

# FIFTY WAYS *YOU* CAN FUCK THE EARTH

If you've got absolutely nothing better to do this weekend, maybe you should try ganging along with the latest craze--Saving The Earth. **OR SHOULD YOU?** The unasked question (asked here for the very first time in another of the daring journalistic arabesques that distinguish this column from those who have to live with their mistakes) is: Save it for what? Undoubtedly unasked because the only possible answer would be: Save it for Later. You don't need to be a two-year-old with a cupcake to see the fallacy in that proposition. Now is "For sure", Later is "Quien sabe?". They'll try to reassure you that saving is a wiser strategy than enjoying on the spot, of course. Right. Remember "Savings and Loans"? Remember "save yourself for marriage"? If the long-term prospects of the planet are so bullish, why the big panic about saving it? You're probably already starting to appreciate the advantages of having the old Warrior around to put you wise, huh?

Hey, if petroleum products are so awful for the environment, what's the big objection to getting rid of them as quick as possible? Use the crud up, make it easier for the younger generation to live in harmony with nature. It's just Like AIDS, one of those problems that would solve itself if the alarmists would keep their hysterical little mitts off it.

That same toddler trying to keep his cupcake from being swallowed up a blue sky investment scheme could also probably articulate another squirmy little objection to saving. Namely, the suspicion that Some Other Time might also involve Somebody Else. Even if you accept the idea that momma plans to return your cupcake Later (in which case I'd like your name and address for my investment counseling newsletter), who's to say that Somebody Else might not grab the cupcake while it's sitting around gathering the obscure virtue of getting older uneaten?

It's obviously a plot. And it's pretty obvious who benefits. Who is so concerned about the ozone thing? You got it, Kids. Who else runs around naked in the sun all day? I'm supposed to crimp my lifestyle so they can save money on sunscreen? All these Ecosaviors want you to do is give up your claim to the Earth itself so there'll be more left for them. Not a new

story, we've been brainwashed for years on the virtues of sacrificing for children. This is a perversion of tried, traditional sacrifice techniques, in which those sacrificed have always been young. Or virgins, even, who have to be sought out younger every year.

Best bet is to remember a memorable Weekend Warrior proverb. (Or motto, if you will. Or even bumper sticker, T-shirt or anodized keychain medallion if you will send \$19.95 to Warrior Enterprises, care of REVOLT. Please include size. Of the T-shirt, idiot.) The proverb, in case you've already forgotten, is: Never trust anybody under Thirty. In fact, it's not all that great an idea to trust anyone, except your periodical pal, The Weekend Warrior. And even that should only be done under adult supervision.

And why do you think it's only kids sporting those "Save the Planet" stickers? The stickers usually have photographs of ol' Mother Earth on them; heavily retouched but still obviously taken when Mom E. was much younger and a lot more salvagable. Just this planet, you'll notice-- nothing said about the erosion on Mars, smog on Venus, methane atmosphere on Neptune, Klingons on Uranus, and no ozone layer at all on Jupiter. Conditions as inhospitable for human life as any found around here. But do these creped crusaders care? Noooooo. Me first, as always. And why bumper stickers? Notice that? These earth saviors always have cars to use as moving billboards for their crackpot ideas. Maybe this makes sense to them. And maybe they're all missing a few bricks in their toilets, if you catch my drip. So what can you, personally, do to Use Up the Earth and Get It Over With? Just cut out the handy little list below and staple to your nasal septum or whatever the current fashion might dictate. For that matter, you can take it and roll it up and stick it in a moist, dark place to save for later.

1. Just be yourself. Any half-assed neo-eco-freako-geek will take about thirty seconds to point out dozens of selfish, genocidal, geophobic behaviors no matter what you do.
2. Keep reading. There are scads of books, articles, periodicals, flyers, handouts, calenders, note pads, hang tags, and cereal boxes with valuable ecological information. All of it on paper made from acres of trees that manifested a desire to be ground to pulp in order to beg off from the boring chore of converting carbon dioxide to oxygen, then slathered with extremely toxic synthetic inks that seep

from landfills into the water table, in order to provide an income for effete dorks in New York who spend it all on imported cheese and water that didn't sure cross the ocean by windjammer.

**3. Recycle Metal.** For instance, have the next car you see with any of those "Fellate the Planet" stickers towed off and scrapped. One less to pollute, one less to commute, and a few extra bucks to boot. (Why do you think they call it "Ecology Auto Wrecking?")

**4. Organize.** We need an ecophagic movement with concerts by dozens of washed-up musicians selling out to their own egotism, a lobby in congress, some tribute albums, and "Eat the Earth" bumper--stickers. Maybe some good recipes.

**5. Put bricks in cars.** Just one brick through the windshield or a BMW or Cherokee can save a lot of noise, pollution, and ignorant self-satisfaction. A few yards of brickbats and voila, another one rides the bus. Get rid of enough of these wimps and there'll be more lanes free for you.

**6. Pig Out. Do it now. Eat it all. Take seconds, take thirds, take cuts, take out, take home--but above all take. If you're gluttonous enough, you probably won't even live to regret it.**

**7. Burn Rubber, Bitch.**

**8. Support toxic wastes. You can't get wasted without intoxicants.**

**9. Don't come crying to me. I'm doing my damndest to run this planet so that nobody gets hurt or loses what's left of their mind. Okay, maybe I'm not doing the greatest job in the world. But I'm not exactly getting very much co-operation, am I?**