

MODERN MAN MANUAL

Simon Slater
BJ Rubin
Guy de Burgh
Lauren Martin
David Buddin
T.S. Dahl
Weasel Walter



VOLUME II

March 2011

\$3



**The Rod & Gun
59 Kent Ave.
Brooklyn, NY 11211
“Peanut Shells on the Floor”**

**Volume II
March 2011
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345 Eldert St. #116
Brooklyn, NY 11237**

BJ Rubin
Letter from the Editor



February 21, 2011

Dear Reader,

On this President's Day in the year 2011, I would like to congratulate myself for creating Megaton Media's *Modern Man Manual* Volume II. Marvel at the new issue's cover, content, and cultivated sense of form. Engage yourself with the personalities that populate these pages, and allow your senses to be stimulated by our spirit of superiority. Indulge your imagination in the high-minded platitudes of our prose, poetry, and photography.

Bon appétit,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "BJ Rubin". The signature is stylized and includes a long, sweeping horizontal line that extends to the right.

BJ Rubin



Guy de Burgh
Statue of Liberty



Lauren Martin
Portrait of BJ Rubin



David Buddin

Our Friend Simon and the French Onion Soup

Our Friend Simon and the French Onion Soup
David Buddin (2006)

Our friend Simon came to school one morning. His mother brought him in her immense station wagon. When the station wagon stopped, we all yelled "Good morning Simon," but Simon was having a bad morning.

Simon's mother opened the back door of her immense station wagon so Simon could come out, but Simon didn't want to come out. Our friend Simon didn't want to go to school that day.

Simon's mother said to Simon "Come out Simon," but Simon would have none of that.

Simon's mother reached in and took Simon by the hand, but Simon planted one foot on the back of the front seat. Simon propped another foot on the front of the back seat. Simon seized an armrest with one hand. Simon grabbed a headrest with another hand. Our friend Simon wedged himself into the back seat of his mother's immense station wagon.

"Come out Simon, it's time to go to school," we yelled, we shouted, we hollered, we howled, but Simon would have none of that.

He rammed his head against the back of the front seat. He jammed both feet against the front of the back seat. He hugged the headrest of the front seat with both hands. He bit into the armrest and held onto it with his teeth. Our friend Simon had wedged himself into the back seat of his mother's immense station wagon and would not come out and go to school.

Our friend Simon's best friend Timmy Timmons tried to talk to Simon. "Come out Simon, it's time to go to school," but Simon would have none of that.

Our friend Simon threw himself onto the floor of his mother's immense station wagon. He clasped the underside of the front seat with one hand. He grasped the seat belt of the back seat with another hand. He situated one foot on the front bottom of the back seat. He lodged another foot under the rear bottom of the front seat. Our friend Simon kept on wedging himself into the back seat of his mother's immense station wagon.

Timmy Timmons thought to try a tonic. He rushed away to Lunchman Claude. Timmy Timmons questioned Claude.

"Lunchman Claude, what is the soup du jour?"

"Why Timmy Timmons today is Tuesday, of course the soup du jour is French onion soup."

"Why French onion soup served with a spoon is our friend Simon's soup of choice! May I have a serving to save our school?"

"For Simon's sake, certainly!" said Lunchman Claude. He ladled out a lordly serving of French onion soup and lobbed it at Timmy Timmons along with a spoon.

Timmy Timmons was back in a flash with French onion soup for our friend Simon.

Simon pulled one hand from the underside of the front seat. Simon let go of the seat belt of the back seat with another hand. Simon took one foot off the front bottom of the back seat. Simon disentangled another foot from under the rear bottom of the front seat. Simon sprang from the back seat of his mother's immense station wagon and seized the soup and spoon from Timmy Timmons.

Savoring the soup and seeming insatiable, Simon slurped and sipped and smacked and swallowed until the whole bowl of French onion soup was gobbled up.

"School can start since Simon's here!" we yelled, we shouted, we hollered, we howled.

Lunchman Claude was close at hand to see that the soup got safely to Simon. Simon smiled and said some syllables:

"My compliments to the chef!"

BJ Rubin
A Super Bowl Remembrance





Laugh it up while you can, Rubin.



Predator? T.S. Dahl.



Incomplete pass for Dave Buddin from B. Greenberg.



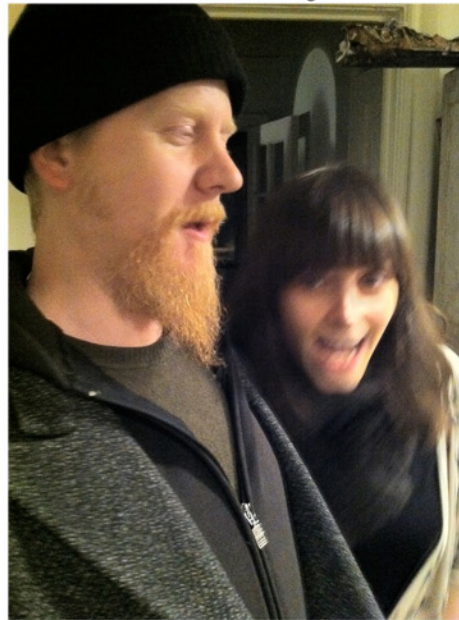
Mike Fisher and the Super Bowl Sausage.



