



THE BULLSHEET

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“GRANVILLE’S LARGEST DAILY PUBLICATION”

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I REALLY, REALLY LIKE THE NEW BULL (YOU KNOW, THE ONE RIGHT ABOVE THESE WORDS)

Will Kelsey,
Animal Enthusiast

Isn't she just absolutely gorgeous? Like look at her little eyes! They're so grumpy! They're so cute!!

Okay that's all.

So I did tell myself that I would make this article take up this page and I've already said all that I wanted to say, so I guess I'll just ramble on for a bit. Did you all know that recently I've started listening to Blues music? Pretty cool right? I bet you don't know anyone else who listens to the Blues. Well now whenever you go into a fancy establishment you can be all like "uhhh, excuse me, do you know who I am? I'm someone who knows someone who listens to the Blues". And then they'll bring the manager and the owner and all the important people and they'll all bow down to you and give a really cool harmonica or something and then ask you to play a sick riff (but you can't because you just know someone who listens to the blues, you aren't actually a blues musician) so then you'll get all embarrassed and they'll be mad, so they'll all band together and run you out of the restaurant and then you'll be walking down by the crossroads and some strange guy will offer you a deal you can't refuse. Quite simply put, he'll teach you how to play Guitar like the devil himself and then you could really, finally, make a name for yourself. It does come with a price of course, everything always comes with a price.

So after that day you'll play guitar like the dickens and by golly if you don't become one of the best Blues musicians Denison has ever seen. And then one day down the line some poor student will be bored and procrastinating on their midterms so they'll start listening to your music and they'll be positively enchanted so they decide to write about you, to tell the world about you. And then one day one of their friends-- we are friends, aren't we?--will step into a fancy establishment and tell everybody how they know someone who listens to the Blues.

Well it's all a lot to think about isn't it?

Anyway, the best part of the Blues are the cool nicknames. One of my favorite musicians (who owns a little cafe called the Blue Front Cafe, the oldest surviving juke joint in Mississippi) is a lovely sounding man by the name of Jimmy "Duck" Holmes. Now why is his middle name Duck? Who named him that? Is he called Duck because of the animal? Is he so tall he has to duck to enter buildings? The world may never know.

There's another guy who is called Terry "Harmonica" Bean.

Let that sink in. This guy's nickname is Harmonica. Kinda tells you something about his prowess as a musician huh? Like you don't hear about Elton "Piano" John, or Johann "Harpsichord" Sebastian Bach. You don't even hear Harry "Whatever the fuck he plays--like I'm 90% sure he just stands on the stage and looks pretty--but presumably guitar? and vocals?" Styles. Like you have to be next level skilled for someone to nickname you after the instrument you play. But you know what the worst part of it is?

The worst part of it is the Terry "Harmonica" Bean isn't even the best harmonica player. Based off a cursory Google search the best harmonica player was a guy named Marian "Little" Walter Jacobs. Why wasn't he nicknamed harmonica, huh? His professional name "Little Walter" is a pretty fucking cool name though, so you can't quite complain can you? Like there's something about the name Little Walter that is just slightly amusing. Like imagine one of your friends came up to you and was like "Hey, i'd like you to meet my friend from back home, Little Walter". That would make me chuckle.

I STILL DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW TO PUT PICTURES IN (I'M LYING)

Will, Writer

Currently, in the Bullsheet Email there are two to three submissions from our writers just sitting waiting to be published. I'm gonna be honest I don't know if they ever will.

You see there are things that I am good at and there are things that I am bad at. Let's just say that putting images into a InDesign document is one of the things that I am bad at, and typing a whole ton of nonsense is one of the things that I am good at. Like if I really wanted too I could spend hours importing images and making everything look pretty, or I could just ramble on and on for 30 minutes until a whole Bullsheet is covered in all the vicissitudes of word vomit. (I've been really getting into the usage of the word vicissitudes recently but I always feel like I am using wrong).

So point being, Selah, Brin. I see that you have submitted articles to be published. I see that they were sent in a while ago. I'm sorry for not publishing them. I appreciate you and all of your hard work. But if there's one thing you should know about me it is that I do not like working hard. So I will not publish them today. But I promise you this, if they are not published by my next publishing day I will do my best to format them well and put them in to a sheet.

To my fellow editors: please, please, please, publish Selah and Brin. I do not want to copy and past a bunch of images. Like at this point I might jsut take a screenshot and then jsut import that one image instead of all the little ones. I also don't know how to take screenshots on a Mac so please publish them so I don't have to. Anyway, toodle-loo.

THE MUSEUM OF JURASSIC TECHNOLOGY: A REVIEW

Will Kelsey

When I was a kid (and by that I mean just a couple of years ago) I went to a little museum in L.A., kinda down by where Venice meets the city proper, named The Museum of Jurassic Technology. Now if there was ever a museum to events that did not, and never will happen, then this would be the place. It's dark. It's a little scary sometimes. Often it's bizarre. They have displays on the Russian Cosmodogs, 19th century miniatures, discussions on the role of folk medicine and practices in Appalachia, and a display on bats that can fly through solid matter--using their echolocation to find smaller than microscopic breaks in matter and then fold themselves through the cracks. It's the kind of place that I think Ellie Schrader would love.

There's a certain charm to museums to the unknowable, the fabricated, the straight up bullshittery (what are we as an organization if not a testament to all the weird and wonderful things that humankind has come up to).

Imagine yourself digging through an archaeological site. Imagine going down, strata by strata, through middens and roman floors, past the discarded bones of our ancestors and some trinkets for a half-forgotten god. Imagine it's on;y then, at the deepest layer, that you find what you've been looking for. You know what I'm talking about. You can imagine it can't you? The holy grail of Archaeology!

Well it doesn't matter what it is. There's nothing there. You've spent all this time searching for nothing.

But wait, there is something. There! Under your brush! What is it that your digging reveals?! It's... A Barbie? A Magic 8 ball? Something in between the two?

March 22nd, 6pm. Come see Ellie Schrader's BFA presentation "Museum of Unnatural History", and explore the wonderful strangeness that we call art.



Staff "Really weird names for a cat" Box

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