

Reflections on the LPG/Sasquatch PDF Compilation

An in-depth history of these exemplary publications can be found on the following page, from an aborted attempt, circa 1999, to attempt this same feat without the wonders of 21st century technology. That was undertaken to fulfill a promise to an avid reader, but it's far less certain that anyone today will be interested in revisiting these fragile times. Unlike the self-important summary given to preface the unfinished edition (the costs of reprinting everything were daunting!), this seeks only to jog memories. As a tenth high school reunion approaches, it is hoped that these pages may serve as a supplement to more traditional mementos such as yearbooks, photos, and emotional scars which have yet to heal.

At its best, the *CHS Sasquatch* aspired to combine countercultural elements of *The Onion* and *Adbusters* with more "serious" reviews of popular media. At its most pedestrian, which is even more evident in the pages of its predecessor (8th grade's Lake Poopó Gazette), it was an outlet for scatological Dadaism and personal attacks. In addition to irregular self-published newsmagazines from a Macintosh with a 150MB hard drive and dot matrix printer (with a notoriously dry ink ribbon), The CHS Sasquatch participated in two CHS talent shows. The pirate skit and song "Lost at Sea" garnered a third-place prize of \$50, and a triumphant stage show of "Back in the Day" starring Aaron Lee and Jacob Sullivan took home a grand prize of \$150, which was promptly invested in white T-shirts which proudly announced the collective's emergence from the underground. Yet this heyday, like so many, was not to last. The founding editor, as summarized brutally in R. Murray's revival in the 1999-2000 school year, found himself too mired in college applications, sports, and other distractions to publish consistently, and it seemed volume 3's single issue might spell the end. Just how tenuous was its position as both the "official" CHS newsmagazine and the "key to the Cambridge underground" became clear when, soon after a well-designed revival (though notably missing contributions from Lee brothers) by one Ryan alias "RJ" Murray, school administrators issued an official ban on its further publication. As with any underground organization, recognition is both a blessing and a curse.

So, without further pretense than the next introduction from ten years ago, here are the collected issues of the Lake Poopó Gazette and CHS Sasquatch in all their inimitable innocence. Special note for contemporary readers should be made of which features remain resonant, which have ceased to be, and which make reference to pop culture points so ephemeral that one wonders today not only what they are about but also why they were ever written. Personally, I find that at very least, the Francis cartoons haven't aged a day, and "Where's Jabba?" still cracks me up just thinking about it. Good luck parsing them out for yourself. And as always, belonging to something only matters if people know about it, so pass this on to past contributors and anyone else who wants to remember!

Julian Lee, founder and editor, now Master of International Affairs, Spring 2009

TOTAL PUBLICATION RUNS: 1994-5 (As LPG): 10 issues, 1996-7: 11 issues, 1997-8: 5 issues, 1998-9: 1 issue, 1999-2000 (Under R. Murray): Unknown number of issues.

ISSUES KNOWN TO BE MISSING (Cash reward now available for their return, if anyone's gone through their old stuff lately): LPG 1-2, 4, 10. Sasquatch 1-2

Have You Seen a Sasquatch? Three Years of Sightings at Cambridge High School
Formalities and Introductions: History/A message from the editor

As has been customary throughout publication, no staff notes or history was ever read by the masses. It would go against the grain for such to occur here: this is only a reference guide for the layman and when a CHS satirical newsmagazine becomes solely stuff of legend, used by the editor to bring out the issues within the issues and to feel important. Feel free to pass over this manifesto.

History of The Sasquatch must begin with the Old Building Times, an elementary newspaper run by Jacob Wicke in the 190? building. It showed me that such things were possible, that great fame could come from silly fliers whether or not anyone read them and made me kinda jealous and power-hungry. It, of course, died out before too long, and the idea didn't resurface seriously until late in middle school.

I must also acknowledge that the Sasquatch owes much to The Onion, which I read for the first time at about that time. Had we simply been another cut and dry newspaper, as the middle school tried for two issues while The Sasquatch was in its infancy, we surely would have met the same swift death by indifference. I have been told that we're just aping The Onion, but our satirical roots date back long before they really went mainstream or to color. Though obviously of a lower caliber of professionalism, I think we've held our own with originality (for the most part... I've had to turn away articles too similar to past Onions).

