

Ctown Winter Olympic Games

It all began thanks to Ishkabibble Elsasserrfrasser



Blessed readers, *The Patch Works* is finally sharing the never-before-told tale of the origins of the Cabbagetown Olympics.

Forever held firmly in the secretive breasts of the Elsas Delluminati, this historical record can no longer be kept in the invisible dark. So, for the sake of our community and all the peoples, The Patch

Works today must break the windless silence.

Thusly, after securing from its Board a victorious 1-0 quorum, and with a complete disregard for the inevitable psychic shock, The Patch Works now brazenly unfurls this not-so-mellow dramatic narrative of one man's unmitigated chutzpah. Indeed, this is an oft-bleeding saga that still pumps fitfully through the clotted heart of Cabbagetown, where not a single unwitting Mill Village resident has remained safely untouched by this somewhat occasionally annual assemblage of gritty, sodden champions, who fearlessly fumble on the yellowing fields of Olympic Park.

This is the story. Bum-bum.

It begins, as all epic stories do, with delusion. This particular unhinged vision hatched in the eggy noggin of a middle-aged boy-man, who hailed from the 19th-century Kingdom of Rottweildam, which was then known for its middlingly successful business of exporting hairless feral cats. Our hero's name... was Ishkabibble Elsasserrfrasser, who happened to be Jacob Elsas's first cousin thrice-removed on his unknown father's side. Forgotten by most enlightened humanity, our unsuspecting Ishkabibble was to embark on a tenuous personal journey that ended, as all epic stories do, with robust failure. But oh how he tried.

Ishkabibble's odyssey set sail during his endless stint as Cabin Mensch on the mighty Greek-Ottoman-Israeli frigate Constantinopolisekmekstein. One salty night, after gorging himself on sautéed sea slugs with a dash of sage, Ishkabibble slipped into a scurvy-induced power dream. Upon awakening several weeks later, he claimed to all who would half-listen that the spirit of Evangelos Zappas – great-great-great-ish grandfather to Frank and patron saint to One Percenters everywhere – appeared unto him. According to Ishkabibble, Zappas spoke in the ancient Language of the Valley, the flavorful tongue of the gods of Cali Fornia.

Ishkabibble swore that Zappas – with his torrid body ringed by hempen vapors – warbled a well-waxed soliloquy about how some totally awesome dude should totally party on with the very excellent Olympic Games... but only by spending gnarly amounts of money. Zappas rambled until his bloodshot eyes glazed over, whereupon he went poof, but only after honoring Ishkabibble with the traditional Cali Fornia farewell of gagging himself with a holy silver spoon.

At that, Ishkabibble awoke with terribly bad breath but also the knowledge that great things could only be achieved by

being stinking rich. Motivated and decidedly fragrant from his trimethylaminuria, Ishkabibble resolved to seek out his first cousin thrice-removed on his unknown father's side... who had been prospering in the Newer World... and ask him for some start-up dough. Buoyed by unsinkable kismet, Ishkabibble leapt into the heaving sea, rode a finless porpoise to Peoria, and caught the next train to Atlanta.

And so it was, on April 1st in '85, when Ishkabibble first rapped his pointy knuckles on the front door of ***Fulton Cotton Spinning Company*** and loudly brayed his arrival. Jacob – mistaking Ishkabibble's preternatural crowing for the Angel of Death – decided it was, in fact, a good day to build a mausoleum and left for the cemetery. Truth be told, Ishkabibble never once actually met Jacob, who was coincidentally always somewhere else.

Ishkabibble took immediate action, marching through The Mill's maw-ish halls, hoarsely sermonizing that the path to salvation lay in the resurrection of games played by naked, grappling Greeks. Despite his fervent zeal, Ishkabibble's attempt to solicit funds fell entirely on deaf ears, because yeah, no one cared.

[SIDE NOTE: how Cabbagetown really got its name. Mesozoic wall paintings reveal that the literal English translation for "money" in Rottweildam's now-dead language was "cabbage." Ishkabibble's profound interest in obtaining copious quantities of cabbage became legendary. Sadly, the only cabbage Ishkabibble ever received was thrown at him.]

Nigh undeterrable, Ishkabibble endured the ardent heat and the mechanized cacophony, until – brain twirling and throat aflame – he espied another vision: a fair maiden rising from a bed of ebony jewels! Well, actually, what he saw was some disheveled woman plopped atop a pile of coal.

Yet there she sat, snowy lint flitting around her oleaginous locks, settling ever-so-gently on her Weave #7 jute gown generously blackened by the coal chute down which she had just fallen. Enchanted by her lumpen beauty, Ishkabibble held out his veiny-blue hand. As she reached for it, their lazy eyes met.

She... was Epiglotia Sweinhardt, elderly god-spinster to the young Mathilda Reinhardt, who would one day become Benjamin Elsas's wife. And while Mathilda's renowned singing talent led to her immortalization with a Factory Lot street name, Epiglotia's wretched cackling caused the earth to frack, thrilling oil barons and becoming the scientifically proven source for 21st-century Climate Change.

