

THE CRANKY TIMES

Volume 1, No. 1 - Kingston, NY - April 1, 2019 - "Cheer Up! It's Not So Bad!"

All Men Resign From All Jobs

All men-folk across the Hudson Valley have resigned from all positions of influence, no matter how small, sources told *The Cranky Times*.

"We quit," the men said in unison, as they walked out of their occupations, some held for many decades. All are known or suspected to have made women uncomfortable, or to have said or done something potentially inappropriate, some time in the past 40 years.

"We don't deserve all this power," the men said through a spokesman, who scrubs floors at the local YMCA.

Sanitation workers, political representatives, the general manager of a groovy radio station, in-

urance reps, real estate brokers, teachers, school administrators, members of the Common Council and county legislature, ministers, Roman Catholic priests, reporters, the mayor, Thor, and others, all quit from their positions, bringing an end to the local patriarchy.

Attorneys, accountants, contractors, librarians, sports coaches and many other moguls and impresarios threw in the towel after it was revealed how potentially inappropriate they had been.

"We deserve it," they said.

As of today, there will be no more creepy. Done.

The work force is now dominated entirely by women, and an unusual state of cooperation,

peace, love and harmony has emerged in a matter of days.

"We all work together so well," the women said. "We love each other and help one another every conceivable way that we can, all the time," they all added.

The men, regretting the errors of their ways, all hung their heads in shame, and admitted that they don't even deserve to exist, much less to have the privilege of wielding their terrible patriarchal power over women, like they have done since the day Jesus was born.

And though the Savior continues to be popular among women, He said it was time to step aside and let the Blessed Mother rule the planet for a few millennia.

The men who quit were unusually candid about their sins against womanhood.

"Once I went into a woman's room without asking," said one former firefighter. "It's true that the building was burning and smoke was down to my knees, but that doesn't make it right. I should have knocked," he added.

He turned in his badge, his fire hat and his hose, and sulked off into the sunset. It was not clear whether he went, though as he was traveling west, sources speculated that he was heading for his mother's house in Hurley, where she reportedly had a bowl of hot oatmeal with bananas waiting for him.

The Hurley dog enforcement

officer resigned after admitting to using the word "bitch" to refer to a female dog.

A former Central Hudson lineman said that he once reconnected the power to an entire neighborhood without first asking if it was a good time to do so, admitting that this might have caused some women some discomfort.

"It had to. I admit that," he said. "It didn't occur to me to call up all the women and ask how they felt about all their appliances coming back on at once," he said, before stepping off of the Kingston-Rhinecliff bridge into the Hudson, where he treaded water for weeks, as all of the Coast Guard pilots had resigned for hoping to spot a mermaid.

'Burning of Kingston' Storage Facility Torched by Civil War Re-enactors

The barn where the Burning of Kingston festival stored all of its shit was tragically burned down by Civil War re-enactors last week, intent on quelling the American Revolution.

The former festival commemorated our big moment in the Revolutionary War, or it used to anyway.

"What do you think, Betsy Ross flags grow on trees?" one of the organizers asked. "Well, I'll tell you, they don't."

The brave Civil War re-enactors made their way up from Winchester, Virginia, following the Appalachian Trail in their RV along the nearest highway.

They suffered terrible hardships during the journey, particularly through the brutal winter, especially when they ran out of instant coco one night and had to survive on Earl Grey tea.

They were armed with musket, cannon, slingshot, and B.B., and carried a torch that they had to keep lit in case there were no matches in Kingston to set the blaze.

When they arrived here, they promptly burned down the storage barn, taking all of the fake Revolutionary War junk with it, ending the Burning of Kingston Festival forever.

They did not burn the whorehouse, just like the Brits didn't do, in the legend. The ladies were very appreciative of that, and made dinner for the re-enactors.

Then they tried to sleep in the Fred Johnston Museum but were stopped by the new alarm system and vaporized by the lasers that now surround the building, which was convenient for law enforcement, as there were no bodies to recover.

"You have to admit it's interesting that for all these years, Kingston celebrated its existence by burning itself down," said Judy Silver, an area psychologist and Zen master. "That is downright existential."

City Insists it Can Hold its Liquor

The city can hold its liquor, it said in a loud statement.

"Don't worry, we're in control," it added brazenly, as several squad cars, the Emergency Services Unit, a sheriff's deputy and a number of state police vehicles arrived at the scene.

Several area residents promptly vomited onto the police cars, destroying the finish.

"I've got a crimp," one resident insisted. "I'm vine, dust me, I can brive just vine," the resident added, as others cheered him on aggressively, seeming eager to smash a window or rip one of the little trees out of the pots outside of Dominick's Cafe and throw it on the ground, in a display of revolutionary vigor.

"Bring it on, asshole," another citizen added, and officers promptly complied with his request, charging him with public drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

Meanwhile, the city's bar owners insisted that they could hold even more liquor licenses.

"Make it a double," they said.

City Gets New Motto

The Common Council approved the city's new motto. Beginning on May 1, it will be, "Fuck You."

The previous motto, "First Capital of New York," turned out not to be true.

"We went through a lot of possibilities," said Franklin Carbunkel, head of the Motto Subcommittee of the Political Speech Committee of the Common Council. The motto search went on for three years.

"Tree City was taken by Poughkeepsie," he said.

"The City that Never Sleeps was taken by New York City, and nobody liked Cleveland Rocks. Where Yee-Hah! Meets Ole! Was taken by Eagle's Pass, Texas, thank God. America's Hometown was taken by everywhere else.

"So we thought, what really

reflects the spirit of our amazingly friendly community with its superior quality of life?

"The answer was, Fuck You."

Signs will be added to various city line crossings, such as along Rt. 32, Rt. 9W and Lucas Turnpike, which will say, "Welcome to Kingston. Fuck You," emblazoned with the city seal.

