

A woman's guide to complete subservience



by Michele Legendre

"Girl's Guide to Man Management: Every Woman's Guide to Getting Her Man Where She Wants Him... And Keeping Him There"
By Jane Matthews

I believe I have the ability to predict the 'girl power,' 'find the man of your life' books that still drag on the message for women to be independent beings. This book is no exception. I believed this book would answer the deep questions that puzzle me when it comes to my relationship troubles: "why don't men know what they want in life?" or, "why doesn't he get that I don't like romance?" No, this book is a shameful example of some women's belief that it is our calling to be what men want us to be in order to attain a perfect relationship.

I can't say I'm the girl who wants to become a housewife, do the dishes, wash his filthy underwear, or get knocked up, but if you are and wish to become a slave to a man for the rest of your life, live a picture perfect life - this book is for you.

Now, Jane Matthews, shame on you for even putting together this book - having stated that you've previously worked for a relationship counseling service - for making people believe your advice is the real deal. I believe you were unsuccessful in helping others in relationship counseling and find

yourself composing pathetic books like this for women who have troubles with finding their inner selves in the first place - who need advice in any form.

If you want women to feel empowered, get them to be comfortable and successful in their own lives, not based on their success in relationships. Because once the relationship is over, you might as well get the hell over it and be happy you have something better to live for.

You basically bash all men for being incompetent, for not getting relationships, and you blame them for not making them work. Well, I can say you're too far off yourself, Matthews. I'm not an expert, but shall we go over an excerpt of your book? "Send him flowers from time to time, slip loving or sexy notes into his pocket, e-mail him a poem." Oh Jesus, that makes me laugh hysterically! I believe that's what you get a man to break up with you. I'd suggest a nice six pack of imported beer and a foreign film after a long day at work - how's that for a 21 year-old BA student's relationship advice?

There's no book that can aid you in the process of getting a man. If you believe all men are pricks, well you're probably just as bad for having that mentality. Find someone with the same goals as you, don't expect them to like the same stuff you do, and don't expect to change someone - oh and as for flowers and chocolates, we're not in the 50s anymore. Get over yourselves.

Michael Jackson's "Moonwalker": A thriller or just bad?

by Dan Hagerman

The year was 1990. Sonic the Hedgehog had yet to be invented and Sega was in search of a mascot. Nintendo had Mario - a jolly, mushroom-eating plumber. Sega needed someone with star power; as popular as Mario, yet easily convertible into a video game.

That mascot... was Michael Jackson.

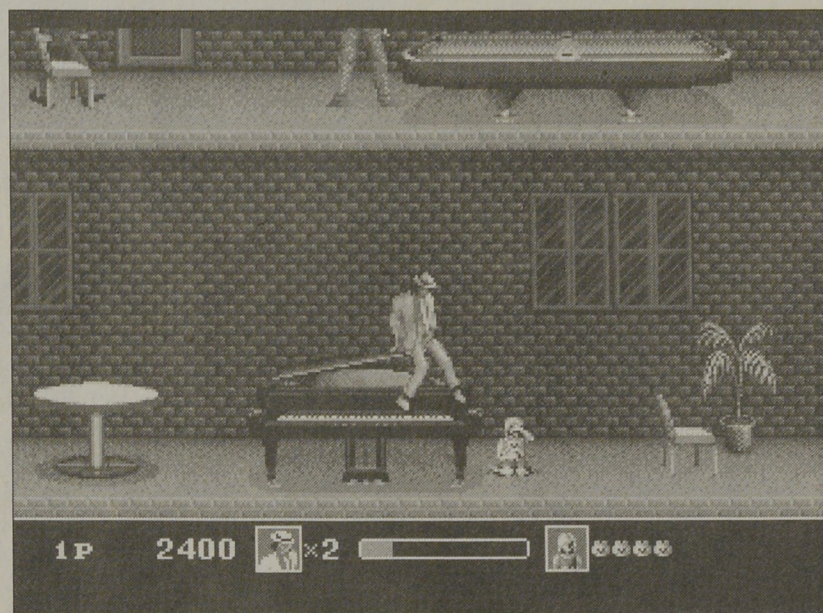
The Thriller himself helped Sega to create "Michael Jackson's Moonwalker" for the Sega Genesis. The "plot" of the game involves Michael rescuing children using his special magic and dance moves. That is seriously the whole point to the game. Whoever at Sega agreed to do this game probably deserves an award for sheer brilliance. But more likely, they should be locked away.

Over the course of the game, you'll get to see more of the marvelous world of Michael Jackson. Bubbles the monkey will direct you to bosses. Lines of gangsters are dispatched by throwing your hat at them. Oh, and you can turn into a robot by catching a shooting star.

Gameplay: you control Michael in your search for victims... err, hostages to free. Gangsters, zombies, dogs, and more aren't enough to keep Michael and his magic hat from the precious children. The further in the game you get, though, the harder the little girls are to find. It's debatable whether that means that your nemesis "Mr. Big" is hiding them more cleverly, or the children are hiding themselves from Michael's clutches more desperately. (4/5)

Graphics: keeping in mind that the game is 16 years old, the graphics aren't actually terribly bad. Michael doesn't have a real face in the game, just like in real life. You're assaulted by all sorts of hoodlums on your journey, but that doesn't stop any of them, including the dogs, from dancing in unison upon unleashing your special move. (3.5/5)

Sound: the only voice samples are Michael exclaiming, "Woo!" Michael asking us, "Who's bad?" and the little blonde-haired girl shrieking, "Michael!" with joy/fear. What's more, the MIDI music is surprisingly faithful to the original songs. I can safely say that sound is the least creepy aspect of the game. (4.5/5)



Michael Jackson grabs his crotch as nearby, young girl cries.

