

# HIGH

*The Lowdown from Jimmy Ray*



*High*

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*gnud* edition 2026/04/10

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**gnud**

GOLOSIO NONTRADITIONAL  
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“It was the best of times, it was the  
worst of times; then it got worser.”  
— *Charles Dickens*

(Quote unverified.)

# Orgasms

**I am in favor of them.** “Orgasms are splendid,” I say, and you may quote me. If I was a politician, I’d run on a pro-orgasm platform with a hippie slogan from the sixties: “Less War, More Piece.” Bottom line is that my support for the orgasmic experience knows no bounds.

As a bonus, orgasms are adaptable. Well, perhaps a better word is flexible. No, wait: versatile. Yes, that’s it. Orgasms are versatile... One can enjoy physical ecstasy alone, with a partner, or with several partners. All that matters is getting the job done.

Also, orgasms are like pizza: even a bad orgasm is pretty good.



# A Word to the Unwise

**Kids tell stories**, and I was once a kid, so, yeah, I also started out as a liar. This was only a problem for me whenever I got caught, which happened a lot at first but tapered off as soon as I got better at the fine art of prevarication.

At the same time, I began drawing pictures of the people and places in my stories, and suddenly I was not a deceiver, I was an *artiste*.

Unfortunately, my illustrations were not any good. Even my own family made it clear that my drawings lacked drama, excitement, and grace. Or legibility, for that matter.

On the other hand, even the most critical of my relatives seemed to enjoy, or at least tolerate, the things I had my characters say and do. People would read my stuff and laugh in the right places. They oohed and aahed at the plot twists. They got flummoxed when my characters talked about sex. They squirmed when I wrote about the hypocrisy of adults. The point is that they paid attention to my stories.

I could take a hint. My sentences grew larger, and my pictures grew smaller.

By the time I was in elementary school, I considered myself a participant in the highly respected tradition of using words to spark

mental images and stoke human emotions, but it wasn't until the fifth grade that the true value of writing made itself known to me.

For weeks, our class was taunted by the other fifth and sixth grade classes, but their jibes were not specific. They would point at us and say something like, "You're gonna get it!" But they didn't provide any other information.

All we knew was that there was an *Unnamed Terror that was going to be visited upon us*. Other than that, we were clueless.

One day, as I was leaving the classroom and heading out to recess, a bunch of my schoolmates beckoned me over to where they were standing around a kid I didn't know.

The kid said, "Okay, my brother was in your class last semester, so I know what's about to happen to you!"

The guy explained that we would be given little booklets of blank, lined paper. Blue Books, they were called in our part of the country. The kid said that the teacher was going to put a question on the whiteboard, and that we would then put our answers in the booklets.

"You hafta *write your answer* in the book, and this goes on *for twenty minutes!*" the kid said with a mixture of glee and menace.

Smoke began pouring out of the ears of some of my classmates.

“*Write?!?*” they exclaimed. “They *can’t* make us *write* anything!”

“Yes, they can,” a couple kids said.

“I’m tellin’ ya,” the guy told us. “Yer gonna get it!” The guy was exhibiting what I now know is called *schadenfreude*.

There was a pause for consternation, confusion, and complaining from my shocked classmates. When they finally stopped voicing their anger and fear, I asked quietly, “What’s the bad part?”

I heard a couple of small gasps, and then every head swiveled to look at me.

It was a gigantic Scooby-Doo moment where everyone made that “rruhhr?!” sound with the tone starting in the baritone range and quickly rising up to soprano.

“Calm down,” I said. I tried explaining to them that this was a good thing. “We get to answer the teacher’s question exactly the way we want, uninterrupted! And it will last for twenty peaceful minutes,” I added.

They remained unconvinced.

I thought the essay test was a superb idea. It sounded like fun. And it was, but only because I was able to put words into sentences, and then into paragraphs to form a dissertation.

Essay questions allow you to elegantly dance around a topic. If you’re comfortable

expressing yourself in writing, you can get a good grade on an essay question *even if you don't know the answer* to the question. Let me explain the two approaches...

