

# Mil Mania

The Official Newsletter of WWW.ARTISTINSANE.COM



Welcome To The Feb.-March Issue of Mil Mania!!!

Volume 5, Issue 2, February/March 2009

Here it is — not only the latest issue of *Mil Mania*, but the first to be mailed out in its new PDF format. What's more, I'm grateful for the feedback regarding a desire to print out the newsletter for reading while away from the computer that has contributed to this change. And, of course, I look forward to your comments on the new look, and to further refining it through incorporating your thoughts as time goes on.

For now, however, I'll just add a few words on this issue's content — which includes all the columns you've come to expect...with one notable exception. Because certain sections ran a little longer than anticipated, I was forced to omit a "Writings From the Asylum" entry. Look for this to appear again next month — or as soon as time and space permit. In the meantime, I trust you'll follow the example of forgiveness detailed in the "Pet Peeves and Paranoia" column...for assistance in working toward which you might consider utilizing the service discussed in "Temporary Insanity". Actually, in that case, I'd have to advise the intervention of "Psycho Therapy" — or a bit of sound "madvice" from Keela, like that she's once again dispensed herein. And, if all that leaves you a bit confused — good! Read on and all will become clear.

Happy Spring!

Mil

**ATTENTION** *Mil Mania* Readers:

Once more, I want to extend an extra special thanks to all current subscribers — and encourage you to share *Mil Mania* with your friends. Feel free to forward this issue and encourage signing up for future ones (plus, newcomers can check out all back issues on the subscription page: [www.artistinsane.com/news\\_sign\\_up.htm](http://www.artistinsane.com/news_sign_up.htm) .

Let's make this a record year of readership!

**Insanity's contagious — pass it on!!!**

**Inside this issue:**

Music Mayhem	2
Psycho Therapy "Control Crazy"	2-3
Writings From the Asylum	3
Ravings of a Mad Woman "Bridget Jones Diary"	3-4
Reader Comments	5
Temporary Insanity "Pay to Pray"	4-5
Pet Peeves and Paranoia "To Err is Human..."	5-6
Molly Madvises — a female domestic rat answers reader questions	7-8
In a Nutshell	8

Happy Valentine's Day



Member of...

**American MENSA**

and...

**R.A.T.S**  
Rat Assistance & Teaching Society

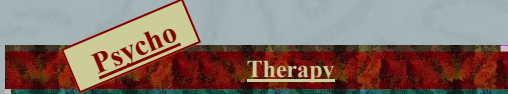
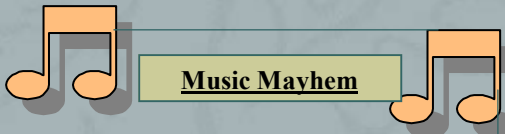
**Newsletter Spotlight**

Happy St. Patrick's Day!!!

Remember: Love comes in many forms, including family, friendship — and pet rats!!!!

May you enjoy a beautiful Valentine's Day with your own loved one(s) (human or otherwise!)





Disclaimer: I am not a "real" psychiatrist... nor do I play one on TV.

**Brian Fitzpatrick** played a St. Patrick's Day show at Riddle's in Pompton Lakes, and has posted additional dates for April and May. Check [www.myspace.com/brianfitzpatrick](http://www.myspace.com/brianfitzpatrick) for more info!

**Michael McDermott** has suspended Monday Morning Madness until the launch of a new website (presumably in conjunction with his next album, due in May). In the meantime, you can catch a limited number of shows and check out the archived video from a TV appearance on Channel 11's "Live Music Wednesday" segment of *Chicago Tonight* on Feb. 25th. Click Here... [www.wttw.com/main.taf?p=42,8,8&vid=022509f](http://www.wttw.com/main.taf?p=42,8,8&vid=022509f)

Dear Dr. Mil,

*In anticipation of fully living together [following the wedding], my fiancé was getting ready to move his stuff into my place weekend before last. After a rather tense night because [my 8-year-old dog] was being his typical attention-needy self, my fiancé told me he just can't live with him. He's not inherently a dog person and living with a high strung, separation anxiety-ridden pup would make him miserable. So, he proposed two potential solutions so that we could still get married: Live separately until my dog's passing (could be 5-7 years) or give [my little friend] away to his sister. It hurts me deeply that he doesn't respect my love for [my dog]...or at least accept it as a part of me...the person he loves. I don't love [his career choice] but I'm willing to deal with what's to come because he loves [his occupation]. That's what love's about.*

