

janice

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“2014: A Look Ahead”

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A literary humor journal. Literally.

Janice is edited for your viewing, reading, tasting and burning pleasure by Matthew Brian Cohen & Ryan Haney.

They can be reached at editors@janicemag.com, or by whistling in F# on steep cliffs.

Design, cover & interior illustrations by Maëlle Doliveux.



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WARNING: "Janice" may contain nuts.

Dear Readers,

What will happen in the year 2014?

As is our annual tradition, we asked some of our favorite writers and thinkers to “gaze into their crystal balls” and share some of their predictions for the year ahead. But first, in light of the reaction to our 2013 preview issue, we have been encouraged by our legal department to include this small disclaimer:

The predictions in this issue are for entertainment purposes only. Nothing published in this issue, or in any issue of Janice, should ever be taken as a predetermined certainty. If you choose to act upon any of the predictions in this issue, you do so at your own risk.

We admit that our “2013: THE BOOK OF PROPHECY” issue may have been a bit dramatic for a collection of trend pieces. The issue’s title and copious usage of glyphs and runic markings were perhaps too over the top, but we were proud of our art department and wanted to put their talents on full display. When we chose to include a CD-ROM full of random binary strings and bind the issue in real human hair, we knew we might have gone too far, but we are nothing if not provocateurs. It was only natural then that Janice caught the eye of a small but zealous online community of conspiracy theorists. (Again, kudos to our art department for really nailing the theme!) Before we knew it, the message boards at controldemo.net, stormcommando.biz, and insideman.ooo were filled with pages of Janice covered in hasty, hand-written annotations. While we are always excited to gain a new readership, we now feel it necessary to distance ourselves from some of their assorted “findings.”

For example, the numerous pictographs meaning “harvest” or “bounty” scattered throughout the issue encouraged many to invest heavily in the companies featured in “13 Tech Trends.” No one was more disappointed than us that the fitness-trackers-for-dogs market never developed to the size that we had anticipated, but we cannot held responsible for the financial misfortunes of our readership.

We remain adamant that we did not realize prior to publication that the first letter of every paragraph of our fashion preview “Work Shirts Dress Up” spelled out the phrase “IGE GO DOWN” and the accompanying photo spread featuring a model holding a “suicide king” in his poker hand was an unfortunate coincidence. Our thoughts and prayers are with Gov. David Ige of Hawaii and his family. We wish the Governor a speedy and full recovery and are cooperating with local, state, and federal authorities as they continue the search for his assailant.

We are still mystified as to what exactly in the 2013 Restaurant Guide, “Reservations (Soon To Be) Required,” Rev. Samuel Reed is using as the theological basis for his Doomsday Christians Compound in East Texas. If you

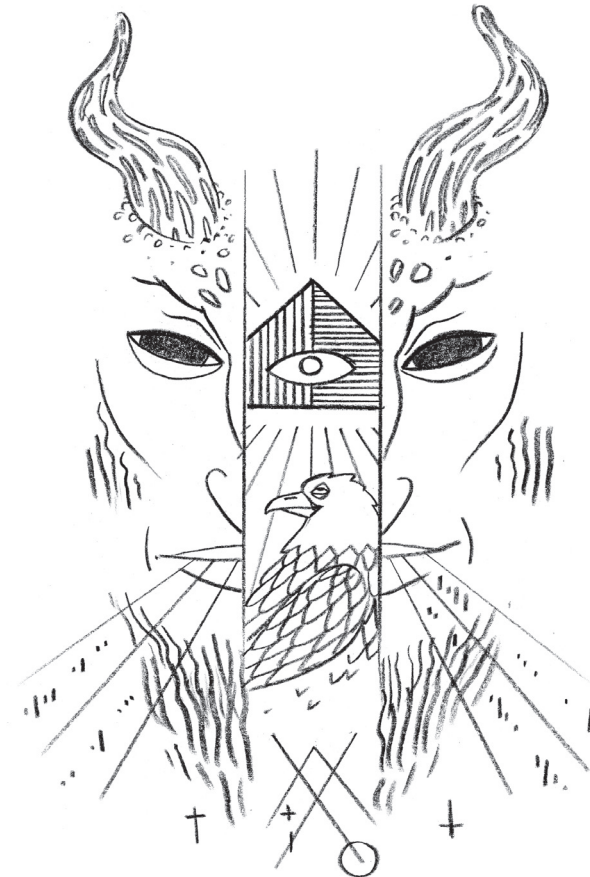
are in contact with any one of Rev. Reed’s forty-seven child wives, please let them know that an extraction team is waiting for them on the other side of “Lot’s Wall.” No man needs that many child brides or honey-baked ribs.

Our list of Europe’s Hottest Male Models was never meant to point toward the location of the Holy Grail. The numbers attached to each of the hunks were indicators of their hotness and not geographic coordinates. If the Grail were located in Midtown Manhattan underneath where the Daffy’s used to be, don’t you think we would have already dug it up?

The Mad magazine-style fold-in, showing what our favorite movie stars might look like at the end of 2013, regretfully contains hateful messages toward most minority groups when all of the letters are cut out and replaced in a different order.

Our “Apps That Will Become Indispensable” article somehow, by sheer fluke, referenced the exact time, date, location, and suspects of the Boston Marathon bombings. We swear that was not included in the issue at press time. How it managed to appear is a mystery that will likely never be solved.

Again, we have toned it down this year, so lay the fuck off, weirdos.



Dear Editors,

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors,

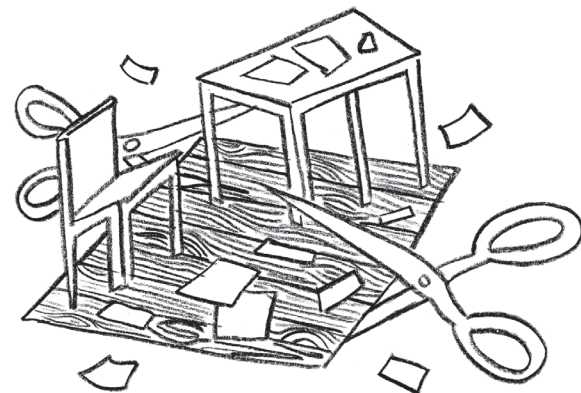
I tried to bake the “Triple Fudge Stack Cake” from your last issue, but mine turned out nothing like the beautiful cake in the picture. I swear I followed the recipe to a “T,” but my batter was hard as a rock and the icing stunk to high heaven. Any tips?

Oh, heavens! That sounds absolutely dreadful! And right before the big bake-off, too? We must have gotten up our measurements all mixed up when we were writing down the recipe. Silly us...

Dear Editors,

I want to applaud you on your bravery re: saving my daughter from drowning in Lake Erie. Few men would have flung themselves into the cold waters, but you showed tremendous courage under fire, and under water as well!

Terrific pun! Happy to help!



Dear Editors,

A small correction in your last issue. You asked in your “Zen Thoughts of the Day” column, “what is the sound of one hand clapping?” I have slapped my fingers against my palm and sent the recording via an attached CD-R.

We received your recording and will have an apology from our monks in our next issue!

Dear Editors,

Not sure if you caught it yet, but your June issue states that “Christmas is coming next month,” when Christmas is actually in December.

