



TOM PIASKOSKI

THE CYNIC'S LEXICON

BY JOHN RUPP

Cynic: A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be. Hence the custom among the Scythians of plucking out a cynic's eyes to improve his vision.
~AMBROSE BIERCE

(A work in progress for the past 11 years — with apologies to Ambrose Bierce.)

Children: God's punishment for enjoying sexual intercourse.
Penis: The original power tool.
Pussy: A furry creature who purrs contentedly when stroked.
Marriage: A fine institution for the self-committed who enjoy dwelling in institutions.
Cosmetics: Compounds designed to conceal the ravages of time; new paint for old boards.
Wives: Creatures born to be deserted.
Husbands: Creatures who pray to be deserted.
Education: A disorganized folly based on the dubious premise that children are capable of being improved and refined.
Prostitution: A profitable profession based upon the principle of slow depreciation.
Optimism: A delusion popular among the young and inexperienced.
Cynicism: Truth as revealed by experience.
Golf: A sport that frees men to pursue other holes.
Joy: A momentary distraction.
Insurance: A futile attempt to prepare for impending disasters.

A New Course: Target practice for middle schools.
College Presidents: Former teachers who graduate from intimidating children to intimidating employees.
Tenure: The legal right to decompose leisurely.
Man: God's prototype for animal perfection. Obviously, S/He needed another attempt.
Woman: Don't complain: what can one expect from a spare rib?
Conservation: Opposing the will of the majority and trying to save what little is left.
Hysteria: A normal response to life.
Human Intelligence: A dubious concept.
Human Stupidity: A divinely revealed truth.
Sin: Pleasure mislabeled as a punishable offense.
Work: If it were joyous and fulfilling, payment would not be required.
Immortality: The vain delusion that there's some aspect of human nature worth preserving for eternity.

John Rupp used to teach at Clatsop Community College. He currently lives in Forest Grove, Oregon. He claims Ambrose Bierce, author of *The Devil's Dictionary* (1911), as his mentor and muse.
Tom Piaskoski lives in Astoria.

ASK DR. SCHMALTZ

(Send questions on postcards only and don't use your real name.)

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: Every night I sit home alone fixated on porn and my own mortality while drinking myself into a morbid stupor. Every morning I feel sick, guilty and stupid. I'm 33 years old. Can you help? ~DEPRESSED DAVE

Dear Pressed: You're going through that Christ Died At 33 guy-thing. Find a more challenging job and a girl friend who isn't afraid to treat you rough.

Quit drinking your habitual libation alone. Switch to cheap table wine. Then seek out the most redundant and boring group of lounge lizards you can find. It'll cure you! (See MPMC for details.)

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: I am politically challenged. I can't decide whether to vote Democrat or Libertarian. This approach/approach conflict has caused me to avoid the ballot box altogether. ~CONFLICTED

Dear Con: Organize and execute a hostile takeover of your local Moose Lodge. Think of yourself as Che or Tanya and invite all your cross-dresser friends to join the cause. Viva la mas tarde!

Dear Queen of Schmaltz: My boyfriend and I live together in a cabin that's rent free. My problem is that I also love this other guy who has asked me to move in with him and split the rent.

Morally, I know it's dishonest to be seeing this other man behind my boyfriend's back. But I love them both! ~WANDA

Dear Wanna: Boyfriends come and go but free rent is free rent. What's love got to do with it?

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: My fiancée is always too busy girl watching to pay attention to me. Yet I'm young and pretty and spend all my discretionary income on clothes. What am I, Luteifsk? ~SWEN'S GIRL

Dear Woman: Never ever give a guy the power to define YOU. Men have investment portfolios. Girls have wardrobes. Get off that clothes horse and get a life. On your way out the door, tell Swen all his copious girl watching has turned you into a lesbian.

Dear High Priestess of Schmaltz: Is it okay to ask my wife for a menage a trois with me and my best buddy? ~AL

Dear Einstein: Not if he's a better sackman than you! If so — send me his photo and phone number.

