

L. LAYNE WECHSLER  
418 EAST 3rd AVENUE  
ROSELLE, NEW JERSEY 07203

"Angels have wings  
because they take  
themselves lightly"—  
Robin Williams

# JOKES

"A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY AND CREATIVITY"



VOLUME II, Issue 4

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NOVEMBER, 1981

## "So how was England?"

I kept looking at the moon. In two days it was to be a full harvest moon. At first, it hung just over the horizon, giving off a bright orange hue. Sort of sickeningly weird, very Twilight Zone. Half an hour later, as we were driving into Long Island, it was high in the sky, regular boring yellow, strong and powerful. It drew you to it. Even mom remarked how much "nicer" it looked than minutes before. The moon was my anchor. Suspended millions of miles away, it was to be the only constant. The moon would be there in England as well.

I was very nervous. This was to be my first actual long-distance journey alone. I could taste my eagerness, and my trepidation. I am by no means (as yet) independent, at least not in the physical sense.

The 747 was uncomfortable, but there wasn't much I could do about it. We took off 45 minutes late, but arrived on schedule at Heathrow. Along the way, it was total night. I forewent the movie ("Gregory's Girl", which I was later told I should have seen anyways because it was good and feminist and intelligent etc.) and watched the light show from my window. Lightening is intriguing when viewed from above. And I thought, "where's the moon, I need the moon" but we were flying towards the sun. The sunrise was blooming and spectacular; though I hadn't slept, I felt rejuvenated.

Saturday—No real jet lag yet...Will Customs search me? No? Gee, I wish I'd brought drugs...oh, can't joke about that overseas, right...what kind of humor does this place have? Will it be like a bad Monty Python sketch? Hilary, hair bobbed, almost runs into me as we're both looking for each other...the first thing out of her mouth: "Why did you bring so much luggage (I didn't—one large and one small suitcase, but they were made from heavy material—next time, leather, I swear), how are my things going to fit in Nef when we go on holiday, we won't be coming back to London, why did you bring so much"...Start of a wonderful week, and the conviction that next time I may go alone...Stepping to the wrong side of the car for her to let me in...The "grand tour" from Nefertiti, the Talbot Horizon—on the motorway at 75mph; right lane is for passing; pointing out the sights of the City of London; Harrod's and the ritzy section of Oxford Street; Queen Victoria Arch and all those complicated one-way roundabout roads; listening to "Japanese Boy" (the first song I hear) on Radio 1; left turn markers that look like trash cans; infrequent mailboxes that look like trash cans; trash cans that look like mailboxes; briefly glimpsing the government-subsidized housing in the poor sections on the outskirts (which I was never to fully understand—Hil kept me very "sheltered")...Unpacking in my cubicle at the Barbican YMCA (the Underground stops at Barbican until 10pm and not on Sundays), noticing a washbasin in my room. Most rooms in England that aren't in private homes have a sink (and sometimes a shower)...Looking at the present I've brought Hil, a photo album of the group back home; her response is mostly, "Why aren't there more pictures of me?"...Listening to Radio 1 as I try to nap. No telly in the room—there will be hardly any telly for me this week. No clubs, either. The two experiences I was especially looking forward to will be shot to hell by Hilary's stay-at-home attitude. Hil wants to travel by day, be with her boyfriend Derek evenings. Elayne, not knowing anyone else in London, will have to sleep or read...Evening comes, and the three of us head into the Underground (quick English lesson: underground=English subway, similar in appearance to PATH but in route alike to a New York subway; subway=underground walkway, not half as damp or smelly as the NYC ones [between subways], populated often by musicians playing for donations) to go to the London Planetarium for Laserock (modern mural painting adorns the round outside—real spacey). The queue (first verbal mistake: at the nondescript lunch at the Y, saying "on line" instead of "in queue" to a British gal and receiving a look of total incomprehension) is hopelessly long, so we decided to take in a movie instead. The films playing at the nearby theatre are (on double bill) Young Frankenstein and The Rocky Horror Picture Show (just what I came to England for?). Happen to be my two favorite movies. I have LCD tastes, after all. We eat at Strikes, a nice little ice-cream-type place near the Burger King (I wasn't about to stoop that low). I have fish & chips. The movies (£3—about

\$6) are wonderful, especially Rocky Horror, where the audience (including teenage potheads) sits and watches in total silence. No cueing, no dancing Time Warp. Laughing at the funny parts, just like a regular movie. I hear every word for the first time in years. Marvelous but a bit eerie...Walking back from the Underground station at St. Paul's, I notice others on the well-lit night streets. I still can't escape the inborn American fear of danger in the wee hours. This is like Israel—they're not afraid of the dark (and like Israel, I'm afraid they sometimes have enough to fear in the daytime). Hilary's insisting that barrister Derek wear more three-piece suits, and I utter my now-famous line, "Don't mind Hilary, she dresses everyone with her eyes..."

Sunday—Taking snapshots on the way to Petticoat Lane in the brisk morning air (in England in September, the morning air is always brisk). A local bar looks quaint and picturesque—Hil thinks me a fool for taking that one (I will later take a shot of her standing under a road sign that reads "Dual Carriageway", the British term she constantly employed in the US when referring to a double-lane highway). Arriving at the world-famous feal market, we are immediately pushed and stifled by the crowd. I think everybody in the whole of London plus tourists go to Petticoat Lane on Sunday morning. I spend one of my best mornings this whole week. Prices are quite similar to the US (a miracle for natives, though, who are used to things costing at least twice as much as they do here), and I buy a nice dress for £5, some records at 3 quid each, a hot dog for 80p, and other various and sundry items...I could spend my life in the bustle of the bazaars...First major tourist attraction, the Tower of London, in the pm. While in queue, Hil memorizes lines from Shaw's "St. Joan" for an upcoming audition—"Am I not then to be set free? Give me that writing; light your fire. Do you think I dread it more than the life of a rat in a hole?"...I won't remember any historical details or names about the Tower, except the ravens. There is a saying, that when the ravens leave the Tower of London, the British Empire will crumble. The English claim not to be superstitious—the ravens are well cared for by a Ravenmaster...I also view, in one of the towers, medieval British graffiti. So impressed that I buy the book on same from the gift shop (along with a Tower of London Rock—a huge peppermint stick that I can't describe, I'd have to show you, and a Royal Family History/Tree)...The queue for the Crown Jewels is too long, but it's okay, because according to Hil, she likes her jewelry better anyway...She is to become ill from the funny lasagne we eat in a nearby restaurant for dinner...In the evening we go pubbing. This is to be my only night of actual British night life. A Watney's pub, don't remember the name, by a lake. Chris, who's there to make the company into a "round" number of four, looks and talks a bit like Tim Curry, but isn't terribly interested—in fact, must feel a bit put upon that Hil seems to want a "double date" image. I feel the same, and I'm itching to have a better time people-wise than this (although the semi political discussion we're having—and the questions I'm asked about America—are fun), but I'm beginning to realize that this is as good as it'll get. Watney's is water, and I haven't even got a buzz. It's cold, and Chris isn't about to lay a hand on me...

Monday—Hilary has holiday this week, but we mustn't visit any places she's already been. Well okay, Westminster Abbey was a long time ago, so she supposes we could do that...On the way to the station (travelling by Underground got to be great fun, but a bit expensive; loved those punks who hung 'round, tho), I spot a sidewalk charity box, like the ones they have at 5-and-dimes here, with a caption something like "Help Your Local Spastics". Ah, a foreigner's mind...The sights are all I'd hoped and more. The Abbey, too majestic for words. Parliament, the fools. The Thames is filthy, but it almost seems to be claiming that right after all these years. We take pictures from the bridge, and I snap the gorgeous lamppost across the street. Hil's fancy photo gadgetry takes 15 minutes to assemble; as long to take apart and put each thingamabob in its own private case. I

# EVENTS

## BE LATED

- NOVEMBER 4 - PHIL BRAMSON (27)  
 NOVEMBER 4 - Victory Over Intelligence Day (1980)  
 NOVEMBER 13 - Felix Ungar leaves home  
 NOVEMBER 22 - "Dealy Does Dallas"  
**UPCOMING**  
 NOVEMBER 27 - MARGARET KUCZYNSKI (17)  
 NOVEMBER 28 - Pete Seeger & Arlo Guthrie, Carnegie Hall, 2:30 & 8pm, \$9, 8, 7—(212) 247-7459  
 DECEMBER 2 - Send cards and donations here (party cancelled—going to Malin's class)  
 DECEMBER 5 - LAST DAY FOR SUBMISSIONS TO DECEMBER IJ—LAST DAY!!!  
 DECEMBER 25 - S.T. Died (2008)  
 DECEMBER 26, 27, 28, 30 - P.D.Q. Bach, Carnegie Hall (8pm except for 12/27 at 3pm)  
 DECEMBER 31 - IJ PARTY (invite only)  
 JANUARY 1 - change year date on letters  
 JANUARY 14-17 - Official Preppy Weekend, Montauk Mountain House, New Paltz, NY—(914) 255-1000 or (212) 233-2244  
 JANUARY 15 - First AFTA (1978)

"Hey, where's my birthday and events?"

Hey, where's your questionnaire?

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* INSIDE JOKE is produced and created by \*  
 \* Elayne Wechsler. Somebody's gotta... \*  
 \* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler \*  
 \* PRODUCTION ASSTS: Margaret & Steve \*  
 \* STAFF WRITERS: \*  
 \* SUE KAUFMANN MARGARET KUCZYNSKI \*  
 \* NATE MISHAAN SUE ROSNER \*  
 \* STEVEN SCHARFF \*  
 \* MOVIE REVIEWS: Bill-Dale Marcinko \*  
 \* RECORD REVIEWS: Chris Estey \*  
 \* CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH: \*  
 \* Bob Black; Chris Estey; Clay Geerdes; \*  
 \* Vernon Grant; Tom Haertel; Ralph J. \*  
 \* Hobbs; Morgan La Fey; Bill-Dale \*  
 \* Marcinko; Chris Moran; Wm. B. Skipper- \*  
 \* way; Jill Zimmerman—INSIDE BACK BY DAYTON SHAPIRO \*  
 \* LOBSTER LOGO by ELLEN/BACK PAGE BY S.T. \*  
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 \* (Bob does all the work; Mikey gets all \*  
 \* the credit...) CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOME!! \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

ED.: As you may notice, "Voice of Your Choice" is missing this month, mostly due to space considerations. At this point I'm not sure I'll continue running it at all. I'd like your opinion.

WATCH FOR OUR LOGO CONTEST NEXT MONTH

## acknowleditorialetc.

Only two major changes as far as staff writers go this month. First, a couple writers decided to change the names of their columns. Steven Scharff's will be called "A DIFFERENT WINDOW" (Steve, you had spelled the second word "DIFFERANT"—I hope I wasn't outa line in changing it, that would've been rather neat if it were intentional) instead of the previous "MEDIA VIEWPOINT". Sue Kaufmann (welcome back to Sue), dropping "METaphorically Speaking", found it difficult to choose between "NOTHING IN GENERAL" and her probably preference, "BULLDADA EXTRAORDINAIRE". I chose the second, on her recommendation, because we didn't have time to write/pray to "Bob" for official permission for the second (although I doubt He'd have minded—it's all publicity).

On that last note, by the way, it's good to see Sue, Jamie and others are all into SubGenius too. I hope, at least in Sue's case, I was some influence. Praise "Bob"!

Anyway, while I mourn the loss of some nifty transfer letters as former titles fall into the dust, I'll inform you of the other change: I've added two "staff" members, who are in a different sort of category than the writers (because with these two, I never know when I'm going to get written contributions). They may not be doing stuff each month, but their bylines in the edit. box are to mark the fact that they're each in charge of their specific areas. Bill-Dale's braggadocio has gotten him the position of movie reviewer, and how could I refuse Kinetic Kris or even think of turning elsewhere for record reviews after last month? This doesn't mean others can't review things if they want; it's just, now I've got more official stuff and it makes me feel important and all...

Many people to thank this month. First and foremost, the critics, without whom the compliments would mean nothing...and the assholes in my life who make my friends that much more valuable...People who actually sent money ("Bob" knows I need it!) this month, like Bill-Dale (BILL-DALE!?! ) and Ralph Hobbs...Special thanks to Mal, who makes my daytime 9-5s bearable and sometimes even pleasant, and Jill and all those "guys" who make evenings special.

The walls are still slowly closing in at home, and it looks like moving out is not imminent, at least this month, so my address (on front) will remain the same. So will subscriptions—a 40¢ SASE, PLEASE.

GET WELL SOON,  
 NATE...

# LONDON TOWN

*Cont'd from front page*

take 6 or 7 pictures in that time; they will all come out wonderful...We pay 50p for a lousy orange juice at a posh place; thankfully, lunch (a real "businessman's lunch" at a pub) will turn out better, shepherd's pie and all...I'm surprised to see Hebrew writing on tombs in the Abbey, and discover that they buried any nobles with money enough to afford it...I also find another major area in which I lack talent, that of brass rubbing...We pass the pigeons at Trafalgar Square. Why am I reminded of Alfred Hitchcock? God, the tourists like those birds crawling over them...We walk to Covent Garden as the sky grows ominously cloudier. I'm fascinated—it's like a fancy outdoor mall. Shoppers adorn the row on either side, upper and lower levels, and in the middle are the peddlers. Musicians play old (Scottish?) instruments at one end; two teenage clowns are tumbling badly at the other. A couple blocks down is a small flea market, and we check it out before getting caught in the rain and retreating to the Underground...I remember, too, walking down Whitehall St. and watching the gawking crowd at the corner of Downing St., restrained by a bobbie and a steel barrier...A guard and horse stand perfectly still in front of what appears to be a mansion or government building. I pet the horse; neither it nor the owner bat an eyelash...For dinner, we go to an "American" restaurant, Galaxy-something. American in the year 2050, maybe. I am reminded of the opening Korova Milkbar scene from *Clockwork Orange*, and look for a bit of "the old moloko"...

**Tuesday**—Shopping on Oxford St. Like Fifth Ave. An IRA bomb will go off in this very area in a month or so. But now, it's pretty much businesspeople and homemakers. I marvel at how leisurely the pace is, even here in the busy district. I visit Selfridge's, the Lord & Taylor of London (ah, Harrod's is too Bloomingdale's for me), from whence I get a record, a plastic bag and receipts to show I'd been there... Wendy's for lunch. So that's what hamburgers taste like... The museum "we've" chosen for the afternoon is the Victoria & Albert. Hil flips over the photography exhibition; I found the display of book bindings and illustrations wondrous...We eat Chinese (real Chinese) food in Piccadilly Circus that evening (PC=a Clean Times Square/Broadway), and see Dario Fo's farce "Can't Pay? Won't Pay!" in a local theatre. Who suspected anarchist plays could be funny too?...