The Lake Poopó Gazette was formed in eighth grade to vent the childish ambition spewing from every orifice. Named after the other kooky Bolivian lake, it became a treatise on whatever subject was en vogue, usually having something to do with bodily functions, cafeteria food, or just making fun of teachers. A joint venture between Wicke's Spanish Cow International Enterprises and my Waste-O-Paper Inc., it forged a groove that would surprisingly carry on for ten issues of about ten puerile pages per. Though Wicke split after the first in a dispute with the then-archrival Utica Times (the rapid-fire satire of Mat Hughson), the sparsely read periodical was a moderate success. All but the first and last of these issues are lost, and what appears in this compilation is sorely incomplete at best.

It was in my best interest, I believed, to sit out and get a feel for the environment before throwing my hat into the CHS publication pool. Actually, I was just a scared freshman, and urban legend would have me the recipient of a swirly for an ill-targeted article. Besides, what better year could there be than the second, for our sophomoreic brand of facetiae? This time, scant-recruitment lured loyal LPG reader/contributors together to launch the high school equivalent. Brad Danto and Jon Myers joined me as the founding fathers of the yet-untitled underground--yet somehow official--newsmagazine.

The Sasquatch was born into a hostile world that would not read it. As we tested the waters for the first two (now lost) issues, the saving grace may have been the old magazine cut-out technique. A special and crude advertisement for the "Rectal Fish", a fish that grew in from a seed inserted into the cavity, is all that is in my recollection of that earlytime. As the contributions grew and we found the bounds of approval, we were united and actually had something to talk about. Despite our best efforts and eleven issues, the single copy problem kept us from gaining much ground. By the second year, though, we were circulating multiple copies, and the mild upstart reached the masses with a glorious lukewarm reception. Internal inevitably got the better of us (and I suddenly had no time) this year, and volume three was a troubled, albeit solid, single-issue finale. I decline to go into the gory details, as I surely could, mostly due to spacial constrictions but also because I am afraid I may even bore myself.

After a fair amount of experimentation and frustration, I learned that the best and/or only way for people to read things is to write things about the readers themselves (and about as many of them as possible). The apparent success of the Seniors Look Ahead features is thusly attributed.

To put things in perspective, while some of these are advertised as "Five-Minute Productions™", I conservatively estimate a publication time of one hour per page for the material I penned, with more involved stuff gobbling up to half a day (in the case of S.I.A.). All of these totaled in here adds up to a disturbing amount of frittered time better spent frolicking. My advice to anyone considering starting something similar or continuing The Sasquatch (feel free! I hereby relinquish all rights, public and private): don't expect to gain notoriety unless you pump the better part of your school days into it. Basically, one must be a nerdy geek (do these things go hand in hand?) with no social life to speak of.

Is it worth it? If nothing else, I can claim to have left a mark and tangible mementos that could last a lifetime. From that stance, remembering the tomfoolery of years past is better than not being able to recall the hijinx on the morning after (after a weekend of more traditional pomp). On the other hand, there's always time to read on the can; a person has only so long to be invincible and stupid.