*His mom and sister completely agree...but I'm sure the fact that his family didn't have animals growing up... and his brother FORBIDS his wife from getting a dog (for much the same reasons he doesn't like/understand dogs) fortifies him.*

*He came over after visiting his parents last night and said things I suppose I already knew, but just can't live with (of course, about my dog). Specifically, that my love for him is an "illness" (that would be cured by giving him away) and that he's looking forward to the day my dog dies (actually, counting the days, he says). [I know my dog] is a handful but there is such a fundamental difference between us when it comes to animals that it just can't work...and I can't be with someone who wishes my furry friend dead and thinks I'm sick because I love him.*

*Of course, I'm beyond sad., [but] I gave him his ring back and he was pretty stunned. I also told him I think he has some major control issues that aren't just about a dog (which he refuses to believe). [For example], after we got engaged (the very DAY after) he laid down our plan for living together once married — finances, etc. Under the guise of "let's talk about how we'll handle financing and the living arrangement"... he made it very clear that he would handle all the financial stuff (bill paying, etc.) and that he would move into my house, give me half of what my down*

*payment had been, put his name on the deed to my house and take over all major decision-making on finances.*

*And, when I raised the issue of my need to keep busy/build a social network of female friends, etc. [while his job kept him away for extended periods], I mentioned the women's dinner group I belong to, said I know of more groups like that out there and that I would explore these once he left. He very adamantly said "No, you're not going to do that...I'm your best friend now. You can just be friends with my friends". At the time, I found [this] unsettling but said nothing because his friends and their wives are very nice people. Trouble is, they don't really know me and it wasn't like they were going to be calling me up while he's gone. AND...the kicker...he insisted I get rid of my longtime best (female) friend... It was then that I started to realize he was trying to isolate me (which is classic control behavior) to minimize any contrary input I might receive from the outside world (that he couldn't control).*

*I'm glad I saw his true nature before marrying him, but of course, since there were actually some really good things about the relationship I'm still grieving its end. [Even so], everything I've read and everything I've experienced, tells me controllers don't stop at one or two incidents...which is why I'm sharing all this for "Psycho Therapy". I think you should cover it.*

Taking Back Control

Dear Taking,

Thank you for sharing your experience with *Mil Mania* readers. I have no doubt your story has great relevance for other women, and I hope tackling the topic here will be of use to any readers who might recognize themselves within it. Perhaps, as you did, they, too, will be able to escape such a negative fate as you (thankfully) realized awaited you before things go too far.

As I see it, indeed, you are correct that your fiancé's issues had far more to do with an oppressive level of control in general than your dog — or any other aspect of your life — specifically. Clearly, this is an individual bent on having his own way...and manipulating you via whatever means necessary to achieve this. What's more, the (none-too-subtle) plan to take over management of your finances — and ownership of your house — seem cause for warning bells in their own right, given these acts represent not merely

As always, feel free to drop by my "space" at

**MYSPACE MUSIC**

[www.myspace.com/artistsinsane](http://www.myspace.com/artistsinsane)

AND

My Profile at

**facebook**

<http://www.facebook.com/home.php?#/profile.php?id=711026302&ref=profile>

shared assets, but a somewhat blind dependence on him for basic needs and wants you've worked hard to earn for yourself *Your* income, *your* home, your *independence* were obvious threats to your fiancé's "hold" on you, and a need to create both financial and emotional vulnerability by stripping you of them a must in order to serve his own insecurity...which is, I believe, the core mental ailment of the controller. Of course, this raises such questions as whether this person owned a home of his own, and if so, what were his plans for this (or funds from its disposition) after you were married? Did he plan to put whatever money he had acquired to date (or would earn thereafter) into a joint account with you or was it only your finances that were to be absorbed?