The motto "Go Fuck Yourself" was considered briefly, but was dismissed as too positive.

Catskill Art & Office Supplies Moves to East Kingston Near the Old Cement Mine Behind the Abandoned Factory on the Road Without a Name, Sources Say

Catskill Art & Office Supplies, where freaky artists shoplift and frame their work, is moving up in the world, sources said — that is, if you consider the outskirts of East Kingston to be "up."

It will be located near the old cement mine behind the abandoned factory on a road without a name, according to sources, who spoke on the condition of anonymity.

"There are a lot of artists around there, because rent is so cheap," the source said.

To get there, you take Old Flatbush Road and stop at the corner where the green barn used to be, then turn right and go about 100 feet till you see the cement mine.

You can't miss it.

The newly recreated shop will specialize in framing and muffler repair. The grand opening is set for some time in June.

Area Feminists Wage War on Male Deity

Area feminists have figured out that the root of all patriarchy is the concept of a male God, and have outed Him for being inappropriate and for making women uncomfortable.

A locally-based Twitter feed called @TimesUpGod had 27 followers and was growing steadily by the week.

"He was looking at me when I was naked," said @redridinghood. "I was so self-conscious that I blushed. I put on my fig leaf undies to cover up. God is a total creeper."

"I think of Him every time I orgasm, and I call His name. That's inappropriate! Time's Up, God," said @atheist12561. "Stay out of my climaxes."

"God asked me out on a date," said @spiritual666. "It was so real. We took a bath. He asked me to marry him. I said yes and we got married and were very happy. I don't think that's professional."

"Bring back the Goddess!" said @earthgirl845. "Five thousand years of patriarchy is more than enough."

At press time, area feminists were waging a hashtag war with the Central New York Diocese of the Catholic Church, and were planning to stage a Goddess-In at the annual chicken dinner at Mount Our Lady Church in Hurley and "really mess things up."

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Boy Mayor In Bid for Presidency

Kingston's boy mayor threw his hat into the ring for the Democratic presidential nomination. It was a black top hat, and he painted a ring outside the Post Office and threw his hat in.

Well, he tried to. He missed the first time, so he picked it up and threw it again, and the hat landed right in the middle of the ring. All the postal workers cheered.

He is officially the 146th Democratic candidate.

"I feel that I've accomplished everything I can, and I need bigger and better challenges," he said. "Kingston is just a piss pot. Gotta get outta here."

Wiping away a tear, he added, "I've loved heading up this great mayoral office for three years. Now I must lead our nation out of crisis."

America's 26th youngest mayor was deeply saddened to find out that he was not old enough to be president, and claimed back his hat.

City Signals its Virtue into Deep Space

The city has erected a massive radio tower on Albany Ave. to broadcast a message of peace, love and its extreme virtue into the eternal void of deep space, hoping someone far in the future many light years away will realize how wonderful everyone here is, and how we all did our part at this crucial time in history.

"We're all so awesome," said Mayor Steve The Unbelievable, whose idea this all was. "We're the best people ever, and we know it."

"In our 24/7 broadcast, we talk about the Rail Trail and our fantastic recycling program and tourism and our new parking meters and how sensitive we all are," he added, projecting his voice deep into the heavens, in the approximate direction of the Perseus-Pisces supercluster located 76.7 megaparsecs away.

As he spoke, all the lights in the city dimmed, as the transmitter strained the Indiana Point nuclear plant, which will probably melt down sooner or later.

The city's director of communication said it will take a mere 250 million years for the signal to reach the first stars in the supercluster of galaxies, which include the predominant cluster Abell 426 (also known as "the Brooklyn of Perseus").

And assuming someone picks up the message, manages to translate it and reply, it will be at least half a billion years before we have confirmation that they think we're as wonderful as we think we are — or they invade the planet and kill us all.

Creep Arrested for Laughing at Tits

Alarmed locals are hoping that the tit-laughing spree will finally calm down after a creep was busted for laughing at a babe's boobs, according to the cops.

The gratuitous guffaw occurred at Updated, the groovy coffee house, at 2 pm-ish last

Wednesdayish or last weekish.

“He looked down and started laughing hysterically,” said the victim, who is not being identified. “He was standing right near me. It had to be my boobs. I don’t think that’s funny.”

She dialed the new Sex-1-1 Hotline and the Appropriateness Squad responded and made the arrest. The alleged perpetrator was purportedly taken to Sex Court and reportedly charged with mammary giggling, according to press reports.

Area psychologist Golda Myopia, reached for comment in her luxurious office, said, “Laughter is typically spasmodic and largely involuntary expirations often accompanied by inarticulate vocalizations, generally evoked by mirth. This was different. This was really serious.”

It’s now believed that 43% of all laughter in the Hudson Valley involves someone’s titties.

“We fail to see the humor,” the LGBTW Center said in a rather lengthy statement.

LGBTW Center Revamps, Renames, is Much Cooler

The LGBTW Center has announced its new name. It will basically be the same thing in the same place, only more inclusive.

“Nobody understood what the Q was for anyway,” said Jeff Soandso, the director. “Was it for queer, or questioning, or quack or queen? I don’t even know, and I’m the flippin’ director.”

“But for that matter, nobody knows what the T stands for,” he said. “I think it might be transvestite.

“Anyway, they switched Q to W, which does not stand for Woman. It stands for Wannabe.”

This is to accommodate all the wannabes that are running around, painting their fingernails, wearing pink boas, and posing as allies. “We have to be inclusive,” Jeff said. “Even of metrosexual poseurs. There are just so many of them. If it doesn’t kill ya it makes ya strong! I have to hurry off to work, see ya later!”

The center will offer numerous support services for wannabes, including agony sessions about how hard it is to be accepted by either gay or straight society when you’re faking it. Then there is the whole issue of unfairly feeling like a fake.