ACT OVERVIEW: Sasquatch Presents: Lost at Sea

Act One (Subject to time restraints, highly negotiable): INTRO

PARTS: 8 pirates (4 per boat); 1 at curtains; Cleanup Crew

MATERIALS (HELP ME FIND): Kaleidoscope; Swords; Pirate Stuff

Curtain Opens. Aaron walks quickly on in little "boat" to center of stage and plays "Mary Had a Little Lamb" on bass long enough for the audience to think that this is the act. He is interrupted (pending volume limitations) by the "Russian Sailors' Dance". A much larger "boat" enters stage left (SL). This is a "pirate ship" with at least four pirates. *Moving to the music*, the first pirate pulls out a telescope (toilet paper tube). The next pulls out a larger telescope (paper towel tube). The third pulls out a gigantic tube, which the others say isn't necessary. The fourth (likely to be Nathan) pulls out a kaleidoscope and stares into it amusedly like a little kid. The third pirate smacks him up. The pirate with the towel tube spots Aaron and points toward him. Aaron, knowing they are upon him, paddles away using his bass as a paddle. The pirates catch him and "turn him into a pirate". **THIS IS ALL TO BE DONE TO THE MUSIC!** If time permits, a second pirate ship will enter stage right (SR) and do a bit of swashbuckling with the other pirates. If not, the music will stop after Aaron shows the crowd that he is a pirate, and other pirates will file in by themselves. *All pirates will have assembled into a crew at SR before Act Two commences and Julian enters, SL with accordion.* If you have any suggestions for choreography, please tell Julian. If no way is found to make the music loud enough, we are screwed. This entire act should take less than two minutes, but if time or ineptitude becomes a factor, this whole act may be scrapped.

Act Two (Main Part): Pirates perform "Lost at Sea"

PARTS: Spanish Pirate; First Mate; Pirate Crew; Curtain; Clean-Up

MATERIALS: Same as act one, but think of more.

Pirates congregated at SR will make pirate-like grunting noises as Julian enters but will not say "Arrr" unless prompted! Once on stage there may be a gag involving the removal of a hook and fake hand, which will require assistance. Julian will give his spiel (see script) as accordion is readied. Be prepared to say "Arrr" whenever addressed by him, as he may improvise. No one will say "Arrr" after the Spanish pirate has said "rr". I have a great hope that we will be able to practice the "musical" and "singing" parts so that it can be terrible enough without becoming total chaos. Those who can sing should, but those who cannot also should. For a challenge, when the music begins, it would be nice if the pirates could sway with the music. Messing this up would hopefully be funny. Also, so no one has to hurt themselves memorizing the lines, a script will be provided (which will somehow be labeled "treasure map"). All pirates will be supplied with barf bags for use at the appropriate time. The end is still being negotiated. One option is to have everyone live out their dream to die on stage by having everyone "kill" each other. This entire act should take less than five minutes, making the total less than seven minutes.

Lost At Sea

Capt. McGillicutty

All of Pirate Crew (Mateys)

Arr. I be Captain McGillicutty, and these here be me mateys. I think we've seen enough good acts, don't you Mateys?

Arr.

Well, I thinks it's about time to make good taste and grammar walk the plank and send them deep into the briny blue. Who'll be with me?

Arr.

Then, landlovers step aside, 'cause we've got a swarthy story to tell.

All: Arr.

(*Accordian begins*) And why "arr" and not "q" or "s" or something? Well, 'cause "arr" just sounds a whole lot better-- ain't that right, me mateys?!

Arr.

(*singing*) Oh we've been lost at sea...

Since 1670.

We've got nothing to eat...

But tons of salted meat.

(*speaking*) And we mean that literally, don't we, mateys?

All: Arr.

We've plundered every boat that's gone by...

Because that's what pirates doooo.

We chop up every one that dies...

And put them in my stew.

What?!!

(*accordian stops*) Sorry mateys, it wasn't chicken.

(*Use barb bags now. This is funny because I say it is.*)

Arr. (*accordian restarts*)

We're scurvy dogs, some people say...

But if that's what pirates beee

It's 'cause we don't get our USRDA...

Of vitamin number C.

(*speaking*) I hate to tell you, mateys, but "C" is not a number.

Oh. (*shrug shoulders or convey "whatever!"*)

(*Capt. McGillicutty may let loose and get down for a moment here. If so, crew members should try to "dance".*)

Half of us have lost an eye...

Or are peglegged at the knee.

Our navigator walked the plank...

All: And now we're lost at sea!

(*dramatic accordian ending*) Arr.

(*music done, no more singing*) And be thee forewarned: If by some miracle we don't win, we plan to steal the prize anyway.

All: Arr!!

(*A fight breaks out. Those with swords kill each other. Die dramatically if you like. Someone must kill the captain, but do not kill Mathen. He will end by staring fondly in to the kaleidoscope.*)

1999's CHS Sasquatch Talent Show Apocalypse

"Category": Musical Skit

Title: "Back in the Day" (not a rap)

Premise: Two senior citizens reflect upon days gone by (accompanied by stage show).

