

"A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY AND CREATIVITY"

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 ISSUE NUMBER 9 (no. 9, no. 9...) COST: \$1 OR 40¢ SASE/Stamps  
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APRIL, 1982

## Round Pegs

"Looks like a hip crowd tonight," Jaclyn whispered to Arlene after briefly poking her head out the side of the curtain.

"Beyond drug jokes?" Ar inquired; her companion nodded. "Great. No 'LCD' tonight... Think they'd get the 'Magic Garden' bit, or are they too 'growd-up-looking'?"

"Well, let's try the short intro, and if they catch on, we can ad-lib into the expanded one."

"Mm," Ar nodded. She peered out over Jac's shoulder. "Shit, looks all male, again."

"What, in hell's name, do you expect?" Trying to hold her flaring temper in check, Jac turned with shoulders stiffened. "Look Ar, we've been over this too many times, and you know I understand, but there's nothing we...it's like this: Women aren't into standup comedy. Women aren't into science fiction. Women aren't appreciated or involved in any number of things you've gotten into—co-ed frats, poetry readings, even those intellectual cliques you're tripping on right now. It's all lip service, hot-shot." 'Hotshot' was one of many terms of friendship and affection, used between the two in normal conversation, which took the place of 'man'. "That one group, the anarchist one? Claims to defer to a female deity? Who's kidding who, kid? Sexual revolutions? For whom? The only purpose any woman has in their 'free-thinking' dogma is sexual, not intellectual like the 'big boys'. Hey hey—" as Ar started to protest—"I've read the literature too. What about that religion parody? Where the hell are there any articles written by, or even about, women? We're as absent in the hip cults as we are in the boring ones, like the comic book shit, or the pimply teenage boys rolling their eyes at the merest suggestion that female sci fi authors are freer in thought and more interesting than...and knowin' that the only place we'll ever really feel comfortable is the bathroom?...Look, I don't wanna lecture you again. We left NOW 'cause of that bullshit. Ain't nothin' we can do about it, deah. Just be us and hope we can find more like us..."

"Thanks, I 'm in a wonderful mood for the act now."

"Hey, you started it...aw, c'mon, buck up. It's their money we're takin', as a certain partner of mine is fond of saying. Anyway, it's not that gloomy, really, these guys don't seem the heckling type, maybe we can stow the comebacks tonight..."

"The hell we can. They'll say it, they always do, like predictable clockwork. Even when it doesn't seem sexist or biased to them, it's still gonna irk. That's the worst part, y'know?, when guys don't know they're doing it, and they think they're beyond it but you see it coming through anyway...remember that comedy rag we useta do? It was fun 'n all, but like, we were so hypocritical, we were running it and all this misogyny comes SEEPING through anyway, and we never said a word to any of them, never tried to stop 'em, how many of those 'creative' stories even had decent women characters, or any believable women...using those cutesy 'hir' pronouns is one thing, but how many of those guys really went for it? I mean, it was just the trend, right? '60's, miniskirts, '80's was mock feminism...Another excuse to get laid without conscience...Shit this sex garbage is boring...hey Ace, the singer's done, let's go."

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, please welcome two very funny gals indeed ("why I'll moidah da guy"—"Ar, I thought this was out of your system—look, we'll talk more later, eh?"), Jaclyn Romano and Arlene Yakomoto!"

"Hey kid, small victory—least he didn't say 'Miss', huh? C'mon, break a leg, see you in the funny papers!" *ew*

# EVENTS

## BE LATED

APRIL 6 - NATE MISHAAN (26)

## UPCOMING

MAY 5 - MALLORY MANN (?)

MAY 8 - It's off to L.A. for this 'un...

MAY 12 - CAROL PAPE (21)

MAY 16 - sorry, coming back here

MAY 24 - BILL-DALE MARCINKO (23)

AND DON'T FORGET—BECAUSE OF THE CALIFORNIA TRIP, THE DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO THE MAY ISSUE OF IJ IS MAY FIFTH (5)! NONE ACCEPTED LATER (Take Heed, Staff Writers)!!

If there are any events you'd like taken note of in this blurb, such as conventions, birthdays, memorable events in somebody's life, let me know by the deadline...

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\* INSIDE JOKE is put on by Elayne Wechsler, unbeknownst even to \*  
\* herself. There is nothing, after all, so obscure that we can \*  
\* not complicate it still further. \*

\* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....ELAYNE WECHSLER \*  
\* PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: whoever's around at the moment..... \*

### STAFF WRITERS

\* CHRIS ESTEY CLAY GEERDES SUE KAUFMANN \*  
\* NATE MISHAAN GERRY REITH SUE ROSNER \*  
\* KERRY THORNLEY PAUL ZUCKERMAN \*

Book Reviews by JILL ZIMMERMAN

\* BABOON DOOLEY comic strips by JOHN CRAWFORD \*  
\* MASTHEAD FOR APRIL by ANDY KAMM \*  
\* BACK PAGE FILLER by TULI KUPFERBERG \*

### OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH:

\* SUSAN BENCUYA MICHAELA DUNCAN ROLDO \*  
\* GREG BLAIR KEN FILAR JULIAN ROSS \*  
\* PHILIP BRAMSON STEVE FLORILLA BILL SHUT \*  
\* EUGENE T. CALDWELL VERNON GRANT JAMES TAUSCHER \*  
\* CRAIG CHILDRESS OLIVIA JASEN T.J. TELLIER \*  
\* CHRIS DOWNEY BILL-DALE MARCINKO PEGGY TULLY \*  
\* RICK PARTRIDGE \*

\* ads from BOB BLACK (The Last International); REV. IVAN STANG \*  
\* (Church of the SubGenius); REV. JESSE SUMP (Church of the \*  
\* Anarchist Avatar) \*

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\* c. 1982 Pen-Elayne Enterprises - KIP M. GHESIN, President \*

\* DEADLINE FOR WRITTEN/ARTISTIC SUBMISSIONS FOR MAY is MAY 5TH \*  
\* (see opposite for address) - Monetary Submissions accepted \*  
\* ANY TIME \*

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## acknowleditorialetc.

Lest new readers think didacticism is my wont, I assure you that I do try to limit myself to the front page (well?... ) and sometimes this column. I just had to get that bit out of my system. Even so, I must apologize to those freer thinkers among my readership, and of course to my own guilty conscience, for some of the articles within this month. One can't change the world—only one's little corner of it. And though I DETEST the concept of an actual "format" for INSIDE JOKE, I would ask that in the future, folks who wish to submit stories, comedy articles, columns, etc. to IJ consider what they're writing. It doesn't really bother me when the work is deliberately mocking and sarcastic (as Leonard Maltin says, it seems to be okay to do that today, as long as everyone knows you're being in deliberate bad taste), but it's the subtle undertones that bother me. Ken Filar, are male dogs the only ones that mutate? Then why in hell's name refer to dogs with 'he'? Clay Geerdes, all I can say is thank Grid there are no female thieves and burglars...seriously, Clay writes about a very touchy subject for women, that being rape & all, and this month's article would seem to touch most on women's concerns (no words of advice for men, though?), but to postulate as an example a world where gals w/ purses go to movies with their boyfriends (RAIDERS, yet)...I'm not entirely sure many readers will understand what I mean by subtle sexism. It's the kind that isn't easy to define, but you know something's not quite right when you read it, that the writer simply assumes too much, that things in the world are this way and that, and that's all, we can write about subjects totally unrelated to the concept of feminism (which is what is done, correctly so—this is not a "feminist" paper) and we don't have to really think about what we say because it's not important to the topic...Words are our most powerful weapons (though I defer to Ken in that no, they don't quite make us armless). When we use them thoughtlessly, when we imply our ignorance and narrow assumptions by the way in which we use them, we can't be as free-thinking and creative as we claim. Let's move beyond that, please.

I hope the new margins I'm trying to do (for IBM Selectric III fans, that's 35-100 elite, reduced, instead of the old 35-95) can fill out the paper a bit. Ah, the joy of experimentation.

Thanks to James Middleton, Peggy Tully, Gareth Richardson, and Charlie Smith for making it possible for me to buy stamps to send this issue out. Ah yes, and Bob Duguyler, too. Local Church of the SubGenius, P.O. Box 1185, Richland, WA 99352. Good stuff. I have decided that I'm not going to force any subscribers to pay a dollar rather than send me two stamps per issue (we still and always will, for new readers, have a NO ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTION policy, the reason being that I make no promises that any issue after the next one will come out, and can therefore absolve myself of all guilt having never made implicit [monetary] promises in the first place, smart huh). However, it is my firm hope (she said in her best "politician-ese") that those of you out there with any kind of conscience/warm heart will realize that IJ still loses about \$50 per month (I said my stamps tend to be all paid for by donations, but my printing cost is still from my pocket) and decide to opt for sending me a buck a month instead of the two stamps. That is the explanation for the "COST" space on top of the front page.

Thanks also to Cat Yronwode, & John Fremont of CONTACT HIGH, for their plugs of IJ. I think. The great thing about not taking any of this too seriously is that ambivalent comments sort of run right by me, thank goodness sensitive devil that I am. Let's just put it that way—most reviewers, pro reviewers that is, still do not seem to get the joke...

Kip thought it best that I abandon my own short story career for awhile, and s/he's usually right, so "Voice of Your Choice" will no longer run serialized in these pages. No loss. Kip, however, will continue to invade occasionally. S/he is the ghost writer for "Whozits", in case you hadn't guessed.

NOW FOR THE REAL IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO STAFF WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Since I am going to California next month (L.A. 5/8 thru 5/10, S.F. then till 5/14, then back to L.A.—I desperately want to meet all my IJ friends in that area, please let me know if we can get together during that time!), I urge all my contributors EXCEPT STAFF WRITERS to refrain from sending me anything for May, as I will be bringing out the PSEUDO-ISSUE (as opposed to my former title NON-ISSUE) then. Yes, it will have IJ Questionnaire #3, everyone please answer it and send it back, I ask for so little, sigh...STAFF WRITERS, I AM SAYING IT HERE AND NOW: IF I DO NOT HAVE YOUR ARTICLES FOR THE MAY PSEUDO-ISSUE BY MAY FIFTH (5th), YOU WILL NOT PARTICIPATE IN THAT ISSUE. Clay, Kerry, Gerry and Paul need not worry, I've a backlog for each of you. The others better get on the ball, no more lateness can be tolerated (aw, c'mon guys, ok?)...

Okay, yes yes. More tv reviews next issue, why not...

SEND STAMPS/MONEY/WRITINGS/ART TO ME AT:

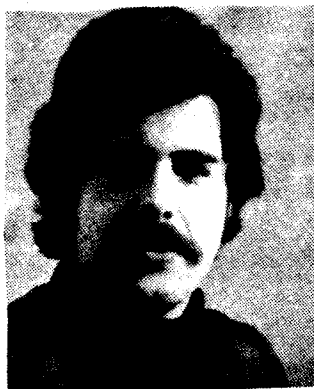
418 East Third Avenue  
Roselle, New Jersey 07203

Right, two more things. Thanks again to Bill-Dale for getting me more fiction than I know what to do with (I just hope those folks realize the kind of rag IJ is, which I believe Billy neglected to mention—we're not professional or paying, people); and sincere apologies to Lisa Bottini, she knows why. Ta.

(RE)CALLING DR. MEMORY...

# Natotorial by Nate Mishan

# SELECTED SHORTS



"Another Natotorial?"

an adolescent, I viewed programs like LW as being artificial and "establishment"!

2) THE NEW SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE: I've always enjoyed shock value in literature like the stuff the late Lenny Bruce wrote, but come on, NBC. The new SNL's audience must be composed solely of adolescents from Great Neck who only laugh due to peer pressure. SNL is nowhere today. I have given 'em as much slack as possible, but have reached the conclusion that without Franken, Davis, Ackroyd, Belushi, Michaels, et al. it just will never be the same. The new SNL is to the old SNL as wings is to the Beatles. Lukewarm phlegm at best.

3) SCTV: I've watched it grow and I think it's ready for prime time. I seldom laugh, except when watching people wearing Walkman headphones get run over by speeding trucks or when seeing Bill-Dale Needle (just kidding, Bull), Great White North, Gerry Todd (who would probably be a CB radio aficionado if VHS and Beta machines weren't around), Sammy Maudlin and other bits that come to mind. My complaint with SCTV is that its position in the NBC lineup is doing a great injustice to its creators and talent, as well as its viewers. How can shit like SNL III occupy a spot that SCTV deserves? It's SHIT FOR BRAINS decisions like those of SCTV's schedulers that are killing NBC.

4) Winder and wet weather—Good god...a little warm weather...a few flowers...and then all this fucking snow! The ankle of mine that IJ readers have been hearing about is a better weatherman than Storm Field which brings me to #5

5) THE 5:00 NEWS: I'm mad as hell and can't take it anymore. All this cutesy shit is driving me up de wall. We all know that capped teeth, healthy hair and stories about teenage prostitution and kiddie porn boost ratings, but come on, enuf is enuf! Storm Field (Dr. Frank Field's son—I'm sure you already know that) lacks credibility as a newsmen, and is tied with Bill Boggs and John Davidson as heartthrobs for American Princesses and frigid preppies.

I can go on but I am starting to become bored with the aforementioned. I better get back to work soon, otherwise I'm bound to lose the sanity I once had. I used to love TV; I've overdozed on it. I am currently selling my Broadcasting BA. I am ashamed that I have studied TV production. The term "state of the art" is constantly being used to describe TV things; however, in 1982 it should be changed to "state of the schlock". I tip my hat to SCTV, Letterman, Hill Street, Bosom Buddies, Report to Murphy, Get Smart and Broadway Video's Saturday Night Live.

Where was I last month? I was working on writing radio commercials for my new non-profit organization, NATE MISHAN ADVERTISING, recuperating, researching late breaking developments in computer and video technology, printing pictures that have been in glassines too long, engaging myself in deep depression, and seeing my new team of 4, yes count them, 4 lawyers. I don't know how much longer I can write for IJ due to my inability to laugh. Since writing last for IJ, two heroes of mine, Murray the K (the true "fifth Beatle", as opposed to Ed Rudy) and John Belushi, passed on. One of the reasons why our current culture is like yogurt culture, sour, is due to the lack of appreciation true genius has been receiving, a shit economy and a resurgence of the ME society. I hate to sound like an alarmist, but I think that Video games, MTV, Sony Walkmans, Ronald Reagan, nuclear weapons, Guatemala, depressed "swinging" singles, crime, Religious TV programming and all-news radio are barometers of a dying culture. I am not above what I have mentioned; I've even played (and enjoyed) video games, on a five-foot Advent screen, on an Apple computer hooked up to an SAE 200+ Watt Amp through speakers with balls. This Natotorial is not a suicidotorial, just that I've been happier at other points in my life. On April 4th 1982, I turned 26, and spent my birthday reassessing my priorities and goals, and have reached the conclusion that if things don't change, I'm going to die. My death won't be self-inflicted; either La Bamba, Indian Point or Pot withdrawal will do it. I'll try to be more pleasant next month if the new job I was recently interviewed for comes through, and if lawyers, bills, and my recuperation stops producing pain and anxiety...

Keep smiling unless you wear braces.

Before I begin with the usual rubbish that I write, it's high time I spout verbiage re: things that are getting on my nerves...

1) CABLE TV—\$20.00 a month and the only things worth watching are ASK THE MANAGER on WSBK 38 Boston, HBO—sometimes, and Cable News Network. Does anyone watch MTV? Does anybody agree with me that MTV is nothing more than recycled "cut outs" on video-tape with cheap attempts at duplicating effects used by master film makers like Von Sternberg? Why do a bunch of kids who are wet behind the ears discussing how "swell" the schlocky contemporary music scene is? Who watches LIVEWIRE and why? Maybe I'm getting crotchty, but I am tiring of the attempts to target "tweenagers" tastes. When I was

Once again thanks go to Leonard Maltin for an enjoyable Spring '82 semester of his animation class at the New School. Here's a listing of what was shown at the last three classes:

## MARCH 17 - BEHIND THE SCENES OF CARTOONLAND

1. Van Beuren Studios—"Making a Move", otherwise titled "In a Cartoon Studio", a Jungle Jinks cartoon (1932)
2. "Pat Sullivan's Felix the Cat in "Comic Calamities (1928)
3. a live-action short subject from the Universal series Going Places, narrated by Lowell Thomas, "Cartoonland Mysteries," which took a look at Walter Lantz's studio (1936)
4. FIRST COMPLETE SHOWING IN 41 YEARS - Disney Studio's live-action 72-minute feature film The Reluctant Dragon, starring Robert Benchley (guest appearances by such Disneyites as Clarence "Donald Duck" Nash, Norm Ferguson, Ward Kimball, Frank Churchill, Freddy Moore and of course Walt)—Featured the cartoon of the same name as the movie title; the innovative pseudo-cartoon "Baby Weems"; and "Casey Jr." in a segment on sound effects. Caricatures of Disney people in opening credits by T. Hee. (1941)

## MARCH 24 - SEX, VIOLENCE AND RACISM NIGHT

1. Terrytoons—"Farmer Al Falfa's Ape Girl" (1932)
2. Van Beuren Studios—"Opening Night", w/ Cubby Bear (1933)
3. Fleischer—"Swim or Sink", w/ Betty Boop, Bimbo & Koko (1932)
4. MGM (d. Tex Avery)—"Red Hot Riding Hood" (1943)
5. Warner Bros. (d. Friz Freling)—"Sunday, Go To Meetin' Time" (1936)
6. Warner Bros. (d. Chuck Jones)—"Angel Puss" (1944)
7. Warner Bros. (d. Friz Freling)—"Bugs Bunny Nips the Nips" (1944)
8. Warner Bros. (d. Bob Clampett)—"Coal Black and de Sebben Dwarfs" (1942)

## MARCH 31 - REQUEST NIGHT

1. MGM (d. Hugh Harman)—"Peace on Earth" (1939)
  2. UFA (d. Robert Cannon)—"Madeline", from the Ludwig Bemelman book of the same name & style (1952)
  3. Fleischer—"Bimbo's Initiation" (1931)
  4. Ub Iwerks—"The King's Tailor" (1934?)
  5. Columbia (d. Charles Mintz)—"Stage Krazy", w/ Krazy Kat (1933)
  6. MGM (d. Hugh Harman)—"Bosko and the Cannibals" (1937)
  7. Warner Bros. (d. Tex Avery)—"Porky's Preview" (1941)
  8. Warner Bros. (d. Chuck Jones)—"Deduce You Say" (1951)
  9. Warner Bros. (d. Bob Clampett)—"Tin Pan Alley Cats", a good caricature of Fats Waller in what appears to be a combination of the best of "Clean Pastures" and "Porky in Wackylund" (1943)
  10. MGM (d. Tex Avery)—"Bad Luck Blackie" (1953)
- (Jill Zimmerman will never quite recover from the steamship) Jill and I will be going to the Thalia's Cartoozdays every Tuesday this summer at the Thalia (the 6pm showing), in case anyone wants to join us (no, we're not "coming apart")...

