



Go Directly to the Current Episode and Skip this Inane Malarkey

From the Epistles of St. Jules to the Forensicians:

2/17/99

Nostrum Rescinds Falwell's TV Privileges

The one hundredth -- that's right, count 'em, 100, the Big Ten Oh, the Is-that-Willard-Scott-on-the-phone, don't-you-people-have-anything-better-to-do-than-write-this-crap, I've-got-ties-older-than-that, if-you've-written-that-much-how-come-it-never-gets-any-better -- episode of Nostrum, the high school debate soap opera, is now available at

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For a free subscription to Nostrum, send an e-mail request to us at nostrum@geocities.com.

We had no trouble at all making it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent elation over reaching this incredible milestone, although he does have some lingering fears about the E1C (Episode One C) problem and was briefly talking about storing up some canned goods and heading to Montana. As a matter of fact, he was so uncustomarily happy that he allowed that we could publish not one episode but two this week. Oh joy. Oh rapture. He feels he can afford this largesse because he spent most of the Harvard tournament lurking around Cringe and Latin with a notebook in his hand, writing down bon mots to fuel his creative flames. For a while he worried that he might be noticed sitting at the various tables with assorted strangers, scribbling furiously every word they were saying, but the only person who potentially recognized him as the chronicler of debate record was a hired judge (an out-of-work pornographer brought down by the impeachment scandals -- "No one needs me anymore," she claimed), and he managed to convince her that he was simply doing research for the MIT Media Lab.

So what should the next celebratory occasion be, now that 100 is under our belt? Hillary's taking the oath of office in the Senate? Tinky Winky's arrest? Dallas Perkins' lowering the registration fees? Stay tuned and find out.

Jules



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Back to the Nostrum Home Page



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From the Epistles of St. Jules to the Forensicians:

2/24/99

Nostrum Gets Serious, Just This Once

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over the death of Gene Siskel, and I have to admit that, for once, I'm in sympathy with him. It's not so much that we always agreed with all of Siskel's reviews; in fact, we were always much more Ebertian in our opinions. But Siskel stood for honor in filmmaking, and had a distinct point of view that films should be intelligent in themselves, and respect the intelligence of their audience. He was also a strong proponent of recognizing the writer of a screenplay as a most crucial player in the filmmaking process, and writers -- our favorite people -- are only now beginning to get the fiscal justice they deserve (and fiscal is the only definition of justice in Hollywood, where getting your due means points of the gross). And finally, he was part of a team, where the two men were so far from similar that they began their run as hated rivals, yet they both brought love of movies to television (where usually it's just promo of product, absent the various Siskel and Ebert clone shows that have come and gone over the years) and their synergy -- and intelligence and respect -- made them old friends with whom we looked forward to spending a fun half hour every week. How many people can you say that about?

You're going along living your life, and, gazoom, you are felled by a disease that can or will not be cured. Nostrum is hardly the place where one would expect to contemplate mortality, but truth to tell, one should always contemplate mortality. Every day defines a person, and every day is all a person has.

Welcome to the Bahamas.

Jules



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Back to the Nostrum Home Page



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Nostrum Hits Fly Balls to Garth Brooks