This was in reference to a “Christmas in July” themed issue that was left on the cutting room floor. Hard to navigate that cutting room when it’s full of all that juicy content!

Dear Editors,

Regarding your assertion that there was never a jet fighter aircraft with the NATO reporting name “faggot” – there was, the Mikoyan-Gurevich MiG-15.

Google reveals all!

Dear Editors,

I used to turn to this magazine for intelligent and objective reporting, but if I see another blatant corporate-puff piece like I did in your last issue, I’ll have no choice but to cancel my subscription.

We ran a number of articles featuring profitable, job-creating companies being unfairly targeted by left-leaning media outlets in our “American Innovators” issue. Please try to be more specific!

Dear Editors,

I’m a famous African-American astrophysicist who would rather remain anonymous. In your last issue, you called the TV show “Cosmos” (on which I am prominently featured) the “science-based television show of the century.” I’d like to let you know that your remark touched me deeply, and that I only wish my mentor Carl Sagan was alive to read it. Keep up the great work and keep reaching for the stars (wait, isn’t that supposed to be my job?!)

You’re welcome!

Dear Editors,

I was looking forward to your in-depth interview of “Stone Cold” Steve Austin you said was “coming next month” in the June issue. What happened?

Unfortunately that interview was left on the cutting room floor to make room for our “Christmas in July” article. A hard but necessary cut.

Dear Editors,

In your recent “American Innovators” issue, you claimed to profile American small businesses with potential for growth. Half of these companies are Japanese telecommunications companies. The other half are subsidiaries of Monsanto. And I don’t see how Rupert Murdoch is a, as you say, “bastion of sincerity and intelligence.. and despite what liberal media might imply, is as American as apple pie, baseball, and Santa Claus combined – see next month’s photo for further proof.”

Our sincerest apologies. A Rupert Murdoch in a Santa Claus suit Photoshop was supposed to be included in our scrapped “Christmas In July” themed issue. The cutting room floor is a cruel, cruel mistress.

Corrections:

Our profile of the new female-friendly dating app “Meet Kewt” misidentified two key elements of the app’s interface. Users can choose to “Gong” or “Gunk” potential matches, not “Dunk” or “Dong” them as was originally reported.

Antarctica is not a hotbed of Ku Klux Klan activity.

No one on staff has ever had egg nog without eggs.

Archery “Hits The Target” with Moviegoers

by Hunter Nelson

Whizz!

Can you hear it in the air?

Twang! Fwipp-ipp-ipp!

These are the sounds of archery, and they are getting louder. By most reasonable accounts, the bow and the arrow are poised for a total cultural takeover in 2014, and I don't mind telling you the archery community is about as excited as a camel-hide string held at full draw.

Up until recently, the portrayal of archery in film and television had ranged from the problematic to the obscenely slanderous. Bows and arrows were too often depicted as clunky, awkward or prohibitively sharp, wielded almost exclusively by Hollywood's perennial schlubby malcontents, the Native Americans. As a respected archery expert and the owner of Shadowhawk Archer's Supply in Burbank, CA (formerly owned by my father, Nathan Nelson), I've hoped and prayed for years that Tinseltown would wise up to the nobility, the grandeur, the subtle music of archery.

Finally in the last several years the tide has seemed to turn, and audiences are ready

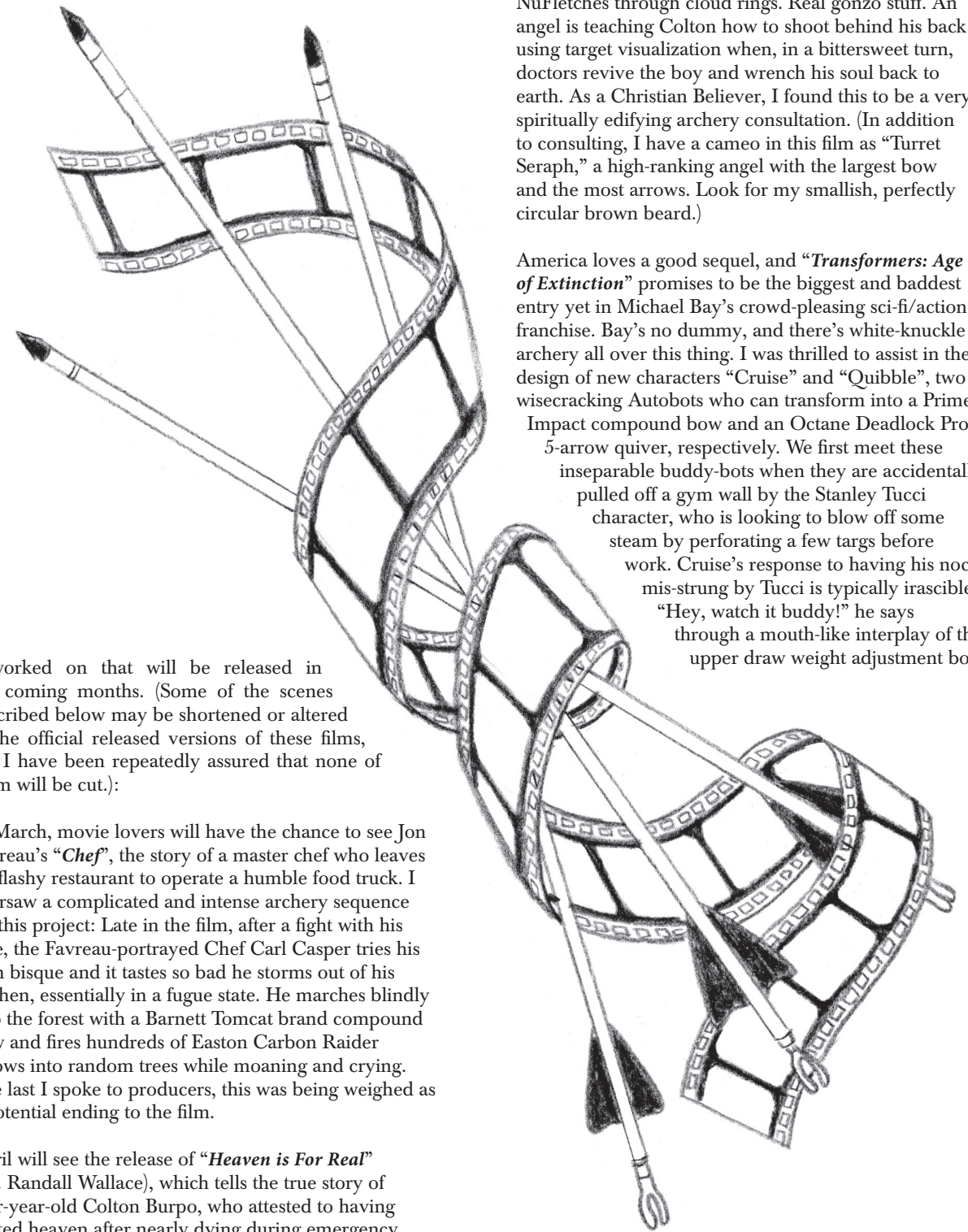
to accept archers as heroes. They cheered for “The Avenger's” stalwart Hawkeye, swooned over “Arrow's” brooding Oliver Queen, and debased themselves in craven devotion to “The Hunger Games” determined, foxy Katniss.