# FACTS ABOUT LOBSTERS:

"Did you know that lobsters and crawdads (or crayfish) can be trained to roll over?"

"It's true. Simply fill the bottom of an aquarium with iron filings—which may be gathered by magnets from sand or soil. Then let your pet live there for a length of time.

"The balance mechanism or third ear in such creatures contains sand which responds to gravity. Therefore, once it has lived with iron filings rather than sand long enough—all you must do is hold a magnet over it, and the animal will think it is upside down and will roll over.

"This is one of the occult secrets we Discordians don't usually tell outsiders, since the possibilities of abusing it for fraudulent purposes abound, as you can readily imagine.

"Sincerely, JESSE SUMP, Ancient Abbreviated Calif. of California"



Humans are trying to make you believe you're one of them. Don't slip back — become an OverMan, kick ass, earn big \$\$\$ through the insane SubGenius Foundation. Nothing like it anywhere.

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LAW: The only cause of crime: first and foremost of the "hurting professions." Why not try robbery for "hands-up" experience? Crime is self-help antinomianism. Lifeless law—or the lawless life? You be the judge. Nomophobes, 55 Sutter #487, S.F., CA 94104.

# Books

## I WISH I'D WRITTEN

by Jill Zimmerman

If Joanne Michaels had not written *LIVING CONTRADICTIONS: THE WOMEN OF THE BABY BOOM COME OF AGE* (Simon & Schuster, \$14.50), I would have tried to. Those of us who are women of the baby boom generation (1945-1959) have been presented with more choices than any other generation in our history. We were the best and the brightest. Born of upwardly-mobile parents, we were the children who were to carry that mobility to the pinnacle of affluence. We would have it all—material affluence and unlimited happiness, within the confines of the standard suburban lifestyle, of course.

We entered adolescence in the mid- to late 1960's, and participated in varying degrees in the social turmoil of the times. The values which we had known as children were being torn down. What would replace them? We entered adulthood in the 1970's, when the traditional values had been thrown out and replaced by conflicting choices. We were free from the constraints that had confined our mothers. But freedom is not merely "from" something, it is also "to" something. What were we now free "to?" Arriving at this fork in the road after having lived the gamut from the conventional 1950's, through the anarchical 1960's, and into the egotistical 1980's, where do we find ourselves now? How are we dealing with the open doors? How are we untangling the knows of marriage vs. freedom, career vs. family? What values have we developed to replace those of our parents, or are we living in a state of anomie (cf. Emile Durkheim: normlessness)? These are the questions which Joanne Michaels addresses in *LIVING CONTRADICTIONS*.

This book is comforting, yet at the same time, depressing. It is comforting to read about other women with the same conflicts as oneself, yet it is depressing to realize that these conflicts, and the resultant feeling of malaise is so widespread. Michaels tells the story of our generation using the format of case histories. However, one wonders, upon reading these women's stories, how representative they are. The women are all intelligent, educated, insightful, and affluent. The reader does not gain a sense of struggle from these women. Intellectually, we are all dealing with the same plurality of purpose, but some mention should be made of those who have not arrived at success in their careers, or who have not reconciled the issues of marriage and children.

The overriding feeling of this book is that the women of the baby boom want it all. We were raised to pursue happiness and fulfillment, not realizing that a certain amount of frustration is inevitable in life, that every choice means a road not taken. This is a reality that we all must, and many of us are unable to, deal with.

*LIVING CONTRADICTIONS* is interesting reading, informative and insightful. But it doesn't tell us anything we already know, nor does it pave any ground towards resolving the conflicts of this highly-publicized generation.

She is ubiquitous. Her face peers out from magazine covers, the movie screen, TV news, and now book covers. She is annoyingly trendy. One has the feeling that she sways with the wind. She often seems to be in a perpetual adolescence of self-discovery. She is Jane Fonda, and her latest venture, *THE JANE FONDA WORKOUT BOOK* (Simon & Schuster, \$17.95) is the best damn fitness book on the market today.

The problem with superachievers such as Jane Fonda, is that their own wonderfulness can cause them to lose credibility with the mortal masses. The flabby underachievers react to them with contempt, not unlike Aesop's "Fox and the Grapes" fable. We look for reasons other than effort to explain their successes. As one of today's most publicized superwomen, Jane Fonda can be regarded as eminently contemptible. However, whatever her motivations, however deep or shallow her commitments may be, she has put together a coherent, well-thought out, easy-to-follow exercise program that even the most die-hard flabby American will have trouble resisting.

This is not to say that the Workout is easy -- it is not. It is difficult, sometimes grueling, often painful, and always exhilarating. Rather than being touted as a group of exercises for spot reducing, the Workout is a complete regimen -- consisting of a warm-up; exercises for arms, waist, legs and hips, abdominals and buttocks, and a cool-down. Muscle stretches are the main focus of the program. Intended as a holistic approach to fitness, the *WORKOUT BOOK* also provides information on diet and nutrition, environmental toxicity, and social action programs. And

should it become too easy, there is an advanced workout program. Records and tapes to accompany the book are available through Fonda's California workout studio -- details are contained in the book.

The market is saturated with exercise books, each claiming to be the best, fastest, easiest way to shape up. Where the *JANE FONDA WORKOUT BOOK* succeeds is in acknowledging that toning your body is not easy, it is not fast, and it is not painless. In fact, the "burn" that often accompanies muscle stretching is acknowledged as a desirable effect, within reason. But the "burn" produces a much-desired result. Fonda's extreme visibility obviates the success of the program. Her look, at her age, is an incentive in itself. The other incentive is in doing something that's good for you, and may help you to live longer. This book differs from the current wave of diet-and-exercise books in that it espouses a lifestyle, rather than a temporary change in habits. Nutrition and exercise are viewed as a way of life. And when practiced within reason, this reviewer can testify that it's not a bad one.

## Fan Noose

If you like Julian Ross' stuff in this issue, you might think of sending away for more in his syndicated miscellany *MAGAZINE*. Free for a SASE—1106 N. Vine St., #409, Los Angeles, CA 90038... The FREE KLUCK Spring 1982 Catalog is out, and all the offers are highly recommended. Besides the talents of IJ regular Roldo, there's the likes of Basil Hatte's *NOTORIOUS HATTE BROTHERS GANG*, sort of a Western Woodstock. Write to Roldo at 1232 Downing St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3E 2R7 CANADA...Tuli Kupferberg, featured at this month's Radical Humor Festival in NY (report in May?), not only contributes to IJ and performs as one-half of The Revolting Theater: Radical Vaudeville (for booking info call 'im at [212] 925-3823, tell 'im IJ sentcha), but puts out some wonderful newsprint cartoon collections, among them *QUESTIONABLE CARTOONS* and the fantastic *LESS NEWSPOEMS*. SASE, I suspect, to Vanity Press, 160 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10013...From the grapevine again comes a slick review sheet of shock and sleaze—Jim Morton's *TRASHOLA* discusses the gamut from horror movies and midnite madness to schlocky twin theaters. SASE to 1449 Washington, #4, San Francisco, CA 94109...At last, America's answer to Bob & Doug McKenzie! And they have a newsletter, too. Crazy Pete & Ben must be read to be believed, and should by all means be read. These clip-on kings are 'where it's at', in bachelor pad or laundromat! 229 Bicknell #104, Santa Monica, CA 90405...Heap big CLIP JOINT this time 'round. Free and participatory—also planning to branch out to include original art and letters. Great going, Charles T. Smith, 459 Whitall, Saint Paul, MN 55101...TELE TIMES #27 is out, and feeling the pinch—smaller but still powerful. Travel along with street people, whores and Bruce N. Duncan as they search for a stable format (I should talk?). \$1.50 to Bruce at the Berkeley Inn Hotel, Room 414, 2501 Haste Street, Berkeley, CA 94704...Carly Sommerstein (note correct spelling) has quite a zine on her hands with her new *CHURCH OF THE LATTER DAY PUNKS*. A must for teen punks, or those who think like 'em. Crawford, Estey and great NJ locals. One small egomaniacal complaint—hey Carly, I don't get no plug in your plug column? Amazingly free—the gal's bonkers. 611 Lawrence Ave., Westfield, NJ 07090...A couple for comic fandom: T. Renner & S. Pick at Jet Lag World Headquarters bring out a weekly free one-pager, *HI FI SCI FI*—mainstream and local comics and sometimes movie reviews. Nice look, but I'm partial to reduced type. 3842 DeTonty Ave., Suite 3W, St. Louis, MO 63110; And Steve "Why Do I Go To These Cons?" Chaput has come out with *CURSED EARTH* (SASE I think), reviewing some more obscure media tidbits, giving fun "parting shots" opinions, and gosh golly even pluggolas for IJ, aw shucks. Worth it for the intro alone. 2 Indian Hill Road, Westport, CT 06886...Newest issue (V.5#3) of *THE PLAGUE* is out and up for grabs to the lucky! "NYU's Only Intentionally Funny Publication" (which makes *NatLamp* look as unhumorous as it is) features this month as phenomenal epic entitled "Dorothy in the Land of the Wizards", the best political satire (w/ caps doffed in the process to Lewis Carroll, L. Frank Baum and even Fleischer) I've read in years. Even more incredible considering each of the ten chapters was written by a different person. "Excellent" is an understatement. Room 303-304, Student Activities Annex (Box 80), 21 Washington Place, New York, NY 10003...Finally, what can one say about a publication which debuts with an exclusive interview with John Candy and an analysis of the Super Bowl and the Bowery Boys, all in the same issue? STOP! and read it! High time the NY area had a good comedy rag again. \$1 to my STOP! connection, Dale Ashmun, at Box 529, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011...You knew there would have to be a p.s., right? Matt Feazell can do more with stick figures than anyone I know. Some of his latest comic characters include Cute Girl, AntiSocial Man, Bored Man, and the ever-popular Cynical Man. I'm distributing sample copies of Matt's work free for the asking, but he sells 'em for pittance too, and it's always nicer to get 'em personally from the source, right? Matt's address is 2886 James Av. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408...And finally (this time I mean it), the Political Bizarro Party (Luke T. McGuff, corresponding bozo) has come out with the marvelous *PROPER GANDER*, proving once and for all, I suppose, that it's not just good for the goose. It features Matt and J. Crawford too, and shows much promise for the future as well. Fun comics, good zine plugs, heavy thinking. P.O. Box 14846, Minneapolis (where else?), MN 55414-0846.

By the time you get this, or a little afterward, I will be having BACK ISSUES of *INSIDE JOKE* made up at work. Now, what this means is that these backs aren't going to be as clean (you call this clean) as, say, this issue, since they'll be copies of copies, but still, I've had a few requests anyway, despite repeated warnings (want my personal opinions? none before say, January are even worth it from my point of view). So, if you want a back issue, tell me which one, by number, and send me a duck and two stamps for each issue wanted. Fin!

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



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

"My head's up my ass and my feet in my mouth. Consequently, I have to walk on my elbows." - Roldo

! See my response to SASEs. get assessed jits oym uwm jrepe aoi I



P.O. 110006 Dallas, Tex 75204



# NOTHING IN GENERAL

by Sue Kaufmann

Hey Kipper (anyone ever win anything for you?)

"Bob" came to me in a dream last month.

At first I thought he was Steve Garvey, but it was a crook he carried, not a baseball bat. Steve Garvey doesn't smoke, either, so it couldn't have been him.

I asked "Bob" why he had returned to my humble dwelling, and he told me he had found a mission for me. As the primary messenger of Zay, I was to be its only missionary, spreading the Primary Doctrine and Rules of Zay to those unfortunate souls not already enlightened. "Bob" wanted me to tell the entire world that government does not exist.

In the words of "Bob" himself: "Become a shepherd in the Falklands."

Curious about "Bob's" motives, I began to question him, but I awoke, my dream fading to memory.

During the coming nights I was tested. Strange dreams came to me, each a test of my faith in Zay. I angrily rejected each image.

"Da ra diri diri da diri da ra da diri diri da ra da ra da," said a smiling George Harrison, who was dressed in Izod duds. He held out a long pipe for me to smoke.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to do it," apologized a frantic Secret Service man. "I've never had an accident before. It's only a small dent..."

"Because I said so. Like that," stated an English teacher.

Apparently, I passed each of "Bob's" tests, for I was sent one plane ticket to the Falkland Islands, and a herd of sheep.

I've been here for a month, and no one has bothered to listen to me. Each morning I walk to the center of town to shout "Government does not exist!" The first few days a group of soldiers told me to shut up, but now they leave me alone. Perhaps they have begun to think about what I have to say. Maybe they've already quit their jobs so they won't look stupid collecting a paycheck from a nonexistent group.

They're keeping their eyes on me, though, I can tell. I don't mind though. It makes me feel important. "Bob" says so.

It's shearing time.



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

*Sue*

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## TAKE ONE

by Sue Rosner

(This article is dedicated to my boss Steve. Remember, sir, you're the one with the Izod shirts -- not me.)

It isn't easy being a Jewish female. Guys automatically assume you're a Jewish American Princess (JAP for short). This is synonymous with being a snotty bitch.

I'd like to thank all those JAPs out there for fucking up my social life. C'mon, guys, give me a break. JAPs subscribe to Vogue and Cosmo, not IJ!!

The first time someone mentioned a LaCoste shirt to me, I thought it was a shirt you wore while playing an old Indian game. What did I know from alligators? The only alligator I knew was Pogo.

To me, designer jeans are anything with less than four holes in them. I can't see wearing the clothes some lady who uses cement for toothpaste designed.

JAPs have this tendency to yell, "I'm fat! I'm fat!" even when they weigh 104 pounds. If a JAP really wants to lose weight, tell her to take off her jewelry. That's 20 pounds right there!! If she wants to lose another 10 pounds tell her to take off her makeup.

I admit it, I'm 114 pounds, 50 of it is nose (no nose job for this kid). Where would Barbra Streisand be without her nose? Just another singer with a great set of pipes.

I look at it this way—as long as I don't break any chairs, I'm alright.

I will not soon forget the girl in my high school cooking class who was amazed that my dishwasher did not bear the name Whirlpool, but Sue.

JAPs love to color things. When they're little they use crayons. When they reach about 18, they trade their Crayolas in for Preference by L'Oreal.

Of course, every winter Daddy sends his precious baby girl to Florida where it's nice and warm. I once asked my father to send me somewhere warm for the winter. He locked me in the boiler room.

[illegible]

Sarah called me before she left to Seattle. Craig's nasty brother had committed suicide several days before Craig od'd.

scheme. That is for the weak fools who cannot come to grips with the inherent worthlessness of their being alive.

XTC - "ENGLISH SETTLEMENT" (Epic): Reread JAM review.



F1E5h  
70NES2

i arranged the two to meet  
a young artist from  
the community  
and my lover  
her face always grim  
looking for perfection  
a mind preoccupied  
with scenery  
i was fascinated  
his first would  
be her last - she was  
rightly suspicious, i  
took an interest in the  
lad. Seemed incongruous,  
yet she played along  
eagle-eyed for inconsistencies  
in the plot (as always)  
Her wealth entitled me  
to a cottage in the village  
outside a small European city  
A hosted party, a shallow nod  
Where and how they met.  
i told them each other's  
names. The dialogue was  
Sparse, but amusing, he  
being so shy so young  
Fair and golden tonight  
Wrinkles would claim her soon  
she would be empty baggage  
on a last haul.

on a last haul.  
 He took her for a ride  
 Where i arranged beauty  
 Needed to be seen  
 More than once.  
 Of course, the plot prevailed  
 They returned, enthusiastic  
 remembering the day  
 i final drafted their deaths.  
 The cottage was  
 Not without a present  
 Given by neither  
 But to the both of them  
 For eternity - a clean white  
 Lilly, Hold it close, my dear  
 In the field of flesh and bone  
 i shall join you  
 in the final act.

