

A Dating Guide For The Socially Inept Neurotic Misanthrope

By Bryan Kapschull
Capital Times Staff Writer

The first date is the initial barrier, the often unavoidable obstacle between two humans and their base biological calling.

Usually composed of various awkward silences and carefully-timed uncomfortable glances, the first date can quickly become a sad mockery of both participants.

This is especially true for socially inept, neurotic, misanthropic individuals who tend to obsess on their inescapable foibles and the foibles of mankind.

For the introvert-neurotic, the brain can at times be your worst enemy. Just when you thought you had established a normal conversation with your date, your brain throws out some obscure disturbing thought.

Shortly thereafter, you hear yourself muttering, "Did you know that vultures are bald so rotten carcass flesh doesn't stick to their head?"

This is sure to extinguish any flames of passion that may have been rising in the mind of your date. Is there anything that can be done to prevent such unfortunate circumstances?

Relax

Jittery nerves can cause lapses in proper brain function. If you let your nerves get the best of you, you may find yourself suffering from unusual symptoms including, but not limited to: saying things that should obviously be left unsaid, forgetting how to swallow food, blinking excessively or not at all, tapping fingers and feet, rocking back and forth, unnecessary head bobbing, cardiac arrest, making fart noises with your mouth, or the mindless slack-jawed stare.

You may also forget how to walk correctly. The true neurotic may find himself debating whether or not his feet are coming into contact with the ground properly as he walks.

Each step then becomes a mutated version of the previous one until he appears to be walking in anti-gravity boots. If you don't learn to relax, this may happen to you.

Preparing for the date

"I don't wash the area

between my crotch and legs." - Chris Farley.

There are several things you may want to think about in preparation for your big date.

First of all, you may want to consider bathing and/or brushing your teeth. This can take some of the pressure off and set the mind at ease, especially if you've been on a three-day bender and reek of cheap booze.

You may also want to clean your car. Pry that melted Sugar Daddy off the dashboard, hide the Napalm Death LP under the seat. Hose the bird shit off the passenger door.

A thorough car cleaning can prevent the embarrassment of having to explain to your date that the European porno mags in the back seat aren't really yours and that you don't know how they got there.

Any obstacle that can be avoided ahead of time is one less stone in your path. Your date should flow like a well-oiled machine.

The Date:

Dinner and a Movie

"Just never let her see the real you and you'll be fine." - Anonymous

Often the poor misanthrope will spend most of the meal wondering why he ever agreed to leave his house in the first place.

If you find yourself doing this, you may want to forget your obvious mistake and consider acknowledging your date.

You may even want to consider speaking to her, perhaps in a pleasant and respectful manner.

As for the subject of the conversation, just make stuff up. Tell her how much you enjoy getting out of bed in the morning. Tell her you're having "fun" on your little date.

Pretend that you know what a blouse is and tell her that you like hers. When the waitress offers another round of shots, say "No, thanks."

Explain to your date how special she is; that you like her even when you're only partially shitfaced.

If you make it as far as the movie, you should let your date decide on the film. When she suggests *Waiting to Exhale*, nod and smile. Say something like "Great idea," or "Yeah, that

does look like a good movie."

Sit with your date and buy her treats. Try not to yell "boring" during the opening credits.

During the film, feign amusement. Go so far as to laugh at the hackneyed jokes. Tell her you find Queen Latifa's character intriguing and complex.

Don't mention what a waste of money the film is or that the \$7 would be better spent on her cab ride home.

The Drive Home

"Just be cool, man." - Cheech

This is your time to shine, to make a positive last impression.

Are You Rokken?

By Dave "The Squirrel" Sherman
For The Capital Times

Are you Rokken? I don't think you are. Sure you may be "rocking" but you sure as hell ain't Rokken. Let me explain.

What all of you consider rocking consists of drinking spring water and bobbin' your head to Limp Bizkit or Snapcase. That's rocking, but definitely not Rokken.

What do I mean by "Rokken"? Check this out. When I am Rokken I am driving a 1979 Pontiac Firebird Trans-am, sans muffler. I peel out in the mini-mart lot leaving at least 50 yards of smokin' rubber. The T-Tops are off, the mirror shades on, and the music cranked up to 11 on the dial.

What music you ask? I am talking about Europe, Slayer, Iron Maiden, Saxon, and most definitely Dokken. I'm cruising the circuit, hair blowing in the wind, with the most killer metal tapes in the deck.

Proceed to the back seat of the car. It's filled with empty cigarette packs and Iced-Tea cartons, half an exhaust sytem and maybe even some carb cleaner. I even got a broomstick to prop up the hood of my car because my engine is too Rokken to be contained by some weak OEM hood prop. This is some hardcore Rokken paraphernalia.

When you all think you are Rokken, what are you really doing? Pulling Dad's Explorer out of the garage and opening the power windows and moonroof? Putting some of your CDs into the changer that usually include

The neurotic should seize this opportunity. Apologize for acting so strange, and make up lame excuses for your behavior.

"I must have had too much coffee this morning," or "I've got a lot going on at work," and so on.

As a misanthrope you can explain that you were only acting like a bitter, sarcastic bastard to see if she had a sense of humor, and that she passed your test.

After you explain your behavior, you should continue by groveling and begging for a second date.

When you drop your date off, try to act normal. Wipe the tears

from your cheeks and blow your nose.

End the date with a smooth comment like, "Please don't tell anyone about this" or "I'm really sorry."

Hopefully these techniques will provide a solid foundation upon which socially-inept neurotic misanthropes can build future relationships.

When utilized properly these methods can transform any worry-wart-people-hater into a fun-loving party animal.

So next time you're out on a date, remember these tips, they should work. If they don't, maybe you should just give up.

the ICP, Seven Mary Three, Creed, and even, God forbid, Live?

What's next? Cruising to the mall or the community college until your gas runs low in your wussy fuel-injected and emission controlled engine? Yeah, and then you probably even lean on the hood and smoke a Camel light cigarette while checking out the girls in Capri pants.

Calling that Rokken isn't even funny. It is impossible to Rokk in a fuel injected car built before 1990. And the music, give me a freakin' break. Rokken at least involves Van Halen and a ten minute long drum solo. Rokkers know you can't Rokk-out to a song less than five minutes long. The light cigarettes, please. If it ain't a Red or a GPC, then it don't Rokk. And if the girl ain't wearing acid-washed jeans and



Photo courtesy of www.mulletsgalore.com
Dave "The Squirrel" Sherman

L.A. gears, she ain't Rokken either.

I am writing this as a warning. When the Monsters of Rock descend on your "Earth Day", I will be watching. If you ain't Rokken, you will be in some serious trouble. Watch your back. That big guy with the mirror shades and a leather jacket who is revving his engine in the parking lot - That's me.



Letter to the Editor

Editor:

I'm a convicted felon serving a term of imprisonment of 47 years and eight months for multiple armed robberies, attempted armed robbery and being an ex-felon in possession of a firearm.

Over the years I've lost a lot of my family members to death and the rest have stopped writing to me for other reasons. I've also lost contact with all of my friends during this time as they have pursued other interests and moved on with their lives.

It is with this thought that I

now write to you for the intended purpose of trying to find a person to correspond with...a pen pal if you will!?!?

I'm very lonely and could use a pen friend to talk to, share smiles with and seek advice from. I will answer all. No stickers/artwork allowed on the envelope.

Very respectfully submitted,
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