National Lampoon, Deteriorata

(Parody of the written prose " Desiderata" by Max Ehrmann. This was written by Christo

You are a fluke of the universe. You have no right to be here Deteriorata. Deteriorata

Go placidly amid the noise and waste

And remember what comfort there may be in owning a piece thereof

Avoid quiet and passive persons, unless you are in need of sleep

Rotate your tires

Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself

And heed well their advice, even though they be turkeys

Know what to kiss, and when

Consider that two wrongs never make a right, but that three do

Wherever possible, put people on hold

Be comforted that in the face of all aridity and disillusionment

And despite the changing fortunes of time

There is always a big future in computer maintenance

You are a fluke of the universe You have no right to be here And whether you can hear it or not The universe is laughing behind your back

Remember The Pueblo

Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle, and mutilate

Know yourself

If you need help, call the FBI

Exercise caution in your daily affairs

Especially with those persons closest to you -

That lemon on your left, for instance

Be assured that a walk through the ocean of most souls

Would scarcely get your feet wet

Fall not in love therefore. It will stick to your face

Gracefully surrender the things of youth: birds, clean air, tuna, Taiwan

And let not the sands of time get in your lunch

Hire people with hooks

For a good time, call 606-4311. Ask for Ken

Take heart in the bedeepening gloom

That your dog is finally getting enough cheese

And reflect that whatever fortune may be your lot

It could only be worse in Milwaukee

You are a fluke of the universe
You have no right to be here
And whether you can hear it or not

The universe is laughing behind your back

Therefore, make peace with your god Whatever you perceive him to be - hairy thunderer, or cosmic muffin With all its hopes, dreams, promises, and urban renewal The world continues to deteriorate Give up!

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