1) *If you have some awareness* of the subject, you write about everything that relates to the topic in any way. Then, you conclude by saying this question calls for further study.

2) *If you have no clue* about the subject, you begin by asking why we're asking this question. You might write, "It is shocking that humanity has fallen so low that we devote time to considering this issue. Therefore, a brief examination of humanity will be in order." Once you have introduced humanity as the topic, you can write about *anything*. You are certainly free to write about the ills of humankind. Then, you conclude by saying this question calls for further study.

Did I ever resort to this type of blatant chicanery?

Of course not!

No way.

Never.

(Pause.)

Unless, you know, I hadn't studied for the test, and then I had to gaslight like a Republican politician who was up to his ass in corruption and treason. But unlike members of the GOP, I

performed my deception without harming democracy. Plus, I utilized punctuation and grammar and big-boy-words and stuff.

During my sophomore year of college, there was a family emergency that caused me to miss the last two weeks of a seminar on Shakespeare. I was doing well in the class, and we all knew that the final (an essay test—yay!) would be on *The Tempest*, *Richard III*, or *Othello*, all of which I had read and/or acted in.

My return flight was delayed several times, and I had to go from the airport directly to the college for the final exam, which held an unpleasant surprise... the final was now on *Titus Andronicus*, which I had not read or seen.

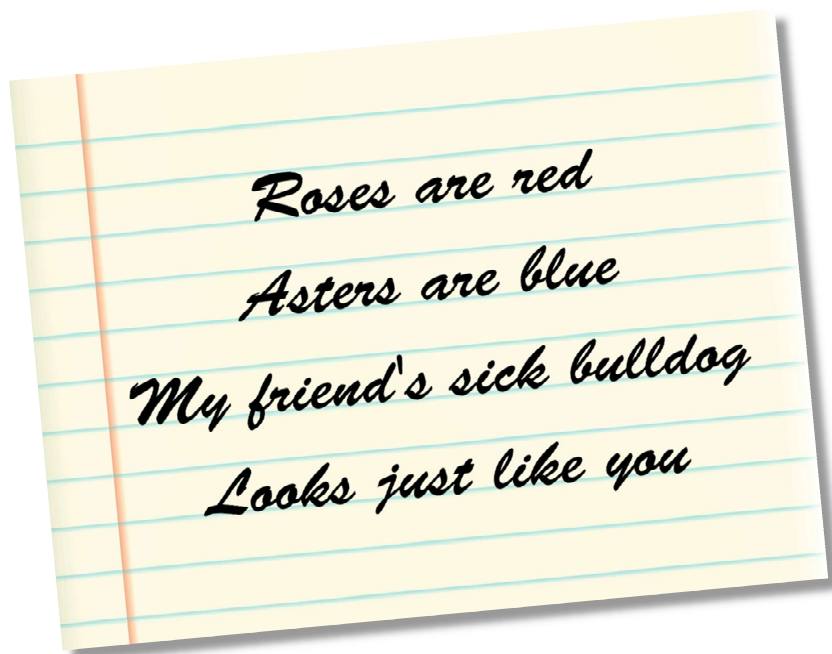
Well, this called for writing of a very high caliber, if I do say so myself. “This called for writing of a very high caliber.” There, see?

My essay included comments dealing with everything I had ever discovered about the Bard’s writing style, his place in history, the theatrical milieu of his time, and the violence in the play (“*Titus* is now sometimes considered Shakespeare’s precursor to the calculated horror exhibited by Paris’ notorious *Le Théâtre du Grand-Guignol*,” I wrote confidently.) I got an A- on the test.

After several instances where my ability to write far outweighed my stunning lack of

knowledge of what I was writing about, it was clear to me that my purpose in life was to create tales, plots, jokes, sagas, fables, narratives, chronicles, sonnets, and the occasional ode.

In making a conscious effort to write something in every style and genre, I shall now turn my attention to verse, offering you a poem which utilizes lines of four, four, five, and four syllables in a rhyming scheme of A-B-C-B. I hope you enjoy.