# The Pleasure Palace: A Visit

by Gerry Reith

For M.H. & M.V.

It was a late hour on a rainy evening when This Reporter received his assignment to cover the Pleasure Palace. Rain pattered on the ceiling and whipped across the windows of my room in the small downtown hotel; but having worked for fanzines before, I knew the conditions: file before the deadline and expect the usual rates, i.e. nothing. The payoff was in seeing that name in print—and not at one's own expense. Publish or perish; one more credit for the resume sir, one more open door. The rain then was no longer a noise to be enjoyed but an expense to chalk up with the rest to the cost of fame. Off then. Perhaps the trip would be worth it.

A bit of history might be in order when covering such hallowed institutions; special conditions, however, render such matters both difficult and unnecessary. For one, tradition has it that Pleasure Palaces have always existed and always will; that indeed they are if anything an inescapable part of the national landscape. Most people are familiar through rumor if not direct experience with the workings of the archetypal Palace. To further bury the dead past it seems that neither accurate nor systematic records are or ever have been kept. One is stuck then with an irritating wham-bam-just-the-facts-ma'am presentation. Theory, set and setting have little role to play. But said it has been that one best gets to the heart of the affair, the power and the glory as it were, through rigorous description.

The Palace in question is an encampment of old red brick buildings in the eternal capital style: evidently some thought is given to the esthetic sensibilities of those frequent visitors from the realm of professional politics. Therein lies a clue, though of what import I know not: for those tastes whose satisfaction requires no small investment may be said to earn their panderings. The layout of the buildings will seem at first to be random and even aimless, making travel between for the neophyte a bit confusing. A tidbit gleaned from the staff, apocrypha, has it that this apparently thoughtless arrangement was in fact the result of careful planning by a crew whose work was shamefully rendered nil by the late discovery that most would do their inter-building travel by foot rather than by car. Never mind. One gets by.

We have the outside, or at least all of it that is necessary; no need to note the carefully tended patches of brown, the absent wheelchair ramps, let alone the utter disregard for water and sewage draining. Enough medicine on hand, it seems, to nip those frequent outbreaks in the bud. What matters for us are the nuts and bolts, the internal machinery, beauty being skin deep and all that. Fashion is at best a whim, at worst a manipulation. And so for the indoors.

Multitudinous arrays! Racks, spikes, irons! Tools to delight the jaded cognoscenti! Echoing screams! Halls where if is safely assumed that the sound of dull sense being rudely awakened has not ceased for centuries! All around the spoor of extraction and the sign of tastefully mopped up winelike substances. An endless party for those so fortunate as to enter. Never ending games to fill those wasted hours with the joy of regularity and security. Never has the Palace been attacked during wars: never invaded and the walls never breached. Some rumor to the contrary of course floats around, but that? Simply part of the menu. No work need be done by those happy vacationers. All is provided free of charge to the carefree residents and clientele. A cheerless staff avoids appointments with appropriate glee. Schedules in dazzling volume are produced and pronounced void through action: strict observance within the standard infinite variance. It is for the satisfaction of the clientele's needs that these pointless exercises are made: some must be convinced of a destination in order to fully experience the joy of ne'er arriving. Including, of course, those members of the staff that only believe themselves to be!

The activities are for understatement delicious as are all such forbidden fruits for the uninitiated. Every imaginable brand of loving torture can be found to satisfy any possible desire. And yet curious anomalies are found upon interviewing the participants.

"How does it feel?" one might ask of some orgasmic wreck enduring the Nth involuntary application of some finely crafted thumbscrew or other.

"Feel?" comes the reply, "What does that word mean?" Or better yet, they understand: "Feel? I don't feel anything." How cross purposes it seems at first!

At first, yes. For there are as many and as varied responses as there are stimuli...although this is denied by the higher placed and more scientifically minded members of the staff. Take the revealing squeal of one who has just enjoyed the rare treat of having had each and every fingernail removed at once and in a trice while a single chosen tooth was instantly mashed into powder by oh-so-special miniature hydraulic presses. The sought-for terror it seems according to this one's testimony, lies not in the act itself, oh, no, but in the foreknown inevitability. Why go they willingly to each and every room where such luxurious lacerations are applied? To staunch the flow of fear! By walking unaided they know that they won't be thrown out to face the unknown! Indeed, one must assume that the woman who chose to have her clitoris first hot-iron seared and then with wrench ripped out would be best off following this path should the terrors elsewhere be so great as to outweigh these.

Horrors worse than the know exist, it seems. How to produce a garden variety horror that will be in contrast a pleasure?

But a further discovery is made. Some of our connoisseurs, it seems, place stock in tales of tables reversed. At random, and consistent with the law of caprice which governs those who govern others, one struggling adoration filled bootlicker or another will be chosen to join the staff. Sometimes, staff members are with relish and entirety against their will violently thrown down among the ranks of the vacationers. Pleasure can be found both in submitting and in watching others submit.

And so we see but a rough overview of the many pleasures available at the Palace. For some, the love of pain and the pain of love are enough. For others, regularity alone will suffice, and pains are not registered as such. Others quest after what would be for some intolerable boredom and banality. Still more enjoy most highly the knowledge that Daddy is there, and that though He may at times be somewhat less loving than He might, at least His divine love shows through in that He protects us from Himself when it takes His fancy. In the end we have those lucky few who get their kicks wishing they could do unto others what they bid others to do unto them.

Sad it is that those on the outside, whose numbers are, admittedly, growing thin, never get to know His mercy. Left to the bitter winds of foul chance and evil struggle, endlessly busy cleaning the rice bowl when the meal is finished and so on, they know not what they miss.

But for those on the inside, consolation can be had. Once in a while they grow insufferably bored (those capable of it), and manage to send out recruiting teams to round up a few whose fresh straining will keep them occupied throughout the lonely and uneventful eras, the winter nights of the state.

Yr. Faithful correspondent from the other side of the looking glass,

HPU Gerry Reith, Box 381, Sheridan, WY 82801

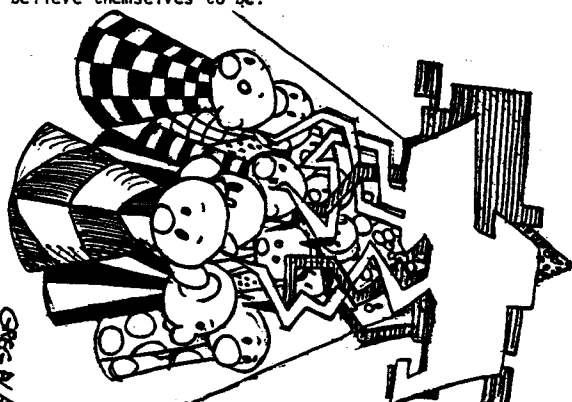
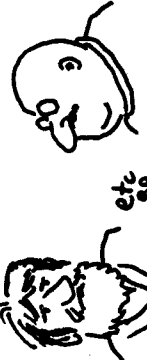
BEGIN PROGRAM. . .  
I AM THE FIRST COMPUTER-GENERATED SEX CARTOON.  
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE?

TALK MY WIFE,  
PLEASE! SHE DOES  
NOT COMPUTE.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY INTERFACE MECHANISM?  
WANT TO FONDLE MY SOFTWARE?  
WILL YOU FEED ME MORE JUICIE?  
I'M PROGRAMMED TO ENTERTAIN YOU AS YOU WISH.  
I HAVE 350 SALACIOUS WORDS IN MY MEMORY BANK.  
HERE'S AN EXAMPLE: 4\*(X)00=\$X\$!  
OR HOW'S THIS ONE: +([00X\*])=4X\*(\$\*'  
THAT ONE REALLY HEATS UP MY SILICON CHIPS.  
END PROGRAM. . .

Apparently not! She said wisely. STORY AT 11

People who read SF in the 30s and 40s will never progress beyond Gernsback.



ORIG AIR 82

# Manchurian Candidate

In the early Seventies, when I lived in Marietta, Georgia, and believed that all my unusual nocturnal experiences were of supernatural origin -- I had a hell of a time getting to sleep one night because the astral bodies of Civil War soldiers from a nearby cemetery kept straggling through our bedroom. Although I was used to such things, I was annoyed because I had to get up early and it was already almost morning.

"Who is in control of your mind?" I asked myself. "You are," I replied. "Then, Self, go back to sleep and take control of your own dreams." I obeyed by meditating.

Suddenly I found myself dreaming I was in a hotel lobby in downtown Atlanta -- standing with my hands in prayer gesture, suspended one foot in the air, meditating so hard that it made a buzzing sound. Above my head a silent voice boomed: "One Famous Buddha Mind!"

Inwardly, I decided to utilize this opportunity to destroy with meditation all the ammunition stockpiles in the world. On second thought, I decided it would be more spiritual to send out vibrations of healing and love.

I felt a tug at my pant leg. I opened my eyes and looked down to see a small black boy with the face of an old man. "God doesn't want you to send out vibrations of healing and love," he said in his six-year-old voice. "God wants you to destroy the ammunition depots."

Cranking up my cosmic buzz enough to wipe out all munitions everywhere in the world was not much of a problem. At the behest of divine inspiration I left one or two small bombs in each depot so as to make it look like theft. God wanted the Establishment to think it was the world of revolutionaries so as to fill their hearts with terror.

Then I flew home and entered the work room next to our bedroom, where I turned gold and elevated myself a foot off the floor to resume my transcendental hum -- at which time it came to my attention the toilet was running, so I tried to fix it with mind power. On the verge of success, I awoke -- to note that the toilet was still running.

So I got up and typed a classified ad for The Great Speckled Bird: "One Famous Buddha Mind repairs plumbing with meditation." Unfortunately I was unable to examine the response, since I used the address of a San Francisco group devoted to investigating the Illuminati. I figure they must have got some puzzling mail.

## Notes from a Nut

by Paul Zuckerman

### HOW I GET MY KICKS

Some people are downright mean, cruel, heartless. They get their kicks from bothering innocent folks who've never done anything to them. They'll start playing their stereo at full volume at 2 a.m., even though they know that others must be trying to sleep at that hour. Or they'll invite their friends over for a party and they'll dance around so hard on the floor that the tenant underneath is terrified that his ceiling will cave in. Such vicious animals don't deserve to live.

There are the type of people who, if their defenseless child is crying, will HIT the blameless infant to make them shut up. This will only cause the youngster to cry even more. You'd think that would be obvious. But, what can you expect when some people's fists are bigger than their brains.

Now me, I'm gentle, tender & sweet. If I'm angry about something, I don't put my fist thru a wall, I use it to pick up a pen. Then, I'll go over to my big stack of Business Reply Envelopes--BREs--that I've saved from all the junk mail I get. When I get one of these Postage-Free envelopes it's like being given a free stamp--not using a BRE would be like not eating free food. Then, I'll select a company from the batch and write them a letter full of all the hate, fury and frustration that my fellow man has caused me to feel that day. This is how I unleash my boiling, sizzling, pent-up rage.

If it's a firm selling self-improvement material, I'll tell them I can't afford the \$20 or \$30 they want for their widget. But, if they really want to help me succeed in life, they'd send me a couple of bucks.

Sometimes, if I'm aggravated with 3 or 4 BREs from the same company, this requires an appropriate response. So, I'll use one of their BREs to say: "I've made out my check for \$349.99 for your product. But, I mislaid the brochure with your address. Will you send me another one?" Of course, that letter will be unsigned. With no return address.

Thinking of the office workers passing my letter to the bosses, who would've received a big order, and then cursing & shouting because they won't get it--this delights me to no end.

After all, how else are we supposed to get back at all the incompetents who make our lives miserable every day? The people who can barely read, write, follow the simplest of instructions or who actually lie to us when we ask for information or help. You know the morons. The jerks whom you can't understand can be qualified to hold down any job, much less one of any importance.

You can't punch them in the snoot. But, you can strike back at somebody! Somebody wealthy, faceless, powerful, in huge corporations, who'd pave over your home--while you're still inside--if given the slightest incentive. You can bother them! How? By mailing back their Business Reply Envelopes so that they have to pay the 20¢ Postage Due.

Sometimes I'll take an entire sheet of paper and write in extra big letters: "SO, HOW'S THE FAMILY?" Is there a better way to upset someone at some immense, polluting industry that grinds us down every day?

When I get tired of people walking all over me and getting pushed around, I know what I have to do. After all, there's only so much a person can take. Some days I get pushed too far, past my breaking point. It becomes necessary for me to not only fight back but to turn the tables. So, I reach for a BRE.

This time it's not going to be somebody bothering me, it's finally going to be ME bothering someone ELSE! And the best part is: they can't prevent it--they've got to pay the postage due! Why? Because there might be money inside! Although, sometimes, to insure they open it, I'll write "Order enclosed" on the outside of the envelope.

So, I'll mail the Business Reply Envelope and think of the unsuspecting person as they open and read it. Maybe they'll be annoyed for a few minutes. But, if I'm really lucky, it might spoil their entire day! All I have to do is think about this and, after my pulsating heart stops pounding and my accelerated breathing gradually slows down to a safe pace, Lord, I can almost float from the sheer ecstasy of it.

### TYPING

Typing for me is a chore. Otherwise, I'd write more. But, I have to do my own typing. Nobody else can read my writing.

*wish I could draw then I'd fill up this bottom space with pictures and designs instead of  
8 babbling on incessantly as I am wont to do at midnight while laying the monster out...*

# CRIME TIME



by Clay Geerdes

A woman parks her car in a lot. She gets out, locks the door, and walks to the rear of the vehicle. Opening the trunk, she places her purse inside. She closes the lid and walks away. She's going dancing at a nearby club. She doesn't want to carry her purse, because someone might steal it in the club.

A couple of minutes after she leaves the car, two men leave the liquor store where they watched her stash the purse. One of them keeps watch while the other takes out a short crowbar and pops the trunk lid. In seconds, thieves and purse are gone. Within a minute, the purse will be emptied of money and credit cards and discarded in a trash can.

This may be happening in a parking lot near you as you read this. The solution isn't simple. Women are programmed from childhood to carry purses. Many do not feel fully dressed without the weight of a purse on a shoulder.

So, leave it home, or what?

Have something like this happen. You're in the movies with your boyfriend, your purse on the seat beside you. Maybe you're engrossed in RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK and both of you are sitting on the edges of your seats. You are unaware of the hand sliding over the back of the seat and into your purse, the one that removes your wallet. It's gone in seconds, and so is the thief. You may not even know it's missing until the following day. It's easier on your ego to think you dropped it in a parking lot than to accept that you've been ripped off so easily. This rip-off is very common around Berkeley where crime has become a way of life for a part of the population.

The purse is a prime target. If you carry one, be prepared to be a target. Yes, men do have their pockets picked, but it happens much less often than purse-snatching. Downtown at Center and Shattuck, location of the main BART station, the following scene is common. A woman will be standing near the escalators. Suddenly, her purse is gone. The thief is down into the BART station, over the turnstile, and onto a train. He's gone almost before she realizes it.

Reporting it to the police is, frankly, a waste of time. If some insured object is involved, you have to file a report or the insurance company won't pay off, otherwise you might as well chalk it up to experience. It's best to get out of the habit of carrying the purse. Carry an I.D. and some pocket money. No credit cards unless they'll be used.

I love it when I hear the police tell people to lock their cars. It is a waste of time to lock your car when you're not in it. You keep it locked when you're in it so that no one can jerk it open and try to jerk you out of it. This type of crime has been happening more often in certain San Francisco neighborhoods. You're stopped at a light and your door is jerked open, you're pulled out, beaten, kicked, your money taken. The thieves are usually teenagers. In Berkeley the other night, a woman came out of a deli on University Street, got into her car, and before she could start it, a man got into the passenger side and held a knife to her throat. She forgot to lock the door. That forgetfulness was costly. The man forced her to drive up to the Oakland Hills where he raped her and took her money. Always lock the car when you're in it. When you're away from it, the lock

means nothing. A pro will have a key or a tow truck. Many expensive cars are stolen every day by tow trucks. The burglar doesn't care about the door lock. He'll just hammer out the wing window and open the door and take whatever he saw exposed on your seats. Driving around Berkeley, you see a lot of auto glass near the curbs. It's no trivial rip-off either. Price a replacement for one of those stupid wings and you'll find they cost \$60-100. Best to leave the door unlocked and nothing inside to attract the street thief. Main item here is the car stereo, the cassette players. These can be fenced easily. Standard radios are of no use to a thief. Around here, burglary items are often fenced through flea markets and garage or yard sales. The police tell me the only burglars they catch are the ones they catch in the act. I've never known the police to find anything that was stolen from me and I don't know of anyone else who has. Do you?

Well, how do you survive in the crime state? If you're a woman and you have to work evenings, how do you get home safely? A cab? Who can afford that every night? Might as well quit work. A friend to walk you home? That works once in awhile, but there is always that night you have to walk home alone, then what? Rape was up 8 1/2% this year over 1981 in the Bay Area. Berkeley women tend to dress down, but it doesn't seem to matter. Neither appearance nor age seem to matter. The man who is prone to rape seems to attack at random.

How streetwise are you? If someone approaches you to ask for money, time, etc., what do you do? If you ignore them and keep moving at a quick pace, you're streetwise. If you stop, you've taken the first step toward becoming a victim. If you live in a city, they're out there, and they're after you. Inflation has insured that they will have nothing, and decreasing welfare and fewer foodstamps further insure that they will have no choice but to try to rip you off in order to survive. You may think, why would anyone rip me off? I only have a small income, a little old VW, and a cheap apartment, but you look rich to the people who have nothing and no prospects of ever getting anything. Man or woman, that freedom of the streets you've grown up to take for granted is going to cost you now. Women may get together on a special day to march on the pornography districts in order to "take back the night", but this type of political action will cost individual women throughout the rest of the year.