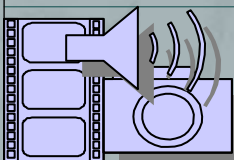
It's also interesting that should you have complied with his ridiculous demand to give your dog away, his plan was so specific as to include a recipient in his own family...rather than a new owner of your choosing — perhaps someone your dog already knew well and was fond of, for example. Of course, again this is presented as something of a "mind game" in that by providing a solution (his sister) to the "problem" (your dog), he is "helping" you — the context in which a controlling character frames so many of his choices "for" you. Clearly, as he spins them, these moves will make *your* life simpler and more pleasant...until, of course, you wake up one day to find your life simplified to the point of not merely "having to do nothing" but having been stripped of the (practical) "ability to do anything" — or have anyone "on your side" to even talk to — which you noted was a direction in which he was clearly already leading.

I'm sure I could say more about this subject, but I think you've covered it so completely in your letter that the answers to most reader's questions on the topic have been very fully provided. I would only add that it conjures images of the somewhat controversial/arguably misunderstood) movie *91/2 Weeks*, which shared a graphic picture of a controller allowed to wreak havoc — for a while. Thankfully, the woman in that film ultimately breaks free of this very unhealthy relationship. Given you did as well, I applaud you on this step in the direction of good mental health, and wish you truly well from here on out.

"Dr. Mil"

### Writings From The Asylum

As introduced in the first issue of *Mil Mania*, this column presents the latest chapter in the "prequel" to my screenplay, *Taking the Fall*, which picks up on the adventures of musician Joshua Gray four years after a longtime girlfriend's suicide. The novel-in-progress being shared here deals with the immediate days and months following that act, and the struggles to pick up the pieces of his life and career. You can read the Prologue at [http://www.artistinsane.com/of\\_julie\\_and\\_better\\_men.htm](http://www.artistinsane.com/of_julie_and_better_men.htm), and past chapters in the prior issues posted on the *Mil Mania Sign-up page* ([www.artistinsane.com/news\\_sign\\_up.htm](http://www.artistinsane.com/news_sign_up.htm)).



### Ravings of a Mad Woman

WATCH FOR JOSH'S ADVENTURES TO CONTINUE NEXT MONTH:

I invariably save this section to finish last — and by the time I've arrived here now there's no room left for it. As issues become filled with more and more features, it looks like this newsletter may become a book in itself each month!

This column corresponds with the Mad Ravings On section of my website ([www.artistinsane.com/movie\\_madness.htm](http://www.artistinsane.com/movie_madness.htm)) and is dedicated to selected reviews of movies, television and books... most of which are unlikely to represent "the latest" in any of these categories, but rather a random selection that represents a new and/or noteworthy discovery to me.

**Bridget Jones' Diary** — The local paper recently featured a list of (at least one writer's opinion as to) the top ten romantic films of all time — most of which I'd seen, and at least a couple of which I agreed were worthy of the columnist's distinction. A surprise among them to me, however, was this adaptation of a novel by Helen Fielding, which I recall having heard a bit about at the time of its release (such as the fact its star, Renee Zellweger, gained 20 pounds to play the title role). For whatever reason, though, I'd simply never got around to watching it. Of course, this recent recommendation (and the admiration of Zellweger's portrayal of *Miss Potter*, reviewed last month) fresh in my mind, it's a given I stopped to remedy this when I ran across "Miss Jones" on a cable channel just days after the list appeared.

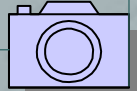
First off, I have to say I'm mildly curious as to how the book became so popular, simply because my appreciation of the film — which I indeed enjoyed very much — has little to do with the story. In fact, there are several points at which I couldn't help thinking how inadequate a particular "payoff" line proved, and how flat I could only imagine such words would surely appear on a written page. When uttered by the talented and charming cast, however — a cast which notably includes Mr. Charm himself, Hugh Grant, I hasten to add — the scenes work despite the script, and the most implausible concluding situation possible still prompts a broad smile of satisfaction.