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: Are there no decent men in Clatsop County? ~CANDY

Dear Sweets: If Prince Charming is alive and well you will find him in a gay bar.

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: I'm a starving artist. Even with an MFA degree I can't seem to earn a living selling my art. Should I give it up and become a computer repairman? ~DANTE

Dear Dan: Your problem is marketing. You can't sell art in an artless culture. However, there's a big demand for bewildering status symbols, impressionistic shower curtains and interior decor "accents".

Find an obscure gallery that accepts major credit cards and is willing to showcase your work. Then buy a full page ad in *Bazaar*, *Vogue*, *Art West* or *Architectural Digest* magazine.

Meanwhile, sell all your possessions, move into a cheap dive and get a job washing dishes in an eatery that serves food you like and offers the help free meals.

If all else fails, marry a hapless grade school teacher who will agree to remain childless. These unions seem to work for reasons unfathomable.

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: If women are naturally superior to men, why are there so few important women writers, composers and artists? ~JACQUES

Dear Jacques's Ass: Are you a victim of daytime TV? An individual has a limited amount of creative energy to spend in a 30-day cycle regardless of their sex.

The women you've known (in the Biblical sense) have probably wasted the bulk of their creative energy getting a guy and keeping his ungrateful ass.

Once these women finally get the joke, losers like you will have to pay professionals to get laid.

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: I'd like to go to graduate school but money's tight and times are tough. Any ideas for grants, loans or scholarships? ~RODNEY

Dear Rod: Why bother with all that college crap? I got my *Doctor of Motivation* from the Universal Life Church in Modesto, Calif. Mail-order for twenty bucks. Hey, you can be an ordained minister for a \$1 donation and it's legal. Consider a career in the helping professions and smile sagely.

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: What is the essential difference between platonic love and romantic love? ~TRISHA

Dear Trish: One is conditional. The other is very conditional.

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: Should I let my ex have custody of our cat? ~ANDY

Dear Andy: Of course, if it's a puma.

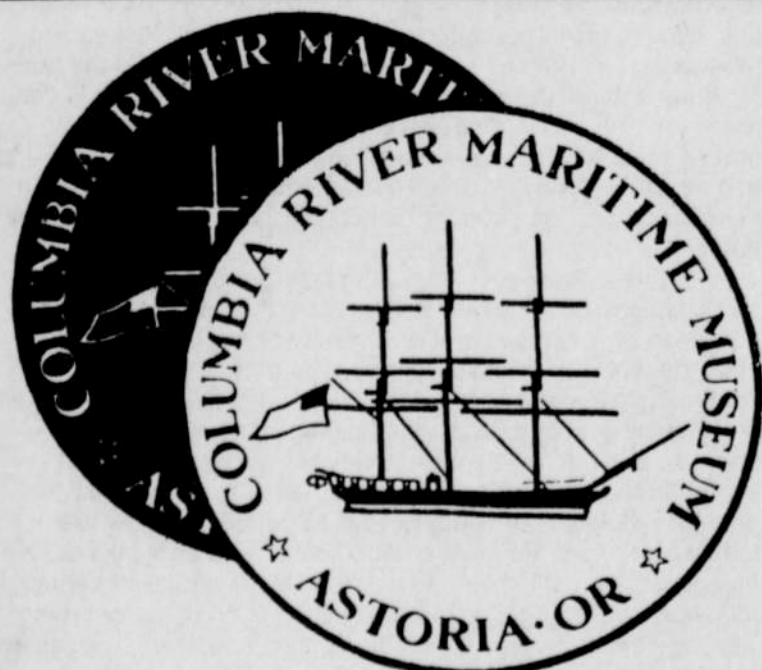
Dear Dr. Schmaltz: What is the sound of one hand clapping? ~"BUDDHA"

Dear Bud: Left or right?

Dear Dr. Schmaltz: Do angels really exist? ~GARY

Dear Garish: Only on Prozac. Anxiety is your one true friend. Listen to your body. It's screaming at you to get real — Now!

Dr. Schmaltz is an Astoria woman who calls herself one of the Schlock Sisters.



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