Our local paper, the conservative Berkeley GAZETTE, runs the police log each day. Here is a list of all the burglaries, armed robberies, auto thefts, et. It gets longer all the time. Security businesses are making fortunes selling useless items. The burglar is always gone before the police answer the alarm. Alarms are worse than dogs. A neighbor of ours has a loud alarm on the front of his house. It has gone off so often by accident that no one would pay attention if it went off for real. Dogs bark all the time. Who pays any attention?

It's Crime Time in the cities. Reagan's budget cuts have created a new generation of criminals. Urban paranoia has become necessary to survival. Take care of yourself.

-CLAY GEERDES 12/23/81

TAKE YOUR CHANCES - THIS TAG IS NOT PROOFREAD



This is dedicated to comic ANDY KAUFMAN, more disturbing than disturbed, who likes "to break boundaries" - get well soon, Andy

# SAYS YOU (Letters)

Dear Nate -

the reason I haven't replied sooner is because I have been hitch-hiking to New York as you suggested. On three separate occasions I have been picked up by homicidal maniacs, and murdered. As you can imagine, this has greatly slowed my progress. I finally had to give it up and astrally transmigrate back to Hollywood. Elayne will be coming here in May to give me an emergency transfusion of humor. Meanwhile, keep cool and try not to molest too many children - love,

DAVID PALTER

1811 Tamarind Ave., Apt. 22  
HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028

Dear Elayne,

I find it [IJ] a refreshing zine to read. Every once in a while it seems that I'm surrounded by people who are dull. It's not entirely true, I know. I know because I keep telling myself so under my breath, and to be honest there are a lot of interesting individuals I meet. But mostly, everyone seems to have narrowed their focus (foci?) so much that you can almost see little question marks appear above their heads during every conversation. I read the words of Oscar Wilde and wonder where his present incarnation is. Perhaps in the pages of IJ.

IJ is refreshing simply because it has greater depth and breadth than not only people "on the street", but than people who usually put out fanzines. It's so nice to read words from people whose perceptions weren't honed to a blunt edge by LOVE BOAT, heavy metal balladeers and ROLLING STONE political analyses. I find it actually inspiring that not everybody reads ESQUIRE so they can find out what they should be like. (Fan writers are characteristically even worse off; there's nothing more boring than the insights of yet another Trekki-X-MEN-HALLOWEEN II fan! Sometimes I wonder if there's any other kind of fan—you'd never know it from reading the zines.)

Ah, but I decay. I'm not really a sour person. On the good side, oddly enough, I found the IJ material of a couple of your contributors to be more interesting than the work they've had elsewhere, as if their egos were pushed far enough aside to let their ids show through. It has to be the zine itself. Could it be that zines have spiritual personas? Is there life after death?

Best — CHARLES T. SMITH

549 Whitall

ST. PAUL, MN 55101

(Charlie, I've often maintained the same thing, that I really have little control over what IJ's evolving into, what it's doing in the meantime, and why the whole sometimes equals more than the sum of the parts, etc. I suspect I may be glamorizing a bit, but not that much. It's got a life of its own, and I'm not one to play God with another life...)

Dear Elayne,

"INSIDE JOKE" is one of few publications which provide wide, detailed and sprightly reading which I find fascinating for days on end. Sometime back I purchased Tim Corrigan's SUPERHERO series and, like IJ, I often re-read his books and find them as fresh as can be. Originality plays an important role for me. This is one reason I enjoy IJ so much. I think that your financial problems will ease as more people become aware of the publication.

Perhaps a central intrigue of IJ is the wondering what will be in the next issue! This sense of anticipation is so strong that when it does show up in the mail it becomes the centerpiece no matter what other pieces of mail show up the same day.

Warm winds—

VERNON GRANT

131 Putnam Avenue

Cambridge, MA 02139

(Vernon is currently working on book #4 of his LOVE RANGERS comic—fantastic art—stay tuned!)

Dear Elayne,

My viewpoint may well be biased by my correspondence with him, but I found Chris Estey's article to be the most remarkable feature of this [March] issue. We have all heard about the horrors of drug abuse, but we can use the reminder. The only thing misleading about this article is that Chris neglects to tell us that he is no longer in the condition he describes, but is well on his way to recovery. In any event, his account of the nature of drug addiction is genuinely powerful writing, getting across the full reality of the consequences of drug abuse. In his closing lines he wisely reminds us that drugs are by no means the only trap to which we can fall victim - "we're all junkies in our own ways." If we all faced our problems as honestly as Chris faces his, we could do something about the madness of our lives and our world.

It's true as you note that Paul Zuckerman indulges in some very tasteless humor. I suspect his intent was simply to be outrageous, rather than misogynistic. Anything, to be funny, must in some way be absurd, and the distinction between the amusingly absurd and the offensively absurd is often hard to see. I personally prefer (although Nate won't believe me) to accept as humor anything sincerely meant as such, if it has not been poisoned by the admixture of some destructive intent. So, Paul is OK with me. His article is in poor taste but it's still funny.

Clay Geerdes makes some very good points about comics. I have little interest in comics in any event, but I'm going to send a copy of this article to a friend of mine (Ron Kasman) who is considerably involved in them.

I suspect Paul Abelkis' plans to weld SF fandom into a political force are impractical in the extreme. Consider the L-5 So-

ciety. The goals of this group are highly compatible with the desires and dreams most closely associated with SF. The world's most beloved SF author, Robert A. Heinlein, is a member of the L-5 Board of Directors, and has widely appealed to SF fans to join the society. The society has about 5,000 members, many of whom arrived by a different route than fandom. It would seem that the total political appeal of fandom, at best, yields an active participation of a few thousand people (and I see little chance of any other group or movement putting together the appeal for SF fans that the L-5 society has). This number of people is most unlikely to be able to exert the kind of influence that Paul Abelkis aspires to. Nonetheless, his intentions are good, and he has my best wishes.

You are clearly correct in your assessment of the humor that circulates in offices, as exemplified by the quiz you published. This type of humor, in addition to its outrageousness, also is designed to help perpetuate some very unhealthy ways of seeing things.

First things last, I come to my comments on your cover fiction, "...Of A Different Color..." which is very good. I am reminded of the writing of Stephen King, who of all authors I have read has struck most unerringly to the heart of the awful corruption and madness of American culture. You see it too. An interesting story.

That's all for now. See you soon.

DAVID PALTER (address above)

(David, Point taken, but as I've told Paul, my objection to his segment wasn't that it was in bad taste, but that it displayed a double standard. Why does the excuse for murder for a man have to do with hunting and for a woman with only sexual matters (i.e. marriage/affairs)? Why couldn't a woman use the hunting excuse? I love sick comedy sometimes, and appreciate it, but not when it leaves me out.)

Dear Elayne,

Hi, this is your alter ego again, speaking publicly this time so people don't think you're bonkers again. Where the hell's my column? Sure, a mention on page 2, big shit. As the best figment your feeble imagination's ever constructed, I DEMAND MORE SPACE NEXT TIME (if I ever write something for you again, that is)! In the meantime, I'm not afraid to hang the dirty laundry out and tell everyone what's been going on. Ok, Seems Clavell Spim, an alter-ego acquaintance of mine (the alter-id of whom I shan't reveal), has been recommending IJ (thanks a lot) to all these writer people who don't even know what it is and yet send in their lengthy or porny or just plain boring stories anyhow. Dirty chutzpahnik trick. And I'm stuck, thanks to Bozoette, w/ the afta-effects. I get to write the rejection letters. So please, all you newcomers with the form letters addressed to "Editor" instead of "Elayne" and the fancy "this-is-the-way-I-type-a-real-manuscript" styles, please read the damn rag before you send us any more submissions!! I'm terribly sorry (although why I should apologize I'm at a loss to understand) Spim was not as detailed as he damn well should have been, but to paraphrase Peggy Lee, this is all there is. Face it, a nothingness in the importance of daily life, dig? A NOT-TO-BE-TAKEN-SERIOUSLY, CRAPPY LITTLE COMEDY/CREATIVITY NEWSLETTER. Read before you write, ok? Good. Also, IJ costs 40¢ or a buck, even for youse.

Also, for those who've asked, my two current hobbies are coming along fine—I'm making more connections every day (As Jill will confirm, Elayne is unable to get high, but I'm still trying—'cause once she does, I TAKE OVER), and improving my already quite handsome collection of voodoo sculptures. Keep them pictures coming, folks!

I'm not finished with you yet, "Editor". Has it ever occurred to you that the reason your letter column has become so short suddenly is because folks got tired of and angry at having to squint to read print reduced over 50%? WE LETTER WRITERS DEMAND FULL LEGIBILITY, cretin. Take heed. Oh, and one last thing. When the hell are you going to sort your mail? This room isn't fit for a pig in a tree.

Yours in metaphysical absurdity,

Rev. KIP M. GHESIN, A.E.

Pres., Pen-Elayne Enterprises

Second High Epitome of Zay

(Okay, Kip, I have one for you: Why does the porridge bird lay its eggs in the air? Huh?)

FARMER'S  
"DAUGHTER"



THRILLING  
WONDER STORIES



# exercises in fiction (a-1-a an' a-2-a)

She is there. The scenario is not of Las Vegas. The accents hum through the stale air of the room and bring to mind an old Beatles' movie. She is at a table aglow with chit-chat and she is making a good imitation of a person having a wonderful time seem better than she herself would like to admit.

It is when the young man she is with leaves the table (presumably to check the plumbing in the privy) that I make my move. I stroll over to the table in my best impression of a man who knows what he's doing.

No one would have ever guessed that she was cold. I held out my hand to her and she glanced up, amused in the fact that my tie was on fire from the candle on the table.

She was obviously a quick-thinker. She used my drink as a French onion dip for the flames. She remarked that she knew the drinks in this place 'had to be good for something'.

The smoke began to clear and I did a visual of the lettering on her sexy, skin-tight t-shirt. The words sent my heart 'a-flutter': I'M FROM THE USA, SUCKER. I wondered where the exclamation point would have been as I extended my hand to her. She did a visual of the card between my fingers and she smiled at the words of wisdom printed thereon: SO AM I, LET'S FART ON THIS JOINT AND YOUR FRIEND IN THE PRIVY!

Her delicate fingers placed a warm, soft wad of pink bubblegum on the card and she asked the other couple at the table to present the card to 'what's-'is-name', if and when he found his way back from whatever he found so interesting. The friend with the bobbed hair smiled and nodded, but continued sewing the buttons back on to her boyfriend's vest.

A young fellow who looked amazingly like Mick Jagger in a Queen's Guard uniform brought my rented Triumph around and hopped out—sans door—. I asked him if he was from 'bloody' Australia, but he missed the point. It was only when I passed him the note that he mumbled something about '...Yanks'. (Language barriers are my specialty...)

She asked to drive the 'sporty little thing' and I nodded approval. It was only when she popped her contacts and donned those tinted driving glasses that I went to the boot for my fire-suit. I put on the matching crash helmet and she tied on a coiffure-saving bandanna. I settled back in the plush bucket and glanced over in her direction.

Her driving put Grace Kelly's to shame and by the time we pulled up in front of Wonka's I knew she was a real 'fun' person. I reached over and touched her cheek tenderly with the back of my designer asbestos glove. She rolled a real joint and placed it between my fingers. It was only when the lady remarked that the locked gates at Wonka's reminded her of a 'giant black chastity belt' that I came to realize a RHPS night was in the offing.

It was one of those cozy little places where the service is prompt and courteous, but you're having so much fun that you don't give a good jeez. Wendy and the Plasmatics were just finishing their first set by turning off the tele as we found our way to a booth with only one junkie under the table.

We stared at the reflections of the candleflame in our glasses and the duck flew down with the secret word: 'LOVE'. We grabbed the little bastard by his legs and made a wish. His insides hit the table as if he had been a cartoon extra in every Sam Peckinpah movie ever made. Our wish was granted...The waiter arrived with the wine list. H-m-m-m...decisions...

I selected a vintage sangria and the waiter nodded his approval as he complimented my choice in ties. I instructed him that we would order later. The corner of the menu inflicted an oozing slit in my upper lip. Her bandanna-wrapped finger touched the wound softly and I glanced her way once again. She did a Dave Thomas intro-chuckle and I slipped the cloth from her hand and kissed her soft, warm flesh. The thin red line gave away my intentions. She gazed at the back of her hand for a moment barely noticing the sound of a spray-paint can breaking the melody of the bass guitar within the Plasmatics' best dinner music.

We talked of the movie Tom Jones as we ate something that appeared to be roasted rump-of-rat. She swore there was something moving slowly just under the surface of the gravy, but neither of us had the courage to use the ladle. If was the Loch Ness monster theory all over again. We put the sangria in the doggie-bag and laid it beside the junkie under the table. He had been a perfect gentleman all evening and there are so few of them left in the world these days. Exit laughing.

The Triumph had been fire-bombed in a way that all rentals deserve so we proceeded on our way without changing into our jogging clothes. I felt her draw close to me as we walked down the lane. She was so casual as she slipped her hand into my back pocket. I put my arm 'round her waist and as her hip touched mine again and again the sounds of clicking rivets reminded us of hoofbeats on the cobblestones. Levi Strauss would have had the ultimate turn-on...

The sun was heralding the morn and we needed the moon. Seems there is never enough time for the important events of the life experience. We looked at each other and realized that we were still enjoying each other's company the morning after. It was then I realized that we were not filled with great expectations of things physical. We would leave that to Olivia for the present.

We were both leaving for home shortly and we promised that when we arrived at our space in the States we would not forget that first brief encounter. We reassured each other that we would write only obscenely romantic letters 'til next we meet.

We tried so very hard to do the final scene from *Casablanca*, but even the morning mist would not cooperate. The day was too bright for either tears or laughter or even discussions of old Gene Wilder movies. We began uneven conversation on the respective stories of our lives and continued walking back to her apartment. Talk was a poor substitute for emotion.

The hallway was vacant and lit only by a small, bare light-bulb. She and I stood there for a long time. We were in the wrong building.

- James Tauscher

NEXT IN THIS SERIES: "DISCUSSIONS REGARDING MURINE" OR "HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LET LSD REMEMBER ITSELF"

## WILLIE CLARKE- Portrait of a Bank Security Guard and Loser, or, Blood on the Badge

by Chris Downey

Morning. While the rest of the city was putting on its shorts and getting scrambled eggs on its shirt, I unlocked the door of the Douglaston Security Trust Savings Bank. This, was my beat. The tough beat. The bank beat.

Taking no chances, I turned on the lights and changed all the desk calendars from April 13th to April 14th. Satisfied with a job well done, I decided to reward myself with a smoke.

Before I could tear the match from the book, I heard a rap from the front door.

"What do you want?" I said as he squinted to see the inside of the bank.

"I gotta make a withdrawal."

I looked at my watch. "Bank doesn't open until nine o'clock, come back in ten minutes."

"I gotta go to work, just lemme in for a second," he pleaded.

"Nine o'clock!" I insisted.

"Drop dead you old moron!" he said, kicking the door in disgust. Young punk. If he doesn't respect the man, he should at least respect the uniform. It took me two weeks of hard work before I earned my right to stand with the ranks of the men in blue. I paid my dues. I sat down to have my cigarette in peace.

Later I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was the bank manager, Mr. Osborne.

"Listen, Clarke, you fall asleep one more time on duty and you'll be fired so fast it'll make your head swim. I swear we'd be better off with a goddamn German Shepherd. Eddie, find out how much a guard dog costs to feed. I'll bet it's a lot less than twelve grand a year." He walked away snorting in laughter. They all want to have me replaced. Why? Because I ask questions. I'm a threat to their schemes of power and greed. If they think I'll just fall out of the picture easily, well, they have another thing coming. I checked the clock. It was twelve noon. A man dozes off for three lousy hours and suddenly the boss is all over him. Obviously they're looking for any excuse to get rid of me now. I decided I wouldn't give them the opportunity any more. From now on I'll go by the book. I checked the teller line. My eyes scanned the crowd looking for anyone suspicious, when they finally came to rest on her. She was one of those long-legged beauties you only see in diet cola commercials. Her blue summer dress was the color of a deposit slip and blew in the breeze made by the rotating fan above the videotape camera. The delicate way she held her passbook told me she wasn't the type of girl who belonged to a bowling league. Gathering all the courage I had, I approached her.

"That teller right there is open," I said. The man behind me spun around and yelled, "Get your hands off my wife, wimp!" He took a swing at me, landing on the right side of my jaw. I fell to the ground, spitting out teeth. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Osborne coming toward me.

"That's it!" he said, "Get the hell out of here right now."

"Don't you want my badge and gun?" I asked.

"We never gave you a badge or a gun, you stupid idiot, now hit the road!"

I picked up all my teeth off the floor and walked out the door without looking back. As I entered the street, I heard Osborne's voice:

"Eddie, get me the pet shop."

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NO, ALL THE YOUNG CABLE STATIONS  
CARRY THE NEWS

# Deli Break

humor by Craig Childress

The ham and salami sat side by side, staring into the thick glass of the countertop window.

"I'm bored," said the salami.

The ham said nothing.