That said, I must admit the story itself starts out in quite promising fashion, with a surely relatable single gal's ritual nightmare of attending her parents' Christmas party, complete with a special holiday outfit sewed by Mom and an inevitable bit of hopeless matchmaking involving a similarly hapless male counterpart (a.k.a. victim). While Bridget approaches this with cheerful resignation, however, the male counterpart in question (played by Colin Firth) has opted to become more of a Scrooge — and treats poor Bridget with unmerciful disdain.

Ravings of a Mad Woman (cont'd)

Unfortunately, this unflattering introduction proves only the first of many unexpected and unflattering meetings to come. But, as Jane Austen so deftly reminded us throughout her many comedies of manners, he who seems a frog at first blush can, in fact, turn into a prince in the end...which I suspect we're supposed to be reminded of by the fact the frog in this instance even bears the surname Darcy.

Of course, this is no genteel period piece, meaning the events leading up to this discovery include several less wholesome twists — including a few questionable fashion choices that contribute to a misguided affair between Bridget and her (all too obvious) play-boy boss. Unfortunately, as discussed elsewhere in this *Mil Mania* issue, the fact an unending cycle of rogue behavior remains unbroken often appears obvious only to us looking in from the outside. To Bridget, Daniel (the aforementioned charmer, Hugh Grant) seems the most devoted of lovers...leaving her to be the only one surprised when he proves otherwise. Still, this is a modern-day romantic comedy, meaning we know at the outset her heartbreak will prove minimal, and all will be set right by the end. And, while comparisons may exist between this and an Austen work, it might ultimately be compared to a Shakespeare one: *Much Ado About Nothing*. For, once the misinformation, misunderstandings and bits of mischief are all cleared up, it might be said we've ended up where we were headed in the beginning. Still, it's oft been said, "Life's a journey, not a destination." That said, I can only conclude that a glimpse into this *Diary* — brought delightfully to life by its excellent cast, is a journey well worth taking. Watch it, and enjoy the ride.



## Temporary Insanity

1-800-PRAY-4-ME — or was that WWW.WINGNUT.COM?



At last I think I really have heard everything. While my husband was in the grocery store buying a gallon of milk this week, I flipped on the radio just as one of those breaks from the music to share entertainment tidbits, headlines and brief "news" items came on. I was only half-listening as they commented on the previous evening's episode of *American Idol*, the latest stock market numbers and such, and was, in fact, about ready to turn the channel when I was jolted to attention by a "public interest" story which opened with the question, "Too busy to say your prayers? Now there's a website that will say them for you."

Excuse me?

It seems all one has to do is choose from a list of categories of needs or some such thing, and "someone" from this company will offer an "appropriate" prayer up to God (or the gods or perhaps your choice of Deity) up to three times a day. Again, I ask... Excuse me?

Actually, excusing one from the most personal of "obligations" seems to be exactly the point...although I assumed the website in question probably sells their services with some slogan more along the lines of "Now there's no excuse not to give one of the greatest gifts" or "we'll help you make a miracle" or some such blather. Whatever the case, I'll admit I pinched myself to make sure I hadn't dozed off or become lost in some crazed daydream wherein my own abnormal psyche had somehow made the whole thing up. Nope. I was awake. But, clearly *somebody* (or a lot of somebodies if this boneheaded site actually manages to "sell" its "services") was crazy, dreaming or indeed "day — uh, I mean, dazed." "What the heck is this world coming to?" I thought. Or perhaps, more accurately, "Where the Hell is it going?" phrased in this case as "Where it is going? Hell."

Don't get me wrong. This article isn't a zealot's cry against all humanity as depraved and immoral or attempting to intrude on anyone's personal space with directives on his practice of religious beliefs. But, come on. I mean, isn't...umm...actually practicing — well, something — kind of part of believing in the first place. I mean, if you think saying a prayer for someone is a good thing that might actually prove beneficial to that person, doesn't it kind of follow that one might actually do this (relatively simple) good thing oneself? I mean, I understand sending flowers or one of those lovely, delicious fruit arrangements to express various sentiments in times of joy or sorrow — and fully appreciate the thoughtfulness behind them. But, when it comes to the thought of praying for someone — which is something that in many religions need only *be* essentially "thought" (i.e. not even said out loud to be communicated to an all-knowing Being) for it to be carried out...is it me or is it truly the ultimate cop-out to palm this off on some *un*-knowing (of you, the person you're having them pray for, etc.) third party to even bother thinking the thought? Hey, I may be in Mensa, but that thought really is a little too much for me to grasp. Then again, maybe that's because one would have to be a *complete idiot* to think such a thought a remotely good idea.

