

Our Morning At Wal-Mart

Since the beginning of time man has yearned for the convenience of everything under one roof.

So rare it is in present day shopping excursions that one can find lawn ornaments, pampers, folgers flavor crystals and Pantene Plus all but 5 feet away from each other!

I brought an undercover photographer down to the store to see the magic up close and what makes this superb mega gem of a store tick.

One of the many fantastic welcoming things that you will experience upon entrance to this mecca is the piped in music. I forgot how lonely STYX, REO SPEEDWAGON and GINO VANELLI really made me. Such sympathetic voices for our times. I suppose management feels that these sweet sounds somehow deaden the pain of parting with ones funds.

The toy section is something not to be missed. I never realized that there were so many different kinds of BARBIES! Just out of this world nuts. Slumber Party Barbie, Tropical Splash Barbie, Cut And Style Barbie, Polynesian Barbie, Irish Barbie (comes with drunk elf Barbie buddy).

Such a relief to know that you can leave your children for a few hours (to a few days) to rip open packages in the toy section and munch on them. But don't let those 'sales clerks' catch you. They're sticklers for rules! We were asked to put down our camera more than a few times. When I asked "Cloris" why that was, she said, "It's the rules". Ohhhh, I see, it's the Ruuuules. Thank you.

Did they think we were sent by K-Mart to infiltrate their special tagging system? Were they worried I'd leave with documented photographic proof of employees sneaking into back rooms for sleazy cuddling expeditions? Camera hidden in jacket now, we continue.

Wow, Patio lanterns! Noma Moon Rays. No backyard barbecue is complete without

typical, plastic, cheesy, suburban lighting to put a warm healthy glow on my pork sausages and shish ka bob. Oddly enough that song by Max Webster, Patio Lanterns, came over the loudspeaker as we walked by the outdoor lighting section. Nothing less than SPOOKY.

They also have an overwhelming eclectic music section ranging from beautiful artists such as Mariah Carey to the highly popular Rod Stewart.

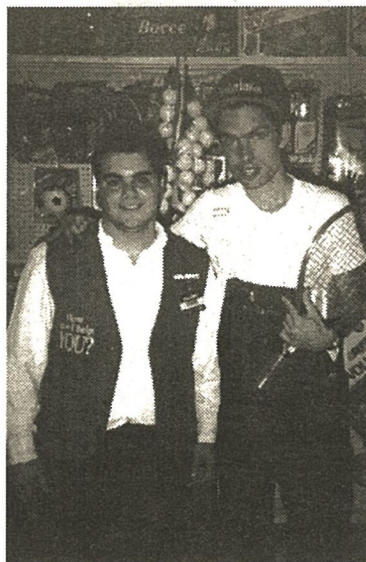
I learned from one of the managers, Pasqual, that incidentally became highly suspicious of us, was that in a situation involving an attack on our fine city, WALMART also doubles as a bomb shelter; An industrial strength, secured building with lots of hiding places for your family.

The fact that most of the assisting clerks are springboard cases makes them doubly ready to help you, as they would be placed back on the street corner where they were plucked from and that would be not fun; Don't let the fact that the English they speak to you with is a third Language for them, they are there for YOU the customer. Ask 'em anything. (But nothing too tough though).

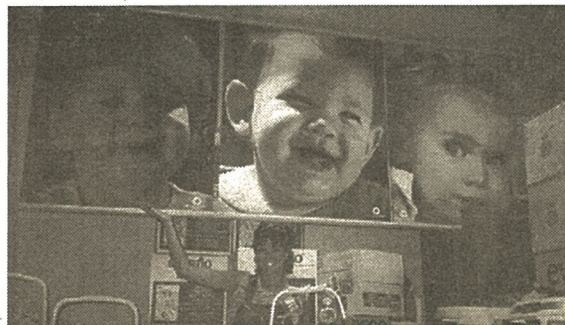
The blue surgery smocks are nothing if not comforting, although probably not for them. Go ahead and give 'em a hug why don't ya...get to know your local WALMART employee!

A cornucopia of quality professional sporting goods are also just a step away in this land of selection. Everything from heavy tennis balls that don't bounce to Shaq attack autograph basketballs, (he's the star B-ball player guy in all the commercials) although I caught a peek at some of the employees actually signing his signature; the ink wasn't even dry those fraudulent crazy kids!

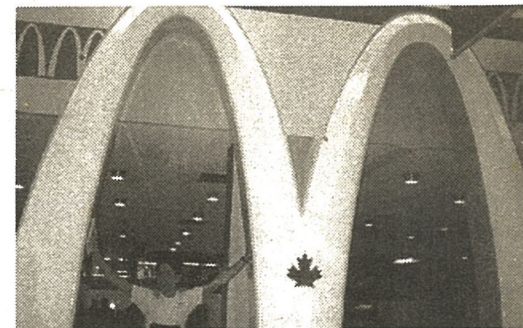
All in all a highly enjoyable time spent drifting through the aisles of a comforting WALMART.



Here I am with my new acquaintance, Juan Cortez, employee of the week. We ended up going for tea and a suprisingly heated philosophical discussion only to come to the conclusion that Socrates was right in stating that in this sometimes beautiful world man is nothing more than a majestical yet pestulant congragation of vapors.

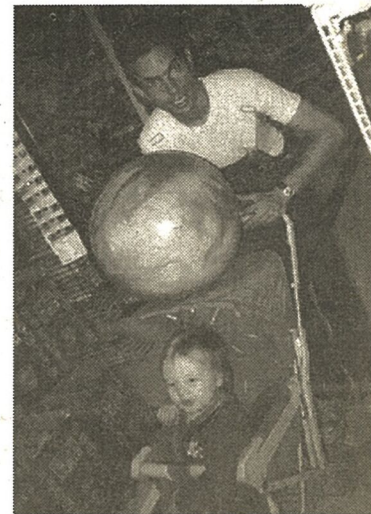


We couldn't understand why there were huge blown up pictures of these midget humans on the wall. Either they were past managers, or children that have been lost on crowded weekends in the store, so maybe if you've seen one of them around you should tell someone.



The Golden arches are never far away when you're in a WALMART. Fortunately for us, a McDonalds was connected to the store just a hop skip and a jump over the escalator. Shoppin' sure is' hard work so we rewarded ourselves AND the WALMART employees with burgers and smiles (which are still free) all around.

by
Timber
Masterson:
actor, writer,
host,
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This small infant I found in an abandoned carriage in the toy section. He was frothing at the mouth and obviously had been given some bad mushrooms by a purgatorious mother. He was dealing with his trip considerably well until I approached and showered him with attention and an oversized purple swirl bouncy ball; that's when all hell broke loose...