In the coming year, audiences will meet and lose their minds over new heroic archers like “Hercules” Atalanta and “The Hobbit's” Bard the Bowman. But that is just the tip of the iceberg, or, as my father used to say, the exposed tip of the partially buried arrowhead.

This, reader, is the tipping point. According to recent Hollywood data, 80% of all films released in 2014 will feature archery sequences of significant length. Studios are positively scrambling to put bows and arrows in their films, terrified to be the last nerd in the pool. I myself have been hired as an archery consultant and on-set coach for several of these films (I know my stuff and am quiet as a mouse on set – word gets around) and I've made it my personal mission to assure that all of the bow-play in these films is dynamic, accurate, and, above all, archery-positive.

These are incredible films, with life changing bow and arrow scenes, and I can't keep them to myself any longer. Here is an exclusive look at some of the films

the YEAR in FILM



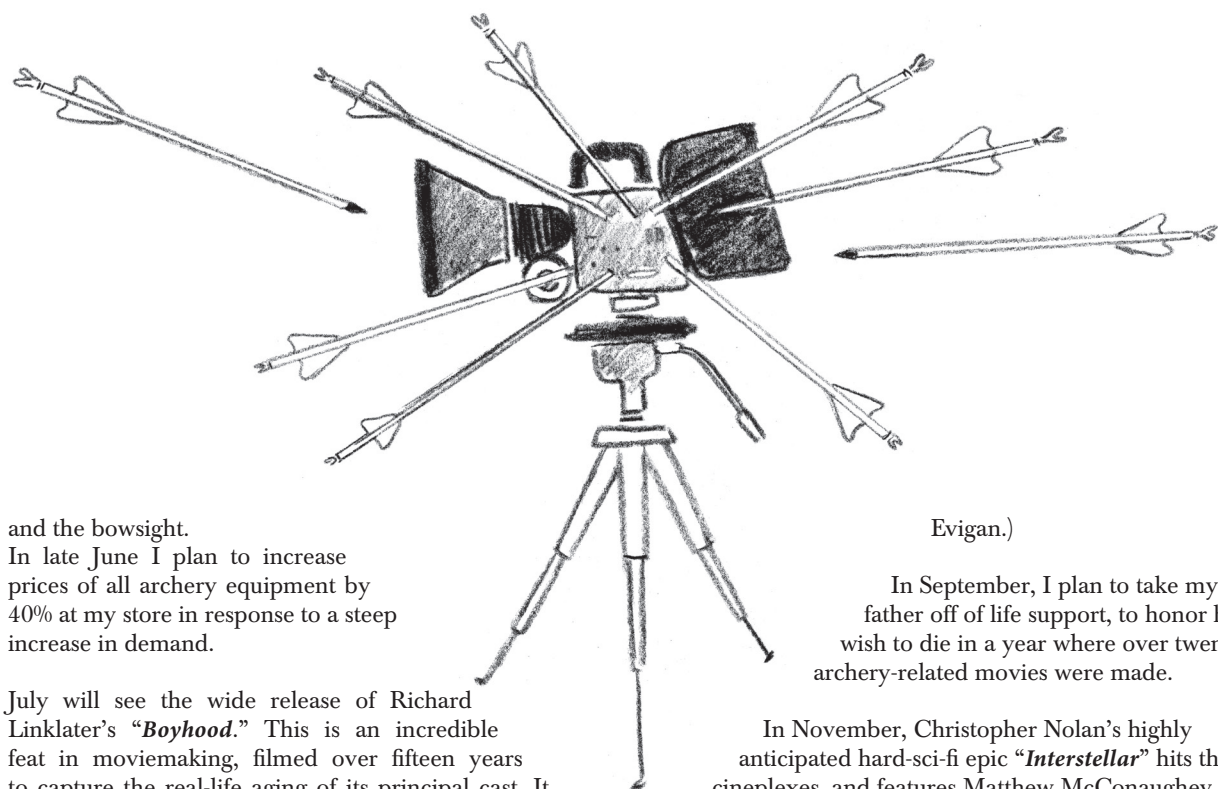
consecutive shaft splits, corkscrew arcs, angels doing aerials off of steel platforms and firing small-diameter NuFletches through cloud rings. Real gonzo stuff. An angel is teaching Colton how to shoot behind his back using target visualization when, in a bittersweet turn, doctors revive the boy and wrench his soul back to earth. As a Christian Believer, I found this to be a very spiritually edifying archery consultation. (In addition to consulting, I have a cameo in this film as “Turret Seraph,” a high-ranking angel with the largest bow and the most arrows. Look for my smallish, perfectly circular brown beard.)

America loves a good sequel, and “*Transformers: Age of Extinction*” promises to be the biggest and baddest entry yet in Michael Bay's crowd-pleasing sci-fi/action franchise. Bay's no dummy, and there's white-knuckle archery all over this thing. I was thrilled to assist in the design of new characters “Cruise” and “Quibble”, two wisecracking Autobots who can transform into a Prime Impact compound bow and an Octane Deadlock Pro 5-arrow quiver, respectively. We first meet these inseparable buddy-bots when they are accidentally pulled off a gym wall by the Stanley Tucci character, who is looking to blow off some steam by perforating a few targets before work. Cruise's response to having his nock mis-strung by Tucci is typically irascible: “Hey, watch it buddy!” he says through a mouth-like interplay of the upper draw weight adjustment bolt

I worked on that will be released in the coming months. (Some of the scenes described below may be shortened or altered in the official released versions of these films, but I have been repeatedly assured that none of them will be cut.):

In March, movie lovers will have the chance to see Jon Favreau's “*Chef*”, the story of a master chef who leaves his flashy restaurant to operate a humble food truck. I oversaw a complicated and intense archery sequence for this project: Late in the film, after a fight with his wife, the Favreau-portrayed Chef Carl Casper tries his own bisque and it tastes so bad he storms out of his kitchen, essentially in a fugue state. He marches blindly into the forest with a Barnett Tomcat brand compound bow and fires hundreds of Easton Carbon Raider arrows into random trees while moaning and crying. The last I spoke to producers, this was being weighed as a potential ending to the film.

April will see the release of “*Heaven is For Real*” (dir. Randall Wallace), which tells the true story of four-year-old Colton Burpo, who attested to having visited heaven after nearly dying during emergency surgery. The sequence I worked on for this film is truly breathtaking: Colton arrives in heaven and all of the angels are doing trick shots – We're talking triple



and the bowsight. In late June I plan to increase prices of all archery equipment by 40% at my store in response to a steep increase in demand.

July will see the wide release of Richard Linklater's *"Boyhood."* This is an incredible feat in moviemaking, filmed over fifteen years to capture the real-life aging of its principal cast. It will also be a landmark archery film. I oversaw two sequences: In the first, six-year-old Mason, feeling cocky after acing a spelling test, fires a single Easton OwlSprint arrow straight up into the air. In a later scene, filmed nine(!) years later, the same arrow falls from the sky and is caught by now-teenaged Mason. He winks at the camera before skateboarding to a party where, crucially, he will lose his virginity. This was a difficult production, not only because Easton stopped making OwlSprints at some point between the two shoots (necessitating an unpleasant last-minute prop scramble), but also because the nature of the project left me very depressed about the inexorable passage of time.

