

# the rhino's ass | other sundry items | coffee table chronicles

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*click to open a truly pretentious version*

February 19, 2009

## “We have a two-year-old, not a coffee table

But if we did have a coffee table  
it might look like this”

– Denise Vroom

**COMMENTS** | *click here to offer Denise your opinion*

### **Chris J. Vaughan Griffiths:**

*All the table's a stage over at the Winter-Vroom household and frankly, I'm like, this close to barfing. Have you seen this orgy of trendy literature and toy box gems. This sort of blatant elitist expressionism is unparalleled at The Rhino's Ass. Not since Kirsten & Joe declared themselves World Champions of Everything have I seen such delusions of grandeur. If not for the brown-nosing photo of one astonishingly adorable baby girl, I'd have banned this coffee table image from publication. I may still file a civil suit given the appearance of not one, but two of the crappiest books ever composed by Canada's most prolific, overrated idiot with a typewriter. C'mon people, Douglas Coupland — Souvenir of Canada!!! Seriously, these should have been titled, 'Realising I can't write worth shit, I wondered aimlessly across Canada collecting cheesy white bread nostalgic crap'. Full marks though for Steinbeck's Guide to Bad Wines and the Harley manual What's Denise trying to say about women artists, I wonder, given the juxtaposition of the book against primitive, children's markers — probably the kind that smell like bubblegum if you accidentally wedge one up your nose. I think my inner woman is offended. And hey, what's that white thing next to the photo. It looks like a nose clipper with a blower brush attachment, which doesn't at all seem like an appropriate item for the coffee table. Like handkerchiefs. Who on earth dreamed up that little swatch of horrors. Thank the gods there's a bottle of wine to wash all this insanity down. Hopefully it's not on Steinbeck's list.*



February 12, 2009

## Greg has a terrific woody

“So... a few items on the agenda...”

*click to open an impressive version*

...1. Unfortunately your photo of the coffee table could not be enlarged enough to read Paul Jay's bills, or what appeared to be an essay. So maybe next time you could send a higher resolution image, because it's not like I've got Fox or Dana or their team of smartie-pants to help me.

2. It's been said that one should keep their friends close but their enemies closer. I can only guess that you, my friend, are feeling some distance between yourself and Paul... and in a last ditch effort to get closer, you've decided to make him your enemy. A beautiful gesture?

3. Attached please find a photo of our coffee table. Greg made it. It's gorgeous. Therefore, he gets lots of shagging.

4. Have you seen our tree? I mean, we had one, we re-planted it... but it had grown so fond of us that despite our throwing rocks at it and crying and shouting "No, boy! Go home! Return to the wild!" we're pretty sure it followed us back to the apartment. However, fearing the wrath of Greg, I think it's been lurking somewhere, in the shadows, afraid to hop on the couch and cuddle with us, afraid to be near like the old days. I feel compelled to make some literary references here — Steinbeck, perhaps? But alas, you're not interested in fiction. I almost wrote that I don't judge you for that, but, alas (again) I do, Chris, I do. But that's okay, isn't it, because, I believe, you've chanced to judge me from time to time. In fact, possibly even right now. Never too busy for nonsense, your friend,

– Jessica (and, in spirit, Greg)”

**COMMENTS** | *click here to offer Jessica and Greg a chip off your block*



*click to open an even more horrific version*

February 10, 2009

## **Apparently, guests never notice the missing coffee table**

– Paul Jay

**COMMENTS** | *click here to offer Denise your opinion*

### **Chris J. Vaughan Griffiths:**

*What's most alarming here is that we've actually caught Paul on a good day. Seriously, I've never seen this coffee table so clean. I've also never seen the CD collection of rock classics either and it's likely Paul strategically placed these to cover up his Pet Shop Boys anthology. The phone books imply Paul can actually locate his phone in under five rings which is ludicrous, so it's hard to imagine why they're on the living room centrepiece. Of course, it's hard to image what leads a man to such general domestic mayhem. Paul can't operate his remote controls and freely admits they're really just battery holders, except the Wii. He knows how to use his Wii. There's a battery under the table, so I'm assuming one of his remote battery holders is broken. He keeps the candle around for Blue Angels, and if I'm not mistaken, the bachelor of Scottish-Chinese origins keeps the manual for 'Up to 3 inches in 90 days' in the Ziploc bag. What can one say about the thrift shop doggy in a boat ornament except, "My God maan, haven't you done enough damage already?"*

*So one could ask oneself, what gives here; what does this coffee table say about Paul; what does Mr. Jay offer the friend, the lover, the impromptu tea party, the world at large; can one truly count on a man with a table this riotous? You'll find your answer at the top-right of the table, my friends. Amidst the madness of it all, Paul's clearly a guy who'll stick around.*

### **Jerry Eberts:**

*The extra-large (man-size?) bottle of lotion is a nice touch, so to speak.*

### **Denise Winter Vroom:**

*When I look at Paul Jay's table I think of an old Edmonton friend (although there are not enough glasses half-full of Kool-Aid to be a true replication).*