

# MESS

WE TALK A LOT OF IT

Premiere Issue

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## M.A.D.

Middle-Aged  
Drivers

## The Cough

What It Is  
And When  
To Unleash It

## Trouble Makers

Sordid Past  
Finally Revealed

## Get Out The Way!

The Streets of NY



# **mess**

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Sordid pasts finally revealed

The hydraulic model of emotions seems to be endorsed by many counsellors and psychotherapists and regarded as a truth in western culture but rejected by many experimental psychologists (Evans 2001, Kennedy-Moore & Watson 1999). It is the idea that emotional distress or arousal is like water moving along pipes. The water levels can build up or be stored and can create pressure at other points in the system. Unpleasant experiences can be bottled up and create discomfort. Their release reduces the discomfort. It is virtually synonymous with the idea of the movement of energy or the transfer of energy from one point of the mind to another. Catharsis is often viewed as the release of energy or the spurring out of water, which reduces the pressure of the 'bottled up' emotions. The hydraulic metaphor is often attributed to Freud. Nicols & Zax (1977), in reviewing cathartic therapies, distinguished two types of understanding; 'somatic emotional approaches' such as Reichian therapy, Janov's 'primary scream' or Lewen's 'bioenergetics' which rely on the notion of stored energy or power. Guinagh (1987) refers to this as employing a 'container' model. The other approach, cognitive-emotional catharsis, does not simply rely on the re-experience of traumatic emotions but the recall and recasting of traumatic memories. Three recent reviews of the psychotherapeutic process conclude that the release of emotion by itself is ineffective in terms of psychotherapy outcome without cognitive change or cognitive reconstruction (Samoilov & Goldfried 1999, Bohart 1980, Welton 2004).



# The Cough

by: Nick

bear with me on the explanation of this one. if you've seen your fair share of those situation comedy shows (a.k.a. "sitcoms"), chances are that you've witnessed a scene in which a righteously unfunny witticism was uttered, only to be followed by: 1) complete silence 2) the sound of a cricket chirping 3) best-case scenario: all of the above

occasionally, when these shows would feature a stand-up/improv type of situation, and the comedian's joke just wouldn't cut it, they would emphasize the audience's silence by inserting a cough that would emanate from the back of the room/crowd (done many times on le simpsons). this, i say, was the cough. mine friends and i would apply this to all possible situations, whenever conversations or statements would fall subject to a moment of silence, even if it were just long enough to squeeze one in.

the objective was to mimic (to the best of one's ability) the type of cough that one would hear on these shows: natural, realistic and drawn out just long enough to twist like daggers in the jester's heart. just like the handfarts, as the coughing phenomenon/disease would spread, it would evolve into various strains and forms, therein losing the classic and timeless flava of the original. still, each

new version would have its charms. by the end, it had evolved into what was essentially a shout (one teacher would later go on to refer to it as the bark of a seal). i don't know what else to say except that many, many good times were had.

for me, it would go on to bring me joy in the post-schoolio years. i was borne and baptised into ye olde catholic church, and yet at mass, i would show no mercy for the father (priest) and his lame attempts at wisecrackery. there would be those delicious moments of perfect silence, and i couldn't resist -- i would not hesitate to unleash the cough upon him and all that is holy. truth be told, in church i would daydream and laugh to myself about the idea of breaking wind during those moments of perfect silence; then, we would truly see who was pious enough to be able to maintain focus on prayer, and not crack a smile or giggle like a schoolgirl at the sound of the devil's bodily temptations! but nay, i was not borne with balls of brass, and that dream was never brought to fruition. however it does say in the scriptures (somewhere near the back), that one day a person will be borne with the courage to blast an outrageous fart in church, and this day would mark the beginning of the end for organized religion as we know it.

**AHEM**  
**AHEM**

start the cough to  
put things in  
motion

# CAUGHT OUT THERE!

**K guys, new feature... putting people on blast. Either and or:**

1) Talk about a time when you just totally blew someones spot up. Completely embarassed, called out, whatevers, ensuing fights and drama and what not. Whether it be at church, in public, on the internets...whatevers..

2) Put someone out there right here on **MESS**. Its summer folks, lets drop bombs like Flex.

**-CashFlow**

## Foot in My Mouth

by: lainey

So in honor of this entry I shall picture of my high school friend's baby with her foot in her mouth.

