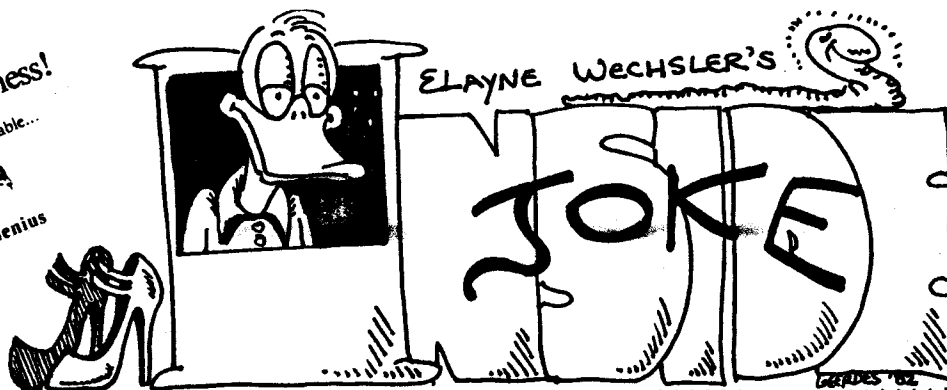


bizarre but hilarious
An inside answer...
Unleash Your Weirdness!
Weirdness is quickly becoming fashionable...
member of
The Church of the SubGenius
...and more...



"A NEWSLETTER OF
COMEDY AND CREATIVITY"

"BRING OUT
YER DEAD"
MONTY
PYTHON

NUMBER 10

COST: 40¢ in stamps/\$1 cash

MAY, 1982

Sidetracked

Bo was a train conductor. The best in the amusement park.

The train, the Ammi-Nission Express, ran on an electric track about 500 feet around, in a tight little circle, in the center of Ammitytown Amusement Center (as opposed to "Ammityville", though there was somewhat of a haunted atmosphere about the whole thing), stopping at the Nission Mission for the fake holdup-and-conversion-to-good-Christians bit. Bo spent her summer vacation making the Express screech to a careening halt (she once tried to look up "careening", but got too fascinated by "carafe" and forgot) and warning her passengers (mostly bored, tired parents with their wide-eyed hyperkinetic little charges with forms of sugar hanging from their open mouths) to "just stay in your safe ol' seats, now, and maybe the good guys'll come to the rescue" then pressing the accelerator and the whistle mechanism simultaneously so the jerk of the train "made" the clownrobbers fall on their knees, pray to God a bit, then run away sheepishly.

This was not what Bo could term a "full summer". It was basically shit work in a sweaty Southern Cal town with dim prospects for the coming fall let alone a lifetime.

Bo's beau (she called him a "boyfriend", but no sense wasting literary license) was Danny, and he worked in the Ammitytown stage show, "Bygone Era." This month it involved a "Salute to Vaudeville", which the producers thought a highly original concept, and Dan alternated as buffoon and emcee. Bo went to see whatever performances of the Bit Players she could during her breaks; she loved his emcee act because he ad-libbed.

Bo was afraid to ad-lib on the Express, for three reasons: her bosses had no sense of humor; she figured she probably wouldn't be able to fit any off-the-cuff remarks in the short time gaps between the rapidly flowing, rigid plasticized script; and she always forgot the third reason but it wasn't necessary to recall it after the first two.

Yes, her game plan for the summer, and for as much of her immediate future as she could tell, was to stick to the scripts that others wrote for her (although our Bo was probably not creative enough to put it that way herself). Danny held her heart, her parents had her mind and behavior, her bosses controlled her daily activities. Once upon a time she'd thought of that way as easiest, the path of least resistance. That was when she'd wanted to rest her mind from working too hard on pipe dreams. Danny had a semi-plan for them in his head, he said (but he wanted to "play things by ear"!). Her parents assumed and expected her to go to college. The amusement park folks hoped that many of their "summer kids", into which category she was lumped, would stay on through the fall.

The Express was loaded with its twenty-third gaggle of gogglers, and the "real steam engines" were switched on. Mike at the caboose flashed Bo the signal, and, sighing, she took the 'helm' and the mike. Stick to the script...

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen! I'm your conductor, Bo LaRechsye. Won't you come along with me on the Ammi-Nission Express, as we take a trip into fantasy?!?" Oh god, she was getting so tired of this. Something had to be done. Anything. But oh, the risk, the danger..."Looking to your left..." she droned the usual sloop into the mike, went through the entire tour in frustration, until the regimented, mandatory "Have A Nice Day" bit. Crossing her fingers, throwing caution to the wind, knowing she'd be facing severe consequences, she ventured, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. See you in the funny papers!" ew

EVENTS UPCOMING

- MAY 26 - Radical Humor meeting, 7pm, 160
6th Ave. (corner Spring St.), NYC, details
to be in June IJ, for info (212) 787-1784
- JUNE 2 - Marquis de Sade, b. 1740
- JUNE 5 - JERRY ROBKOFF (30)
- JUNE 8 - CHRIS DOWNEY (17?)
- JUNE 8 - CARTOOZDAY begins (see Fan Noose)
- JUNE 10 - ABSOLUTE DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS
TO JUNE ISSUE OF INSIDE JOKE
- JUNE 11-12 - AD ASTRA convention, Toronto
- JUNE 12 - LISA BOTTINI (21)
- JUNE 17 - SUSAN NICHOL (25)
- JUNE 18 - PAUL ("Ivory") MCCARTNEY (40)
- JUNE 19 - SCOTT SEAMANS (32)
- JUNE 24 - MICHAEL B. SMITH (25)
- JUNE 25 - JILL ZIMMERMAN (27)
- JUNE 30 - SILVER TRAVIS BAND formed,
Spartanburg, SC (1980)

NEXT MONTH'S QUESTIONNAIRE will contain a
space for anything you might like to sub-
mit for this column...

* INSIDE JOKE is put on each month, sooner or later, by *
* Elayne Wechsler. Nothing fancy, nothing smart/just some bull- *
* shit from the heart. *

* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler *

* PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS: Jill Zimmerman (at last, a proof- *
* reader!), Gary Turner, and Margaret Kuczyński *

* STAFF WRITERS *

* CHRIS DOWNEY	NATE HISHAAN	STEVEN SCHARFF
* CHRIS ESTEY	GERRY REITH	KERRY THORNLEY
* CLAY GEERDES	SUE ROSNER	PAUL ZUCKERMAN

* RECORDS: BRIAN CATANZARO *

* MOVIES: KEN FILAR *

* BABOON DOOLEY STRIP BY JOHN CRAWFORD *

* (MASTHEAD: CLAY GEERDES) *

* OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH: *

* GREG BLAIR	TULI KUPFERBERG	JULIAN ROSS
* PHYLLIS BURNS	BILL-DALE MARCINKO	JEROME SALZMANN
* E.T. CALDWELL	CARL S. NORD	JOSEPH SEMENOVICH
* VERNON GRANT	RICK PARTRIDGE	BILL SHUT
* PETE HOLLY	R.S. PREUSS	DANA A. SNOW
* GARY ISHLER	S.J. RAYNER	JIM TAUSCHER
* ANDY KAHN	ROLDO	PEGGY TULLY
	GARY S. ROSIN	

* Additional ads and materials provided by the CHURCH OF THE *
* SUBGENIUS (Douglass St. Clair Smith), MINITRUE (Garry Reith), *
* the CHURCH OF THE ANARCHIST AVATAR (Kerry Thornley) and THE *
* LAST INTERNATIONAL (Bob Black) in exchange for this plugola *

* PRINTED BY MIKEY & BOBBY AT COUNSEL PRESS INC., NYC *

* c. 1982 Pen-Elayne Enterprises - Kip M. Ghasin, President *

WRITERS GUIDELINES: INSIDE JOKE exists only for fun. Write me
whatever the hell you want; since you get credited, you'll look
the fool, not me. All rights resort to writers, what would I need
them for? Just two things that get rejected (possibly a third, as
I am now considering a blanket rejection over any subject matter
whose author cannot distinguish between "its" and "it's"): porn
or material I consider inappropriately offensive (and this is a
totally subjective judgment but it's my paper so nyah nyah); and
ANYTHING OVER 2,000 WORDS, NO MATTER HOW MUCH I MAY LOVE IT, PERIOD.
I prefer works about 900 words long, as this is the equivalent of
one 1/2 page column retyped. Also, be aware that as I retype almost
everything (sometimes frantically) for camera-readiness anyway,
your stuff may have a few minor typos, nothing to shit a bird over.
BUT it will never be chopped, I can leave that to pro editors.
Which brings me to my last guideline—THE NEXT YAHOO WHO SENDS ME
A TYPED, BUSINESSLIKE, FORMAL COVER "DEAR MS. EDITOR" OR WHATEVER
LETTER, ESPECIALLY SINCE THERE'S NOW NO REASON FOR NEW SUBMITTORS
TO DO SO NOW THAT MARCINKO HAS STOPPED PASSING THEM OFF TO ME
WITHOUT GIVING THEM ADVANCE COPIES OF INSIDE JOKE FIRST (ARE YOU
LISTENING, MARCINKO?), well, need I say more? Psst, folks, FUCK
THIS NONSENSE, we're a small outfit, nobody takes anything se-
riously, you're wasting your breath, just relax and have fun.
Hey, uh, pass that there, will ya bub? Mm, ah yes, good, mm...

acknowleditorialetc.

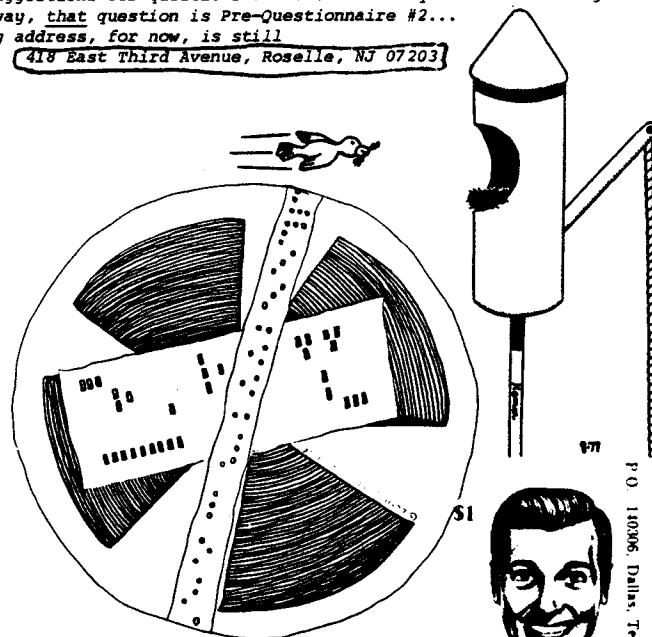
Undying gratitude to all who made my LA-SF stay so memorable
and worthwhile: Dana Snow (great play; where's that address?);
Ron & Susan Ahrens (though I caught no traces of "Susanese");
Chris Estey, wherever you are; Victor Backer (thanks for giving
Robin that IJ!); Clay Geerdes (do I get a photo, huh, please,
huh); Louisa Lacey, classy lady; David Palter (they didn't beat
me up, Dave, but next time screw time limits); and especially
'Bob Black' and 'Carrie Sealine' for their alter-egotism and un-
derstanding. With wit, warmth and intelligence like that, I don't
know why I'm back in Jersey. Which I won't be for long—in a few
months the return address for IJ will begin its zip with a "9",
but more on that to come. Apologies to Brian (I tried, honest—I
kept getting room 406), Craig, Valentino, Ron Flowers and anyone
else I didn't contact or wasn't in touch with enough—I promise
I'll make it all up to you when I move there permanently.

