

By Kimberley Johnston  
Contributor

## Sex and the 'Sity - Marketing For Dumb-Asses

"Marketing – what a bitch," I thought to myself. Professor Ronald Collins was announcing to my introductory business class we would be entering this marvelous stage of our entrepreneurial education.

How do you get inside people's heads in order to get their attention?

I read the first couple of chapters and was inundated with endless lists to memorize and infinite concepts I can only hope to one day understand. (The business midterm was starting to look more impossible when I decided to take matters into my own hands. I have recently been toying with the idea that anything I learn in my university career can (with a little imagination) be related back to my own life, a movie, or a Simpsons episode.)

"Wait a minute there, pilgrim," I said. (Well, not really.) I realized marketing isn't just for products that can make your brights brighter and clean the soap scum off your tiles. Marketing applies to all of us.

The truth of the matter is we begin marketing ourselves shortly after the doctor taps us on the ass and calls us "Suzie" – or whatever your name is. I was referring to childbirth but if your doctor slaps your bottom on a regular basis I would say you have some choices to make.

The first time we cried is because we were tired and hungry– or just because our left butt cheek smarted. We realized then being obnoxious gets us attention and we continue to do so.

Then we grow up- crying doesn't do it anymore so we have to come up with more creative ways to set ourselves apart from the pack. We decide on things like crazy hair or wild clothes. Weird hobbies is always a winner.

Slowly but surely we grow comfortable in our own skins and no longer have to depend on hot pink spandex and Flock of Seagulls haircuts to gain attention from the masses. This transformation is a double-edged sword because with maturity comes responsibility. We are forced to find our way into the work force.

And what did our teachers and guidance counselors tell us? "Sell yourself." It took me a while to realize they didn't want me turning tricks to afford my university education. Luckily I ended up peddling newspapers on the streets of Charlottetown and nothing else. However, that's just a choice I made – if you get regular ass-slaps from your doctor, you may choose to sell yourself a in a different manner.

The rest of us have to resort to resume and cover letter writing. If done correctly, this will highlight your good points and downplay the bad. For instance, blowing up the chemistry lab in junior high can be translated into "Constantly sought new challenges in a dynamic environment".

So I've decided that's what marketing is - showing the parts of yourself or a product to a group of people who may or may not be open to seeing it.

By Jamie McGuigan  
Contributor

Popular television show The Simpsons is once again stirring up controversy, announcing grotesque twin-sister Patty will marry a woman in an upcoming episode this season. The episode will criticize U.S. President George Bush for his lack of support for gay marriages. Does anyone else find it sad that The Simpsons writer's are turning to controversy to attract viewers? How many times has one of the twins been married now, and I can recall several gay rights episodes. Let's face it, The Simpsons haven't been the same for about 7 years now. What was once a great satire had become mediocre cartoon. Matt Groening has said he'd like to keep the series running through till the end of their 20th season in 2009. Matt, you should've taken Jerry Seinfeld's lead, ending the show while it was still funny. Since it's too late to do that, I suggest you at least try to save whatever dignity you can as the show's legacy is seriously in question.

Also this week Yahoo News first reported the tragic

story of a Romanian man who cut off his own penis. The 67 year old ran out of his house in the middle of the night to cut the head off a noisy chicken that had been keeping him up. He mistakenly placed his penis on the chopping block, only to have his dog quickly jump up and eat the dismembered member. Yes, you read right, he mistook his penis for the feathery neck of a chicken. That's right, the dog ate it. I mean, I've heard of choking the chicken, but this is a whole different ball park. I don't know what else can be said about this, but I hope the chicken has a good hiding place.

Tired of someone's cell phone going off in the movie theatre? Well you can bet your grandmother's last pension check the French are. The BBC reports that long time allies of silent art (think mimes) the French have decided to institute a policy to jam cell phone signals in the cinema. It would be

interesting to see if this type of idea trickles across the Atlantic and shows up in North America. Gotta give credit to the French though for a good idea; now, female razors anyone?

## Come Again?



[www.thesimpsons.website.pl](http://www.thesimpsons.website.pl)