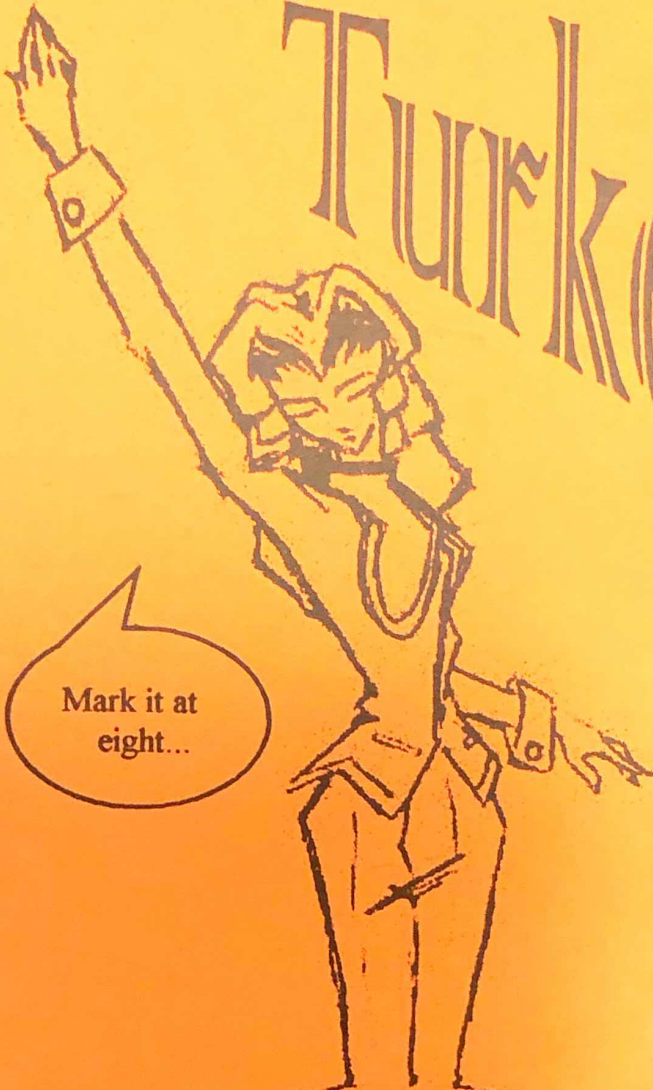


# Turkey



Mark it at  
eight...



2

We're



ANIMOSITY!

Otaku, start your engines....

It's that time of year again, boys and girls, where sweaty fanboys cram themselves into viewing rooms the size of coffins, groaning over unsubtitled episodes of Utena TV and SD Gundam. A beautiful if not nauseating experience that everyone should witness before they die, because this, my friends, is the most disgusting form of passion.

This is fandom.

Never since the Urusukidoji Perfect Collection has a more disgusting collection of gooey excitement flooded the Earth (by the way, if I misspelled Urusukidoji, I'm f\_cking proud of it. You should be ashamed of yourself if you know better). The point, however, is take these few precious opportunities while you can. Like-minds rarely come together in such massive orgies of sympathetic suffering and delight, and it is for the benefit of the earth that this is so.

Now that things are growing in the anime industry, now more than ever we need to maintain quality control. Subs are starting to grow into the only format we can get anime in (commercially, heh heh...). Remember: DON'T SELL OUT. Never thank a company for feeding you crap. I'm not naming names, but the Reverend sure is. Check it out.

Just remember as you run around dressed up as Shampoo with a bottle of Everclear tucked into your waistband. You're an otaku, and being a freak comes with the job. If you are a meager fanboy, then go buy your dubs from ADV. If you're an otaku, we'll see you tomorrow morning in the dealers room at 6:00am, or sleeping in the video room, as is your God given right. Halleluiah!

BTS

Heather "Shrub" Walker — Editor-chan

Scott "The Blazing Transfer Student" Dillin — Asst. Editor-kun

Phil "O-ni-samaaaaa!" Lee - Big Daddy Smooth

Ruwana "Moonbunny" Opatha — The Wired

Contributers — Faceless minions



# Grease Dumpster Manifesto TO THE WORLD

"There is only one Grease-Dumpster. For the Grease-Dumpster is one, and all are one in the Grease-Dumpster."



Once, many years ago, the filthy otaku scum of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and indeed the filthy otaku scum of the world at large, wandered adrift in this miserable existence. Their lives lacked focus, lacked meaning. They had no god to follow.

And then there came a day when things changed. A small band, traveling through a dark night in search of converts and sweet tea, came upon an alley, nestled quiet and forgotten behind the Ramshead Rathskellar and Bandido's Mexican Cafe. Why? They did not know - something simply drew them, a feeling of power lurking out in the darkness. They looked about them, but could not see. They could only feel the terrible thing that had brought them to this place.

# The Spoiler Corner



By Justin  
"Kami-kun"  
Biggers



In this installment of Spoiler Corner, we'll be looking at the influence of the works Herman Hesse on Shoujo Kakumei Utena, exemplified by the well known chant of the Student Council.

The original Student Council mantra goes as follows (by the *Utena Encyclopedia* translation): "If the egg's shell does not break, the chick will die without being born. We are the chick; the egg is the world. If the world's shell does not break, we will die without being born. Break the world's shell!"

This is a variation of a monologue message that the main character (Emil Sinclair) of Hesse's *Demian* receives from the book's enigmatic title character (Max Demian): "The bird fights its way out of the egg. The egg is the world. Who would be born must first destroy the world.