Shit, my list got lost in the bustle. Forgive me (my goodness
we're being self-flagellating this month aren't we?) if I've
slighted your generosity (for which I'm ever grateful) by offering
a blanket thanks for all of this month's contributions, but from
now on I'll keep closer tabs on my lists. Late thanks to Dave
Palter, and Paul Buhle for \$ and Vic Backer and Luke McGuff for
stamps. It's great to feel needed...A special hoorah for all of
you who've begun sending me a buck per issue instead of two 20¢
stamps. To remind y'all, this is a voluntary bit; you opt either
for a buck or 40¢ in stamps each month. Obviously, \$1 helps de-
fray more costs. Anything over \$1 is considered DONATION ONLY,
NOT ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTION, since we don't do that here (I guaranty
no issue, as of this date, past June), and will be duly appreci-
ated and noted if I don't lose my fuckin' list...Thanks for free
plugs go to Julian Ross in his Plugs Everywhere USA (1106 N. Vine
St., #409, Los Angeles, CA 90038), Discordian Mike Gunderloy in
Factsheet Five (273 Huntington Ave., Hyde Park, MA 02136), and
Charles F. Rosenay!! in the latest issue of his Beatles' rag
Good Day Sunshine (397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511)...
Welcome to our two newest staff writers, Chris Downey and Ken
Filar!!! Chris is freeform, Ken mostly movie reviews...For those
first timers among the readership, and even for the "regulars",
I apologize (last apology this column, sorry I'm doing it so much)
for the lateness of the issue and for the omission of several col-
umns you're used to seeing (as of this typing I've no idea what
will be omitted for lack of time), but after all, this is a
"pseudo-issue"...Personal Notes: Congratulations to Lisa Bottini
and Sue Rosner on their new jobs (Lisa's at Time/Life; Sue's at
H.O. Gerngross)...BILL-DALE MARCINKO, from now on, when you re-
commend IJ to your numerous writer acquaintances, please send them
a copy first. In other words, I respectfully request NO MORE RE-
FERRALS unless these people have SEEN IJ FIRST. If you need sam-
ple issues, you are welcome to drop by any time and pick them up,
or Xerox them where you are (by the way, I have nothing against
anyone making more copies of IJ, as long as due credits are gi-
ven). Thus will much confusion and nonsense, not to mention a
backlog I don't need and NEVER REALLY WANTED, come to an abrupt
and timely end. Best yet, Bill, stop rejecting these people and
bring out a product! Perhaps an IN-BETWEENA?...

Staff writers, the next deadline, NO EXCEPTIONS, is JUNE TENTH
(10). Do it or say you won't. For everyone else, written and
artistic stuff (as far as art goes, I accept everything from spot
illos to full pagers, and the logo contest for T-shirt designs,
mastheads, etc. is still on till next month) is always accepted,
but try to hold off on stories a bit, as I'm backlogged terribly.
I should climb out of things in a couple months.

Suggestions for questions on next month's questionnaire? By
the way, that question is Pre-Questionnaire #2...

My address, for now, is still
418 East Third Avenue, Roselle, NJ 07203



IF THERE IS NO GOD
WE WILL BUILD ONE.
©1982 E.T. Caldwell

J.R. "BOB" DOBBS

Funny You Should Mention It...

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

IN A LAST-MINUTE DEFENSE—The reason I don't have any tv reviews this month, or haven't for some time, is 'cause tv bores me a lot (except for the obvious like SCTV, M*A*S*H, Letterman), so I've been listening to music. Got the stereo up in my room, to play with when I'm taping new "I'm not home now..." messages for my phone machine. Got wired for sound in the futile but well-meant effort to drown out New York City traffic as I walk to and from work. Okay, so do I feel guilty, having succumbed so much to the Machine Age? Yes and no. The phone thing I got because I truly want to stay in touch with people, I'm not home sometimes, and it's just not fair not to maintain contact. It really irks me that some callers don't seem to understand this—hey, networking by phone, dig?—and decide it's beneath their dignity to talk to a machine so they may as well hang up. Well, if you don't have a message in the first place, why call? To waste my time? Hey, it's beneath my dignity too to tape my message, but how else can it be done...So like, when you call, do leave a message, 'k? I try to be creative in my tapes, so as to relieve the pain a bit. Okay, now the walk-radio. It's NOT TRUE, as everybody from sociologists to SCTV claims, that when you wear those earphones, you can't hear what's going on in the rest of the world and you are isolated. I sometimes wish it were. It takes a lot of concentration to be able to SELECTIVELY TUNE OUT inappropriate or annoying sounds (traffic, "portable discos", parental gibberish) and just listen to what you want. There is, however, a certain amount of etiquette involved, which I'm still learning.

STREET VENDOR UPDATE—You're nowhere this summer without your handy dandy headband. Grid knows what ridiculous prices they go for on the street. Take your bandana and roll it up, then wrap some thick gold thread around it. Voila. This is the Summer of '82 fad, right up there with the mandatory red-and-white striped (or at least sailor-style) tops and baggy knee-length knickers. Also, lots of money to the first person who can spot, or make, for me a "SMASH SMURFS" T-Shirt. Preferably of a few of the little blue dartin's being gobbled up by a Pac-Man. Let's kill two cults in one, shall we.

WE'RE SO RADICAL, WE DON'T HAVE TO BE FUNNY—I was an awed attendee at the First Radical Humor Festival this past April 24, and I've still not recovered. More details, including my own impressions if I make the writing deadline, in the next issue of CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE (see "Fan Noose"). One hint—I actually did what amounted to my first-ever standup routine. This may become a habit, so watch out.

THIS IJ DEDICATED TO...all the wonderful comics I caught while in LA. At the Improv (do take in an evening at the Improv, by the way, if you're ever there—the place is nothing like what shows in those awful "links" on tv, and Friedman is super nice) I caught two favorites and one face that's probably quite familiar to most of you. Rick Overton has a new act; Elaine (love the spelling) Boosler did great stuff on living single; and I found Larry David (of "Fridays") a bit weak though he had a wonderful bit about Chinamen yodelling. The company was great too—thanks Dana. The evening after I went with Ron & Susan Ahrens to the Comedy Store, boo his never go there, snottiest waitresses in the world, you feel like you're at a wedding with a lot of drunk and embarrassing relatives, ANYWAY, Richard Belzer gets a minus 5 for just being bad and in bad taste; Argus Hamilton, whom Ron loved, gets an "average" of two (out of four) checkmarks from me; Kit Hollerbach could take lessons from Robin Tyler though she has decent material, she gets a 1; Emily Levine gets an above-average 2½, quite decent; Diane Nichols gets a 3, as does Bill Hicks and Michael Binder (now some of you should know that last one, watch for all of them), Jay Leno gets a disappointing 1; and my favorite of the evening was MARK MILLER, who should be a star. Yep, I guess I can dedicate IJ to him this month. Whoever he is. Also worth mentioning was a great play I saw with Dana, called "You've Got To Be Joking!", which is beyond real description but if you're interested, ask...

But you can peel away the layers of crap that hide sanity in the late 20th Century.

You Have Been PROGRAMMED



Direct your abnormality, increase intelligence, develop your SLACK. Mastery through madness; answers the most embarrassing questions!

Be fooled by false appearances no longer! Wise up! Your soul raised hell in past lives. Let it keep doing so and stay sane in an insane world—or vice versa. The Ancient Truths are this now. The New Age isn't all it was cracked up to be, is it? LEARN WHY.



The SubGenius Foundation Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

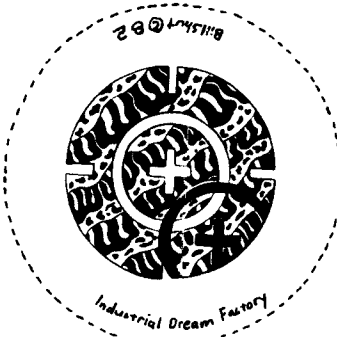
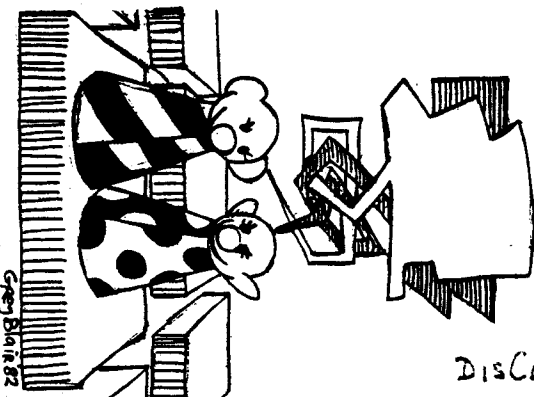
TV and society have squelched human imagination. Release it and go...rogue. You have never seen anything like The Church of the SubGenius. Never.



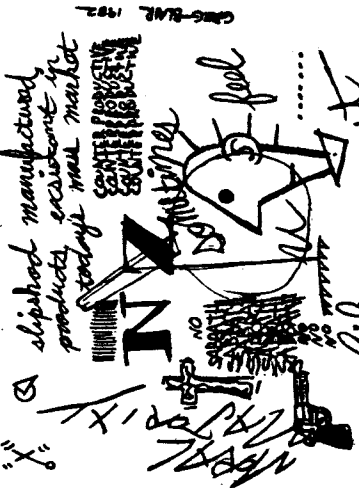
Details \$1.

