

Suspicious connections seen between speaker and sports marketing

Theme Speaker Really a Cleveland Mesmerist?

Sharp-eyed observers in the morning nap workshop discovered strange goings-on and a link between their insomnia and odd behaviour on the part of the Theme Talk attendees. It seems the nappers have been having trouble sleeping in Rosse Hall in the mornings, and have been watching the theme speaker, the Voluble Moo Goo Gai Pan with more attention than usual.

At the same time, theme talk attendees have been seen with palms together, nodding their heads and being more silent than normal. It appears Mr. Pan is hypnotizing the theme talk audience!

A study of the telephone connections made from his room shows sever suspicious calls received from an office connected with Browns Stadium in Cleveland. Have you noticed our speaker wears orange and brown? He is trying to covertly convert Pittsburgh fans into Browns supporters! He speaks of Universal Peace, but we've seen no sign of him wearing black and gold, now, have we? Coincidence? I think not!

God offended and gets revenge Hymn Sing a Debacle

By GIM Narley, Music Critic

Last evening, I decided to check out the Jim Sing. I thought everyone was going to get together and sing all the crazy songs from the Jimnal, you know, the song book from that crazy guy who plays banjo at the pub. Imagine my disappointment to find out it was a "Hymn Sing", and we would be singing from something called a "Hymnal".

If you buy prune juice by the case, and were in either the Math Club or the Chess Club or something like that when you were in high school some 40-odd years ago, then this event might be for you. The evening was about as exciting and fast-paced as watching three-legged turtle races.

Hey, I thought we were supposed to be Unitarian Universalists, what business do we have singing hymns? Apparently, I was not the only one offended by this – later that evening there was a massive earthquake and mudslide in Romania, where whole villages disappeared. Coincidence? I think not!

PS – lucky turtle's feet will be on sale at the SI bookstore. Proceeds will benefit the SI scholarship fund.

"Train Wreck" Ruins a Popular Evening Activity

Orchestra "Folks Up" Nap Workshop

By GIM Narley, Music Critic

On Monday, I wandered into Rosse Hall to sleep off dinner at the evening Nap Workshop, which shares the space with Vespers.

Just as I was getting comfortable in the cushioned seat and the refreshing coolness of the room, I was jolted back into consciousness by a hideous dissonance. Glancing to the stage, I became aware of a ragged crew of what I at first assumed to be homeless souls dragged in from the streets, as

they were dressed primarily in dirty t-shirts, shorts and flip-flops.

This was also the source of the irritating noise. I later learned that this gathering was called the "Folk Orchestra", although they are not an orchestra, nor do they play what can be considered "folk", let alone music.

This "ensemble" appeared to be attempting to tune a variety of "musical" instruments, for what seemed like an eternity. I thought perhaps I had inadvertently stumbled into some kind of rehearsal, but this was in fact Vespers, and this was in fact a "performance", although I would not use so generous a term for it.

The only thing somewhat entertaining about the spectacle was the wild gyrations of the "director", although that was perhaps a bad reaction to whatever it was he was smoking from a huge pipe that was strapped to his neck.

I've heard train wrecks that sounded better than this. Only the most devoted of nap workshop enthusiasts would be able to catch 40 winks with that racket going on. I suggest you find a quieter spot for the workshop - perhaps next to the Kenyon power plant.

Could We be More Relevant?

Rantin' in Canton

We have it on good authority from The Mockingbird's foreign correspondent in Colorado that the OMD District Executive (not to be confused with the District Executioner) Rev. Joan has broken her old Mountain Desert District record for most obscure and dated references in a single week.

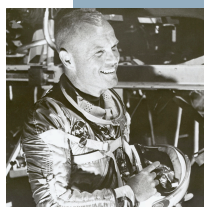
First, it was Australian football rules. Do they even have football in Australia? Who knew? Then it was TV personalities from the dark ages of the 1970's. (Did they have color TV yet way back then?) And then old hymns that are actually called "Old" in their title? Oh, give me a break. Why would a hymn want to advertise that it is old?

And now we hear that her latest so-called-Kaleidoscope offering is quoting some dead guy from the 60's named Dr. Sue or Dr. Sioux or something like that. You need a degree in history to understand her.

Would somebody get this woman a cable TV subscription or a couple of HBO DVD's? Please!

ON-THE-STREET INTERVIEWS

WHAT WILL NEXT YEAR'S THEME TALK BE?



GARY KOWALSKI
I'd sure like to come back again, you guys were a lot of fun, once a couple of misunderstandings got cleared up.

MS. SI FAIRY,

I think it's high time SI campers come to a greater appreciation of the extranatural of this place, like me, the SI Fairy, and the Tooth Fairy and all my friends.



THE SPANISH INQUISITION

Didn't expect the Spanish Inquisition, now did you?



