



My Letter To Me, The Co-Editor In Chief

by Michael Zimmer

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Dearest Co-Editor-In-Chief,

The things you discover about people when you work with them closely, under fire, can reveal volumes. For instance, Texas Air National Guard Reserve Members likely found George W. Bush had that clutch nostril, the kind of nostril that would down any substance, from gun powder to garrote wire, at a moment's notice, without any regard to the cost. The guy was a double threat, too. For all the killing the Texas Air National Guard Reserve had to do, of course, they could fall back on Laura Bush, who was, after all, the first of the now-First-Couple on record dishing out death. (I wish the fact that the First Lady actually killed with her car was a joke, but we live in America... what do you people expect? A First Lady without human blood on her hands?)

Working on *FLYMF* has the same sort of pressure-cooker, life-or-death feel as the Vietnam-era Texas Air National Guard Reserve. The problems we face are INTENSE.

For instance, people are always leaving their private journals around. And when I say "people," I mean "James Seidler."

The fact that James's private journal is actually a package of "Hello Kitty" napkins, kept meticulously in their original cellophane wrapper, doesn't bother me. People have their own tastes, after all.

I just wish the subject matter wasn't so dominated by ponies. I mean, yeah, people are entitled to think about Palominos and, you know, the other kinds of ponies that James discusses at great length. Sure. No problem. This is America.

But do you have to talk about how you want to brush them? And not just their manes, but their tails and their hooves and, God Bless Him, their teeth?

These are perfectly legitimate aspirations; it's just hard when you're trying to produce a magazine chock-full of hard-core hilarity to see that one of your teammates is obsessed with documenting what a small, hardy, rough-coated breed the Shetland pony is, how much fun it would be to put on a ball gown and jump on the back of one for a midnight ride into the countryside.

I just don't want to know about it. But James – Jesus – he won't stop leaving his journal out in the open. And he'll run up to me and say, "Michael, I'm leaving my private, secret journal over there. Don't you dare read it!" and you know, I'm all the way across the office, trying to make sense of the latest incomprehensible prattle by Nick Holle, and I'm on deadline, and I care about as much about James's journal as I do about paramecia. But James is really in my face and he'll say, "Don't even think about it, Michael. Not even a single thought about reading my classified, secret journal that's sitting there on top of my desk." And I want to just say, "Okay James, I'll read it later. God."

But that would shatter the illusion for him. And I don't have time. I've got an issue of pure, hard-core hilarity to put together.

I wonder if the First Lady would be willing to run over a pony? That might shut James up.

Sincerely,

Michael Zimmer
Co-Editor-In-Chief

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