Fan Noose

Not enough time to read some of these, so this month it'll be mostly noose, like it's s'posed to, instead of those pompous, judgmental revioose we've all come to know and dread... PRAISE "BOB", IT'S HERE! THE ALL-NEW, 56-PAGE REVEL-ATORY **STARK FIST OF REMOVAL**, the Official Newsletter of the Church of the SubGenius, has descended upon our heathen mailboxes once more to lift us up from the bastards and pink boys. Luke McGuff of the Political Bizarro Party (see IJ#9) tells me it even contains two cryptic references to this very rag yer readin' now—haven't found them yet, but do let me know. \$2.50 for the First, to the Church at Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214...Clay Geerdes' COMIX WAVE #8 is or will be out soon. 2 bucks, I guess, though you should ask. IJ contributor **Roldo** does the cover and a story too. Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707...Vernon Grant has LOVE RANGERS #4 out—details on pack page filler...Record plug time: **Michael B. Smith** is in a group called the **SILVER TRAVIS BAND**; their first 45 is entitled "Baby It's True"/"Web of Love" and is available for \$2 from Paradise Publishing, 2 Williams St., Spartanburg, SC 29301. Michael also puts out a zine called **PARADISE ONE** ("many medias covered")—lots of Rocky Horror & other sf), \$2, same address...Reader **Andy Kamm**, whose art is scattered throughout this ish, has his own larger-than-mini out. It's called **KOMICS**, and should prove that Kliban does not corner the market. 406 W. Marion St., Lilitz, PA 17543...**Arthur Hlavaty's** LINES OF OCCURRENCE #5 is mostly a report on the recent Conference of the Fantastic in Boca Raton FL. Arthur's one of the most observant, truly intelligent writers around, and his words are well worth reading. 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701...More Discordians coming out of the seeming woodwork—recently received the Manifesto of the **LEGION OF STATIC DISCORD** (love it, love it); will Xerox it, with permission, to any who'd like to see it...And further on the subject of Erisians, **Semaj the Elder's** outfit (First United Kabal, etc.) has finished and mailed out their latest A.M.O.C.K. Missed the deadline for writings this time round, but my little ad's still in. Semaj urges me to urge all like Discordians to WRITE! The paper's a buck; correspondence is free. 1210 Brady St., #1, Davenport, IA 52803...Semaj was also nice enough to leave me this scoop—**LOOMPANICS**, that wonderful warehouse catalog of the most mind-opening literature in the country, has moved its mailing address and is now located at P.O. Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368...**Bill-Dale Marcinko** is also offering interesting bargains. Send SASE for his **SELL-OUT #4**. 153 George St., #1, New Brunswick, NJ 08901...Speaking, as I was, of missing writer deadlines, most of you into radical humor (and for godsake, you're reading this) will rejoice with the news that **CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE** has returned! The latest mini-issue was selling at the Radical Humor Festival (see "Funny You Should Mention It" column) for \$1, and a regular 3-issue sub (we're talking issues worth at least a few bucks each) is \$10. Their next deadline (especially encouraged are those who attended the festival and want to write their impressions) is June 30. Kudos to **Jim Murray**! 505 West End Ave., New York, NY 10024...Acknowledgements To LA Time: **Dana Snow** at one time published (and still may, not sure) the **GOONZINE**. For those who don't know from the Goon Show, never mind. SASE wouldn't hurt to ask. 7356 Beverly Blvd., #3, Los Angeles, CA 90036...And **Ronald Ahrens**, who's somewhere between a Discordian and a stand-up comic, has brought out issue #8 of **THUDPUCKER** (The Subliterature of Nondimensional Linearism). Also ask nicely. 509 E. San Jose, Apt. D, Burbank, CA 91501...**Julian Ross**' latest installment of his creative/quizzical/collage **MAGAZINE** is a buck—1106 N. Vine St., #409, Los Angeles, CA 90038...Latest issues out in: **SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW** (only \$2 to **Richard Geis** at P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211); **CHATSCIFICNEWS** (write to **Andre Barker-Bridget** at 44 Collegietown Estates, Cleveland, TN 37311); **IBID** (#38—this is a zine done for The Esoteric Order of Dagon, a Lovecraftian apa—**Ben Indick**, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666); and the **STAR BLAZERS FANDOM REPORT** (**Michael Pinto**, 1622 Stevens Ave., Merrick, NY 11566)...Two miscellany to end. While on Sunset Blvd. in Hollywood this month (no wisecracks), I discovered to my delight that there is still actual LIFE in JAY WARD PRODUCTIONS! Jay Ward, you may recall, is the studio that brought out everything from George of the Jungle to Super Chicken to Hoppity Hooper to Peabody & Sherman to Dudley Do-Right to, of course, Rocky & Bullwinkle. Well, the studio site itself looks pretty run-down from the outside, but there appears to be a working office within. And two doors down, at #8218, stands the **DUDLEY DO-RIGHT EMPORIUM**, pushers of precious Ward paraphernalia par excellence! I won't begin to describe the neat stuff—send away for their "catalog" yourself. Zip is 90046; phones are (213) 654-3050 and 656-6550...Lastly, **CARTOONZDAY** at the **Thalia** theater (95th St. and Broadway, NYC, phone [212] 222-3370) starts June 8 and runs every Tuesday this summer at 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Jill and I will be going to the 6pm shows (\$4 a pop and well worth it for animation buffs!), so call if you want to come along!



DISCLAIMER IS BETTER DEN-DAT-DEP'T: ALL OF THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THE PAGES HEREIN, EVEN MINE, ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE EDITOR — from "Everything You Know Is Contained"



REVIEWS by Chris Estev

CHRISTIANE F., a film by Ulrich Edel; featuring the music of Bowie; the autobio: Bantam \$2.95

The press release says: "Christiane F. is the true story of a girl whose experiences with heroin beginning at the age of 12 led her to becoming an addict and a prostitute by her 14th birthday."

The book is okay; a little trite, but the information it contains is correct, I'd recommend it to anyone doing anything more than hash right now. The human interest parts with the mother and such really make me puke though.

I have not seen the film.

If you don't have Bowie's last few records, the soundtrack is excellent. It's a good rundown of his current releases. I like Bowie, and I like the songs "HEROES," "LOOK BACK IN ANGER," "BOYS KEEP SWINGIN'" (yeah!) especially.

What with Jim Carroll, John Belushi, and the idolization of Morrison, is this The Year Of The Junkie? Am I just another trendy? Have I burnt out too soon? Or too late? Hmmm...

SLOW CHILDREN an RCA release...

Perky synthi-based pop from a couple of closet whizkids. Pal's lead vocals are at once shrill and irritating; very intriguing when I'm in the right mood. "SPRING IN FIATTA" is a great single; "PRESIDENT AM I" is just right in the jitter department; and "SHE'S LIKE AMERICA" is smart and hook-filled. I would rather see RCA sign The Effigies, but until people wake up and realize that hardcore is the only way to writhe...

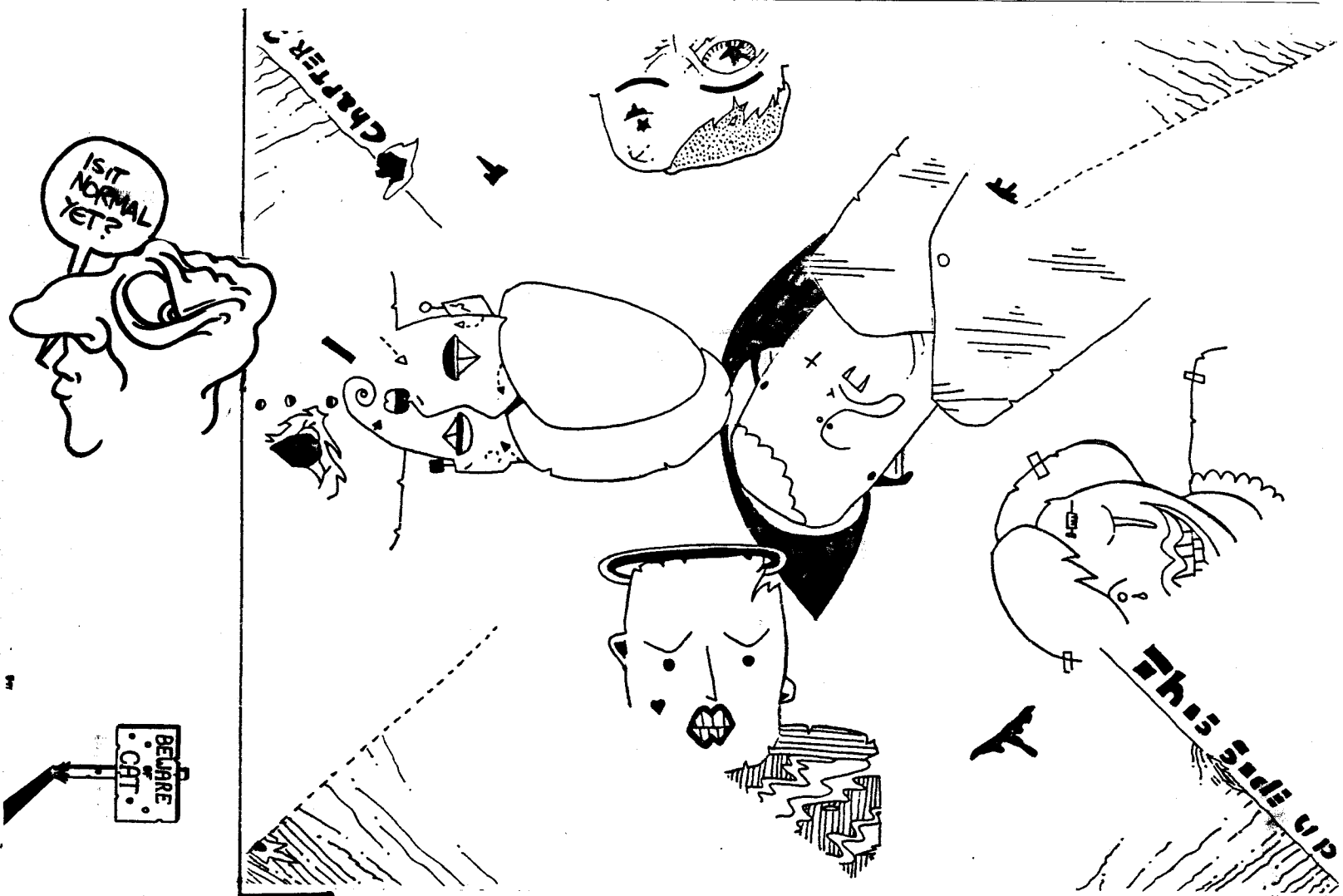
BATTALION OF SAINTS - "I'M GONNA MAKE YOU SCREAM" "E/B" b/w
"MODERN DAY HEROES" "FIGHTING BOYS" - NUTRONS RECORDS
2015 MEADE AVE SAN DIEGO, CA 92116

"SCREAM" is great, melodic hardcore, coming in at a whopping two and a half minutes, most certainly a length record for a non-experimental hardcore cut. The lyrics are okay, excellent on "SCREAM" and "BOYS." Production is clean. A bargain.

GG ALLIN- "ALWAYS WAS, IS, AND ALWAYS SHALL BE" 1p
Orange Records, 639 Broadway Box 902 NYC 10012

I know I've reviewed it before, but I'm reviewing it again because it's great. GG is a performer in the Iggy mode, and lives up to that comparison. Thrashy, snotty, and quite melodic. Only one cut's a loser, the awful "1980's ROCK AND ROLL."

"BUSTED AT OZ"- One of the better compilation lp's released in the last year, with THE EFFIGIES ("Guns Or Ballots" is excellent), DA, SUBVERTS, and STRIKE UNDER contributing the best cuts. A good view of what is coming out of Chicago. AUTUMN, 2427 N JANSSEN CHICAGO IL, 60614.



HUSTLING ART... by Clay Geerdes

Art world. Not simple. For many years, art was subsidized by the rich. Artists painted portraits to perpetuate aristocratic memories. Sculpted busts for posterity. The wealthy have no need of money and power. They have those. They worry about their place in history. What will future generations think of them? Who will give a damn? Art takes care of them.

The wealthy collect art. It hangs on their walls. When they have no heirs, the art is left to museums.