Another sequel I worked on, *"Step Up: Crossbow Dancing"* (dir. Trish Sie) should be released in August or September. This was an incredibly rewarding shoot, and I taught a lot of very talented kids how to incorporate crossbow play into their already phenomenal dancing. It wasn't always easy: After a particularly grueling production day when seemingly none of the arrows were going where they were supposed to, I remember gathering a discouraged cast and telling them that archery and street dancing had one simple thing in common: Ineffable Grace. From there, we proceeded from a place of mutual respect and, to paraphrase another classic of the dance/romance genre, "had the time of our lives!" (There was some talk of "Step Up: Crossbow Dancing" being pushed back and heavily reshot, likely due to the poor romantic chemistry between the two leads, Ryan Guzman and the dowdy, ludicrously bow-shy Briana

Evigan.)

In September, I plan to take my father off of life support, to honor his wish to die in a year where over twenty archery-related movies were made.

In November, Christopher Nolan's highly anticipated hard-sci-fi epic *"Interstellar"* hits the cineplexes, and features Matthew McConaughey as an intrepid astronaut looking for humanity's new home among distant stars. While explaining the mission to a woman scientist, McConaughey folds an entire bale of hay in half and then fires an Easton Stalker arrow (aluminum shaft) through it to demonstrate the way wormholes work. While the visual metaphor is extremely apt and convincing, I'm sorry to say that Mr. McConaughey was not a very cooperative student. He held the grip "fat" with his forefinger bulging up over the shelf, and favored a wobbly, undisciplined draw. It is my sincere hope that Mr. Nolan uses some creative editing to hide the sloppy bow work, and I've also encouraged him to rewrite the ending of the movie, which I don't understand.

As you can see, it's going to be one hell of a year. The odds are that at least one of the eight nominees for Best Picture will prominently feature archery. Can you imagine? That just blows my mind. I only wish my father would be able to see it. Wouldn't that be something if he came out of his coma, and saw how good the store was doing, and how many movies they're making about archery now? I wish the doctors would take that Easton Carbon Bloodsport arrow out of his head, or at least saw it off at the entry point so that nobody could tell what it is. He wouldn't want to be seen like this.

See you at the movies! Keep shooting arrows at the stars!

The Year in Travel

Vacation "Hot Spots" Lie Off the Beaten Path

by Beth Appel

Honk honk, it's me, Bus Pass Beth, the international traveling sensation with a Universal Bus Pass. As you know, when I travel the globe, I only do it by bus and I only visit spots that are off the beaten path, because I'm not a pathetic, mainstream dullard. Let me guess, your New Year's Resolution is to travel more and you're planning a trip to some place any idiot could go to, like Paris or London or Hawaii or your boring mom's beige bungalow. But here are some Bus Pass Beth-approved travel spots for 2014 that'll keep you from your usual monotonous lives... zzzz... I just fell asleep thinking about you and missed my bus stop!

1. West Africa—People love pretending that taking a trip to South Africa is interesting. It isn't. Leave South Africa to that big, white golfer Ernie Els, because this year, West Africa is where it's at. If you want to see everything West Africa has to offer, fly into Liberia and take—you guessed it—a bus to as many neighboring countries as possible.

Shop your way through the crowded outdoor markets in Sierra Leone, and don't shy away from sharing food with the locals in Guinea. If you're too blah to take a bus in and out of Liberia, you can always take multiple flights—you'll still be able to get up close and personal with an alarming number of fellow travelers. Insider tip: If a local asks you to come into contact with his bodily fluids, it's considered quite rude to decline.

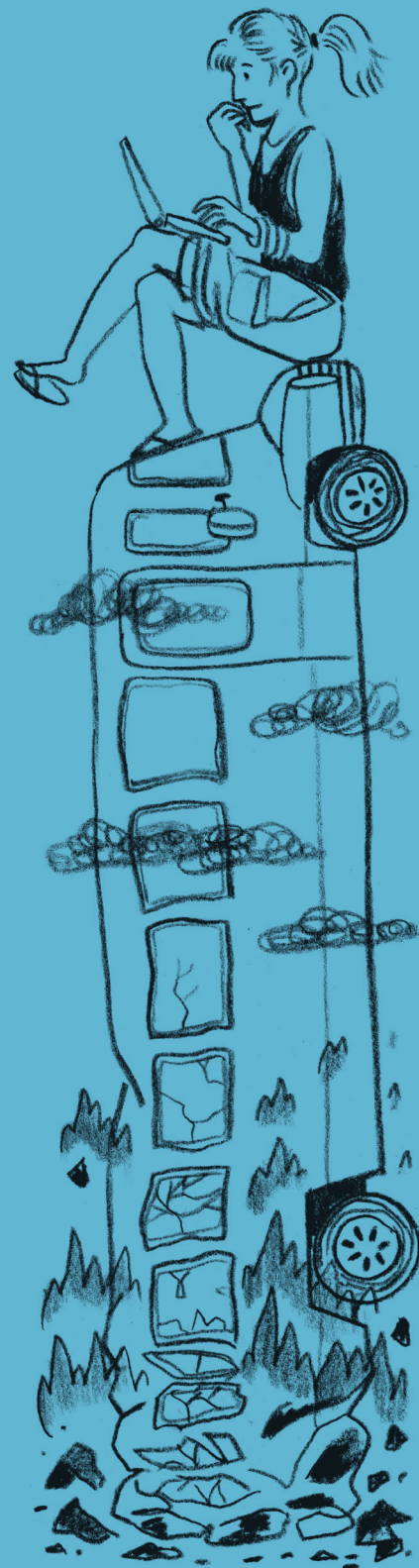
2. Missouri—Yeah, yeah, yeah, Missouri has the Gateway Arch, Mark Twain’s Boyhood Home, and an unbelievably bland capitol in Jefferson City, but I always say, “If you can see it on a postcard, why the fuck would you need to see it in person?” In 2014, why not explore some of the lesser-known areas of Missouri, like the quaint city of Ferguson in St. Louis County. It’s a quick bus ride from St. Louis proper and, with a population of just over 20,000 and a motto like “Proud Past. Promising Future,” you’ll be guaranteed a pleasant stay with absolutely no civil unrest.

3. Malaysia—Spanish for “Bad Asia,” Malaysia is an area that’s often overlooked by dull dolts like you. Anyone who’s ever been to Kuala Lumpur knows that the only time to visit is in July. And anyone who’s ever been to Kuala Lumpur in July knows that the only day to fly there is July 17th. And anyone who’s ever flown there on July 17th knows that the only city to depart from is Amsterdam. And anyone who’s not a moron knows that it’s bad luck to take a flight with a number that’s different from the date on which you’re flying (Flight 17 is what I’m getting at here). Malaysia!

4. Scotland—If you really want to feel like you’ve visited the United Kingdom, don’t go to London! London is for boring losers who want to travel underground or who think buses should have more than one level! There’s no better place to drink a pint and breathe in that UK air than Scotland. The motto is “In My Defens God Me Defend,” but it might as well be “Proud Part of the United Kingdom Forever and Ever and There Won’t Be Any Issues Going Forward With That.”