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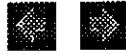
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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over the passing of John Goldwater, the creator of Archie comic books. "Think about it," the Mite mused. "High school students. Archie. Betty and Veronica. Jughead. Reggie. Moose. Mr. Weatherbee. It's just like Nostrum." To which one has no alternative but to reply, No it isn't just like Nostrum. There isn't even a hint of similarity, aside from the high school part. "There you go," the Mite predictably responds. "Q.E.D." Of course, I have to deal with this every day; you only see the tip of the iceberg. For instance, I'm not going to tell you about his ranting and raving about the Pope putting Mother Teresa on the fast track to sainthood, and his opinion of the effect of this on all the Venerables and Blesseds in waiting. The thing is, we get a lot of mail complaining that we are prejudiced against, well, just about every race, creed and place of national origin you can think of, and so far we've been managing to avoid the Catholics, but I'm sure they're next on the list of the aggrieved (although their wrath might be a price worth paying in return for the creation of the bafflingly post-national name, Sister Levi al-Chaim). The worst complainers, needless to say, are the FAL -- the French Anti-defamation League -- who unlike, for instance, everyone in Asia (whom we are regularly accused of maligning), are an organized group complete with monthly meetings, a newsletter and a marching song. Just think something bad about a French person, and the FAL is on your case like tomato sauce on Spaghetti-Os. Not to mention the Falutin sisters, who while not card-carrying FALers, nonetheless do not suffer gladly perceived insults to the Gauls, although they are mercifully silent on heresy, simony and general adolescent behavior, which are certifiably our major sins. Thank God for the Reformation! Long live the Episcopalians and Unitarians!

We do hope to be selling indulgences on-line before the year is out.

Jules



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Back to the Nostrum Home Page



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From the Epistles of St. Jules to the Forensicians:

3/10/99

Nostrum Casts Early Ballot for Senator Hillary

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over more things that the rest of us can shake a stick at. It started with the Barbara Walters interview of Monica Lewinsky; I recommend that some night you sit in a room with the Mite and watch him shake his head with progressively more vigor until finally he throws a heavy object at the television screen. (In this case the heaviest object he could find was a half-eaten cinnamon doughnut, so not a lot of damage was done, but the effect was about the same.) He only lasted fifteen minutes until he flipped off the TV with a curse on all their houses (i.e., the Clintons, the Lewinskys, and the Walterses). Can't say I blame him on any of those, but the ranting and raving had barely subsided when Stanley Kubrick died, and we had to go through that 2001 rigmarole for the ten thousandth time. "Open the pod door, St. Peter." Then it was "We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when," and "Redrum." At least he knows his Kubrick. Meanwhile, nothing widens Falutin eyes wider than watching the Mite on a tear, and when Joe DiMaggio died again, the fact that the Mite has never attended a baseball game in his life, much less a game with Jumpin' Joe, had no effect on his unbridled emotional response. High, who does go to baseball games, mumbled something about Newton being wrong, and that for every action there is not an equal and opposite reaction, at least if the Nostrumite is any gauge. When she pointed out that the next day, after a minute of in-tribute silence, the Yankees proceeded to lose their game, the Mite asked, "What do the Yankees have to do with any of this?" At this point High exchanged a glance with Low that made me think that she might give up the Episcopalian business altogether and go straight into Ethical Culture. I wouldn't blame her in the least.

Jules



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Back to the Nostrum Home Page



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From the Epistles of St. Jules to the Forensicians:

3/17/99

Nostrum Boxes Holyfield-Lewis Into a Corner

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over our inability to maintain our subscriber list correctly -- thanks to Bill Gates -- and the logical conundrum of telling the people whose names we've lost that we've lost their names. The thing is, we use Microsoft's Outlook Express for our subscriptions, and it turns out that there is a limit to the number of names you can put in a mailing list. We didn't find this out until the complaints started rolling in. Thanks a lot, Bill. "Maybe some of us have more friends than he does," the Mite says morosely. I wouldn't doubt it in the least, come to think of it. On the other hand, people who get free subscriptions have quite a bit of nerve complaining when they don't get it, but the Internet has led to strangely socialistic expectations in a seemingly prima facie capitalist arena. And speaking of capitalism, the Mite is also rather vocal regarding the issue of Steven Tyler suing his former wife to prevent her from publishing nude pictures of the Aerosmithian in her autobiography. Needless to say, he hopes that Stevie wins, thus saving the world from the need of having to look at these photographs. "I don't know which is worse," he opines (he's a big opiner, the lad), "seeing nude pictures of Steven Tyler or imagining a market for the autobiography of his ex-wife, with or without those pictures. Don't people ever read real books anymore?" Probably not. I suspect that this whole thing was a dig a High Falutin, who has been sitting around the manse reading the Monica Lewinsky biography. At least -- saints preserve us! -- there aren't any naked pictures of Bill in it.