Wannabe lesbians will be excused from eating pussy, according to the LGBTW center’s guidelines.

“That’s good,” said one member of the new caucus. “I want to be a lesbian but could never get into the whole pussy eating thing. Maybe I’ll let a girl do it to me, but only if she’s really pretty, or forces me,” she added.

BREAKING NEWS: Harvey Gets a Life

The Real Harvey has finally got a life, sources told *The Daily Breast*. We picked up the story and are running away with it.

Harvey personally confirmed the report, and just issued a statement that said, “Wow, I just woke up and decided I had to get a life. You know what I mean?”

She said she had grown tired of messing with everyone else’s life and thought she would try having a life of her own, though she admitted this felt uncomfortable.

“Yeah, that’s the word,” she said. “Uncomfortable.”

“I’m at that certain age where

I looked back on things and thought, well, I haven’t accomplished anything. I don’t really do anything relevant. It sucked losing that NPR job opportunity because they said I had no respect for industry standards and practices,” she added.

“That made me look inward for the first time. Then one night when I was roaming around the streets aimlessly, I found a copy of *Civilization and its Discontents* in the trash outside Moon You Books, and I read it, standing right there. It changed my life. Sigmund Freud really spoke to me,” she said.

“I love Papa,” she added wistfully.

She said that standing there on the street, she flipped the tattered old book open to this quotation:

“It is impossible to escape the impression that people commonly use false standards of measurement — that they seek power, success and wealth for themselves and admire them in others, and that they underestimate what is of true value in life.”

“I was like wow. I’ve been so obsessed by status. And I got it by making a mess of people’s lives. How pathetic! Then I realized I hadn’t accomplished anything. My portfolio is totally lame. It’s a bunch of stupid clippings from *Chronograph*. But I’ve decided to stop hating myself,” she said.

“It’s been rough. If I’ve taken it out on you, I’m so sorry I hurt myself like that.”

Walking Violations Bureau Creates Jobs

The rapidly expanding Walking Violations Bureau is reviving the local economy, creating gobs of jobs all over the place.

It’s just fabulous.

More than 100 walking enforcement officers and workers to maintain the new walking meters were hired this week, in the biggest expansion of city government since Mayor Cheney back in 1977. At that time, city government occupied the entire IBM complex, sources said.

Walking meters have found their way to odd locations, such as Corporation Counsel Alley in midtown, and DPS Lane down by the creek.

“We’re taking over,” said Dan Garterbelt, whizzing along at full speed on a Segway, using his automatic GPS navigation system to avoid deadly potholes on Maiden Lane.

On the sidewalk as he sped by, several people were being interrogated by walking enforcement officers for inappropriate ambulation.

So far, the city court has thrown out every case.

There may be an upside. “We hired Google to inventory all of our potholes. We revived the naming project, too. Gesturing, he said, that one over there is the Shayne Gallo Manic Depression, and right behind it is the T.R. Gallo Blacktop Fault Line. That thing there, where the asphalt rises six inches above the utility hole cover, is the Garraghan Geologic Bitumen Feature.”

“In the old days, jaywalking was all we had. Today, every form of walking is an offense,” Garterbelt added.

“Soon, we’ll be charging people with possession of shoes, which we consider to be walking paraphernalia.”

“But don’t worry,” he added. “These are just administrative actions. We send them out all the time by bulk mail. But if you don’t reply, we will bring out the manacles and boot you.”

New Courts Move Into Old Family Court Building

Two new judicial agencies have taken over the old Family Court building on Lucas Ave., the one across from the laundromat and near the sushi place.

One is the Appropriateness Court, which will hold trials for anyone accused of acting inappropriately. This will be held Monday, Wednesday and Friday and presided over by etiquette specialists from the local media, including the author of the “Wipe Your Chin” column in *Chronograph*.

The other agency is Sex Court, which will adjudicate in advance whether unmarried people who want to have sex have actually consented to do so. Sex Court will be supervised by the eminently lusty Third Judicial Department.

Sex Court will be conducted by jury trial. With the help of expert witnesses, jurors will have to evaluate whether consent was enthusiastic enough. If there is a ruling of “enthused consent,” the court will issue an Order to Do It.

The couple will then formulate in front of the jury, the public and the press for full evaluation.

The Grand Jury of Sex will also issue indictments. If you want someone so bad, take it to the Grand Jury of Sex and they will investigate secretly and make a determination.

“This will finally resolve the whole issue of consent, which is dicey in New York,” said one Prosecutor of Love.

Tesla Pileup Closes Frog Alley for a While

A tragic three-vehicle Tesla pileup closed Frog Alley for several hours earlier this week. It was the 14th wreck on that weird little street so far this year.

Conveniently, the accident occurred within 74 feet of the Frog Alley Fire Station, which saved diesel fuel and wear and tear on equipment, as the fireguys casually strolled to the scene, marveling at the dents in the electric vehicles, all of which were equipped with blind spot protection and automatic braking systems.

At press time, several very cool, progressive people were milling around looking at their damaged vehicles, grateful they have only the best insurance.

Liberal Caravan Reaches Tillson

A massive caravan of liberal refugees working its way north has reached Tillson, Pres. Trump said in a frantic tweet.

“WARNING - THEY HAVE REACHED TILSON,” frantically he tweeted at 5:51 am today. The caravan is estimated to be about 6,000 strong, with at least 10 adults and three children.

The caravan left the Guatemalaville neighborhood of New York City shortly after 9/11, and has been gradually creeping northward. After totally overrunning Gardiner, they swamped New Paltz, even as the College

Republicans tried to fend them off with spitballs. Sadly, there are only two people in that club.

The caravan has enough artisanal tempeh and kombucha to make it up to Bloomington, according to our embedded reporter. There, they will restock at the annual fire company Weenie Roast this coming Sunday.