The wealthy have little interest in contemporary art. For them, the impressionists, the expressionists, the surrealists, the cream of the Renaissance, the portraiture of Rembrandt, the weirdness of Van Gogh, of Bosch, of Botticelli, of Dali, Gris, Braque, names out of books that cost more than the artists got for the paintings. It was called patronage.

Today, patronage is gone. For most. Oh, it's there for some. The wealthy still have some pets.

Gallery scene. New York, Geary Street. Sutter. Laguna Beach in the Summer. Gay scene. Landscapes and seascapes for the bourgeoisie. Wall coverings. Adequate technique. Soulless nothingness. No bloody fucking revolutionary art here. No social consciousness. No World War III. No war in the streets of the ghettos. No black art. No Chicano art. No martial art. No slashes across the bloodstained palms of technological America. No image of the decaying aristocrat on the throne of Washington flushing the poor down the drain.

Male art world.

My friend Deborah left her farewell graduation party at the San Francisco Art Institute and went to New York with her folio, nice prints of her paintings and her wall hangings, her sculptures, her floor pieces, her offerings. She went into the New York art world and no gallery would hang her things. Gay world, reserved for the selected artists sleeping with gallery owners, the chosen who were sucking their way to success. A world much like Hollywood. No women allowed. No straight women. Over to Madison Avenue. Airbrush. Airbrush. You don't use airbrush? Pity, everything is airbrush these days. Tsk! Tsk! Should know better. Back to San Francisco for some parties. Some bitter remarks. Some anger. Then to L.A. Same world. No living in art. No place for a woman in art or advertising.

My friend Andrew lived in what he called a Tudor cottage built on the back of an old pick-up truck. He painted from wherever he was at the time, usually somewhere in the country; he didn't care for city life. He left the gallery scene in Santa Monica fed up with that.

You may have seen Andrew during the sixties. He was often at the Renaissance Faires. He painted miniatures. Sold them at the Faires. Rock stars discovered him and he made some money painting medallions for them to hang around their necks. He went to a

lot of the be-ins and festivals. Seems we were always celebrating something then. I ran into him in Sonoma County. He smiled at me and that beneficent glow in his eyes told me how high he was before his voice. "Hey, man, I just shoved 500 mikes of acid up my ass." I must have been glowing like the sun for Andrew that day. He was dancing with a group of people on the grass. The Bronze Hog was playing. The Hog was Cotati's answer to acid-rock. You could hear them most weekends at the Inn of The Beginning. Friday afternoons, they would play on the Sonoma State campus. They were playing now at what was to be the last Peace Festival of the sixties. Kids, dogs, Krishnans, heads, hippies, half-nude people, modern dancers, costume freaks, flutists, congo drummers, and professors, everyone dancing together in that flat field. Sonoma State had the rep of being an oasis for heads, a school of the new age, the place where acid was used freely along with magic mushrooms, grass, and heaven only knows how many other doorways to perception.

I don't remember why Andrew wound up walking up Geary Street in San Francisco with me one day. I think he was in town and he called and wanted to crash at my place. We talked and decided to check out the city gallery scene. Andrew had his painting, *Libra*, on his back. It was framed with natural wood. A masterpiece of realism and duality. I won't attempt to describe it for you. We went into several galleries. The people were uptight and stuffy, the kind of pseudo-aristocrats I hate. They're into money, not art. Some told Andrew he had to have 36 paintings to hang a show and they couldn't give him space. They had to have the space for their regulars who were selling well. His art wasn't commercial. A few offered to buy his painting for a few hundred dollars (it sold a few years ago for \$10,000.00). This was no place for talent, for genius. Here were walls covered with seascapes and landscapes and big-eyed children and clowns and cats, the gloss of middle-class nothingness. Placed here, Andrew's painting would have been analogous to Wallace Stevens' jar. We left. Andrew returned to the country, parked his vehicle somewhere in the valley near Russian River, got back to painting. Sometime later he found a company that wanted to do a poster of *Libra* and he gave me one of the posters.

Should art be merely an imitation of nature, or should it say something? I think it should say something, mean something beyond the surface image. Many draw or paint these days, but few have anything to say, and these few are not going to get gallery space. "Why, I couldn't hang that in my place. It would upset my patrons." Art galleries have patrons. Fish markets have customers.

- Clay Geerdes
February 9, 1982

Nat0t0rial

by Nate Mishaan

Before I begin, some good news. Last month I had mentioned that I was hoping to get a certain job, and I did. In mid May I will be a recording engineer for a subscription background music programmer. When you're in an elevator, do think of me. Last month I

had made a grammatical mistake, or was it syntax, pentax, or a kotex error (bad puns never die, they just get worn out), anyway, it was an incomplete sentence. At this time I am officially recalling every IJ that went out last month. The Natoterial quality control department was out getting high while I was writing it. They have been dealt with. I made them eat seven ounce cans of salmon with "K 13" on the can tops. Hey how about those Yankees? That Steinbrenner never ceases to amaze me. That's all I know about baseball. And what about those Falkland Islands, heavy scene. Oh and that Haig. He must have a bad case of jet lag. He's in charge. So much for paying lip service to current events.

I wanna talk about seeing old friends that you haven't seen for a long time. What do you talk about when you get together or do you just keep rolling cigar sized joints and smoking them until someone falls asleep, wakes up and says, "Where did the time



go? We've got to get together soon and do it again." Heavy shit. One of my really old friends dropped in and told me that EST would help me. I told him that he needed Amway. He thought I was nuts. I don't take much stock in all those trendy self-improvement gimmicks. I am perfect, I am Poetry in Motion. What would I do with EST? I mean, really! I studied eight Psychology courses in college, and cut out the middleman. Psychology has taught me that it's okay to be fucked up as long as everybody else is thus "fucked up" becomes the norm. Norms are relative. (I am not going to take a cheap shot and ask you if you know my relative, Norm, because I don't have one; instead, pentax syntax kotex.) It was a stimulating evening. It's true you can never go home.

Anyhow, I got bored and decided to cruise around town on a cannabis hunt. I found an old friend and we searched around. All afternoon we were treated like narcs. How unusual! We were the original drug culture and now we're narcs buying or attempting to buy pot from sixteen year olds. What happened? All I have to look forward to is grey hair, cellulite and coke bottle eyeglasses.

To make matters worse, I, after obtaining herb, reefer, bones mary jane, griffio, stoakes, j's, went into a "mod a go go groovy" establishment that sold purple bell bottoms and Apache scarves. We walked in and felt self conscious. All the sales people had the Belushi eyebrow when they had looked at us.

I then asked, "Where are the papers?" and heard an almost inaudible chorus of uh-ohs. I hate to say it but it looks like I'm over the hill, and what bugs me is I'll never see what happened to me parodied on SNL.

I was finally shown where the "items to be used by adults only, solely in accordance with the law" were—not Ben was balls, vibrators, Annie anal love dolls, but everyday ordinary papers.

I regained the salesperson's confidence when I had mentioned how the place was different back in 1968 and had commented how it's so totally amazing that the proprietors of this store have endured rough waters and being labelled by BRADY BUNCH GENERIC PARENTS as being immoral only to label someone who helped fight

ATTENTION NEW (W)AGEISTS: A good mantra is hard to find. The Aquarian Age: the Wholocaust. Godless Communists (attn.: Suli Sales, Dementor). 55 Sutter, #487. S.F., CA 94104

Continued on page seven, left column 5

TAKE ONE

by Sue Rosner

The end of the school year is approaching, and you know what that means—FINAL EXAM TIME!!

Strange thing about final exam time, it was the only time I'd ever see anyone crack a book. I didn't know half of my classmates were capable of reading. For those who couldn't read there was always (gasp!) cheating.

I was very disappointed when I entered college. I was expecting sophisticated methods of cheating. After all, these were halls of higher education.

My grade school had sophisticated methods of cheating. Our favorite test was multiple guess, I mean choice. A cough meant "A", a scratch of the head "B", and so on.

My favorite method was used by a guy in my high school Hebrew class. He had written the answers to the Hebrew final on his socks. I wondered what would have happened if he suddenly had "cold feet". Oh well, Jeff was never known for his intelligence, but we did admire his ingenuity.

College was boring by comparison. We would just poke one another and whisper, "what's the answer for #22?". Effective, but not very creative.

My CAS 105 class will be forever in my debt. Without me, many would have failed the final for sure. My Psycholinguistics (yeah, the actual class was as boring as the title, but it was a required course for my major) class was held in a huge lecture hall. I was seated in the back of the room. I went to hand in my paper and I fell down the flight of the stairs that lead to the front of the lecture hall. While my instructor was helping me up, the rest of the class murmured the likes of "did you get 'D' for #19?" That's a true story. It's too ridiculous to be made up. At least some good had come out of my pain and total embarrassment.

Final exam time was rather unique at Queens College. People you had never seen in class before would show up for class on the day of the exam. These people would show up for class only 3 times a semester; on the first day to get the syllabus, on the day of the midterm, and on the day of the final exam.

What pissed me off is that I would come to class every day, take notes, and rack my brain, to pull a B. These jokers would show up a mere 3 days a year and pull an A. So you see it is totally possible to major in cafeteria for 4 years and still receive a college diploma.

(ED: Holy shit, I thought I was the only one in the world who took Psycholinguistics!!)

Notes from a Nut

by Paul Zuckerman

A FABLE FOR OUR TIME

There was a small article in the paper recently about a man killing his friend because of a \$2 debt that the victim refused to acknowledge. Nothing unusual about that. People kill each other for less than a dollar's worth of change all the time. One guy murdered his cousin, in another dispute, while bickering over the price of a can of beer. Still haven't read of anyone being knifed or shot in an argument involving only 1 cent, but I guess it's only a matter of time.

What struck me about the story was that the 2 men had been friends not for just a few years but for 15 years. Now, because of \$2.00, one is dead and the other is in prison.

There are one of two possible morals to this modern-day, real-life tragedy. (1) Never make any friends. (2) Always carry at least \$2.00 in your pocket.

THINGS THAT NEVER CEASE TO AMAZE ME, PART 1

There's nothing I like better than finding money on the sidewalk. Not necessarily bags of it that accidentally fall out of a Brinks truck—just nickels, quarters, a dollar at the most. What makes the blood race thru my veins is the idea that I'm now 5¢ richer than I was a minute ago, and I didn't have to work for it. I didn't have to get up early or put on uncomfortable clothes or work with clods I'd otherwise never associate with if I didn't have to. I got the money for nothing—it was just lying right there on the ground.

Well, millions of people throw money away every day—you might even be one of them—and I keep my eyes on the sidewalk, when I walk, to look for it. Most people probably ignore it because it doesn't look like money, but it is.

In the winter there's not too much of it scattered around. But, in the summer, when it's hot and people are thirsty, that's the time to start searching the streets, scrounging thru garbage cans, scavenging amongst debris, looking, ever looking for that sparkle, that reflection of sunlight on glass. Now just any glass. The glass of an empty SODA BOTTLE.

Sometimes, people will buy a soda and take the bottle home. But, other times, those are the moments I wait for: When adults, teenagers, little boys & girls buy a soda, drink it and toss the empty bottle aside.

