

Butala's column will not run this week due to its' profane content (even by Butala's standards) Instead Karl Benacci's column appears because he is undoubtedly the most popular humor page writer.

There's nothing better than B-horror movies

I know that some of you are into movies, so here's a list of the coolest B-horror movies I've ever seen. The prerequisite? They're messed up! Rent them (if you can find them) or get them off E-Bay. If you're cool and like corny movies you will enjoy them all.

"Ghost House" - (1988) This is the most twisted horror movie I've ever seen. You'll cheer when you see the clown doll attack an 80s chick; the little guy jumps on the chick's shoulders and bites her! What else rules? This one girl tells her boyfriend to "get off his high horse" because she's pissed at him. The acting sucks (excluding the clown puppet who deserves an Oscar), but people go down in nasty ways. Warning: Don't see this movie if you like cats. Trust me.

"Demon Wind" - (1990) Other than its holographic cassette cover depicting an angry demon that is opening a window (turn the movie jacket and the picture changes to the monster smashing the window out—why open a window and then smash it? Because demons can do whatever the hell they want, that's why!), this movie is full of strange things. The movie is about a guy who (accompanied by friends) goes to an evil house where a few of his ancestors died. They're lost in a mist (there is no demon wind in the movie) and zombies attack the house like it's an abortion clinic.

After most of the cast is killed, the head demon enters for a little fun (the costume the demon is wearing appears to be an altered Hamburgler costume from McDonald's). The main male character turns into an alien (this is not explained) and fights the demon with lasers, which is completely 80s. Movie formula: Movie with plot + beer = laughing. Throw this in with an egg that cracks open filled with worms and you have a stupid, yet awesome movie.

"Freak Show" - (1995) This movie is very low budget. It centers around a teenage couple who meet at a carnival freak show. The two are introduced to a number of short horror stories pertaining to a few artifacts they are shown by the freak master—an old man with a cane and no prior acting credits. In one story a guy named John, (the town moron) switches bodies with a rich, grizzly midget for a few grand. I won't disclose what happens, but I'll say this: it involves a stripper, alcohol and drugs. Words cannot explain this movie. I don't know how it got on the list. It just did.

"Uncle Sam Dead"—(1996) Uncle Sam Dead is probably the coolest movie on the list. It involves a dead Desert Storm veteran who died in combat and is shipped back to the U.S. and awakens angry because he was burnt to a crisp when the U.S. accidentally blew up his helicopter. He dresses up as Uncle Sam and goes on a bloody rampage. What makes this movie funny? 1) Some pervert gets into an Uncle Sam suit equipped with stilts and spies on a chick, who is on the second floor of her house, 2) some punk trips people during a July 4 sack race and they fall down a steep hill, and 3) Isaac Hayes stars as an old Army veteran who has a cannon hooked to the back of his pickup truck. Enough said, playa!

"Killer Klowns from Outer Space"—(1988) This is definitely the most popular movie on the list. Some memorable moments include a clown punching a biker's head off, little clown heads materializing in a clothing hamper and trying to bite a chick, a fast food worker pulled into a dumpster and eaten while 80s action background music plays, and above all, the clowns make funny squeaky sounds when they talk. This movie is very special.

There are a lot more movies I want to include but its all good. Rent these movies and laugh at Hollywood because nothing is better than a horror movie that can be outdone by a home video camera, a knife and some ketchup.

Karl's next column will appear after Butala is done stabbing him with a dirty spork.

Aldi's product review

Ah, the everlasting winter's bite of our beloved Erie once again forces me to spend the day, not out frolicking about with small woodland creatures (as is my preference), but perched in a slothful heap upon my couch, watching mindless reruns on Comedy Central. But fear not! For there is salvation at hand for those of you who would like to remain in a slothful heap but don't want to be bombarded with mindless commercials. That's right! Aldi's now has a full line of video rentals for your entertainment. And these aren't just any videos, oh no, these are ALDI'S video rentals. And much like "Rice Krispies" can be easily replaced by Aldi's brand "Rice Puffs," so many of your favorite movies have been tastefully redone in the Aldi's tradition.

Take for example, one of my personal favorites "Tombstone," starring Kurt Russell and Val Kilmer. This shoot-em-up western retells the story of Wyatt Earp and his struggle to restore order to an unruly frontier town. The Aldi's version "Grave Marker" takes out all the great action scenes of the original, in an artistic (if less expensive) manner. For instance, the director of "Grave Marker" apparently decided to appease the gun control lobbyists by using, not guns, but realistically pointed forefingers and cocked thumbs to recreate the archaic six-shooters of the old west. The actors' cries of "bang bang!" do an excellent job of mimicking the excitement of a real gunfight. Although the movie setting closely resembles the parking lot behind Aldi's, and the occasional vagrant may walk through a scene at an inopportune time, this lends a gritty realism that the original just couldn't capture.