5. Sydney—It’s a long flight, but you only need a couple of days to see Sydney. Don’t bother trying to bus over to the Sydney Opera House (spoiler alert, it looks like a wave or something). Don’t you dare visit the Royal Botanic Gardens (buncha plants, big whoop). Instead, spend your time the way the locals do: A bus tour of every chocolate shop in town. And be sure to end your visit at the Lindt Chocolat Café. Their dark chocolate truffles will take your taste buds hostage, [which is an okay metaphor to used based on how rarely there are hostage situations in Australia]. Okay, dummy?

So, if you manage to get your stale, colorless life together, I hope your 2014 is full of bus-filled vacations. But more importantly, don’t go to London. That place suuuuuucks.



THE Year in SCIENCE

Take Action Against Climate Change, Without Letting Earth Get All Cocky About It

by Ryan Haney

Sea levels are rising. Ice caps are melting. Severe weather events are occurring with a greater frequency and a future where our governments are run by those who control the precious supplies of drinkable water looms on the horizon. Our carbon consumption has pushed this planet to the brink and now it’s pushing right back. 2014 will need to be the year that we, as the collective citizens of Earth, finally take the actions necessary to slow, and ultimately stop, the rapid heating of our planet if we want to still call it home. However, we should continue to do shit like blowing big holes in mountains so that we can drive cars through them, just so Mother Nature knows that even though she’s got us by the nuts right now, we’re still running the show around here.

Like most of you, I used to think that global warming

was a conspiracy theory invented by lazy third world countries to guilt big, powerful, developed nations into growing their food for them. But the ecological and environmental effects of rampant greenhouse gas emissions became too severe for even me to ignore when the legs on my buddy Sean’s pool table got all warped after his basement flooded last summer. Sean says his wife says they can’t afford a new one, which I think is a crock of shit and she really just doesn’t like us hanging out at their place because the week before I got a little drunk and it scared her kid. We still use the table, but there is a real bad tilt now and some of the guys use it on purpose to make a lot of cheap shots.

But for those doubters who choose to turn a blind eye to the mold-riddled ping-pong tables and the short-circuited pinball machines in dens and rec rooms from Staten Island to the Sudan, the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change report due out in March of this year should paint a clear, data-driven picture of just how close to we are to turning this place into a big, hot, spinning shit-tank. The human race will need to drastically alter the way that we interact with the earth if we don’t want our grandkids to live as cockroach farmers in some desert wasteland, where they’ll be taken from their mud huts in the middle of the night, brought to the crumbling remains of MetLife Stadium, and forced to fuck each other to death for the amusement of their cruel and twisted Water King, only to get swallowed up in a giant tsunami wave of toxic garbage moments before the Fuck Champion is crowned. We will also need to make some dumb little bug go extinct every once in a while, just so Gaia doesn’t go and get a big head about all of it.

We’ll play ball, Earth. We’ll do the whole solar-powered kale chip thing. But we’re doing it for us. And just so that’s clear, we are going to choke out a couple seagulls in plastic six-pack rings when we think of it. We’ll wean ourselves off of fossil fuels by devoting billions of dollars to developing and implementing alternative energies, but we’re gonna get the Army Corps of Engineers in here to reroute the Rio Grande so it flows in a cool shape, like a dick and balls or the Nike “swoosh.” We will think more carefully about how our presence affects the natural environments around us, but we’re also gonna try and

get a lion to have a threeway with a horse and a dolphin just to see what kind of baby happens.

To be clear, I don't want this little pissing contest to push mankind further down the path to self-destruction. I'm not advocating any kind of action that might threaten the sustainability of our planet's resources or throw her ecosystems out of balance. I just want to send the little fucker a message.

Earth hasn't beaten us. If we wanted to, we could keep this party going 'til we burn this motherfucker to the ground, but I really don't want to have to go through all the bullshit of a space Noah's Ark, you know? I'm sure we could build a giant space colony before shit got too real and blast ourselves over to some Earth look-a-like a hundred light years away, but I think I speak for all of us when I say that we kinda like it here. We just found out where all the cool shit is and how it all works and I don't necessarily want to start all over. Plus, there's that whole thing of who's on the space colony? Who's not on the space colony? Are we gonna try and breed a super species of man on the space colony?

Let's just stay put here on Earth so nobody's feelings get hurt, clean the place up a bit, and get our licks in where we can. Humans are still on top. And we'll use our advanced SONAR capabilities to "catfish" as many lonely, horny whales as it takes to prove it.



the year in MUSIC

Hot Bands To Watch

By Matthew Brian Cohen

SlowBad – mumble math rock from Pasadena. Complex in both meter and diction.

The Frees – bluegrass-inspired chiptune from the mind of former freelance digital design consultant Ken Brennan. His drum machine has over nine different piccolo snare sounds.

The Ugly Ones – if lo-fi black metal had its version of hit HBO drama "The Wire". Prog-rock-esque in their high concept live shows, where complex bureaucratic systems are exposed as inherently inept yet unfathomably enduring.

Buckles – the latest fuzz-gaze wunderkinds from Pasadena. No Age recently ran into them at a Del Taco in Santa Monica.

Belts – noise-rock with the technical virtuoso of Mozart, Bach, Handel, Schubert, Flaubert, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, Madame Bovary, Faulkner, Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Jung. Eric Carmen has called them "The Raspberries" in an attempt to make the other members of the Raspberries jealous.

Tophats – the latest punk trio to come out of the Lady Foot Locker in the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill triangle. The legendary woman's foot apparel store has produced some of the finest punk acts that also know where they keep the woman's size seven Nike Shox.

Against The Grain – godfathers of the Austin, Texas PETA-rock scene. Bassist Jason Trillo is an actual wild black bear.

Heaving – Pavement on steroids meets Built To Spill on steroids, these Pasadena-based body builders have been banned from competing in seven different Mr. Universe competitions.

Freeze Tag – surviving members of the 2013 mass suicide of the Polyphonic Spree formed Freeze Tag to scream racial epithets at this year's SXSW.

The Business – an exciting live show that blends the 60's Motor City punk sound of the MC5 with short-form improv games. Former guitarist Natalie Polpe received a callback at Second City Toronto.

Cranes and Crates – indie-fi husband and wife duet from Pasadena. Their first EP, "Oh, Great, a Cranes and Crates EP," was given an 8.245 by Pitchfork and was recorded on an American Airlines flight from La Guardia to Dallas Fort Worth.