The final score: I never thought I'd see the day when I gave anything related to Michael Jackson a good rating, but that's before I saw him turn into a robot. Personally, I can't watch Michael turning into a robot and shooting lasers from his eyes without falling to the floor in a laughing fit

that lasts a good 10-15 minutes. The only thing that isn't keeping this game from getting a higher rating is the fact that I feel a little bit dirtier every time I realize that I'm an accessory to Michael Jackson finding children.

Average 4/5, minus one point for making me feel gross: (3/5).

The hopsey tale of Steffan and Heinric

DRINKING IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE

by Jim London

Let us ponder a hypothetical situation. Two fraternal twin brothers are separated at birth; one is adopted by an upper-class suburban family from the Netherlands (let's call him Steffan), while the other is brought up by an upper-class suburban family from Belgium (let's call him Heinric).

As little boys, they were delighted by Sinterklaas (St. Nicholas), who brought goodies to good children, but terrified by his slave Zwarte Piet (Black Peter) who, it was rumoured, snatched away bad children in his sack to take them back to Spain with him. Let's also hypothesize that Steffan and Heinric were both raised with a stolid, Calvinist work ethic and grew up with mad urban bicycling skillz. Sipping milk, munching on chocolate, and chuckling reservedly with wooden-shod, blonde women at their sides, they go on windmill tours once every

couple of years. They live and let live. They're practical people, though they do tend to complain a lot. They both enjoy waffles and beer.

When it comes right down to it, Steffan and Heinric are pretty damn similar. And, would you believe it, the beers they happen to drink - Stella Artois and Heineken, respectively - are pretty much the same too.

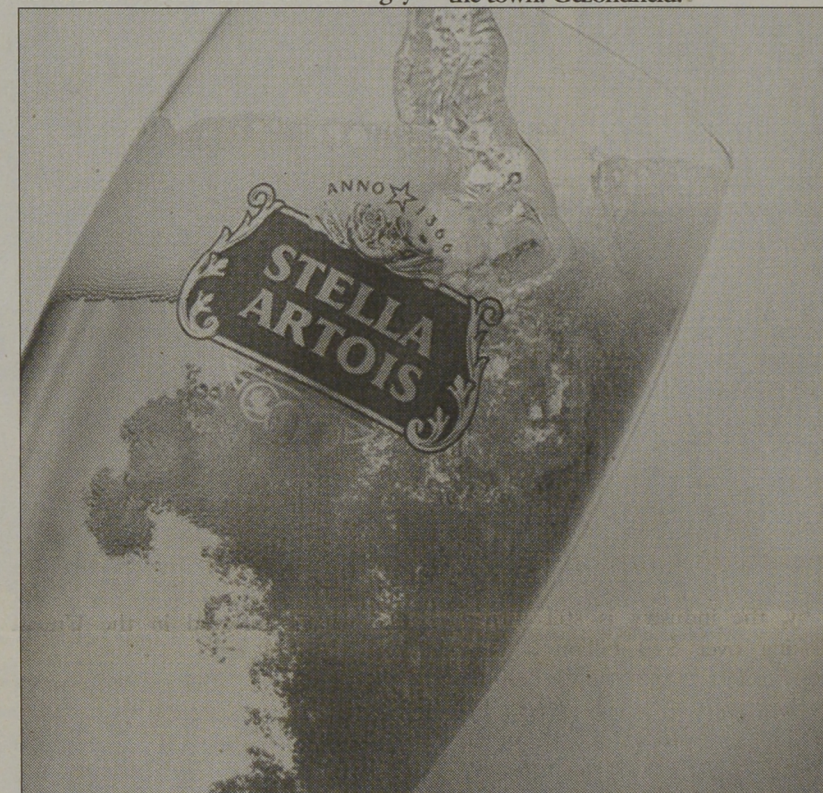
Let us begin with their bottles: both are clear, green glass with oval labels; around the outer edge of said labels is something to the effect of "special lager beer" and the ovals are bisected by ribbons which display the brand name. If you ignore the colours on the labels and an ever-so-slight difference in bottle shape, they're practically identical!

Clearly, these low country folk are onto something: foreigners (us) will pay extra money for slick, European packaging and light, hopsey lager beers. Don't get me wrong - I find both brews very tasty and had no problem draining a few glasses of each in the name of science, but I had a hard time distinguishing between the two. They're both fairly bitter and floral, though not overly so; I think the Stella has a bit more malt taste lurking about somewhere. They're smooth players, but I find it difficult to feel passionate

about either one.

So, hypothetically speaking, what if our long-lost brothers Steffan and Heinric were to crash into each other bicycling through the streets of Antwerp? Would there be an exchange of curses? Would there be an angry

showdown, a meeting of pedigreed egos resulting in violence? Of course not! They'd help each other up, exchange apologies, chuckle reservedly, and join each other in search of attractive American ladies looking for a night on the town. Gezondheid!



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