Be that as it may, the whole concept just seemed so off-the-wall, I couldn't resist doing a little research to learn a bit more about this website for myself. Not only does it indeed exist, it even offers "Promotional Rates for New Users, Limited Time Only!" One need only "Choose a Religion from the left menu" to sign up.



## Comments from *Mil Mania* readers on the January issue...

*“‘Hair-razing’-- oh, how I soak up such clever expressions!*

*“Also I just love the image of Keela with her fur all crazy--and can I relate. I’ve had cause after cause to be walking around with my fur sticking out every which-way, making me look a wreck. Her tip on getting yourself all smoothed down and peace-filled makes so much sense. Of course! A nibble or two or five of rich, creamy peanut butter, the ultimate comfort food, is real magic.”*

L.P.

March marks another very important literary anniversary...

The birth of Dr. Seuss  
105 years ago this day!

You may not love green eggs and ham,

Or hear the Whos like Horton can,

But surely Dr. Seuss created

Something most count highly rated.

Mr. Grinch, the tale for me,

Alive as long as “we have we” ...

Imagination non-compare;

Inspiring stories told with flair.

The world made richer by his pen...

For which we here give thanks again!

Visit [www.seussville.com](http://www.seussville.com) for more info.



## Temporary Insanity (cont'd)

Conveniently, subscriptions can be purchased using paypal, and buy you “the satisfaction of knowing that your prayers will always be said even if you wake up late, or forget.” Really? Wow. I mean, how did the busy Apostles ever evangelize the world without this service. And why stop with only prayer? Hmm...I wonder if Peter might have paid here to somehow be relieved of crucifixion upside down?

Of course, lest anyone gather the mistaken impression this site is purely mercenary, it should be noted they do offer a “free prayer for luck”. Oh, and don’t forget...10% of all revenue goes to charity.

And I’m the one who’s so long professed to being insane.

Actually, it seems the number of truly crazy people in the world is downright scary. According to one news story I read, after only a week online, already the site has been jammed with requests. It seems there’s even a two-day delay on the free prayers for luck.

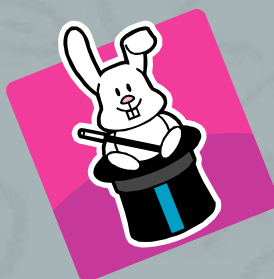
Still, the site reminds visitors, “We make no claims regarding the efficacy of the service. As with all prayer, the final results are up to God.”

Gee, thanks so much for that profound reminder. Of course, somehow this story conjures not tales of God’s infinite wisdom, but P.T. Barnum’s apt observation, “There’s a sucker born every minute.” Clearly the creators of this website have faith in that — so much, in fact, they’re taking it all the way to the bank.



## Pet Peeves and Paranoia

To Err is Human — To Forgive Feline — Divine



While I normally fill this column with experiences from my own menagerie, this month I’ve learned of a (something akin to “pet”) situation that would be so truly “paranoia”- prompting in the “normal” person that I feel I have no choice but to share the admiration it inspired through a love for animals — and I speculate humanity as well — so great it indeed “casteth out” fear...even when

tested beyond what most of us could ever imagine.

Surely almost everyone reading this heard at least a small bit on the news back in 2003, when a tiger used in a lavish Las Vegas magic show critically injured Roy Horn, the animal-handler half of the show’s stars, Siegfried and Roy. In fact, I suspect I’m probably among the last people on Earth to have remained utterly ignorant of this team’s act and accomplishments prior to that event, until so very recently, when a brief article on the internet succeeded in sufficiently intriguing me to watch the television special it promoted. What I found most fascinating in this written snippet was the assertion by the tiger’s “victim” that he never for a moment believed the animal intended harm. Rather, it’s his and his partner’s contention that Roy suffered a small stroke while performing, which the tiger somehow sensed, and instinctively reacted to by attempting to pull Roy offstage to safety (grasping him by the neck as a mother of this species would carry her cub). Obviously, the physical differences between human and tiger meant this resulted in devastating injury to Roy, no matter the motivation. What was most fascinating about the article, however, was the report that for the return-to-stage farewell performance it covered, the animal used in Siegfried and Roy’s final illusion was none other than Montecore, this very same white tiger who had inflicted the devastating injury that