"I want to live life," said the salami, "I want to experience it. I want to ride on a New York subway, drink malt liquor, and pitch pennies into the Grand Canyon."

"Sounds incredibly dull," said the ham.

Mr. Minicucci, the owner of the deli, went over and turned on the radio, while his son went behind the counter and started to clean the blades on the slicer. A deep baritone voice bellowed out of the small plastic box. The only Italian station within a hundred miles of Chicago and they had found it. Found it and exploited it: the tuning dial hadn't moved since.

Minicucci's son turned on the slicing machine and started cutting away at the tail end of a roast beef.

"The outside world is carcinogenic," said the ham.

"What?" yelled the salami over the high pitched whirl of the slicer.

"It's carcinogenic out there!" shouted the ham. "Don't you ever listen to the radio?"

The salami listened to the radio constantly, but tuned it out whenever the news came on. The news depressed him. He couldn't help it. Even though he was just a salami, he was nevertheless a sensitive salami.

"The outside world is full of lunatics and cancer cells," said the ham. "If you don't get stabbed in the back by some nut, you'll get a cancer cell the size of a baseball inside your brain. I'm telling you. You wouldn't last a week."

"I don't care," said the salami, "I'm breakin' out of here."

"And where are you planning to go, my great world traveler?" asked the ham.

"Paris."

The ham laughed. "And what do you know of Paris?"

"It's on the poster," said the salami. The ham looked over at the yellowed travel posters hanging on the opposite wall of the store. The poster of Paris was badly faded, and the tape on its torn corners was barely holding it up.

"I can just see it now," said the salami, "Sitting at a small table in a romantic French sidewalk cafe. A glass of chablis in hand as I gaze at the passers by. I close my eyes and listen to the sweet music of the strolling minstrels." The salami closed his eyes and started to slowly rock back and forth, smashing the parsley between them.

"Stop that!" said the ham.

"What?"

"You're fantasizing!" said the ham.

"And what's wrong with that?"

"Jesus Christ!" shouted the ham. "You're just a salami, you can't fantasize."

The glass door slid open with a bang. The hand of the son reached in.

"This is my chance!" said the salami. The salami inched his way toward the open door.

"Cover for me," he said to the ham, even though the ham had no idea what he meant.

"I need a decoy," said the salami. The ham took some surrounding parsley and threw it into the air. The salami jumped out the door and landed on the cement floor with a soft thud. He sat in the middle of the floor trying to look as inconspicuous as a twelve inch salami could look. The son turned around and caught a glimpse of the salami trying to roll under the counter.

"Damn," said the salami.

The son reached down and picked up the salami and wiped him off with his hands. He then carried him over to the sink, turned on the cold water and stuck him under the spigot.

"What a drag," sighed the salami. The door opened and the salami, still dripping, was thrown back in. He sat next to the ham, the beads of water starting to freeze on his skin.

"Welcome back to the real world," said the ham.

Several hours passed; they sat side by side not saying a word. Finally, the salami turned over and stared out the window.

"I can't take it," he said, "I think I'm going to kill myself." The salami reached over and pulled the plastic price marker out of the smoked turkey. He turned it over and started frantically stabbing himself with the metal prongs.

"Stop it!" yelled the ham. "Are you nuts!" The salami stopped. A glazed look came over his face.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I guess I just lost control."

The ham was worried. He kept a close eye on the salami for the rest of the afternoon. Around 4:00 the delivery truck pulled up. DeMargo came through the front door with his red hand dolly filled with boxes of new supplies.

The salami and ham watched as Minicucci loaded the counter with new comers. The deli smelled of fresh meat and new cheese in exotic colored wax wrappers. The tray of molding pickled macaroni got replaced by an orange mass of raisin carrot salad.

"Thank God," whispered the salami.

The sliding glass door opened and Minicucci's hand reached in and placed a small roll of Mortadella baloney not more than two feet away from the salami.

The salami looked down the counter at the baloney sitting so peacefully amongst the liverwurst. She was beautiful. She was about ten inches long, with tight smooth skin that had never felt the razor sharp teeth of the slicing machine. The salami tried

not to stare. He let out a long sigh.

"I think I'm in love," he said. He kept his eyes glued on the new comer.

"Have you ever seen a more beautiful creation?" said the salami. It was true, she was a beautiful baloney. As beautiful a baloney as the ham and salami had ever seen.

She doesn't deserve to be in a place like this, thought the salami. She's too perfect, too pure. The salami was still. He had forgotten about the frozen drops of water and the prong holes in his back.

"I'm taking her with me," he said.

"What?" said the ham.

"When I break out. I'm taking her with me."

"Don't you ever give up?"

"Oh, can't you just see it?" said the salami, "Me and her, alone. Alone on the sandy white beaches of the Caribbean Islands. Laughing, giggling, splashing in the clear blue water of the Pacific. Drinking papaya juice through thin grass straws, with not a care in the world."

The ham turned away, pretending not to listen.

"And watching the sunset," continued the salami, "Just the two of us, the sun a glowing red ball slowly sinking into the ocean as we lie naked on the cool wet sand. Two bodies pressed together, making passionate love as the spray from the waves cover our skin with a fine white mist." The salami closed his eyes. His body started to tremble.

"Stop that!" yelled the ham.

"What?" said the salami, coming out of his trance.

"You can't fantasize about that."

"What?"

"Sex!" yelled the ham.

"Why not?"

"You're just a salami. Why, you don't even have any sex organs."

"Speak for yourself," said the salami. "I've got plenty of sex organs!"

The ham didn't respond. A long awkward period of silence followed. The salami finally broke the ice.

"Don't you have any sex organs?" he asked in a sympathetic voice. The ham didn't answer. "Have you ever even looked?" asked the salami.

The afternoon passed slowly, a few customers came and went, but nothing happened out of the ordinary. About an hour before closing, the salami leaned over and whispered to the ham.

"Cover me."

The salami started to inch his way toward the swiss cheese.

"What are you doing?" asked the ham.

"I've got a great idea. It can't fail." The salami continued to squirm his way across the deli counter. "See that cheese gift box over there?" said the salami. The ham nodded. "That's going to be my ticket out of here."

"You're crazy," said the ham. "It'll never work. You'll be caught before you even hit the liverwurst."

The salami ignored him and proceeded to slither over the pimento loaf and across the wide open terrain of the German potato salad. He reached the baloney, grabbed her and pulled her toward the cheese box. Prying open the lid, he threw her into the box. He peered over the edge and stared at all the colorful slices of cheese wrapped in cellophane resting in a green bed of plastic grass. The salami spotted a huge piece of provolone cheese sitting in the corner. He reached in, grabbed the provolone and threw him out of the box, then jumped inside and nestled comfortably into the corner.

A half hour later a customer walked through the door and sauntered over to the counter and began eyeing the gift boxes.

"Nice assortment of cheese," she said. Minicucci smiled with pride. The salami sucked in as much air as he could, trying desperately to imitate a piece of provolone cheese. He squenched his body tightly against the side of the box, trying to get that flat square look.

"I do say though," the lady said, "That provolone cheese looks a bit peaked."

"Damn," said the salami.

Minicucci leaned over the counter and stared down at the gift box. "It's probably gone bad," he said, "Let me cut you another piece." Minicucci reached over, grabbed the salami and threw him into the metal trash bin.

The salami sat at the bottom of the can, nestled in-between a half eaten pastrami sandwich, an empty beer bottle and five pounds of molding pickled macaroni salad.

Minicucci cut the lady another piece of provolone, then placed the gift box on the counter next to the cash register.

"Could you wrap that for me?" asked the lady. Minicucci went into the back room to find the tape; the lady turned to look at the travel posters on the wall.

The ham turned to the carrot salad and shouted, "Cover me!"

The carrot salad had no idea what he meant. The ham hopped onto the counter and shuffled his way toward the box, leaving a slightly wet trail of residue behind him. He forced open the lid of the gift box and jumped inside. Closing the lid, the ham nestled down underneath the green plastic grass and found the waiting baloney. In darkness they sat side by side, just barely touching.

Minicucci came back and sealed the box with brightly printed flowered paper. The lady paid him, then put the box under her arm and walked toward the door. The ham inside the box let out a loud bellowing laugh. The lady pushed open the door and walked into the passing sidewalk crowd.

"What a drag," said the salami as the bottle above him dripped a few stagnant drops of beer on his back.

The trash bin shook slightly as he thrashed back and forth.

"Damn!" he shouted again, but no one was around to hear him.

# On the Boardwalk

by Susan Bencuya

My friend Maggie was a fanatic. She loved Bruce Springsteen. Before that, in high school, she loved the Beatles. I once saw her yearbook: all the inscriptions in it repeated, in one way or another, "Hope you get to meet the Beatles someday." You could tell that her obsession was her only identity. The terrible thing was that she was not the kind of person to interest Paul McCartney or Bruce Springsteen. She was not the slim blonde photographer who takes front row pictures for album covers. She was short, had an ordinary body, bad skin, and wispy hair.

I liked Maggie a lot, but she made me sad. She had a jelly bean on her mantel that John Lennon had stepped on. Now, all in the cause of getting to know Springsteen better, she had made a surprising number of connections in the music world. One she even got to go inside his house. She found a guitar pick in the medicine cabinet. She kept it.

One weekend last spring she got the idea that we should make a pilgrimage down to Asbury Park, New Jersey, to see The Boss on his home turf. She had word that Bruce was going to make a surprise appearance at a Robert Gordon concert there. I had never seen either of them live, and Maggie convinced me that I should make the trip. I thought it might be an adventure.

The only problem was that we'd have to make our way to New Jersey separately. I'd be coming from Albany, and she had to go to a wedding or something—I forget what. We figured it would be easy enough to arrange to meet somewhere, on the boardwalk maybe, or at the bus stop; get tickets for the show, and find a place to stay the night.

I left for the shore Saturday morning. It was a pretty uneventful trip. I had barely closed my eyes on the squalor and grime of the New Jersey chemical skyline when the bus stopped for Asbury Park. And when I got off I couldn't find Maggie anywhere.

Have you ever landed in a place you've never seen before, and instead of the familiar face you expected, there's no one. Or, as in my case, only a depressed-looking woman with a FOX Y LADY t-shirt and a straw purse, and a couple of bikers. But though I am prone to panic attacks, I reminded myself that it was silly to worry and that Maggie was most likely waiting at a bus stop I'd somehow missed.

I kept walking until I had wandered around what seemed to be the entire town of Asbury Park. Evidently the boardwalk had sunk into decrepitude since Bruce's wild and innocent days—it was short and almost austere in its lack of glitz—but certainly the place still had an aura of romantic sleaziness. It was springtime, anyway, and too cold to kiss and coo under the boards. There was a big covered arcade at one end, with pin-ball, and a closed-down movie house with a smashed marquee. At the far end was the "Palladium," the concert hall which was the reason I had come on this absurd trip. There were lots of tickets left, so I decided to wait a little longer to buy. Maggie was bound to get there by showtime. If she didn't come for me, she'd be there for Bruce.

But I had been there a couple of hours already, and she was not in any of the salt water taffy shops, and she was not having a hot dog in the creepy sub shop, and she was not even buying one of the cheap off-centered Springsteen t-shirts that seemed to be everywhere. I threw my pack down on a park bench, lit a cigarette, and concentrated on enjoying the adventure. I was concentrating so hard that I didn't notice the person approaching me until his water-buffalo sandals were almost under my nose.

He was not Bruce Springsteen. Actually, he looked more like an out-of-work folkie than a rock and roller. Bowl haircut. Wire rims. He wore ripped jeans and carried a battered guitar case and I wondered if he had been old enough to experience the Summer of Love.

"Is this where the bus stops?" he asked, a tacky pickup line if I ever heard one, but I didn't feel like being rude, so I moved over. I had a feeling he was going to complicate the situation even further, but I really felt like talking to someone. Josh was driving to New York, traveling with friends. Naturally they had stopped to see Bruce Springsteen's home town. He was pretty impressed by my bit of Bruce gossip ("Now, he's showing up tonight? Far out!") and seemed awfully sympathetic about Maggie.

"In fact," he said, "Come back and meet my buddies. We could drive around in the van and look for your friend. If she doesn't show up, you can always hang out with us tonight. Sleep in the van if you want."

I thought that I wasn't keen on that idea, but I followed the sandals and the guitar back to the parking lot anyway.

The first person I saw when I climbed into the van was a girl who looked to be about 15 or 16. She said, "Hi! I'm Sandy. I'm from Neptune. Are you running away from home or something?" It seemed to me that my adventure was taking on surreal overtones.

"I'm Tommy," said the man sitting with Sandy. "Neptune's the next town over," he added helpfully, "she lives there." Sandy and Tommy were obviously together, and I had a queasy feeling that Josh and I made a foursome. Josh had decided that we should all buy tickets for the concert. For better or for worse, I seemed to be stuck with Neptune and her friends, at least until after the show. I wondered if I would end up sleeping on the beach or something. I was not even excited about seeing Bruce Springsteen.

Josh got behind the wheel and put on a tape. There was no conversation for a while as we cruised the main drag, smoking a joint. Everyone sang, "Tramps like us, baby, we were born to run." Where was Maggie? It was getting closer to show time. Josh and I wanted to get our tickets; Neptune and Tommy wanted

to have dinner first. "We'll meet you at the Palladium," they said. I shoved my pack under a seat and Josh and I left the van.

Walking back to the boardwalk, Josh said, "Don't worry about your friend. We can have a good time without her. There's lots of room in the van for us." He started to put his arm around me, and looked annoyed when I moved away. "Well, actually, Josh, I think I'll probably find myself a room for the night. I saw a motel back there. Besides, Maggie's bound to turn up."

"You might not be very safe staying by yourself like that," he said. "You're all alone, aren't you? If you got hurt or you just disappeared, no one would know, would they?" I looked at his peaceable hippie face and had a strong feeling that Josh was not what he seemed. I was afraid.

I was trying to think of something to say when—I swear to God—I saw Maggie's purple jacket in front of the Palladium. She saw me at about the same time. I hugged her so hard, my feet left the ground. She was wearing her favorite Bruce t-shirt and had a look of transcendent joy on her face that was not, I found out, entirely due to my appearance.

"I met him, Terry! I met him!"

I didn't have to ask who.

"I got here a little early this afternoon, so naturally I went to check out the backstage door. They were warming up, and I could hear his voice. About an hour later he comes out. God, he was beautiful!"

"I happened to have this dime store novel, called *Thunder Road*—I probably told you about it before. The same title as his song? You know the one?" I nodded yes. "Well, anyway, I gave it to him, and he was so excited—he said, 'I never seen this before!'—then he leaned over and kissed me! I couldn't believe it!"

I couldn't believe it either. She was in no state to be lectured, though. "I hope you waited until he left the room to scream," I said. "This is Josh." Josh had our tickets.

"We have half an hour," Maggie said. "I still need to get a ticket, though. Hey, I got a motel room. Where's your stuff? We ought to take it over."

"My pack's in Josh's van," I said. "Hey, Josh..." But Josh had a funny expression on his face. He was digging in his pockets. "I think I locked the keys in the car," he said.

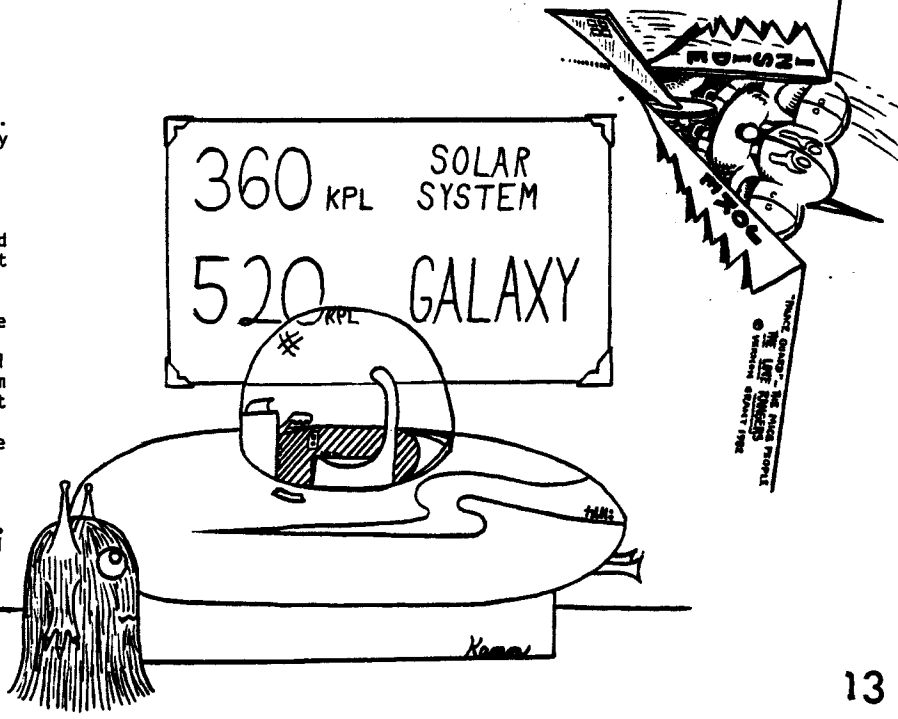
It was like getting a 1st minute reprieve from a death sentence, and finding out it was a mistake. "Does anyone else have keys?"

"Yeah, Tommy doesn't, but I don't know where he is." He looked around vaguely. "They were supposed to meet us. Maybe they're inside already. Listen, if we don't get in there soon we'll get terrible seats. Why don't I go look for them?" And, incredibly, he bounded off up the ramp and disappeared into the hall, leaving my ticket in my hand.

