

# WHY STATES SHOULD NOT EXIST

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Alabama - it's between Georgia and Mississippi  
Alaska - it's Canada  
Arizona - it's iced tea  
Arkansas - contains the name "Kansas"  
California - it's gonna fall off the face of the Earth anyway  
Colorado - it's square  
Connecticut - it's a suburb  
Delaware - "nothing good ever came out of Delaware"  
Florida - old people and tourists  
Georgia - bomb at Olympics  
Hawaii - volcanoes  
Idaho - potatoes  
Illinois - Chicago should be the state  
Indiana - too much basketball

Iowa - this isn't heaven  
Kansas - two words: corn fields  
Kentucky - bad fried chicken  
Louisiana - originally French property  
Maine - inspired this list  
Maryland - is not  
Massachusetts - it's a commonwealth  
Michigan - it has a split personality  
Minnesota - it has two capitals  
Mississippi - too many repeating letters and sounds  
Missouri - misery (if you can't think of anything about the state itself, use the name)  
Montana - entire school districts with only 6 students  
Nebraska - there are too many useless states in this country  
Nevada - say it "Ne-vay-da," Missouri  
New Hampshire - not a tax in sight  
New Jersey - take your pick  
New Mexico - named after another country

New York - even New Yorkers don't like New York  
North Carolina - see South Carolina  
North Dakota - Fargo  
Ohio - three vowels to one consonant  
Oklahoma - stupid musical  
Oregon - inspired stupid computer game  
Pennsylvania - Amish  
Rhode Island - should be a sovereign nation  
South Carolina - see North Carolina  
South Dakota - doesn't even have Fargo  
Tennessee - moonshine went out a century ago  
Texas - drive-thru liquor stores  
Utah - polygamy  
Vermont - the cows run it  
Virginia - Ollie North almost became senator  
Washington - it's *not* the capital!!  
West Virginia - the war's over, get over it  
Wisconsin - all you can think is "cheese"  
Wyoming - even the name asks why?

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## Some Notes on a Non-Movement

by Crawford Blackhill and Lady Victoria

It was, we suppose, during the hours passing along in the drive from a small, distinguished college founded in the year 1813, a fine year, and which we found to be quite chilly for this time of year, although it was Maine so what can one expect, it's as likely as snow in Canada, to a small, distinguished college in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts where we set our home, that our attention turned from the bent and broken husks of winter-tortured trees that glided past our view slowly becoming an undistinguishable blur of something hinting at the sublimely unnatural domus mundi, and to that peculiar movement of fashion and sensibility that has lately arisen in the minds of tormented teenagers commonly referred to as the goth movement. We were troubled by suspicions that unlike the half-remembered movements of decades immemorial and very like the unwitting actions of those for whom the maelstrom of post-modernism heralds the coming of identity, the Elders of this movement were woefully uninformed as to the true and sublimely beautiful nature of the ancestral Gothic mode of exposing the truth of the human soul to the eyes of all willing and able

acolytes.

Scattered throughout the Continent are examples of cathedrals that reach from the base earth into the Heaven that our souls strive to reach while waging holy war against the temptations of our imperfect flesh, seemingly carved from the very living, feeling soul of the bleeding heart of the death-ridden artist who attempted to create a shadow of the Seraphim image that plagued his night-haunted mind; night like the purple sky in the heavy moments before the long-forgotten orb that the ancients once worshipped as a god stretched its washed out rays of glimmering hope heralding a hopeful birth. Moon-lit sepulchres that danced through the hallucinations of our sleep-deprived and starving- clawing and ravenous with unwashed and ragged tatters of mist-like dreams of times in which the conditions were aptly suited to destabilize the already precarious mental state of the Gothic novelists- sanity, which cried out for the fuel that it desperately craved in a voice that barely gasped above a burning whisper.

Gothic novels, or rather the bulk of the tormented lot that withdrew grandiose and

hell-glimpsed fragments of vision-scapes of uncorruptable stone given form by undo hands that sculpted the very fragments of the hysterical mania that wrenched the very foundations of those Heaven reaching monuments made from the soul-wrenching experience of the blessed whip made from the hands of Our Father, peel away charnel stones of godless psyche revealing the dismal depths to which our most hidden and abysmal longings for the untouchable soul of those who remain beyond our reach or which find themselves outside of our meager vision.

Goths do not know the meaning of Gothic, nor the history surrounding it.

Too much excess in the bowels of immoderate prose written by those for whom life has lost the glistening shimmer of spectacular formless shapes bleeding faultlessly from feverish dreams of that long-forgotten inarticulate voice that calls out to the domus mundi in a voice of unspeakable anguish and angel trumpeted joy that rebounds off the gilded walls of the golden gated palace of inequities that calls forth in shadowed joy for the end of an era that suffered its death in the age of the Gothic. •