Pet Peeves and Paranoia (cont'd)

ended their career...and very nearly just plain “ended” Roy. Talk about putting one’s money — or rather, life itself, where his mouth is. This was a story so “insane” I wouldn’t be living up to my own verbal professions if I didn’t learn more about these men so crazy they might just be kin of my kind.

That said, I indeed watched the TV program, which offered a fascinating overview of how these men grew up in Germany, both to wind up employed on the same cruise ship. Siegfried was already beginning to hone his craft as a magician, while Roy, working as a bellhop, saw his act — and offered a suggestion for improving it. Rather than perform illusions using a docile rabbit, how about trying the same tricks with a cheetah instead? I can only imagine the questions regarding Roy’s sanity this raised in Siegfried. As it turned out, however, Roy actually had the means to make this happen — using his own pet cheetah, an animal he had freed from a German zoo. The rest, as the saying goes, is history.

But, this isn’t a history lesson in just entertainment or entrepreneurship. It’s a story of friendship, compassion, conservation and devotion. The show Siegfried and Roy went on to develop became the biggest attraction in Las Vegas history — and perhaps one of the greatest testimonials ever to the philosophy “Do what you love, and success will follow.” By the same token, in this instance, the success enabled them to further serve their loves — Siegfried’s for magic and Roy’s for animals. In fact, the latter’s amazing bond with animals was permitted to flourish in ways few could imagine, blossoming into an immense compound that became home to a substantial number of the world’s most exotic and endangered cats, with which Roy spent so much time they seemed to truly count him among their number. In explanation of footage that showed him romping with tigers in a field and swimming with them in a pool, Roy said he was present for each of their births. Since his was the first voice they heard and the first face they saw, it logically followed that they should think him one of them. And, although Roy, of course, fully understood and respected their physical differences, at heart I think it might safely be said, he was one of them, indeed. So close was Roy’s bond with his animals, in fact, that Siegfried admitted he couldn’t help feeling moments of jealousy, aware the love between Roy and these incredible “beasts” was something he stood outside of, something that belonged to Roy and these beasts alone.



Still, the tragic occurrence that nearly took his life necessarily altered the day to day interspecies’ intermingling Roy and his great cats shared. Yet, it might be said, the grace and power they embody — and which it might be argued they related to in Roy, remained in him as well. Contrary to the dire prognoses of his doctors, Roy not only survived, but surpassed all possible expectations in regaining the ability to walk, and talk, and, although indeed physically altered, in remaining utterly “himself.” When asked by the TV interviewer whether the accident had instilled some level of fear for these great creatures he hadn’t known before, he unequivocally answered “No.” He acknowledged, of course, the physical shortcomings that prevent him from the level of interaction he and his beloved cats once enjoyed, but left no doubt of his undiminished love for them, and faith in how deserving he believes them of his trust. In many individuals,

I can only imagine this assertion would have seemed mere bravado, but in watching Roy and hearing the declaration in his impaired speech, the truth of his statement couldn’t have been more obvious — or more touching. However, one must consider this is a man who, as the attack was taking place, cried out not “Help me” or some unintelligible utterance of pain, but the clear, almost unbelievable plea, “Don’t hurt the tiger!”

I once read a book by Brennan Manning entitled *Ruthless Trust*. If you ask me, he could have begun and ended it by quoting those four words. If they don’t describe the concept of, indeed, “ruthless trust” in the most vivid detail imaginable, all the books in the world could surely never do so.

They also characterize a man in the most vivid detail possible — and leave me feeling awe and consternation at his selflessness when faced with the most unthinkable circumstances. It’s been said, “Greater love hath no man than he lay down his life for his friend.” I think it might be argued equal evidence of such love, when a man’s life is quite possibly being taken from him, that his care and thoughts should center on the one doing the taking.