Parts: 2 Fogeys (they do all the talkin') Floyd, Burgess- Originally Aaron and Julian, but Julian needs a replacement. (Jacob Sullivan) ***To remedy identity crises, Jacob Sullivan may switch to Burgess and Aaron to Floyd

Stage Show Parts... Young Floyd (tall)- Nathan

Young Burgess- Corey Mrs. Crickenaw- Laurel Cutocher

Suggestions welcome.

Leader of the Baker Boys- Colin Baker Other Baker Boys- 3-5 needed (Fernando, PJ, freshmen) Max, the Baker Boys' dog- Scott Pooch (you will get to lead him with a leash on all furs!)

Floyd's Mom- Megan Salov? Love interest named Eunice- Alyssa

Baker Townfolk (minor, you may be other characters)- 5

needed (all female cast members, nonburlesque freshmen, nonBaker Boys)

Burlesque Dancers (guys wearing dresses)- 5 needed

(Chris C., other freshmen) Burlesque house drunks- max. 3 (likely

Baker Boys)

Stage hands, Music supervisor, Curtain Technician also needed. Julian and Aaron are directing.

Props (help us find these): Broom or Scythe, Begonias (fake Flowers), Lots of cardboard, dresses, jingle bells, dog collar & leash & fur, Clear Juice pitcher, Old 1920's-80's style clothes (i.e. bow ties, sailor suits, dress shoes, dark-brimmed glasses,), old people clothes (i.e. plaid, old people glasses, belt, suspenders), black tagboard for censorship, blades of grass (for mouths), wigs?, hoodlum clothes, whiskey bottle/flask, big stinky onion, swimmin' hole sign, burlap bags

Concept/Overview/Plot: In the beginning, crotchety Floyd and Burgess enter and do cool kid routine. They sit and reminisce for a second, then Floyd asks, "Do you remember back in the day?" (cue music). Almost all action is on stage from now on. Young Floyd and Burgess introduce themselves on stage as their fogey counterparts speak (they have their own lines, the *only* lines, and will dictate the action throughout). Burgess will insert a blade of grass into his mouth to introduce himself, and Floyd will flash the onion on his belt when cued.

Key: you will have to be straightforward, exaggerated, and *fast*. We will have tried to slow the music so you can keep up, but you will still have to book it!

Scene opens with Floyd and Burgess return from swimming hole. When cued, Mrs. Crickenaw will emerge and chase them around the stage (with broom, scythe, or other household item), flushing F&B off. She will leave, and the Baker Boys will emerge (doing West Side Jets snapping routine), exaggeratingly trampling begonias on cue. On cue, Max the dog will emerge and terrorize bystanders. This will continue until F&B reemerge, intoxicate Max with "whiskey", then "tie" him to a "train". He will be dragged off. Baker Boys avenge F&B, ganging up on them and pouring mystery substance all over them.

Cut to "lemonade stand". Floyd chugs pitcher, customer arrives, Burgess distracts customer until Floyd returns with "urine"-filled pitcher. Customer drinks and is revealed to be Floyd's mom. She scolds him, grabs both by ears and drags them off stage. (Old F&B improvise to buy time for change into Fair and Burlesque scene)

County Fair Scene follows. Onlookers are admiring livestock (Max the dog) when suddenly Floyd bursts into the "ring" stark naked. He will jump around scaring onlookers, then leave and redress. *First he will court Eunice, who is revealed to be a Baker; The Baker Boys will escort him off stage where he will scramble to redress in time. (Admittedly, he will not be completely naked) Again old F&B will buy time, this time complaining of old age problems.

Burlesque guys will have put on dresses and will be prominently on stage. Looking through a "hole" in the "wall" (those blue things on the stage), Floyd and Burgess will be fighting over who gets to look. This will go on with drunks getting riled by the performance and then all but F&B leaving. Mrs. Crickenaw will go on stage when old F&B cue it. Young F&B will look back through the hole and be thoroughly disgusted. Thus ends the stage show; all players return at the end for a curtain call.

*Practice Plans: Keep informed for rehearsal and cast updates. **The rehearsal is tentatively scheduled for the final Monday of Spring Break at 1:00 at the Danto residence. Floyd and Burgess *MUST* find each other this week to practice and memorize. Tell directors of your plans!!!**

Floyd and Burgess's Script

(Stage show acts out what *they* say.)