Jules



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From the Epistles of St. Jules to the Forensicians:

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Nostrum Tops 10000

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over the Academy Awards, and I can't say that I blame him. "Duller than this year's Super Bowl, and with less interesting costumes," was the way he put it. Of course, his favorite, Celine Dion, did look suspiciously like Mr. Mxyzptlk (don't say that backward, by the way), but she warmed his heart by promising to retire ("I want to haf a leetle beb-bee," she explained; I hate to tell you, Shelly: they may start out as beb-bees, but they grow up to be Policy Debaters if you don't watch out). Gwyneth Paltrow (another person whose name backward probably means more than it does forward), looked like she was in utter agony; "It appears gastrointestinal to me," the Mite mused. He would know. The high point was the duelling divas. "What," he asked, "are they doing? They sing around the notes but never seem to actually hit them." "I think it's called melisma," Low offered, trying to avert her eyes as Mariah and Whitney screamed and held hands and looked as if they hated each other to the cores of their beings. "All their songs sound like that," High chimed in. Unix the Cocker Nostrumutt covered his rather large ears with his paws and looked, well, a lot like Mariah and Whitney. (This was quite the Oscars party, as you can see; the whole gang was in attendance.) I personally sort of enjoyed watching Aerosmith, but you've got to wonder how come Liv's father acts the way he does and your father doesn't. They are probably the same age, after all. (The Nostrumite's father is a little more on the Keith Richards side, if you're interested. Maybe that goes some of the distance to explaining the Nostrumite.) Anyhow, the lad was pretty bored by the whole thing, as were most people around the world apparently, except for the Italians. The best part was the backstory and the feud between Miramax and Dreamworks and the idea of buying an Oscar. We've got to agree with the Dreamworks philosophy: movies are an art form, not a business. Right. And "Lost World" was Stevie's answer to "Citizen Kane."

Jules



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3/31/99

Nostrum's Free (to Wear Sunscreen)

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over not receiving one -- count 'em, not one -- piece of automated Melissa virus e-mail. Are we not worthy? The Nostrum Communication Center (NosCom) sends mighty numbers of attached messages to mighty numbers of subscribers who have sold us their souls (did we explain that in the subscription offer?), and not one of them had the common courtesy to attempt to inadvertently wipe us out (or, to wipe us out inadvertently, if you're reluctant to split infinitives). On top of that, this whole Steve Burns is dead business has been keeping the Mite up into the wee hours of the night, trying to play his disk of Abbey Road backwards. "There is a long-term conspiratorial relationship between 'Blue's Clues' and Paul McCartney," he says with that maniacal look in his eye, and there's no stopping him at that point. For a while High and Low thought they had gotten his attention by suggesting combining the popularity of potato skins with the popularity of Mr. Potato Head into a potential new toy for young conservatives who haven't been taking their Ritalin called Mr. Potato Skinhead, but even such a potential boon to children's marketing left the lad cold. Anyhow, we know that a lot of toddlers read these epistles, not to mention that Nostrum itself is second only to Barney in the sales of plush toys, so if you are under the age of five, don't worry, we understand that Steve is definitely no more dead than Paul McCartney (and if you're over the age of fifty, don't worry, we understand that Paul is definitely no more dead than Steve Burns). On the other hand, don't be looking for Jerry Garcia to be covering the Teletubbies' Greatest Hits any time in the near future.