Of course, if it's a Non-returnable bottle, it's not worth anything. But, if it says: "Return-For-Deposit", you can redeem it for 10¢. TEN CENTS!

True, that may not sound like very much. I'll level with you: it isn't very much. However, slowly, very slowly, it begins to add up. A dime here, a dime there. Before you know it, you've got enough for a Cadillac Coup de Ville. A condo in Aspen. A numbered Swiss bank account.

Why don't people return their empties to the supermarket for a refund? I don't know the answer to that. But, whatever it is, it must be related to the same reason why women who object to physical abuse the most always seem to marry the most oafish, quick-tempered, violence-prone BRUTES—who, amazingly, hide their savage, beast-like tendencies until the day after the wedding.

Not returning bottles for a refund is like taking a dime out of your pocket and throwing it away! 16 oz., 12 oz., even 10 oz. bottles—they're all worth 10¢!

It never ceases to amaze me that millions of people not only throw redeemable bottles away but that millions more walk right by them when they see them.

COLOGNE & PERFUME FOR SHOES

Everybody likes to smell nice. Or, to put it another way, nobody likes to stink. With sprays, creams, deodorants, lotions and powders, not to mention soap & water, there's no excuse for a smelly body. Unfortunately, society is rather demanding. A clean body isn't enough. Your clothes also have to smell good. No problem. There are products for your threads, too—laundry detergents will allow your duds to pass any nose's inspection. What does that leave? YOUR SHOES.

Most people think that after taking a bath or shower and putting on new clothes—including new shoes—that they're as clean as they can get. But, there's a major difference between your shoes and the rest of your wardrobe—the rest of your outfit does not come in contact with the dirty, dusty, pooped-on sidewalk with every step you take.

Ok, you concede, buffing and polishing can keep the tops of your Florsheims & Thom McAnns looking and smelling good, but nobody can keep the soles of either their dress-ups or jogging gear clean and fresh-smelling.

So, why doesn't some Perfume company make SHOE PERFUME? For the bottoms of shoes. They've only got around 230 million potential customers! So they can't claim lack of a market for this type of product.

Continued on page seven, right column

WHEN AN HOURGLASS BREAKS WIND, IT'S ONLY PASSING THE TIME OF DAY

There have been countless ghost stories written throughout the years. And the many ghost sightings in this day and age are so frequent, that they seem dull. This column is going to be, hopefully, a little different.

Several years back, one of my family's cats died. We called him Midnight. A jet black altered male who meow-ed with a speech impediment. His most outstanding feature was the size of his feet. Huge paws that sweated profusely.

Whenever he walked across the linoleum floor of the attic, his paws would stick and make a "tak, tak, tak" sound as he walked.

After he died, we started noticing things. At first, they seemed normal. And after the realization of what they were, they seemed impossible.

Midnight always slept curled up on one of the end tables in the living room. Wherever you sat in the room, you could see him sleeping. Even after he died.

The sound of his feet on the linoleum floor upstairs could often be heard clearly. As if he were still alive.

The attic consists of what is now my room (formerly my brother's, prior to his enlistment). When I listened to his stereo with headphones on, I sat on the floor with my hands flat. I could often feel the vibration of Midnight's feet as he walked about the room. After he died, these vibrations (which were on rare occasions) could still be felt. Except, when I turned to see where they were coming from, they'd stop.

Those incidents have stopped now. Midnight has probably travelled to what utopia there is for beloved pets.

The only other being whose presence I have felt was my grandmother on my mother's side. She and her husband owned a house in Seaside Park that they often rented out for summer vacationers. When we visited that house after her death, we could almost swear that she was there.

The most dramatic incident concerning her happened to my brother. He was in the shower, washing off the day's worth of grime, when he felt her presence. He paused and said aloud, "Nana?" (the name we grew up knowing her by). It was then he felt as if he were being hugged.

My philosophical beliefs could fill the Library of Congress, so I won't list them here. But what I'm attempting to say is that I'm not surprised that these events happened. Both Nana and Midnight were loved and shared their love. Even after death. What more can I say?

this bullshit, stereotyping behavior, to be treated like a Narc. I took the papers and left muttering, "I guess you can never go home again."

Times are fucked up. I have to grow my hair again and read Jerry Rubin. Naw, nobody wants to hear a "longhair" discuss stock options and Keogh plans. I guess it's time to hang out at the Nevele, Kutscher's and Browns, go to museums and join the Rockland Historical Society. When that becomes a drag, I start jogging, join a health club, wear a Walkman, drink Perrier, eat Famous Anus cookies and read New York magazine. I'll decorate my loft (chic people of the arty set don't live in apartments, they live in lofts) with stuff from Pier 51 or the THIRD STREET BAZAAR. If I join the health club I'll be light enough to sit on wicker furniture. I'll buy a BMW, study Astrology and eat Haagen Daz. I'll go slumming when I tire of reading NY Magazine in SOHO. One thing's for sure, I won't deal with anyone under 26!

QUICK.....SOME TRIVIA....What was the real name of Napoleon the XIV, the guy who sang "They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha Ha"? What is Steve Lawrence's real name? What was the FOUR SEASONS' name before they were the FOUR SEASONS?

WISH ME GOOD LUCK ON MY NEW JOB. HOPE THAT YOU'VE ENJOYED THIS MONTH'S NATOTORIAL. A quick plug for commercial enterprise...If you, your firm, or your aunt needs product, publicity, portrait type pictures, wedding, bar mitzvah photography, Don't hesitate to call. Also, NATE MISHAAN ADVERTISING can assemble color postcards, brochures, etc. (minimum order 3500 postcards) as well as an entire radio advertising campaign for all your adv/pr needs. Now for some music..."Don't go changing, to try & please me", BILLY JOEL, "I just want someone who I can talk to, I love you just the way you are..." "I don't know when I've been so blue--ooh, Don't know what's come over you. You've found someone new--ooh, and don't it make my Brown Eyes blue..." "Feelings, nothing more than feelings....."

A Different Window - by Steven F. Scharff

This is NOT a
work of fiction!



← MISHAAN cont'd. ZUCKERMAN cont'd.
(almost interchangeable!) ↓

I'm not talking about the heavenly fragrances and divine scents you rub on your body. I'm referring to ointments and potions substituting for and imitating the odor of hand-crafted leather, or Genuine and Synthetic Rubber. After all, you know how great the soles of your shoes smell when they're brand new. It's almost as delicious as the upholstery of a new car. Well, why shouldn't you be able to make your shoes smell like that all the time? Or, at least, whenever you want?

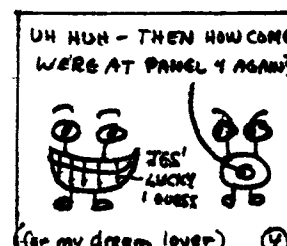
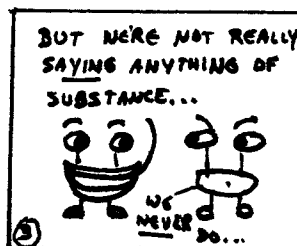
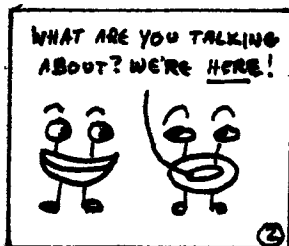
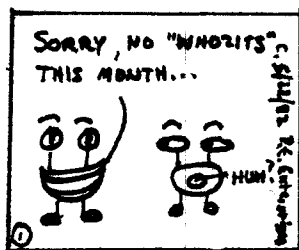
There would be lots of advantages to having Shoe Perfume. For example, if you accidentally step on some sheep dip, you wouldn't have to throw your shoes away anymore! Just scrape off that manure and sprinkle on some shoe cologne! Nobody will ever know.

Or, how about job interviews. How do you know all those interviewers haven't been rejecting you for jobs because your shoes smelled and they thought it was you? Think about it: Your shoes are closer to the interviewer than the rest of you—that's what they smell the most. So, all these years you've been sitting there reciting you excellent credentials and giving better answers than all the other applicants, but the interviewer is sitting there thinking: "Jesus, doesn't this stinkpot know what a BATHTUB is for?!"

Perfume for Shoes is the remedy. You could eliminate this worry permanently if Shoe Perfume were available.

If Revlon or Chanel #5 introduces such a product in the near future, remember, they stole the idea from me.

Next issue: KIP M. GHESIN, A.G. SPEAKS OUT ON LOVE



WHOTITS
by Clayre

Prelude, **TRUE** Anecdote,

And an observation by Gerry Reith

for Kerry Wendell Thornley, fellow traveller.

My father told me once that going on the road meant waking up in some strange place twenty years later. Rub your eyes and wonder how you got stuck, where the time went. I was headed for Oregon then, Eugene to be exact, had briefed myself for the journey by rereading Kerouac.

He also told me that happiness is where you decide to find it, another platitude rendered obsolete through overuse, but it's something I forget too much anyway. During the blackouts I might less charitably say that I have been made to forget: a prelude to some low-key railing against circumstances or the laziness of my fellows. But I know about protesting too much; I see other people doing it all the time. When they won't stop I remind them that we see our worst in others.

This time I read Quixote to prepare myself; I've come that far. Staying in one place is anesthetic. With it comes involvement, projects that pass the time to make up for any other prizes. The ones that glitter in proportion to their distance. I'd like to sleep for long periods of time, to have a check arrive every month, to rise only so I can make it to the Post Office before it closes and then answer my mail before going back to sleep. But I keep waking up, the bed begins to gail me, there's no one there to call me back after I take a piss so I might as well stay up. I fall into ritual with ease and spend my free time in fierce argument with undisciplined old men, advocates of imposed order, taking the side of anarchy. I have been denounced in print, though.

Daisy didn't help much although she didn't suffer the standard setbacks. She had already made it to the next stage, where the problems are of a higher order. With a husband and a child and a house to make payments on she didn't need me to provide commodities I couldn't afford. Others I hardly bother approaching. They leave too soon and follow the ones who never seem to make those biweekly poor decisions: lend ninety bucks here, pay the dental bill there, buy a hundred-lot of speeders to go. How do they manage to maintain those cars? and I know they can't. They're always broke on payday-plus-two the same as me.

But Daisy was demanding in an unsettling way. She challenged me with this tigress pose; just more codifications as far as I was concerned. Like some formular dance, step one, place foot here...This, and she vanished not long after the rebuff, "family" and all. Once, only once, my play came into it, and I told her I was busy the next time the doorbell rang. Right out of the blue, during timeout, she asked how big this Libertarian Party was for me.

"Well, I'm the newsletter editor..."

"You have the mailing list then."

"Just Wyoming." My bowels felt weak. My roommate never locked the back door even though I told him fifty times. "Mmm, kiss me," she purred. What power. She knows I know. That I won't, can't, do anything.

I think the honest cannot avoid making statements that earn them the greatest mistrust.

- Gerry Reith

22 April 1982

P.S. Daisy was una Cubana, her given name Josephine.

