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show business

CHRISTIAN SLATER

What if the greatest human being to ever walk the face of the earth was actually alive today? And what if you already knew about this person and experienced their incredible work? Pretty far-fetched, right?

Well it's actually one hundred percent true because that man is Hollywood icon, father, philanthropist, businessman, spokesperson, and author Christian Slater.

Can you believe our luck? We're living on the same planet at the same time as the Christian Michael Leonard Slater. He's only in his early fifties, but Christian Slater has already accomplished so much: over one hundred forty acting roles, nineteen major award nominations, four arrests, three children, two beautiful homes, one violent ex-wife, and countless dollars raised for charity.

I became aware of Christian Slater while watching the straight-to-streaming 2021 Peacock original *Dr.*

Death. Christian Slater plays the role of *Dr. Kirby* and I can't tell you much more than that because I was so distracted by his enigmatic charisma, smoldering with pure intrigue. That first glimpse of Christian Slater in the background sent shivers down my spine. I forgot myself and went temporarily deaf as I swam in the bliss of his onscreen presence. I had to change my underwear four times while watching that first episode.

After that moment I began learning everything about Christian Slater as quickly as possible.

Did you know that Christian Slater started his onscreen acting career when he was just seven years old? And think, at that age I was still in diapers, setting fire to my uncle Dan's F150. But young Christian Slater was already honing his artistry to perfection.

Filmgoers first saw Christian Slater ten years later as a reckless sixteen year old riding a gas-powered scooter in 1985's *The Legend of Billie Jean* (which should have been titled *Introducing Christian*

Slater). Suffice to say, America caught Christian Slater Fever and basically shut down until Christian Slater took a brief hiatus from acting at the start of the new millennium.

Have you ever loved someone so much it hurts? Ever since I learned about Christian Slater three weeks ago, my joints ache, my stomach is in knots, my back spasms uncontrollably, my teeth are falling out. I don't know how our society functions with Christian Slater out and about.

There's a dark period in the epic saga of Christian Slater: in the early 2000s, Christian Slater took on smaller roles than he previously booked in his legendary blockbuster run in the nineties. I don't know why he decided to work on TV but I assume it had something to do with his awful agent (I call this agent's office to share my opinion on Christian Slater's early 2000s bookings at least once a week).

These days Christian Slater is basically royalty. His status as a household name will never fade because Christian Slater has transcended Hollywood. Aren't we lucky to bask in the glory of Christian Slater's work? His critically-acclaimed early films, his television period, and whatever comes next. We get to bear witness to our children and grandchildren of the magic of being

poetry

THEY SAID

They said a top athlete with a killer face and body couldn't win the community center talent show with his poetry.

They said the ten-time Employee of the Month couldn't possibly have enough free time to be the top Halo player in the neighborhood.

They said mom's obvious favorite wouldn't be dad's favorite, too.

They said somebody who has accomplished so much could never be a kind and gracious person.

They said a lot of things. But I guess that's why I'm me and they're ugly losers and haters.

there when it all happened.

And it's up to us to maintain Christian Slater's legacy—to that end, I've mailed countless letters to Google to let them know that their search results for the term *christian* are mostly about the religion and Christian Bale (or as I call them, *lesser christians*).

Each day I try to mold my life after Christian Slater's. So when I saw him in an ad for autotrader.com, I sold everything immediately so I could buy a car from them. Seeing Christian Slater in a TV ad is the best. It's like, wow this ad is so much better than the show I was watching! Does this stupid show have C-Slate? Nope, but this fifteen second film from autotrader.com sure does!

I have tried, desperately, to understand HP's infotainment miniseries, *The Wolf*, which stars renowned cybersecurity expert Christian Slater. But how can I appreciate their *new frontier of endpoint management* if I don't even know what the old frontier was? My big takeaway from HP is that Christian Slater is very smart about computers.

But as I reminisce on Christian Slater's diverse portfolio of work, something awful occurs to me. His series, *Dr. Death*, is based on a true story of medical malpractice from 2017. So vascular

surgeon Randall Kirby (Christian Slater's character) is alive to see the show. A regular guy got to have his life story portrayed by Christian fucking Slater. Fuck! Fuck. Shit. That fuckwad pissantcreep dickweed medical pest shitstain motherfucker doesn't know how fucking lucky he is. Oh that fucking worm!

No matter how grateful Randall Kirby is, it's not fucking grateful enough.

If Christian Slater played me in a screen adaptation of my life, I would explode into trillions of atoms of pure stardust and float endlessly as a cloud of perfect bliss. I would psychically will that to happen. This would occur long before the first rehearsal, because the news of this event alone would send me off to unfathomable heights of fulfillment and gratitude.

Randall Kirby, on the other hand, continues to practice as a fucking doctor at some hospital with florescent bulbs and tile and stupid ass paintings in patient rooms in fucking Texas of all places.