Jules





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4/7/99

Nostrum Finds April 9th Inconceivable

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over the whole idea of guerilla websites. This is, of course, the worry of any legitimate webmaster, and one does have to assume that the Mite falls into that category. "It's happened to United Airlines," he says. "It's happened to Macdonald's. It's happened to the White House! Who's to say that we're not next?" He's not so much worried about hackers taking over our site; considering the amount of traffic we generate, we'd actually applaud the presence of a hacker or two, as they would probably double the daily number of impressions. No, what the lad is most afraid of is the subversive countersites, like nostrumsucks.com and that sort of thing. He's already figuring that someone has registered that one, plus nostrumbites.com, nonostrumisgoodnostrum.com, nostrumistheillegimatesonofacamel.com, ifineverreadnostrumagainitwillbetoosoon.com, and his greatest nightmare, nostrumgivesmeintestinalgas.com. Of course, realistically speaking, it would be something more like <http://members.aol.com/nostrumrussucks/index.html>, or <http://members.aol.com/nostrumrusisabigoldpoopypants/index.html>, neither of which, shall we say, rolls off the tongue naturally. But that doesn't stop the Nostrumite. Nothing ever does, unfortunately.

Jules



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4/14/99

Nostrum Finds Clinton in Contempt

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over Judge Wright's decision to hold our Commander-in-Chief in contempt of court. Most likely as a result of this, when our Chief Executive retires a year from next January, he will be unable to practice law in Arkansas. "If I were in Arkansas, and I needed a lawyer, Bill would be my first choice," the Mite pointed out. He was deaf to the observation from High that the lad is unlikely to ever visit "the land of opportunity," or the Natural State, as Arkansans also like to call themselves, although I did point out that the Nostrumite was voted "most likely to need an attorney on permanent retainer" by his high school class. Anyhow, the Mite was undeterred. "Bill may not be able to practice law anywhere," he continued, "which means that when Senator Hillary goes to Washington, he won't have anything to do with his time except..." He emphasized the ellipses in that sentence, as only he can. "What IS that man going to do come two kay one?" Low asked, putting down her newspaper long enough to inject the Unitarian view into the conversation. "I mean, nobody's going to give him a job because you can't trust him with the hired help, and he's probably going to be disbarred and defrocked and generally made persona non grata in all the various trade unions, so what's left, aside from playing golf with O.J.?" No one had an answer, and everyone went back to what they were doing before they were so rudely interrupted.

Jules



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Nostrum Caught Cheating in Tab Room

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over the fact that "No one--" and his index finger points directly at me when he says this-- "picks up any of the Nabokov references." "Why should they?" High replies, looking up from her copy of "Miss Lonelyhearts" and saving me from the wrath of Mite. "They're not exactly purposeful. Hunted Enchanters, Quilty Prep -- so what? It's just name-dropping."

Talk about throwing down the gauntlet. Or gantlet, if you prefer.

"I'm starting to feel like Nabokov," the Mite continues. I guess he has no choice but to ignore her, or risk breaking up with her over which one has the most cultural literacy. "People read us and they identify with the characters. Aaarghh! I hate that. Nabokov hated that too." Apparently he thinks that if he hates what VVN hated, he somehow becomes VVN. Sure. "I write for the love of the written word alone," he continues, now waxing poetic, or waning prosaic, if you prefer. "Nabokov's centenary is coming up this week," he says. "You realize that April 23rd is his birthday. Same as Shakespeare and Cervantes." "Not really," High says, persisting in her persnickiteness. What is wrong with this woman? "The Gregorian calendar shifted all the dates eleven days. At least I think it was eleven days. That's why Washington's birthday really isn't February 22nd." "If it's not February 22nd, when is it?" the Mite asks. "It's on President's Day, obviously," Low interjects, thus putting an end to the conversation as only a Unitarian can.

Happy birthday Vlad. And Bill. And Mike. And, I guess, George.