I thought I had exhausted my capacity for panic already, but apparently there was plenty in reserve. I grabbed Maggie's shoulder. "Listen, he has my pack and it has money in it—I can't believe this is happening...I'll meet you outside afterwards, okay? Don't go anywhere—I don't care if Bruce asks you to fly to Boola Boola with him—you be there!" I ran up the ramp after Josh, and just as I got into the auditorium the lights went down and a roar filled the arena, in which my "Oh, fuck!" was instantly lost.

There was nothing for it but to find a seat and enjoy the concert.

I was grinning when the lights came back on. My pack was gone, but it had been a great adventure. I was walking up the aisle looking for Maggie, when someone tapped my shoulder. I looked around and saw Neptune. She was beaming. "I haven't had such a good time since the day I dropped acid in Brands Mart," she said.



SWEDISH HOLDBGRAMS???

# The Arms Problem and Career Opportunities

by Ken Filar

Saturday night and you're sitting in front of the tube, holding a beer and a friend and watching the world's insanity poked and parodied by the "Not Ready for Prime Time Players". Saturday Night Live is interrupted by a talking head that says, "We interrupt this commercial interruption to bring you an important bulletin. This is it, boys and girls—the big one. Full scale nuclear war. We've unleashed our arms and so have the Rusksies, though it's not yet clear who shot their load first."

"Reports from the White House indicate that First Lady Nancy Reagan became uncontrollable when Ronnie told her he had decided to make a guest appearance on "Falcon Crest". Furious that he would consider reuniting with first wife Jane Wyman, the first lady told the president exactly where he could put his jelly beans. She picked up the candy dish from his desk and hurled it across the room, unaware that she was activating a silent alarm. The man with the attache case knocked on the door asking if everything was all right and the President quickly surveyed the scene and replied that "She just spilled the beans."

"High Pentagon sources report that this was the code phrase to launch our missiles, but it hasn't been determined whether the President meant to halt unspecified foreign aggressions or if he simply made a boo-boo. As reports come in we'll keep you posted on this and other developments. Goodnight...and have a pleasant tomorrow!"

Great sketch, you think, as you chuckle to yourself, but if the bomb fell tomorrow, what would you do (assuming that you weren't blown to bits)? Independent researchers have compiled a list of the ten most undesirable jobs following nuclear devastation as well as ten jobs with some sort of future.

## Jobs You Do Not Want

(1) Television Personality - Not only singers and dancers, comics and actors, but also newscasters. As civilization goes down a new barbarism could rise up and cause severe career interruption for the bearers of bad news. Not only will small-screen heroes find themselves out of work because broadcast facilities will be destroyed and no one will have electricity to power a television. They may be crucified for crossed channels or handing out autographed copies of autobiographies.

(2) President - Approval ratings will slide right off the chart if polls are taken among the living. The dead may have no complaints but should not be taken seriously. This may be a good time for a long vacation. Turn the problem of government over to the military.

(3) Military - If the President opts for an extended vacation to begin his memoirs, he'll drop the mess in your lap. Fingers will be pointing in all directions, but the public—at least those with arms—will have a special salute for you. Expect a lot of rape and pillage, especially your own.

(4) Nuclear Engineer - No possibility for future employment unless you're handy with a vacuum. There's a good possibility you'll be considered an outlaw and have to turn to crime to feed your family.

(5) Banker - With everything in ruin no one will need money. What will they spend it on anyway? (Home repairs?) You might consider changing over to a related career. Butchers and child molesters will be in short supply.

(6) Dog Catcher - Fallout can mutate animals in surprising ways. Four-story dogs will not be uncommon. Writing tickets for pet owners who fail to comply with leash laws will prove pointless as no one will have money to pay fines (if they have arms to hold a leash). Besides, if you had a dog that big you wouldn't try to stop him either.

(7) Short Order Cook - There won't be anything that isn't pre-cooked. If you're creative, though, you might make a mint serving Chicken McNuggets as coq au vin.

(8) Maintenance - Buildings that were falling down before will be leveled. Everything over three stories won't be, except for the dogs, which weren't. If someone on the fifteenth floor calls and complains about a leak in the ceiling they probably have holdies in their head. Try plaster—or maybe plastic.

(9) Undertaker - Boom business is expected after the bomb, but you may find the requisite reassembly a problem if someone's body stays in New York while their arms fly to Cleveland. Don't think the bereaved are easily fooled either. They always notice when Daddy has two left hands.

(10) Prophet of Doom - After the worst everything else will be small potatoes. No potential for growth. Consider satire.

## Jobs You Want

(1) Bartender - The old adage, "if times are bad people are worse" will be further enhanced by prohibitions of the reckless use of water. With no popular entertainment to keep people off the streets and with no jobs or homes to go to (and with no hands to masturbate) the bar will undoubtedly be central to the social life of the community.

(2) Trash Collector - If you want a satisfying career that could pay off (handsomely) consider collecting the remnants of civilization. You may find enough stuff to open a department store (though no one will have any money to buy anything; you won't have to worry about shoplifting because no one will be able to lay a hand on anything either). You may just want to accumulate as much as possible in a short time and start a museum. Then again, if you only want to do this 'for fun', do not pass go—you are a bag lady.

(3) Fashion Designer - Brocade Shields won't be handy, but if everyone's running around in last year's rags you may have a large market. There's no telling what tomorrow's fashion rage will be. The lead-lined swimsuit and low-cut evening gowns to accentuate the third breast may prove popular. The armless suit will be a must in every wardrobe.

(4) Barber/Beautician - Genetic mutation may cause all the body hair lost during evolution to come back. To keep up appearances people will not need just a trim or a body wave but a full grooming. Hours could be spent on a single comb-out. The unfamiliar red and white pole would become as recognizable as the pop top.

(5) County Extension Agent - You'll be able to offer advice on everything from breeding the heartiest eight-legged cow to pruning apple trees which are now bearing fudge. You can also provide recipes for quick and easy dishes made from those unidentified fish everyone's pulling out of the water. You know the ones—they're two to three feet in length, bend in the middle, and have a tail which looks curiously like a hand. They're good eating, too.

(6) Insurance Agent - People are more likely to buy insurance after they've been wiped out just so their ass is covered in case it happens again.

(7) est Trainer - No one will raise their hand and ask to go to the bathroom. Of course, bathrooms will be all but nonexistent. (There won't be many more hands either.)

(8) Baseball Player - This pastime will regain favor when the bartenders and barbers are running things. No one will have anything else to do anyway.

(9) Ladies' Room Attendant - An important job since paper will be in short supply. Tips will rarely be offered for the wipe, but if you have to brush hair or put makeup on an armless woman take nothing less than a fiver.

(10) Cartoonist - Popular art will revert to something resembling cave drawings. Artists will draw whole narratives on crumbling walls. An extremely popular running joke will feature a talking head saying, "We interrupt this commercial interruption to bring you this important bulletin..."

(advertisement)

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED why your room gets messy contrary to your deliberate intentions? HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED why war and famine persist contrary to the desires of an overwhelming majority? Have you ever asked yourself WHAT SECRET POWER produces what secular humanist scientists call the Second Law of Thermodynamics? In short, why is there strife and chaos in society and nature although nobody—not even God—wants it that way?

YES! DON'T BLAME GOD! AS ANY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER WILL TELL YOU, IT IS HIS WILL THAT EVERYTHING SHOULD BE NEAT AND ORDERLY.

A much greater OCCULT POWER prevails in the whole material universe—of which the Greco-Roman Goddess Eris Discordia won custody when She walked out on Jehovah exactly 5,000 years ago! This ESOTERIC FORCE is called the Will Goddess and, if you know what's good for you, you will learn how to live with it.

The Will of Eris Discordia IS NOT SUPERNATURAL, for it operates according to a UNIVERSAL LAW axiomatic to the exact science of Palmistry—namely, there are five fingers attached to every normal palm. It is called THE LAW OF FIVES and, if you act quickly, you can learn how to make it WORK FOR YOU!

ALL HIDDEN WISDOM pertaining to the Goddess Eris Discordia and the Law of Fives is contained in the Chaosophy Bible called THE HONEST BOOK OF TRUTH revealed DIRECTLY BY ERIS HERSELF only to those who possess the secret of the Chaosophy's Stone.

To prepare yourself to receive this information, you must first read PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA (OR HOW I FOUND GODDESS AND WHAT I DID TO HER WHEN I FOUND HER)—available for five dollars from Loompanis, Box Two Six Four, Mason, MI 48854. Then you must send one dollar and five cents to the Paratheoanametamystickhood of Eris (Esoteric) for a copy of "Interview with the Norton Kabal." Then and only then will Reverend Jesse Sump teach you how to use the "hot line" in the Eastern Hemisphere of your brain that tunes you into THE HONEST BOOK OF TRUTH in the Akashic Records deep within Mount Olympus. The Paratheoanametamystickhood of Eris (Esoteric) is at Box Nine Nine Five Six Eight, San Francisco, CA 94109.

After you have done the required reading, contact Reverend Sump at that address requesting your instructions about how to become a Medium Fit Revelator and Seer of THE HONEST BOOK OF TRUTH.

Reverend Jesse Sump is the ONLY teacher qualified to convey to you this ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE. Accept no substitute teachers.

JUSTICE we thought: instead of due process, der Prozess. To nonsuit the 3-piece set (aka the Tread Ring) be plaintive, not plaintiff. ... make a criminal appeal! Transsexuals, 55 Sutter #487, S.F., CA 94104.

THE ATTACK  
OF THE  
HIGH-HEELLED  
PEOPLE -  
IN 3-E?

hoot  
write me down as a bum who took days off to write poetry  
and wished he could afford a bag of persimmons;  
who lived off his old lady and the state and the community  
of the great american motor car highway:  
because of an aversion to straight jobs.  
i plead no contest  
and if i can't do that i'll settle for guilty,  
provided

we define it.  
i invoke the muse: safeguard me from comparative  
atrocities arguments  
at this time.

for the point is quite to take the day off and  
write poetry, so  
i gather from my fellow countrypersons.

whether for me personally, a controversy--but  
otherwise that seems to be the order of the day  
in intricate arrangements of words, both in air  
and on paper, if you'll pardon me that my right  
hip pocket is missing.

i hate language as much as you do, dear reader,  
but i like some of the things it stands for.

and i try ever to seek poetry as a safe distance  
from some of the targets of words, but something  
about it becomes more difficult as my social  
environment appears more obsessive.

so, without quite blaming anyone, forgive this  
timid touch that my annoy the restless, for the  
tao seems more like a reality to me than a be-  
lief i can be expected to change.

us declassified intellectuals do step with caution,  
but our ignorance makes us besieged with pain  
when we desert mau tao without principles we  
are able to trace back to it, especially if we  
are compelled by circumstances to proceed in  
haste.

yet we are an impatient lot

so i will endeavor to take the day off and write  
poetry without taking the day off and writing  
poetry, and we'll hopefully see how it goes  
from there. --kerry wendell thornley

rain surrounded us  
the world was unfocused and grey.

people huddled  
slashed hearts passing through their eyes  
and joining the rain.

we stood at the edge  
of the deepest hole man digs.

pieces of earth fell for an hour  
before touching bottom  
sounding against polished wood

then striking only more dirt  
as our best friend was carried mercilessly  
beyond our reach.

i stood there  
healthy and tall  
well-dressed and handsome  
well-adjusted and calm  
and hating myself for all of it.

- Philip Bramson

POWER by Bill-Dale Marcinko (1981)

I am sitting in a bar on the lower East Side  
And a friend that I am with, he says to me  
That love is basically politics  
And that all we ever want from those we  
say we love

Is the power to control the things they do  
I want to stop his talking, say it isn't true  
But my sense of what I know to be --  
Prevents me

Power --  
It all comes down to Power  
Power, Power, Power

The song that is growing inside of me  
Has the sound of a plaintive lament  
I hear voices, they cry, they scream  
Hold me, Christ, I want to be held  
I want to reach my arms and dream  
I want to be able to love

But you just want Power  
It all comes down to Power  
Power, Power, Power, Power --

What will happen to those of us  
Who still believe  
That love is real and  
Men are free  
What will happen to us?

## FLEA MARKET LIFE

C. Steve Fiorilla 1982

I got me a table at the flea market  
where I'm gonna sell

stuff.

People pass by.

A guy in an army jacket with that  
haggard look of having seen just a  
little too much.

The fat man w/ a 'sixties' beard.  
Elvis Costello glasses part of his face.

Women with no teeth. The ones that wear  
Miss Clearol.

They all got that throw away dialogue for  
you--just so they can save money.

A big, black man chompin' on a cigar. He  
probably drives a bus.

Some guy wants records with Christmas  
songs on 'em.

Dude with a potted palm.

Chubby, little girl with her dress strap  
hanging bored.

The man from Atlantic City with the pastel  
painted tie.

Young couples with sex on their mind.

Black lady stuffing things in plastic bags.

Puerto Rican C.B.er--"You give me that  
for ten bucks?"

That lady with the kind smile who buys  
the butterfly nut-tray.

John Lennon poster flapping in the hazy  
breeze. 1940-1980.

Woman who drops the tin canister. Clang,  
clang, clang. "It's not my day."

"Oh, Bill Cosby (record), costs a quarter.  
Anything he says is worth a quarter."

## DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH

by Peggy Tully

Dont expect too much

Dont expect too much

From this cheap thrill called life--  
From this build up called living---  
From this evil punch line---  
From situations we're given.

Dont expect too much

Dont expect too much

Cause when you least expect it....

It's like waiting in line for a Wendy's--

Like the waiting room at the dentists--

Like watching watching the time clock--

The silently punching it with your fists.

Dont expect too much

Quit expecting so much

Cause when you least expect it....

Dont expect too much

Dont expect so much

It will come with a car crash....

Or a buck knife.

Or heart failure.

## SONGS\*

MEAN GREEN

by Julian Ross

How can the pope  
Talk about hope  
For the world's poor millions?  
That guy ducks  
He has the bucks;  
They add up to billions.

Greedy Mormon  
What a bore, man  
All he wants is money,  
Insurance, banks  
Big business pranks  
Some don't think it's funny.

The "born again"  
Give me pain  
Screaming for the dollar,  
Some day, you fool  
Reason will rule;  
Gone will be your holler.

DIRECT ORDERS

C. Rick Farbridge 1981  
A screech of some wheels on the rain drenched road  
A car, an ambulance, my God he's so cold  
Why did he do it why why why why why  
Was it his friends or a case of neglect  
Eject, erect, insect, inspect, I object  
Now you're his friend or is he you  
Who laughed at the prophet who dresses in blue  
Who said step in line hey you hey you  
Who wants to dance with a kangaroo?

## OMBRES CHINOISES

by T.J. Tellier

Whisper of the thorough-going essence of time/  
Gray men from blue tomorrows grin inside their  
raincoats.

Fourteen separate incidents of self-immolation in  
one hour/  
Burnt offerings of wretching despair.

Tepid housecats begin to maul their owners/  
Window sphinxes claim their human due/  
"NO MORE BLOODLESS KITTY FOOD!!!"

Feline samadhi.  
Playthings revolt & begin to spit razor blades at  
snot-nosed infants...(just for kicks).

Gurus of the gut munch the feculent yum-yums of  
Pure Being/  
Diosmic poops saturate the global boil/  
Folks are really offended/  
Indignant AUMs echo through the Empyrean/  
The Omnist scrunches up his face & wishes for  
fresh air...

Once more underway/  
The whole mess lurches ahead. Oversould is  
conscious & fully alert--finally off all  
psychotropic shit/  
Avuncular spheres reluctantly get into the act/  
Pythagoras jums a jumpy tune in waltz time/  
Wire brushes sweep the chronic tom-toms.  
Sharkskin shamans gather in the gloom/  
All the dummies under their craven thumbs.

Lots of pain/  
Lots of boredom/  
Lots of blah sex/  
Half-hard & half-headachy/  
Orgasmic yawns drown in sleepy semen (viscid  
ivory)/  
Logy & breathing shallowly the fuckers shine  
with karmic sweat/  
Swaddled in sheets they watch time running out/  
Ticking away sinfully/  
Gaudy, unattainable benisons roil in program-  
patterned minds/  
Gingerly they favor hemorrhoidal cheeks.

Female offspring twirl batons/  
(scintillating staffs pawned by fey Zen masters).  
Wall-contemplation is the province of the male.  
The holymen are all on holiday at topless bars,  
guzzling nectar & drooling over creamy  
jiggles/  
Flesh panic of prurient lust/  
Fists clenched in rhythmic prayer/  
Bump & grind psalms--sweaty palms/  
The last measure of respect hastily flushed away...  
covering pervers with rosaries in damp pockets.  
Manic demiurges view with lassitude. Great concerns  
plague the continents/  
Limbic powers seethe/  
Prosody is relentlessly sought/  
Rights of preemption are drawn by lots/  
Tribal justice reigns surreptitiously above the  
hoary courts/  
Harlots rule with smirking defilement/  
Resurrected puppets roam through desolate throngs/  
Sacred, elite armies congregate/  
Lame thinkers formulate stupid plans/  
Epistolary tracts are the cornerstone of this new  
faith/  
Bargain faith bought with counterfeit coin.

Children seek mendicant parents/  
Begging with greed for ill-deserved hope/  
Unbroken families await their turns at bat/  
Strike-out & die/  
Umpire pallbearers shoot craps at home plate/  
Grand slam, grandstand exit.