# Gambling

**I bet you bet on things**, but I don't (except in this sentence.) I don't place bets on sporting events. Or political races. Or coin flips. Or cards. Or much of anything, really.

Here's the deal: getting up in the morning is a gamble. Eating breakfast is a gamble. Driving a car is a gamble. So is riding a bike, going for a walk, and stepping into the shower.

Hey, life itself is a gamble, which is more than enough betting for me.

That being said, I will admit that casinos often look terrific in gangster movies and caper flicks.

"C'mon, eleven!"



# Advertainment

**Advertising and entertainment** are in an abusive relationship, one that is based on greed, trickery, and deceit. When marketing and merriment are combined, the result is advertainment. It is ugly. It is shadowy. It is evil. And it is everywhere.

In the netherworld of advertainment, selling meets storytelling, and facts are twisted into fiction. Here, hype and triviality work together hand-in-glove. Perhaps that should be hand-in-wallet. Their hand in your wallet.

Ads are often scorned as being annoying, silly, annoying, frivolous, annoying, infantile, annoying, intrusive, annoying, repetitious, and sometimes annoying. Unfortunately, there's no way for people to stop the onslaught because ads are a major source of funding for most forms of communication.

Each day, you are exposed to sales pitches on television, the Internet, phone, messaging, mail, email, blog posts, social networks, radio, newspapers, magazines, and billboards.

The outrage extends even further into your life. Stories in magazines (print or digital) are often merely part of a public relations campaign.

Products are placed in films and TV shows in exchange for “promotional consideration.”

The landscape is dotted with hype in many forms besides ads and publicity: Branded clothing. Banners. Posters. Bumper stickers. Decals. Pop-ups. Handouts on doorsteps. Fliers on car windshields. Ads on your placemat at cheap restaurants.

If you're in traffic, you can see license plates that display Chamber of Commerce slogans like “The Pelican State,” “Land of Enchantment,” and “The North Star State,” whatever any of that means.

Even more alarming is the lugubrious slagheap known as mass media. While “the media” may be excellent in theory, you cannot always rely on what flows through their communications channels.

To take one example, there are street teams that purchase newly released books in order to get the title to appear on “best seller lists.” The meaningless numbers are then amplified by the media, where they might possibly be believed, even by otherwise savvy people.

Most ad messages are “signed” with the name of the client or the company logo, but many more are designed to look like “news,” which is damaging to society.

There are political implications to this. One of the odious attacks on democracy involves flooding the atmosphere with lies, deceit, lies, mistakes, lies, falsehoods, lies, omissions, lies, myths, lies, prevarications, lies, distortions, lies, and fearmongering. Also lies. With enough inanity in the media, the truth often gets buried.

Advertainment also fosters greed in many ways, some of them insidiously subtle. Consider those seasonal gift giving guides that appear prior to Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Hanukkah, and Christmas. Those "guides" are paid for by the firms that are selling the merchandise in the guides. When local news anchors tell you about great gift ideas, the sellers of those products have paid for those announcements. One public relations specialist describes this as "forcing facts into fabrication." It's also called "scamming the system."

Similarly, broadcasters sneak additional ads into their programs in the form of blurbs ("Today's game is proudly sponsored by Gassy Semi-Food Mart") just after you've endured a slew of commercials.

*"Back to our regularly scheduled ranting, brought to you by Damital, the new anti-hype medication, now with fewer debilitating side effects and a somewhat decreased chance of death. Complications may include neurosis,*

*psychosis, osmosis, hypnosis, scoliosis, vaginosis, cirrhosis, halitosis, and hocus to the pocus. May be habit-forming. May cause birth defects. May cause vomiting. But it's really nifty-keen, so be sure to pester your pharmacist about Damital!"*

Sorry. I have no idea where that last paragraph came from.



## Third Date

**There you are**, carefully preparing to go out on a third date. You are filled with anticipation and trepidation. Your mood is positively positive... until it isn't.

Your body is alternately warm and cold, you keep considering outfits with colors and patterns that clash, and you are annoyed at your hair. Again.

