

As The Mountains Grow

by Christopher Gaylen Haberman, Chad Amery Patteson, Troy Evel Blackledge and featuring guest columnist Jennifer Persephone Gunst
The Print Staff

Man is man. Woman is woman. Dogs are man's best friend. Who is woman's best friend? Man? No. The mountain is naked. A pristine back drop of persons, places and reasonable things. Scattered with less-than-reasonable word buffets, and much less profitable, plaque-gathering, unknown little mid-gets butting each other in their arenas, tripping over hoses, loosely connected to their heads. We would like to welcome our guest columnist, Persophone of the Meadow, a jazzy female persona that will fondle the mountain for the last two installments.

TOPIC: The topic was nouns: a search for persons, places and things, but due to Evel's aggressive behavior, I believe that we should explore/review the aspects of the primitive aggressive nature of modern man: underwear. **AGGRESSIVE BEHAVIOR DUE TO STRESS AND OVER-EXERTION. OVER CONSUMPTION OF CAFFEINATED BY-PRODUCTS AND SICK INHALATION OF OTHER'S EXTREME FOULNESS.** (drinking too much coffee and smoking too much, secondary or primary.) This is simply titled, "A review of underwear."

Master Gaylen of the River: Revolt revulsion and slap my thigh, higher than anger, higher than primate passion-fruit snacks made up by some Godly cook, who has lost the recipe for regularity. Nervous and prodding, weird. Slightly aroused by admission to under-weird shops, circling powerful legs in plastic cut formals. Underwear. Guys' underwear is simple. Protective sheaths with a seat-life of five to ten years, even though some pairs have lasted me maybe eleven years. "Underwear is like an old friend," my Dad used to say. Bleach can revive them from discoloration and soap is a friend to anyone. Sexiness is not a valid argument. Briefs, ya I like them, but the traditional white-banded Hanes

can always be in my drawers. Boxers are relaxed, and they let it all hang out, but Super Big Gulptruck driver runs will always bring infertility closer to the heart. Crazy G-string nightmare haze of butt madness, streak along seat cushions, still uncomfortable, still unsure of all toiletry duties. However, G-strings still have their place in our society, on the rear-view mirror, where jock straps have rotted, and fruit has depleted. Never have I bought my own underwear. A good gift is always the three pack K-MART tennis ball package with three simple colors, three simple sizes, and ten years of hard wear. No underwear is the best during summer, but grizzness is a problem, and holes are drafty. I am not a woman, therefore I cannot comment on the feel and texture, and bondage ability of women's underwear. I like short shorts. I leave the kitten's by the fire and ignite my light brown BVD's and smile, doing everything in my control to revolve around and clad myself in clean carpet.

Sir Amery du' Lake: Just in case you didn't already know, here's a simple definition of underclothes: items that we wear under, rather than over. Now this is quite a topic. It applies to most of us, but not all of us. The above noted boxers can be a genuine declaration of personality. For those who do not wear undies, that too is a sign of... something. "Always wear clean ones, in case you get in a car wreck." Words to live by? Maybe. Stylish and flashy undies show a feeling of anticipation. Dull ones show a lack of hope. What do glow-in-the-dark boxers show? Or how about that edible underwear? Whoa, scared of that! Whatever your undie choice is, wear (or don't wear) them with pride. A person's underwear may be one of the last few truly uncensored places of expression known to man. But my view is a limited one. And what else can you possibly say about

"unders"? Well I know Persephone has somethin' good to say.

Persephone of the Meadow: Could it be that undielessness is a sign of, say, preparation? Perhaps, but quicker, easier access is not why I opt to leave my underwear nestled snugly in their drawer. The problem with women and underwear can be attributed to people like Stephenie Seymour and designers like Georges Marciano who feel that in order for a woman to be fulfilling her duty and maintaining her role as a "desirable" woman, she must push, squeeze, strangle and choke very sensitive parts of her body. Do narrow satin panties feel as good as they look when they have been seized by the cleft of two fleshy hemispheres? Speaking from experience, I can report they do not. The same goes for suffocating wire-rimmed bra-ziers that circumstrict the ribcage and then crush and jab your breasts when you raise your arms. I'm sure the women reading will have no problem empathizing with such daily torment, where as the men can merely use their colorful imaginations. So I'll leave Stephanie precariously sprawled across the pages of Victoria's Secret, painfully crammed in a "flattering, accentuating, modifying" bustier, and will break into my bland, utilitarian Fruit of the Loom cotton briefs when I'm wandering the meadow in a skirt on a blustery day.

Evel McNeieval, purveyor of precognition: I beg to differ with my dear Persephone. Any underwear even remotely associated with that scantily clad darlin' of the mail-order lingerie catalogues, Stephanie Seymour, is above any reproach. She is about the only point of interest regarding undergarments. Our female readers will concur that it is the jockish, well-marbled meat-masters that attract their attention to the whole notion of underwear advertisement. Strange?...! Yer damn right. The undergarment

industry at large uses sexually alluring pictures to appeal to a potentially interested audience, but the execution of this master plan seems wholly perverse. Male underwear ads exhibit curiously bulging males in male magazines and females of a sexually alluring nature gracing the innards of any Victoria's Secret catalogue. The catalogues are sent to females the magazines to men. Here lies the problem. Am I expected to see ads of some baseball man in his skivvies, be overcome with his manliness and buy myself some undies? Or if I'm more of the habit of perusing a females catalogue, am I to buy for myself or to give away freely to the females of my choice?

And this is end once again. The rings of our pits are

voluptuous, and the mountains begin to tip and sway, because the end of the growth period is nearing final climax. Wayward way ho oh, Jobe, continue brief pain lounging and release us from the Beast (television). Don't plug in and don't respond to the interface that so many have zoned to.

NEXT WEEK'S FINAL TOPIC: (Be sure to be here as the mountain grows its final inches and collapses into a mighty heap. Remember Mt. St. Helens? We will make ash trays out of children and dime rehearsals out of foil.) Television's influence and the techno-advancement of this backward civilization we call a county, a mountain, an adventure, a movie, a college. Donka little heffer weizen. "Check ya later!" ♪♫

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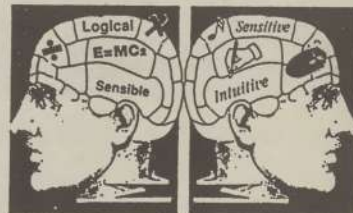
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