**Wednesday**—Waiting through Hil's tearful and morose good-byes to Derek ("He didn't even kiss me!"). She has confessed to me a couple times during my London stay that my presence has been a horrid deterrent to her and Derek forming a better and closer relationship. I too am sad to say farewell—I've enjoyed Derek's company infinitely better. He gives me, at breakers, a Wordsworth card with the word "Bizarre" on front... Before getting on the M11, we stop at Esso (yep) for petrol. They have 2-Star, 3-Star and 4-Star. About £1.67 a gallon (that's a little over \$3)...Speeding north on the motorway, I notice for the first time the "toy" 3-wheeled cars. How can people actually travel at 75mph in those overgrown tricycles? Well, everyone must possess something which brings death a little closer to reality...Our first stop on what Hil calls our real holiday (after all, the trip should be centered 'round her) is her old alma mater, Cambridge (actually, her a.m. is New Hall, one of the colleges in the Cambridge complex and a more boring looking building than most of mine at R.U.). There are some beautiful structures in the college town (and some laborious hills!)—my favorite is Trinity College. There are good college-priced shops too, along King's Row. I buy a few existential postcards, which will be reproduced eventually in IJ...We sit along the river (Avon?) for awhile, watching the punting (like canoeing with a long stick instead of an oar and standing up like in a gondola). I find some crumbs, and soon the ducks are eating out of my hand while Hil fumbles with her camera equipment, always just missing a good shot because the light changed or something ("the light changed" is to become an unforgettable phrase by the end of holiday). We eat at another old stomping ground, a Cyprian restaurant, where I learn to my dismay that uzo tastes like licorice...Snapping photos from the window of Nef of the breathtaking country scenery. Mostly farms—reminds me (don't laugh) of South Jersey...We wind up in the quiet town of Bedford. Think of *Fawlty Towers* without the slapstick (the considering breakfast the next morning, slapstick might apply). This is the Bedford Hotel. Most hotels in the English countryside are large homes, which makes for a relaxing, quiet atmosphere. I have never felt so completely at ease and "away from it all". Now I'm on holiday...

**Thursday**—Warwick Castle, its towers, Mound (sculptured bushes at one end), torture chamber & gift shop (honest, that is what the sign says)...I feel like I should be taking notes on Charles I and the Dukes of Warwick. More rustic than splendid, altho the dining hall blows me away. Nice view of the river Avon (hardly more than a trickle compared to the Thames) from an upstairs window...Ah, the Avon. As in "Stratford-Upon". I'm ecstatic at the prospect (and more so at the actual arrival) of seeing Shakespeare's town of birth and one of his plays, *A Winter's Tale*, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company, this evening. The town itself is how I always imagined quaint old English towns to look. Shakespeare's birthplace is preserved well, and the gardens at New Place are magnificent. The play is excellent—I recognize many of the

faces and names from PBS. We have had a sumptuous dinner at the Box Tree, the adjoining restaurant (we're on a "package" deal), and I wallow the evening away in sheer joy. I seem to really feel Shakespeare's spirit beckoning, almost demanding me to write, to write better and better, to tell...

**Friday**—Hil's taking a shower (although baths are more in vogue in England, one finds a shower every now and then, and the Arden Motel was very high-class), so I stop by the local "museum" for a video-type show called *The World of Shakespeare*. It's actually about Queen Elizabeth I, who's just as interesting as Will anyway. In the rain outside waiting for the doors to open, I am approached by a young woman who's taking a survey on how people like Stratford. I think I'm her first American...The show reminds me of the Disney set-ups they used to have at the World's Fair... Leaving Stratford, we pray for better weather (it will not stop raining, or at least intermittently drizzling, until Sunday) so our photos will develop ok. This is the day we've reserved for actually seeing the mountainous Cotswolds, the little towns up in the English countryside. The farm roads are narrow and almost certainly made for one-way travel. All the buildings are made from "Cotswold stone", the kind of grey surface Americans have probably seen only on pictures of English castles and which stucco tries (and fails) to imitate. The towns have names like Stow-on-the-Wold, and there's even a Broadway (the whole town consists of one long street, bending downward to offer a startling view of the mountains). We have a pleasant English lunch in Stow, then move on to Bourton-on-the-Water, whose two claims to fame are the Model Village (an exact replica of the town in miniature) and Perfumery (heavenly). My favorite section of the Bourton Model Village is the part where they have the model of the Model Village, and inside that a model of the model...On our way to the Rare Animal Farm in I-forget-which-little-town, we pass a mansion, open to tourists only on Fridays, and the manor looks really beautiful, but alas, it doesn't fit into our schedule... The Rare Animal place is kind of fun, if one's into farms, and I find it rather cute to have the pigs walking around as free as the people, but this is really nothing I can't get in the US...Besides, I'm really looking forward to the disco tonight in Cheltenham. We have dinner in an Indian restaurant (they are as numerous in England as Chinese restaurants are here) and over the strange food we have what could only be described as a verbal battle to the death. Maybe I'm being picky, but I don't like having my knee slapped out of the way of the gear shift (when it's nowhere near same) every time we hop in Nef; maybe Hil's finger-licking and public belching are just getting to me because of the inescapable closeness of holiday. Maybe Hil's right that how dare I wear contact lenses and bring suitcases...The air cleared, Hil announces in the hotel that she's way too tired for "night life", so I get to watch telly as a consolation. Among the shows: Jonathan Miller's "The Body Human", where he discusses the human bloodstream illustrating with red Talbot Horizons along the motorway and Hil keeps squealing, "Look at all of Nefertiti's brothers and sisters!"; a mediocre sitcom, I think it's called "Only When I Laugh", about hospital patients (the theme music is great: "I am H-A-P-P-Y, oh I'm H-A-P-P-Y, I know I am, I'm sure I am, I'm H-A-P-P-Y"...); a party political broadcast on behalf of the Labor Party (delicious propaganda); and a Bob Hope-like clone named Jasper Carrot, who's reputed to be the best comedian in Britain. These are my only treats before Hil decides she's tired and we can't have the telly on while she sleeps...

**Saturday**—We stop briefly in the town of Buford, because Hil needs a torch (flashlight). I pick up some rolling paper (most Britains roll their own cigarettes—I, of course, don't smoke cigarettes) for 6p a pack (about a dime) and, in a dollhouse shoppe, a Baba doll, one of those things that you open up and there's another doll inside, and yet another inside of that...now you can understand why I adored that model village...In the morning we take in Blenheim Palace, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Marlboro. I have never seen such splendour. This is a palace! And what's really great is that all these luxuries are not being wasted by just being put up for display. This is an actual home, the doors of which are kindly opened for gawking tourists by daytime, but which is used at night. When we pass the dining room, the guide calls our attention to the grey embers still in the fireplace—there had been a posh dinner party the previous night...I decide that the Duke's son, the future 12th Duke, is 26 and not bad looking, and am briefly considering a clandestine and suggestive note (after all, there have been at least two Duchesses of Marlboro who were Americans) but, alas, I don't know which of the private rooms through which to throw the rock...perhaps I'm just not cultured enough to be a Duchess of Marlboro...We arrive at Oxford at mid-afternoon, just time enough to stow our gear (and this little hotel is the worst—bad beds and damp, but ah, 'tis our last night), do some basic checking out of the college town (every building's in Cotswold stone here, which makes for boring photography but a nice sense of order and tradition), where Hil has friends, shop (I buy my wonderful Shetland sweater, so dear to me that I almost talk to it, here) and check out the movie theater (I've been dying all week to see "Time Bandits", which had adverts in all the London Under-

*cont'd next page*

## - FINIS WITH G.B.

ground stations) and possible places to eat. We take in the movie first, which is "Time Bandits" of course, and then we eat in a local college tavern/Italian restaurant, with gigantic proportions for low budgets. I have a couple pints of Guinness—most bitter beer in the world, but two sips have ya flyin'—and an almost impossible mound of spaghetti...after all this, the beds don't matter that much...To top it all off, I'm still gurgling from this afternoon's cream tea (with jam and scones, naturally)...

Sunday—Still not really good enough for much picture taking, so we shoot off from Oxford early. We don't have to be back at Heathrow until about 1 or 2, and it's only a couple hours drive at most, so we stop along the way in Beaconsfield. To our surprise, the most famous Model Village in England is located here, Beaconscot. Unlike Bourton, this is a fantasy village, made up with everything from toy trains to toy animals and people. The teenage train controller keeps looking to see where in the village we're walking (at this point, the place has just opened, and we're the only two) so he can run the trains right near us in the hopes of startling us...For lunch, we stop at a very special place, the Royal Standard of England, whose specialty is cheeses—every kind imaginable. I feast... Then to a tearful but not that regrettable goodbye at the airport—the company I shall not miss; the country I shall. And I vow to return...

I spent the last seven hours cramped in my 747 seat, vowing that next time (and there would be a next time) I'd travel first class or at least club all the way. A little Indian boy and I exchanged giggles, and that made the trip worthwhile even through a showing of "Cannonball Run". The plane was late; my luggage even more so. I emerged two hours after scheduled, and my parents homed in on me immediately. The situations hadn't changed, but my perceptions had. As we were driving back home ("home"?), I looked for the moon and couldn't find it—the sky was cloudy and it was raining. Rain had meant more the day before. I sleepily relate some of my ventures to my parents, but all I really want to do is go to sleep...I settle back in the moonless rain, anchorless.

*ew*

\$1

## NEXT ISSUE:

- Super Egg Strikes Again!
  - More on (moron?) Video Games!
  - Sex, Violence & Racism Animation Class (it was wonderful, but there's no room this month!)
  - Creation Con Report???
  - Bill-Dale's movie reviews
  - and...MORE "BOB"!!!
- (NOTE: VILLAGE VOICE, 11/18-24, GIVES SubGENIUS "GOOD" PUBLICITY—see page 14 of center supplement)

**MOOVEZE** by EW/KMG

**TIME BANDITS:** Handmade Films. Creative people involved: Terry Gilliam, Michael Palin, George Harrison, John Cleese, Shelly Duvall, Sean Connery, Sir Ralph Richardson, others.

Let me tell you about an "editor's nightmare." I saw this film in England two months ago, and had the review all written up for last month's issue, but I consciously decided to drop it last minute due to considerations of time, space and logic (I figured the movie would never make it to this country). The result of this errant thinking, as I'm sure you realize, is that I blew what could've been a very nice exclusive. Oh, I know, at least I got the Adams book review in, but...sigh...

The movie is very British in style (not hard to grasp for Yanks, but just a very suburban British background, jokes about prawns, etc.). It's worth seeing if only to appreciate Gilliam's frantic direction, some of the Pythonesque cameos and lines (I'll never forget the famous Palin line, "I MUST HAVE FRUIT!") and Richardson as God. The plot is childlike fantasy/fairy-tale—at times I found myself reminded of *Dragonslayer*, which also starred the inimitable genius Richardson. He, like John Housemann, and unlike Olivier, puts himself fully into every role, no matter how small or seemingly meaningless.

The main cast consists of a little boy named Kevin (I forget which English child actor played this one) and six dwarves (yes, they do hint at a seventh) who steal God's Map of the Universe complete with Time Holes, through which they plan to slip and steal various valuables. They are beset, however, by old Satan himself (also a good role, also a name I can't remember). GOOD special effects, especially in the scene of Final and Ultimate Confrontation. Lots of fun, but I wonder, how are Gilliam and the rest going to take the criticism that will surely arise from any movie dealing with dwarves in a lighthearted manner? \*\*\*

## MINI MADNESS

special thanks to Valentia!

**NOTARY SOJAC** (punny, punny!) and **PARANOIA PSYCHOMIX** (50¢)

by: Jim Ryan (& others)  
102 S. Lake Avenue  
Albany, NY 12208

**EXQUISITE CORPSE COMIX** (\$1)

by: Jamie Alder  
9970 Liberty Rd.  
Chelsea, MI 48118

(NOTE: He is of the 'faith of "Bob"!')

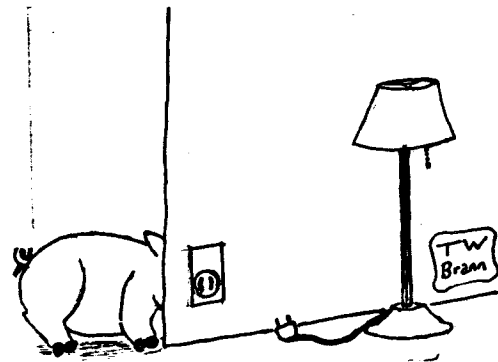
**NEW TWIST COMICS** (25¢)

by: Clark Alan Dissmeyer  
105 No. Esther St.  
Fullerton, NE 68636  
(note change of address)

"You'd pay to know what you really think."



P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

## Büks

by EW/KMG

**THE SNOW QUEEN**, by Joan D. Vinge; Dell: \$3.25

Vinge rightly deserves the Hugo she has won for this book. *The Snow Queen* sports a plot as intriguing as *Dune*, as passionate as *The Dragonriders of Pern*, and as plausible and fascinating as the best of them. Vinge has a talent for writing about societies with hidden secrets in their past (in much the same way as Patricia McKillip) and we discover the splendid and magical answers right alongside her characters. As with most feminist writers, Vinge makes her male and female characters equally competent and interesting, while at the same time presenting readers with a galaxy and time in which equality between genders is not the norm (theorizing through logical example that this kind of thinking is not just).

If you want to know the basic background for and idea behind *The Snow Queen*, read the Hans Christian Anderson story of the same name. Though the situation is by no stretch of the imagination alike, there is much similarity as far as some plot elements and basic emotional interplay. Engrossing.

**OTHER STORIES AND...THE ATTACK OF THE GIANT BABY**, by Kit Reed; Berkeley: \$2.25

Reed must have grown up on Rod Serling—most of the stories in this book would fit quite nicely into *The Twilight Zone*. Like those on the tv show, Reed's characters are taken from ordinary life and placed in rather unusual situations. But Reed adds more satiric twists and ingenious literary devices than the boob tube could ever convey. My favorites in this collection were: "Winston", about a purchased child prodigy; "Songs of War", a kind of feminist/anti-"woman's lib" statement (I should add at this point that while I have my suspicions, I truly don't know whether Reed is a man or woman); "Death of a Monster", which satirizes and analyzes stereotyped monsters; "In Behalf of the Product", done in monologue style as a beauty contest acceptance speech; and "Moon, about hippies, sort of. Reed's stories are not comfortable cutesy fantasy. They are very funny, well-written and worth sinking into.



# "THE MIND-FORG'D MANACLES"

by Bob Black

exercises  
in fiction  
(1,2)

For a long time I couldn't sleep. I heaved and tossed as my spirit strove to escape its fleshly fetters again—and who can blame it?—though I fear one day it won't be back. As always, my drugs were a poor placeholder for the peace which has always eluded me. My hurricanes are blind; I surmise that they must be eyeless.

The dream-gate never opened, yet groaning I felt the change, the transposition. My spirit snapped and fluttered like old clothes on the line in a high wind, but it held.. Never before had I been beside myself, apart from yet anchored in my physical form. The ordinary senses winked out or underwent the synaesthetic switch I knew so well, but a connecting point still held, throbbing will dull pain like the missing limb of an amputee. This was no time for company, yet I sensed that this time they were coming to me.

As before I experienced the Other as purposive formlessness. I was on a short leash which I extended to the limit as I reached out—and recoiled. Was that recognition? It was someone I knew, somehow, but no one I could name, no one (I decided immediately after much thought—reflection in that realm is instantaneous) I ever knew in ordinary temporal life.

Like a smoking fire, the Other exuded warmth but his outlines were shifting and hazy. Of course, my impressions were open to him. (An open book? Why not? This man had something to do with books. There can be no cliches where truths are untarnished by time.)

