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Editorial 04: Things Fall Apart

This Halloween turned out better than expected, considering the way it began. A slow sinking feeling that failing means failure took the balance of my weekend away from me. Instead of discovering a revolutionary zeal with each paper's publication, I feel a sense of profound regret, for chances missed. Ah well. But really instead of October 31st I am thinking about 60 days from now when the clock strikes 12:00 on December 31st. I am hoping to be plowing across Canada in my 1990 Mercury Topaz with only one noble idea in mind: move. If things do indeed crumble all around us I can think of no safer place than in the northern reaches of this vast land; with only enough food and water to last a week. Yeah, me and my girlfriend fishing off the freezing coasts of Ontario; picking the bones of fallen prairie dwellers, and looting at all the good, hi-buck, stores across Quebec. She is a little hesitant. Either that or we'll go to Myron's and catch Haywire, or have our heads cut off and fed to us (it's cheaper and, no doubt, more entertaining.) Really, does anyone need to see the Haywire, Lug Nuts, Poppa Shine crowd anymore? How many different Collective Soul covers are there? Here's hoping the power does indeed go out on that sad manipulative gig. (300 hundred for tickets, man.)

Heather's Kevin Spacey graphic graces the cover; it depicts Spacey as Lester Burnham from American Beauty. I saw that movie in the same 48 hours I saw Fight Club. If you are a young man you should see them both in the same week and re-evaluate. I think the message of both is to enjoy your youth, and hold true to an idea of yourself separate from the image you put forth in public. Heather (right) thinks they are all about the repressed homosexuality that lurks inside of all males, which manifests itself in projections of mid-life rebellions, or intentional self-destruction. See them; make up your own mind.