Nervous but hopeful, you ask yourself a slew of questions. What is the meaning of existence? How much more sodium can be put into fast food? Why should the Oxford comma be such a point of contention among writers?

Or perhaps your questions are more focused on your current dating situation. Are you at the start of something wonderful? Or will this latest attempt at a relationship be a waste of time that leads to you swearing off dating forever? Forever being defined as "until next time."

Quietly anxious, you decide on taking a few simple steps to ensure a more enjoyable experience. To smooth the way. To calm the waters. To create a memorable interaction...

### STEP 1: ALCOHOL

What wine goes with THC? Well, what wine doesn't?

### STEP 2: THC

We're talking marijuana here. Grass. Weed. Dope. Hemp. Herb. Ganja. Maryjane. Wacky tobacky. Loco weed. Bhang. Chronic. Reefer. Kif. Doobie. Sinsemilla. Pot. Leaf. Gage.

### STEP 3: COCAINE

This is a highly overrated drug, but some people believe it is a delightful addition to many dating experiences. One should be able to provide it if requested.

### STEP 4: CAFFEINE

One needs something to keep you going. A cattle prod would work, but a cup of java is a bit more enjoyable.

### STEP 5: GO TO THE EVENT

Club. Movie. Dinner. Show. Gallery. Party. Whatever. Enjoy! Then...

### STEP 6: HIGH DRIVE

Your journey home will be more joyful if you remember to equip your car with a joint, a

vial, a thermos, and a flask. That way, both of you can replenish your doses.

And finally...

### STEP 7: LENSES

You have two pairs of what appear to be flimsy “dollar store” sunglasses. However, the lenses are diffraction gratings. Sometimes called “fireworks glasses,” these devices turn white light into a spectrum. Here’s how one online store describes the effect: “Beautiful bursts of color around every point of light in a dark environment.”

~ ~ ~

Okay, so now you’re on the date, in the car, heading home wearing those silly glasses. Oncoming traffic has lots of white lights, each one of which is now surrounded by a wonderful array of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Yes, it is like an array of little *Dark Side of the Moon* album covers, floating in the air, and racing right at you. Tilt your head and the spectrums rotate, but the horizon line stays in place. Trippy!

You split the travel chores: the driver drives while the passenger navigates. This works well sometimes. Other times...

“We’re going to go left right up here at the intersection,” she tells you.

“We’re going left-right? Or are we going left, and then right?” you ask.

“No, we turn left, but right there.”

“There?” as the intersection approaches.

“Left right here!”

“Yipes! Okay, turning...!”

You successfully make the turn without causing any horn honks or tire squeals. You both laugh as you motor on down the street, caught up in the intoxicating beat of the music pouring out of the six speakers and subwoofer.

“That’s wild,” she says. “Who is that?”

“Miles Davis,” you reply.

“Thought he was jazz,” she says.

“Well, his parts—the trumpet parts—are jazz. Everything else is a concoction.”

“A concoction?”

“A blend. It’s got jazz, funk, R&B, rock... Hell, there’s probably some classical licks hidden in there somewhere. It’s a damn fine conglomeration, if that’s a word.”

“Send me a link or make me a copy?”

“Sure.”

Several moments pass as you lose yourselves in the slithery jazz-rock fusion and the cavorting rainbows from the delightful diffraction grating glasses.

“What’s this called?” she asks.

“*Bitches Brew*,” you tell her.

She listens for another few seconds. “Good title,” she says.

You both nod to each other, then to the music.

Sooner or later, you notice unfamiliar storefronts along the thoroughfare.

“What street are we on?” you mutter.

“We’re supposed to be on Crescent Heights Boulevard,” she says dreamily.

Gradually, the two of you sense that something is amiss. So, you both put an index finger on the bridge of the diffraction grating glasses and pull them down your nose just enough to glance at the street signs as you roll through the next intersection. Both of you glimpse signs on opposite sides of the car.

“Crenshaw Boulevard,” you both say.

She turns to glance at you. “Are we in immediate danger, or just regular lost?” she asks.

“Oh, this is just regular.”

“Okay. Want me to GPS us?”