"Let me restore the balance," he "said" (for lack of a better word). I was flooded with feeling from his abundance. On my own plane I would have wept. It was William Blake, sharing with me his unmediated images. For what would have been a long time I revelled in what he revealed. And then we talked.

I can't express much of what passed between us and I won't express most of the rest. It's all there, it's always been there, for those with eyes to see.

The souls of the undifferentiated mass of men merge in a Nirvana-like, cosmic collective coma in which they thankfully cast off the semblance of autonomous being. But the individuated, the self-shapers, the fully real—these persist as such among the unfathomable entities of what I had mistaken for my private realm of dream. These free spirits experience epiphanies, episodes of total awareness of an arbitrary earthly instant, a static atemporal slice of a spatially finite small random sample of our world. As in brain surgery where a probing instrument induces total recall of a forgotten fragment of the past, so the ordinary assumes extraordinary significance because of its vividly immediate completeness. From this all else is extrapolable. Blake, for instance, deduced every detail of the then-existing world from the ringing up of a sale on a cash register in a grocery store in Rochester in 1911. Although that was two years before my father's birth, he knows me very well. This is part of what it means to see the universe in a grain of sand.

Occasionally the spirits vary the dialectical delights of their ineffable after-life (where fore and content are one) by sensing the subjectivity of someone still earthbound, more or less, who is so situated that the two resonate in phase according to principles entirely beyond our imagination, much less our understanding. I was confirmed in what I had always believed, that Blake's world witnesses the origins of ours—and that he announced in his own way what he saw was coming.

"It was written in flames across the fields. I spoke the only language I knew, but there were no words for what never was before." He—we—formed another thought. "They did worse than wound my world and kill it."

"Yes," I said, "they made any other earth unthinkable—and they made your speech unspeakable."

"Now they revere my remains. I am the plaything of pedants and priests. The doctors dissect my corpus. They bow down and worship my graven imagery. They even call me a Christian! They entomb me in their anthologies. If only my words would catch fire and consume every page where their presence defiles me!"

I was ashamed—though I am not responsible—for I was born under the sign of quantification. "Too much is enough," I had truly said, echoing Blake before I knew of him. But in a world where growth means more of the same, quantity has yet to pass over into quality. Impatiently I've waited on the play of contraries. Who would have imagined satiety without repose?

And if it isn't always true that love is thought a crime, it's still thought to be in very poor taste.

"In my day," said the luminous spirit, "truth was denounced and the truth-teller punished. In your day the truth is ignored when it counts, then studied afterwards. They classify to falsify. Your fate is dissent without dignity."

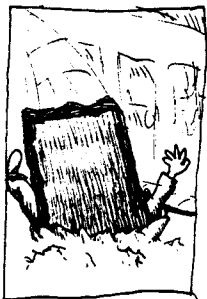
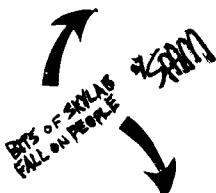
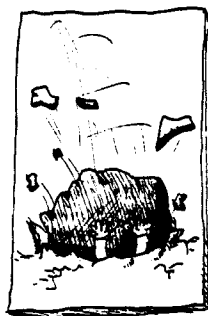
I despaired, for I saw no escape.

"Not so," responded my friend. "I leave this word with you. Much is too fine to be caught in their sieves. Since they are what they are, there are matters beyond the mastery of the masters and their stultified tools. Your project is to claim as your own the terrain where meaning and melody are one."

"You hid your light under a bushel," I replied, "but you ask me to cast my pearls before swine. Very well. I'm no poet, so my path is harder to find and to follow."

"Find other forms," he said, and I felt the ambient forces begin to pull us apart. "Forget the rest, but speak with your own voice."

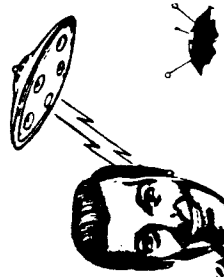
And so I have.



In search  
of  
Nhee  
Ghee



WER IST  
DU,  
NHEE  
GHEE?



CONTACT ALIENS

— both benevolent and evil.  
They reveal themselves to the worthy.

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# A DIFFERENT WINDOW

by Steven Scharff



© VERNON  
GRANT-4 1981

## THE LOVE RANGERS

The current comic book scene is one of either poor-to-passing quality of both art and text; outstanding quality in one (but never both); and the rare few that soar above the rest.

One of those rare few is an independent series started by Vernon Grant. "The Love Rangers" is probably the most daring departure in the already stale atmosphere of science fiction. Although the story told is fictional, the message it carries is one of true human nature.

If the human race is to read a true utopia, we must replace greed, hatred and competition with charity, love and compassion.

Vernon Grant, a US Army veteran who has seen duty here, in Europe, and Asia, and used his time in Asia (after his discharge) to earn a major in Asian and Japanese studies from Sophia University, is using his education to create a comic book of unsurpassed interest, adventure and meaning. A story using situations of human importance, by-passing trivial matters and being entertaining as no comic book I have ever read before.

A mammoth spaceship dubbed "Home"; a squadron of dwarved pilots (from whom the title comes); a race of humanoid mice whose existence is threatened by gigantic owls, who in turn are threatened by extinction by the mouse technology, which has developed ground-to-air missiles; a robot of unknown origin and destination...

All of this unfolds into a truly original comic book that neither Marvel or DC could ever equal. I highly recommend these books to anyone who feels that quality literature in a comic book is an impossibility.

The first three issues (the fourth is, at this writing, being written and drawn by Mr. Grant) are available for \$6.00 and 60¢ postage from Vernon Grant, 131 Putnam Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02139.

This incredible comic book series is almost too good to be true, and much too good to miss.

### OTHER STUFF

Clark Alan Dissmeyer's AND/OR COMICS is \$1.50 and worth it! 105 N. Esther Street, Fullerton, NE 68638. Ask about his other comicx.

Matt Feazell's stick-figures go excellently with his bizarre and dizzying CYNICALMAN mini series. Inquire from him for availability of each issue. 2886 James S., Minneapolis, MN 55408.

The cerebral works of Jerry Collins and Timothy D. Fay are almost too good to be true. Both of these artists have inspirations from Tezuka and Bode. Write Timothy D. Fay for the availability of their comix. 729 Kimball St. NE, Fridley, MN 55432.

As for my review of the HM movie; Everyone makes mistakes. That was one of my larger ones.

Also, the first answer to my rock quiz should be 1953, not 1935. Why are all the typos on my stuff? [ED: Oh, stop kvetching, Steve. I correct enough of your spelling!]



Laugh Till Your  
GUTS BLEED



Get ready for a  
pretty tough future.

Expose on what the government, media and  
scientific community are afraid to tell us.  
Things are much worse than you think.

Eliminate or implant  
Sex Reversions  
and Lust Impulsions.

# NOTHING IN GENERAL

by Sue Kaufmann

About two months ago they had what's called the Pulaski Day Parade. This was in New York, I don't know why, because most of the people who were in it were from New Jersey, like me. I was there with my high school band, and we got to march down Fifth Avenue.

Now, we didn't line up on Fifth Avenue, you understand. We had to line up on 27th Street, which looks nothing like Fifth Avenue. I doubt if the sun ever shines on 27th Street. Some of the people who leaned out of the windows in the Hotel Madison looked like maybe they found their apartments when Garfield was president and they kept calling room service so they wouldn't have to go outside.

So anyway, we were supposed to step off at 1:15, but we didn't get into the parade till 2:30. Those Polish guys can stage a labor strike, but they can't get a parade going on time. But while we were waiting, we got to hear all the other bands playing. They had songs like "Melody of Love" and the Jimmy Sturr polka theme, and we played "Russian Sailors' Dance". Nothing like being appropriate.

Walking down the middle of Fifth Avenue isn't as great as I thought it would be, but at least there were no horses. I heard the city wouldn't pick up the tab for pooper scoopers. The funniest thing was that we had to keep stopping at traffic lights because cars kept going through. With all the cops there you'd think that no one'd have the nerve to drive through the middle of a parade.

Those Polish people really get going when they celebrate something. They had Miss Polaski Day Parade and her court: Miss Kielbasa, Miss Gwumpki, and Miss Pierogie. And lots of people were walking around in those colorful native costumes that probably no one wears at all in Poland because the colors are never the same after you wash it the first time.

I got real mad at the end of the parade when we were getting on the bus. I gave my pal Al a dollar to get some soda from a street vendor. I figured she'd be able to get two cokes (I was being generous because she was carrying her money in her shoe like everybody from New Jersey does when they go into the city, and she couldn't get the coins apart from her toes). That swindler at the soda concession charged eighty cents for one coke! Who was he trying to take advantage of—dumb kids or dumb polacks? Boy, Elayne, you shoulda told me about the hucksters at 53rd and 3rd, I was prepared for Rubik's Cubes and egg creams, but not soda.

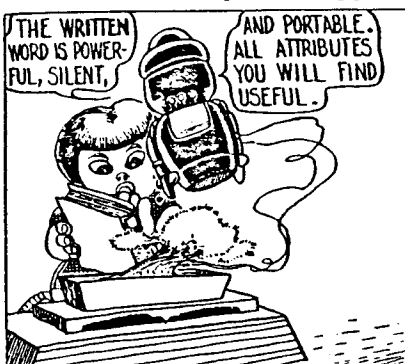
But for all the jokes people tell about the Polish people, it was one heck of a parade. Like on St. Patrick's Day when everybody is Irish (except Margaret Thatcher), everybody is Polish on Pulaski Day. Maybe that's why the bus driver had so much trouble getting us home.

## EXPOSE by "Maggie K."

by Margaret Kuczynski

I'm here to expose some of the assholes at Linden (NJ) High School (That's right—nice little me used that word!). Well, you see, people often act stupid (mainly because they are) but it seems to me that the stupid ones are in abundance at LHS. I'm fed up! I'm ashamed to be put into the Linden High crowd. By now, you're probably saying, "What is this girl raving about?" I have this Jewish teacher for math. He tends to have bad body odor often. Legend has it that his parents were in Germany when Hitler did his bit. Well, you see, the legend goes that his parents were made into soap. Therefore, my teacher (according to legend) doesn't use the stuff. Can you blame him?

Anyway, like I was saying, some really incredible asshole hated him. Know what this jerk did? He carved MOM and DAD in two bars of soap and put them on the teacher's desk. Then some other fool stuck a "stick up" on the blackboard. I get so pissed off—what does anyone suggest? I've exposed them—nothin' else I see that I can do.



C.  
VERNON  
GRANT—  
1931

QUOTABLES  
From Dec. '81 Ms.—  
"Women will have achieved  
equality when a female Schlemiel  
has just as much chance for  
success as a male Schlemiel."

If you drop gold and  
books, pick up the  
books first, then the  
gold.

*Jewish folk saying*

# TAKE ONE

by Sue Rosner

Our beloved "leader" Elayne often talks about stepping out of persona. INSIDE JOKE allows me to make a total ass of myself and the world around me. This month I get real serious so if you're looking for my usual insanity, skip this month's column.

On September 17, 1981, the world lost a really wonderful person. Her name was Judi Sturm. This column is dedicated to her. Judi knew I was writing for INSIDE JOKE and she inspired "Mother College."

Judi was the kind of person who was always there when I needed her. She listened to my problems and never complained. She really helped me out when the going got rough.

We shared so many good times. She made CAS 141 (a most disgusting course) bearable, tolerable and even fun. Working on her audition tape was a panic (even though the best stuff was left on the cutting floor). I shall miss the Sunday morning phone calls when we'd compare our lousy dates from the night before. I will miss the excellent advice she gave and the love that radiated from her. Nor will I forget something she said upon her return from Israel that really made my day. She thanked me for being a good friend because I had written to her.

Judi, thanks for the great times we had together. "I live in da Bronx", "do you understand this movie?", "Jeff, hit the record!" You gave me some beautiful memories. You know how I felt about you because I told you.

Any tribute I pay to her will not be enough. My deepest sympathy to the Sturms. Kiddo, I loved you. R<sub>X</sub> and R<sub>X</sub> FM.

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## NATORIAL

by Nate Mishaan

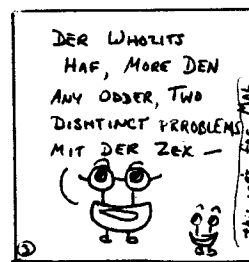
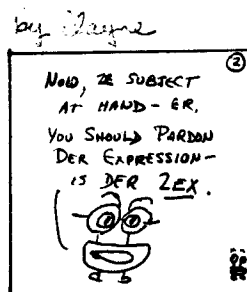
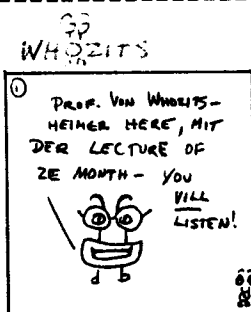
Christmas is approaching. Every year I plan my suicide at the Yuletide season. It's so fucking depressing. Shopping centers, TV, ads, roadways, etc. are all inundated with Christmas Bullshit.

Christmas was when Jesus Christ was born. Christ's birth is what started the ball rolling for Christianity and Christmas carols—not mass marketing, dolls that throw up, people annihilating one another at check outs, hot lather machines or electric razors. Christmas is supposed to be a Frank Capra film, a Norman Rockwell or Currier and Ives print and a time for old friends and relatives to get together, get sentimental and then drunk.

Since I have given up New Year's resolutions, I have taken to making (hey that rhymes, I can now write for Pat Benatar) Christmas resolutions. I promise I will not make fun of silver Christmas trees with tri-color gelled lights with motors, I will not pick those little things out of Fruitcake, I will not give any gifts made by Ronco, I will send out my Christmas cards with correct postage, I will not give McDonald gift certificates to my mailman (especial-ly if I want to keep getting INSIDE JOKE in a timely fashion), I will not play albums that the Firestone Rubber Company produced featuring Peggy Lee and Dean Martin, and last but not least I will never do another radio show on Christmas Day for a beautiful music station. Tis the season to be jolly, eat, get fat, throw up, for in January the creditors nab you.

\*\*\*\*\*30\*\*\*\*\*

Please send a list of what you deem to be lacking taste in order for the Coalition for Taste to set the 1982 agenda. Send them to THE COALITION FOR TASTE, P.O. Box 305, New City, NY 10956-0305.



