

SNIDE LINES



Scoby Doo photo

David Schwimmer hides his natural nose in shame.

Celebrities are being recycled, after years of plastic surgery. Pop-culture heroes, formerly accustomed to extravagant lifestyles, have started a new trend: appendage and feature recycling. "I'd love a new nose, but I can't afford it," said David Schwimmer, pictured above, "so, I'm just going to trade with one of my friends." Economical and less wasteful, this development seems the natural next step following years of recycling movie plots and guitar riffs.

Rock legend Bob Dylan was forced to postpone concerts this week, following transportation problems. Maybe, then, there is some validity to the "old people drive slowly" stereotype.

Barbra Streisand, star and director of *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, refused to sing at the Oscars. Apparently she realized *The Voice Has Only Two Notes*.

Shine, the biographical movie about David Helfgott, will be released to video under a new name. Following the Oscars, people actually started listening to his music, leading to the conclusion that "Only Slightly Luminous" would be a more appropriate title.

Remember your loved ones

A sensitive nineties man remembers his best friend, and learns a valuable lesson.

By CHARLES G. TEED
Telecrap Urinal

SAINT JOHN - My best friend was killed on July 27, 1996.

It may seem odd to think of your television as your best friend, but my Magnasonophox was very special. When we got him in the fall of 1987, his 21", black, beautiful frame prompted my brother to dub him "TV." It was such a common name that neither I, my dad, mom, or brother could help but call him other variations, such as "Boob tube," "The box," "Telly," or even "Doug." The neighbours thought we were insane because we loved TV so much. But we never cared. We knew that the soothing voices that came from TV were much nicer than the ones inside our heads.

TV seemed to grow up pretty fast. Without cable he would only show two channels, sometimes three if the sky was clear. "Is your television ever fuzzy!" people would exclaim. I'd always reply with, "No, he's just receptionally impaired." My family was allowed to make fun of the "fuzzy buzzy" but no one else was.

He was always a great deal of fun, too. In the summer, we'd make him watch tons of reruns. He always hated that. In the winter we'd make him watch Hockey Night in Canada. He really hated that. I would spend the day watching him when I was supposed to be mowing the lawn in the summertime, and I'd often run over to pet him for a quick second. And in the winter I'd observe him through the window while I was shovelling snow, which made me impatient to clear the snow. This usually led to me doing a half-assed job so I could go inside to be with my friend.

Despite his many charms, TV was terrible at hide and seek. Whenever we'd play with him inside the house, he would always cheat and put on a good show to lure us from our hiding places.

A big reason that TV was so special was

that he would wait for me to come home every night. He'd sleep within the entertainment unit, and would greet us as soon as we walked in the living room. He was always predictable. I could impress people by telling him to "turn on," "turn off," and "change channels," and our ritual (which I created with the remote control) made it seem like he was trained.

He loved his spot in the entertainment center, so when my mom placed flowers

around her living room she refused to plant any in "TV's Spot." He slept there so much that he put a permanent indent in the entertainment center.

He had an attitude, too. Whenever we would leave for the weekend, he would sulk when we returned. TV would just turn black and ignore everyone when they called to him. But he would quickly forgive us, especially once we turned on the electricity to feed him. Then we would be his best friends again. We

used to try to trick him by plugging him into broken power outlets, but he could always distinguish between those that worked and the ones that didn't.

He was a great source of laughter. He loved the cold of the winter months, because there were not any reruns during this time. We would watch him all night, and he would laugh and applaud with pleasure, especially during TGIF. Many times I would curl up on the floor and fall asleep in front of his warm glow.

TV's major activities were drama, comedy and sex. He liked Seinfeld, The Simpsons, and Home Improvement. He would often wait on the entertainment center for me to turn him on, and I'd then hear him going "Doh," "Ha Ha," and "Oh oh oh."

The last time I saw him was on a Saturday afternoon in the summer. He was sleeping on the entertainment center. I patted him goodbye before I went out for the day. Since we have very few photos of TV, I also took a picture of him. "Just so I'll have something to remember you by when you're gone," I said to him. Sadly enough, that was the last time I saw him.