The president has sought funding for a wall along the city’s southern border, however, the mayor, who is running for president, said that an invisible dog fence would have to suffice.

When they get to Kingston they are expected to each register to vote 100 times, and take over everything. Members of the League of Women Voters will be there to assist.

Vagina Monologues Opens for 10-Year Run at UPAC!

The incredible *Vagina Monologues* will begin a 3,000 night run at the Ulster Performing Arts Center (UPAC), according to *Rolling Stone* and Kingston Radio. It has been set to an elaborate musical score.

“We’re going for it,” said Eve Ensler, who wrote the play, based on things she overheard in the Student Union cafeteria at SUNY Purchase, which is in Purchase.

Apparently there is a lot of vagina talk there, sources said.

In other news, area feminists have rented the Bow Tie Factory and will be converting it into the Ensler Erotic Arts Center. It will include a museum, a gift shop, and a “sturbatorium” where several hundred women can collectively hold wild events.

“We’ve got a multi-camera system and can project one onto the screen 20 feet high. Talk about a monologue,” an organizer said.

Six-Year-Old Granted Clemency at Sudbury

A six-year-old child sentenced to be deported from “Summerhill” to Siberia by his peers at the Sudbury School was granted clemency last week, sources said.

After a two-day judicial process, he had been found guilty of dancing around in a funny hat, cheating at Nerf ball, stamping his feet and being a wiseass, sources said.

The determination of guilt came after 15 hours of nonstop interrogation before the entire school. The child, who has not been identified, was not represented by his parents, a teacher or any of his peers during the judicial process. This is standard procedure for the school.

“You’re all a bunch of stinky little assholes,” the boy said in his closing argument.

Then his classmates voted overwhelmingly to expel him to Siberia. One student volunteered his father’s American Express card to purchase the ticket.

The students considered locking him in the old boiler room in the school’s basement for three years, drowning him or pushing him off of the roof.

Excommunication was considered the friendliest approach. School administrators agreed. Because the punishment was scheduled for his seventh birthday, students said he could have some cake first.

However, several of his class-

mates who had voted against the punishment used a little known provision in *Robert’s Rules of Order* to vacate the motion on the grounds that it had been adopted after official school hours.

The students then rallied a Democracy movement, getting rid of *Robert’s Rules* and winning support for a circular leadership council used by the Lakota people. Administrators received a personal healing from Heyoka. A hawk flew overhead.

Millennials Stage Protest Against You

Millennials staged a massive protest today, marching from Downtown through Midtown and even into Uptown, ending at Dietz Stadium, where they held a pep rally.

What were they so upset about?

Apparently, you.

“We don’t like you!” they chanted in unison, storming past your house making faces and calling you names.

Several attempted to flip over a carriage step, but it was stuck to the ground.

“Hey-hey, ho-ho, you-you have got to go!” they chanted.

“You have offended many people and acted inappropriately on a number of occasions, and it’s time for you to go,” one said in an interview.

Kingston’s Experiment with Fluoride-Free Water Finally Deemed Total Failure

Responding to the Red Scare in the 1940s, the city’s then-conservative leadership said that forevermore, Kingston’s water supply would never be fluoridated.

They were sure there was “a Communist plot to deplete the brainpower and sap the strength of a generation of American children” and that fluoride was the weapon.

Dr. Charles Bett, a prominent anti-fluoridationist who lived on Kingston Ave., charged that fluoridation was “better than using the atom bomb because the atom bomb has to be made, has to be transported to the place it is to be set off while poisonous fluorine has been placed right beside the water supplies by the Americans themselves ready to be dumped into the water mains whenever a Communist desires!”

But after 70 years, this experiment has been deemed a total failure. First, everyone is now a Communist.

You would think the stuff had been broadcast sprayed on the city for years.

Second, compared with 100 cities that put fluoride in their water, Kingston youth ranked 99th in reading level, mathematics level, basic employment skills and IQ score, and first in alcohol consumption, opioid addiction, disorderly conduct arrests, unemployment insurance claims and driving their parents’ cars into mailboxes.

“We’ll take that atom bomb please,” city officials said this week, reaching out to the Kremlin through one of those backchannels established by the Trump campaign in 2016.

“Please, any time you’re ready. What about three o’clock?” they asked.

At press time, city officials were seen squeezing tubes of Crest Ultra into Cooper Lake.

City Raises Walking Pass Fee to \$400

The city has raised the cost of a Walking Pass to \$400, according to a press release that came out yesterday. Walking Passes were introduced in 2017 and are required for all pedestrians.

You probably didn't know that, but it's true.

"It's cheaper than car insurance" one resident said, while getting tattooed. "At least I can pay for it with my app when I walk to get a triple karma macchiato."

If a resident does not have a Walking Pass, they must either sit on the ground, or pay for the privilege of strolling around by the mile, which will now go up to \$5.50, more than Lyft and Uber combined.

"You people messed up our sidewalks with your feet, and now it's time to pay," the mayor said. "And no, we're not fixing the sidewalks. Look where you're going."

Pedestrians are followed around by GPS, which tracks their speed and location at all times. If they don't have a smart phone, they must get a permanent ankle bracelet from their friends at City Hall, and feed quarters into the walking meters every few feet.

For some reason, bike riding remains free.

Grandma Moses Lane Man Has Extremely Lurid Browser History

Continued from Last Week (Part 17 of 17)

Spectrum Cable records provided to *Bingo Daily* have again revealed that an area man looks at all kinds of weird stuff on his computer. That's the dude who lives on Grandma Moses Lane, who everybody thinks is a creep.

In this seventeenth of seventeen parts, we detail what he looks at on the internet and tell you why it's so inappropriate, and why nobody should be his friend even though this article will probably make him more popular.

