

skizzleplex - a thing for stuff!

Now only \$7.99!

Welcome to what you might mistakenly think is the second issue of the Skizzleplex 'zine. I say 'mistakenly' because it's actually the first issue of the Skizzleplex *newsletter*. The Skizzleplex newsletter is exactly like the Skizzleplex 'zine in every single way, except it has a name that's less evocative of emo kids handing people their shitty poetry outside of a Bauhaus show or whatever. So enjoy it in the knowledge that you don't have to worry about being associated with people like that. Also, due to cutbacks, we will no longer be publishing the French edition. Sorry, mon a mies. - Love, the editor. PS, this month's theme is "soccer".



"Multi-culturalism - it's here to stay!" - The Ad Council

FACT: Did you know that in Africa, there are some ladies who insert plates into their lips? Stranger still, they actually do that to attract a mate! It's true! Like in their tribe, that drives the guys nuts. It's like here if a chick has huge boobs or a lot of pubic hair. The thing that I thought was weird is that if they ever moved to a regular place, they'd look pretty silly and I bet it would actually be *harder* for them to get a date, because it looks so strange and weird. Ironic, no?



"Now in color - just like the 60's!!!"

Pool Tips - Stay "cool" in the "pool"!

Swimming is fun but sometimes horseplay will get you banned. Only in America, right? Anyway, the best way to avoid a horseplay-related ban is to create an alter ego. Mine is named "Roy Filipkowski". Every time I want to go swimming, I call my makeup artist friend and get totally transformed into someone else. Then I put on a fake moustache and a wig and go swimming! Make sure to stay in character! I practice this by having my girlfriend yell, "Eric! Eric! Help me, I'm getting raped!" from the other room while I'm in my Roy get-up. It's really hard to not react, but you have to pretend like it's not even your name. So anyway, once I got pretty good at ignoring my girlfriend's cries for help, I started swimming in the pool as "Roy". That way, if I get banned for horseplay, it will be Roy who got banned, not me and then I can keep swimming, but as Eric. The irony of this whole deal is that when I'm made up as Roy, I can't get my head wet, so the chance for horseplay is minimized.



"Hee haw! Hee haw!"

STORY CORNER!!!

"I hope people feel goodness from my show and accept me for who I am, flaws and all." – Glenn Beck

Glenn Beck is one of America's leading radio and television personalities. His quick wit, candid opinions and engaging personality have made The Glenn Beck Program the third highest rated radio program in America and Glenn Beck, one of the most successful new shows on the Fox News Channel. His unique blend of modern-day storytelling and insightful views on current events allowed him to achieve the extraordinary feat of having #1 New York Times bestsellers in both fiction and non-fiction. Beck is also the star of a live stage show, the publisher of Fusion magazine and the editor of GlennBeck.com.



"I know Rod Stewart"

In honor of this month's theme of "travel", here's a story about why travel insurance is always a good idea, even if you're not going abroad.

A surgeon comes out into the waiting room in his bloody scrubs. A terrified and anxious wife runs over to him.

"Doctor, is my husband ok???" she asks, frantically.

"Calm down, calm down! His condition is stable," he reassures her.

"Oh thank god!" she says, clutching her chest.

"But, I do have some bad news. Your husband will never be able to have kids again."

The wife, in her 60's and clearly past her more fruitful years, is confused. "But doctor, my husband was having heart surgery. How could that possibly prevent him from having kids???"

"Because he's dead," said the doctor, who was from Canada or something.



\$mart ¢ents!

"How to make money" - Bring your girlfriend home. Tell your parents that she's pregnant. Have her gain some weight to really 'sell' it. Ask your parents for money 'for the baby's education'. Take money. Tell your parents that your girlfriend had a miscarriage. Never talk to your parents again. Keep the money. Also, don't show parents your newsletter wherein you detail said plan.

Confessions!