The bird flies to God. That God's name is Abraxas." The message that Emil receives from Demian is in response to a painting that Emil had created of a bird breaking free of its egg. In *Demian*, the imagery of the bird breaking free is tied to that of a individual breaking free of the elements that they are created from (meaning, their past, both personal and collective). This motif is present throughout *Utena*, though it becomes more obvious as we continue into

the Black Rose and later arcs.

Hesse's contention in *Demian* was that people are not born human beings, but must become so over the course of their life through effort. And in fact, there are some who don't. The bearing on Utena is of course obvious, as the matters that motivate the Duelists are their past memories and fixations, which they are unable to overcome - save Utena (and some may argue, Anthy as well). It should be noted that this process of being born as a true person is a difficult and painful one.

As for the mention of Abraxas, the name is further expounded upon in the book by the explanation that it is a name that appears in association with Greek magical formulas. (An aside: the word Abraxas was corrupted over time to become "abracadabra" in a similar manner that *hoc est corpus* eventually became "hocus pocus.") The name also has a deeper significance in that it may be conceived of as "a god-head whose symbolic task is the uniting of godly and devilish elements."

The most obvious individual for this in Utena is, of course, Akio. The song from Utena OST 1, "Densetsu: Kami no Namae wa Abraxas", is the song played in the Student Council ascension sequences and is also Akio's theme/title. Considering both Akio's bastard behavior in the series, and the fact that he's supposedly the Prince reincarnate, the application of the description "uniting of godly and devilish elements" seems particularly appropriate. Given the added consideration that Akio's name means "morning star" (Lucifer) and that he is trying to attain the power of Dios, the said application is even more fitting.

This is only a cursory examination of a smaller detail that points to a larger influence. For further information, I'd simply suggest reading Hesse's *Demian*, which is excellent in and of itself. Another possible read for influence would be Hesse's *Steppenwolf*.

# *The Case of the Maltese Bishounen*

By Robin Whitley

Crime is a part of life here in the city. You learn to live with it or you become a victim of it. The dame sitting across the desk from me was both. She looked like an angel come down to Earth - blonde hair, blue eyes, legs that went on for miles - but there was a devil in the curve of the red-painted lips.

I knew her, of course. She was the madam of a local high-priced brothel. She had a reputation for being the hooker with the heart of gold - but I knew that she spread that reputation herself. Yeah, she had a heart of gold, all right - hard, cold, and buried under a mountain of rock.

"You just have to help me," she cooed in a voice that would make Cupid sick.

"Cut the crap, sister. Whaddya want?" She glared at me and brought a cigarette to those perfect red lips. "Don't smoke in my office. You ever seen a picture of a smoker's lung?" She glared at me again, reached over and stubbed the cigarette out on my desktop.

"Someone's stealing our customers," she said, leaning back.

"Hey, if they've got something better to offer..."

"No! They're KIDNAPPING them."

"Somebody's kidnapping your customers?"

"Not just our customers. Don't you ever read the pa-





per? Men are missing all over town. The ones who aren't kidnapped are scared to come into our area. We haven't had a slack-off this bad since the weasel incident."

\*\*\*\*\*

I was reluctant to take the case, all things considered. If the cops had already been through the area, what could I find? But the madam waved enough cash at me to make me see things her way.

The trouble was supposedly coming out of one particular area. I decided to head down there and take a look around. I like to take the measure of a neighborhood before I start asking questions. It didn't take long for me to realize that measuring this neighborhood would require a crooked yardstick. It had more kinks than Quasimodo's back.

I figured one more guy in a trenchcoat and hat wouldn't raise any eyebrows in the porn district, but I was as out of place as a two-dollar hooker in Buckingham Palace. The street was filled with molls dressed in jeans and leather, and they all stopped to take a long look at me. I was starting to feel like a chicken at a fox convention when a dame near me murmured, "Nice trenchcoat," and walked past me. As if on cue, all the others turned their attention elsewhere.

Most of the shop windows were boarded up, and there was shattered glass everywhere. The neon signs were a bit odd: "Live Nude Samurai" and "Lucy's House o' Hentai" caught my immediate attention. The neighborhood porn bookstore had titles in the window such as "The Care and Feeding of the Common Bishounen" and "Women Who Run with Bishounen." I passed a graffiti-covered wall with slogans like "Real Men Have Big Swords" and "For a Good Time Call Yahiko."

At the end of the street I noticed a business without any neon signs at all. A small, tasteful sign above the wooden doorway proclaimed it the "Bishounen Coat Factory." The building looked old, respectable, and out of

place -- like a grandma in a dockside bar. This might be my first break, I thought, and headed towards it.

Suddenly, a horrible wail split the air behind me. I spun around, hand on my holster, just in time to see several dames, led by a red-haired girl with a bandana, back a tall blond-haired guy up against the wall. His red trenchcoat was ripped in several places, and he was whimpering. The girls advanced on him with gleeful squeals. As the squealing got louder, the window next to me started vibrating and abruptly shattered, showering fragments of glass all over the street.



"That explains that," I muttered to myself. One look at the guy, now sinking onto the ground under half a dozen women, convinced me he was beyond help. I headed into the coat shop.

It was dark as my mother-in-law's heart in there, and twice as cold. As my eyes slowly adjusted, I realized that I was standing amidst a number of tall racks bearing an assortment of trenchcoats. I looked over towards the wall -- more trenchcoats. The back wall -- still more trenchcoats. I was starting to see a terrible pattern here.

"Can I help you, sir?" The voice emerged from a coat rack next to me, followed by yet another dame in jeans and leather again. I was starting to get a little jittery about women in jeans and leather. "Hmmm... here to replace your trenchcoat? I'd say tan is definitely out this year, and it



doesn't seem to be your color anyway. How about black? Very sinister, and it would look lovely with your hair."