"This is my biggest story ever," said Jesse J. Jones, the *Bingo Daily* reporter who broke parts one, two, four, five, three, six, seven, eight, ten, eleven, twelve, fourteen, thirteen, fifteen, sixteen and the conclusion — part seventeen — and who has now found meaning in life as a result.

He said he was getting bored covering the mall movie theater renovation and was grateful to have had this important internet perv to write about. He said he was hoping for a movie deal.

"I can't fucking believe it. My buddy Jim who works at Spectrum has access to everyone's account, even the part you shouldn't see, and he gave me the records of this guy who lives over on Grandma Moses Lane who's a total perv!" the reporter told other reporters gathered outside the Post Office.

He has a browser history a mile long that includes girl-on-girl, bukkake, sissy slut hypno training, daddy issues, people eating sushi off of a naked girl, Federalist era escapades, plenty of MILFs, including those seen on NakedSoccerMoms.com, plus a little granny action for good measure, in addition to his ob-

session with antique Swiss army knives that he hunts down compulsively on eBay and Etsy.

He has also read every article in the "Mystery Girl" series and checks his email a lot.

"What a douchebag," the reporter said. "Some day I'm going to write a comic book about this."

B-Bus Canceled for Making Stutterers Uncomfortable

The B-Bus was done away with for making fun of stutterers, millennials said. In recent years, it had gained the reputation of being called the B-b-b-us, which was seen as demeaning to the bus.

However, others said it was due to the fact that the B-Bus drives along a particularly b-b-bumpy route, which is how it got the name (said in the old days to be the "Bumpy Bus"). This however was seen as a lame excuse that should not be tolerated, even if accurate.

"That is n-n-not c-c-cool," one passenger said, shaking in his seat as the vehicle's chassis smashed against the rim of the massive George Clinton-A pothole leftover from the brutal winter, then lost control, jumped the curve and slammed into a b-b-bus shelter.

After being flogged, the B-Bus was being kept in a safe space and being offered extensive sensitivity training.

In other news, the D-Bus was canceled for blatant racism. While the A-Bus remained popular and largely free of controversy except for the fact that it's the best. Residents hoped that there might be a second one added some day, perhaps to the called Another-Bus.

Local Conservative Party Down to One Member

The city's Conservative Party is down to one member, who is really a libertarian. The influx of commie hipsters has proven to be influential, as one by one, former right wingnuts have defected to Marxism and various other shades of pink.

A Maoist enclave has taken over the east side of Wall Street, near North Front. The New Cultural Revolution was underway as of 3 pm and everyone has been accused of something so bad they're not allowed to know what it is.

Many in this town who used to watch Fox News now read the *World Weekly Socialist Review*, which has grown to three different delivery routes, all manned by the Boy Scouts.

Half Moon Chachkas was selling first edition copies of *The Little Red Book* faster than it was moving copies of the one about the strange but true history of Frog Alley.

As for the Conservative Party, last week's pancake breakfast was a sad scene. "I'm the chairman, the vice chairman, the secretary and the treasurer," said Lenny Goldwater, a distant cousin of Barry.

Crystals Restaurant Opens Uptown

The latest idea has been imported from Brooklyn or Austin or Asheville or someplace: a gourmet salt cafe. Called Crystals and located on Kingston Ave., this elegantly simple idea

combines the concept of a tapas bar with that of a salt shaker.

"Salt is the most popular item in any restaurant," said Cleo Clementine, chief *saltiér* at Crystals. "We thought it would be innovative to turn salt into dinner itself."

Patrons love the minimalist presentation, and never leave feeling overstuffed, bloated or like they're waddling down the street. It will work well for any diet except for high blood pressure. And the trend has caught on, even here in restaurant-soaked Kingston. Without a reservation, we waited patiently for three hours to be served. And we were not disappointed.

Dinner consists of a series of courses, each of which features a kind of salt from their international selection, typically sprinkled on a single leaf of iceberg lettuce. When we sat down, we were hospitably served a glass of artisan water and a salt lick for the table to share, one of those Brooklyn traditions. Faccia had her own lick, and was happily occupied under the table.

Then we began in earnest with soup — classic salt broth made with Indian Ocean grains, hand-harvested from sea-rocks by Gandhi himself during peak moments of the revolution against English Imperialism, while chanting the venerated "Aum Hrim Chandikāyai Namah" mantra used by salt harvesters for hundreds of generations.

The broth could have been saltier, seeming to have only one particle for the entire pot. I had to add salt to bring out the flavor.

Our appetizer was an order of freshly blessed Morton's Kosher, made in Illinois but imported from Nigeria. Its large, satisfying flakes were visible against the pale hue of the lettuce (someone at our table grammaed that visual to 125,000 followers and got 436 likes in the first three minutes).

It crunched delightfully against the teeth and palate, with a distinctive salty aftertaste, reminding me of many childhood seders. It would have been nice to have a hard boiled egg.

The next course consisted of a generous helping of *sel gris*, with its luxurious, deeply nourishing

mineral content and distinctive vibrant bouquet. This underrated salt had a fine volcanic aftertaste, and a finish with hints and notes of satisfying saltiness that seemed to linger forever.

We also enjoyed a side of Tibetan pink. Usually this is considered a hackneyed old trope, but it's a solid standby if you're seeking something pink and spiritual with a dependably salty Dalai Lama follow through.

Then came the main course, *fleur de sel*, the very cream of the crop of world salts. Hand selected from the prime layers, and hand massaged to a fine texture, being served this mine-to-table delicacy was preceded by deep anticipation of that salty flavor.

Those at my table waited with hushed breath for quite a while as the *sous-saltiér* personally emerged from the kitchen and, one by one, applied the lascivious grains of the precious mineral to our crisp morsel of *Lactuca sativa*, the most flavorful form of iceberg that offered the perfect complement to our meal.