In high school I seemed to do this a lot. Here are 2 examples that I can recall.

example one) there was this girl who had foul breath. it was seriously harsh, straight halitosis. she wasn't a popular girl, due to the halitosis, but she wished she was. so she would put out like no ones business. during chemistry class i was talking shit about how rank this chick's breath was...and she walked up right to the conversation. i didn't even stop. i think i said something like

"damn Rank Breath girl is killin me! she needs to get that shit checked with her dentist. it's probably halitosis!"

her face turned bright red. she laughed it off. all the people who were with me stared at me like WTF i can't believe you just said that. when rank breath girl left our group they said "wtf i can't believe you just said that!" and my response "like you wasn't thinking it!"

example two) i remember my senior year of high school we'd hang out after school just shootin the shit at the picnic tables before we'd go home, go to some sports practice,

or go smoke cigarettes down the street. one day we were just sitting there when this annoying freshman girl who had a crush on one of my friends came up and started talking to us. she had the annoying high pitch cutsie voice. i couldn't stand the sound of her voice. when i would hear her in the halls i wanted to slap her, the fact that she was in front of me attempting a conversation was just killing me. and then the words came out of my mouth,

"Is that your real voice?"

She looked shocked.

"I'm serious. Do you really talk like that?"

She asked me "What are you talking about? Of course this is my real voice!"

I didn't believe her so I kept asking

"Are you sure that's your real voice? You're not gonna walk away and then all of a sudden talk in a normal pitch? Your voice is ALWAYS this high?"

"YEAHHHH" she squeaked.

Some of my friends had the WTF face at me. Others walked away laughing because they couldn't believe I had said it. I rolled my eyes and decided to bounce. I'm pretty sure I had homework to procrastinate doing at someone elses house.

the end

# Get Out The Way,

by: alexis ching

# Bitch!



**i live in new york. i don't have to worry so much about drivers as i do other commuters. so i'll list here the shit i have to put up w/ in terms of foot & subway traffic:**

- tourists who walk 3-4-5 abreast on the sidewalk and walk slowly to peer into store windows, check out merch tables or stare upwards at pigeons/buildings/what have you. i bump into them on purpose. anyone blocking obvious paths of foot traffic - doorways, escalators, etc.
- the trains at rush hour. why's it so hard to understand: let people off first, then move INTO the train and don't block the door. i elbow those ppl on purpose.
- ppl who get on the train and do the 'mad dash for the one empty seat' dance. it's pretty funny, especially when there are two or more ppl going after the same seat. then whoever doesn't get it goes 'ugh!' and shrugs and smiles and acts like they don't care but you know inside they are dying.
- beggars/homeless ppl on the train. when i can hear "*EXCUSE ME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...*" over my headphones i want to stab my eyes out. do not make eye contact!
- going down the stairs to the train platform behind a) an old person b) ppl carrying a stroller c) a stupid bitch in high heels when your train is in the station with open doors - most likely you'll miss it.
- loud ppl on the train very early in the morning. i always catch the same lady. always with a cup of coffee, always bitching about something.
- cheesedicks who bring their bike onto the train during rush hour. YOU'RE BLOCKING EVERYONE STUPID.

# trouble maker

## all work and no play

by: alexis ching

\* in kindergarten i punched my best friend tessa in the stomach and had to apologize in front of the whole class.

\* in 3rd grade i got kicked out of class for humming.

\* in 6th grade i got kicked out of class because someone threw a book at me.

\* we had this substitute teacher we hated. she was short and had assymmetrical nostrils and had a horrible annoying voice and talked to us like we were 5. we knew she was coming one day so we made up a schedule. at certain times during the class we'd do shit like bang our desks. or start the wave. or start a unified coughing fit. we made her cry. i don't think any of us felt bad tho.

\* in high school i used to sneak out during 7th period bio to meet my friends in the bathroom to snort ritalin. we also used to go to the boiler room by the baseball field to smoke cigarettes. and try to sneak out past the guards when we had mid-day free periods to eat tapsilog at the tindahan right outside school.

\* my friends and i made an underground zine that basically talked shit about everyone. and we talked shit about one of our close friends (who didn't know it was us) so as to deflect blame. he got pissed and asked me and another friend (co-conspirators) to start a counter zine. lawdy.

\* we hated this one junior girl. i found a love letter she wrote to someone in our class. my friends made about a hundred copies and put it up all over the cafeteria.

\* 7-11 was right outside school - we'd get slurpees, dump some tanduay rum in it and bring it back into school.

\* in college we smoked weed everywhere: right in the middle of the soccer field in broad daylight, midnight in the dugout, in our dorm rooms. i didn't even bother w/ the dryer sheets + tp tube. i think i wanted to get kicked out.

\* i worked at a lot of restaurants. i'd steal whippets out of the supply closet. drink on the job. show up drunk. etc.

eh. not so exciting.



# keep on talkin

**mess**



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