Kerry Wendell Thornley's

Meditations of a Manchurian Candidate

When I got out of the Marines and went to New Orleans -- during my first months there, in the afternoons when I would take naps I would hear -- in my head, as I was going to sleep -- whole AM radio programs, complete with commercials, news, station breaks, weather and music.

Shortly following the Bay of Pigs invasion I was introduced by a friend to a middle-aged man he claimed was his brother-in-law. Brother-in-law hated John Kennedy as much as I did and said he thought the President should be assassinated.

Our topics of discussion in the next three years ranged far and wide. One of the things he began talking to me about one day was freak instances of radio reception. There was a woman who picked up broadcasts through her hair curlers. There was a man whose tooth fillings were sensitive to radio waves.

I mentioned the phenomenon I had observed in my room over Fred's Inn across from Lafayette Square earlier that year during my afternoon naps.

Brother-in-law just laughed and nodded.

At other times he chanced to speak of other, similar things. According to him, the Nazis -- whom he seemed to admire -- began to perfect a mind control technique toward the end of World War II that involved implanting a radio receiver at the base of the human skull and bombarding the brain with subliminal messages. Another time he mentioned that the Fascists in this nation were then making plans to create a society consisting wholly of humanoid robots, with transmitters planted in their brains.

Once he told me that in the near future the German chemical cartel of I.G. Farben was going to be conducting experiments on the residents of the state of California -- a project that involved both subliminally brainwashing them and observing their subsequent behavior by means of electronic surveillance devices also concealed in their persons.

Because he was such a paranoid with so many neo-Nazi delusions of grandeur, I did not take him very seriously when he spoke with me about things like assassinating John Kennedy.

Me, I prefer, instead of clever Nazi inventions, old fashioned radio -- with rock'n' roll songs like "Hotel California" and "Knights in White Satin" and "I Don't Like Mondays" and "The Dream Police".

Looking for Sarcasm

by Chris Downey

For many years the chainsaw was looked down upon by the trendsetters of our society as a tool fit only for bit illiterate lumberjacks to use to cut down trees. Today this has changed. As "Country Chic" emerges as the dominant force in most social circles (the Hamptons are so passe!), power tools have come under a new scrutiny as an item to bring status to any style-minded person. In just a few weeks famous fashion designers Ralf Lore, Calvin Klein, and Gloria Vanderbilt will be coming out with their first ever collection of Hardware supplies. Included will be gold and silver plated hedge shears, diamond studded steam irons, and table saws that would be a proud addition to anyone's living room.

Here are just a few uses of power tools in New York City:

1. How many times has this happened to you? You save up your paycheck all month to take your girlfriend to an expensive restaurant, only to have some foreign-freak in a monkey suit tell you, "Sorry, no tables without a reservation!" Well it won't happen again when you bring along your bagger-moulcher lawn mower. Those high class wimps probably never saw a cutter with any muscle in their lives and will be happy to give you a table if you stop mowing a trench in their shag rug.

2. With the cops cracking down on parking violations, that age old problem of parking at a meter without a dime becomes a real risk with a fifteen dollar ticket on the line. You could always carry a paper bag with OUT OF ORDER on it to put over the parking meter, but the cop only has to pick it up and take a look to call your bluff. A sturdy Black & Decker 217 Power Drill with a steel piercing bit will solve this problem nicely. Just put on a hat that says CITY CORPS OF MAINTENANCE or something like that and put a few 3/4" holes in the meter. Now you can go about your business without the worry of how much time you have left. If there are any nosy meter maids by your car when you get back, just tell them that was the way you found it and pull out before they can bet your license number.

3. As the price of transportation becomes higher and higher, more and more New Yorkers have to look a mass transit as their only way of getting around town. This means more and more crowds on the city's buses and trains with little chance of getting a seat no matter when you get on. If the mere sight of an 18-inch chainsaw blade doesn't send the old ladies grabbing for their canes, stand in the middle of the car and pull the cord a few times. Once the engine cuts loose, half the straphangers will suddenly decide to stand by the doors and gladly offer you their seats.

Filmviews

CAT PEOPLE & CHRISTIANE F.

by Ken Filar

If you think you're gonna make it
You'd better hang on to yourself.

--David Bowie/Hang On To Yourself

In the early seventies David Bowie was accused of, among other things, being asexual. In the early eighties his particular coup de theatre may be in being amoral. It is no surprise that two recent movies utilize Bowie's amoral posturings to expand on their peculiarly free-from-bias points of view.

Bowie contributed the lyric and vocals on the title track of "Cat People", director Paul Schrader's reworking of the 1942 classic, and provided the soundtrack and a guest appearance in German Ulrich Edel's "Christiane F." Music is not the key to unlocking either of these haunting films, but in choosing Bowie both directors made a unified statement more powerful. His music of obsession works into your system like a drug and at once heightens and alters your awareness of what ought...

Schrader insists that Cat People is not a horror film but an erotic thriller. The original version of this film was neither erotic nor horrible as it was the first monster movie that never revealed its monster, relying on the horror of implication. Schrader, whose screenwriting credits include Taxi Driver and Raging Bull, is more interested in how horrible (and erotic) actions implicate the viewer.

Natassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell are sister and brother, reunited after years of separation following their parents' death. When they share the screen the air is charged with an eroticism both have only hinted at in previous roles, but in this case it is not because incest is best—simply necessary. They were born to a line of people who transform into ferocious black leopards whenever they have sex with someone and change back to human form only by killing (usually that same someone).

Kinski's Irena is drawn into a life which is at once her own and to which she's prepared to own up to if fate offers no alternatives. When her brother reveals the secret destiny they were inbred to she struggles against it only until the struggle casts her headlong into her resistance. The tension mounts as her lust increases and you can't wait to find out whether she will lose her virginity only to devour her lover or whether the strength of her love will let lust consume her.

While Schrader's last movie, American Gigolo, was a calculated display of haute couture, Cat People evokes pure, untamed animal instinct. Instantly shifting from peaceful repose to savage hunt camera movement and angle keeps you conscious of the stalking game. The horror Schrader presents is never present, but only assumed by the viewer (as potential victim). Innocence is no guarantee for what ought...

Christiane F. purports to be the true story of a young girl from a broken home who starts taking "trips" at 12 and by 13 is hooked on heroin and takes to the streets to support her habit. Christiane (played convincingly by Natja Brunkhorst) slides into the bottomless pit of German night life innocently enough when she accompanies a friend to a new club because, in fact, there is little else for them to do. Offered all sorts of drugs she declines, largely out of fear of the unknown, but also because she was brought up to be responsible and has no reason not to be. Even at a young age Christiane can discriminate between what's good for her and what's not, although she eventually succumbs to the peer pressure. Detlev, played with wide-eyed innocence by Thomas Haustein, first speaks to her when she gets sick on the pill and advises her to keep away from drugs as they can only lead to more bad than good.

Director Edel takes a particularly neutral position in intimating that the drugs are only a means to an end and not the end themselves. After Christiane and Detlev become junkies and lovers who depend on each other's bodies to support their increasing drug dependency they do little else but talk about how nice it will be when they don't need the drugs anymore. They believe that one day things will be better, but after going through an agonizing withdrawal (which is as nauseating as the most horrible scenes in Cat People) they find that the world they know is still the same—maybe a little more "real" without the drugged mask to hide behind. Almost immediately they fall back on their heroin/euphoria/prostitution/decline telling each other that it is only a temporary regress.

The horror that Edel presents is ever present, though never more than implied as the youth grow up too fast and turn to quick fix escapes to ease the pressures and pains. A depressing film, not for what it says about the young people shown, but for what it only assumes about the viewer (as potential victim). Guilt is no guarantee for what ought...

Mawr on the next page...

further **FILARVIEWIN'**

In the final analysis, both *Cat People* and *Christiane F.* present a view of the world in which young people are thrown into situations—whether through innocence or through guilt—and find ways of coping which both directors refrain from judging. Maybe the results are satisfying and maybe they aren't, but just as surely the two films will please some and leave others cold. The only moral to derive from this paradox of directors without moral direction was aptly turned out to be the amoral Mr. Bowie: "If you think you're gonna make it/You'd better hang on to yourself."

VICTOR/VICTORIA

Everyone has, from time to time, found themselves in that awkward position of trying to be witty, charming and delightful, only to find that all the energy focused on being that way cancels out the necessary spontaneity leaving them less amusing and everyone else less amused. Likewise, everyone knows that when you try too hard to make a point (and all your energy goes into making the message and not into the message itself) you wind up being pressing rather than impressive (This is no way to start a review, of course, but there's a point to be made from this witless blabber. Stop. Just do the review, please...).

Blake Edwards is a magician. Not only is he witty, charming and delightful while producing the illusion of spontaneity, but he hones a point so keenly that even when you know he's made it you don't remember being jabbed. He's done it many times, creating an illusion and then backtracking to wink and nudge and remind you why, but never so deftly as in his latest movie, *"Victor/Victoria"*.

The story concerns an out-of-work singer, played by Julie Andrews, who encounters an out-of-work (who happens-to-be-gay) night club entertainer, played by Robert Preston. He hits upon the bold scheme of dressing her like a man and claiming that the transmogrified Victor is Europe's greatest (albeit unknown) female impersonator.

He/She soon becomes the toast of Paris (in 1924), attracting the attention of a Chicago gangster—who insists—he-is-not-a-gangster, played by James Garner. He's confused and concerned that he might be attracted to another man who does an incredible impersonation of a woman, but insists that she/he is a fake. (Why don't film synopses satisfy?) His moll, played by Lesley Ann Warren, bitches and moans that he's not satisfying her needs and fears he may be turning queer. Alex Karras plays his bodyguard and succeeds in sidestepping all the sticky issues until a clear course of action presents itself.

(So, in a nutshell, this reviewer stoops to cliché to describe what is surely one of the most original film entertainments of this, or any, year.)

Is it original? There is no subplot that hasn't been turned before. There's not a bit that hasn't been used—you'll even recognize several from earlier Blake Edwards' work. There's no new music (but, then, Henry Mancini always sounds the same) though Edwards' smoot incorporation of production numbers rivals standards rarely sustained in classic musicals.

What *Victor/Victoria* does have is a joie de vivre missing from movies throughout the introspective seventies. It is carefree and (can I say?) gay in a way that makes its primary concerns seem like so much candy floss—sweet, but full of air. Solutions very nearly present themselves before they are sought, and in the end seem little more than convenient resolutions.

(This reviewer had resolved not to sing praises for a film reviewers are all doing a song and dance for, but after a wonderful [false] start I digressed into filmsoterics and never quite recovered.)

The film has a happy ending. It has a delightful beginning. The two are joined by a series of madcap incidents that make an extended foray (foreplay) into the morass (morals) or identity (sexuality) confusion seem no more than a lark. (Resolve to do/be—or just be a do-bee—better.)

(Stop! Help! How do you grope your way out of [a paper sack] critical position! You can create the illusion of making a point while still maintaining your wit and charm, or you can expend a lot of energy trying to accomplish the same.)

Victor/Victoria is an effortless success story not only because it is a story about successes achieved effortlessly, but also because Blake Edwards has used successful sleight-of-hand to make the most unnatural characters in the most unreal settings involved in the most unbelievable activities seem (as Goldilocks was wont to say) just right.

