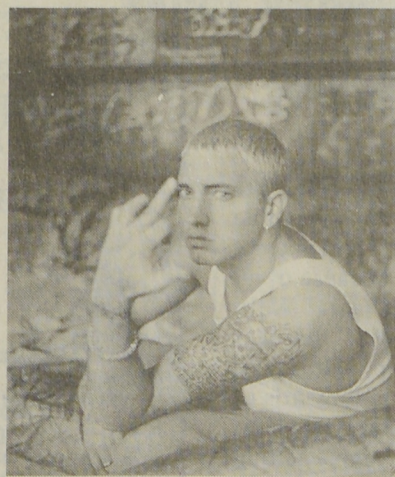


Disrobe Review



Eminem makes another obscene gesture

USELESS JUNK, B3



Hunky Oscar winner exposed as "horribly over-rated"

USELESS JUNK, B3

THE DISROBE AND FLAIL • CANADA'S CRAPTACULAR NEWSPAPER • DISROBEANDFLAIL.COM • FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 2001

Recent events take toll on Puff Daddy

Rapper just can't stop changing his name

BY HARRY SCOTT, MINTO

Most critics regarded Puff Daddy's recent acquittal on weapons charges to be just the catalyst he required to reinvigorate his career of stealing other people's songs and making them his own. Instead, it appears to have initiated a startling chain of events that have led to the artist changing his name frequently.

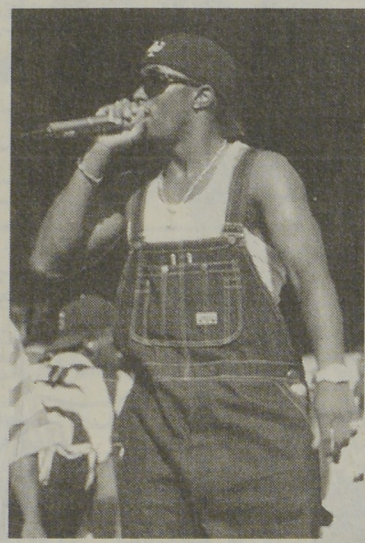
"It started off innocently enough," said a record label spokesperson. "He simply wanted to leave all those bad vibes in the past, so he came up with the incredible idea of calling himself P. Diddy - it was intelligent, catchy and exactly what the kids wanted."

But it didn't stop there - P. Diddy was only the beginning.

"It didn't take long for P. to decide that P. Diddy was a really, really stupid name and if he wanted some credibility back, he would have to do something even more drastic," added the label spokesman, appearing to be even more and more irritated by the line of questioning. "The whole thing is just plain annoying because we've had to change the artwork for his next album so many times that I'm considering taking him back to that nightclub again, if you know what I mean."

The official sequence of name changes went like this:

Puff Daddy became P. Diddy. P. Diddy became Polyacrylamide Gel. Polyacrylamide Gel became Plumb



Line. Plumb Line became Peregrine Falcon. Peregrine Falcon became Plaster of Paris. Plaster of Paris became Punch Drunk. Punch Drunk became Planck's Constant. Planck's Constant became Prickly Pear. Prickly Pear became Plagiaristic Dickhead. And finally, Plagiaristic Dickhead became Prima Donna.

"To be perfectly honest, we're glad here that he managed to come up with a name that perfectly captures the essence of what Prima is all about and what he stands for," the spokesperson told us, gazing at her watch impatiently. "We're all happy to working with such a big Prima Donna."

The final word belongs to Prima - "Yo, yo, yo, when you coming back to me J-Lo." Wise words to live by, wise words.

Geeks flock to artist websites for exclusive music, bad songs

BY THE TRICK, FANTASY LAND

The Artist Formerly Known As The Artist Formerly Known As Prince But Is Now Known As Prince Again recently announced that he would be releasing his new single, "Monkey Love," as a web-only single. Millions of computer geeks hit the musician's website over the weekend to download the track, which the artist describes as "a sexy blend of simian funk and soul."

Discussion boards were soon flooded with opinions on the song. One user who goes by the screen name FUNKYPANTS wrote, "This track is 'dope shit! Prince is knockin' up some wicked-ass beats and the bass just makes me wanna shake my ass.'"

Another user, PDIDDY, was more critical of the track adding that "this is one of the crappiest crap songs I've ever heard. I don't even recognize the sample in the background."

Prince is not the first musician to release a single over the internet. David Bowie, another pioneer of internet music distribution, is planning on launching his third web single, "I'm Afraid of Asparagus (Blueberry Muffin Mix)" in mid-April. The legendary singer has been hyping the song's release with interviews in *Foaming Stone* and *Spun* magazine.

"I think this is an absolutely smashing tune," Bowie told *Spun*. "It's kind of a new direction for me, but my fans have stuck with me through so much crap, I'm sure they'll gobble this up too." He goes on to describe the song as being a metaphor for the suffering that modern artists must endure for their art. There have also been rumors that the lyrics might be about oral sex. "Yes, there's that too," the rocker giggled and ran out of the room.

Dude, Where's My Car? success inspires other filmmakers



With a simple yet catchy title perfectly representative of its content, the film has set a new standard for filmmaking

BY HARRY SCOTT, MINTO

Following the huge critical and financial acclaim for the hilarious gag-fest *Dude, Where's My Car?*, many other film producers are trying to emulate its tried and tested formula.

"We fully expect the market to become flooded with movies where the heroes are in search of some

misplaced item," explained studio head Russell Johnson. Johnson's current project is the much anticipated *Girlfriend, Can't You Find Your Pager?* which is expected to reach cinema screens later this year.