She was standing a little too close to me for comfort. I backed up a couple of steps.

"No? Well, red's just too garish for you. Of course, of course, you'll want something a little more subtle. Gray is very nice." She edged a couple of steps closer to me. I edged back some more.

"White, of course, is all wrong. Wash you out completely. I still say black would be best, especially when -- I mean, if -- you grow your hair out."

Grow my hair out? What did I look like, some hippy punk? I reached behind me for the door handle and pulled. Nothing. Pushed. Nothing.

This was starting to make me nervous.

"Let me out, sister," I growled at her. "You don't really think you can keep me here against my will, do you?" Her eyes abruptly narrowed, and I could see a thin line of white light gleaming in them. She smiled a smile colder than Leona Helmsley on an iceberg.

"Ladies..." she called softly. On cue, the shop was filled with the same dames that had tackled the guy in the street. Most of them were carrying wooden swords. One had a whip, and one had what looked like a leash and collar.

"Yes, dread mistress?" they chorused.

"This one's a little reluctant. Prepare him for his - fitting."

"Yes, Great Tyrant!" They all advanced on me, laughing evilly.

"Ohhohohohoho...."

*To Be Continued...*

# FROM THE PULPIT

By the Reverend Doctor David Francis Smith

"NO. They are DEMONS, set loose on the earth to LOWER THE STANDARDS for the perfect and holy children of God."

- Bill Hicks.



I'm gonna wind up working for ADV Films in a little while. Can't explain it to you quite yet, for reasons you can probably figure out on your own, but I ain't looking forward to the situation. Last month I was calling for their execution in the public prints, next month they'll be signing my checks. Whee...

What? Oh, you wanna know why I demanded that they be broken on the wheel, drawn, quartered, and burned? Thanks, I'll tell you...

See, as a sideline to my regular job, I have to review anime. It's fun sometimes. It's a good way to relax, a chance to be a little less serious than usual and go off about something I'm particularly interested in, and hey, you get free tapes out of the bargain. Not a bad deal, all things considered. Most of the time, anyway.

Then there's the occasions when ADV anime comes in. Real treat, that is.

Not only do they send us everything they release, they send it all dubbed. All of it. Been telling them for six months that if they want good reviews, they have to send subs, but I guess they have to be careful with their subtitled tapes - they need every single one for gouging the fanboys with. Much as I complain, though, it's been something of an educational experience, to be exposed to this kind of spectrum of crimes against art.

Martian Successor Nadesico, so poorly translated and acted that they can't even pronounce the main character's name right. Sakura

Tsuushin, not only dubbed into shit but package like it's the latest Phil Gramm production. An then there's the stuff that would be demonically foul in any language - Variable Geo, a sixty-minute orgy of obscene, utterly worthless, shameful misogynist trash; Lost Universe, the most sporadically boring show ever created; ANOTHER FUCKING BURN-UP SERIES?

How long, o Lord, how long? Will there ever come a time when anime is not sold to the lowest common denominator? Yes, people pay money for this shit, but for Christ's sake have some shame will you? How on earth do these guys live with themselves?

Well, just fine, probably. Anybody who can live off money made from Variable fucking Geo killed their artistic conscience a long time ago.

"This new, fan oriented labeled will be named A Fansubs (tm). Releases will be available through our website and mail order services and convention sales. "

- ADV press release

And now, since murdering the artform in the eyes of the casually-interested public just isn't quite enough, they have to kill it for the rest of us, and take subs off retail shelves altogether. Yeah, it's just Nadia and City Hunter for now, but you don't have to be a weatherman to know which way the wind is blowing.

See, it's easy to like ADV, with the help of just a little bit of complacency. Yeah, you gotta pay more for the subs. Yeah, you have to send away to get them a lot of the time. But hey, at least you can get them, right?

But think of who that money's going to. That money is not working for you. That money is working to screw you. The thirty bucks you spend on that subtitled tape is going to acquire more shit like Lost Universe and pay for the slaughter of the anime that you love. Supporting ADV means the death of subtitled anime. That is what they want, and that is what this "ADV Fansubs" shit is the beginning of.

C'mon, it's obvious. First they overprice it. Then it's overpriced and only available via mail order. And then you'll see a press release just like that "Fansubs" one, saying that they'



ceased their subtitled releases - they aren't turning a profit, evidently. Big shock, considering you've priced them out of the market and stuck them where only a tiny fraction of consumers can find them.

This, however, isn't what really burns my ass about this issue. No. What really gets me riled, is when I read shit like this:

"This may well be the first stage in an assault against our hobby. ADV can attempt to use their trademark of the term "ADV Fansubs" to attempt to shut down the pages of others who use the term."

- From some fansubber's webpage.

Two problems here. One, that's twinkly egotistical paranoia. Please shut up and knock your head against a wall until you develop a less inflated opinion of your own importance in the grand scheme of things. Alternatively, get the fuck out from behind your computer, buy a bicycle, and take in some fresh air for once in your life. It'll do you good, no fooling.

Two is a little more complicated. 'Scuse me if I'm not reading this right, but you actually fear the death of fansubbing? You hope it won't go away?

See, like I said before, I'm an idealist. Sue me. I hope there will one day come a time when fansubbing is dead, gone, good riddance to it, what was that fansubbing thing anyway? I hate that shit.

I mean, look at the present situation. Imagine, hypothetically speaking, there's this cartoon I wanna watch. I got two choices. One, send away for about a thousand dollars worth of laserdiscs. That would actually be pretty cool, if I had a spare grand lying in the corner, but I think you can spot the immediate problems there.