“Please.”

“On it,” she says, checking her phone. “I know why we got the street wrong, by the way.”

“Other than our substance abuse?”

She smiles. “It’s a cool conglomeration of substances!”

“Yes,” you reply. “Is that why we’re lost?”

“No, stud-boy,” she says. “It’s because of the similarity of the street names. Crescent Heights and Crenshaw. They both start C-R-E and they both end B-L-V-D.”

You share a laugh at this.

She gives you directions, which means she repeats what the GPS voice says. Her phone’s speaker is on, so you hear each instruction twice, which is helpful.

There is more laughter and more bobbing along to the music. “You know,” you say to yourself, “this is a terrific third date.” You’re TSTF (too stoned to fuck), so you look for an opportunity to kill a little time.

You see a sign that says “McMillan Park.” Okay, that’ll work. You find an empty spot and pull to the curb. Nothing like a quiet stroll through a closed public park in the middle of the night. You’re both high enough to think it’s a good idea.

Exiting the car, you begin walking along the path surrounding a duck pond. You’re holding hands, and there is a delightful sensation shooting through your body just from the touch of her skin. Aww, you think, but then you are almost immediately distracted by the eerie semi-darkness and the range of sounds: rustling of foliage on the trees and bushes; bird wings fluttering on the surface of the pond; the

occasional quack; the distant hum and throb of the city surrounding the park. It was a lovely conglomeration of sounds. Everything was quite peaceful right up until the catastrophe, the feeling of doom, and the resulting sadness.

Three months later, you visit the park again, alone, in the middle of the afternoon. It's different in broad daylight, but your mind registers the horror from the recent past. This time there are people strolling, chatting, and playing with children or pets.

You tentatively walk to the edge of the pond and stare at the dark water. You turn to look at the concrete pathway as it curves and becomes a pedestrian bridge. A feeling of loss overcomes you.

"Right back there," you say to yourself. "We were standing right there when her spasms started. And it was just over to that side of the park where she OD'd and died." Died in your arms after you tried resuscitation. It was hard, the resuscitation. It was a lot easier on the practice dummy in that first aid class at the community college.

"Her death really spoiled our third date," you found yourself thinking, and then you cursed yourself for your selfishness. "Why on earth would you think that?" you ask, berating yourself. Maybe it's because you've had three

months of going through shock, denial, anger, sorrow, and grief.

At the time of the tragedy, you were operating on adrenaline as you coped with the paramedics, the police, and the coroner's office. They all had a bunch of repetitious questions and a hell of a lot of forms to fill out.

"It's a terrible waste," you told people about her death. To yourself, you said, "It is so very sad that some people don't know how to control their use of mood-altering drugs. It's a shame the way some people try to take things too far."

Irony is not your thing.

Life goes on. You meet someone. You go on a date. And another. And then you're back on the verge of a third date.

"Hope this one is fantastic," you say to yourself as you get everything ready.



# Decibel Hell

**The assignment editor's email** suggested that it would be appreciated if I went with my photographer to review a new band called Kaodüngg. (Translation: The assignment editor had been bribed to make that suggestion.)

In order to see Kaodüngg's set, we had to drive to a dive bar that was all the way over in Lake City, which was an excellent place to avoid since it is no more a city than an ant farm is a metropolis, and it's near the water the same way I am near my youth.

After negotiating miles of roads with potholes the size of moon craters, we finally saw a sign marking the outskirts of the "city." We took heart that it only had five bullet holes, each with rust around the opening, indicating the damage wasn't from a recent attack.

We both did a WTF head shake and drove on in silence, passing warehouses, boarded-up buildings, and auto parts stores. A pall hung over the neighborhood. It was as if the particles in the atmosphere decided to put on dirty clothes and dance until sweat began pouring off in all directions.

None of this seemed to bode well for attending an evening of music, especially at a

venue called The Snooty Bootie. This location had a history of failure. When it first opened, it was called The Tally Ho Tavern, after which it was The Liver Damage Lounge, Tina's Cantina, Sippin' Side, Rare 'n' Bare, The Slosh, Working Late, Bar None, Doubles, and Bub's Pub.