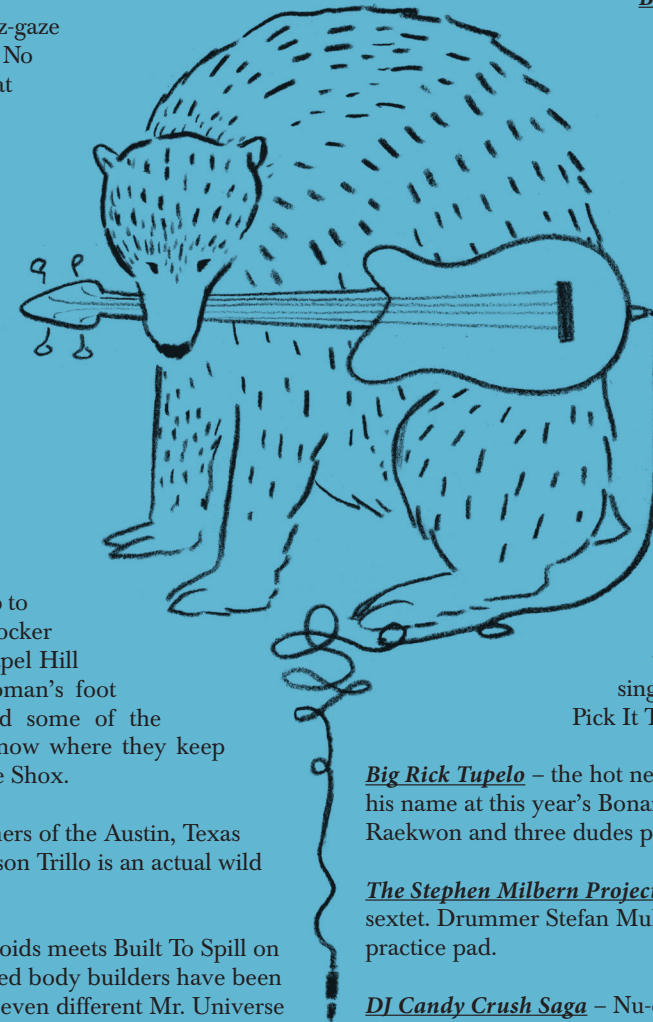
Bonnet – Nashville sludge rock turned bubblegum pop after lead singer Taryen Trompe realized she did not like any of the songs or people in the band or fans at the shows or recorded pieces of music or merchandise or states her bandmates lived in or her bandmates' relationships with their parents.

Birthday Suit – this Jacksonville Florida ska band was recently recognized as a nation-state by the UN. NATO troops did gang vocals on single "Pick It Up, Goddammit! Pick It The Fuck Up!"

Big Rick Tupelo – the hot new alt-country rapper made his name at this year's Bonaroo when he performed with Raekwon and three dudes playing the saw.

The Stephen Milbern Project – afro-cuban-jazz-fusion sextet. Drummer Stefan Mulborn plays exclusively on a practice pad.

DJ Candy Crush Saga – Nu-electronica that ties in with the Candy Crush Soda Saga iOS and Android game. Attending live shows and downloading albums unlocks new levels, characters, and additional in-app purchases for you to deeper explore the Candy Crush Saga story.



Women Still Won't Be Able to Hold a Candle to Us Big, Strong Men

by Alyssa Stonoha

A new year means personal changes – maybe parking more dope rides in your driveway or working on getting a raw body at The Fit Hut. But just because it's a new year does not mean us good old boys are giving up our power. We boys are so big and strong that there is no way in 2014 some girl would have the muscles to gain any sort of individual autonomy or achievements over us. No thank you. And if you come to the all-male gym The Fit Hut and commit to a full year of personal training by me, Derek, you will get 20% off your first session.

Everyone knows that when I'm not giving personal attention and care to help my clients harden their bodies, I love spending my free time learning about the great

and Me for Me. That's our motto at The Fit Hut, and that will be the world's motto. At The Fit Hut, we encourage men to project strength, confidence, and power over others so that we may truly find that within ourselves. That is only a taste of what we teach at our reduced-rate Hump Day Morning Sessions. Call today and ask for Derek to sign up.

Unfathomable for 2014 is feminism going to the mainstream popular culture. I do not even fully know what the word "feminism" means, and if not even I can understand it, there is no way anyone else will. If there are things that I do not experience or understand, then they are not valid. And like I always say, if they wouldn't blast it on a big screen at a live MTV event, it's not going to be popular or important. And there is just no way that will happen in the foreseeable future. Male power anthems are going to dominate, and they are going to be about how big, fit men are the best and we should never stop striving to maintain our strong, tight bodies. I love the classic definition of a band – 4 or 5 fit men slamming instruments and playfully tousling each other's

about a loud guy with a big bad body to laugh at who has a hot bitch of a wife. I love seeing members – we call them Cabana Boys – of The Fit Hut laughing away the pounds and laughing on the muscle while they run on the elliptical machines. That is my true pride and joy, and if you want me to be happy you'll come down and sign up for a free 10 minute Flash Trial Session with me.

Men are going to get all of the big awards, prizes, and money this year, like every year. Some things never change, and men are going to continue to lead the charge on original achievements and gambling in lotteries. But actually, it would be cute if a little girl like Malala Yousafzai won the Nobel Peace Prize this year because it would be amusing to see a sweet girl win a man's big award. Additionally, The Fit Hut offers packages for children's personal training sessions as well. Rates and packages vary, so stop by to check out our brochures. Ask for Derek. I can tell you about the brochures.

I am fucking psyched to continue to scream compliments at women about their bodies on the street. This coming

for my Cabana Boys, so please sign up for our mailing list of daily affirmations. Maybe it will inspire you to come down and get a VIP Hut Pass to come have us make you feel good about yourself and your body – any day, any time.

But what's cool for us men is that even if women start gaining on us in any capacity or make us feel bad, we have big guns to open-fire at schools and malls. Just knock down as many as you can, and men will be back on top. No matter what happens, men more so than women will always have the physical and mental strength to kill a room full of people, and we can just shoot at a bunch of women if we want to. There is nothing in 2014 that can stop us from being number one. And if you come to The Fit Hut for personal training sessions on every national holiday throughout the year, you will get a free Glock handgun, to hold and use when you are feeling least confident. Ask for Derek at The Fit Hut: He for He and Me for Me.

THE YEAR IN

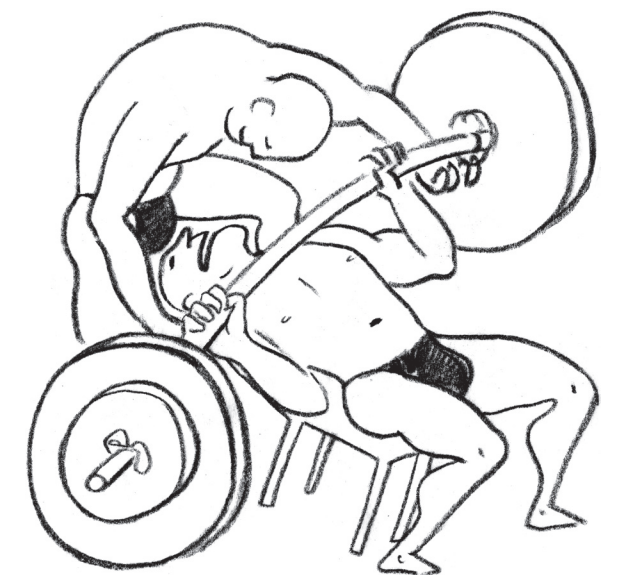
diplomats that maintain the solid foundation of the world order we have. I find the men who run this great nation to be incredibly pragmatic and never ones to present a conflict of interest to push their own political agendas at the inhibition of progress and humanitarian benefit. However, outside of this country, I worry that we are losing our tight global grip; but if we work hard, 2014 will not be the year in which the United Nations convenes to promote the male alliance towards women's rights. I see no possibility in the near future for men to suddenly align themselves towards any benefit other than other men. We have worked too hard for thousands of years to suddenly give up our brotherhood in support of all people. Men always have been and are still running the world and all facets of civilization, and what are we going to do, suddenly make ourselves allies to women, extending a hand of trust and support so that society can progress towards a more cooperative and equal future? Absolutely not, because men have been sailing this ship smoothly for so long with no problems or mistakes that there would be no point to try anything new. He for He

hair. Bands like One Direction and Maroon 5 are some of the classic examples of bands that are new and popular today, and let's keep it that way. Now, I don't look at broader cultural contexts of these bands, such as the audience they are serving and the people that are actually maintaining their success – I am content just as long as I look onstage and see a handful of men. Nice, strong boys that care about their physique and also have musical inclination? Now that's the jackpot for me, and it can be for you, too, if you come to The Fit Hut. Two years of commitment to personal training sessions by me, Derek, will get you a free case of fat cigars to smoke with your boys in our deluxe sauna.