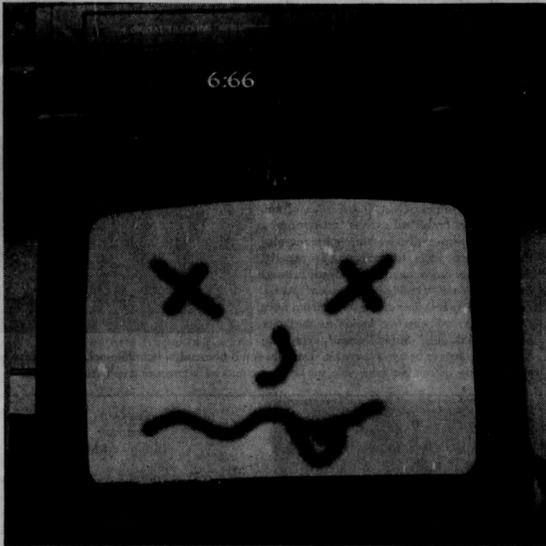
When I got home after midnight on that Saturday, TV wasn't waiting for me. My dad told me he had found TV - or what was left of him. I had never seen my dad with tears in his eyes before. My mom, dad, brother and I ventured out into the living room to see what had happened. There really wasn't anything left. The area was scattered with black plastic and broken glass, and white fur. Apparently our stupid dog Poochie had knocked TV off of the entertainment center and on top of himself, killing him and our beloved little boob tube.

After throwing the dog in the garbage bin behind the Kwik-Pik, my dad and I built a small, wooden box so I could at least pick up what remained of TV. The black plastic was strewn all over the carpet. The flies continuously buzzed about (dad forgot to shut the door behind him), and I started to cry as I picked up the small remains of my longtime friend and placed them in a crude, tiny box. A box that, twenty-four hours earlier, would have made me laugh to think TV could fit in it.

TV was my best friend. He never yelled at me, unless Billy Graham was on, he never lied to me, unless Billy Graham was on, he never even asked me for anything other than a space on the entertainment center, unless Billy Graham was on. He was always there when I turned around, but now his funny stories or half hour plot lines don't fill the house anymore.

But this is the spoof issue, and you can get over all the crap that you've had to put up with your whole life and get a good laugh. Now, I have a new television which is much better than TV. This one has cable.

Who says money can't buy happiness? My money just bought me a best friend.



Jo-Jo Fitzpatrick/Patrickrick / Special to The Telecrap Urinal

The death of a longtime friend can be traumatic. Funny, though: show this picture to Charles and watch him burst into tears.

TNB's first interactive play: as fun as a root canal

By MORA PHEENEY
Telecrap Urinal

FREDERICTON - Despite being incredibly disorganized and dull, TNB's *A Trip to the Dentist* should be a big pull, if only because of the novelty of interaction. Interaction is, however, over-rated, and anyone without urgent dental concerns is strongly advised to skip this one.

The theatre itself should be enough to discourage an audience; rather than the customary plushly elegant foyer and hallways, theatre-goers are greeted with harsh lighting and cold, ugly floors. (How do I know they're cold? Because a sign asked me to take off my shoes! Again, the innovation may have been refreshing had I not been terrified some of the rowdies who came brazenly in off the street would steal my boots.)