Each crystal touched the tongue with a burst of salinity and its velvety flavor, leaving lingering salacious notes of a distinctly salty finish. Some salts are so balanced they're sweet, in that savory way.

Dessert was a special treat — our table shared a single to-go packet of vintage McDonald's salt from 1950, which was surprisingly robust and flavorful, and left a noticeable salinity on the tongue. It seemed to have only improved with time, and glistened with notes of iodine.

The best thing was the bill. Dinner was competitive with all the other trendy new and intriguing places in town. Service for five, with artisan water, tax and tip (left in salt), was \$575.

Updated Switches to Endangered Species Fare

The popular vegan techno eatery will soon be serving only endangered species of animals and plants.

"That was cool, now we're trying something new," said Gabé, the owner, who likes to tear the place up and reassemble it every

few days to stave off boredom.

"It's not easy for a guy as big as me to be vegan. I felt like a heavyweight boxer living on cud," he told reporters gathered outside his restaurant, including those from *Bingo Daily*, the *Kingston Ave. Times*, *The Cranky Times* and a few other times.

"Sometimes I just want to sink my teeth into a prime rib," he added, as the crowd gasped in amazement.

A Kingston Radio reporter walked up from behind and clocked him on the head with a ElectroVoice RE20 dynamic broadcast microphone, in a neighborly gesture of support.

Updated, which will update its name to Updated, will introduce a new menu that includes Everglades alligator burgers, Midwestern ocelot stew, and Brazilian peeping frog casserole.

All are nearly extinct. They will also serve wild sage salad, Vermont pitcher plant nectar, and an infusion made from a rare form of mushroom that only grows on one tree in the Amazon rain forest.

The café will also put a ban on any form of script or novel writing on premises, but business meetings may be held from 6 am to 8 pm Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and all other days.

Neomarxist Postmodern Rosendale Town Legislature Bans Competence, Grammar

The Neomarxist Postmodern Deconstructionist Town Legislature of Rosendale, elected as part of the Blue Wave, has banned hierarchy, competence, grammar and categorization, according to rumors circulating recently.

The legislature then voted to dissolve itself, sources said.

"First, they tried to pass a motion saying they didn't exist, but *Roberts Rules of Order* specifically prohibits that, back in section 442.9," said one source familiar with parliamentary procedure.

The source, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, added that once grammar was banned, it would be impossible to ever re-establish a tyrannical, oppressive power structure.

Police Blotter Horoscope

In case of an astrological emergency, hang up and dial 9-1-1.

IF TODAY IS YOUR BIRTHDAY — You're totally screwed, so just give it up. But whatever, you'll get through it; you're an Aries and you always do.

ARIES — A Kingston Ave. man was arrested Tuesday after attempting to break into the vault at Wells Fargo Bank by banging his head against it. The vault sustained considerable damage but his head was unharmed.

TAURUS — After the attempted theft of 42 lbs. of cherry chocolate morsels from Hannafords, a Town of Ulster woman was arrested for having a sweet tooth. She was referred to a psychologist for treatment, and given a baked potato.

GEMINI — A Russian hacker, age 19, was arrested for attempting to take over the server of www.chat.kingston.gov, the official city message board, and communicating with himself in a secret language for more than 36 hours nonstop thereby getting the attention of the system admin.

CANCER — The meatloaf thief struck again, making off with three of Mrs. Finn's delicious creations, plus a pot of homemade

gravy based on the victim's grandmother's recipe. He was caught by police sitting in his comfy chair.

LEO — A Hurley man attempted to free every prisoner in the Ulster County Jail in broad daylight, and succeeded. He then rehabilitated all the prisoners, whose terms were commuted by a liberal State Supreme Court judge.

VIRGO — A Rosendale woman attempted to change the curriculum of the local school district without authorization. Alleged amendments included making sure that students were taught arithmetic and spelling. She was held without bail.

LIBRA — Police intervened in the unauthorized repainting of the Wurts Ave. Bridge. The alleged perpetrator had set up scaffolds and ordered 100 gallons of custom-mixed lavender paint, and was halfway through the project when captured.

SCORPIO — The FBI and the state police SWAT team were summoned to the Town of Olive after a local resident was found with several 55-gallon drums of cyanide, which they planned to dump into the Ashokan Reservoir as a friendly favor.

SAGITTARIUS — A man who said he was born in late autumn

made the mistake of politically baiting someone in a bar about 10 too many times, and was pounded through the floorboards, ending up in the beer cellar. He was collected by EMTs and treated for minor contusions and percussions.

CAPRICORN — An earthy looking bank teller was found to have embezzled several million dollars from the Ulster Savings Bank and stashed it in federal treasury bills. The very pretty woman with long brown hair and an earnest expression on her face would have got away with it, too, except that she tried to cash a \$10,000 T-bill at the Hannaford's customer service counter.

AQUARIUS — Someone generally perceived as very intelligent attempted to falsely register a patent for the light bulb, then went to Herzog's and demanded that they be paid royalties. They asked for one dollar, and were held for attempted petty theft of intellectual property.

PISCES — An area man was questioned by police after having been found cuddling cats and dogs all night at the SPCA. He also made them an organic dinner. It was discovered by officers that he likes animals a lot and wanted to keep them company.

Kingston Radio So Cool, It's Frozen

Kingston Radio (WKING) added another super cool show to its lineup, "The Antarctic-American Rights Hour," pushing the temperature down an additional two degrees Celsius — dangerously below the freezing point.

The station is now frozen solid showing no signs of thawing, despite manmade global warming turning the whole city into a solar powered crockpot.

Recent programming additions such as the "Super Liberal Freaky Guys in Business Hour" (Mondays at 7), "Chickens are an Endangered Species" (Saturdays at 5, 7 and 11) and "How to Seem Like You're Doing the Right Thing Even When You're Doing the Wrong Thing" (Monday through Friday afternoons, evening drive), pushed the temperature well below goose bump range and into pointy nipple territory, though nobody is allowed to look. So don't fucking look.