And in other media entertainment outlets, don't think women are suddenly going to take over any time soon. In no way will 2014 bring on some sort of revolution of complex female anti-heroines, strong relationships between female characters, or women in powerful high-stakes jobs on television. The formula for funny has proven too laser-accurate to change: people love watching a show

feminism

year, women are finally going to understand just how grateful they should be that us boys are taking time out of our important busy business days to let them know how sick nasty their bodies are and how happy they should be about that. If a woman were to film herself walking on the street for ten hours, we would all realize that besides having built bodies, men are incredibly kind and sweet to women we don't even know! It takes such strength to go out on a limb and say something nice to stranger like, "God bless you, please sit on my face" or to tell her she is beautiful and grab her so that she will come with you to another location. We are putting ourselves at risk for the benefit of strange women, and in 2014, they are going to get on board. A cultural shift needs to change in order for women to love being screamed at about their bodies. I did it so often that women screaming mean things back at me started to get me down. That's why I decided to become a personal trainer at The Fit Hut – the men I met at this gym inspired me to feel confident because they told me everything I was doing was always right and that I truly have all of the power. I can only hope to do that



A Review of the Playstation 4 and My Own Wasted Potential

by Matthew Brian Cohen

The Playstation 4 has come out and I am chomping at the bit to find new ways to distract myself from my own wasted potential. But if you are already throwing hours upon hours of your most precious resource at the Playstation 3, is it worth upgrading?

My general impressions are that it feels more fun to fritter away the hours on the new PS4 than it did on the older PS3. The same amount of time passes, and I grow older and older without accomplishing anything in the same way as with the PS3, but the PS4 gives me a stronger illusion that my lack of ambition is someone's fault other than my own.

The PS4 has an additional processor, allowing it to render more polygons to cloud the path to true spiritual enlightenment. In game actions seem snappier, and it feels satisfying to consume someone else's art rather than attempt to produce my own. Games seem to load faster, too. I believe there was a hard drive upgrade.

The controller is mostly the same, and my life is still a pathetic combination of work, sleep, and videogames. The controller hasn't taken the next step up as the rest of the hardware, and I am left with the sickening realization that my ancestors, who would kill for my level of luxury, were less profoundly sad than I am. I hope for the next Playstation, Sony adds some more bullshit on the controllers, so I can form opinions about that instead of drowning in my own self-pity.

The PS4 has GDDR5 RAM versus the PS3's GDDR3 RAM. Like a lot of things in my life, I do not know what this means, but I trust that it makes it better, somehow.

Lying naked and alone in my bed, I stare at the white ceiling and wonder, what happened to GDD4 RAM? Why was it skipped over? Is my generation destined to become the human equivalent of GDD4 RAM? Pumping my "sleepytime" Spotify playlist through my Bose headphones, I cannot hear the sound of my own tears.

There is a new FIFA game that is super fun.

The microphone and webcam is much improved, allowing me to broadcast the death knell of the Republic to all my stupid friends, whom I've never communicated with beyond pithy jokes from the book that was made into a webseries that was made into a ten part movie. Just one more animated GIF and the buzzing resentment I feel toward humanity will subside. I have so many likes but I do not like myself.

The PSN online store makes buying games convenient. There is a 1 to 1 relationship in the number of PS4 games I buy and the erections I lose

halfway through. My penis has become useless, but to use it to foster progeny in such a forsaken world would be cruel.

The PS4 runs a lot quieter than the PS3. It allows me to hear the lack of my own original thoughts. I can watch YouTube and I can laugh just like everyone else. I can click like and subscribe. I can buy on credit and have everything I want and nothing I need delivered to my front door. I am a perfect consumer of content. My society produces art that is a commentary on a commentary. Our contribution to culture is perfectly assembled, digestible copies of reboots of sequels. We are all Talking about the Talking Dead.

Final thoughts: two thumbs up! When I die, I would like my tombstone to be shaped like a PS4.

GAMING

The Year in / in year

Religion

Get Ready for a Whole Buncha Popes

by Ryan Haney

In 2013, Pope Benedict XVI bucked a 600-year-old tradition of Popes working themselves to death when he announced his resignation from the papacy due to "a lack of strength of mind and body." The afterlife used to be the only escape from a daily grind of shepherding the world's 1.2 billion Catholics, but now that the option of "retirement" is back on the table, 2014 could see a lot more turnover in the Catholic Church's front office. (You can't tell us that Pope Francis hasn't already thought about hanging up the ol' pall and crozier so he can spend the rest of his days kicking his feet up and sipping on a cool yerba mate.) Heck, after hearing about Benedict's sweet post-papal accommodations, we wouldn't be surprised if the College of Cardinals had to start electing a new Holy Father once or twice a month. In an effort to help our Catholic readership anticipate where their marching orders will be coming from, we've worked with our trusted inside sources at the Vatican to compile a list of the candidates most likely to be wearing the white cassock in the coming year.

Polycarp Pengo – Cardinal Priest – Tanzania

Let's quit beating around the bush; Cardinal Pengo is hot, OK? We're sure College of Cardinals would like to think that a Papal Election isn't a beauty pageant, but let's not sit here and pretend like looks aren't going to be a factor. The boys took a vow of celibacy, they didn't go blind. Whether you're looking to nab the VP of Sales opening or become the Bishop of Rome, beautiful people have a distinct advantage over their plainer looking coworkers when it comes to promotions at work and the current class of Cardinals sure does have a lot of "faces for the confessional." If all of head-turning in the Basilica is any indication, Pengo will be going from "flawless" to "infallible" in no time.

Jean-Baptiste Pham Minh Man – Cardinal Priest – Vietnam

A lot of Cardinals owe Pham Minh Man for making their "problems" go away. No, not the kinds of "problems" you're thinking about, pervert. Stuff like cat sitting and rides to the airport. Well, word is he's looking to cash in on his kindness the next time there is a vacancy in the papacy. The other Cardinals have tried taking him out for pizza and everything, but Pham Minh Man insists they won't be "even" until they vote for him to be the leader of the Catholic Church. The Cardinals eventually had to tell him that it "doesn't work like that" and that if they had known that he was going to try and make himself Pope they wouldn't have asked for his help in the first place. Now he's being really huffy about the whole thing and making it weird when everyone hangs out, so they might blow some white smoke up his ass just to shut him up.

Jozef Tomko – Cardinal Priest – Slovakia

His conservative theologies may not be a hit with modern Catholics, but at 6' 8" tall Tomko is the Vatican's absolute best chance at finally having a Pope who can dunk.