The Snooty Bootie was only two weeks from its most recent grand reopening, so they hadn't yet started watering down the drinks and adding extra salt to the appetizers. Still, I was there to write about the music, not the venue's lack of charm.

The band claimed to be Scandinavian, but the quartet's members were all US citizens, mostly from moron-majority cities in moron-majority states. Their chosen genre was something they called "punk-metal," which was just speed metal played badly. And loud. Very loud.

Sieg Brundt (bass) and Goef Etrad (drums) performed as if they were stress test robots. Yeuf Dostre mauled his guitar without regard for the rhythm section. Jochey Kaht's vocal stylings consisted of shrieking ("Kahterwailing" is how my photographer described it). The result was oppressive, the aural equal of toxic waste.

But wait, we're not done with the sound. Or, rather, the dive bar wasn't done with it. They were not going to merely amplify the band's

efforts without adding some distortion of their own. They goosed the gain on the microphone preamps, disabled all the attenuation pads, avoided the limiters, and cross-wired the compressors. And apparently, the P.A. volume was established by turning every knob to 10 and walking away. If my teeth hadn't been trying so hard to escape from my mouth, I might have been entertained by watching the wallboard crumble from the tremors.

This is not a complaint about the loudness. Really. I've seen Front Line Assembly. I've seen Blue Öyster Cult. Hey, I've seen Motörhead in a club! Volcanic eruption level volume is acceptable if handled properly. It's not a matter of decibels; what's critical is the quality of the audio.

The sonic stench created by Kaodügg was bad enough before the bar turned it into a quest for death. Don't get me wrong; punk can be great, and pubs can be fun, but this event was harmful. It was the noise of an avalanche as it buries you, *plus* (skip this last part if you're squeamish) the sound you make when biting into a big sheet of tin foil.



# Genitalia

**Not God's best work.** Not evolution's finest hour, either. The human body is not the apotheosis of divine design. It can't be, because there is nothing about our sexuality, mutual attraction, sensuality, eroticism, intercourse, coupling, and/or reproduction that makes a whole hell of a lot of sense.

We've got to face it, humanity has way too many plumbing problems for this situation to be described as anything other than "all fucked up."



# CTPG: The Key to Your Financial Future

**Ta-da!** Announcing an incredible investment opportunity that you won't want to miss! If you act now, you will be able to enter the lucrative field of CTPG, which stands for "conspiracy theory profit generation."

No longer will illicit income flow only to right-wing nut-jobs. From now on, this insidious industry will be open to anyone who can send and receive funds through their computer or phone. That's right—people will be able to make money electronically while sitting at home drinking wine spritzers and nibbling mushrooms. Why not you? And more importantly, why not Jimmy Ray?

Featured below are a few of the bat-crap-crazy confidence scams we offer.

## ***The Enders***

*("The sky is falling")*

A global war is coming. The concluding conflagration may begin with a rogue state attack, a terrorist uprising, or as the result of religiosity freaks infesting various governments. Or it might be a combination of these evils.

Doom and disease may be visited upon us via nuclear, chemical, or bacteriological warfare, but however the violence manifests itself, things are going to go over-the-top zippy-quick. As a result, humanity will cease to exist.

But let me tell you about The Rupture, whereby you and your loved ones can escape death. And you will learn all about it once you've joined The Enders and begin to practice ASESWEA (As Some End, So We End All). Join today, before it's too late! Eternity is worth everything.

### ***The Orbitals***

*("We're falling into the sky")*

Some people say the planet will be okay without human life. However, nuclear blasts have the possibility of altering the earth's orbit.

That will cause our little blue orb to crash into the sun or spin out into space (where it will crash into some other sun).

That will affect the orbit patterns of Venus and Mars.

That will affect the orbits of the rest of our neighboring planets.

And that will, in turn, cause the entire Solar System to...

Well, there are many astonishing and scary possibilities. You can find out about them

once you join The Orbitals. For just \$59.99 per month, or four weekly payments of just \$19.99, you can be among the few souls to learn our collective fate and, possibly, avoid it. Join now. Get all the answers soon, before you “orbit out!”