There is a nipple tape dispenser the reception, but nobody uses it, as they are trying to entrap others into staring.

At press time, Kingston Radio was approaching hypothermia, and the addition of the latest super chill program has the temperature rapidly approaching absolute zero.

Then, all molecular activity comes to a halt and the universe and all consciousness will stand still in suspended animation.

It has been speculated that the station is made of Ice-9 and would soon freeze the entire planet, including the oceans.

Listeners are braced for another innovative show, "Frozen Yoga With the Real Harvey."

In other news, apparently nothing can block Kingston Radio's signal from coming over Hudson Central's home power lines and turning every blender, electric blanket, alarm clock, guitar amplifier, electric tea kettle, solar panel or rice cooker into a radio that only picks up one station and can never be turned off unless you flip the main circuit breaker, which some residents have done in desperation, choosing to sit in the dark rather than be kept up by late-night reruns of "The Antelope Shaman of the Shawangunks" hosted by Big Chief Ha Ha.

In other news, Kingston Radio's attorneys said in a stern letter to listeners that it would shoot down anything that entered its air space, and warned everyone to stay 100 feet back from its front door and to not wash your clothes at Mr. Bubble or they will capture you and your laundry.

Kingston Radio Shoots Down Daily Freeman Drone

Attorneys for Kingston Radio Corp. shot down the *Daily Freeman* drone, sources said. It was flying around over the Mr. Bubble side of the parking lot and descended it, sources added.

Commission Bans Small Talk, Hetero Dating

The Rights Commission has banned sex between men and women, calling it an abomination against nature — especially if the lady is on the bottom.

"Smalltalk leads to dating, and dating leads to sex," the commission said in a press release. "And

sex is sexist. So we're banning it. Done. Also, small talk sometimes leads to socializing, so that's out the window."

"Taking things too far is a human right," said Big Chief Ha Ha, the chairman. "The only cool thing to do these days is act against your own best interests, and this definitely qualifies. I haven't had more fun since I shot myself in the foot with a .22 at Boy Scout camp," he added with a grin.

The Cranky Times has verified with Camp Wauwepex in Nassau County that this is a true story. It happened in 1975.

Ha Ha said that sex is overrated and he hates naked pictures, but not the people in them, because they're still people even if they're naked and you should respect them even if you don't respect that they took their clothes off for a photo.

"It's not proper to make your heteronormative husband or wife into an object of your gratification," the commission said in a lengthy statement gilded with the official city seal.

O+ Festival Stung by Bee, Dies of Anaphylactic Shock

The O+ Festival died dramatically last week when it was stung by a bee and went into anaphylactic shock. It is survived by several relatives, including South by Southwest, Bonnaroo and another fucking revival of the fucking Woodstock Festival for fuck's sake.

The festival swelled up to a huge size, turned red, gasped for air, and croaked.

It was not previously known that O+ was allergic to bees. The festival was innocently drinking a Coke when the bee flew up to it and wanted some, but the festival tried to swat the bee, which made it angry, and that was that.

Massage therapists, chiropractors, naturopaths, acupuncturists, artists, artisans, art therapists, musicians, several dentists and a dolphin tried to revive it, but the festival was dead before anyone could do anything to save it.

"It wasn't even a very large bee," said an onlooker, who was painting a mural on the wall while playing an electric harp through a delay pedal.

"It resembled a sesame seed, or maybe a peanut, and it smelled like fried fish," they added. "This is a very dangerous situation. Someone should call a doctor. Oh wait, nobody has insurance."

Ghost of Radio Shack Seen Near Herzog's

The ghost of Radio Shack was seen near Herzog's, frightening several teenagers. The ghost was pale, and tried to sell the teens large packs of non-rechargeable batteries, they said. The ghost then vanished without a trace.

Yoga Haus Infested With Armadillos, Ladybugs

The Yoga Haus is abundantly infested with armadillos and ladybugs, sources said.

"Our teacher had to go out and relieve herself," one student said. "She has a longterm relationship with a tree, which we totally get."

She added, "That's when an armadillo went strolling through the hot room. I thought, OK, rats, I can deal with, but those things

just have weird vibes." Biologists confirmed that armadillos are indeed strange.

There were also a lot of ladybugs flying around, which sources said came from Agway.

Thanks to how human-induced climate change is turning Kingston into a crockpot, critters from the south have been migrating into our area.

Area Artist Warns of Imminent Death of Our Species

A local alarmist painter has said we're all fucked, and the human race is going down, according to neighborhood sources.

"He said that's it, this is the end, get ready," the sources confirmed. He was having breakfast in Dominick's Cafe, consisting of poached eggs and toast, when he declared that the end is nigh, prepare thy soul to meet the Lord some time in the next 10 to 40 years, approximately, but "it could be a lot sooner. It's much worse than they're saying."

Speaking into his megaphone, he elaborated: "It's all gonna come down.," adding "Forget it, the gig is up."

Later, he added, "You have no idea how messed up this is gonna be, it really is," further saying that, "I know what I'm talking about. I've been researching this since before you were born."

"I mean, we are just screwed," he assured listeners.

Mayor Turns Broadway into Wildlife Habitat

Fulfilling his promise to be "the greenest mayor in American history," Steve Unbelievable has determined that Broadway, that big street in Midtown, will become a wildlife preserve.

"This is my thing," he said. "It's all over my resume. It'll be great. We don't need the parking spaces, and it's a little known fact that Broadway started as a dirt road where everyone could graze and roam freely."

H.V. Feminists Group Busted for Distribution of SSRIs

They acquired them at CVS. They snorted them. They smoked them. They dosed them at parties.

They sold them illegally. They felt really, really good. They got busted.