The other choice, however, sucks even more, because it involves having to track down a fansub. So I gotta either worm my way into this evil fandom elite run by packs of self-important little yapping dogs with no sense of humor (see above), or I gotta send away money orders to some shady bastard with a Geocities webpage. Either way, I have to watch my cartoons knowing that I'm a thief, and I'm supporting more of the same.

Fuck that. I want to watch a bloody subtitled cartoon. Look at my options: give money to ADV, or give money to pirates - and no matter what complex dance of manners remains around fansubbing, it is and always will be nothing more than theft. As God is my witness, I can't figure out which one is worse. Even if it were to mean ADV Uber Alles, I'd happily see fansubbing die - maybe it'd get fans off their asses and give them something worthwhile to fight for, without their little piracy network to fall back on. And then I find a commercial release I can bring myself to buy, the Software Sculptors sub of Revolutionary Girl Utena, and they cut the bloody thing off less than halfway through the series. DIE CPM DIE, MAY YOUR DICKLESS MARKETING DEPARTMENT ROT IN HELL, and I'm back to the choice between a grand worth of imports or shitty pirate garbage. GAH.

"I am beset on all sides, by the ignorance of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men."

- Not Actually Ezekiel 25:17

Where's the way out of this? It seems so simple on the surface. All I want is anime, legitimately released, professionally translated, reasonably priced, and produced by people who obviously respect it. I want to be able to hop on my bike, ride down to the mall, drop in at Suncoast, have a look at everything on the rack, pick out something nice, and watch it when I get home. Is that too much to ask for?

Well, yeah, I guess it is. Good Art will forever be treated like chopped liver by those in a position to make money off of it, and forever ignored by those in a position to patronize it. It's human nature, and there's no solution for that aside from maybe a major nuclear exchange. Thus, there's no real solution to the problem I present here. The \$350 worth of laserdiscs I just ordered are a solution of sorts, but they carry with them a whole new set of problems, more immediate ones like "damn, gonna be eating a lot of peanut butter this week."

But futile though it may be, I'll do what I can. Until they get round to firing me, I'll have a hell of a time working for those evil sons-of-bitches at ADV.

# *Who wants to be a Rurounin?*

By Dino 'Chico' Alexander

You've got the hair. You've got the sword. But most importantly, you've got the bloodlust. Which means only one thing: you are destined to be the Hitokiri Batto-sai. Imagine the power for a moment. Mastering your own fighting technique. Learning how to kill anyone that did you wrong in a matter of nanoseconds. This was the life of one such soul who atoned for his slayings by becoming a pacifistic rurounin.

But, then again, there comes a time in every Hitokiri wannabe's life where he has to make such a decision. Hey, we're only human, right? And, in case you haven't figured out yet, we're not exactly in the Meiji era anymore. And killing? Let's think about this... Okay, we're done thinking. The bottom line is, while being able to take off heads faster than the speed of light is a veritable job skill, you just can't do it forever.

This is where this little quiz comes in. These simple questions can help you ease your way into the doldrums of mainstream society without sacrificing what made your steel legendary. But we're warning you: make one mistake, and it's back to the killing fields for you, which can be a good or a bad thing, depending on how you look at it. Let's begin, shall we?

**Question 1:** What am I supposed to do with this bokken/chinai/sword-type weapon?

- A: Take it out to the grease dumpster.
- B: If possible, hold it backwards.
- C: A new scratching post for your cat?



**D: Give it to your little brother in case you DO have second thoughts.**

**Okay, so this was a gimme. Everyone knows that a true rurounin will only attack if he has to, and only with a sakaba-type weapon. So the closest thing you can do is hold your weapon backwards.**

**Question 2: Your idea of a good time is...**

**A: Going into the forest with Sano and slicing trees.**

**B: A night of deep meditation and practice with weapon of choice from question 1.**

**C: Housework.**

**D: Stabbing through the first person to look at you crosseyed.**

**Hmm... hard choice. However, if you don't want to divert yourself to your past before making peace with it prematurely, you better get that broom and get to workin'!**

**Question 3: Say you DO go out with the resident "Fox Lady." To appease to her good side, you would...**

**A: Drool like an idiot.**

**B: Put a dirk through anyone who comes within four feet of her.**

**C: Sit and stare at those fox ears of hers.**

**D: Watch as your escort argues with your best friend over and over and over...**

**Given the amount of times you look googly-eyed, one would suggest you choose A, but then again, you would probably never go out with the Fox Lady because she's CONSTANTLY arguing with your best friend.**

**Question 4: An ally of sorts confronts you on your way to take down a bunch of thugs trying to get you back into the**

Hitokiri mode. What do you do?

A: Confront him with the honor that is due.

B: Run like hell.

C: Bokken... now!

D: A subtle combination between choices A and C.

Well, you know what they say, nothing quells the waters like a Hiten Mitsurugi Ryu coupled with some tough love. You choose D and are one step closer to becoming the idea rurounin. Here's the last question:

Question 5: The best thing about you is...

A: You can string women along forever.

B: It's gotta be the hair.

C: The fact that you were a Hitokiri Batto-sai.

D: The coolest thing you ever say is always followed by "de gozaru yo."

Well, thinking that you could never think that hair, vocabulary, or animal magnetism can go into the ideal rurounin, you swear off your Hecto fansubs that your answer is C.

Should've gone with B. Time to go bug your brother for his sword back.





