



When Microsoft released its newest console a year ahead of its competitors, people died.

This is not an exaggeration... there were riots, people were robbed of their X-box 360 consoles at gunpoint in parking lots, and every time somebody paid over \$1,000 USD on-line for a console that retailed for less than \$400, God killed a kitten.

There's less than two weeks to launch for Sony's PS3 and Nintendo's Wii (pronounced "we"), which leaves a small hope that Nintendo still might change the name of its newest console, but there's an even bigger problem that - based on the launch of the 360 last year - needs to be addressed: *don't camp in front of stores.*

Camping in front of a store for a console on launch day is both dangerous and degrading. The gaming companies send out a minimal shipment on launch day only to create a sense of urgency. Their marketing scheme is Sales 101: make the customer believe they "have to have it," and it's insulting to think that some gamers buy in to that crap, like an addict looking for a five-year fix.

Of course I'd like to urge everyone to buy a Wii eventually, and if anyone feels like blowing money on a PS3, then I urge them to have fun with that, too. I just can't support the idea of putting one's self in danger and in desperate need of a shower just to get their hands on a product that will ultimately be available to everyone.

Instead, I'm urging would-be campers to go home. Sit down in front of the X-box Live Arcade and play some *Street Fighter II* or *Ultimate Mortal Kombat 3*. Better yet, dust off an old Genesis or SNES and show it some of the love it has patiently waited for these last 10 years, since the 16-bit era died out.

Another way to pass the next couple months until the consoles are a bit more common is to pick up a DS. Nintendo has two new colors available for the DS Lite (Pink and Black), as well as several titles that will be released this month, in time for Christmas shopping.

Or, since it's the season for spending cash, pick up a PSP and some games (since they finally have a couple of fun titles out). It only took Sony all year to put out something interesting for the PSP, and its uselessness is finally waning.

Simply put, I'm urging anyone who plans to camp out for their consoles to "just say no." Say "no" to spending days in the rain, say "no" to urinating in bottles or on buildings to avoid losing one's place in line, and say "no" to justifying these ridiculous sales tactics.

For God's sake... do it for the kittens.

GWAR to rock Roseland

Sam Krause

Co-Editor-in-Chief

Phalli, foam, fluid and filthy music. That's GWAR.

Demons, swords, giant slugs and pre-vulcanized latex rubber. That's GWAR.

Jerry Garcia, Michael Jackson, Lacy Peterson and every president since Reagan have been dismembered on-stage. That's GWAR.

GWAR came from the other side of the universe, banished to planet Earth, for they became too powerful for their Lord and master to control them.

They were frozen in the Antarctic until Global Warming kicked in, and they were thawed back to life. Soon they learned to play music and kill their slaves, also known as humans.

Actually, GWAR is a group of former art students from Virginia Commonwealth University that formed in 1985. The band emerged from the collision of a failed indie-film called *Scumdogs of the Universe*, and a punk band

known as Death Piggy.

With a stage show that includes dismemberment, violations of decency and all-around depraved behavior, GWAR released *Hell-O* in 1988.

From that point on, GWAR unleashed a tidal wave of obscenity that has lasted for two decades, 33 different band members, more than a dozen albums and 15 home videos.

Oderus Urungus has fronted the band since its beginning. He's the only original member, playing the part of Trent Reznor, without the scars on his wrist. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that Urungus has inflicted many flesh wounds upon Reznor's tiny body.

Music videos for "The Road Behind" and "Jack the World" were featured on episodes of "Beavis and Butt-head." When the videos premiered, Beavis said "all music videos should be like GWAR videos." "Nuff said."

While GWAR's stage show is more than any concert-goer can ask for, they still have

some good music. "Saddam a Go-Go" is like listening to Mr. Bungle if someone had slit Mike Patton's vocal cords. "Fucking an Animal" would make Andrew Dice Clay blush, and Bob Hope turn in his grave.

GWAR has been described as shock rock, thrash metal, heavy metal and comedy rock. There should be an emphasis on the last description, *comedy rock*. It's all fun and games... no one actually gets hurt... unless you like that sort of thing.

Well, I do like that

sort of thing, so I'm pulling my sorry carcass over to the Roseland Theater on Friday at 8 p.m. to watch GWAR's vital act rain on the audience like locusts on Egypt.



Internet Photo

Y: The Last Man gets rid of Y chromosome

David Stark

The Clackamas Print

George W. Bush: dead. Paul McCartney: dead. Johnny Depp and Harrison Ford: both dead, too. Patrick Stewart, Ian McKellen, Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt: all dead. In fact, all of the men in the world just died in bloody, agonizing spasms - at least in DC comics' Vertigo line's *Y: The Last Man*, that is.

Many see comics as a means of telling the most infantile stories about people in spandex fighting other people in spandex. And while graphic novels may not yet carry the prestige of "true" novels, there are many writers who are working to change that. Brian K. Vaughan's *Y: The Last Man* joins Neil Gaiman's *Sandman* and Alan Moore's *Watchmen*, a story that transcends not just its medium, but also conventional storytelling.

Y: The Last Man has been called Vaughan's attempt to subvert the classic fantasy depicting the last man on earth. At the beginning of the story, something (many characters speculate that it is a plague) kills every mammal with a Y chromosome, with the exception of Yorick Brown, an amateur escape artist, and his capuchin monkey, Ampersand.

Society is plunged into chaos as the world's infrastructure collapses and women everywhere try to cope with the loss of the men, guilt and the knowledge that humanity is doomed to extinction.

Vaughan has meticulously crafted the new society that emerges out of this chaos, from the conversion of the Washington Monument to a monument honoring the dead men, to the genesis of the fanatical, ultra-feminist Daughters of the Amazon, who believe that Mother Earth cleansed itself of the "aberration" of the Y chromosome.

The Story of *Y: The Last Man* follows Brown on his trip to discover what



killed the men and, more importantly, to find the woman to whom he had proposed. Along his journey, Brown encounters a truly intriguing cast of characters, from his bodyguard, Agent 355, to Allison Mann, an expert geneticist who has almost perfected human cloning, and even his sister, Hero, who joins the Daughters of the Amazon in the aftermath.

Vaughan has managed to create a world that is original, interesting and sprinkled with subtle and highly creative bits of humor throughout. For example, Brown is on his way to the Washington Monument to pay homage to his now-deceased friends when he strikes up a conversation with a young woman, who says to

him, "Don't get me wrong. I don't miss anyone like I miss my pals, but it suddenly hit me today... the Rolling Stones are dead."

The story's art is crisp, clear and thankfully not in the over-sexualized style that has become dominant in the industry today. It is handled primarily by series co-creator Pia Guerra. Many have posed questions regarding having a woman draw a comic about a female-centric world, but when asked Vaughan has insisted that Guerra's sex is incidental and her style best fitting for the story.

Y: The Last Man has man-

aged to take the comic book world. While starting out rather unknown, word of mouth has been almost unanimously positive, and it has garnered an amazing amount of popularity swiftly.

It has become so popular that New Line Cinema acquired the rights for a film version, scheduled to be released sometime in 2008.

Anyone interested in a good read that will give you a lot to think about should give *Y: The Last Man* a read.