This is a plastic duck candy dispenser I received from a casual business acquaintance on march 5, 1994. As you can see, both legs were broken in shipping it to me. When I opened the package, I was struck by the sad nature of the legless duck, so I set about trying to remedy it. At first, I tried super glue, but evidently he's simply too top-heavy for that sort of thing. Epoxies and cements were also unable to provide an effective solution. I felt that splints or duct tape were too undignified for such a creature. I even contacted a plastics company to see about injection-molding it back on to the base with new, custom-built legs, but the cost was several thousand dollars and I felt that to be prohibitive. I also tried to purchase a new one and have the 'spirit' of the original transferred to the new one with the functioning legs, but the psychic I consulted found this 'trivialized' her practice. In the end, the duck and his legs were relegated to my treasures box (11-c) where I revisit the 'duck dilemma' from time to time.



“This is a lot of work!” - Eric F.



Dear “The family who hosted me while I volunteered at the Special Olympics,”

Thank you so much for letting me stay in your house. I especially liked the bed you forced me to sleep on. It was so comfortable! In case you can't tell, I am being sarcastic. Was that even a mattress? Because it felt more like a bag you filled up with rocks and dead pelican beaks you found at the beach. Maybe you are trying to be eco-friendly or something. In which case, congratulations, though I wonder what happened to those pelicans to make them dead. I'm sure being politically-correct is more important to you than people getting a good night's sleep before a hard day of working out in the sun for free.

- Anonymous

This month's theme is 'drug abuse' and the lessons here are obvious. When you're constantly doing nice things for your friends and you ask them for a tiny, little favor in return, like getting a ride to the airport, you can become disenchanted when they suddenly aren't returning your phone calls. Don't fly off the handle and say angry words that you will later come to regret. Just wait for those jobless losers to come crawling back on their hands and knees, begging you for a ride to the airport because they're too poor or cheap (or both!) to call Super Shuttle like you had to do with 6 other people who have dicks for friends or are from out-of-town. Eventually, they will, because everybody has to get to the airport sometimes, right? When they do, here are some excuses you can tell them why you can't do it:

“Oh bro, I can't, I've got an audition. You should call Super Shuttle.”

“Oh bro, I can't, I totally would, but my car is all fucked up now. I'm thinking about taking it in to get it checked out. I might actually do that tomorrow, hehe. Did you try Super Shuttle? It only takes forever and is totally not convenient at all unlike just driving to the fucking airport which takes like 20 minutes instead of the hour it takes idiot Super Shuttle.”

“Oh bro, I can't, I'm waiting for the painters and my name is “Freg Branstett.” What about Super Shuttle? It's only 25 bucks because I'm a liar and it's actually closer to forty with a tip unless you're me because I probably only leave a dollar because I'm a dick.”

An actual thing from Craigslist!

Live in my storage space! (WeHo)

Here's the deal:

I live in a VERY hot area of West Hollywood. The cheapest studios are in the low \$1000's. You want to live here, but you don't have the cash. I have the solution!

I have a *huge* storage area in the basement of my building. It literally runs the entire length of the structure. Nobody EVER goes down there! I would be surprised if a single person is in there more than once a week and that's usually in the front part, where the boilers and stuff are.

I have discovered a secret door in the very back of the building that goes right to the deepest, darkest part of the storage area. For \$150/month, I will give you the key to the door and let you live back there.

I'm not going to lie, it's hardly the lap of luxury, but you could put a cot and a fan down there and be RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE ACTION! If you've ever thought to yourself, "You know, I don't want something fancy, I just want a great location" then this is the place for you.

For an additional fee, I will even let you send your mail to my box!

Obviously, this is probably technically not "legal" in the strictest sense of the word, so if you get caught, I don't know you, but I will fully refund your rent for that month. I don't think it will, seriously, nobody goes down there.

If you're low-maintenance and serious about this, I'll email you some more details. Sorry I can't send out the address or anything at this point (trust me, it's a great neighborhood), but I think my apartment manager trolls craigslist every once in a while. I hope you understand.



Party time!