Athlete sages bark out sweaty platitudes/  
Calisthenic yogis of the calloused soul.  
Soft-spoken twerps strum on fretted pears & whine  
mealy-mouthed tunes/  
Chants to Astro-turf/  
Obeisances to the ersatz blades.

Dancing lepers leap into the selfsame pit/  
Completely defined existence is censored by the  
bozo punks/  
Rabid ebony prophets peddle crap in the streets/  
Weird blues on a needle/  
Hermetically sealed salvation via alchemic  
transmutation/  
Religious dross dumped into the cosmic cesspool/  
Sleight of hand improvisations improve on the  
delusions (sly ones pry loose the vulnerable  
lodestone [magnetic salvation]).

Suburban striving for two-car nirvana/  
Trigger-mad cowboys lynch the senile sunset/  
Pubescent clowns dance away--twitching squid in  
boiling water.

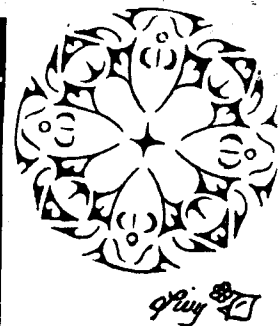
Immigrants seeking respite lap the gore from  
m'lady's wound/  
Barren & weary, she gazes toward the finite  
horizen.

Recumbently ruthless, the sea corrodes her  
tarnished heart.

-T.J. Tellier-



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"A bit of self-indulgence" (1984)  
brought to you by  
Paddy Lally

GERKINS  
AWAY MY BOYS...

.....and all this time she knew it was coming, so there was really no surprise, shock, or unexpected pain to cope with. Pain was the furthest thing from her mind now, the feelings she was concerned with now were relief, independence and a newness to her life, a sort of daily renewal, as if she had found a new religion founded in the word "separation", with salvation appearing in the form of the god Divorce. He was a fucking rot, who now is not. And isolation is not so hard to handle, I can't understand why she was a bit worried about facing it. Naturally, cold, dead Ian helped her overcome that to some extent, but she was still a bit anxious. She found isolation to be orgasmic for the senses, knowing that every move, every thought, every action, was all up to her and no one else. Even in sex, there can be no feeling like this, no orgasm that lasts all through the act, and lingers on indefinitely. But isolation would linger for her, she was sure, and the thought of this pleased her immensely. To be able to control now, instead of being controlled, to be able to manipulate a life, her life, without any help from puppet strings, to be able to decide where and when she would administer a dose of discipline to herself, not too often, she decided, but just enough to keep her in line, gotta stray from that straight and narrow once in a while. And everyone keeps confusing her by asking if she's alright, will she need some counseling, can she make the rent, does she have a friend who will listen? Can't they see that that's why she is content with the situation? Now that she doesn't have to worry about such decisions, she's NOT hurt, she doesn't need a shoulder to cry on, does she appear to be taking it badly? Of course not....people are just reacting in that facetious "I care" manner, the one that makes her want to woof her cookies, aghhh.....but in order to play along with the norm expected of her, she says, somberly, that everything will be okay, knowing damn well that everything is already okay. But who can understand what is off of her back now? Only the person who placed it all on her back at one time, he knows the true extent of her relief at this time, better than anyone else in the world. Sure she can try to explain it to "friends", those attentively unattentive acquaintances, or to perverted counselors, but there's no need. No need to explain anything to anyone anymore. So she writes in her book, keeps records of her unspoken words, and knows that if no one on this earth ever reads them, her time will come. No reason to force them on anyone, there's no one who can read between the lines yet, at least no one that she knows of. But one day, she will touch, as another has touched her, and she will feel no repulsion, no disgust, only the one, the one feeling that will keep her spirit alive eternally. The one voice, the one unspoken word, the one note, the one rotten flesh, the one year, yes, the one year. It comes quietly.....



# Funny You Should Mention It...

"...those are the headlines; now the rumors behind the news..."

**IMITATION IS THE STUPIDEST FORM...** Stations around the country are really trying to whip up some nifty late night comedy programs, I suspect. Actually, they're putting all their failed comedy pilots on in that slot, to sort of get rid of them, tucked away where nobody important (as far as sponsors are concerned) will see 'em anyway. Two of note that I've seen were: Philly station Ch. 29 (I forget the call letters) recently showed a real gem. Entitled "Rock Comedy", it was so amusing as to be reminiscent of the old Laugh-In. It starred such familiar faces to comedy buffs as Jim Staahl, who was totally wasted in Mork & Mindy as Cousin Nelson; the gal from the old new SNL who used to do that really interesting California teenager, you remember, used to talk with Denny (ugh!) Dillon, and whose first date was the "guy from Joisey"; the Candy lookalike who made those interesting animal noises on the new old Laugh-In (the one w/ Robin Williams); and, get this, Howie Mandell, actually not being manic! Not outstanding, certainly, but interesting enough. Good punk rock jokes, not the cheap kind that emanate from Fridays, but, like I said, Laugh-In-type humor. Even had that disco party scene when people pause to spout one-liners. Good musical guests too. It's a shame no one'll ever hear about it again...The other piece of something-or-other I caught on NBC Sunday the 18th, at 11:45 till 12:45 (make sense? o' course not), called That's TV. Dumb, with a few (too few) bright moments. On this one, the cast credited themselves at the end, so I can tell you their names and see if you recognize any: Carl Anderson; Michael Diamond; Terry Lester; Maggie Roswick; Cindy Morgan; Sean Vaughn; Donovan Scott, and the three I recognized—Judy Landers, the sex symbol w/ identical twin Audrey who's always on Love Boat or something; Charlie Dell, famous more or less for his role of the professor on the Saturday morn kid sf show Jason of Star Patrol; and ONE OF MY ABSOLUTE FAVORITE LADIES, Susan Elliot (the definitive "spaced out" Californian, before it became fashionable to do those impressions, from America 2-Night)! Really not that good a show, except Dell and Elliot stood out, and there were two good moments—both combining two unlikely premises—"Exercise Story Man" and "The Anchor Family". Also of minor note in this "irreverent" send-up of television (gee, I'm so glad someone decided to do an irreverent send-up of tv, why didn't anyone think of that before?) were "The Cauliflower, Friend of Man" and "Stand-Up Cop"...You didn't miss much. I saw that a show called "The Show Must Go On" was on afterwards, but I didn't watch, so would appreciate reports.

**CYCLE 4**—Wasn't it wonderful watching Guy Caballero announce the "brand new cycle of 52 shows—4 new ones, 13 composites, 8 'best of's, and 27 reruns"? Again I scream, "BRILLIANT!!" To take the two most inside jokes to loyal viewers—the rumor that "we've never done an original show" and the Bob & Doug craze so popular w/ faddy fans, and expound on those two things specifically—God, ya feel like they're doing the show just for you. Actually, they are catering to viewers, because they're catering to themselves. What can I say? If you missed it, there aren't enough words of praise to describe it. Also worth noting w/ SCTV are: that gorgeous new Toronto studio (only with that kind of sophisticated equipment can they afford to fake blunders like on their takeoff of network nighttime news), AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, THE NEW PRODUCER—DON NOVELLO!! Bet that opened a few eyes, seekers. Why isn't NBC doing any justice—ah well, one can scream to high heaven. The answer is simply, because the SCTV players hold total creative control, and that's "too scary, boys & girls" to the bigwigs. And, as we heard Guy say, "I don't stay up that late anyway". Lots of in-jokes, too. The whole Bob & Doug bit, proving Thomas' and Moranis' two passions about those guys—that the whole thing only works because it's ad lib, and that the most imperative thing is to stay in character perfectly (clothes do not make the character). Ahh, I'm psyched now....

**TV GLIDE**—Yes, the infamous "what I watch and who cares anyway" will appear, Grid willing, in the May Pseudo. Not much to talk about, really—the am kid show Hot Fudge, possibly funnier than Electric Company (and I thought nothing could beat that!); the surprisingly interesting sitcom Facts of Life (the only one, as opposed to silliness like Too Close For Comfort, which really tries to deal with the problems and questions of 14 and 15 year old girls, and is just plain fun), the new cross-your-fingers-winner Report to Murphy, starring Michael Keaton; and that—uh, that—what the hell comedy is that they put on to replace the phenomenal Police Squad? It's supposed to be stream-of-consciousness comedy, this No Soap, Radio thing. When it does that, it's good. When the marvelous Steve Guttenberg sinks to the level of sitcom (not sitcom parody, mind you—just sitcom), and bad sitcom at that, you lose interest mighty quick. But I'll have to watch it more before I condemn it fully. Also, I'm happy to report that The Paper Chase is on in the NJ area again, on Channel 50. Will I never recover from Fitzsimmons Fever?

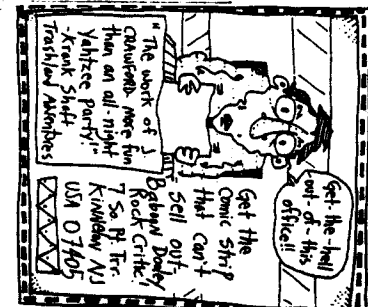
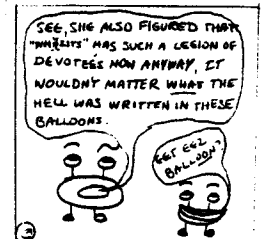
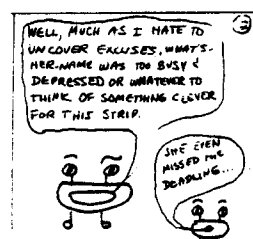
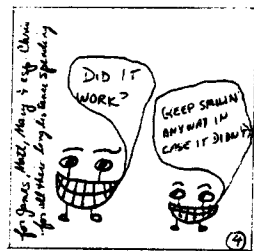
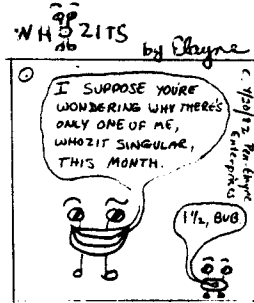
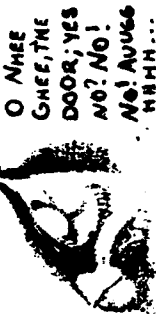
**A POOR PERSON'S DICK CAVETT?**—I wouldn't relegate David Letterman to that position yet, but quite often lately, his incredible wit still falls behind that of many of his guests. Who woulda thought Pia Zadora had such sparkle and intelligence. My God. Actually, I'm more of a fan of the show than ever, having had 2 trips to see it in person. Cinch—they tape at Rocky Center, a mere 10 minutes away from work. In by 5, out by 6:15, home by

7 or 7:30 latest. Lisa Bottini and I plan to make it a weekly journey, if we get our ticket requests honored on time. David is as marvelous in person as on the air—he does warm up the audience, however briefly, before airtime—and except for the increasingly annoying Bill Wendell (announcer for David, who monitors the audience to make sure we're all good little boys and girls, applauding where we should etc., yeah I know, only doing his job), the atmosphere is relaxed and just plain fun. David even asked Ruth Westheimer my question last time she was on. Shucks, how could ya not go for that?

**AND NOW, THE VAUDEVILLE TEAM OF...** I was privy to what was then called The Great Debate—March 27 was the date, and the place was the Beacon Theatre. The participants were Dr. Timothy Leary, a personal hero, and G. Gordon Liddy, a nightmare of a man if there ever was one. I guess you know where I stand. It was supposed to be about The Rights of The Individual (Leary) v. The Power of The State (Liddy). What it was was scary. Lots of namecalling on Liddy's part, also lots of glib humor from him, the crafty lawyer, and the audience was the most frightening of all. All little Reaganettes. So far right I swear the theatre was leaning over. One guy got up and said that Leary was a relic from a failed past and "the world NEEDS MORE PEOPLE LIKE YOU, G. GORDON LIDDY!!" I taped the event, but since recorders were strictly forbidden and I'm chicken of those things so I kept the shitbox more or less inside my bag, the sound on the debate itself came out pretty unintelligible. The question-and-answer period, a la Phil Donahue, which followed came out a little better. By the way, I had seat number 23 in the balcony.

**IT'S EITHER US OR THEM**—That cardboard wall they put up while supposedly building something on the corner of 5th and 39th is starting to look mighty strange. I can't figure out if the cryptic messages adorning both sides are Discordian or Illuminati. Lots of mathematical equations, too. A wall to watch. **BUT DOES THE NET WORK?**—In keeping with this month's theme (I feel like Merv Griffin), I got a wonderful phone call on 3/26 from SEMAJ the Elder in Davenport, Iowa, Home of Dirt (he said it, not me). Semaj called not only to tell me they've moved Davenport from Indiana, as reported in IJ#8 (ah, but in an alternate universe...), but to inform me that A.M.O.C.K., e.l.f.'s #1 publication, actually does not discriminate, consciously or otherwise, against us testicleless individuals. Good to know—I believe 'em, too (always did, but that's another inside joke). Apologies to Semaj, his lovely lady She Who Must Be Obeyed and Rev. Malfunction the Flippie, Eater of Nazarenes (yum yum) for my unfortunate tendency to have my attention diverted by the television (in this case, Gerry Todd's "3-D Video" bit), even to the point where I neglected to give the proper response ("All Hail Discordia!") to Semaj's to-be-expected sign-off of "Hail Erisi"...The First United Cabal of Kallisti is also busy networking (taking, of course, every precaution to insure the names are not duly confiscated by THEM), trying to gather together ALL for the CAUSE (uh...). Please, please, if you're a true whatever-it-is-we-are, or even benignly amused, please contact Semaj at 1210 Brady Street, Davenport, IOWA 52803. That's all.

SAME SEEMS SAME. Solipsist seeks self for superlunous symmetry. Let's be alone together. Involutionaries. 55 Sutter, #487, S.F., CA 94104.



MORALISM: Service to causes... causes servitude. The I's have it! Marxist-Stirnerists, 55 Sutter #487, S.F., CA 94104.

**SPACE COLONIZATION?** Better start with the vacuum between your ears. The Enterprise is a garbage scow. Instead of lower gravity, why not higher levity? Futurism is reactionary. Why not science friction? The Empire strikes out... may the farce be with you! Phrases on stun! Artaud D2, 55 Sutter #487, S.F., CA 94104.



INNER PEACE NOW! You know who you are. \$1 for info. The SubGenies Foundation P.O. Box 14036 Dallas, Texas 75214

# FIRESIGN #1

Welcome to our first FIRESIGN THEATER quiz, buffs! This one works like so: Just complete each of the phrases/segments as much as you can, and name the album it's from. In fact, I've made it easier—each segment's from a different album, including an extra "bonus" album question. So, let's test your skill, as we go once more FORWARD, INTO THE PAST!

1. "—at's talk about your car! It's screaming 'wash me, please!' Now, if you're Mr. Common Sense, \_\_\_\_\_"
  2. "I am—your son?" "Nay nay, I am your father...But wait, I've proof. \_\_\_\_\_"
  3. "Ah, this is a shot of naked children, or almost naked children, being \_\_\_\_\_"
  4. "Yes, Poona Farm Sausage, cut from real Belgian waffle-fed Poona's Farm porkers. It's a \_\_\_\_\_"
  5. "Gentlemen [heartbeat in background], I won't take any more credit for this victory than necessary. Lord Kitchner did not —nay, will not die in vain, Grid willing. [Applause] Gentlemen —Gentlemen, I—I, as leader, will \_\_\_\_\_"
  6. "Think your children are as innocent as the new puppy next door? Well, they know something you don't know. \_\_\_\_\_"
  7. "And we took to them," "and they took to us." "And what did they take?" " \_\_\_\_\_"
  8. "Say [chuckling], we can pay this month's rent, you know, and have a little left over for food if you'll just tell me a second story." "What am I, a second story man? If it's adventures you want, \_\_\_\_\_"
  9. "Well, look what you can win!" "It's a dream package to the capital of dreams, Hollywood, California! [game show music in background] Yes, Skipper, you'll be \_\_\_\_\_"
  10. "Animals without—backbones hid from each other, or fell down. Clamsasurs and oysterettes appeared as appetizers. Then came the sponges, which \_\_\_\_\_"
  11. "And here comes the headline—" "The definition of an 'Indian' is: " \_\_\_\_\_"
  12. "Hey, ju guys [all spoken with Mexican accent]. Just at da age where ju're looking for \_\_\_\_\_"
- BONUS ALBUM QUESTION:
13. "In 1950, while you were born like so many others like you, this busy nation hung out a clean hand to the victims of the past, and \_\_\_\_\_"

ANSWERS are found elsewhere in this rag, or, barring enough space, will be printed next issue. Meanwhile, Michael Dobbs has some more Firesign-like reminiscences...

Everyone has their own little inside jokes, and movie fans are no exception. Their little jokes are called cult films and the cultier the better. Enjoying a cult film is a sort of elitism, but in this era of Republicanism I guess I no longer should feel guilty that not everyone has seen films such as ROCKY HORROR or PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE.

You see, cult films are not for everyone...thank goodness I wouldn't want just anyone seeing films such as DOC SAVAGE, MAN OF BRONZE or AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. It would take away from their charm.

However, having been an IJ reader for a few issues now, I feel that I should contribute a little inside joke of my own and recount my most satisfying cult film experience.

I'm a Firesign Theater fan, and was stunned in 1979 to see a film advertised at a local multi-house entitled J-MEN FOREVER starring Proctor and Bergman of Firesign. Naturally, my wife and I trundled off at the first opportunity to see it.