Upon hearing of Ishkabibble's ambitions, Epiglotia eagerly offered her entire fortune, which she made selling hair-straightening products for French poodles. Her one condition was that she would sing at the Opening Ceremony. Smitten, Ishkabibble drooled his agreement.

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MAKING NEW THINGS OUT OF OLD THINGS



**KATIE
MARQUELING**

Let's be honest: recycling is hard. A product's claim that it is recyclable does not necessarily mean that your recycling company will accept it. While you may be trying your best to follow all the rules you have learned, each recycling company has slightly different standards that you might be following incorrectly. Don't worry, though; we are here to (hopefully) help.

Who is my recycling company?

The first step to recycling properly is knowing who your provider is and what their rules are. Cabbagetown residents mainly use two different recycling companies. The Fulton Cotton Mill Lofts and The Stacks uses **Conex Recycling**, whereas the rest of Cabbagetown homes use the City of Atlanta Recycling. Keep in mind that some businesses may use alternative programs, so you should inquire about their programs and their rules before recycling.

What can you recycle?

There are two main recycling models. Conex follows the "paper-plastic-aluminum" model, whereas City of Atlanta uses "paper-plastic-aluminum-glass." While that seems straight-forward, there are surprisingly strict restrictions and weird rules for the categories.

Paper. Almost all forms of paper are accepted. This includes newspapers, magazines, office paper (including shredded), junk mail, catalogs, notebooks, cardboard packages, shoe boxes, and cereal boxes. Any large metal spirals need to be removed, but smaller materials, such as staples, paperclips, and binder clips, are able to be recycled. Glue and tape do not need to be removed as long as they are not excessive. Cardboard products must be disassembled into flat pieces. In simpler terms, any paper or cardboard that is clean and flat is good to go.

Plastic. Plastic containers 1–7 may be recycled. You can determine the type of plastic your container is made of by locating the recycling symbol. Typically, it is printed on the side of a label or embossed on the bottom. Plastic containers must be rinsed and their caps placed back on before being placed in the bin.

Aluminum. Much like plastic products, aluminum products may be recycled as long as they have no food or liquid residues. This includes, but is not limited to, tin cans, soda cans, and aluminum foil.

Glass. The Stacks residents cannot recycle glass. Cabbagetown residents who use the City of Atlanta Recycling can place glass into their bin that is empty, clean, and dry. Lids should be removed if made of a different material.

What can't you recycle?

Items that cannot be recycled with our local recyclers are styrofoam, plastic bags, hazardous materials (including chlorine, paint, motor oil, and cleaners), garbage, light bulbs, electronic devices, clothing, mirrors, photos, and diapers. Essentially, if it is

not an approved paper, plastic, or metal (and sometimes glass), you cannot recycle it in the home bins. When in doubt, throw it out.

What happens if you want to recycle something that your recycling company does not accept?

Just down the street, **The Center for Hard-to-Recycle Materials (CHaRM)** takes styrofoam, mixed paper, cardboard, books, musical instruments, bikes, electronics, paint, chemicals, mattresses, cooking oil, tires, glass, appliances, metals, cigarette butts, and plastics. CHaRM is by appointment only, and some items cost a small fee to recycle. Items that are difficult to recycle should never be placed on the side of the curb or in the trash.

What are some general tips?

1. Make sure your containers are clean.
2. Break down (flatten) your boxes.
3. Reduce and reuse before recycling.
4. Take advantage of hard-to-recycle companies.
5. If you have any questions about recycling, contact your recycling provider.

The Games

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Flush with someone else's cabbage, Ishkabibble made it rain. Unfortunately, his ability to budget was on par with Epiglotia's voice: it sucked. He threw lavish parties, promoting the games by feeding guests unlimited amounts of Cabbagetown Steak and Yoo-hoo. And oh, sure, after being wine and dined, everybody was stoked to watch a bunch of sports, but hell no they weren't about to give Ishkabibble money.

On November 1st, when the Summer Games were set to begin, competitors arrived to find that Ishkabibble could only afford several burlap sacks, a box of rubber bands, and two hula hoops.

That being said, he had made friends with a musical bootlegger, who was happy to provide free concessions. Well, a funny thing happens when lots of ornery folks guzzle gallons of white lightning: they go freaking nuts. And, oh Lordy Lordy, on top of that, Epiglotia had started to sing...

So, rather than ushering in a new era of Olympic competition, Ishkabibble instead caused the Strike of 1885, which fortunately ended as soon as the moonshine wore off. As for Ishkabibble and Epiglotia...? Some say they swam to Tahiti. Others swear they fell into the Yellow River and are now living deep in the Okefenokee. Regardless, many locals still muse – in only the hushiest of whispers – that one day the two will return to finish what they started...

The Cabbagetown Winter Olympic Games. Street vs. Street. May 20th, 2023. Opening Ceremony at 10a. Team Captains, email us at info@thepatchworks.org. All booze is welcome to attend.