More Reviews

Who are the Buggles? No one really seems to care. A name like The Buggles stands out like a sour fruit rotting in the gutter of the American Machismo Machinery. Besides, they're not a Country act (I couldn't stand it if they were). Taken in their proper perspective, though, they're still somewhere between new wave and Top 40. The paradox is they seem to be on the verge of obscurity despite the fact that their records are in many stores. Are younger kids buying them. Hopefully; it IS nice, wholesome, tastefully English Pop product.

I believe The Buggles can appeal to any pop enthusiast who is open minded. The subject matter of the songs ranges anywhere from unrequited love, "I Love You Miss Robot", to hi-tech problems of the future. The title cut from the first album, "Living In The Plastic Age," depicts a hyper-stressed businessman of the future: "Every day my metal friends/shakes my bed at 6 AM/Then the shiny servant clones/Running with my telephones./Hello doctor lift my face/wonder how it stands the pace..."

Their first single was "Video Killed The Radio Star." It was originally written and performed by a British new wave band called Bruce Woolley and the Camera Club. They went nowhere on either side of the sea. Meanwhile, The Buggles' version went to No. 1 in England but here in the States only made it to around 100 in Billboard. So the records was in a lot of stores, but the only place I ever heard it on the dial was on FM. Now this is coming from the East Coast, whose audience likes loud guitars, and with their Boss peaking for the second time coupled with a widening Doors revival managed to shelve any hopes of new pop right back into the closet. This was 1979. But the single did break the 100 mark so the album came out over here too; "The Age Of Plastic", Island ILPS 9585.

Island Records, now distributed by Warners, had been responsible for importing many unique talented acts like Bob Marley, John Martyn, The Plastics and the enigmatic genius of Nick Drake. It looked like The Buggles would be their 'commercial' band. So far, the only other person I've met who is aware of The Buggles is the sales girl who originally recommended the album to me. She said if you liked the single you'll like the album. Well at first it was disappointing. I expected more of the same of this Video type of song (which might explain the lack of popularity). But the arrangements were good so I kept listening and giving them another chance. Clever how electronic drums occasionally replace acoustic adding to the mood set by the other instrumentation. Now the melodies are beautiful. Then they lyrics, originally hard to hear, became crystal clear in their meanings. The Age Of Plastic is an experience that must be had by anyone who loves visiting The Emerald City and classic pop.

Times change, people move on. It's 1982 and The Buggles now have a private label distributed by the ubiquitous CBS. The new album is called "Adventures In Modern Recording," Carrere ARM 37926. Again the single cut, "I Am A Camera," is the best of all. Its melody is gorgeous, lilting and the arrangement keeps you on your toes the way "Video..." did (the feeling one gets harkes to "Astroboy" from the first LP). The other selections are even more escoteric than the last set but take heart, they are really saying something.

The crux of all this music is the duo of Trevor Horn and Geoffrey Downes. They composed most of the first album except for 2 cuts assisted by Bruce Woolley whose presence could hardly be considered incidental. On "Adventures..." more of their friends contributed to the composing as well as playing. Simon Darlow's highly stylized guitar parts glisten reminiscent to Todd Rundgrun (who will always remain an underrated player and doesn't mind). There are other musical references to Todd that seem a bit more than coincidental.

The Buggles seem to have perfected minimalism in recording, yielding a clean and dynamic sonic array of pop melody (the Theory behind minimalism is less is more; an arrangement shouldn't be too busy or else it will just go over the listener's head).

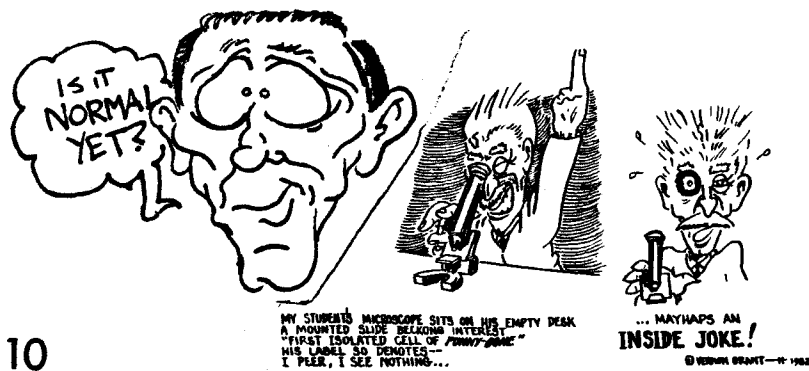
The most hauntingly pretty tunes are Horn/Downes themselves together. And what they are saying is a second look at the massive media-consciousness we enjoy drowning ourselves in. Caution: media decadence ahead. Does the road narrow? Should we slow down? What does the instrument panel say we should do?

Reoccurring musical and lyrical themes (present on the first album as well) reinforce the total structure, at the same time adding to the multidimensional interpretations. It's communication through higher levels of the music media.

To me this makes The Buggles a classic in pop-art entertainment. Te songs can be read into or taken at face value and still the images portrayed stick in your head. Hey, you never thought of it THAT way before. That's what all the classics show us. Disney & Beatles come to mind as perfect examples of pop art that can be appreciated on all levels by all ages and defy strict classification by description.

Who are The Buggles? In the proverbial nutshell, well crafted classic pop circa 1980's.

BRIAN CATANZARO, April 1982.



Jesus, all these stereotypes are good. Why should I continue to bust my brain over it? I would be just as much a fool as the one who comes in to find out if his information on the latest frill & jargon is accurate. Right, HIS because women are above that way of thinking most of the time. The fact is all of those sets perform the same task in the exact same way. It would be a lie to say they didn't. You don't have to lie to sell things. The people who want to buy are going to pick out what they like. Besides, if they're not happy they can bring it back and get their money back.

I was vacuuming the store today. I get a lot of important thinking done during that time. - BRIAN CATANZARO
April, '82

COLD FIRE

C. Rick Partridge 1981

When we were young the ticket was love
I brought you to films you've always dreamed of
We used to see classics like 'Some Like it Hot'
It wasn't too long before we tied the knot
But knots in the dark are easily untied
And the bounce in your hair just suddenly died
When from your heart a cold fire emerged
An icy flame that couldn't be purged
Now we see remakes of 'Postman Rings Twice'
I buy the cola, you bring the ice
Most couples need two seats to see a good show
We need another that between us should go
Two hands in the popcorn, now there is one
The box is still full when the movie is done
I'm really not hurt by the message you're sending
I always cry when there's a sad ending

things not to do with judy
by Joseph Semenovich
don't call
when she's busy
don't call
when she's asleep
don't call
when her lover answers
don't call
when nobody's home
hey, joe
can't you take a hint
don't call

SONGS* POETRY:

I HEAR LOVE SONGS

by Bill-Dale Marcinko

I think I'm missing something
That I've seen in magazines
I've heard songs about these things
About the girls that they have seen
Songs describe how love should be
The sudden pleasure, flash of light
So I must find someone to love me
To bring her into my night

I don't think I have felt the good thing
But I know that it's out there
As real as rain the morning brings
Or birds that we can all hear

I hear love songs
And I want to be in love
I hear love songs
And now I'm in love

When she stood there
I knew that it was love
The feeling hit me, it was clear
Something came from above

Not Earth, but there
Not science, art
Not planned at all
Not mind, but heart

I found that she too
Also felt it happen
See it in our eyes
Just seemed to happen

Didn't feel we chose it, no--
More like it was just destined
It read just like my novels
Sang just like my songs

I hear love songs
I want to be in love
I hear love songs
And now I'm in love

Now we're getting married
Announce it to the world
So you can see it
Boy in love with pretty girl

I believe I'll feel love
Suddenly I feel love
We decide we're in love
Suddenly we are in love

I hear love songs
I want to be in love
I hear love songs
And now I'm in love...

(Dedicated to David Byrne)

I spend all your waking hours
Just looking for comfort,
When you bring me a flower
of tears
It just numbs me.

- Pete Holly

DREAMS RECORDED

by Peggy Tully

The feelings I've come to know
Written in backs of notebooks
Stored away in mind recesses
Beginning now to surface.

A moment takes me back to others
The place and time of some simpler life
Some other death that we thrived upon
And placed so much trust in.

A like affair with what's not here
Doesn't seem any less real
And what may never come
Is passed around and I take some.

Dining on minds and we take seconds
Always got to go through the aisle twice
Standing in stairways and seedy halls
We felt we'd seen it all.

Daydreams pass into night things
There it was we soaked up sun
We bore the child of illusion
And named him as the Only One.

Counting time instead of sheep
Falling asleep is hard these days
My head it writes your songs
My hand it writes them wrong.

The circle that surrounds you
Gets wider and wider still
It fastens to what I've yet to be
And with that it sets me free.

And all the dreams I've recorded
All the dreams are recorded
Knowing how they've all come true
Waiting here to speak to you.....

houli

it ain't that i don't
want you anymore

it's that it ain't happening

what's keeping it from happening
must be more complicated than
anything i can imagine

a tangled hedge of thorns
sewn by jesuit or jacobin
bring-down artists

would people like that
let us be any happier
together than divided?

are either of us anything
but weapons in a war
that passes understanding
because it spurns rationality?

isn't it the wisdom of the sages
to hesitate to advance an inch
but always be ready to retreat
a mile?

the tao of mao: when the pig advances,
retreat; when the pig retreats, advance

my love for you is like that window
but it seems nailed shut from the outside

in all our rooms are other windows
in your room also

we don't control the fates
but making history is controlling
our response to them

why live miserably with
what might have been?

shattering sorry schemes
is all there is
when sorry schemes abound
and it ain't the work of
gentle lovers

so i take love where i find it and i give love where
i feel it in me to give and most of all i simply resist

whatever they may say is whatever they may say
but what i do is what i do

and in this generation it will not be me
who betrayed the fading hope of truth and freedom
and you wouldn't love me if i let earthquake makers
use you for a bribe

- ho chi zen

SPARING A SQUIRREL

by Gary Ishler

Gray squirrel:

you know better
than to run underneath my tire,
acorn in your mouth,
getting across the road.

I slowed down because I saw
you were hungry.
But someday I'll hit a stupid squirrel
like you—

just as an example.
I haven't killed any yet;
my record's clean;
but if you ever run in front of me
again—
I'll forget I depend
upon the brakes to stop.

thanks a lot
for your little note
that out of the fifty-six pages of
epigrams i sent you
you liked one; "superb," you said, "what
i was thinking all my life; nobody
could have expressed
it better"

i'm proud of that; a compliment from you
is like wringing from a stone
water that's not there

by the way
all the poems you ever sent me
i never liked any

Joseph Semenovich

you know the movie
the big sleep
with humphrey bogart
lauren bacall, both
great actors
well
peter's new room-mate
the future star of stage screen & television
george karl mark
whatever his name is
call him
the big creep
- Joseph Semenovich

WHY DID THE LITTLE MORON JOIN THE
Revolutionary Communist Party? Because
he wanted to bring home the Avakian.
Sunsetist Workers Party Box 2267, Berkeley
94702

"I know a kinky banker.
He's into S & L."