Now, Tara White with a few words from the Special Olympics.



Simon Slater and the Super Bowl sausage.



Dominika M. chats up J. LaFarge, whether he likes it or not.



Di Fara Pizza.



Cheeseburger in paradise.



Teresa E. models Megaton Media's
Modern Man Manual Volume I.



R. Froberg, recovering.



The American Liberty League.



D. Michalowska and Rimma K...
about to start touching each other?



Weasel Walter, too old to stroll.

T.S. Dahl
Linda

Linda

Alcoholic boss

At gym meets Italian

Black steals purse

Japanese guy offers to buy underwear

Goes home has diarrhea. Prepares for date

Italian man cooking, then slaps her across the face.

Goes home to be comforted by dog, Wolfy, tries to

fuck her - peeping tom creeps out.

Goes to sister with retard nephew - sister leaves the room.

Retard corners Linda demanding that she has her period.

Goes home to masturbate - vibrator short circuits and shocks her cunt - peeping tom creeps out.

}
Ends up after non-stop man assaults putting a gun to head and shooting herself. Peeping tom runs in to fuck bullet hole. Cops catch him.

Linda is saved but mentally handicapped.

Abused at halfway house. Scrubbing floors with industrial cleaner using bare hands. Benton into a coma.

While in coma hospital janitor fucks her.

Becomes pregnant.

Wakes up during abortion.

}
50 years later limbless in wheelchair

Simon Slater
Baked Alaska



As a student, on the rare occasion that I would surprise my parents with a report card of all Cs, my brother would cook me a Baked Alaska. Ever since then, the Baked Alaska has been my favorite dessert. The only problem is the inordinate amount of time required to make a Baked Alaska properly. My German friend Dieser Artikel Ist Eine Lüge, a chef well known in certain food circles I am familiar with, shared with me his secret recipe for Baked Alaska in just minutes. Now I share the recipe with you. I look forward to hearing how your Baked Alaska turns out. Please feel free to share with your most discerning foodie friends.

Cheers,
Simon Slater

Ingredients

- 2 quarts vanilla ice cream, softened
- 1 package white cake mix
- 1 egg
- 1/2 teaspoon almond extract
- 8 egg whites
- 1/8 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup white sugar

Directions

1. Line the bottom and sides of a deep 8-inch (round or square) container with wax paper. Spread ice cream in container, packing firmly.
2. Prepare cake mix with almond extract in large mixing bowl.
3. Place cake mix and ice cream in microwave and cook on high for 5 to 8 minutes.
4. While cake batter and ice cream cook, beat egg whites with cream of tartar, salt and sugar. until stiff peaks form.
5. Line counter top with butter and flour. Place cake in center of counter. Turn molded ice cream out onto cake. Quickly spread meringue over cake and ice cream to seal.
6. Serve at once.



The BJ Rubin Show



“He’s in the Know Tonight”



David Buddin

Malediction for Rosie O'Donnell

Malediction for Rosie O'Donnell

Let the filthy crevices of your ample body be filled with all manner of
abominations.

May you never find light or purpose in the howling wasteland
of your existence.

May every new morning utterly lay to waste your noxious spirit.
Let nothing ever pull you out of the ditch of utmost desolation.

When speech quickens your lips, as so often happens,
May all have the discernment to comprehend the smoldering
heap of rank vomit from which it emanates.

Let your foul spirit be fragmented and scattered
So that it never again manifests itself as form or substance.

Let brightness and joy desert you.

Let every footstep be as through a heavy swamp.

Let all light abandon you in your darkest hour

And, furthermore, let your darkest hour be perpetual.

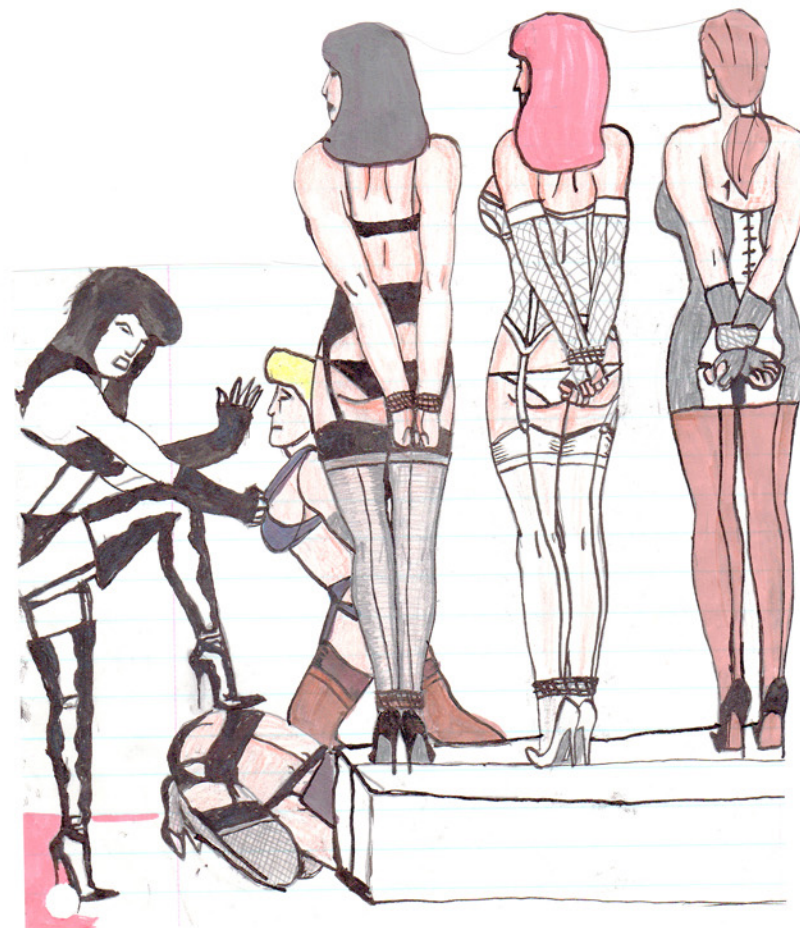
May contempt for your visage propagate itself like hogs in a
parlor.