## Oji-sama vs Miko-san

The Winner is:  
**UTENA SAMA!!**



<b>Tenjou Utena</b>	<b>Yuuki Miaka</b>	<b>Winner</b>
Cascading pink hair	Brown hair in odango	UTENA
“pet sidekick” is Chu Chu	“pet sidekick” is Tama-chan	MIKA
Wears Rose seal	Wears ugly green necklace	UTENA
Romantically pursued by Akio and Touga	Romantically pursued by Tamahome, Hotohori, Nuriko, and even Tasuki	MIKA
Best friends are RoseBride and the Onion Princess (Anthy and Wakaba)	Best friend is enemy, Seiryuu no Miko (Yui)	UTENA
Courageously innocent	Flaky and innocent	UTENA
Is seduced by Akio	Falls for Tamahome	MIKA
Kicks ass	Gets ass kicked	UTENA
Wants to be a noble prince	Is Suzaku no Miko	??



# LAIN PAPER DOLL!

Now you, too can enjoy all the wacky adventures of Lain with the Lain Paper Doll! Just cut her and her accessories out, and let the fun begin! Comes complete with school satchel and Emeraldas costume! Enjoy!





# The Do's Of Pet Care And Don'ts

In the wake of the Pokemania that has swept our country, a terrible phenomenon has begun to occur. Ceaseless hours of watching the hit television series and playing the more-addictive-than-crack videogame have lead to the neglect and abuse of pets across the world. As a public service, COUP presents this guide to...the Do's and Don'ts of Pet care

**Do provide your pet with a comfortable place to sleep.**

**Don't cram your pet into a 3 inch diameter ball.**

**Do groom your dog often to give him a healthy, glowing coat.**

**Don't set you dog on fire to give him a healthy, glowing coat.**

**Do expect your cat to leave little surprises...**

**Don't expect cash.**



Do give your hamster regular exercise to keep him physically fit.

Don't hook him to a car battery to keep him physically fit

Do encourage an environment for love and play.

Don't encourage an environment for aggressive animal shoot-fighting

Do keep your fish in clean, fresh water.

Don't keep your fish in clean, fresh air.

Do walk your pets regularly.

Don't walk your eggs regularly.

Do train your pets to form a stronger bond with them.

Don't train your plants to form a stronger bond with them.

We hope that these helpful hints provide you with a long (and safe) life with your pet.

By Ben "The Guy with The Hat"



# Web Bastard

I've been thinking for a while about the massive number of sites out there that offer nothing whatsoever to the internet otaku-dom. I've begun to wonder what's happened to the common decency of people. If they have nothing worth saying, they should keep their damn mouths shut and not waste space with yet another "I love Rei" or "Dragonball kicks ass" newbie site.

You've seen them, I know you have. How can you miss them? An unfortunately large number of sites out there are simply amazing pieces of shit. It's like something you find in the suite bathroom after the last big party - you just can't flush it away fast enough. I find it mind boggling that people can aspire to such low levels of HTML mastery (or rather non-mastery), absence of pride in one's work, or just general lack of utility and still think that their site deserves to exist longer than the half life of a rare earth element. Are they actually under the impression that someone out there cares about the fact that they think this is the most awesome series to ever see the light of day? Do they think that the same repeated images in galleries that you can find at twelve dozen other worthless sites is some sort of contribution? Do they actually comprehend the concept of true content, not mere rambling netspeak that only serves to convey the fact that this mass of individuals has the collective intelligence level of your below average slug?

Maybe they do. Of course, if they're so stupid, they most likely don't realize how stupid they are. Well, here's



a little test to run. It's rather simple actually; and it's interesting that it seems the almost universal mark of a badly constructed site with no substantial content is that they will have a midi (or some other music sample) playing somewhere on the site, most often on each page. Granted, there are some good sites that have this (though not many, and they at least give you the option of turning it on in the first place most times). But consistently, whenever I visit one of this sorry ass sites in the hope of finding something that will add to my enjoyment of anime, I'm greeted by a blaring midi-ized rendition of some opening theme. And being an EVA fan, I must note that if I'm subjected to one more midi version of "Cruel Angel's Thesis" I will be forced to revolutionize the world to fulfil my quest to rid the internet of such god-awful tripe (amongst other aims).

Why is it that nearly every badly done web page out there invariably has a midi or a wav playing? Do they think that having such crappy music will make up for the page? Do they recognize the crappiness and hope it will distract you? Or do they have a sense of irony and intentionally match bad music with a bad site? And don't these idiots know it messes up your Winamp when you visit their site?

And what moron thinks it's a cool idea to put up these weird ass backgrounds? On the off chance that you can't comprehend this simple fact: the purpose of text is to be read. So when you can't read the text because it clashes with the background image, that's a bad thing. If I can't read what you want to say, then the fact that you have an image that you think is cool as the background (and 10 to 1, I've seen before anyway) is not going to compensate for it. It shouldn't be necessary to highlight the text of page so you can read it. Besides this fact, the image becomes tiled, and makes the page look like it was constructed by a

second grader. And for those of you that think a neon pink or orange or similarly nauseating solid color makes an appropriate background, you obviously are either color blind, or not familiar with the concept of retina burn.

For those of you who like netspeak, you're just plain lazy. That people I meet on the web are in awe of the fact that I speak in whole sentences is not a good sign. And no one can tell me that it's significantly faster when you have to spend several seconds deciphering the oft-idiosyncratic jumble of characters that's about as comprehensible as an emergency room doctor's handwriting. Really people, it's not that difficult to learn how to use keyboard as it should be used - all the keys, and even the shift button (but not caps lock you dumbass). Here's some money, go buy Gainax's Maya Ibuki Typing Tutor and learn how to work the keys you fricking retards.

And if I have to see the same damn images of Rei, Asuka, and Misato at one more piece of shit, Geocities wanna-be, couldn't-be, why-don't-you-pack-up-your-ISP? crap-ass gallery, I swear I'm going postal!