We'd love to come interrogat.. er, introduce you to our ways in 2008 We have a new leader, too, you now.

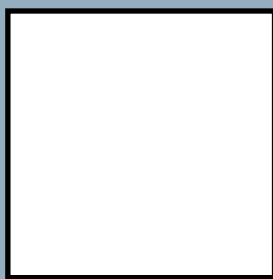
IS ONE REALLY THE LONELIEST NUMBER?

Onanists Affinity Group meets in the Internet lounge at 12:00 pn tonight.

OTHER EVENTS:

The meeting of those attending both Institutes, the Summer / Winter Institute Liberal Loudmouths (SWILL), will be held in Lower Gund this evening.

ZEN PICTURE SEARCH



What, at the moment, is missing from this picture?

BUDDHIST BUMPER STICKERS:

It's 11pm. Do you know where your attention is?

I brake for emptiness.

The journey of a thousand miles begins with a broken fan belt and a flat tire.



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Simple Zen



Oh, the Responsibility...

Newsletter Editor Down in the Dumps

Our fearless reporter checks in with the the editor of the Stethoscope, Mr. Puce Bent

Security concerns seem excessive

MB: Mr Bent, it's almost impossible to find you this year. I mean the Oscope offices are down these stairs, around the corner, through a labyrinth of corridors down in this bunker. What's the reason for the metal detectors?

PB: Please, call me Puce. It's been the death threats, of course. Once the question of congregation registration went from scandal to holy war, everyone from the South Hills became suspect. Thanks a lot.

MB: Are you suggesting that rival congregations may have even caused the power outage Monday morning?

PB: That's exactly what I'm saying. And the Kaleidoscope has nothing to do with the Registrariat! This has me so stressed, I'm beyond tearing my hair out.

MB: I was going to say. The blue scalp looks nice on you.

PB: This isn't paint! I'm telling you, it's very stressful being Editor of this newspaper this year. My blood pressure is up, my head's turned blue, it's terrible.

MB: You're saying putting out a little rag of a couple of pages and limited readership isn't easy?

PB: It's harder than you believe. With the technical issues of power, printers, and training prof feeders aside, we have the problems with PR and then there's those anonymous accounts in the Cayman Islands, er, oops.

MB: But I hear that your readership is down this year?

PB: No comment.

MB: What about your close connections with the chair of the SI Main Planning-Like Entity, Amy Olmsted?

PB: We have gone out together once in a while, but believe me, I can't tell her anything! We get no breaks from SIMPLE, that's for sure.

MB: Do you have any tips for our readers who might be aspiring big-city newspaper editors?

PB: No way am I going to help you guys figure out how to do this business. Get your own advice!

At this point, Mr. Bent rushed us out of his "office" and left us to find the service elevator ourselves...

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mockingbird,

I would like to thank the nursing staff for performing the successful appendectomy on me during Tuesday's lunch. After eating the curried lentils, I experienced a sharp pain in my side. Not knowing what it was, I availed myself of the SI nursing station outside Ernst Court. Even though they were distracted by the hit-and-run accident outside, two nurses stayed with me and pulled me

through. Using the only surgical instruments available (a butter knife, fork, spoon, plastic cup and food tray), the nursing staff removed my appendix. I was good to go and didn't even miss evening vespers. Thank you SI nurses! Sincerely,

A. Theist

634th Unitarian Church of Pittsburgh

Corrections

There is no truth to the rumors that those gathered under the infinity sign at lunch today were in any way practitioners of the infamous Moebius Flip technique of getting through the entire week of SI using a single pair of underwear. Yuck!

Personals

Single humanist male in search of attractive female interested in Spiritualism and/or Scientology. We'll take long walks in the park and bitterly dispute morals and religion the whole time.

Buddhist female seeking enlightenment, or at least someone who can make a good cup of coffee.

Did anyone find my mind floating around Rosse Hall this morning? I stopped paying attention to it for just a moment, and it just wandered off.

SBKJKEINTF ISO S/DWTUYSLK for EITM. No SMEIO or SEOTK. QWERTY a plus.

A Beer Meditation

Be aware. Be very aware.

Drinking in, be aware of the beer.

Breathing out, be aware of your breath.

Drinking in, be aware of the bubbles.

Belching out, experience happiness and release.

Drinking in, be aware of your mental activity.

Breathing out, be aware of your mental activity.

Drinking in, calm your mental activity.

Breathing out, free your mind.

Drinking in, observe everything is impermanent.

(Pour yourself another beer)

Drinking in, observe mental objects fading away.

Passing out, contemplate releasing delusions.

Passing out, contemplate freedom from suffering.

"There must be more to life than having everything." -- Maurice Sendak

"I made some studies, and reality is the leading cause of stress among those in touch with it." -- Jane Wagner.

"You must neither strive for truth nor seek to lose your illusions." -- The Shodok



Everybody reads the Mockingbird

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