



My Letter To Me, The Co-Editor In Chief

by James Seidler

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Dear Co-Editor in Chief,

Oh boy.

Let me just start by saying that the fact that this issue has been published on time is a miracle that could probably be compared in scale to the Immaculate Conception, except for the fact that any event involving a fetus is sort of a touchy issue in the new *FLYMF* office.

The reason I say "new" office is that two weeks ago a Christian Coalition splinter group decided to spruce up the "old" *FLYMF* office with fifteen gallons of hydrochloric acid. We lost nearly everything, including, tragically, my personal journal which Michael seemed to find so amusing last issue.

Sadly, that was just the beginning of our troubles. Our new office has been subject to protests around the clock, and believe me, it's a little tough to be funny when pro-life protestors are pelting your windows with water balloons filled with fake blood. We tried to hire a security service to get some peace and quiet, but the first time they went down to confront the protestors they came back, told us we were a bunch of sick bastards, and quit on the spot.

Things haven't gotten better since then either. Just the other day Nick got tossed into a dumpster by the editorial staff of *Commonweal* magazine, Michael had his left eyebrow shaved off by a pack of rabid "Jews for Jesus" (who are apparently also against abortion), and my mother received a postcard from the Pope telling her that, while his opposition to abortion is absolute, he would have gladly allowed a papal indulgence when she was pregnant with me.

These events are the natural byproduct of leaving advertising sales to an idiot like Nick Holle.

Apparently, Nick decided it was a good idea to sell all of the advertising space in the July issue to an organization called the Pro-Abortion People of America. The mission statement of this organization, as taken from their website www.abortmemommy.org, is "to ensure that as many unborn children are aborted as possible and that terminating pregnancies becomes the prevailing method of birth control on the planet, all while helping to erase the problems that children plague us with every day."

Jesus.

Nick's done some stupid stuff in the past, but this is truly exceptional, even by his standards. He's mortgaged the character of this magazine to a morally repugnant organization for a few measly dollars, managing in the process to alienate any reader with even the grossest set of values.

Personally, I myself am disgusted by the vile rhetoric put forth by P.A.P.A.'s Chip Lipcutt and his life-hating toadies. *FLYMF* was not founded to promote an organization dedicated to the eventual extinction of the human race!

Unfortunately, right now they're our biggest advertiser.

This presents us with a moral dilemma. As artists, is it better for us to stand by our principles or our craft? What is the true role of the writer in society?

The answer to this quandary came to us when we realized that refusing P.A.P.A.'s money would only cause the reader to suffer. Personal distaste for P.A.P.A. aside (and let me assure you this distaste is sincere and strong), we can't let that happen. So, we've decided the best solution is to continue to accept P.A.P.A.'s advertising dollars while calling them out as the scum-sucking bastards they are.

Controversy aside, the new issue is fantastic. It would probably be better if Nick hadn't pulled us into this shitstorm, but expecting him not to screw things up is like expecting the President to preside over Mary Cheney's wedding.

In any case, I just hope we can find some new advertisers soon.

Sincerely,

James Seidler
Co-Editor in Chief