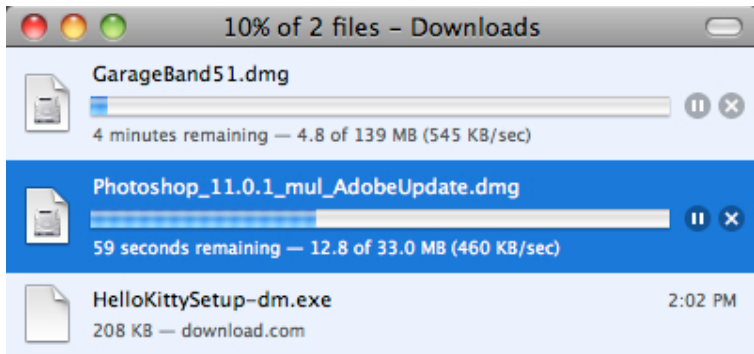
Excellent!



(clip along dotted line to insert your own image!)

Confessions! Part 2 - Maybe I was unclear or I came off as joking or something, but I feel like I didn't really get across how much this affected me. There are nights when I would think about that poor, legless duck, sitting in the bottom of the drawer I kept it in and I swore I could actually hear it crying, scared and alone. Feeling abandoned, unwanted and unloved. It actually makes me angry at the makers of it for giving it such fragile legs. How cruel is that? OK, I'm done.

dOwNlOad z0n3!!!



“Now that’s a spicy meatball!” - C. Boyardee

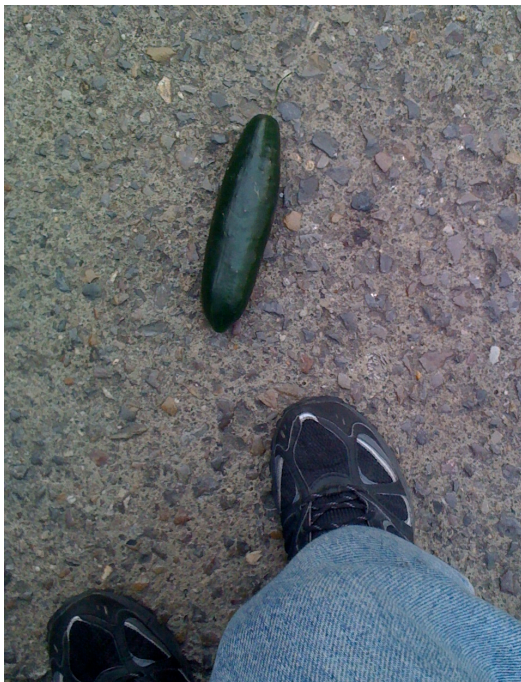
Reader Poll: Are there too many quotes in this issue?

- a.) Yes, it’s a cheap ploy to get laughs.
- 2.) It gets old quickly and it’s lazy.
- d.) You stole this numbering gag from the movie, “Home Alone”.



Don't pirate.

Send in your answers to “Reader Poll”
c/o Eric Filipkowski
12438 Moorpark St. #202
Studio City, CA 91604



A minute with John Marshall, non-New Yorker New Yorker

Celebrity sightings are a dime a dozen in New York, but cucumber sightings are rare and almost never appear on Perez Hilton.com. This elongated, green fella was found at Lexington and 87th, where it caused two oblivious old geezers to trip. Although it is an ordinary veggie or “fixin’”, it has higher poll numbers than Governor David Paterson.

“True dat!” - The Rappin’ Granny



Dear Lindsay’s editor,
Please do my reel. I need to be able to show people that I am a good actor with range and versatility. Just kidding. I need a reel so that people can see I have been in stuff. I don’t want to pay a bunch of money to some guy who’s probably gonna fuck it up like you would do for free anyway. So really, you holding out is a non-issue at this point. But seriously, all joke’s aside, maybe we could work out a deal. Lindsay mentioned me writing something for some stuff you are doing on the side but I don’t want to mention it here because this is a newsletter and you probably don’t want everyone who reads it knowing the intimate details of your professional life. Come to think of it, this is a terrible medium for what is ultimately a personal conversation. I should just email you or something.

Thanks,
Eric

the end!

Copyright 2009 Eric Filipkowski
www.hollywoodphony.com