Once my car gets back from the shop, I might take a road trip to the Lone Star State, fake a cardiovascular event, maybe even land myself in Dr. Kirby's operating room. Then we'll see who's more deserving of Christian Slater. ■

transcripts & ephemera

GIVE A WARM WELCOME TO MY NEXT GUEST

*[MUSIC FADES OUT, STAGE LIGHTS
FADE UP, CAMERA ONE ON HOST]*

Horse McDermott is known to many, and beloved by a select few, for his invaluable contributions as an author, driver, scholar, gambler, mogul, plastic surgeon, fetishist, line cook, and amateur architect. Horse's work has been featured in every prestigious publication, quarterly journal, underground zine, as well as in the anthology: *Not Enough Hours in the Day: Collected Essays on Kiefer Sutherland*. He is a volunteer content moderator of three online chat forums.

Horse's work in the field of dance criticism singularly changed the landscape of Turkish contemporary movement. He has consulted many of his business partners through the process of filing chapter eleven bankruptcy. As an avid tennis player, Horse's body bears the scars of many racket- and ball- related injuries.

Horse has been called *a key figure in the international scene* by former Phoenix mayor Leland LePlume, *the foremost expert on footwear durability* by cellist Odious Chauncey, and *an eligible datum* by researcher Lex Conical.

Horse is punctual, hard of hearing, and owns many rare pieces of 7UP memorabilia. He has earned slightly less than eighteen Employee of the Month honors at his neighborhood grocery co-op.

Horse's personal car is waxed and detailed on a monthly basis. His handshakes are firm but fair. He lives on the outskirts of town. His favorite musician is, of course, Katy Perry. His enthusiasm for the health benefits of unpasteurized dairy is only surpassed by his excitement for hand-spun yarn.

Horse's eyes are a dreamy shade of blue, accented by perpetually bloodshot whites. His hair is effortlessly curly, but

he keeps it hidden beneath a wide-brimmed religious hat. Horse walks with a slight limp, the result of a childhood injury. He is a charming addition to any house or dinner party, but politely insists on letting others do the cooking.

Horse is OSHA-certified to operate small forklifts throughout the state of Oregon. He is a man of few words—but when he does speak, people tend to listen.

Horse is the author of a trilogy of self-help eBooks: *How to Win at Losing*, *How to Convince Yourself That Things Are Fine*, and *The Loser's Way: Being Pathetic As a Way of Life*. He is an excellent bowler and an even better darts player, and he always tips his waitstaff generously.

Horse has a fear of heights, but this has not stopped him from entering many multi-story buildings. He has an encyclopedic knowledgable of occult practices, although he has no personal experience in the field. Whenever possible, he catches and sustains eye contact with his rivals and revilers.

In his free time, Horse tends to a shrine in his spare bedroom dedicated to Canada's third Deputy Prime Minister, Erik Nielsen—which includes artifacts such as an antique pocket watch that had previously been in the Nielsen

family for generations and a menu from *Nourriture*, a restaurant where Nielsen was scheduled to dine during a campaign visit to Vancouver in 1984.

Horse is one of few people to have never been struck by lightning. He has carefully examined the entire city of La Verna, Italy. He has a pet horse named Human Von Strauss.

Horse enjoys long walks on the beach, sunsets, and violent video games. His scent can be found in the dark corners of many dark rooms. He leads a community Bible study which exclusively covers passages of verbal geography in the Old Testament.

Horse has two brothers, both of whom are taller than him. He is not registered to vote. Horse is a Sagittarius, a Dadaist, a recovering chocoholic, an interpreter of dreams, and a man of his word. With a full night's sleep, Horse can accomplish just about anything.

So without further ado, why don't you come on out here, Horse?

[HORSE ENTERS STAGE RIGHT]

I'm being told that, unfortunately, that's all the time we have for you, Dr. McDermott. Thanks for coming on the program. And good night, America! ■

correspondence & communique

COVER LETTER & RESIGNATION

First of all, thank you for considering my application. I am both exuberant and terrified that my lowly name has been placed before you and I hope that I do not squander your precious attention.

I'll jump straight into my qualifications: I have amassed every achievement, award, and accolade everywhere I have graciously been allowed to work. My history of fervent service is unparalleled because my devotion to the craft has been nothing less than rapturous. Many a sleepless night have I spent adding shareholder value and shouldering the heavy demands of my superiors (not that I am complaining, I am actually deeply grateful to be entrusted with the duties of several full-time roles simultaneously).

It has been the privilege of a lifetime to have been called to labor tirelessly to meet weekly assignments, monthly goals, quarterly quotas, and yearly initiatives. I only regret that my unwavering toil has led to brief stints of hospitalization on four occasions,

which have unfortunately taken me away from my professional duties.

As to the position in question, I assure you that I am not only capable but passionate about the particulars of the Associate Technical Representative II (West Region) role. In fact, since childhood I have ceaselessly yearned—tearfully and often with loud weeping—to drive sales executions across lateral markets through operational data evaluations.

If this resumé and cover letter are taking up too much space on your venerable desk, please do not hesitate to dispose of them and accept my deepest apologies for this indiscretion. I am on my knees begging you not to waste even one second of your precious time on me, if my background and experience are unworthy of consideration. And if there is another applicant that rivals my sincere interest and commitment to the success of your company, I am prepared to counteroffer fifty percent below the allotted salary for the role and provide

a signing bonus of \$10,000 to be gifted to the business immediately.