Not satisfied with remakes of your old favorites? In the mood for something a little more risqué? Then take a stroll over to the "Adult" section of the video aisle. We've all seen advertisements for "Girls Gone Wild" on TV. This delightful film shows and documents the shameful exploitation of drunken college girls caught on film exposing themselves to expectant crowds of horny guys. If you liked the original, you need to check out "Females Going Crazy". Those crazy denizens of the dumpsters behind Aldi's whom you fell in love with in "Grave Marker" return for another delightful performance in this highly provocative film. Actually, "Females Going Crazy" consists mainly of some toothless hooker entertaining three homeless individuals for the tidy sum of \$5. The camera may sway and pitch slightly when the cameraman "Ray-Ray" takes a swig of his Mad Dog 20/20, but this tends to add to the "party atmosphere" of the Aldi's parking lot, rather than ruin the movie.

So rejoice, for entertainment has a new name! A name that makes the big production companies tremble in their overpriced shoes. A name that promises quality at a price you can afford. And that name is ALDI'S! And for the meager fee of \$0.36 for three nights rental, you can enjoy these magical films today.



Figure 1



Nick Capozzoli

Dirty Teddy's Malt Liquor Boozehound of the Week

PENNSSTATE Erie



Geppetto is this week's boozehound of the week, not for one single act of drunken idiocy, but rather for an unbelievable amount of alcohol consumption for a mortal man in an on-campus apartment.

7:30 p.m. - Had that "I got a buzz" face on.

10:15 p.m. - Did a shot with each and every person at the party.

11 p.m. - Started busting out the ol' soccer chant.

11:30 p.m. - A Mercyhurst student/Partners employee performed a strip tease and he accidentally gave her a \$5 rather than a \$1, thus receiving a super special lap dance.

11:45 p.m. - He yelled cheers to METs, Apt. ____, poon palace, and said he loves everybody repeatedly.

11:55 p.m. - He attempted to do yoga and fell over in the living room trying to turn himself into a pretzel.

1 a.m. - After slamming down 20 some odd shots in the course of the evening, Geppetto exchanged his wood-carving knife for a garbage can and proceeded to puke his guts out for the next two hours, passed out, then awoke the next day only to resume puking for several hours.

Dirty Teddy and The Behrend Beacon encourage students to drink responsibly. Boozehound of the Week was created to show what can happen when one consumes too much alcohol and makes a complete jack-ass out of him or herself.

Send your 50-100 word nomination for Boozehound of the Week to: behrcol12@aol.com. Note: We will not publish stories about criminal acts. If you want your name in the paper, the nomination must come from your psu personal account. If you want your picture in the paper, send a jpeg file along with your story.

International Foosball Tournament at Behrend

By: Mike Butala Staff Moron

On March 13, Penn State Behrend hosted the first-ever International Foosball

Tournament. The participants were Rob Adams (Afghanistan), Michael Goetz (Kenya), Garrett Miller (Nigeria), Mark Scabiloni (Italy), Chad Fuhrman (Germany), Ben Kundman (Luxemburg), Thomas Montgomery (Herzegovina), Michael Butala (Detroit, Michigan), Ryan Reinhardt (Columbia), Mark Gutman (Poland), Nick Capozzoli (Bolivia), Ben Titus (French-New Guinea), David Kozminski (Mexico), Tim Gigliotti (Azerbaijan), Joshua Bush (Zimbabwe), and Jonathon Cupperfield (Sweden).

Unfortunately for Ross Lockwood (Guatemala) and Michael McCluskey (Trinidad-Tobago), they were eliminated in the preliminary series prior to the tournament, and in a cowardly move from Mexico's own Joe Defibaugh, the

Mexicans' spot was almost given up due to a last-minute cancellation. The three-day tournament was a true battle of patience and



Photographer: Chad Fuhrman

dedication. After many hours and many, many beers, the double-elimination, 16-man, International Foosball Tournament came to an end.

Many true athletes showed great improvement in the duration of the tournament. Some of the surprising upsets

were Azerbaijan's Gigliotta being eliminated after three games, Bush from Zimbabwe getting into the Elite 8 when he was inducted into the tournament as a last-minute filler, and Niger's own Miller surprising many of the fans by also reaching the Elite 8. Like all good things - such as sex - the tournament ended, many with disgusted looks on their faces.

The huge victory by Bush over Italy's Scabiloni left Scabiloni with these words, "I should have never lost to that [freaking] hick." Scabiloni drank many beers after that. Poland's Gutman also was eliminated surprisingly early and when prompted for a comment he had none. However, Gutman's Special Knife was around and when asked Mark's reaction to the tournament, it replied, "..."

As a result of the tournament, Reinhardt got the polyethylene medal, Detroit's Butala got the bronze, Adams won the Silver, Luxemburg's Kundman captured the gold and Sweden's Cupperfield came away with the Super Gold Medal.

