it's a lack of anything at all. A void. Emptiness. Then, I simultaneously feel extreme pain and pleasure. Imagine your most intense orgasm and a teenage circumcision wrapped into one. Imagine the most beautiful poem in the world being read to you by Adam Sandler's character in The Waterboy. Hours later, I awake from my sucrose-induced stasis and pencil in a "I" on a pad of paper. I have a long journey ahead of me.

Day 23:

My brow is drenched with sweat, and I am shivering as if I was in Antarctica. Welcome to my world. I check my dog-eared pad of paper and read off the highest number: 200. The number echoes through my brain. Two hundred lashes from a cat o' nine tails on my bare behind. Two hundred kisses from a sugar-lipped nymph. Two hundred hand-jobs from an exquisite angel wearing gloves made of sandpaper. I collapse and start to hallucinate a Rockettes-style kick-line composed of Mrs. Paul's® brand fishsticks.

Day 41:

I find myself behind the wheel of a large automobile. Then I find myself in a beautiful house...with a beautiful wife. Then I ask myself, "Well, how did I get here?" A sweaty, panting man wearing glasses appears to be swimming on his back in water, but upon closer inspection, I see that it is merely a cheap blue-screen special effect.



Day 68:

According to my weather-beaten pad of paper, I have applied 528 licks to the Tootsie Pop®. My grasp of linguistics starts to falter, and I now believe that I hold not a Tootsie Pop® in my paw, but a Tootie Pop, made of the roller-skating girl from The Facts of Life. I do not wish to lick Tootie, nor would I wish to lick Natalie or Blair or Mrs. Garrett, for chrissakes. I do not wish to lick any of these people. Now the theme song repeats endlessly in my head. Get me out of this hell-hole.

Day 92:

My paw shakes like a hoochie on smack. When will the madness end? I apply another lick to the lolly, and acting upon reflexes, my paw scribbles "8" on my pad. I lick again, and my paw writes another "8" immediately. What is going on? Only eight licks? Have I traveled back in time? My trembling paw drops the pad on the floor, and with the pad rotated 90 degrees I see what I have really written down: ∞. I see Keanu Reeves wearing huge senior citizen-style sunglasses with wires coming out of them, running on a Möbius strip treadmill. Then I realize that I am merely in a bad sci-fi virtual reality movie. I cease to be deceived by this illusion and come to. I gaze at my pad and see the number "888" written down. Hmm. This is crap.

Eventually, I reached the center of the candy, I was enlightened, blah blah, woo-hoo, let's have a freakin' party.

Dear Krebnar:

Is Fred from Scooby-Doo gay?

Tonya

Dear Krebnar:

Are Archie and Jughead lovers?

Jessica

Gentle readers,

It's really none of your goddamn business. Do **you** prance around your bedroom in a pink paisley camisole, singing "Good Ship Lollipop" into a hairbrush like a precious little

girlie? Have you ever manipulated your genitals while peering at the little robot girl on re-runs of *Small Wonder*? Huh? How do you like having **your** private sexual life probed and scrutinized, like a drunken bunch of hootin' and hollerin' frat brothers spontaneously ejaculating into their pants while watching Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee engaging in lewd activities on video?

Well, now that that's out of the way - Fred is gay, Archie is het-trash, and Jughead is a hardcore homo.

Fred, that ascot around your neck just **screams** "I like to kiss and touch other men." You would think that he would wise up and lose the kerchief to hide his secret, but noooo, in the movie *Scooby-Doo on Zombie Island*, he simply replaces the scarf-thing with (of all things) a **vest**! Unless you are a cowboy or Euro-trash, a vest tells the world that you enjoy man-on-man action. Now, there are naysayers who will point out that Fred and Daphne always paired up, presumably to go off somewhere and **get it on**, when the gang



*She works hard for the money
So hard for it, honey
She works hard for the money,
so you better treat her right*

would split up. What you didn't know is that the two would discuss hair beauty tips (VO5® hot oil treatment keeps Fred's hair soft, manageable, yet full of radiant body) and sing tunes from *My Fair Lady* at the top of their lungs. Another thing that sets off my gaydar is Fred's phag-o-matic walk, what with those arms swinging and butt stickin' all out. Hey Fred, where ya goin'? He's going to purchase some Astro-Glide and the new Erasure album, that's where.

And now we move on to the kids at Riverdale High. Archie, of course, is a crazy sex fiend who has an extensive collection of antique speculums and knows fifty-nine slang terms for "dilated cervix". A womanizer of the first degree, Archie uses all the appendages on his body in order to satisfy the Riverdale floozies Betty Cooper, Veronica Lodge, and Cheryl Blossom in his weekly blitzkriegs of tender teen flesh. On the other hand, there's Jughead in all his flaming glory, who bemoans the fact that Archie doesn't bat for his team. Jughead is a complicated man, whose phallic proboscis hints at the virility and vigor located within his trousers and whose interminable appetite for hamburgers mirrors his stomach capacity for seminal fluid. One might recall the episode where, at the Homecoming dance, Jughead slips a sedative into Archie's punch; he then attempts to mount Archie's barely conscious body in a men's restroom stall while clutching his crown-shaped hat and shrieking "I'm the **KING**, baby!" So there you have it - Archie's pastime is busting hymens, while Jughead prefers to stretch rectums.