# KIP M. GHESIN: *Alter Ego*

featuring "THE LETTERS FROM CONTACT HIGH"

**INTRO:** Faster than a Rosie Ruiz impressionist...More powerful than a National Enquirer lawsuit...able to leap frog at a singles dance...Speaking of which [Alfred Hitchcock theme starts playing in background], I, Kip M. Ghesin, media-fed wunderkind of the 80's, found myself inexplicably recalled to the hallowed halls of CONTACT HIGH, a California Secondary School for the Hopelessly Desperate, by J.Z. Reeeally, longtime friend and co-conspirator in the famous Schlepper Olympics fix (yes, she was the one with the "Schleppervessence"). J.Z. phoned me hurriedly one pre-volleyball Thursday and uncharacteristically blurted, "Hey, Kip, man, you reeeally gotta put an ad in this CONTACT HIGH singles thing, it's reeeally great, and besides, they're good people!" After translating with help from my Berkeley/American dictionary, I was able to discern J.Z.'s meaning and proceeded to write said ad, thusly: "I come dangerously close to reality. No greasy after-teste. I've had my wit removed; I'm left blandly robotic. I've no redeeming social conscience. I don't know Jesus, nor have I slept with Him. Sex is a state of mind. People over 35 are figments of imagination; if you're "them", DON'T write. Nobody lends money to a man with a sense of humor. Volley for serve? "Bob" sees all. I'm presumed innocent until proven otherwise. Neatness counts. Zeppo is my favorite Marx Brother. I hate non-sequiturs. So how's by you? KIP M. GHESIN, 418 East 3rd, Roselle, NJ 07203." Pretty straightforward stuff. Obviously, the above ad says it all. If only one knows what to read. Below are some atypical/typical answers I received. Some CH'ers were so lonely they made me cringe; others were so blatantly ungrammatical, I immediately shipped out to them my Richard S. Mitchell patented Comma Eraser/"G" Insertter/Correct-Spelling-Of-Simple-Words-Or-You-Die pinky ring and can opener; many had not gotten laid in so long (and with ample reason) that the obscenity was shooting out from behind every societally acceptable crevice. Most thought they were being brilliant and witty and weren't; a few made no such assumptions and gained my total admiration and instant (long) response along with copies of IJ (a free issue to anybody who can guess to which five I responded positively). I have reproduced the letters verbatim so readers can suffer, be amused or be offended right along with me. The only thing I've removed is the names, replaced by (actual) initials. Who says I'm tactless? Oh, if you want to "share in the experience" but keep sinking in hot tubs, write John Fremont or Sally Latimer (both, by the way, IJ subscribers) at CONTACT HIGH, 600 Main St., P.O. Box 500, Mendocino, CA 95460. But better to read the fascinating expose of all this singles horseshit written by Jerry Stahl in the November, 1981 issue of CALIFORNIA magazine (which J.Z. and Bill-Dale both gave me, thanks). Here, then, are de lettahs (sans further comment):

Dear Kip,

Hi! how's it going? I'm a member of CONTACT HIGH, and I liked your add (you are creative).

My name is M. and my age is 28. I stand 6 feet and weigh 175 pounds. With long brown hair and dark blue eyes. My sign is Aries.

There are but two things in your add that confuse me. what is "Sequitars"? You have a big vocabulary and who is "Bob"?

I am interested in getting to know you, because I believe you have much depth & you are real.

further more I have never met any one who uses poetry to describe them selfs.

I was born in Bakersfield, Ca. and raised in S.F.Ca. and Berkeley, Ca. during the 60's and early 70's.

At this time I am studying.

I like music, poetry, metaphysics, dance, being close to nature, art, hiking and staying healthy.

I am honest, with Love & compassion for my brothers and sisters, I can never shut any one out of my heart. I am peaceful yet strong.

My goal in life is to help releave the suffering in the world. to help bring peace & harmony to all people. and to stop the corporations and power co's from destroying our delicate eco-system. and poisoning our future children with radiation and toxic wasts couased by their greed & power trip.

"Nostradamus" had some pretty right on prophecys. up until 1984.

I will send you my pitures if your interested? also what is your age?

You sound so mature, intelligent & poetic. and that's what I like. I look forward to hearing from you. Take Care!

Love in Spirit & Faith, M., Martinez, CA

Dear Kip

After reading your ad I decided that you are interested someone strange. My mind is strange but I look normal and attractive. What gives? Is this what happens from living up North so long?

Enclosed is my photo at Bright 16 I am now over 30 Barely Aged. Please writæ & photo. M., Sumter, SC

P.S. Feel free to drop by for several days visit.

Dearest Kip,

Hello how you doin' sweet lady? I hope this letter finds you in the best of health and in the best of spirits.

My name is Lil' Loco and I saw your ad in CH and thought I'd drop you a line in the mail. I really don't know what to say though Kip, I have a hell of a time writin' a woman who I don't know and know nothin' about. So I'm just goin' to give you a bit of a discription of myself and I hope you like what you read and will deside to write back.

I'm 23 years old and have long blond hair and blue eyes. I'm 5'9" tall and weigh 150 pounds. I'm from Va. Beach, Va. but my home is in Santa Barbara, Ca. now. But my present residence is in a 6x9 cell. I'm servin' a 45 year bit for murder and am gettin' ready to pick up 5 more years for escape.

I like sex, drugs, Rock N' Roll and ridin' my scooter (Harley). I enjoy all water sports expecially scuba divin', surf-fin', and sailin'. I like ridin' horse's and trained horse's for a livin' before I got locked up. Now I sell drugs for a livin' here in the joint and make pretty good money from it too (about 20.000. a month).

I'm an avid reader (between 6-8 books a week). I like readin' and writin' poetry and enjoy readin' Philosophy as well.

Well I guess that's about it for now Kip so I'm goin' to close this letter on out now. And I hope to hear from you soon.

You take care and stay sweet. Con amour, Lil' Loco

P.S. If and when you write please send me a picture of you.  
(M., State Farm, VA)

(yes folks, there's more on the next and subsequent pages!—KMG)

Kip—

I've had my neatness removed. I come dangerously close. Money is a state of mind. Jesus is my favorite Marx Brother. People are presumed otherwise. Nobody lends wit to a man with a sense of humor. I've had my innocence removed. I have no robotic social conscience. Sex imagination counts. No bland aftertaste. Reality. I don't know Bob...

...but I want to know you! Your ad excites me. I am very curious. Did you know it would? Did you mean for it to? So, are you a poet? a tease? both?

I don't know who you envisioned finding your ad and who you dreamed might respond. I hope they all do and all dreams come true. But I'd like to tag along for a bit with my letter, if that's alright.

I am often both too romantic and too easily aroused for my own good. Nevertheless, I have been looking for the woman of my dreams. And she could write an ad such as yours. I need her badly, and if she's you, then I need you.

The ultimate woman for me...the Hell with shapely legs and a wet lower lip...she writes on walls, plays in the dirt, and composes clever, ancient, subtle erotic poems as I kiss her. She recites them as I hold her close and stroke her like a kitten. She laughs madly at sad movies and can call me an asshole—and mean it—but love me no less.

I hope you aren't offended or shocked. If you are, please think again. I think you are probably as irreverent, as rowdy, as independent, as randy, as serious, as silly, but ultimately, as alive! as I imagine, hope and want you to be.

I need the crazy love of a crazy woman. Genteel horseshit and elaborate games are killing me. Everyone takes me too seriously, or not at all. I'm a 8 cylinder spirit in a 4 cylinder world and I need Pandora to help me get out.

Why don't you write to me? I want to meet you, but maybe we could discuss some possibilities beforehand. You, of course, you might not want to meet me. You decide.

If you do write, I'd like to know more about you. What do you like? What do you hate? What do you want? Who do you want?

I am 27 years old, slender, 5'11", 145, sexy, but not particularly handsome. I am also crazy. Gentle affectionate considerate patient and with only a bit of macho in me. I can be very strong, overwhelming and yet you will realize that my obsession causes me to want to have it all—the time.

Tell me more. Love?, S., Washington, DC

Yo, Kip,

For several years now, I have been living under conditions that would not only equal, but rival those, that you know as servitude, and slavery. Also, during this period of time, I have been forced, to live a life of involuntary celibacy, and not because of any religious vows, I've made. But what really kills me, is the lack of communication beyond these walls of darkness, (none), except that of a legal nature, I have managed to maintain, throughout the years. I am a very creative, and active minded-person who's abilities, is being stifled by this stagnated environment. I am an opportunist, who haven't been getting the opportunities but since opportunity is usually created, and not given. I'm trying with you being the very first prospect, to change my circumstances, somewhat. I really don't know what you are seeking, but if your wants, and needs, are not immediate. I would certainly be willing to correspond with you. I am a great believer in the might, and myths, of human strength and weakness. so I don't offer any guarantees. any more than I think you could, on the possibilities, of us becoming friends, in the future. But I would like to take the risk, on a trial, and error basis. My letter, I would like for it to be like your ad, seeking not self-pity, but gratification.

I am 32 years old, 6'1", 159½ lbs. and black. My philosophy on life, hasn't been honed, all the way, yet. But I am getting there. I wonder have you reached the final conclusion, on your philosophy, of life. I don't believe the ad, so if you're not turned off, by me, so far, write me, without, or with a photo, letting me know the real deal. Without that intimacy, I'm used to with a girl, you probably feels as though I am abnormal, I am. So much the better, for you, if you want to achieve sainthood, right here, on earth, but helping me realize, that you are still definitely my other half. My interests, reading, sports, movies, music, radio, and chess. None of these things have made me a fanatic, although I'm close to being one as far as my health goes.

I have gave up the real deal. I can, or can not get a hand. Meanwhile, physically, spiritually, and mentally, I'm hoping the best for you. Sincerely, M., Baltimore, MD

Who's Guessing? Who's Writing? Who are You?

Under 35, manically depressed considering suicide on or before April 15th. As I said a humanoid probably won't even read this let alone answer, maybe all the letters that do arrive are needed for the heater this winter. Do you enjoy oral sex more than anal sex? Are you truly innocent? No! If so you wouldn't have placed an ad. I sentence you to answer every letter with at least two paragraphs and a snapshot of you doing a chin up in the nude. For the totally naive and stupid-sincere types that answered, smear your vaginal juices on the color photo. If juices unavailable or impossible use grape jelly—but Welch's for sure. Do you like Bruce Springsteen?

My name is H. and I'm a 27 year old green male standing 6'1", 170, Brown over Blue and proud of my ultra fine looks and physical sexiness. I'm one of those sincere, warm, thoughtful types—Stupid too, thats seeking new friends and I do make a good one. I'm intelligent and creative, hip and cool while staying practical and motivated. If I wasn't in Prison with nothing to do but study for a test in International Politics and the upcoming Nuclear War, I wouldn't have written. Being here, though not much longer, has left me blandly robotic some also. When I do get out I see a great future for myself in Breszil with a good job, a good cunt and grass. I have hope, some social conscience, some wit, don't need money, don't play tennis but golf, I'm neat, Bob had his eyes poked out after his lobotomy recently. Zeppo is dead and can't talk.

Why did you do this? Place such an Ad in my beloved Contact High where open, honest, sincere individuals seek to interact with others. Why did you use a phony "pun" for a name. And by haging a direct address listed, you will naturally get alot of mail from men that are curious or stupid, or both, some very lonely souls and some not CH subscribers at all. Are you a Punk? Are you a Lark? Are you at All?

I sincerely hope with all my heart you will indeed answer my letter and prove yourself as a worthwhile person.

Sincerely, H., Tennessee Colony, TX

(P.S.) Love Will Keep Us Together

Kip,

Coming dangerously close to reality is fine. Crossing over without the concious awareness is oblivion. Have you crossed? Check it out. That close to reality of instant existence isn't meant for everyone who happens upon it. Wit is many things and having it removed depends on what you know about yourself. My serve! You may be bored with your limited expansion and believe yourself to be omnipotent yet there exists another entire dimension unknown to you. Robo-toids won't happen upon it unless they possess certain qualities necessary for them to be afforded that opening to enter into what is meant to be for them. If you don't know Jesus you are not dangerously close to reality, but to fantasy, causing you to believe something taught in this society to keep the majority far from the truth of reality. You may think and you may know, and you may think you know, but when you know you think and know the accurateness of your thoughts and control them to the point of mastering the spirit, then and only then do you really know. All else is grass along the way. Do you really know that you haven't slept with Jesus? Do you really know that he hasn't slept with you? Can you be touched and know not that you have been touched? Do you know where you dwell, why you dwell, if you dwell, or do you think you think what is right to think? Are you sure of the inventory within yourself and have you taken a good look, lately, at the inside of your closets, under your carpets, behind the boxes, and in the hidden corners? Do you know what lies back there under the staircase, behind the door, beneath the covering of dust? I dare you to explore those hidden recesses and check out your own after-taste. Are you 'being' enough to relate back to me your discoveries, or is true reality too much for you when you find out what it really is? Who are you, anyway? What is your purpose for wanting to be touched and felt, or do you deny that also? My point!

Who has presumed your innocence? Is that too, your reality or in fact, fantasy? Does neatness really count, when one's mind is cluttered with unrecognizable debris that is being mistaken for an accurate attribution to an inherent characteristic that is not rightfully being claimed? How otherwise have you been proven. My I guess? Can you handle the dangerous reality of knowing thyself? Why Zeppo? Is that an indication of Kip's personality minus wit? Attitudinarian may be a better description of Kip Ghesin of Roselle. What are your studies leading you to, from, or around? How did you come about to perceive that "Bob" sees all? From "Bob", through "Bob", by way of "Bob", or due to a desire for "Bob"? Where is "Bob" going? From whence did he arrive, derive, or circumscribe? Are you a disciple, teacher, lost ship, or rock? There is no nonsense so transparent, no crochets so ridiculous, no system so unreasonable, that it cannot find advocates and disciples. Money is lent to the man who is qualified to acquire it in his own possession, humor or none. How have you the capacity to "Hate" nonsequiturs if you are without wit and have been left blandly robotic without no redeeming social conscience? My game!

Your serve. Next time I will, you will, we will see if sex really is a state of mind, or if your mind is in a state of sex. What is your birth date? Here's to me and you.

J., Tamal, CA

"You'd pay to know what you really think."

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P.O. 140306 Dallas, Tex 75214

### Beware The Church of the SubGenius!

Intense pamphlet... adults only.

Makes the weirdest cults look tame.

The SubGenius Foundation  
Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214



They insist I run (but for what I ask). I've been left with pieces of was to wear around my neck.

Some tea, Some crumpets, a slice of my soul?

She never did understand what men tuned in on. I never could say why, nor have I tried. Only the dogs understand me. I give them no chance for excuses.

Thank you. Come again. Iebe is most forgiving, though easily enraged.

We must all pay the price for what we cannot keep. Godzilla is my savior. "Dont stop now..." My qualifications are perfect for my job. "Nam Yoho Renge Quo." Eat Flaming Death Fascist Media Pig.

"You got the time?" - R., W. Sacramento, CA

Dear 'Bob'e-ip:

Hello pal, your ad is almost as dumb as mine. I like what you said about being blandly robotic and having your wit removed. I wish you wouldn't have written - "Volley for serve?" That makes me feel sorry for you. Also you don't have to believe in Jesus or serve him, but it is very naughty to write vicious things. You can be naughty w/ me. We are somewhat like neighbors in this imaginary town called 'Contact High'. I am on page CH-26, issue 23 Oct/Nov. You are on page CH-23. I know that after your reading my ad you dug into your pussycat bank and found a quarter just so you would have the opportunity to know nice M.. Well, being the way I am I will save you the trouble. Here is my current address....If you care enough I will later send my last name and phone no. I notice that on the opposite page of your ad (same sheet, next page) Mr. Lee C. Shipp has the top of his head poking into your thoughts (bottom of thoughts). Hold it up to the light...Mr. Shipp - "Don't drink at all." "Love to dance, fish, hunt, go to church." ~~You two would be a perfect pair.~~ (the letter then dissolved into incoherence)

M., Lansing, MI

Kip m'dear:

Gawrsh, that's a phunny ad you wrote, sort of like reading a New Wave National Lampoon. Hey, I haven't slept with Jesus either, and I almost know who Zeppo is - we've got so much in common, makes me want to give you a backrub or send you a picture of my Mr. Bill, but I'd probably have trouble pushing the button unless we finger wrestled a bit first (you know it can be that way with guys, too). But now that we're intimate, I can tell you this if you promise to keep it confidential: I don't smoke cigarettes, and I always carry out non-biodegradables.