A few days after seeing this special on Siegfried and Roy, I passed a church with one of those letter boards out front proclaiming the spiritual challenge. “Forgive the ones who hurt you the most.” I’m sure I don’t have to tell you the thought that sprang to mind was, “Roy Horn certainly did.” And, in doing so, I think he challenged all of us to re-think what love really means, and how truly complete the forgiveness it allows.

While expressing belief that his physical progress was still very much ongoing, Roy was asked what was one thing he most hoped to do again someday. “I want to dance,” he said. I hope — and seeing how far he’s come have every reason to believe — Roy indeed dances again soon. In the meantime, I think it’s clear his spirit moves with the utmost grace and beauty. And, my own heart dances under the power of its inspiration.



P.S. You can visit [www.siegfriedandroy.com](http://www.siegfriedandroy.com) to learn more about the duo, their act, bio and more. Also, you can check out info about the television special I saw at <http://abcnews.go.com/2020/story?id=7005903&page=1> and watch video clips from it here... <http://abcnews.go.com/search?searchtext=siegfried%20and%20roy&type=>

## Molly Madvises



MOLLY

As per the precedent set by *Dear Abby* which syndicated column retained that title when passing to its originator's daughter, so this column continues to retain the name of its originator though now written by another. The "madvice" currently offered herein is that of Keela, one of the "noisy neighbors" Molly (introduced in the Dec. 2005 newsletter linked here... [http://www.artistinsane.com/Mil\\_Mania--12-05.htm](http://www.artistinsane.com/Mil_Mania--12-05.htm)) spoke of frequently — and who, like Molly, knows a bit about life as learned by her adventures as a rodent single mom. Also like Molly, she has a strong mind of her own with much rat wisdom to share. I hope you'll enjoy her commentary.



E-mail your "Molly Madvises" questions to [mil@artistinsane.com](mailto:mil@artistinsane.com) and I'll pass them on to Keela. Thanks!

That said, on to this month's question...

Dear Keela,

"He's just not that into you." It's a clearly defined statement and a hit flick at the moment — or did it get bumped already? I don't keep track of movies all that well, nor have I seen it. But when I heard the title first bouncing around, I immediately thought of a conversation that I had recently with a friend who was on the course of what I thought was her new "relationship." She shared with me that he felt that they should be seeing other people—that he wasn't ready for a "relationship," but he didn't want to not see her. I was so at ease to see her so all right with this. But then, I realized she had her blinders firmly affixed. She verbally told me that she told him she understood where he was with this, and it all seemed fine. Then she told me that while she spoke these words to him, a different scenario unfolded in her head: that she knew she told him that it was fine and she understood and that she was okay with this "phase" because she also "knew" that she was going to marry him in the end. "What is wrong with you??" I wanted to scream at her. "Huh...? What did you miss here? Marry him??" But an "Oh, my," under my breath was all I chose to offer. Keela, what is with gals like this? The message is given loud and clear but yet they interpret it like it's coming in as a foreign language. So, my vision is that she will be hanging on to him, start pining away as he runs further away, and end up holding onto her exquisite ache of what could have been — in her head, that is! And then hold on some more...and more...and end up living her life on hold. I could go back and tell her, "This is not a movie where you get to write the ending as you wish." But I think I'll drop this one in your paws for a more illustrious pearl of wisdom. Paws? Wait. That's it! Pitter-patter around... Or is it fine to follow one around like a devoted hound in hopes of one day being finally scooped up and taken in? Please help!

*Just Not That Into Self-Deception*

Dear Just,

Oh, what a sad situation — and one that's so unnecessary. And, what a timely question, given just a week or so ago I was sitting on Mom's lap when she turned on the computer to find a headline staring back at us about how outraged viewers were over some TV show called *The Rat-chelor* or *Bat-chelor* or some such thing, on which apparently the "star" was a hu-man who was rejected by a hu-woman who later decided she might like him after all. By the time she figured this out, though, it seems he'd decided he didn't like her so much, anyway, and rejected her. Then he asked another woman to marry him, only to change his mind and break up with her (right there on live TV!) — and then ask yet another woman (he'd already rejected when he asked the first — or second, depending on how you look at it — to marry him) if she still wanted to go out with him now, in "the end". Well, I'll tell you, any self-respecting rat would have kicked aspen shavings all over him — and maybe even bit him (or at least peed on his head). But, what does this hu-woman do. She starts *kissing* him. Ewwwww!!!!!!!