Geraldo Majella Agnelo – Cardinal Priest – Brazil

Cardinal Agnelo will tell anyone that will listen that he talks to God... a lot. High ranking Catholic officials at the Vatican try to politely remind Agnelo that they, along other members of the clergy and millions of Christians around the world, also communicate with the Lord through thoughtful and dedicated prayer, but Cardinal Agnelo says it's not even like that. He says he doesn't even have to try to be quiet or still or anything. God will just kinda pop into his head whenever, tell him a bunch of juicy

stuff, and then make him promise not to tell anyone else. The other Cardinals are pretty sure that he's making it all up, but what if he's not, you know?

Loris Francesco Capovilla – Cardinal Priest – Italy

At ninety-nine, Capovilla is the oldest living Cardinal by far. While his window of opportunity to ascend to the papacy may have long passed, apparently it's not unusual for a Cardinal passing by the gardens to find Capovilla sitting alone on a bench, his chin in his hand.

"What's wrong?" the Cardinal asks the near-centenarian, settling down next to him. "Why the long face?" "Oh, nothing," Capovilla sighs, folding his frail hands in his lap. "I have no reason to be woeful. God has blessed me with a wonderful life. I just..."

"Just what?" prods the Cardinal. "No. It's stupid." Capovilla stares at his feet and tugs at his pectoral cross. "Forget I said anything."

"That won't work on me, Father," the Cardinal softly chuckles. "What's wrong?"

"I just..." Capovilla lifts his small, liver-marked head, his cloudy eyes now shining. "I always dreamed of being Pope."

The Cardinal is silent, searching for the right words to spare the old man's feelings.

"See!" Capovilla blurts as he feebly stands. "I told you it was stupid!"

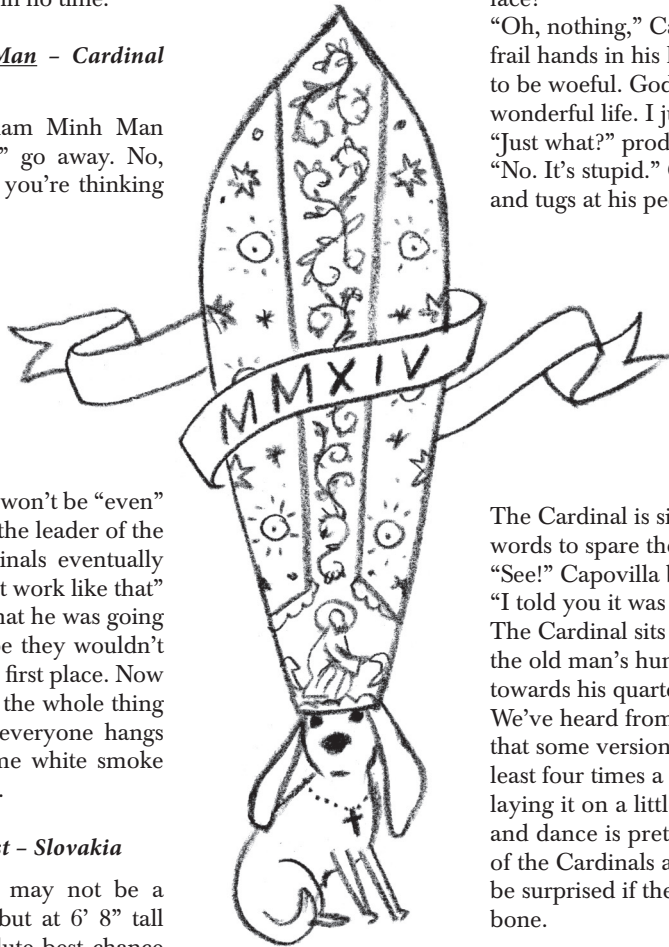
The Cardinal sits on the bench and watches the old man's hunched silhouette shuffle off towards his quarters in the last light of dusk. We've heard from multiple Vatican sources that some version of that scene plays out at least four times a week. Sure, Capovilla is laying it on a little thick and the whole song and dance is pretty pathetic, but a bunch of the Cardinals are real torn up by it. Don't be surprised if they throw the lil' old guy a bone.

Edward Egan – Cardinal Priest – Slovakia

A lot of Cardinals owe Egan for making their "problems" go away. Yes, the kinds of "problems" you are thinking about, pervert.

A Dog

A theological dubious publicity stunt, but ain't no rules says a dog can't be Pope.



the year in ART

A New Art Movement, by Maëlle Doliveux

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, ART MOVEMENTS HAVE SUCCEEDED ONE ANOTHER, REFLECTING THE IDEALS AND WORLDVIEWS OF THEIR TIME.

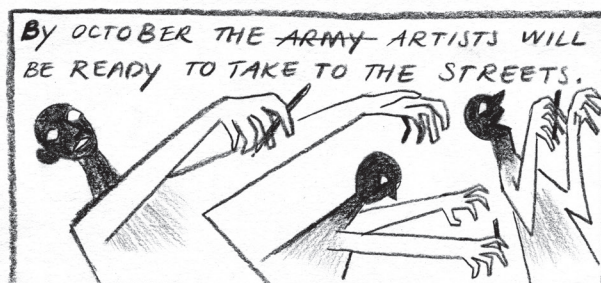
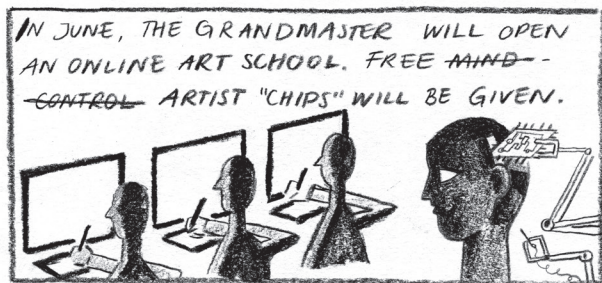
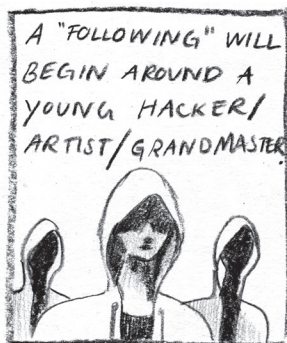
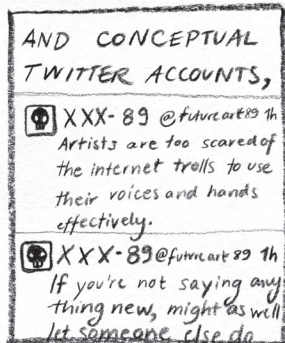


NO, REALLY.
... AND THEN,
AFTER
CONCEPTUAL ART,
NOTHING.



THE WORLD CRAVES AND NEEDS A NEW UNIFIED ART MOVEMENT. HOWEVER, THE CURRENT GENERATION IS SO STEEPED IN IRONY, AND SO SCARED TO EXPRESS OPINIONS UNAPOLOGETICALLY, THAT IT THEREFORE IS ALSO INCAPABLE OF IMPACTING CULTURE OUTSIDE ART INSIDERS.





AND THEN,
FINALLY,
AFTER eons OF "humanity" DESTROYING & ART
LOGICAL PARASITISM WILL RULE!



* INVEST WHILE PRICES ARE LOW AND YOU CAN AFFORD TO!

M'Doherty '15

This is the end of the magazine.
Really, we promise.
Don't believe us? Just turn the page and see.
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Didn't we tell you so?
×
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