Jules



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Back to the Nostrum Home Page



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Nostrum Apologizes to Mary Jo

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over the recent news that Neanderthals were breeding with Cro-Magnons. "The whole history of humanity is apparently based on people doing it with other genera," he bemoaned (and this from a man who thought he was crossing some sort of line by dating an Episcopalian). "Actually, they were only doing it with a different species, not a different genus," High corrected him. "It's not exactly like the Cro-Magnons were out chasing mud turtles. Although," she added, taking a page from the Mite's book of self-induced misery, "this does wreak havoc on the Eve Hypothesis. So much for the mitochondrial DNA evidence." Mitochondrial DNA? Everything I know about DNA I learned by judging one and a half LD rounds of Human Genetic Engineering at the New England Districts tournament. "I did a paper last year on Out of Africa," Low chimed in, angrily pushing Unix the Cocker Nostrumutt off her lap. "Which I said was a crock, and I got a C from one of your mitochondrial fanatics, and it turns out I was right all along!" At which point general confusion reigned throughout the hut, with people tossing vicious epithets left and right, accusing all and sundry of mind-boggling levels of chromosomic immorality while never once pronouncing the 'th' sound like normal people (Neander-tall, they kept saying, and I kept wondering when we all became German, since the last time I looked at least half of us were French), and I was the only one left with even the slightest interest in keeping those episodes running like the clockwork they ought to be.

Things are going to be hell around here when finals start in two weeks.

Jules



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From the Epistles of St. Jules to the Forensicians:

5/4/99

Nostrum Welcomes Return of the Spaldeen

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over the bickering between Mikey and Jeffrey in the open arena of the American judicial system. It's not that he can't understand Jeffrey's feeling that two hundred and fifty million dollars is not exactly chump change, but when you're making umpty-ump million dollars to begin with, and you quit your job over sour grapes about not getting a promotion and get another job with Stevie and Davey making comparable umpty-ump dollars, you don't exactly stir up a lot of sympathy with the average high-school-debate-soap-opera author. "And whatever happened to personal loyalty?" the Mite adds, reading about the name-calling that these two guys are foisting on the world. "If you and I split up," he says, "I'd never tell anyone, on or off the record, that 'I hate the little midget.'" Which is really big of him; at this point I did hasten to remind him that, altitudinally speaking, I'm not exactly the Julesmite, if you get my drift. Which is to say, if you see a vertically-challenged homeless-looking character walking a gelded cocker spaniel down the streets of Cambridge some morning, it isn't yours truly.

We get along soooo fine here at Nostrum HQ. You'll never see us bickering over a quarter of a billion samolians. Although we have been known to get a little heated over our individual interpretations of postmodernism, especially when postnationalism or posthumanism comes into play. Maybe someday there'll be postnostrumism? We should live so long.

Jules



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Past episodes **Reader's Guide to the Nostrum Universe**
Back to the Nostrum Home Page



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Nostrum Snags CIA Cartography Account

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We almost didn't make it this week. The Nostrumite is in a state of permanent depression over this whole business of buying and selling Pennsylvanian body parts for transplants. Not that the lad has anything against recycling humans; far from it. There are a number of people he suggests should be recycled immediately, including Celine Dion, Cher, and John Tesh. And he's all in favor of the US government having declared organs to be a national treasure; he even claims that some of his organs go beyond national treasure straight into landmark status. No, his issue is with the assigned dollar amount. "Who came up with this three hundred dollar business?" the lad asks. "Three hundred bucks for a liver, three hundred bucks for a spleen, three hundred bucks for a small intestine. Shouldn't there be some scale applied that values the human heart above the brain, or vice versa?" He was unpersuaded by the fact that brains would not be part of the bargain. "Of course they're not part of the bargain," he riposted. "Who in their right mind would want to have the brain of a Pennsylvanian?" At which point the rest of the people in the room were stymied. "Idahonians, on the other hand," he began, but at that point the Falutins and I went back to analyzing our summer vacation plans. The last thing I heard from the Mite was something to the effect that Massachusettsian brains would be used as loss leaders....

Jules



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[Back to the Nostrum Home Page](#)