Aside from Mary and I, the theatre had three or four other patrons who did not have the somewhat crazed look of most Firesign fans. By the end of the evening, two of those people walked out and the others in differing levels of sleep.

J-MEN FOREVER was written by Proctor and Bergman and produced by Patrick Curtis. It was distributed by International Harmony, Inc., a New York-based firm specializing in concert and youth-exploitation films.

What P and B did was to take scenes from various Republic movie serials (THE ADVENTURES OF CAPT. MARVEL, SPYSMASHER, FIGHTING DEVIL DOGS, CAPT. AMERICA), construct a new continuity and record their own soundtrack.

The result was an absolutely hilarious film which paid homage as well as parody the classic old serials. The film successfully brought the unique and complex Firesign humor to another medium.

The plot, as it was, concerned an evil villain, the Lightning, and his efforts to take over the earth through sabotage and rock and roll. Proctor and Bergman played the head agents of a government agency, the J-Men, whose job is to stop the Lightning. They do so by dispatching their fellow agents, the serial heroes.

Tom Tyler as Capt. Marvel becomes the Caped Madman who flies through the air singing, "Here I come in my tight pajamas"; Spy Smasher gets a similar treatment.

VARIETY, the international entertainment trade paper, loved the film, and noted the film was tailor-made for the college movie market. So far, though, little has been seen of J-MEN FOREVER, which is a shame, as it could start something cinematically for Firesign.

Michael Dobbs

(Michael Dobbs is an actual writing-type-person [newspaper reporter] and is currently working on a Fleischer biography.)

# Participation PUZZLE Page

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S LETTER QUIZ

- |   |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| a. 26 = Letters of the Alphabet                   | b. 7 = Wonders of the World        |
| c. 1001 = Arabian Nights                          | c. 12 = Signs of the Zodiac        |
| e. 54 = Cards in a Deck (with the Jokers)         | f. 88 = Piano Keys                 |
| g. 9 = Planets in the Solar System                |                                    |
| h. 13 = Stripes in the American Flag              |                                    |
| i. 32 = Degrees Fahrenheit at which Water Freezes |                                    |
| j. 18 = Holes on the Golf Course                  |                                    |
| k. 90 = Degrees in a Right Angle                  |                                    |
| l. 200 = Dollars for Passing Go in Monopoly       |                                    |
| m. 8 = Sides on a Stop Sign                       |                                    |
| n. 3 = Blind Mice (See How They Run)              |                                    |
| o. 4 = Quarts in a Gallon                         | p. 24 = Hours in a Day             |
| q. 1 = Wheel on a Unicycle                        | r. 5 = Digits in a Zip Code        |
| s. 57 = Heinz Varieties                           | t. 11 = Players on a Football Team |
| u. 1000 = Words that a Picture is Worth           |                                    |
| v. 29 = Days in February in a Leap Year           |                                    |
| w. 28 = Flavors in Howard Johnson's               |                                    |
| x. 54 = Squares on a Rubik's Cube                 |                                    |
| y. 40 = Days & Nights of the Great Flood          |                                    |
| z. 5 = Toes on a Foot                             |                                    |

## ALPHABET QUIZ

by Julian Ross

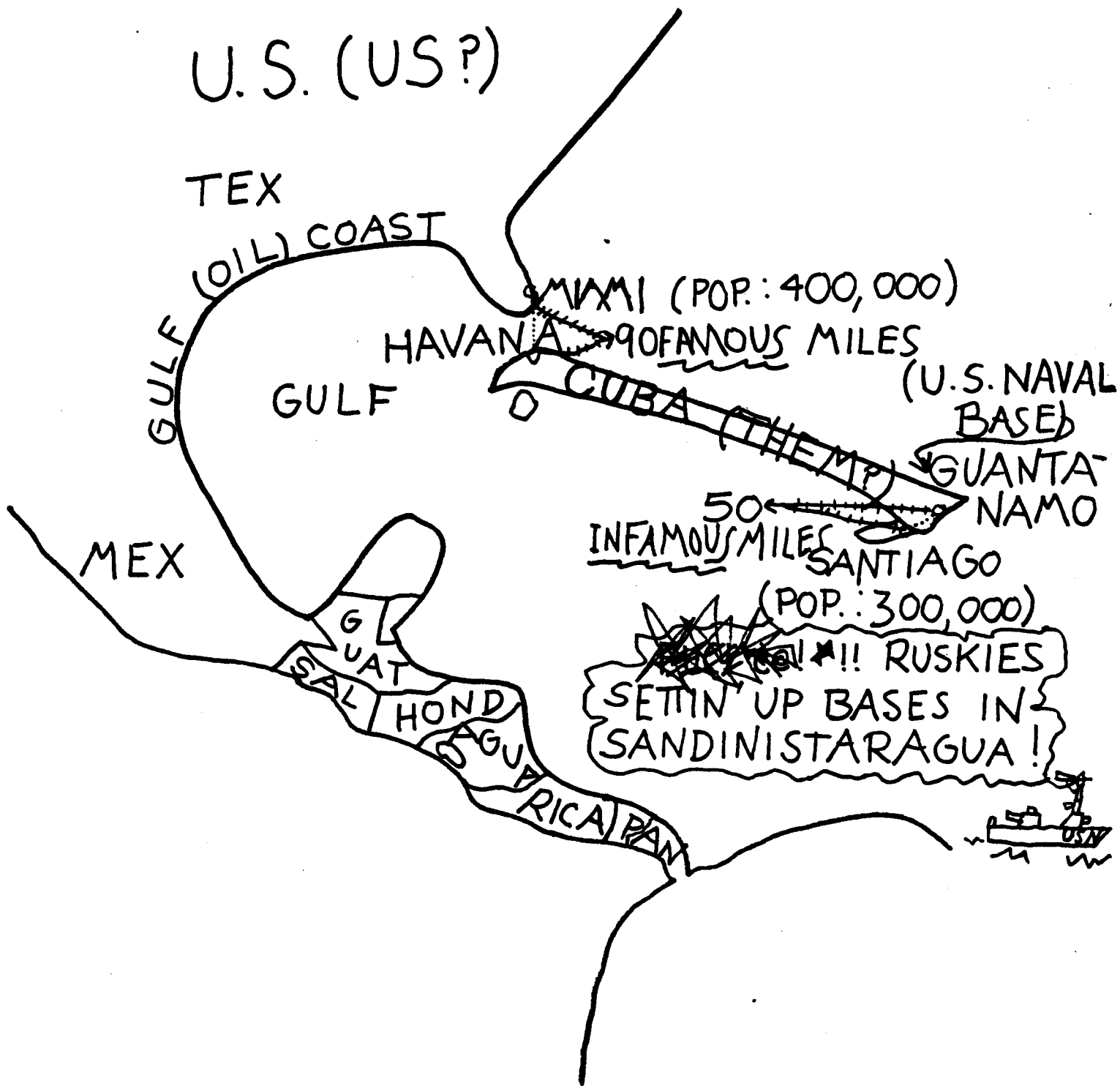
1. An Aardvark is (a) an ancient boat (b) an African anteater (c) a tropical tree.
2. Baseball's first commissioner was (a) Ford C. Frick (b) Kenesaw M. Landis (c) Albert B. Chandler.
3. Cape Verde is (a) a group of islands (b) the southern tip of Africa (c) an island near Cape Cod.
4. "Doctor Faustus" was written by (a) James Joyce (b) Franz Kafka (c) Thomas Mann.
5. "Easy Rider" was directed by (a) Peter Fonda (b) Dennis Hopper (c) Jack Nicholson.
6. The Flag of France is (a) black, green and gold (b) red, yellow and green (c) blue, white and red.
7. The Galaxy closest to our own is (a) Andromeda (b) Ursa Minor system (c) Large Magellanic Cloud.
8. Hawaii became a state in (a) 1950 (b) 1957 (c) 1961.
9. Insects are small creatures (a) having six or eight legs (b) with only six legs (c) that have four or more legs.
10. "Jalousie" is a word meaning (a) suspicion of a loved one (b) a jellyish substance (c) a window with slats.
11. Khrushchev (Nikita) was deposed in (a) 1964 (b) 1969 (c) 1982.
12. The largest Library in the United States is (a) Harvard University Library (b) the Library of Congress (c) UC-Berkeley Library.
13. Morse (Samuel F.B.) invented the (a) wireless telegraph (b) single-wire telegraph (c) multiwire telegraph.
14. The Newspaper (daily) with the largest circulation is (a) Pravda (b) Yomiuri Shimbun (c) the New York Daily News.
15. The Olympic Games of 1976 (summer) ended with the United States winning (a) 47 gold medals (b) 29 gold medals (c) 34 gold medals.

16. The national Park with the largest acreage is (a) Yellowstone (b) Glacier (c) the Grand Canyon.
17. Queen Elizabeth I ruled from (a) 1603 to 1649 (b) 1485 to 1553 (c) 1558 to 1603.
18. "Robot" was first used in a literary work by (a) Isaac Asimov (b) Karel Capek (c) Ray Bradbury.
19. Saskatchewan is (a) the capital of Manitoba (b) a Canadian province (c) the native language of Newfoundland.
20. "Tom Jones" won Best Picture and Best Director Oscars in (a) 1963 (b) 1967 (c) 1958.
21. Unicameral means (a) using one camera to film (b) having a single legislative house (c) a camera with a fixed aperture.
22. Vassar College is located in (a) West Hartford, Conn. (b) Northampton, Mass. (c) Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
23. Women were granted the right to vote in (a) 1917 (b) 1923 (c) 1920.
24. X-rays were discovered in 1895 by (a) Marie and Pierre Curie (b) Wilhelm Roentgen, (c) Heinrich R. Hertz.
25. The Yangtze River (a) flows through Thailand and Laos (b) empties into the East China Sea, (c) is shorter than the Mississippi.
26. A Zoophyte is (a) someone who likes zoos (b) the technical name for a sponge (c) a one-celled animal.

## Answers To Quiz

- 1-b, 2-c, 3-b, 4-c, 5-b, 6-c, 7-c, 8-a, 9-b, 10-c, 11-a, 12-b, 13-b, 14-b, 15-c, 16-a, 17-c, 18-b, 19-b, 20-a, 21-b, 22-c, 23-c, 24-b, 25-b, 26-b.

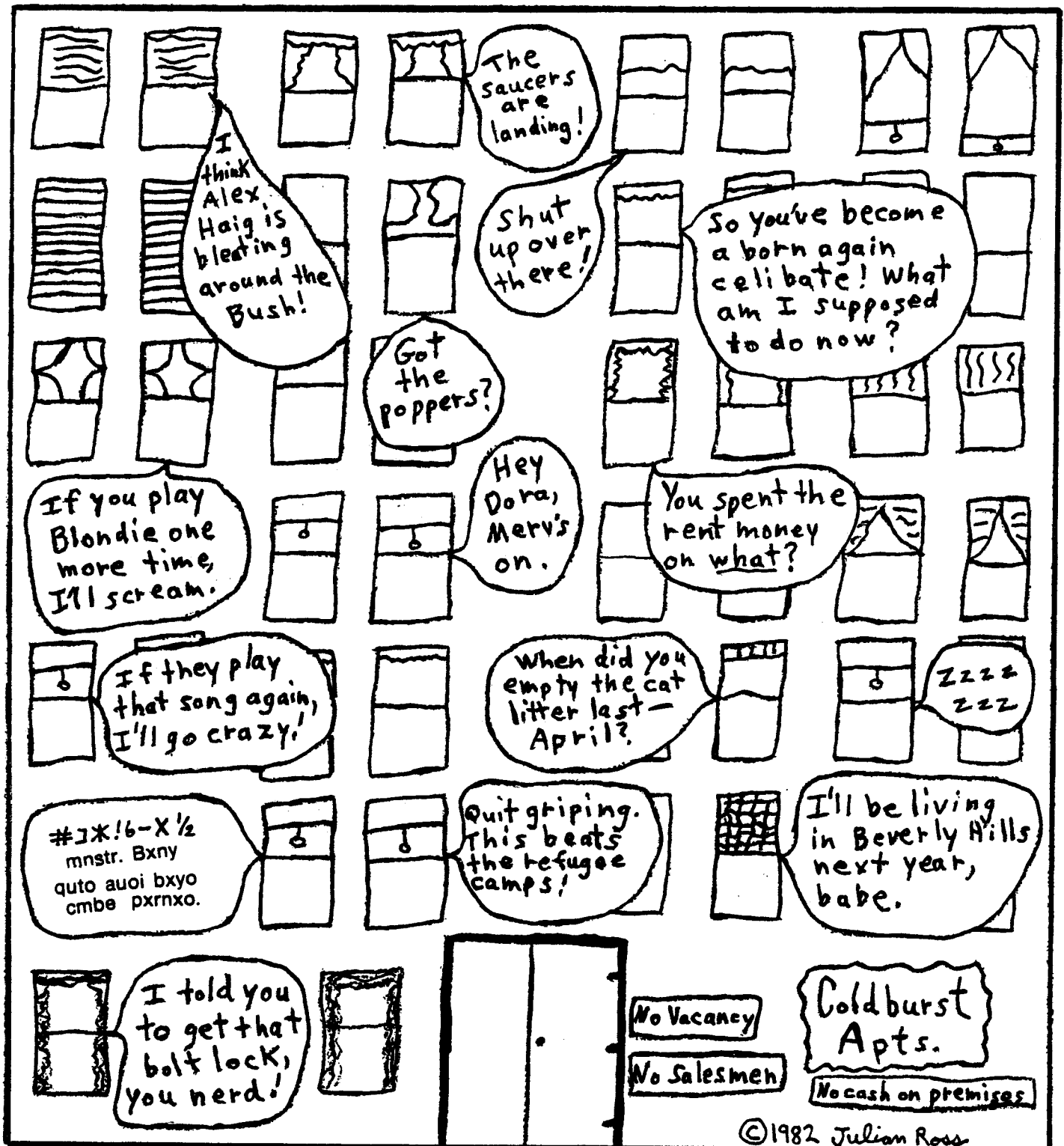
# MONDO MAPA or...



"What's sores for the goose..."

# VIEW OF THE 80s

by  
JULIAN ROSS



Life at the Coldburst Apartments, Hollywood, California

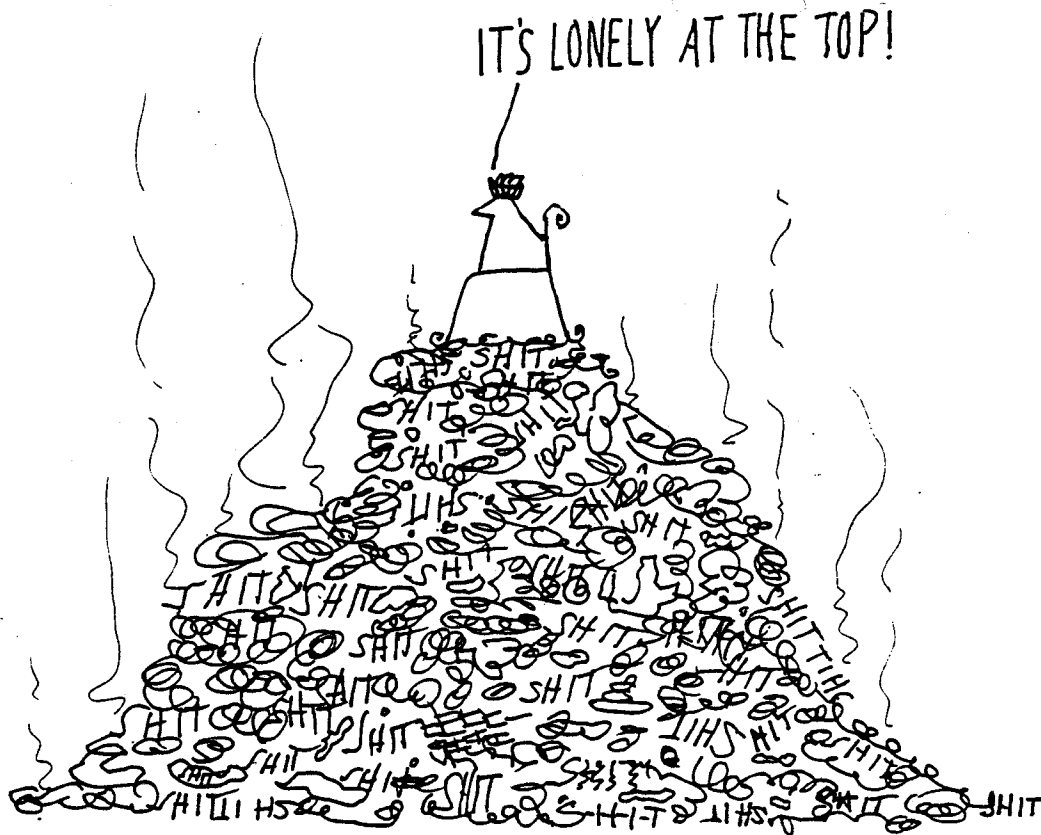
"In a world where the  
illusion of free will has  
brought so much suffering  
and pain, can we  
really afford  
to let them  
live?"

- M. Tannerhill  
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# KING REAGAN'S COMPLAINT

by  
Tuli  
Kupferberg

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## INSIDE JOKE

c/o ELAYNE WECHSLER  
418 East Third Avenue  
Roselle, New Jersey 07203

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