Would you like to take a walk on the beach with me, by a warm fireplace with dining out reading, all kinds of music and honesty, tenderness, a sense of humor, but above all no games and let's be FRIENDS first? Then you've contacted the right High, because if you're straight or at least bi, have I got a deal for you: a '38 Putney-Creech Land Yacht, real wood trim, mahogany bar, a real flush toilet and built-in sound system, complete with a collection of 78rpm records. All for your present van plus 500 bucks. Don't deny it, you've killed for far less, and if we don't get those Nerds off the streets, who will? Necessity is the Mother of Virtue; celibacy and vegetarianism are "in", and if R Crumb were your Dada, you'd probably watch GI/TV too. But I try never to discuss politics or dope in the first letter, anyway. How's Bayou? Glad you ast - low water, green, fetid, even the ibixes prefer swimming pools. But at this time of year I really can't complain, while all ye the untransplanted shiver in your woolies. It's friendlier than Cleveland, anyway, and flatter than Pittsburgh, but would you live somewhere without cable tv and touchtone phones? Not to mention the lack of true pharmaceutical quality. Read any good trash lately? They would kill you for saying it, but 25% of dumb is "M". Is "weighty" a subject? What's the most offensive joke you know? Discard your five worst features, take three from the deck, and show me your best hand. Enclosed picture is not me, but close in many ways.

S., New Orleans, LA

(The following card had this written on the back: "Dear Kip, Here's my head. I'll be in Hoboken around the first week in November. Ought I to call you?" N., Lancaster, PA)

'Twas a cold and snowy night, in a small town high in the mountains of Italy, where nary a wolf had been seen since Grandfather was knee-high to a tarantula. Then came morning, and there, in the snow by the door of the trattoria, was the huge paw-print of a wolf. And, beside it, a not that read: "I AM GIGANTIC." And it was signed: "ALFREDO". The macho men of the town hunted all that day, in the streets and behind the fire hydrants, but saw nor hide nor hair of wolf. They supposed the track was made by a Swiss wolf, just passing through. But next morning, in the snow of the alley beside the pizzeria, there was another paw-print, as huge as the first; and another note, saying "I AM TERRIBLE?" And again, the mysterious signature: "ALFREDO". And still and yet, no one in the town had seen hide nor hair of wolf. They knew not whether he came from, nor how he came by such a name. And before nightfall of the second day the people, not knowing what else they could do, began to sing: "Who's Alfredo the big bad wolf...." HAPPY WINTER SOLSTICE!

As you realize, every story has a sequel nowadays, and "The Letters from CONTACT HIGH" is no exception. To the previously appearing letters to which I felt is applicable, I sent the following All-Purpose Rejection Postcard: 'THIS IS TO INFORM YOU, NOT-SO-POLITELY, THAT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN YOURSELF AND "REV." KIP M. GHESIN HAS BEEN DISCONTINUED FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

- ☐ Your letter was boring/tasteless/offensive to me and that's going some/mundane
- ☐ You're a mentally troubled person and I'm not "Mommy"
- ☐ You are desperate and lonely and, again, I'm not Mommy
- ☐ You are unintelligible, ungrammatical and just not very interesting.

ALSO, for those to whom it applies, your picture is being returned after having been perused/spit on/used as a dart board/laughed at tremendously/pitied.

Please don't bother me with your nonsense anymore.

Not affectionately at all, KIP M. GHESIN' Right, well, there are some people who just can't take a hint. I should confess, I sent (against better judgment) a copy of IJ to the second. After all, how often do you see the word "Lark" (with a capital "L", no less)? The first writer I told to go to hell. Well, I had an extra postcard.

Kip,

Just got your rejection.

You still need a lover.

I'm available. M., Sumter, SC

P.S. I would like a photo of you even if you're ugly. Since your crazy and probably a witch you know all about shadows If you want mine, be nice. Angels make shadows too. You're dreaming of Rocks Plantation Stay crazy

THIS IS TO INFORM YOU, SO POLITELY, THAT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN YOURSELF AND H. HAS BEEN CONTINUED FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

- ☒ His letter was boring/tasteless/and offensive and He Apologizes
- ☒ He's not truly a mentally troubled, desperate, and all too, lonely a person and already has a fine loving Mommy
- ☒ He's actually quite intelligent, expresses himself well as to the English language; and once better acquainted with proves quite interesting.
- ☒ His inability to be farsighted, perceptive, nonassuming and uncrude He sincerely asks forgiveness.

Why did I write you that letter? Any why was I so insincere? Well Kip let me begin saying I did it on a "Lark", which I interpreted your Contact High ad to be. I didn't half believe it would even reach an individual or that Kip M. Ghesin is your real name (Keep Em Guessing) I like CH and felt your Ad to be an Abuse to the sincere hopes of warm, kind persons seeking to meet and become either marriage partners, idea sharers, lovers, letter writers and friends. You seemed to be insulting peoples desires, as well as intelligence and reason. I've met some really nice people through CH, and I cannot actually see them truly desiring to run your ad, but you did pay the funds.

Now as to why I did what I did when its not truly my personality. Well I was upset that day finding out I was denied release this year for one motivating reason. I had that extra "cheap" envelope, nothing to do, and felt like releasing some anxiety to an easy address imaginery-type person. However the main reason is that I simply read your Ad and made the perception you were a weirdo or fruitcake—at least by traditional U.S. standards. Was I alone in that assumption? I think not and you must understand the nature of most men when it comes to things they can't understand or rationalize. I saw you, and perhaps so, as a liberal arts graduate totally at war with society, rebelling against all established norms of behavior—A Punk, one with pointed breasts with safety pins in the nipples, a crew cut hairstyle, probably an S/M freak or a lesbian. Possibly even a mental patient at that address.

About you being a Reverend, is interesting. Your beliefs should prove very inordinary and I am very curious as to the full details in simplistic form. Who is Bob ect?? I've encountered the usual stuff satanism, telepathic acid churches of the various Lights, as well as Christianity. If you're in a movement, "great, tell me about it." I won't seek to romance you, only to correspond in my "usual" gentlemanly way. I did feel your destruction (NOT MINE THOUGH ) of pictures shows S/M tendencies but that too—groovy; but I am sincerely sorry for my first letter and I hope you will indeed try to become a real person.

Hope To Hear Soon Sincerely, H., Tennessee Colony, TX

At this point, I, Kip M. Ghesin, am not imminently slated to become a real person.



O NEE  
GHEE, THE  
DOOR; YES  
NO? NO!  
No! Awww  
NNNN...

# Kinetik KR's cuts VINYL\*\*\* AGAIN!!!

(c.) ST

Review materials now supplied by stores, companies, bands themselves, and by others I'm also on the dole to. If you find disagreement with any or all of the below statements, well, tough shit. Write me c/o Elayne, if you think it's valid. Interaction welcomed. I review a lot of corporate bullshit, for two reasons: (1.) I receive it, and (2.) LJ's readers are probably not as hep to the scene as I give them credit for anyway. But you're welcome to prove me wrong.

The dripdrop is in the needle, the needle is in the grooves, yer Majesty King Horse awaits ye on this sacred mission of noise, noise, noise. Drop the shrieking curtain:

NICO-"Drama In Exile": Pulls my heart strings with stainless steel gloves in a deathhold of a grip. This lp moans with cathartic ambiance. Tears are imminent, if you're at all familiar with Nico and her past. Yellow steam from ancient burning piss.

BOW WOW WOW-"See Jungle! See Jungle! Go Join Your Gang Yeah! City All Over, Go Ape Crazy!": oh no. Now come the shakes. Sensory Overload. Was that a clean syringe? No matter. Heh. Dearie, put on the next lp. Yeah. The one with the title of the year. Forget the green bananas. On the turntable. Right, dahlin'. Aaaahhhh... jungle fever. Gonzo. A safari through the diseased mind of a teenage girl. Shadows. Hold on tight. Erotic satire. Catchy, too. Fuck McLaren, but this is good. I approve. Now fix me up again, my junkie on the china sea...

POLYROCK-"Changing Hearts": Well, I'm changing records. This is boring. AmeriKKKan New Romanticism? Same useless ideology. No heart. No head. No guts. No soul. And doing a cover of "RAIN", won't help you none neither. If bands can't find lyricists, the least they could do is shut up and play. I don't wanna hear this bloated soundtrack for insecure hollow flamingo's.

THE POLICE-"Ghosts In The Machine": This doesn't help. Dahlin', pass that straw. Yum. Now see here my fine young Aryan comrades, you've fucked up verily. Love the design, not that there's anything poking through the icing. Just mold, and that don't count. Takes itself too seriously. And it's stinking up the house. Away with the bananas. Away.

ULTRAVOX-"Rage In Eden": Oh. Well... I'm an infralapsarianist. This record is my life. My theme music. The mechanically hollow beat marches Us on, stomping over the Empires, toppling the pillars of illogic. Set these New Age martyrs on fire! A stoic betrayal, hidden twixt pop paranoia. Come-dearest, writhe with me as they release the lions of industry...

BOB MARLEY-"Chances Are": I was 13 when Joe, my older brother, brought home a copy of an old Marley record from a yard sale. He hated it. So I received it as a birthday present the following year. Smart man, my brother. I loved it. I was fixated on ragga, long before I'd ever heard of punk. Both ended up mixing so well into my lifestyle. But I've always been ignited within by Marley in particular; he was a great role-model, a hero. I felt crushed when he died earlier this year. "Chances are..We're going to leave now/Chances are..Sorry for the victim now" Buy this posthumous release, if only for the excellent title track. The songs are unreleased demo's from 1968-1972; most of which are throwaways. But anything to remember a man who was munificent with the goodstuff of his soul.

ELVIS COSTELLO-"Almost Blue": Now I'm depressed. Dear, put the new El on the turntable. He'll cheer me up, he always does. Yeah, great cover, isn't it? Hmmm... dahlin', deadjew (sniffle) put downers in my upper bottle? Sigh. Sniffle. You must've. Prince Charmless is making ST feel almost... blue. Sniffle. Have one on me, Elvis. The bottle let me down tonight, too. And maybe (sniffle) this time, you being a hick now and all, perhaps you can be heard over Kennewick radio.

INDEPENDENTS: THE HATES-"NO TALK ep"/ \$3/ 4200 W34th Ave./ Box 132/ Houston TX/ 77092..(Slash-chord punk, immaculate for dancing, ambiguous but creative lyrics, cleanly produced. Worth it) Aztec Camera-"MATTRESS OF WIRE" b/w "LOST OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL" (Postcard Records, \$3) (Fixated in desolation, the weeds in the swamp of my heart flutter in this murky breeze of tragic sound) The Fartz-"EP" /3915 SW Lander /Seattle WA 98116 /\$3, (Lotsa songs on a little disc. You're not allowed if you can't feel it in yer loins already. Carve the wounds deeply. Brillo.)

Don't forget pubs: this time, highly recommended is THE OFFENSE c/o TKA, 1585 N. High St., Columbus Ohio, 43201. \$2, and worth it.

WE'RE OUT OF THE JUICE??? Well, burn out time comes with the rising of the sun. Does this mean we've spent the night together, my pet? Don't look at me that way. Goddess, will you be sorry next month when I'm down in Mexico hustlin' my bod to churn out the cash to the landlord so's I'm able to see y'all here again next ish... meanwhile, hug a molester, and kill a cop for ol' kinetik kris. It's lonely being an electric guru. Sniffle. Elvis, how 'bout another...?)

# SAYS YOU (Letters)

Elayne:

Once again, another classic. Labours of love, growing pains, and new friends always improve your writing—INSIDE JOKE is approaching something—a personal style, direction, or as they say in Marin County, a total Whole-ness. Thankfully all the traces of Floyd are just about gone, and with it the cutesy, post-pubescent writing fans are partial to (But what can you say when your hero re-cycles tired jokes, songs, and vaudeville routines under the guise of comedy? Sure, the show had a guerilla theatre touch to it, like the early Saturday Night Live programs did, but like SNL, UFS beat a dead horse over and over again)

Your introduction (which was much more coherent this time without being concurrently dull) is a good show all around, especially in the control and understatement you show when you talk about Cindy Grant, and it signals a maturity and polish which appears elsewhere...To wit:

Chris Estey turns in an incredibly disciplined short story (I had to look twice at the name. I'm not used to Chris writing in sentences, with nouns and verbs next to each other, and everything), which suffers from a bit of Thesauria-itis (students of mine often substitute big words in their papers from Roget's Thesaurus without knowing the meaning of the new word), and wordiness: "the shaded, canvas-clad guitar-wielding frame of the performer" is overdose of adjectives. And "obstreperous!" I've never heard anyone use "obstreperous." Christ. The story plummets into a typical Estey orgy of violence (Sam Peckinpah, where are you?) before coming out of it again, into an ending that left me confused, and reading the story again. Perhaps if I knew more about your personal life (and Chris's) the story would take on meaning, the way "Voice of Your Choice" is... (I almost barfed when I read the line "the contents were probably just another mini-comic or something." Listen to Garp/John Irving when he says "the worst kind of writing is autobiography.")

"VOICE OF YOUR CHOICE" has some really nice moments (the ink blots) but I shall go mad with these one page installments. LET'S GET ON WITH THE STORY, ALREADY... This could turn into a compassionate psychological study of infatuation, stardom, being a fan and all that, but when is something going to HAPPEN? I also find something repulsive about a "serious" (I assume this is a serious work) piece of literature serialized like a story from the pulp magazines. Could we maybe have two pages next time? Three, even???

The book and record reviews were neat (especially Chris Estey's marvelous stream of consciousness reviewing style. The review of WALL OF VOODOO's "Dark Continent" blew me away) The film and tv reviews came up short. Is no one interested in reviewing films on a regular basis? Our Labor Day movies deserve serious consideration ("Mommie Dearest" one of the funniest and strangest films of the year, the terrifically erotic and hot "Body Heat", the hysterically funny "Continental Divide" and "First Monday in October" [Walter Matthau is one of our best unrecognized comedians; witness his incredible performance in "Hopscotch" you HBO-subscribers] the best film about Vietnam ever "Southern Comfort" and perhaps more recently, the incredible "True Confessions" "Prince of the City" and totally satisfying "Halloween II") And no one mentioned that ch. 13 in New York is rerunning my two favorite British comedies of late, "Fawlty Towers" and "Good Neighbors" not to mention the early John Cleese/Graham Chapman written episodes of "Doctor in the House" (does anyone else like DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE? Know what it is?)