\*ahem\*

If you do anything, you should do it well. The creation of an inferior product is a reflection of your own patently obvious inferiority. If you can't be bothered to learn a modicum of HTML - the *FUCKING BUILDING BLOCKS* of a web page - then you should not bother to make the page. But if you really so want to display your incomprehensibly low level of pride in your work and equally mystifying lack of common sense (to say nothing of general intelligence) then go ahead. But don't be surprised when I leave you some rather nasty comments in your guestbook, should you have the capacity to figure out how to activate it.





SHINOMORI AOSHI VERSUS  
SEPHIROTH



WINNER - Tie!

TOPIC	AOSHI	SEPHIROTH	WINNER
Personality/ Past	revenge seeking former leader of Oniwa Banshoo	genetically engineered total ma- niac bent on world destruction	Tie?
Rival	Himura Kenshin	Cloud Strife	Aoshi!
Weaponry	Two really long double bladed kodachi	One really long katana and the longest summon spell you've ever seen	Tie?
Bishounen fac- tor	Khaki trenchcoat and short black hair in his eye	black leather trenchcoat and long silver-grey hair in his eyes	Sephiroth!
Love Interest	Misao	uhh...I'm keeping my mouth shut on this one <GLOCK laugh>	Aoshi!
Fun Fact	there isn't one - Aoshi isn't a very "fun" guy	known as the "One Winged An- gel"	Sephiroth!
Decible Level	fangirl squeals	GLOCK laugh	Tie!

# Long Lost Relatives of the Anime Universe



Sanosuke Sagara & Ryoga Hibiki



- Both have no sense of direction (in more than one way)
- Both wander the Japanese country side at some point, destroying innocent plant life
- Both have a special technique that breaks things
- Both have love interests in women affiliated with animals (kitsune-onna and pig girl)



Leona Ozaki & Noa Izumi



- Both have red hair (in one continuity at least)
- Both have an unhealthy attachment to their mechanical implements of upholding the law
- Said unhealthy attachment results in giving pet names to said implements
- Both make their partner's live difficult and have a romantic tension which isn't capitalized on





Saito Hajime & Goto Kiichi



- Both could be poster boys for the cigarette industry
- Both are too cool for their jobs in law enforcement
- Neither has any love for idiots
- Neither is ever very bothered by anything



Seta Seijuro & Okita Souji



- Both are sword masters at young ages
- Both smile incessantly
- Both kill while smiling incessantly
- Both fight to prevent a more democratic form of government in Japan



Yuffie Kisiragi & Misao Mikimachi



- Both are annoying ninja girls
- Both are excessively obsessive over something
- Both throw things (including temper tantrums)
- Both think they're the shit

# Crayon Shin-chan: The Natural Child

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*Extract:* Philosophers from Rousseau to Nietzsche have debated the natural state of Man. Novelists from Defoe to Aldous Huxley have tried to portray the characteristics of so-called "civilized" man by comparing his state to that of the natural human being--one who acts and reacts according to the animal instincts innate in every person. A near perfect example in modern popular culture is the Japanese animated series, "Crayon Shinchan," in which a five year old boy lives in a perfect natural state, unburdened the straightjacket of contemporary urban culture, Judeo-Christian moral values, or modern tricot undergarments.

## 1. The Natural State

What we shall call the "natural state" is that condition of human existence that lies outside the constraints of social order, religion, or personal hygiene. Swiss philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778) formulated the theory that human beings lived in a higher state of peace and harmony before the coils of civilization entrapped them. Though a product of the Enlightenment, Rousseau was in fact recapitulating the myth of Adam, the first man described in Genesis as living in perfect innocence in the Garden of Eden. Without a knowledge of Good or Evil, Adam neither wanted nor was wanted; he lived in ease and comfort with the other animals of god's creation. It was not until Woman was created that Adam discovered his own nudity (and hence, sexuality). For this discovery, quaintly labeled "the recognition of good and evil," Adam and Eve were expelled from god's theme park. Our struggle for existence since then can be seen as an ongoing attempt to regain the comforts of Eden--safety, abundance of food and a good system of climate control. (Farquhar, VII, 78).



In the closing days of the 20th century, the quest for the Natural State continues unabated. Like many aspects of modern life, this quest has fragmented into specific genres: environmentalist (Kane, 133-141), one-worldism (Abell, *op. cit.*), eco-terrorism (Harlock, ed., 210-259), neo-paganism (*Ibid*), hedonism, and of course, old-time religion. These appeals to the Natural State concentrate on single issues and single responses, and thus fall far short of the Roussellian ideal. The true natural state can only come about through rejection of the constraints of conventional society (Freud, 1939, 66).

## 2. Nohara Shinnosuke

The cartoon character Nohara Shinnosuke ("Shinchan") was created in 1991 by author Yoshito Usui. Published in the serial periodical "Action Comics," Shinchan was an immediate commercial success in Japan. When polled, most readers said they liked Shinchan because he was "funny," (81%)<sup>1</sup>, but the humor that makes Shinchan funny derives entirely from his flagrant contraventions of Japanese social rules. In a culture that prides itself on orderliness, he is sloppy. Shinchan's diction is slang-ridden, and he makes loud, off-key ejaculations at inappropriate moments. He openly ogles women, has a notable breast fixation (*cf. Freud, op. cit. 64*), and frequently drops his pants to display his buttocks and tiny, hairless genitals. Unlike other precocious cartoon children (*cf. Linus van Pelt, Calvin of "Calvin and Hobbes,"*), Shinchan does not discourse on an adult level, unless it to repeat pickup lines<sup>2</sup> or rumbustious soap opera dialogue. Shinchan is not a 40 year old philosopher trapped in a child's body; he is a five year old Natural Man, the best example of such since Aldous Huxley's "Savage" in *Brave New World*.