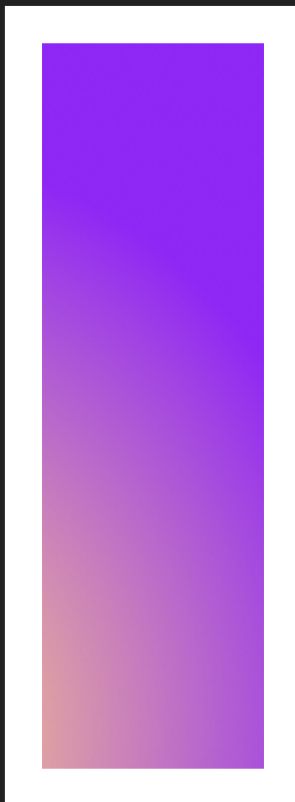
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To all it may concern,

With agonizing regret and a tear-wrinkled face, I must announce my resignation effective in two devastating weeks.

The years I have given to Cooper Systems, LLC have been perpetual bliss. My only wish is that it could have gone on forever. I hope that heaven is an eternal Cooper office where we drive sales acquisitions and increase shareholder value into infinity. But the world is a broken place, and I accepted a job offer elsewhere.

I want to thank you for the deeply meaningful professional advancement and friendship we have forged together during my employment. I consider each person at Cooper Systems to be my personal best friend. I love you and I really mean it when I say that we should stay in touch, not be strangers, et cetera.



Let me be clear: my decision to leave is in no way a reflection of my confidence in president Todd Cooper or the executive team. I sincerely believe that this company is humankind's single greatest achievement. I'm dumbfounded that fate allowed me to be a part of this glorious organization, even if only for a short time.

So I leave behind neither regrets nor disagreements with anyone at Cooper—I say this to dispel any dark speculation that may rack your heart. If anything, I'm more aligned with the work happening at Cooper today than ever before.

Know that I, just like you, am in a state of shocked disbelief at this sudden change. *Why am I doing this?* The answer sadly evades me. It is a subject I will continue to explore with my personal team of life coaches, executive counselors, and career consultants (my professional development trifecta). In the meantime, know that I will continue to love Cooper Systems, LLC forever. ■

streaming now

BERLIN ON FIRE

REVIEW: BINGE IT OR SKIP IT?

Berlin on Fire (starring Burt Sienna and Beatrice Yöğurt) is a historical thriller set in the center of Nazi Germany, where a band of rebels is plotting the downfall of the Third Reich. - Netflix

In the opening sequence of Netflix's newest big-budget prestige TV drama, we see a meticulously-crafted Nazi metropolis with a secret rebel army hiding in seemingly every basement and dark alley, waiting to strike the very heart of Hitler's empire. From the first moment, I found the show to be dreary and dull, lacking even the slightest hint of humor and completely devoid of romantic hijinks.

But I should have known that *Berlin on Fire* would be a disappointment since historical dramas aren't actually my cup of tea—I really prefer to follow the hilarious mishaps of a band of urban young adults through their relatable struggles and idiosyncratic tiffs. Unfortunately *Berlin on Fire* is anything but a lighthearted coming-of-middle-age sitcom.

Although *Berlin on Fire* is set in a sprawling city, it doesn't follow a gang of hapless goofs, navigating new careers, sexual tension, overbearing

parents, and side-splitting physical comedy. The Netflix series is more of a tense political thriller, where the only sexual chemistry exists between my thumb and the *Back* button on the remote control.

The real problem is the central story arc that eats up so much of the first season's runtime. Burt Sienna's character gets a job at an art gallery where many of Berlin's wealthy elite purchase works of art, many confiscated from Jews throughout Europe. The position gives Burt Sienna access to the personal residences of prominent Nazi bureaucrats and military leaders.

And yes, it's as dull as you're imagining this would be. It just can't be that hard to hide explosives inside the frames of paintings.

I have some suggestions for the series. What if a clumsy Nazi spilled his coffee over an important map and frantically

tried to clean it up before the ranking officer turned back around? Can't we have one scene where Burt Sienna and Beatrice Yogurt get jobs as waiters in a fancy restaurant and ruin the lunch service with their classic laziness and inflated egos?

I feel like the show would be improved if we spent less time learning the names of Nazis and more time in the two-bedroom apartment where the leads could argue about their new couch, or fill the place with smoke while making cupcakes for a friend's surprise birthday

party, or engage in a passive-aggressive battle over the radio dial.

Throughout the unfolding drama, I counted zero awkward first dates. And where are the catchphrases? The eye rolls? The overlaid iMessage graphics? (Anachronistic, I know, but pretty much all shows use these now.)

It's like the series creators are trying to bore me to death. I'm going to call my Senator to report the creators of *Berlin on Fire* as attempted murderers if the second season is as dismal as the first. ■

poetry

RECIPE FOR FRIENDSHIP

One spark of care,
a dash of love,
a cup of good humor,
twelve feet of rope.

An instructional book about knots,
a spacious trunk,
a sturdy shed,
combine and bake for a lifetime.