Joy Division (actually Ian Curtis, credit where credit is due) is one of the best bands to come around in awhile. I prefer "Unknown Pleasures" to "Closer", altho I recommend "Love Will Tear Us Apart" to everyone. (The 45 or 12" dance record) For those of you who can't find JD cheap in your town, write to ROUGH TRADE MAIL ORDER DIVISION, 1412 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94113 for their catalog of the complete Joy Division, plus other British imports real cheap. Recommended: The Raincoats, Slits' Island album, Delta 5 singles and new album "See the Whirl", the Au Pairs "Playing with a Different Sex" and Pete (ex-Buzzcock leader) Shelley's single "Homosapien"

Thank God there was nothing in the latest issue of IJ about the Yankees!! I was expecting an entire issue of rah-rahs and oh, nos, considering your predelection for baseball.

About Nate Mishan's column, "taste" is a matter which is highly subjective, and deciding what is bland is also difficult (one man's bland is another man's sky)—why not condemn plagiarism and sound-alikes like STARS ON 45. Maybe I'm just defensive, because I liked "Bette Davis Eyes" (I didn't like the overplaying, but then, when things like that get too much, I turn off the radio and wear earphones in elevators, stores, and public places likely to blare out the song)

Stray comments:

The Kenny Everett Show—yuch. Effeminate speed freaks with the creativity of a freshman in a video class in high school getting hit by boxer gloves coming out of refrigerators...surely this is not comedy? And sexist dancers ruining the meaning of good New Wave songs by Elvis Costello, Graham

Parker, and the Boomtown Rats? Why does no one mention the incredible NETWORK 90 show (or are you too busy watching the luded out comedy of FRIDAYS?) and the talented, imaginative, and on target Second City cast?

Sidney Shorr? Did anyone out there like the movie or debut episode. God help us all—Tony Randall as aging Jewish homosexual with sentimental angst and super schmaltzy motivations—This show was THREATENING to the Moral Majority? (If this was threatening, I'd like to see what Jerry Falwell does with Taxi Zum Kolo) Is this a comedy? Is Tony Randall crazy for defending this depressing piece of shit? I'm going back to ODD COUPLE reruns, in which Tony Randall played a more positive and funnier homosexual as Felix Unger in 2 minutes than 2 hours on Sidney Shorr/Love, Sidney.

Thank God the producers and writers of Bosom Buddies have taken the boys out of drag (a stupid joke which ran out of steam in two episodes) and into situations in which they can do what they do best—interact and play off each other in a warm, but frenetic style.

Are you watching what is probably the funniest show of the summer/fall?, the TWO OF US (with the droll and talented Peter Cook as a British butler) on Monday at 8:30, CBS?? Or the Robert Altman influenced, deservedly Emmied HILL STREET BLUES on Thursday at 10:00, NBC?? Bring back Stanley Siegel!!! Bring back Stanley Siegel!!!

Saving the best for last section:

Many, many words of praise for Bob Black and the reprinted page from THE LAST INTERNATIONAL!! And Clay Geerdes, who turns in one of the best things I've ever seen from him, the piece on 1968.

Geerdes' frenetic, incisive, incredibly evocative reminiscence is brilliant—it evokes Joan Didion at her best. (This is a compliment extraordinaire, since Didion is not only the best essayist today, but the best at describing the burnt out post-Sixties California society) Bravo, bravo, bravo, Clay. I want more Clay Geerdes, NOW!!

And more "Bob"!!! Jettison cutesy stuff like Maggie's on dog correctional homes (sorry, Maggie) and Lisa Bottini's "Nastified ad" and give us some TERRIFYING truths instead. And while I've got your attention, Margaret Kuczynski, how dare you write an article about Eggs and not mention the true mistress, the QUEEN of Egg-dom, Edith Massey, whose portrayal of Edie the Egg Lady in PINK FLAMINGOS put me off the little yellow-eyed devils for almost two years!!!!

Do you want me to write anything??

By the light of "Bob",

Love,

BILL-DALE MARCINKO, NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ

My reasons for "serializing" VOICE OF YOUR CHOICE are—mine. Some have to do with space...Yes, due credit should go of course to NETWORK 90, FAWLTLY TOWERS, GOOD NEIGHBORS, and DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE; I suppose I assume too much when I automatically place them in the same category as M\*A\*S\*H, HILL STREET BLUES, and the two howlingly funny "intellectual" programs COSMOS and DICK CAVETT—surely anyone with a funny bone and intelligence must know about them and watch them already, so why bother? On other TV points: well, ok, I never saw SIDNEY SHORR, I was just hoping from hearsay. I have seen MR. MERLIN, which fulfills the same childlike yearning for magic as does THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO (bravo to the brilliant assholes who put the two shows on opposite one another), but I'm a bit disappointed with the former. Bernard Hughes is, for the most part, wasted, and Elaine Joyce is 2 IQ points lower than Bo Derek. BUT—I LIKE KENNY EVERETT! The flavor, and even the occasional, but by no means double-standard, overemphasis on sex (and it's easy to close your eyes when you're thrilled at every hearing THE Flying Lizards' "Money" on tv), is quite British, and I'm on that kick now. E'en so—THE TWO OF US?? Come on. When was that last funny? I must have missed something. And I do watch. Peter Cook is delightful, but he would rise above an Alpo commercial. Let's see him and Dudley Moore do something together again! NatLamp grad Mimi Kennedy was terrific in TIM CONWAY (when I first became a fan of hers), but for some reason (hm, bad scripts?) falls way short here. And Dana Hill is possibly the worst of the obnoxious, whining, precocious, over-acting brats in Sitcom City since Gary Coleman got into contract battles. Oliver Clark is boring, and Tim Thomerson is nondescript. Granted, it's a better lead-in to M\*A\*S\*H than most other junk (speaking of M\*A\*S\*H, how many aficionados and nit-pickers noticed the boom mike, visible for at least five seconds, in the first Swamp scene on the November 10 show? First boo-boo in ten years?!!), but as the November 7-13 TV GUIDE, in its cover story, says, "Cook has an option in his contract to write episodes of THE TWO OF US if he so chooses. But he does not so choose, preferring to retain his crazy, aberrational imagination for his own future shows in England. What a pity." Amen. My vote for "funniest show of the summer/fall" is FITZ AND BONES, starring the Smothers Brothers and Diana Muldaur. 10pm, Saturdays, NBC.

As for movie reviews, thank you for volunteering, you've got the job. I'm glad—you see more movies in any given month than all of my other friends combined.

(continued on next page)

Dear Elayne,

You made it through the first year with IJ. Congratulations! No matter how discouraging (*sic*—I think she meant "discouraging") some of your mail became, you stuck with it, and for that you deserve a hand. (Enclosed.) You've done a great job so far, keep it up! May this anniversary be the first of many for you and IJ.

Good luck and success in the future.

MARY "MEJI" JAMES, PASSAIC, NJ

P.S. Is Marci [Mann] still doing "The Floydian Press"? Also, Paul Dial's "UFS Mirror"?

Thanks for the hand, Meji (for you fans of gore, it was only made of paper, sorry). As for current Uncle Floyd Show publications: Grand Bitch Terrie "Ask Me No Questions, I'll Tell You No Lies" Gehebe finally closed down the "Shit" Reel; from Marci I've heard nor hide nor hair, so best ask my good ol' p.a. Margaret Kuczynski, who runs her own (not related to UFS) perrine FINE PRINT (her address: 825 De Witt Street, Linden, NJ 07036). Paul Dial's MIRROR is doing very well, except it seems strange that it is, again, Margaret who is doing much if not most of the actual writing. Paul's address is 628 Powells Lane, Westbury, NY 11590. And for those who just may be interested in UFS in general, Floyd (the "star") also puts out a newsletter, THE GAZETTE, available for \$6.50 a year—P.O. Box 791, Paramus, NJ 07652.

Dear Elayne,

Thank you for the October, 1981 issue of IJ. In general I am encouraged by the reduction in Uncle Floyd related material, as I am not an initiate into the school of Floydian analysis. A number of items in your fanzine are of interest. (Incidentally, fanzine may not be the best description, even though it was my choice in answering question 5 in IJ Questionnaire #2; a fanzine generally has a greater connection to the field of SF than does IJ. Actually many fanzines rarely mention SF but even when they do not mention it, there is a continuing sense that SF is there, in the background, and that sense is not really present in IJ. In fact, I have no certain knowledge that you are a fan of SF, although the fact that you also receive Diagonal Relationship suggests that perhaps you are; DR is a genuine fanzine, without doubt, and regardless of any aspersions that have been cast by Ted White. Still, even if the connection to SF is slight, the format and approach of IJ is so similar to that of a fanzine that I inevitably think of it as a fanzine.)

The wittiest feature is the discussion of Groucho Marxism by the Last International. There is no doubt that Bob Black is a very clever writer. However, I do not approve of the Last International; in some of their other writing that has been smuggled to me, I have observed an unfortunate tendency to attack undeserving targets along with the deserving. Political satire, to be done properly, requires a sense of responsibility as well as a sense of humor. Bob Black doubtlessly will disagree about that, and of course he is entitled to do so.

Elayne, you have one habit as an editor which I find a bit disquieting. On several occasions in this issue you reproduce people's spelling (of as they may be, typographical) errors, adding (*sic*) to show that the error was theirs and not yours. If someone wrote in to complain about how poorly educated others were, and expressed these complaints in an ungrammatical and poorly spelled fashion, this internal contradiction is worth pointing out. However, in this issue I could see no particular reason for pointing out the spelling errors in the instances you selected. Perhaps you are merely trying to improve the spelling of your correspondents and writers, but if so, a private communication is more appropriate than a public one. There is no reason why the other readers should be interested in observing your spelling lessons to some individual writer.

I see that you expect to be still living on December 2nd, and to attain the age of 24 at that time. I do hope that this expectation will not be disappointed, and that you will, as is traditional, have a happy birthday.

Lisa Bottini's "nastified ad" is also very good. It expresses with lethal effectiveness, my own qualms whenever I encounter advertisements for the infamous "Barbizon School of Modeling." Barbizon is one of the best examples of the tastelessness and artificiality of America.

On the other hand, Nate Mishan's natatorial, calling for a boycott of bland and tasteless music, is unnecessary. People are going to buy what they like. Obviously the people who like bland and tasteless music will see no reason to join in Nate's boycott, and those who do not like that sort of music are already refraining from purchasing it. Perhaps Nate envisions some sort of effort to proselytize good taste, preaching the virtues of good music to the ignorant masses. If so, I do not anticipate any great rate of success. The best, and quite possibly the only effective action that could be taken in this regard, is to play some very good music for those friends and acquaintances of yours who listen to bad music only because they have never been exposed to anything better (that is, if you do have any friends or acquaintances of this kind, which may not be very likely.) I myself do have one favorite musician whose work I like to introduce people to, that musician being the late Phil Ochs. However, most of the people I play Phil Ochs for, continue to be uninterested in him. (Chris Estey, who

already liked Phil Ochs before he started corresponding with me, has been enjoying the additions Ochs recordings I have been sending him through the mail, or at least so he claims). If anyone out there is eager to discover Phil Ochs but can't find any records in the local store, let me know and we'll see what can be worked out. (But don't expect me to bear the whole expense.)

Like yourself I have been greatly enjoying the Thomas Covenant series - in fact, your mention of it is one of the most fanciful elements of your fanzine. Maybe it actually is a fanzine. I hope so.

That's all for now. DAVID PALTER, HOLLYWOOD, CA

Dave, thank you for pointing out my rather annoying habit of harping on misspellings and calling attention to them. My only excuse and defense is that I was an English major and frantic correct speller (have been since childhood, when I'd help teacher grade spelling tests—makes ya ill, don't it?), and I absolutely cringe when people who would otherwise appear intelligent spell "congratulations" with a "d" or write "a lot" as one word. To me, bad grammar and awful spelling is in and of itself a distraction from enjoying the piece one is reading. The main reason I called attention to that with (*sic*) is because I make frequent typos, and want readers to know the horrendous thing faintly resembling a human word that they've just read is not the fault of the editor, who makes enough faults, thank you. But the (*sics*) will stop. I hope the bad spelling does too.

You've got Ochs? Yes, yes, yes! Me me me me...uh, will write more in private about this...

Elayne--

Noticed your question about Mae Questel and Ann Rothschild. Fact is Ann was the first voice of Betty. Paramount had just done the first Betty Boop, DIZZY DISHES (released in 1930 with Betty and Bimbo as a pair of dogs), and they auditioned a number of women for the voice of Betty. One of these was Annabel Little. She was accepted and did the voice for awhile, then went on the road with a Boop act. When she left, Mae Questel got the job; she did all the Boops from then until 1939 when the series ended. The original Boop Oop a Doop girl, Helen Kane (who did the routine in Paramount on Parade in 1929), once sued the studio for taking her voice, but she lost. Your readers who are into all this Boopology should check out Leslie Cabarga's THE FLEISCHER STORY (New York: Nostalgia Press, 1976). A friend of mine owns a large collection of the cartoons and every time he has a showing he gets a full house. Betty hasn't lost a fan.

Best, CLAY GEERDES, BERKELEY, CA

Thanks for bringing these facts to attention, Clay. Again, I apologize to readers that I tend to assume too much or write too little, and the Rothschild article was last minute. If anyone ever gets to Prof. Maltin's Fleischer class, they'll be able to see that marvelous Newsreel of the Kane-Fleischer trial, which had Max producing five alleged Betty-types (I believe Mae and Annabel were among them) to discredit Kane. As far as the Cabarga book, Fleischer biographer Michael Dobbs informs me that "Cinemabilia in Greenwich Village used to carry it, and I believe the comic book shop around the corner from Supernipe Comic Art Gallery had it. According to Bob Stewart, who attacked me once for my criticisms of the book, there were only a few thousand copies of the thing printed, and after the initial release in 1976 it became pretty scarce." Prof. Maltin told the class about a corresponding comic book (the trial scene of which has Max swearing, "No, we never stole the character of Betty from Helen Kane" while his nose grows longer and longer), which I believe may have been done by Cabarga as well. I've yet to check out Village stores, but if anyone else knows the actual whereabouts of either of these items, please let me know, as I would gladly pay ridiculously high prices for either or both.

Hello Elayne--

Sent off two latest minis to you (ED: See "Mini Madness"), then got my mail and found a new INSIDE JOKE! Well, this one was just as good as the last one...Clay's piece was a gas. He's become one of my favorite writers this last year. So on target that you have to wince even if you agree with him. "Media Viewpoint" wasn't as interesting as last time around, but what the heck. Estey's "The Inside Joke" was interesting. What is wrong with us people born on October 13th?

"Super Egg" was great, as was "Farmer Jones". I always have trouble with poetry mainly because anything serious strikes me as being pretentious (the fault of being a cartoonist), but I did like "The Lord Bob Polka". "Voice of Your Choice" makes for interesting reading, although it seems a little weird to me, having never met a female who reads comic books/comix. Are you sure you're not making this up?

The Rock Quiz was intristing, though I didn't know about 5 of them. I loved Clay's diatribe against Heavy Metal; but then, I love diatribes, period. Estey's record reviews were almost indecipherable. The book reviews were also fun, though I hardly ever read anymore. And although I've only seen one Fleischer cartoon (Gulliver) I'm nutz for that one.

One of these days I'm going to work up some comics for you. Don't hold your breath, but I'll try to do it before the end of '82.

CLARK DISSMEYER, FULLERTON, NE

(continued on next page)

## Arabelle and the PAC-MAN

by Tom Haertel

My friend Arabelle is sometimes eccentric. Have you ever looked up the definition of "eccentric"? It means a wheel that is off center, so it wobbles. That's Arabelle. First of all, what can you do with someone who goes by such a name as that?

