



My Letter To Me, The Co-Editor In Chief

by James Seidler

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Dear Co-Editor in Chief,

Let me just start by saying it's a good thing that one of us has some sense around here. And by one of us, I mean me.

If the functioning of this fine magazine were left in the hands of my "partners," I think it's safe to say that the end result in terms of humor would be somewhere on the level of *Highlights* sans "Goofus and Gallant." In fact "Goofus and Gallant" is pretty much how I view those guys, if you substitute "Moron" for "Gallant."

Michael's the worst. He thinks that just because he's bigger than Nick and I, he gets to set editorial policy. Every time he comes down on the losing side of editorial disputes, he takes his shirt off and starts talking in this real threatening voice. "If you guys are sure—if you're sure that's what you want to do, then do it. Just don't be surprised where there are consequences."

Nick and I try to reason with him, telling him, "Michael, there's no way that humor has two 'R's'," or "Honestly, the comma hasn't been legislated out of existence." He doesn't listen though. Lately he's taken to carrying an empty soda can around with him at all times, just so he can crush it against his head whenever we have an argument.

I think he's using steroids.

Nick doesn't threaten anyone, but that doesn't mean he's any more fun to work with. I mean, we knew the guy was a reactionary before he signed on, but he can't stop bringing up Tom DeLay. We'll be doing planning for the next issue, and out of nowhere he'll drop stuff like, "If I was a woman, I'd let Tom DeLay do me on the desk in his office."

What do you say to that?

It doesn't stop with the random comments either. Sometimes when we're stuck on an edit for a piece, he'll just start talking to himself, saying, "What would Tom DeLay do? What would Tom DeLay do?" I don't know Nick, why don't you fucking ask him?

Anyway, everything boiled to a head late last night as we were working to get the last issue together before deadline. It had been a long day, with lots of shouting from Michael and crying jags afterwards from Nick, but we were almost finished when those guys just decided to quit.

"What do you mean you're quitting?" I asked.

"There's a new *JAG* on tonight," Michael answered. "We can't miss it."

"But what about the magazine?" I said. "We're almost finished—if we just work for a couple more hours we'll be done."

Michael got really red in the face. "I'm not missing *JAG*!" he bellowed, and started to make a move towards me before Nick held him back.

"Look," Nick said, "why don't we just put up a link to *The Onion*? That's funny, right? No one will notice the difference."

"Are you kidding me?" I said, but then Michael popped that fucking can against his head and started yelling. Ten minutes later they're gone, the office is a mess, and I'm left alone to work until four in the morning to get our third issue up. Which, by the way, is absolutely nothing like the goddamn *Onion*.

Each month I tell myself that I'm going to fire both of them, but I can never do it. God knows how, but the stuff they write is hilarious. It must be some kind of idiot savant thing.

Anyway, good job on working hard to get this issue done. It's really good. In any case, *JAG* should be going into reruns soon, so those other guys won't have an excuse to bail on work. Knowing them though, they'll probably find something.

Sincerely,

James Seidler
Co-Editor in Chief
FLYMF