Seen in this light, Shinchan's misbehavior becomes something more than mere kindergarten didoes. Author Yoshito clearly has a subversive agenda for his character, an agenda that survives even in the watered-down television version.<sup>3</sup> Yoshito is plainly trying to propagate a message of salvation by reverting (or achieving) the Natural State.

Consider Shinnchan's language. He speaks in a slurred manner, drawing out vowels and diphthongs which in proper Japanese should be clipped and precise. His use of the macron O sound ("Ohi!") is the best example of this. He is constantly mispronouncing words, creating puns or embarrassing innuendoes. In one story, he proudly displays a wristwatch that is actually drawn on his skin in ink. He shows this to a trio of teenage girls (a gang, in fact), proclaiming it his "Sexo" watch. The girls, previously posturing as street toughs, collapse in appalled shock. The joke lies in the fact that the prominent watch brand "Seiko," if pronounced only slightly differently, means "sexual intercourse." Shinnchan is not trying to shock the girls (he has easier ways of doing that), he is simply being natural. Author Yoshito employs this technique to highlight how sensitive we are to mere words describing socially taboo subjects.

Shinnchan enjoys his body. This, more than any other factor, proves he is the Natural Man incarnate. He is constantly shivering with delight at any unusual stimulation—a swab of alcohol before an influenza vaccine injection; a drip of cold water from a leak in the ceiling (onto his bare buttocks), a cheek massage at a health club—all send him into paroxysms of pleasure. His cheeks flame red at the sight of any pretty girl.

He is not modest about his body and displays it at any opportunity. This usually takes the form of his "Cheek Monster" dance<sup>5</sup>, which consists of his pants being lowered and his head being bent to the floor. Only slight less popular is his Half Naked Hula, in which Shinnchan bares his buttocks and wafts his hands back and forth in imitation of the Hawaiian tribal dance. This preference for displaying the buttocks corresponds well to the neo-Freudian theory that Japanese society is permanently fixed in the Anal Retentive phase (Frank, *JSWS*, IX, 114).<sup>6</sup> Indeed, Shinnchan is greatly concerned about bowel regularity and his mother Nohara Misae's constant constipation. Here the genius of author Yoshito is apparent. Misae, author of all discipline in the Nohara home, is emblematic of proper, "normal" Japanese society. She is constantly punishing Shinnchan for his behavior, yells at him, corrects him, etc. She is also constipated, which is author Yoshito's sly commentary on the

true state of Japanese existence.

Shinchan's other nude display is the Mr. Elephant dance.<sup>7</sup> He does this by dropping his pants, planting his hands on his hips and moving his hips in a circle while chanting, "Zo-san! Zo-san!" His tiny penis and testicles represent the trunk and head of an elephant, an image he sometimes enhances by drawing on elephant ears with his mother's lipstick.<sup>8</sup> Beside the obvious shock value, the Mr. Elephant display serves as a link to other male primates, whose genitalia is often on display during mating season. Baboons, mandrills, and other monkeys develop wildly colored body parts, which they display aggressively to attract fertile females in estrus (Goodall, 161-168). Since Shinchan is the quintessential Natural Man, his display establishes his connection to his brother primates. Interestingly, male genitalia are very uncommonly shown in anime or commercial Japanese comic books<sup>9</sup> and no other character in "Crayon Shinchan" display his but the eponymous child himself. This is but another confirmation of author Yoshito's hidden agenda, to establish Shinchan as the Natural Man, in happy opposition to straight-laced Japanese society.

Though undeniably heterosexual, Shinchan does at times introduce a thread of bisexuality into the narrative. He frequently behaves in a seductive manner to his kindergarten classmate, Kazama, though this is just to upset the smug, nouveau riche boy. Shinchan is very much aware of homosexuality and often queries strangers point-blank as to their sexual orientation. In one episode, he befriends a famous mystery novelist who is pointedly gay<sup>10</sup> and the two then prance and simper in unison, much to the delight of a crowd gathered to get the author's newest novel autographed. But the Natural Man is not wholly at ease with sexual inversion. A recurring character known as the Saleslady from Hell causes Shinchan to shudder every time she winks at him (even from miles away). The Saleslady is female, but resembles a male transvestite. Her phony friendliness is founded on the desire to sell Nohara Misae children's books and tapes, but Shinchan sees through her imposture (the acuity of the Natural Man's senses, unfiltered by civilization, is very high). The implication of these themes is that Shinchan understands heterosexuality and homosexuality and accepts them as nat-

ural, in the same sense there are different colors of hair, different skin colors, etc. A survey of ancient, pre-Christian literature shows an identical attitude prevailing among such peoples as the Egyptians, Sumerians, and of course, the Greeks (Breasted, op. cit., 237). Shinchuan and Akhenaten would have had mutual understanding on the matter.<sup>11</sup>

### 3. The Nohara Family

Shinchuan's father, Nohara Hiroshi, represents the defeat and domestication of the Natural Man. Hiroshi is a salariman, a cog in a giant corporate office, who commutes to work in Tokyo daily and has a 32 year mortgage on their house. He turns over his paycheck to Misae, who doles out an allowance to her husband. He's not allowed to smoke his cigarettes at home and must ask Misae for second servings of beer. There are traits in Hiroshi that plainly have passed down to Shinchuan (like a strong interest in women), but Hiroshi has been broken in spirit and become thoroughly "civilized." His role in the story is cautionary--author Yoshito plainly means for his cognizant readers to look at Hiroshi and take warning.