Mr. Know-it-all sez:



Four people mutually involved in sex acts constitute an orgy. A mediocre orgy, but an orgy none the less

Unnecessarily long road trip story with an emphasis placed on drunken tomfoolery

by Ben Kundman local idiot

Every so often, we need to embark on an journey, nay, an epic voyage, to discover ourselves, get thoroughly inebriated, and try and mack on some hot broads. I experienced such an adventure of self-discovery and drunken tomfoolery beginning on March 1, 2002. I embarked from Erie, Pa. at approximately 12 p.m. with my trusty '94 Dodge Intrepid a.k.a. Ghost rider (named from a previous journey), a pack of smokes, and a couple of truck stop tapes.

Destination #1: Winchester, Va. via Kersey, Pa (see figure 1)

Although Virginia doesn't seem particularly "south," go there and you will find that although some states aren't particularly southern geographically, they are extremely southern in their state of mind. Once you cross the Mason-Dixon line, the comfortable yet barely coherent dialect of "Pittsburghese" is replaced by a Southern twang, which doesn't sound so much like a twang as an extremely unintelligent person who just recently learned the fine art of verbal communication desperately trying to make some sense.

The reason I left the ignorant white trash of Erie, Pa for the ignorant rednecks of

Winchester, Va was to visit Behrend alum Matt "the Kipper" Sudak. I got to The Kipper's place at about 7 p.m. After a seven hour drive, most people (myself included) are quite tired and in need of rest. Seeing as how this was my "Spring Break," I felt that rest and relaxation were out of the question. The only sure fire way for me to (legally) make it through a heavy night of drinking is to call upon my good friend and yours, James Beam. That's right, Jimmy Beam, my partner in crime for my night of inebriated hijinks.

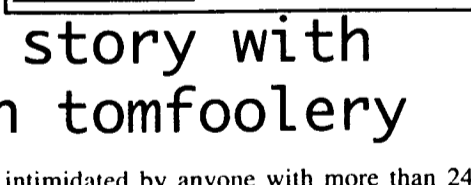
"The Kipper" and I met some of his co-workers from Rubbermaid Commercial (I think they make dildos) at some local bar. Seeing as how the crowd at this bar consisted mainly of 50 year old couples, we decided an alternative location for our night of drunken revelry was needed. The male co-workers of "The Kipper" suggested "Gables," a bar/dance club just over the West Virginia border. That's right, West Virginy, birthplace of Monster Truck Pulls, trailer parks, and herpes.

The Kipper's male friends made Gable's out to be a fantastic place where liquor flowed like beer and hummers were thrown out like Santa throws out candy at the Macy's Thanksgiving parade.

By the time we reached Gable's, I was already 50 percent sloshed, and after an hour there with my partner Jim Beam I was nearing the critical 100 percent mark. To sum up our evening there - repeated attempts by yours truly to "score" with the West Virginian girls resulted in all the ass (relatively) straight, white dancing moron could hope to get at a dance club - i.e., NONE. (I think they were

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intimidated by anyone with more than 24 teeth.) Several of The Kipper's male co-workers decided to engage in the ancient art of 'crotch tapping' to which I decided to carry over to one of the female Rubbermaid employees (granted I was nice enough to make it a butt tap) but in response to my friendly butt tap she gave me a not so friendly pool-stick tap to the side of the head. Except when I say "tap," I mean full baseball swing to the dome. Don't mess with girls from West Virginy.



Figure 1: The author pays homage to the Kersey cow.

Coming next week: Destination #2 Atlantic City, Destination #3: Philadelphia, and more false god worship.

Things I wholeheartedly endorse for road trips:

by Ben Kundman local idiot

Things I wholeheartedly endorse for road trips:

Flying J Travel Plaza:

When you say "truck stop," I say Flying J Travel Plaza. Their consistent mediocrity is unrivaled in the truck stop industry. Although I was disappointed by a truck stop tape collection completely devoid of Johnny Cash OR AC/DC, I still found solace in their "super-pot," a toilet in the bathroom completely tiled into a room of its own. Flying J or nothing, baby!

Radar detectors:

Self-explanatory.

Hoodies:

Hooded sweatshirts are the greatest invention known to man. Two days into my spring break road trip I realized a shower was either a.) an unnecessary waste of invaluable drinking time, or b.) a pillage of mother earth's natural resources. I thereby decided not to remove my hoodie for the duration of my roadtrip. Disgusting? Yes, to those unfamiliar to minor levels of filth. My hoodie served as an amazing odor absorber, a pillow, and a fire-resistant pimp suit.

Truck stop tapes:

Let me tell you something - Flying J Travel Plaza had neither Johnny Cash nor AC/DC - BUT it did have Party Hits of the 60's. "Wooly Booly," "Louie, Louie," and "Mony Mony" - I don't know what it is about 60's Party Hits with archaic hippie drug references as both their titles and their choruses that make me want to chick ALL OVER my steering wheel.