.. (Floyd and Burgess have entered and done their salutary dance, secret handshake, etc.)

Floyd says...

Hey, Burgess, long time no see!

Burgess says...

Floyd, you ain't seen squat since those cotton-pickin' aliens gotcha at Roswell.
How're yer cataracts?

Been better. How's the back?

Old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be

(They sit, they sigh and grunt. Music is cued)

Hey. You remember back in the day?

As a matter of fact, I do.

When we would run out into the field to toss cow chips...

Always a blade of grass in my mouth...

Yup. I had an onion tied to my belt...

Which was the style at the time. Yeah, every day we'd run down
to the swimmin' hole, cuttin' cross everybody's yards...

'Cept fer old Mrs. Crickenaw. She was *one* prickly pear!

If we got two rods shy of her flowers, she'd be chasin' us outta her yard with
a broom!

Yeah, the broom was brown and splintered! But it was never us who
trampled her begonias!

No Sir!

Nope!

It was those darn Baker Boys... and their
mean-old bone-stealin' dog, Max.

Yeah, he was a mean-old mutt -- at least 'til we tied him to the trolley.

Yeah, it was easy as shootin' fish in a barrel after we got the mutt drunk
on Gramp's whiskey.

You're tellin' me! We were the kings of the crop after pullin' of *that* stunt!

Never thought the Baker Boys would get the gumption to get us back though,
did we?

Nope, but they sure did, didn't they?!

You're tellin' me?! I'm *still* cleanin' commel outta my hair!

Yup, *all three* of 'em! (Burgess whacks Floyd with cane.)

Wwwwait, wait, --OW--. Easy there, Burg, remember the blood pressure!

Just wakin' your brain up, you narcoleptic old coot!

But, hey. Remember the lemonade stand?

You mean when you drank all the lemonade...

And then we finally got a customer.

You went back into the barn and filled the pitcher with urine
Served it up like a fresh batch!

Good thing it wasn't the Baker Boy. (she drinks) I'll never forget

the look on that lady's face, though...

I never liked your mom anyway; she never let us raise a ruckus. (drag by ears)
(wait until they're off) Yeah, and she made me take a bath in turpentine.

That's nothin'-- I used to *drink* the stuff... least 'til my kidney gave out.
That's why you've got *two* of 'em!

(pause)

(excitedly) Which one?

Hey, you remember the state fair?

The one where you streaked naked through the show ring with bells tied
around your ankles?

Janglin' my prospects?

Oh, yeahup.

(ponders, contemplates) Nope, I *don't* remember.

Alzheimers got you *that* bad? That's how you caught Eunice's eye.

Ahh, Eunice... (they are courting on stage)

My first wife. Euuuuunice...

Baker.

(Baker Boys escort Floyd off stage, Eunice cries on handkerchief,
leaves)

Star-crossed lovers, my friend.

Yup.

Anyway, we don't get to see that kind of action 'round here nowadays.

(Disappointedly) Not since they closed down that burlesque house.

Every Saturday that joint would be a-jumpin'...

(Enthusiastically) Like a bunch of spiders on a birthday cake!

No, I think it was more like skippin' stones in a pond of molasses.

Or hangin' a rabid chipmunk by its toes!

Floyd, didn't nobody learn ya' that chipmunks don't have toes?

You know what I mean.

Suit yourself.

I wonder if there's still that hole in the wall.

Well if there is, I wouldn't go lookin' in it *now*. I hear old Mrs. Crickenaw
bought the place and lives there now.

Isn't she dead?

Nope, just really old.

No matter. Fires of lust ain't been kindled in this old heart since the Wizard of Oz.

(scratchin' and a-fartin')

Yeah, times sure have changed since the good old days.

Well, not everything. Here, have a look at my belt.

An onion! Why you old dog!

Yup, I keep it there for when my hernia gets irritated.

Burgess, you are a genius.

You're tellin' me!

Yup, I sure am.

U.S. Declares War on Antarctica- and is Losing!