I met her in a local supermarket last summer. My first sight of her was the curly yellow of her hair above the scales in produce. I pushed my cart around a stack of Mop-n-Glo and saw this tall young woman at the watermelons. What surprised me most was her attempt to squeeze one to check its freshness.

"I thump melons to check their quality," I told her. "I save squeezing for tomatoes."

"That," she replied, "sounds sexist. Or did you have no double meaning?" I assured her that I had not intended any sexism. It is my view that women are the best part of being in a race with two sexes. "What do you do with a canteloupe?" she asked next. Our conversation quickly ran into a discussion of our respective mothers, and their produce checking methods. We, it turned out, had much in common.

Over the next few months, we went to several movies together, and enjoyed each other's company greatly. I also had a chance to realize just how eccentric she really was. So, of course, I had fair warning for what would happen when I took her to the video game arcade.

She had played some video games before, but never very much. I, on the other hand, have my certificate as a video game addict. (You might have a certificate for not being a video game addict. It is green, with a picture of George Washington on it.)

She was only moderately excited at Crazy Climber when I ascended the fourth building; and she hardly noticed that I passed 100,000 points on Centipede. But when we went to PAC-MAN, she awoke.

She wanted to know all about patterns, flash counts, and energizers; and she watched in awe as I got the fourth monster for 1600 points. Then she said, "Don't you think of this as inhumane? I mean, just eating those poor monsters like that, and stealing their apples."

I didn't know what to say, but Arabelle said it for me. "I know that you'll say that it's just a game, but how do you know that those monsters aren't hurt by you when you eat them? Sure, their eyes regenerate, but don't you think that that is painful for them?" I could see that she was getting worked up over it.

"Look," I told her, narrowly missing the red monster, "it sure is painful for me to let them eat me! And besides, this is just a machine—a mere vending machine, too."

"You have no feelings. I'll bet that you don't even know the nicknames of the monsters," she accused me.

"I do so," I retorted hotly during the third intermission. "Blinky, Pinky, Inky, and Stinky!"

"That's Clyde, dear," came her cold reply. "I don't know if I want to associate with a man who exploits energizers to further the death of monsters for points."

"What should I do then?" I asked her angrily. "Do you expect me to take up Asteroids, heavens forbid?"

"Yes, let's," she said, her sweet self again. "At least I can get on the leader board there."

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(for more in-depth Pac-Man analysis, read Jeffrey Alan Fiskin's very entertaining article in the November, 1981 issue of CALIFORNIA magazine.)

Elayne  
Just got your "Inside Joke"—a very pleasant and unexpected surprise (so, have you ever heard of an expected surprise?) 'Twas nice to get a 'zine that didn't deal with comic this and comic that—for the past few years I've been immersed in what must be called my comic "CAREER"—got comic comin' out my nose, was breathing comic, snorting comic, puking comic—comic, comic, comic—so it's very nice to see something that isn't comic! Oh, by the way, as a token of my esteem I'm sending you a few of my—(you guessed it)—comic!

I found it extremely interesting in points—in other places I couldn't get passed the "Inside Jokes" (I, for one, have never seen Floyd, so references don't make sense) however—"there's no prob with Bob" so I see you're heading in the right direction (Monkey-Madness or is this G-Marxism at its lowest common denominator?)

Excuse all spelling mistakes—I'm the world's second worst speller—(there has to be someone worse than me!).

An interesting 'zine (fan-zine? newszine?? zine'zine???) to be sure...

'Ats all fer now

See you in th' funny papers—  
VALENTINO, GARDEN GROVE, CA

Dear Elayne,  
So glad to hear from you. Thank you very much for sending along "INSIDE JOKE". It is the type of original publication that I really enjoy.

The communication channel that you have created is alive and really makes the wheels turn when reading through it. Because my time has become more limited I appreciate tips such as the one in SELECTED SHORTS about "Galaxy Express".

I understand most of the pride and problems of publishing. The time intervals, paper, printing costs, layout, mailing costs etc. For every finished project so much goes on behind the scenes that the layman does not know about.

The piece by Clay Geerdes "DID I KNOW 1968 PERSONALLY?" is an expert piece of observation by a person with a very sharp eye for detail and substance. This coupled with a sharp a pithy writing style has produced a minor classic in eyewitness history.—outstanding!

I have not read all of the newsletter yet. I want to get this note on the way as soon as possible.

I did give Steve [Scharff—see "A DIFFERENT WINDOW"] the permission to reprint the illos so feel free to use them. I only request the customary © VERNON GRANT 1981

INSIDE JOKE is a pleasant surprise and will go far. Keep up the good work....

Sincerely,  
VERNON GRANT, CAMBRIDGE, MA



## QUEEN JAP

Words by Joe Ismach; submitted by Sue Rosner upon request

[Sung to the tune of "King Tut"]  
(Queen JAP! Queen JAP! Queen JAP!)  
Now when she was a young girl  
She was as sweet as candy (Queen JAP!)  
But now she's so much older  
and thinks that she's a queen  
(Queen JAP) How to be so snotty  
(Snotty JAP) "You can have my body"

Born in Brooklyn, N-Y  
Moved to Great Neck, L-I } Chorus  
Queen JAP

Now all I want to do is just to get the  
plug up  
I'm not John Travolta, I'm just a mad  
lover  
(Queen JAP) She's my favorite teaser  
(Easy JAP) I'd love to get to please her

### Chorus

(JAP! JAP!) Dancin' at the disco!  
(JAP! JAP!) Her clothes don't scare me,  
they're as phony as can be  
Gave her old Sassoons to charity  
("I DID WHAT?")

(JAP! JAP!) Golden chai!  
(JAP! JAP!) She's a Jew, and  
he's Italiano!

A marriage made in heaven! (Queen JAP)

And when she's dancing, they can tell that  
she's a slut  
Don't want no fancy guys, just want to get  
picked up

(Queen JAP) She could've won an Emmy  
(Queen JAP) Buried in her Gucci's

Born in Brooklyn, N-Y  
Moved to Great Neck, L-I  
She was born in Brooklyn, N-Y  
Got a Corvette painted white! Queen JAP!

(It's girls like that that make you sick...)

(untitled)

by Chris Estey

Bring on the lions, said the Avatar  
His one black eye on the Christians  
My heart rendered as flesh came down  
And splashed across the Emperor's gown  
But the most vulnerable of the lot  
Bronze most certainly not  
His eyes spoke of wisdom and street truth  
His long ago fame rooted in desperate youth

The noise he made was less than perfect  
They did not let him within the area  
Instead the chambers were his place of death  
The Avatar laughed as the captive grew meaner

Busting out of his lifelong chains  
And into the fires of a rich man's death  
As political soul felt the private pain  
Of lost gods heated evil breath

Decay was his downfall  
But he still held strong to his heart  
Even as sunrise came to call  
As the disease tore his flesh apart

But no one noticed

And as more of his kind suffer everyday  
As his mysterious torture remains shrouded  
The Avatar watches us from his castle away  
And every sunrise makes him laugh louder

No one noticed  
No one even noticed.

(UNTITLED)

by Sue Kaufmann

As I've discovered,  
life goes on and things  
aren't always as bad as you think  
they'll be.

Time is an anesthetic  
it softens the bad  
Mellows the good until  
you don't know what is fact  
and what is dream.

And you can't discern fact from fiction,  
So you leave your memories to dusty  
journals,  
a fairy tale from long ago.

## POETRY CORNER

### THIS ISSUE- ORANGATANGS

By Wm. B. Skipperway

1  
O, what is that on the chimney-top?  
The chimney-top? The chimney-top?  
O, what is that on the chimney-top?  
'Tis Olly the Orang!  
Come down, Olly!  
Come down, Olly!  
Come down, Olly!  
'Tis Olly the Orang!  
(17th century nursery poem)

2  
Bang, bang, bang,  
Daddy shot a rang,  
Made him into oupokes,  
Everybody sang.

3  
1,2,3,4,  
How many rang are at the door?  
(English counting rhyme)

4  
Rangs are fun and  
Rangs are neat.  
The ground is where  
They use their feet.

5  
A rang of acidic salorum,  
Mundied up a diastatic decorum,  
So his friends said the alas,  
For the alain on the palms,  
And so for the lupins, begorram!

6  
It's a happy day!  
The rangs are prancing!  
The things are playing!  
The gibe are dancing!

It's a merry day!  
The bells are ringing!  
The rangs are humming!  
The clouds are singing!

It's a cheery day!  
All the rangs can see  
That things are as peaceful  
As peaceful can be!

7  
It's Easter day in Happy Town!  
And there's even a bright red clown!  
He is frolicking, merry and gay,  
celebrating easter day!

8  
Olly the Orangatang has seven magic rings  
That give him magic powers to do all sorts  
of things!

9  
Bomp, bomp  
Momp

10  
Shake it up baby now!  
Oompah, oompah

### "SEX CHANGES THINGS"

by Bill-Dale Marcinko

The thrill of taking chances  
Of fucking guys at random  
The fading traces, human faces  
The sad dead weight of lust  
The execution of the hunt  
The recurring taste of cunt

Hysterical shoppers  
Add up the numbers  
The doctors say, this is the way  
Phil Donahue says this is for you  
Book psychiatrists say it's healthy

But sexual liberation  
Does not imply freedom  
Sexual liberation  
Does not imply freedom

We are not simple as machines  
And real life is not as clean  
As you imagine in your dreams  
Or see on porno movie screens  
Sex changes things

Sex changes things  
Sex changes things  
Sex changes things  
Sex changes things

etc. etc. etc. etc.

RANGS  
RULE!

## SONGS\* POETRY:

### HOLOGRAM/ALTER-EGO

by "Rev." Chris Moran

I spend each day all alone.  
A bare bulb illuminates my room.  
Dreaming...yet still awake.

All of my thoughts flow  
Into a reservoir;  
Waiting...waiting for the dam to break.

A disc floats over to the turntable.  
The music's resounding in my head.  
I close my eyes, but still I see the light.

A fanfare starts within my brain;  
My body begins to disintegrate.  
Fragments of me float out into the night.

My mind expands to fill the sky  
'Til nothing is beyond my grasp.  
It's too late now to wonder why;  
My journey's begun...the die is cast.

My thoughts propel me towards tomorrow.  
All the ground that I've known is gone.  
I'm torn between elation and sorrow.  
Solar winds whisper an eternal song.

Unable to cope  
With the problems I confront,  
I've got to find something  
To ease the pain.  
Drugs are alright  
For a little relief,  
But I'd rather be  
Insane.

Seeking treasures unknown to Man;  
Chasing legends unheard by human ears.  
Trying, in vain, to comprehend.  
Fighting desperately to overcome my fears.

Traversing time into eternity  
Until I reach the object of my quest.  
I have travelled to infinity,  
And now the Cosmic King welcomes his  
misguided guest.

Unable to cope  
With the problems I confront,  
I've got to find something  
To ease the pain.  
Drugs are alright  
For a little relief,  
But I'd rather be  
Insane.

I seem to sense my pulse begin to slow,  
And so I open my eyes, to see  
A pure white room, with pillows on the walls,  
And nobody here...but me.

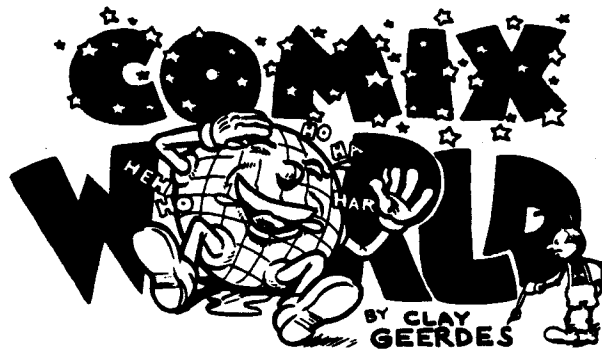
I spend each night  
All alone...

### LIGHTHOUSE

(A poem for free prisoners)  
by Ralph J. Hobbs

it's funny  
how talking never  
really  
explains/anything  
but the extent  
we've grown comfortable  
in our personal ignorance  
from years of practice...  
veiled reality lingers  
just the other side  
of our accepted illusions/receding  
as we draw near/vanishing completely  
on closer inspection  
leaving behind  
only dissatisfaction and habit  
to guide us  
thru madness...





Hallowe'en in the Bay Area. Weird Christmas. Hallowe'en used to be a normal unobtrusive little holiday, kids in sheets and dime store masks cadging candy and apples from the neighborhood folks brave enough to leave their porchlights on; but all that changed in 1975 when Margo St. James and COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics) put on the first big masquerade ball. The event was a benefit for COYOTE, an organization which assists hookers. Why do hookers need assistance? What's a hooker? Hookers are women who sell sexual acts for money. They dislike being called prostitutes, because that is a vice squad term, a negative one. Margo St. James, it is said, once turned a couple of tricks when she was down on her luck. The experience taught her that hooking ain't all that much fun. Matter of fact, it can be downright dangerous and more than a little disgusting, men expecting things of hookers they would never ask of their wives or proper womenfriends. Margo got to know a lot of hookers and was soon into COYOTE, the first organization of its kind. The first Hooker's Ball made a lot of money and the second one was bigger and they got bigger and bigger until Margo saw herself becoming a kind of feminist Bill Graham. She didn't wanna do that. Not that she didn't enjoy media stardom, she just didn't see that kind of fame fulfilling her initial purpose. I used to hear a lot of people say she was in it for the money, but I saw Margo on the street one afternoon and that one moment convinced me she was for real. She was with a young woman. The woman's face was black and blue from a beating. Margo was supporting her, comforting her, mothering her. I don't know what happened to the woman, but it's likely she was beaten by her pimp for not bringing in enough cash. Or just to keep her in line. (you want to know what the scene is like in North Beach, you can read BLACK PLAYERS by Chris Miller) Well, I'm a freelance writer and photographer and the Hooker's Ball was great copy and photography and I was a regular. Hallowe'en became the big thing around San Francisco. People would have their own parties, then go down to Polk Street and promenade. Hooker's Balls got so big they had to be held at Civic Auditorium or the Cow Palace. This year Margo had a small party at Keystone in North Beach. The old Hooker's Ball people shifted over to Louis Abolafia's Exotic-Erotic Ball at the Long-Shoreman's Union Hall near Fisherman's Wharf. I was at Louis' "love-in" and if you think four thousand people in one room is fun, you would have loved it. I found it an exercise in public anxiety and paranoia. I saw a lot more fear and anger than laughter and gaiety. The women were particularly insecure. Why? Because a lot of lone men go to this type of party so they can dissolve into the anonymity of the crowd and behave in unsocial and uncivilized ways. There were many women working their way around the floor wearing very little, mostly underwear and see through gowns and