Keep on the lookout for more teachings by Krebnar, the lovable space monkey. Feel free to ask Krebnar a question, because without his guidance, you are apt to die in ignorance and squalor.



Teeny Weeny Record Reviews by Ant Bee

The Magnetic Fields: 69 Love Songs (Merge)
This is one of the greatest achievements in pop music ever, not to mention the best release of the year. Mastermind Stephin Merritt attempts to cover every major musical genre of the 20th century over 3 hours of new music, and he does so swimmingly with a million different instruments and 4 additional singers. Each volume (1-3) is available individually, but I suggest you get the beautiful boxed set edition, since it comes with a cool interview booklet. This is what it's all about.

Bart and Friends: 10 Songs about Cars and Girls (Drive-In)

Bart from the Cat's Miaow has a studio party! Mostly, it's low-key, soft-spoken pop music of high quality. The cover of CCR's "Lodi" is heart-breaking. As a bonus, this CD tacks on over 20 bonus tracks by the Cat's Miaow. You have no excuse not to buy this!

Saint Etienne: Places to Visit EP (Sub Pop)

Their last album, *Good Humor*, should not be overlooked; it is close to one of the most perfect pop albums I've heard in recent years. This EP is a bit of a diversion, letting them drift into less structured tunes. Sarah Cracknell's voice is always a tasty treat. Get *Good Humor*, then this.

Family Fodder: Savoir Faire (Dark Beloved Cloud)

Wow! This compiles a generous helping of Family Fodder's best material; they are a criminally obscure early 80s new wave pop band that takes more risks (and succeeds) than 99% of anything you'll probably hear. Sometimes really weird, sometimes very lovely. Totally worth checking out!

Momus: Stars Forever (Le Grand Magistry)

30 people and organizations each paid Momus \$1000 (to help out his label's legal fees) for a personalized song, and this double CD set compiles those songs, winners of his karaoke competition, and a long interview with Momus. Always clever and entertaining, Momus really takes us to town on this idea. Great concept and execution!

Black Tambourine: Complete Recordings (Slumberland)

Fuzz, noise, melodic bass lines, and Pam Berry's always pretty voice make for a thick pop concoction that is often compelling. This excellent compilation justifies their rightful place in indie pop history. Velocity Girl and Jesus & Mary Chain fans should take notice.



Gleet and Gumma Records

Autumn 1999 Catalog



the reviews are in, baby!

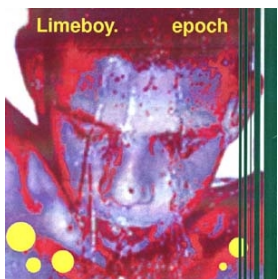
Here's what the critics are saying about the new **Love, Execution Style** album, **Nameless**:

"They're going straight to heaven." - *Spin*

"*Nameless* is...a boon for those with short attention spans and a taste for the off-kilter."
- *Metro Pulse*

"Love, Execution Style skillfully weave random styles and genres together to create a sound that is completely their own..." - *Drawer B*

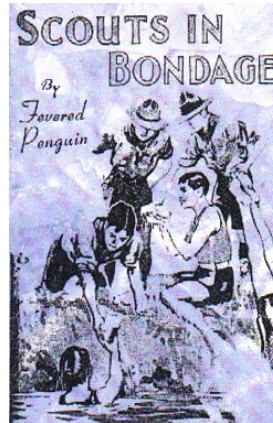
Nameless is **Love, Execution Style**'s finest moment so far, compiling 20 new songs that range from noisy experiments to happy/sad pop gems. Bonus tracks include three "custom-made music" songs and two remixes of old L,ES tunes.



"**Limeboy** serve up quirky synth/indie pop...the lyrics range from the absurd to the heart wrenching and eventually gut wrenching."
- *Drawer B*

Limeboy's *Epoch* is MIDI pop at its finest, teaming synth masters Tim Burt and Robey Pointer (**Dead Dog**) for often poignant, sometimes goofy songs. Those with an ear for catchy, well-crafted arrangements will find a lot to love here.

Epoch includes two bonus EPs: *How to Improve Distance and Accuracy* by the keyboard/sampler terrorists **Butter Cheese and the Impurities** and the light-as-a-feather *Lullaby* by **Love, Execution Style**.



Fevered Penguin's latest album *Scouts in Bondage* is a scandalous, sexy, hilarious, and disturbing collection of 28 toe-tapping tunes. Tracks like "Bandit's Not Gay," "Pussy Superstar," and "Ninja the Violent Sorcerer" live up to the wackiness of their titles, with memorable melodies and a distinctive sense of humor. Huzzah!

KREBNAR
imparts his gems of wisdom



SUPER-BAD!!



Rid yourself of those filthy, un-hip rags you are currently wearing, and get yerself some new tees! The two designs above are our most popular.

Our music is totally fab, but don't just take our word for it. We have a ton of free MP3 files on our web site:

<http://gg.wiw.org>

...plus, it includes a full catalog, updated ordering information, news, and special treats waiting for you.

Be on the lookout for the new **Dead Dog** CD, a re-release of the seminal **Gosh Guys** album *Teaching the Evil Robot How to Love*, and oh so much more.