### ***The Brainers***

*(“They’re chipping us!”)*

Big technology companies are not going to sit idly by while there’s moolah to be made. Once their cranium-implant technology is fully unleashed, the synapses in your brain will be electronically accessed, and *you* will be the receiving station for signals containing all sorts of data. Some of this will be benign, like weather reports, but much of it will be ominous, like political and sales messages. The coming uber-blitz of business-to-consumer messaging will be literally mind-boggling. Subscribe to the Brainer Blog for just fifty bucks a month and never miss an update. Protect your mind!

### ***The Phonies***

*(“The enemy is within your pocket!”)*

Everything that is wrong with society can be blamed on mobile phones in your hand and the ugly attachments to land line phone poles. All our problems are phone related. Lower educational achievement, rising prices, too

many choices of bad coffee in the supermarket aisles. You won't believe the shocking secret that ties all of this together. You will believe the incredibly low cost for this high-quality e-newsletter. Contact us now. It could fatten your wallet!

### ***The Moonatics***

*(Misogynistic moon loons)*

There is no man in the moon because it's a woman. (The rest of this paragraph, with its misogynistic references to tides, phases, etc., has been redacted in the interest of good taste and the avoidance of lawsuits. —*Ed.*)

We need to end the terror of the lunar lady. Clearly, we need to shoot down Earth's tiny and insignificant satellite. The moon must die so that we can live! Join the Moonatics today!

***Please Note:*** *A great many more swindles are available at attractive and affordable prices. If you are interested, please email your inquiries to [nigerianprince@totallynota.scam](mailto:nigerianprince@totallynota.scam) and be sure to include your debit card info.*



## How Long is It?

**The length of stories** is a common concern to those who practice the linguistic arts. (Yeah, you thought this was about something else.) We utilize a variety of approaches, and some scribes reveal a preference for employing the largest possible number of sentences, paragraphs, and chapters.

Putting it another way:

Some writers use a shit-ton of words.

For instance, when describing a scene, a writer might include every possible permutation of colors, sounds, places, furnishings, outfits, skin tone, hair, eyes, textures, emotions, and other ephemera, minutia, folderol, and stuff. (Sorry to get technical at the end there.)

Authors who are prolix include James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Leo Tolstoy, David Foster Wallace, Thomas Pynchon, Fyodor Dostoevsky, and Stephen King.

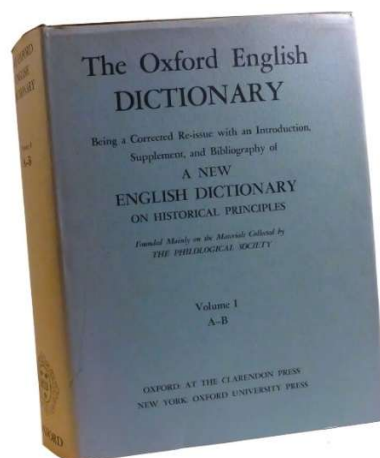
Let's say your story begins with people entering an old house that is reportedly haunted. One approach involves sections on the history of the land, the invasion and slaughter of the indigenous population, and the construction of the house, including the backstories of the workers, with particular attention

paid to those who died under mysterious circumstances. When you are overly highfalutin, you compose paragraphs in a classic, baroque, and/or rococo manner.

Then there are people who might handle the opening of that same story in a spritelier manner:

*The dust of ghosts shimmered in the rays of sunlight shining through the rotted walls and broken skylights of the old mansion.*

Both approaches are cool, and that's the long and the short of it.



# Great Moments in Cinema

**Films can be nifty** or abysmal, and most are in-between. No matter the overall worth of the flick, a great many movies have scenes or snippets of dialog that ascend to the level of resplendence.

## **Godzilla, etc.**

*(Old school versions before CGI)*

Any film where somebody dresses up in a rubber dinosaur suit and stomps on balsa wood buildings in slow motion while the soundtrack goes crazy with explosions, artillery, laser blasts, creature shrieks, and lots of loud (and often inappropriate) music can claim to contain great moments as far as I'm concerned.