WASHINGTON D.C. - President Bill Clinton has officially declared war on the uninhabited continent known as Antarctica today for reasons we are not fully certain of. Operation "FROST-BITTEN BUTTOCKS" was ignited off the west coast, and 20000 troops poured from the ships onto the frozen ground and engaged battle on the enemy immediately. General Powell had no comment as to how the war was progressing, but letters from the soldiers suggest that the armed forces are undergoing agonizing losses on the battlefield. One man wrote, "... we're dying out here left and right. If these snowball fights get any worse, one of us might actually have wet clothes on the way back. My pal Bob hit me with an ice ball in the heart, and I died right away. But then our captain made a whole pile of them, and took out just about everybody. Now there's only a few brave soldiers out fighting, the rest have all taken lethal blows, and can only look on in desperation. I'd say maybe 20 or 30 remain. When we started, we all knew that only one of us would make it out alive..."

Many say that this is the most brutal war that we've ever been involved in, none of the letters mention any killing of the enemy, but U.S. casualties number several thousand. It certainly is the most secretive war ever. We asked Nobel Prize winner, Chris Kreul exactly what he thought was happening, and upon reading some of the letters, concluded, "Hey! It's just a big snowball fight! It sounds like a whole lot of fun!" This is a highly debated issue, and many just cannot believe that the government would do such a thing. After careful research, one has to wonder, "Are they just pretending?????" No one knows for sure...

"If you kick a pile of poop, your foot's gonna smell."

*- Chris Kreul
Receiver of 1994 Nobel
Prize*

DANGER

DEADLY MANURE GASES POSSIBLE

DEATH
MAY BE IMMEDIATE!



ENTER PIT ONLY WITH:

- SELF-CONTAINED AIR SUPPLY
- VENTILATION
- RESCUE HARNESS, MECHANICAL LIFT, STAND-BY PERSON

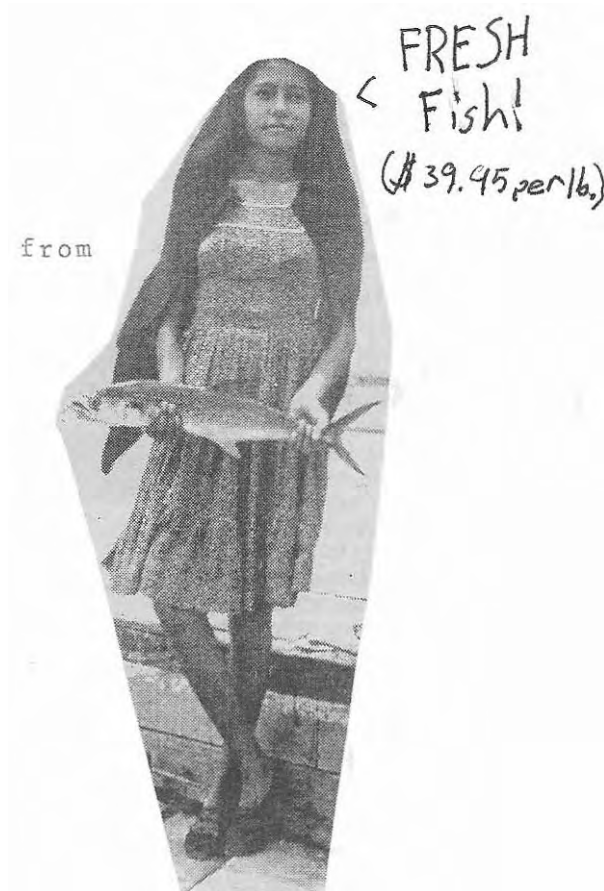
"Last time I had gym on Friday, I had gym on Friday."
-Jon Myers, when asked if it is a
Monday/Wednesday Friday

Julian: Now isn't that [pizza] just perfect?
Jon: That's just --oh-- maspertiece!

Average Deviation
(Statistical Term):
The average distance from
the mean.

"Is that like the
standard formula--
the average distance
from the moon?"

-Aimee Gaertner
of the Average
Deviation



*from Kaufman Foundation/Gallup Organization:

A national survey of U.S. high school students found that 7 out of 10 students want to start and own their own business.

A local Sasquatch Survey of CHS students found that 9 out of 10 would rather get drunk and/or stoned.