Nohara Misae is the force of Japanese society and order. She runs the household, controls the family funds, and tries to impose civilization on Shinchuan.<sup>12</sup> Her son's very existence seems to challenge Misae's *raison d'etre*, and though she tires of the battle, she never quits. Shinchuan, too small to fight back physically, strikes back with psychologically. He undermines Misae's fragile world view by invoking her fears of age and unattractiveness (two burdens imposed on women by "civilization."). He calls her "stingy old lady," "big bottomed Msae," "flat chested Misae," etc. His attacks are not simply cruel, but well chosen by author Yoshito as commentary on the tyranny of patriarchal culture over women. Misae could be Shinchuan's greatest ally in his passage through life as a Natural Man, but she is not. She has bought the tempting package of Civilization, and must pay for it for the rest of her life. (Greer, *et. al.* 27-45)

Shinchuan's true companion in Nature is his dog, Shiro. Shinchuan and his friends found Shiro in a box on the street one day, and



Shinchan adopted him. Shiro is small, white, and quiet. He's been taught a few odds tricks like "scratch your boobies" and to defecate on command. He makes few demands on Shinchan, who in turn uses Shiro as a scapegoat when he's transgressed Misaie's laws. At times Shiro seems utterly inert. He is the passive resister of human culture, as opposed to Shinchan's active resistance.

#### **4. Shinchan's Peer Group**

Shinchan has four school friends, each deeply symbolic of the struggle between Nature and Civilization. Masao-kun is a small boy with a shaved head who is timid and weeps readily. He represents Religion, as evidenced by the fact that priests in Japan traditionally have shaved their heads as a sign of the vocation. Masao wants to get along with everybody, to "play nice" in the modern, syncretistic way of western religions. (Swaggart, 73) He is often frustrated and shocked by Shinchan's behavior, but he always forgives his Natural friend. Well meaning but ineffective is Masao's role in life,

Nene-chan, the Eve in Shinchan's Eden, represents the Temptations of Civilization. She herself is sweet natured and kindly, and is always helpful and intelligent, but she's the bait to lure Shinchan into civilized servitude such as trapped his father, Hiroshi.<sup>13</sup> Behind Nene-chan is her mother, a selfish young woman with a formidable temper and violent feelings against Shinchan. If Shinchan grows up and marries Nene-chan, he is lost to Nature forever. Duty and consumer culture will force him into wage servitude, and Nene's mother will exact years of revenge for the early misery he caused her by his innocent, natural acts.

Kazama, previously mentioned, needs no temptation to join society. He is Society. He's the Good Boy, the class president who's good looking, poised, and smart. He studies incessantly (always dashing off to attend English lessons) and Shinchan rightly is his *bete noir*. All of Kazama's assumptions about what's right and proper are challenged the moment Shinchan enters the room. Because Shinchan harbors no ill will (being Natural precludes anything but a passing pique with anyone), he and Kazama remain friends, but Kazama is doomed. In the future, Kazama will be-

come Shinchan's superior at work. Shinchan will commit some act of sublime anarchy, and in a frenzy of apology to the company and Japanese society as a whole, Kazama will commit ritual suicide. (Mishima, *op. cit.*, 448).

Bo-chan, the last of Shinchan's peers, is symbolic of Intellect. It may seem contradictory, given his dull appearance<sup>14</sup> but Bo-chan is by far the most intelligent of the children around Shinchan. He constantly comes up with answers to problems baffling the other children. He reads at a higher level, and utters Zen-like phrases that contain multiple layers of meaning. Bo-chan, like Shinchan, seems to exist outside normal society. He observes and comments, but he doesn't challenge the existing order like Shinchan. Thus he represents Intellect divorced from Action. (Jung, 92). Shinchan is Action personified, as befits a total child of Nature.

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<sup>1</sup>Exact poll breakdown: funny, 81 %; loud and obnoxious, 6%, shows off "Mr. Elephant," 4%; has sexy mom, 3%; has sexy dog, 2%; wears cool clothes, 2%; has cool singing voice, 1%; answered "leave me alone baka deshi," 73%. Because of rounding, figures may not add up to 100%.

<sup>2</sup>"Tamanegi taberaru?"

<sup>3</sup>Called "anime." "Japanimation" is considered derogatory by the cognoscenti.

<sup>4</sup>Shakespeare resorts to a similar innuendo-pun in *Henry V*, when the French princess Catherine expresses shock that the English word "foot" so closely resembles the French word meaning "fuck."

<sup>5</sup>The cry "Buri! Buri!" that accompanies this display seems to derive from the American slang "booty." The usual Japanese words for buttock are *shiri* or *dembu*.

<sup>6</sup>Americans have no right to be smug. The same researchers find

US culture mired in the Oral phase, as evidence by our fixation on breasts and giant hamburgers.

<sup>7</sup>"Zo-san," literally, Mr. Elephant.

<sup>8</sup>Frank and others ignore the potent Oedipal implications of this image.

<sup>9</sup>"Manga," so called. Amateur comic books, called *doujinshi*, are replete with sex organs of every description.

<sup>10</sup>He flames, to use the vernacular.

<sup>11</sup>Pharaoh Amenhotpe IV of the 18th Dynasty took the name "Akhenaten" to signify his devotion to the sun-disk deity Aten. Existing images of the pharaoh show him wearing heavy feminine makeup and female-style clothing. He was married to the famous Queen Nefertiti, but later married his own nephew, Smenkhare.

<sup>12</sup>Her chief weapon in this battle is the "nugi," a punishing physical attack derived from the pressure point techniques of *shiatsu* and the martial arts.

<sup>13</sup>Nene-chan, in one sense, truly is "jail bait."

<sup>14</sup>Bo-chan suffers from post-nasal drip. It's hard to look intelligent with mucous on your lip all the time.





**"TO SOLVE A PROBLEM, YOU GOTTA ADD,  
SUBTRACT, MULTIPLY, AND DIVIDE!"**