The Hudson Valley Feminists Collective on Facebook was caught in one of the most innovative drug trafficking schemes in modern history: the recreational use of SSRIs.

"This is the evil mix of feminism, Facebook and psychology," the Police Chief said, with a display of yellow, white and pink pills spread on the table.

"They were trying to feel better about themselves, but went about it the wrong way."

Bingo Daily Wins Pulitzer for Coverage of Mall Movie Theater Renovation

At long last, Kingston has been recognized for its stunning local journalistic prowess.

Jesse J. Jones, chief writer for *Bingo Daily*, has won the Pulitzer Prize for journalism, for his investigative reporting on the Hudson Valley Mall movie theater renovation.

The incredible 26-part series chronicled renovation of the Cineplex 8 at the mall, plus a sidebar

on why kids like popcorn.

"Seat by seat, Mr. Jones documented the dismantling and demolition of the theater," the Pulitzer Committee said in statement.

"Then he bravely observed as it was reconstructed. As an embedded reporter on the construction team, he documented the installation of the largest popcorn machine in county history, risking his life in the process."

On the day that Cineplex 8 was demolished, Jones strapped himself to a seat, while it was ripped out and removed, in order to have the full experience of exactly what it was like being that chair.

"Who would have thought an ordinary guy like me could have won the Pulitzer?" Jones asked, chomping on a Snickers bar, sipping a coffee, smoking a cigarette and toking on a Jool pod.

"Go figure. Well, now I've got to get back to covering the big shakeup on the board of the Resource Recovery Agency," he said. "Hugging was involved."

Slut Sandwich Returns to 26 Area Pizzerias

Pizza Onion in Newburgh reintroduced its world-famous Slut Sandwich, and has franchised the formula and name to pizza parlors from Beacon to Albany.

After a series of skirmishes last summer, the Slut Sandwich was assassinated by courageous gender equality revolutionaries.

The wall menu was defaced, thousands of takeout menus were stolen, and the website was hacked. Finally after extensive peace talks held in Nicaragua, moderated by Henry Kissinger, Pizza Onion relented and accepted the terms of surrender.

But now the Slut Sandwich is back with a vengeance, and being eaten in large quantities throughout the Hudson Valley.

In fact, it's become the most popular sandwich in regional culinary history.

"We love sluts," the innovative Pizza Onion pizzeria said in a delicious statement. "You will love the Slut Sandwich. It's all buttery and curvy and it'll melt in your mouth. It's a very friendly sandwich."

Pizza Onion's new motto is "Eat My Slut."

Thruway to Close Exit 19

Exit 19 will finally be done away with, according to the New York State Thruway Authority (NYSTA). "Nobody really used it," NYSTA said in a statement.

"It was losing money, so we closed it," NYSTA added. "What's the big deal? People can go to Saugerties and drive down, or get off in New Paltz and drive up Route 32. It's rather bucolic, and it's free," the Thruway said in a prepared statement.

"This will open up some of the congestion on the Tappan Zee."

I'm Totally Sick of Everyone Wanting to Have Sex With Me Op-Ed By Natasha Z. Gordon

Today when I went out for coffee, a guy was coming out of Updated Cafe, and he gave me that look. You know the look I'm talking about: the one that says "I want to have sex with you."

He wasn't subtle about it, either. He just looked at me with the male gaze that reduced me to a sex object in a single glance.

I'm sick of this. Everyone

looks at me that way. You know, that way.

For example, after I got coffee, I needed to take the B-Bus to Midtown. The driver, an older lady, was clearly a lesbian. As I got into the bus and put my fare into the little box, she was undressing me with her eyes. It went on for like 10 seconds.

As I said, everyone wants to have sex with me. That's all they think about when they see me. I don't get why they are all so obsessed. They must have some real issues.

Later I had to stop in at the bank and I was shuffling around my wallet and the teller was just staring at me lustfully as I filled out my deposit ticket. He was clearly a pervert and I knew exactly what he was thinking. I can't even go to the bank and not have everyone drooling over me.

This is why I prefer to go to the ATM — at least they don't ogle, except the camera staring right at me makes me nervous. There may be some guy in North Dakota looking at my breasts on a security monitor and I can't do anything about it. Whenever I stick in my card, he knows it's me.

Then I walked over to the Media Center to get some DVDs converted and all the guys were giving me that I want to fuck you vibe. Even one of the girls was doing it too. Jesus Christ. Can't they just say "Good morning, how may I help you," without adding in all the sex and lust?

I didn't come here for an orgy, OK? It's not like they're porno DVDs or anything, they're my film project, which is not dirty in any way, it's clean and innocent.

After that I had lunch, but it was nearly impossible to eat with everyone in the restaurant thinking about my ass. I do have a very nice ass and in a sense I cannot blame them for their filthy obsession, but it gets so old.

So here is what I have to say, which is stop thinking about me that way. I already know how hot I am. But if you lust after me, that's disgusting. It's got to the point where the only place I feel safe is in the dressing room at Victoria's Secret.

So yesterday I went all the way to the mall and chose some sexy little numbers, all yellow, and went into the dressing room, my last refuge. I love the one at the end. Nobody ever uses it except me.

I stripped down in the mirror and put on my new outfit and looked at myself: my perfect breasts and pierced belly button and ass and my cute little feet. My adorable pouty little mouth.

And then suddenly I thought: wow, someday I'm going to die.

I could barely believe I thought that. I was shocked. I'm so young and beautiful. What's going on? Why did I think that?

Someone please tell me.

Butt Sniffing Banned at Kingston Dog Park

The city has banned butt sniffing at the Dog Park. After a lengthy public hearing, the Council voted 9 to 6 to ban the theoretically embarrassing practice.

Members of the public were confused by the proposed law, repeatedly asking whether it applied to humans.

The city's attorney said that the new law only applies to canines.