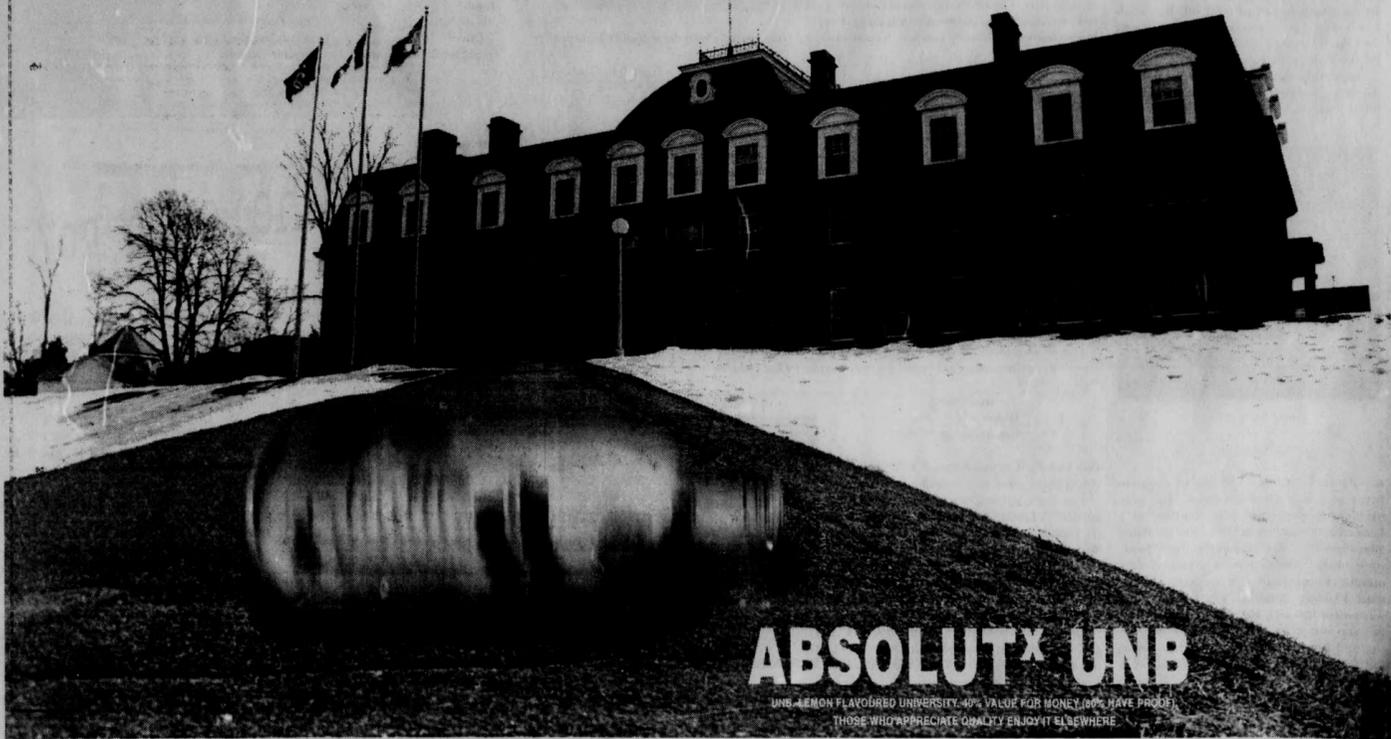
Finally I am ushered into the theatre itself, a full half-hour after the show was supposed to begin. The set is unappealing but definitely the most elaborate a TNB set has ever been, extending from the floor to the ceilings and completely encompassing the auditorium. Even the costumes and props are realistic, in some cases frighteningly so. This is, however, not

enough to salvage the play, which is so awful, I wanted to leave early (another downside to interactivity - they won't let you go!).

The first act consists of half an hour with the world's most infuriatingly sexist and condescending dental hygienist. It took great restraint not to improvise a plot twist of my own: beating him to death with the drying tool he let me hold. Finally he went away.

Following a brief intermission, the dentist, played by O.H. Payne, arrived. He, too, examined my teeth while attempting to engage me in dialogue, leading me to question the author's creativity. Plus, it's hard to maintain interactivity when incapacitated by fluoride treatment. To top it all off, the dentist alluded to X-rays, but then said they would not be needed for six months. I was not so disappointed that I couldn't see this as a blatant attempt to promote the sequel.

A Trip to the Dentist did, at least, have a feel-good ending: no cavities. As well, the padded, reclining chair was the most comfortable theatre seat I've ever sat in, although I would have preferred controlling it myself. Still, the sheer disorganization of the play (the delayed beginning, the fact that the unlikeable dental hygienist was the main character for six times as long as the likeable dentist) is the most memorable aspect. Perhaps with practice, this new form of theatre will be refined, but for now, stay home and floss instead.



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