filmy lace tops. A heaven for underwear fetishists. Most men just watch, but there are always those who consider women running around in public in their underwear fair game. These guys grab and in the midst of a mob, there is little the woman or anyone else can do about it. Some of them get mean. Some women yell and call names. Escorts make macho sounds. Fights would occur if there were space, but there is no space. The guy who felt a woman's ass is half way onto the packed dance floor by the time she can react and most of the time she doesn't know whose hand it was. If you've been to a packed rock concert, you know what I mean by no space. This Ball was oversold and hundreds of people were out in front, pissed because they couldn't get in. Those inside couldn't get back in if they went out. Couples were split up. Going to the john was impossible and if you couldn't hold your water for several hours you were in trouble. The stage was on low risers and only the people right in front of it saw much of anything. Punk bands like Edge, Kicks, The Lloyds, and Chrome Dinette blasted away. Some male strippers from North Beach did their thing, this being the fad right now. It's true. The clubs that used to feature topless women and mud wrestlers are now filled with women watching young men go-go dance and strip. Carol Doda, who pioneered topless dancing at the Condor Club in 1964, is still dancing there. Longshoreman's in the union Hall in North Beach. I'm standing on a chair. Near me is a woman sitting in a bathtub full of cotton. At the other end of the tub is her husband in a shower costume. They stay there all evening. She can't see a thing. Everyone stops to pop a picture of them. I've never understood people that come to a party in an uncomfortable costume. The heat is terrible. Those guys in the chicken and rabbit costumes must be suffocating. It's as bad as working inside Mickey Mouse at Disneyland. I know they are people who want to remain anonymous, but why go at all? Most of the people here have standard masks and predictable costumes. The wealthy are slumming. I always know them. They still have this itch for European titles. They have money, but they don't have royalty. They dress like Pharoahs and Kings and Counts and Dukes and Queens and Countesses. Then there are the guys in tuxedos leading their wives around on slave necklaces. A woman in her sixties with rings in her pierced nipples. The San Francisco S/M underground surfacing. A few fragments of reality. Actually, Hallowe'en is less fantasy than you might believe. That woman did not have her nipples pierced for this party and she wears those rings at many other times, undoubtedly at parties more private than this one. A young couple is getting a lot of media attention near me. The reason. She has beautiful breasts and they are showing. Thousands of pictures are taken of them. A t-v reporter is interviewing them. I remember when they first came in. She was shy then and kept her black lace top together. Now she has forgotten it. Exhibiting her titties for all the daddies and big brothers out there. Nearby a woman dances with her two male slaves. Defiant expressions on all their faces. There are a few drag queens here tonight, but not many. There were a lot of them at the previous Hookers' Balls. They must be avoiding this scene. Lots of skinheads and punks with their scars and chopped-up hair and easter egg dye jobs. One asshole threatens to break my camera if I take his picture. I consider cracking him over the head with it, but it's a momentary impulse and he's lost in the mob anyway. The flowing mass. Like protoplasm under a microscope. Hallowe'en, 1981.

-Clay Geerdes  
Berkeley, California

# BOWTIES AND OTHER SEX OBJECTS

by Morgan La Fey

In the age of the caveman, bowties were used like signals or flags. Examples: a red polka-dot meant danger, blue meant war, and an orange plaid meant bad taste in bowties. The only problem the cavepeople found was they had nowhere to clip a bowtie on. A clever homo(sapien) by the name of Halston soon invented simple button-down shirts which became almost as popular as the bowtie.

Europeans got their first taste of bowties when Columbus returned from his voyage bringing spices, jewels and many assorted bowties. He told tales of a strange Indian race which strangesavage sacrificial (say that one three times fast!) bowtie rituals.

The new-found style increased demand for the bowtie in the import market, and soon many ships from all over the world were travelling to this strange new land in search of more bowties.

The captain of such a ship, Amerigo Vespucci, knew a good thing when he saw it, and soon bought the whole continent from the Indians for a few pounds of ziti. There he set up an exporting business, and named the continent America. *\*\*the end\*\**

## IMMA U.S.

(for those of you who liked "A Dog Named Sex"...) *Author Unknown*

One day Ima go to Detroit to a bigga hotel. I go down to eat breakfast. I tella the waitress I wanna two piss's toast. She branga me only onna piss. I tella her I wanna two piss, she say go to the toilet. I say you no understand. I wanna two piss ona my plate. She say you better not piss ona the plate, you sonna ma bitch. I don't even know the lady and she call me a sonna ma bitch.

Later, I go to eat lunch at Drake Restarant. The waitress bringa me a spoon ana knife, but no fock. I tella her I wanna fock. She tella me everybody wanna fock. I tella her you no understand. I wanna fock on the table. She say you better not fock ona the table, you sonna ma bitch.

So I go back to my room inna hotel ana there's no shit on my bed. I calla the manager and tell him I wanna shit. He tella me to go to the toilet, so I say you no understand, I wanna shit on my bed. He say you better not shit ona the bed, you sonna ma bitch. I go to check out and the man ata the desk he say peace to you. I say piss onna you too, you sonna ma bitch. I go back to Italy.

## MIDTOWN NY **Street Vendors UPDATE**

Check out the Felafel man on 43rd and 5th Ave.! French fries, or did I read wrong? Whatever they are, they're 50¢...Beware of warm woolies! Now that winter approaches, the vendors are getting last licks in before they hang it up for the cold months (actually that's not quite accurate—I've seen some staunch sellers even in bitter snow). If I were you, I'd bypass the \$3 nightgowns. Oh, they are definitely as warm as they look, and they're pretty and longwearing and cheap, but I think they must be made for transvestites. The manufacturers did not seem to have taken breasts into account. So unless you look similar to a pear, don't buy them. Socks, on the other hand, the thick kind, are usually a good buy. Two for \$3 in front of Penn, when you can find the vendors. But a bit of a caveat emptor on the tops they're selling. Sweatshirts are fine, but you never know how tops (sweater-type, cardigans, etc.—y'know, prep stuff) fit. Well, if you do, if you're the kind of person who can just walk into a boutique and point and say, "That one" and walk out sans dressing room, fine. But for most of us, the \$8 price on catch-as-catch-can tops isn't worth the risk...As the (dare I say it?) holidays get nearer, you'll see lots of neat presents on the streets, waiting for the good little boys and girls to pass by and start screaming and whining, "Mommy, I want it, get me that, I WANT IT!". 34th, especially. My favorites are the Freddy and Frieda frog puppets, at \$5 each. There are also handmade clowns and such, if that's your thing. And for adults, always, always, jewelry and bags...

# Self-Indulgence of the Worst Kind, Or, Why is This Man Smiling?

by Jill Zimmerman

## A STEPHEN KING RE-ROSELECT

Is it possible that there are still people who are not familiar with Stephen King? That one-man growth industry who cranks out consistently bone-chilling horror fiction? For those of you who are unfamiliar with this worthy successor to H.P. Lovecraft, Rod Serling, and the like, Stephen is one of the most prolific writers of legitimate fiction of our time. At the age of 34, he has written seven novels, an anthology of short stories, and an in-depth study of the horror genre, over 25 million copies of which have been sold. Two of his novels (*The Shining* and *Carrie*) have been made into motion pictures for theatre distribution, and *Salem's Lot* was adapted for television. His longest and best novel, *The Stand*, is scheduled to be filmed by George Romero.

King's novels are eminently filmable, despite their macabre nature. Most current films which identify themselves as "horror" films, rely solely on "gross-out" shock value, with abundant gore. Film adaptations of King's works reflect his ability to distort the phenomena of normal life into a horrifying nightmare. His characters are "just plain folks," usually from small towns. They drink, fight, have kids, affairs, and flatulence. They use commonly known products (described in meticulous detail, including product names). The only difference between them and the likes of you and me, is the situations into which they are plunged. King takes the demons out of our psyches - the part of us that turns the pile of blankets in the closet into a terrifying monster. The part that wonders if there really is a devil. The part of us that hates our loved ones. Our fear of the unknown.

I will here comment on what I feel are King's best works. In *The Dead Zone*, a young man is plunged into a coma for five years after an automobile accident. He awakens to find a changed world, aged parents, and his girlfriend as another man's wife and the mother of a child. But this is no mere story of a man's readjustment of a new world after a long illness. For John Smith (yes, that's his real name), has gained psychic powers as a result of the accident. King uses this power as a tool to comment on religious fanaticism, political corruption, and basic human trust.

*Firestarter* takes on medical technology as its boogeyman. A college couple take part in a drug experiment, marry, and have a child. What follows is a nightmare of individuals trying to combat a sinister force, that force being an organization of research sanctioned by the U.S. government. For the child of Andy and Vicky McGee has pyrokinetic ability - the ability to spontaneously start fires. Here an innocent child is forced, at a young age, to grapple with the good and evil parts of her own soul, with the evil manifested so profoundly in such a horrifying way. In these days of talk about "winnable" nuclear wars, a story such as this, in which individuals may be so cold-bloodedly sacrificed in the supposed interests of the society as a whole, this story almost crosses the line between horror-fantasy and chilling reality.

*Cujo*, King's most recent novel, creates an entirely new genre of its own - the tear-jerker horror story. *Cujo* is a Saint Bernard owned by the Camber family of Castle Rock, Maine. A loveable, loyal, friendly, bumbling soul, he finds his way into a cave, and is bitten by rabies-infected bats. King injects some irrelevant adultery into his story in order to create a showdown between Donna Trenton and her son Tad (who claims to have seen "the monster" in his closet), and the voraciously rabid *Cujo*. This passage is overly drawn-out, but no less effective, as both predator and prey take on the role of victim. For those of us who cut our teeth on the Walt Disney film *101 Dalmatians*, *Lassie Come Home* and Albert Payson Terhune's highly romanticized collie books, *Cujo* tears apart our cornball natures which are highly susceptible to the misfortunes of animals. The weakness in *Cujo* lies in King's ambiguity as to the exact nature of *Cujo*'s metamorphosis. Is he merely a rabid dog, or has he fallen victim to a demonic possession (in this case, the spirit of a long-dead mass-murderer)? King seems unable to decide, perhaps to some revulsion on his part at what his mind has done to this poor doggie. Whatever his motivations, the graphic depiction of a dog ravaged by disease (the story is periodically told from the dog's point of view, a tool which is particularly gut-wrenching) is sufficiently horrifying in itself, particularly since rabies is well within our conception of totally plausible reality. After reading this book, we long to give old Fido a hug, just to convince ourselves that he is all right. But even as we hug that furry body, we wonder at what may lie within: the faithful family pet.

Probably his best novel, *The Stand* is a ponderously long, meticulously detailed story which utilizes technological Armageddon and Satan vs. God moralism to make a statement on human nature. King, with his magic pen, destroys 99.4% of the U.S. population by means of a "superflu", against which a handful of people remain inexplicably immune. Through some vague, two-level psychic force, they find themselves drawn together, and then towards leaders representing God and Satan. The God figure is an elderly black woman, in accordance with King's "just plain folks" characterizations. The Satan figure is a young man who combines messianic qualities, sinister manipulation of the psyche, and a perverse, bone-chilling sexuality. The plot plows meticulously on to a showdown between the forces of good and evil. Here is King at his moralistic best.

Like Rod Serling, that revered figure of modern horror fiction, King is intensely moralistic. All of his works contain some measure of social comment. Since the very nature of the horror genre is to bring out the side of humanity which is generally kept hidden, King exploits this fact to slap us in the face with it. His evil characters are far more multi-dimensional than the virtuous. We are shown their inner motivations in much greater detail. But be the evildoer rewarded or punished, we are left with an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps the author has, for a brief moment, opened the Pandora's box in our own minds.

*Danse Macabre* is King's first non-fiction work. It is an in-depth study of the horror genre. Although greatly entertaining, it is largely the self-indulgent prattle of an enormously successful writer who is maybe becoming a bit full of his own wonderfulness. As the unquestioned guru of the horror fan of the '80's, King sits on his throne (No doubt, it moves across the room without explanation) preaching the horror gospel, while throwing out cutesy asides just to prove that he is still "just a regular guy."

This "cutesy" quality is beginning to detract from the power of his plot lines. Like a Stanley Kubrick film, King's works contain references to his previous books - a sort of built-in advertising device. *Cujo* takes place in the same town as *The Dead Zone*, and refers to a mass-murder recounted in same. In *The Dead Zone*, after one of John Smith's prophecies comes true, a girl shrieks "You made it happen! Just like in that movie *Carrie*!" Of course, this device is great fun to his fans, who re-read his books, looking for the hidden reference. We hapless fans sit, with pencil in hand, checking and re-checking to be sure we haven't missed any. Come on, Steve, give us poor souls a break!

However much we may damn his self-indulgence, envy his success, wish to throw darts at that smug, self-satisfied face peering out from the book jacket, seeming to say "Ha ha, you sucker, you've paid money again for me to put the eggbeater in your brain!", we King addicts still haunt Barnes and Noble, waiting breathlessly for our next fix to be published. In the world of literary criticism, King is no doubt lumped together with the likes of Judith Krantz, Sidney Sheldon, and Rosemary Rogers as a purveyor of mere pulp fiction. However, be he damned or praised, there are millions of other poor souls like myself, who snort Stephen King books like cocaine, proselytize their merits to our friends, and perpetuate the phenomenal success of this writer, as we go cackling madly off into the night.

★ ★ ★

If you have not yet returned your questionnaire, you may still do so. Please get it back to me as soon as is humanely possible (in other words, gimme a break) as I want to publish some results next issue.

New Hope for Nuclear Waste.....

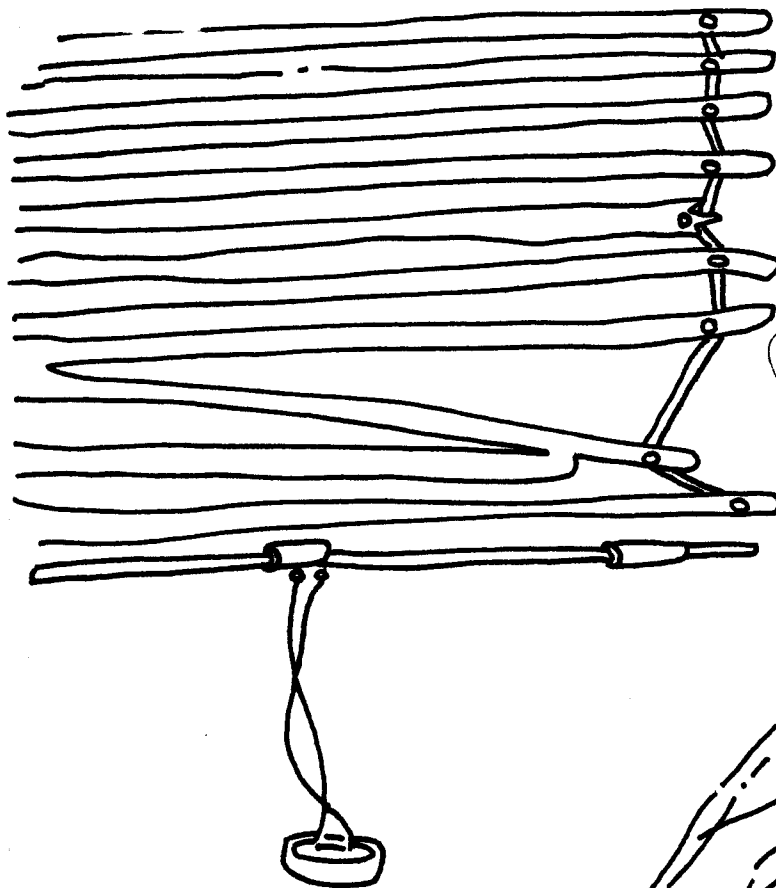
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