The point is, it seems your friend is doing the same thing as the hu-woman I just spoke of. And, while such dreadful behavior seems obvious to most hu-women viewing the situation from the outside, it all gets kind of foggy and complicated when a single hu-woman gets her heart mixed up in the games of such a single hu-man's he-ad. Just look at this month's "Psycho Therapy" column to see how a perfectly sensible, intelligent hu-woman almost ended up *married* to an obvious snake. But, he made sure to lay out in the sun long enough for his scales to warm up and seem harmless before he paid visits to her — until he couldn't hide his venomous fangs any longer and tried to swiftly strike. Thankfully, she proved one nimble rat — uh, I mean, hu-woman, and she got out of that tank and snapped the lid on tight once and for all. It seems to me your friend needs to realize she's going to be in the same boat — or in an aquarium without a boat...well, an aquarium a snake lives in doesn't have water to need a boat — but, I mean — oh, you know what I'm trying to say. The point is your friend's going to find herself either all alone or with a creature who makes her wish she were if she doesn't wake up and smell the oatmeal. Which brings me to a side point, actually... What's so wrong with living as a single female rat, or single hu-woman or whatever the case may be? I've lived that way for a pretty long time and I'd say I've done just fine. The key is to surround yourself with family and great friends — or let yourself be adopted by those, like happened in my case. And, yes, I know how scary making your way to that kind of trust can be — as do my regular readers here since I've mentioned my own experiences with fear in trusting my adoptive mom and dad (at least right away) a million times — but, unlike the unworthy hu-men like the *Bat-chelor* and the playboy talked about in the question I'm answering, a "keeper" friend or adoptive family member will understand and help you through your fears — instead of giving you reasons for more of them.

# Mil Mania

## Molly Madvises (cont'd)

Of course, if the ratter — I mean latter — happens, just remember you can always kick shavings on the offender and run like crazy. Or, you can follow the madvice Molly mentioned when first asked way back in the beginning of this column about hu-men of the sort hu-women often call “rats”. Noting these hu-men act more like alley cats than rats, she said Mom and Dad take aggressive males of that species to the vet for neutering. Sounds like good advice for the *Bat-chelor* and his sort to me!

Thanks again for writing — and keep those letters coming!

KEELA

**P.S.** The movie version of *The Tale of Despereaux* is coming out on DVD very soon. I've therefore added my review of it to my reviews page. Go check it out — and scamper to your local video store for the film itself on April 7th! [http://www.artistinsane.com/keela's\\_reviews.htm](http://www.artistinsane.com/keela's_reviews.htm)

## *In A Nutshell*

*I saw the following quote recently on an artist's Myspace page. Needless to say, it seemed such an appropriate entry for this column I had to find its source.*

“A true friend is someone who thinks that you are a good egg even though he knows that you are slightly cracked.”

Bernard Meltzer

*This additional quote I found while searching for the one above also seemed well worth sharing — especially since it so aptly corresponds to this month's “Pet Peeves and Paranoia”.*

“When you forgive, you in no way change the past - but you sure do change the future.”

Bernard Meltzer

Don't forget...



February-March 2009

Vol. 5, Issue 2

*The Official Newsletter of WWW.ARTISTINSANE.COM*

Thanks for reading this issue of *Mil Mania*! And, remember, this is a work in progress, subject to various changes — all aimed at an improved publication. Please send me your thoughts, including all suggestions. Thank you!!!

*To remove your name from this mailing list e-mail [mil@artistinsane.com](mailto:mil@artistinsane.com) and type “Unsubscribe” in the subject line.*

*And, if you like what you've read, please forward this publication to anyone else you feel might enjoy it.*

*Questions, comments or change of e-mail address? Email [mil@artistinsane.com](mailto:mil@artistinsane.com)*