O, let no peace ever come to you.

Let every breath you draw be as a concentration of poisonous
decay

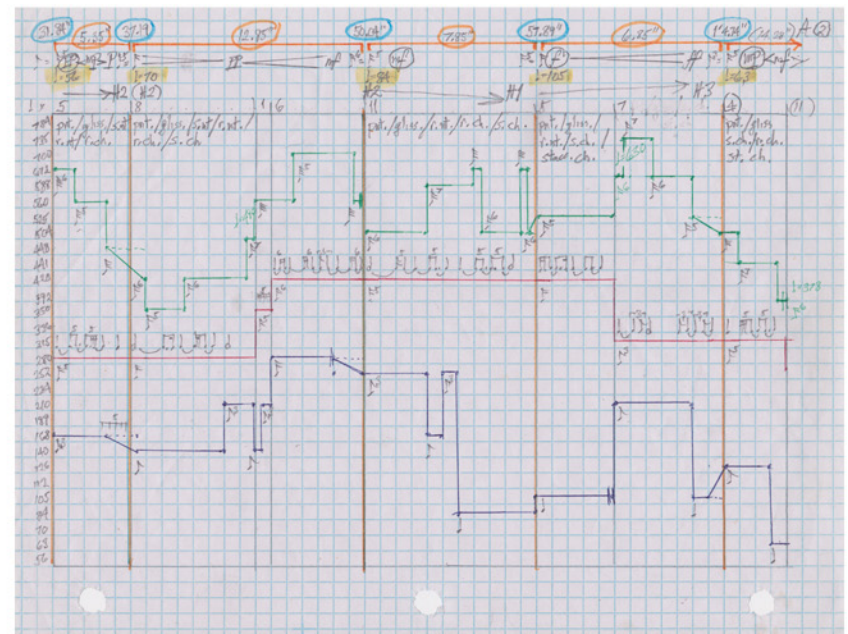
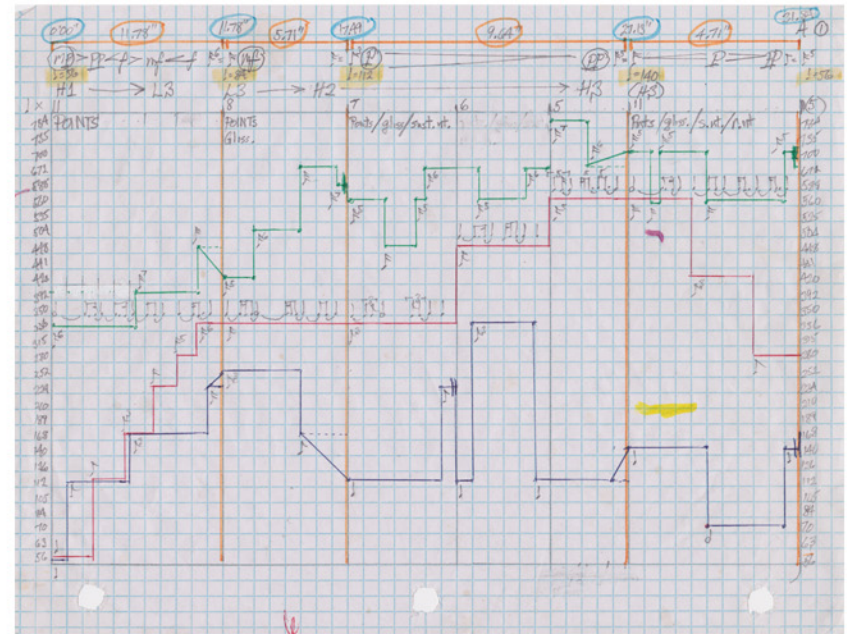
And may the annihilation of your sordid presence be a consolation to all,
A benediction for those who continue to hope.

Weasel Walter
Three Studies in Teenage Perversion 1989-2001





David Buddin
Form Plan for Piano Sonata VI



BJ Rubin
Portraits







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