## **The 7<sup>th</sup> Voyage of Sinbad**

*(1958, Nathan Juran, Ray Harryhausen)*

Yes, I've written about this before, but there's another point to be made besides noting that Ray Harryhausen's "Claymation" is either miraculous or clunky, depending on whether you've ever tried to make a stop-motion movie sequence without using a computer.

When the genie (yup, there's a genie) is summoned, these words must be spoken: "From the land beyond beyond; from the world past hope and fear; I bid you, Genie, now appear."

The incantation is always intoned slowly and somberly, even when ginormous monsters are reaching out to maim you and pillage everything nearby. Not sure about you, but this is how I'd say the magic words when facing dismemberment and death: "Fromthelandbeyon dbeyondfromtheworldpasthopeandfearIbidyouG enienowappear!" Just saying.

## **Forbidden Planet**

*(1956, Fred McLeod Wilcox)*

This is good fun all the way through. Anne Francis is lovely, the actors are not overly annoying, the special effects are in the category of cheesy-but-good, and there are plenty of double-entendres in the dialog between Francis and the earthmen. Plus, one of the characters is Robbie the Robot, and he's a plodding delight.

The story is superb—it's based on a fable by some guys named Willy, Ziggy, and Carl (it's Shakespeare's *The Tempest* with a bunch of psychological stuff from Freud and Jung tossed into the mix).

Another bonus is the electronic music. The soundtrack by Louis and Bebe Barron was once described as “bleeps, blurps, whirs, whines, throbs, hums and screeches.” What, no love for the blurps?

Also, props to dialogue like, “My evil self is at that door, and I have no power to stop it!”

When the commander shouts, “The secret devil of every soul on the planet all set free at once to loot and maim,” it’s all you can do to refrain from asking, “You mean Republicans?”

## **What’s Up, Tiger Lily?**

*(1966, Woody Allen)*

This began as a Japanese spy caper flick of dubious merit. The American distributor hired improv performers (Woody Allen and Louise Lasser among them) to dub new and entirely inappropriate dialogue onto the soundtrack and the result is top-notch stoopid fun.

Early in the movie, a male detective meets a femme fatale just after her escape from prison. He takes her to his apartment, and...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Who arranged my escape?

DETECTIVE

Have you no idea?

### BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I had an idea it was the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, but I couldn't think of their motivation.

If you like that non-sequitur, you will enjoy this movie. (Yeah, it's a shame that Woody is involved in the thing, but damn, it's still hilarious.)

## **That Way with Women**

*(1947; Frederick de Cordova)*

A piffle, but there's a lovely moment when Martha Vickers walks into a room to talk to her father, played by Sydney Greenstreet. Vickers is wearing a white fitted top and what might be called short-shorts. Greenstreet inquires if she is about to play tennis. She says no and wonders why he asked. He indicates her outfit. "Oh," she replies demurely, "I have nice legs."

## **The Final Programme**

AKA: The Last Days of Man on Earth

*(1973; Robert Fuest)*

A stylish dud, but there are several nice moments, including when the hero is asked why he didn't obtain the necessary explosives, and he replies with the not-unreasonable excuse that "All the shops were closed."

Late in the film, after all manner of outrageous plot twists and increasingly silly attempts to resolve the approaching doom and devastation, the hero is asked what he is going to do next, and he responds, “Well, for a start, I'm going to sit here and get smashed out of my mind. And I also have it on very good authority that the world is coming to an end. I thought I'd go home and watch it on television.”

Soon, we're all going to be able to do that.



## About the Author

**There's this guy** called Jimmy Ray, and he writes down things that he thinks up. No one knows why. He's nothing to look at and not very bright, but some people say they enjoy his scribblings, probably because they're making fun of his prose while they skim through it.

We would give you more facts about Jimmy if we could, but we are prevented from doing so by an ever-widening array of non-disclosure agreements, lawsuits, gag orders, subpoenas, and whatnot.



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