The full effect of *Dude, Where's My Car?* is much more wide-reaching than anyone initially anticipated. Much of its success has been attributed to the clever title which

reveals the basic premise of the entire movie in one convenient phrase.

"For years now, studios have been trying to come up with smart movie titles that are cryptic to those who haven't paid to see the film, yet make perfect sense after you've enjoyed our wonderful product," said Dave Bugeye, head of marketing for some really important studio.

"We've been deluded all this time because people want to know everything that happens before they arrive in the movie theatre. And now that we can do that with just the title - it is a lot cheaper than making those trailers that reveal the entire plot."

In keeping with this new theory, several of the summer's big movies

are changing their titles to accommodate this trend. *Jurassic Park III* will become *Dude, Where's My Velociraptor?*, *The Mummy II* becomes *Dude, Where's My Sarcophagus?*, *Planet Of The Apes* becomes *Dude, Where's The Earth?* and *Tomcats* becomes *Dude, Where's My Dignity?*

The same idea is also infiltrating the world of DVDs where older movies which are slowly being rereleased are also being renamed for a whole new audience to enjoy. For example, *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* is changing to *Dude, Where's The UFO?*, *The Empire Strikes Back* will be known as *Dude, Who's My Father?* and *Citizen Kane* is becoming *Dude, Where's My Sled?*

Myers applies for US citizenship, loses sense of humour

BY MAX POWER, FREDERICTON

Ontario native Mike Myers, of Hollywood critical acclaim and recent star of the Austin Powers movies recently applied for American citizenship.

Myers made the application after news that his work visa was soon to expire and prevent his working on any further projects in the United States.

When interviewed by talk show host Jay Leno on the Tonight Show last Thursday, it was discovered that since his recent transition to life as

an American, the actor's sense of humor had vanished.

Said Jane Schmidt, a 26 year old audience member from Vancouver, "It was really obvious he wasn't faking... the perspiration on his brow and his nervous demeanor convinced me he was actually trying to be funny."

After attempting a few "Why did the chicken cross the road" and "knock-knock" jokes, Myers abandoned the stage followed by the jeering of reproachfully loud ex-fans. Leno subsequently apologized to his audience, claiming "I'm sorry

folks, I didn't realize he's not a Canadian anymore."

When interviewed after the show, the pop culture comedian expressed frustration to journalistic icon Barbara Walters.

"I just don't get it," said Myers. "I think it was seized at the border. I mean, I had no idea the humor gland could fall out during a body cavity search."

The customs agents on the scene agreed that cavity searches are, in fact, not a standard practice at the Canada - US border. Jason Fangrstand, the US customs agent who "processed" the actor claims Myers "asked for it."

He then went on to say "anyone wearing crushed velvet and toting a Swedish-made penis pump is an obvious deviant and begging for the full monte of searches."

In a written complaint to the United States Customs Department,



Myers (above) has gone from "hilarious" to "yawn-inducing"

Myers allegedly stated "They shagged me rotten baby, yeah!" The customs worker handling the complaint called the remark "clichéd."

'Hammermania' grips small community

And you thought he was gone for good

BY SKIP THOMPSON, FREDERICTON

In what parents in Ashville are calling "the continuing and rapid deterioration of our youth by the music industry," Hammermania has swept the region.

Hammer (formerly known as

M.C. Hammer) recently visited the town on his "Get Famous Again 2001" tour, and distributed countless copies of former hit tapes, including *Too Legit to Quit* and *Greatest Hits*.

Martha Painter, mother of Joey Painter, 15, said her son has been "nothing but trouble" since getting hold of the tape.

"I don't know how people can stand to listen to those lyrics," said Painter. "If he says 'You can't touch this' one more time I'm going to scream. What can't I touch?"

Added Painter, "I'm so mad I could spit."

Painter said attempts to take the tape away from her son have failed, and she resorted to grounding Joey this morning. The accused reportedly asserted he was "too legit to quit" numerous times before going to his bedroom.

The incident is not isolated, as teens all over the town have taken to paying homage to Hammer in every possible way, including his ridiculous early-'90's fake hip-hop outfits.

"We have attempted to enforce a ban on oversize, glittering pants, but students are ignoring it," said Ashville High School Principal Jane Payne. "We even had to

cancel the annual talent show - every entrant wanted to sing an M.C. Hammer song."

Local music critic Hal Iveson gives assurance that it won't last very long.

"Once the kids find out he now does some kind of Christian rap, they'll lose interest in a second," he asserted, playfully popping his trouser straps on his chest. "This exact same thing happened with New Kids on the Block last year."

Officials in the town are also hoping tapes by such fallen artists as Kris Kross and Vanilla Ice don't reach the youths, further contaminating their musical tastes.

Innovative art exhibit excites and inspires

BY HARRY SCOTT, MINTO

Just when you think the art world has nothing new and exciting left to offer, an exhibition comes along that quite literally leaves you breathless.

When I first approached the front door, I was immediately hit by the unique feel of the space. Instead of the more traditional building, this gallery had the look of a typical suburban house. What will they think of next?

I was greeted by the gallery's curator who demanded to know who I was and what I was doing there.

I must admit that it did catch me

off guard to begin with, but I decided to play along and ran as quickly as I could into the first room which was packed with all manner of traditional and modern artworks.

The classic Velvet Elvis was there and so was a kitschy lava lamp, indicating that the artist had a sixties theme in mind for this area.

I could hardly contain my excitement as I continued my exploration, still pursued by the increasingly irate curator.

The next room had a domestic theme

See HOUSE on page A11