



Charlie Chaplin Film Fest Busts Out!

The Charlie Chaplin Film Fest held at the Forum Theatre on April 13th approached and set various attendance records for the sponsoring organization. The Binghamton Theatre Organ Society put on the show, which included a live performance by master theatre organist Jim Ford.

BTOS's founder Paul Stapel tells us "We had almost as much audience as we have ever had in seven years of presenting programs, with over 400 persons attending. I was most impressed with the fact that we sold about 93 under-22 year old tickets, which is a major increase as we have never sold more than 10 or so."

BTOS's next show will be in early August, the subject to be announced soon.



At left, Charlie Chaplin reads a *Police Gazette* in his 1922 short film "Pay Day."

The Adventures of Kim Dotcom

By Tremolo Van Boing

The industrial accident essentially turned the Moth Fakir's brain into a living-tissue version of the World Wide Web. As awesome a power as this is, it is also his Achilles heel. Because if a website can be hacked, so can a brain that acts like a website!



The Moth's mind is not just LIKE the internet, it IS the internet in a parallel universe. So Kim Dotcom developed an internet app that was able to locate a back door into the mind of the Moth Fakir, without him knowing... so far.

As the Moth Fakir sleeps the sleep of the truly bad in his sensory-deprivation tank that keeps him isolated from the world and all its intrusive sensations, his obedient toady, Fisted, tends to his every little need.



To his horror, Kim Dotcom has just discovered the Moth Fakir's newest hideous plot, a plan that would make his 9/11 terrorist attacks look like a bathtub fart by comparison, a plan that means no less than the extinction of the human race as we know it.

The Moth wants to force a quantum leap in evolution similar to when Homo sapiens overtook the Neanderthals, which resulted in the Neanderthal extinction.



The Moth Fakir is convinced that HIS is the Superior Human Brain, and he weeps for the day when a superior human race spawned by him lives their whole lives in sensory-deprivation tanks, waited on hand and foot by the few inferiors that were preserved for their usefulness as slaves.



*"Fisted!
I'm awake!"*