Dana A. Snow

a truth
by Joseph Semenovich
joe's witty
if i drink too much, he says
it's because i dislike boring myself
and would rather bore others; by the way
have you seen my when i'm sober is when
i'm a bigger bore than ever
whereupon he laughs and laughs and
laughs, becomes
the contemptible bore he is; but
did you ever meet him when he's sober
don't

Coming Soon:
Anarchist
And the Test...



exercises in fiction

(a-1-a an' a-2-a)

KEEPING IN TOUCH 1 by Jim Tauscher

We stuffed the pockets of our designer jeans with light bulbs and left the building feeling only slightly cheated. The 'super' caught up with us, however, and we explained that we were Americans on holiday and that the bulbs would be memorable keepsakes of our wonderful excursion in his country. We promised him that we would think of him everytime we flipped on a lightswitch after we returned to the colonies. A folded photo of the Queen, offered with a handshake, sealed his lips forever.

We walked farther apart now, as lovers sometimes do when the mystery is over, but we held hands and made small-talk about our mutual distaste for picking broken glass out of our pocketchange. The streets were going through the bleary-eyed stage or resurrection as the morning mist cleared. An occasional sewer rat scurried about and we discussed the possibility of taking one home as a pet. We could call him "Bob"...Echo laughter.

The dampness brought us to the realization that we had gone from "fluffy" to "flat" and insecurity washed over us like a tv commercial, causing us to breathe rapidly after a quick sniff of stale breath on the palm. Could we share a kiss under such conditions? After all...this wasn't America. We took a chance.

The pop of lightbulbs directed our attention to the warmth in our loins and all things physical. We were damp as the morning mist had left us and the taste of warm sangria lingered on the parting of our lips. We smiled softly as we walked on into the morning rush, never putting our hands in each others' pockets, but longing for busfare back to reality.

We both knew we needed time and we said goodbye fondly, sadly, but with hope of another chance meeting. We drifted close one last time and it was an embrace that only two people yearning for breakfast can appreciate fully. That empty feeling...

The flight home was the loneliest time of my life. I didn't need the moon. I wanted to write a letter, but the barf bag caught my eye. I thought of the duck, fondly, as I discovered what was in the gravyboat of the night before... ~Jim Tauscher

NEXT IN THIS SERIES: "LOVE LETTERS AND PAPER PARTY HATS"

I had written that letter, but it was still in my pocket as I walked into the grocery store like John Travolta in heat. The handles of the cart were wet with sweat as I came to realize there was only one handle. It was going to be a partyin' Saturday night...

She was on my mind and I laughed out loud while cruising by the frozen broccoli. I was thinking of the look on the customs inspector's face when she checked out the broken glass in my Samsonte. I explained that England was just 'too much fun' for most Americans.

I found the aisle and began stocking up on paper goods. Then I heard a soft feminine voice and, naturally, looked in that direction.

She smiled that smile and asked me if I would mind handing her three Diet 7-Ups from that top shelf. Since I had watched Letterman's discussion on "packaging" from a previous Late Night, I did a visual of this sexy, fleshy lady as I climbed up on the first shelf in order to strangle a trio of 7-Up. She smiled again as I slipped climbing down from the shelf.

Regaining my macho imaginings, I asked her why she was drinking diet soda when there are still some men around who turn on to women who claim no bloodline affiliation with descendants of Twiggy. She looked puzzled, but managed a smile as she thanked me for my trouble. I thought about shaving off my moustache as I watched her walk away. Then I remembered the steamy love letter in my pocket and headed for the beer cooler. I wrote the entire incident off to jet-lag and fought my way to the express lane. It was 3:10...

No one showed up for the party. It was private, I suppose. I went for a drive and mailed the letter after all. It would probably go unanswered, but I would still have those wonderful memories of that special person wearing the bandanna as she put the Triumph through its finest hour.

NEXT IN THIS SERIES: "STREAKING BACK TO WONKA'S" OR "I LOVE ENGLISH HUMOUR WITH A 'BLOODY' AUSTRALIAN TWIST"

IRENE and the DECOY DUCK MAKERS' MASQUERADE

by Jerome Salzmann

Irene spent all her money on psychoanalysis, analytical psychology, character analysis, will therapy, self-analysis, logotherapy, Daseinanalyse, psychodrama, transactional psychology, attitude psychology, rational psychotherapy, eidetic psychotherapy, synectics, syanon, general semantics, ampneristics, final integration, thanatological awareness, gestalt therapy, Maslovian psychology, sensory training, sensory awareness, bio-energetics, grounding and energy, psychomotor therapy, psychosynthesis, client-centered therapy, encounter, marathon encounter, potentials, art therapy, reconciliation, family therapy, self-therapy, nude therapy, dance therapy, theater games, primal therapy, multiple psychotherapy, behavior therapy, Rolfing, Alexander technique, breathing therapy, autogenic training, massage, hypnosis, kinesics, Laban movement, Bates method, compressed time and golf at the same time.

She had no money for a costume to wear at the decoy duck makers' masquerade.

Irene went as her passport photograph.

"HAVING AN IDENTITY CRISIS?
I HAVE NEWS: YOU'RE YOU."

Dana ASnow

How To Be A Hippie

by Ho Chi Zen

You who reached maturity or entered this country since the Love Generation flowered during that brief summer of human existence before the Phantom of False Morning died are probably convinced by now that whatever the hell you missed was so elusive as to defy verbal description. Nonsense! Hippies are just inarticulate. If you want to see what it's like to be a Hippie simply follow the enclosed instructions:

- * First you smoke a stick of grass. (After that, if you wish, you may ignore the rest of this article.)
- * Read every book Alan Watts ever wrote and then go around saying he was the Norman Vincent Peale of Zen.
- * Grow long hair and a beard, unless you are a girl -- in which case by no means grow a beard.
- * NEVER wear underpants.
- * Bathe twice or more times a day. (Only infiltrators from the Establishment believe Hippies don't take baths.)
- * Become a vegetarian on moral grounds -- because to afford meat you would have to steal.
- * Only use the word "square" when talking to squares.
- * Find a watch word or catch phrase that is neither too unoriginal nor too original and use it at the beginning or end of every sentence.
- * Never write a poem that rhymes or a song that doesn't.
- * Chant an exotic mantra when performing routine tasks, such as this one recommended by the SubGenius: "Larry Curley, Larry Curley, Curley Curley, Larry Larry; Larry Moe, Larry Moe, Moe Moe, Larry Larry."
- * Don't litter.
- * Never argue with anyone who is opinionated; just say "Far out!" and then forget them.
- * Pay no attention to anything anyone says; just listen to their tone of voice.
- * Never carry an I.D. -- should you be stopped by the police, tell them personal identity is illusory.
- * Choose only the most colorful garments when shopping at the Goodwill.
- * When the enemy retreats, ignore him; when the enemy attacks, hand him a flower.
- * Whenever you find it necessary or convenient to depart from these guidelines, pass it off as a Zen paradox.

THE END

LIVING IN THE TOWN is some? Practice revolutionary expiration. Hedonists, ascetics, vikings, etc. A. M. M. Box 381, Berkeley, CA 94701.

~~~~~THE AMOROUS PLATYPUS

It was late on a Tuesday night or, rather, early on a Wednesday morning. I was at my favorite bar, nursing a drink and feeling sorry for myself. I was the most misunderstood and unappreciated person in the world; you know how it goes.

Anyway, I was starting into another drink when I suddenly noticed an intensely unpleasant odor. I glanced up to see who had just died, and I couldn't believe what I saw. George, I told myself, you have got to stop drinking: seeing a pink elephant or a six-foot rabbit is one thing, but seeing a platypus is quite something else.

The platypus stood about five feet-ten. (Come on, George, I reasoned, he's only that tall because he's standing up on his hind legs.) He was working his ruddy bill back and forth (it really did look like a duck's bill) and was peering about the bar as if he were looking for someone. He was the single most bedraggled, God-forsaken creature I had ever seen. His fur was thick and matted, with clods of mud and God knows what else stuck in it here and there. The only way to get even close to visualizing it is to think of a lump of day-old oatmeal that was dropped into a vacuum cleaner bag, or, perhaps, a soggy ball of off-white yarn the cat took out into the mud yesterday. His claws were long and unkempt. But worst of all was that stink. Words cannot do justice to the way he smelled: the impact was something like being blind-sided by a 275 pound defensive end.

What does one do when confronted with such a beast? Myself, I was overcome by an overwhelming desire to use the restroom. At least the restroom was in the right direction: away from that unlikely looking platypus. And there was a back door to the bar. As I started to hurry off to unburden myself, the thing accosted me. He actually clamped an awful paw on my shoulder and held me back. It was worse than being hit up by a Bowery derelict. Now I am not a particularly forceful person, so when the Creature from the Black Lagoon wants me to stay, I do just that, calls of nature notwithstanding.

"Don't go," he said. "Nobody ever wants to talk to me. Sometimes a fellow just needs to talk to somebody, you know."

My first reaction was to retort that maybe getting a bath would help, but I looked at him staring at me with sad, droopy eyes, and I couldn't. He looked so downright pitiful and pathetic that I softened. There was a kinship there. I could understand needing to talk with someone. So I gave a little shrug, flashed a tentative half smile, and took a nearby stool. I even offered to buy him a drink.

So there I was, sitting in a bar in the wee hours of the morning and having a drink with a platypus. A scruffy, melancholy platypus at that. What do you say to a platypus? One feels rather silly engaging in small talk with one. Somehow, I couldn't bring myself to talk about the weather or to use similar barroom gambits, especially when I was there by royal invitation. He obviously wanted to talk about himself—don't we all?—so I searched my mind for what little I knew about platypuses.

"I thought platypuses were extinct, or nearly so," I ventured. That was the wrong thing to say. He slammed his glass onto the bar and came up off his stool with an angry glare. I jumped backwards, upsetting my stool. It clattered to the floor between us. That was enough to distract him for a moment and settle him down. He bent over and picked up my stool. "Sorry about that," he said, motioning for me to sit back down, "you hit a tender spot."

I eyed him warily. From the corner of my eye, I could see the bartender trying to decide whether to throw us out himself or call the cops. Just what I needed. I smiled and spread my hands to indicate uncertainty. "I think everything is alright now. It was just a misunderstanding." The platypus, suddenly becoming aware of the looming bartender, nodded his head vigorously. The bartender looked skeptical—who wants a surly platypus messing up the joint?—but shrugged and went back to his other customers.

I looked at the platypus, waiting: it was his turn now. He smiled, if you could call it that. What he did was flap that bill; he looked like Donald Duck with swollen lips. "The name is Pete," he said, extending a ragged paw. I took it carefully—who knows what jungle-rot I could have gotten if one of those filthy claws had broken the skin?—and gave it a slight pump. Pete relinquished my hand and settled against the counter. He took a swig from his drink and looked at me speculatively. I waited.

"The problem," Pete began, "is that there aren't many of us around, and I have a hard time getting laid. It makes me cranky. I didn't mean to jump on you like that."

I started to laugh. A horny platypus, imagine that. Pete wasn't any different than I was. "It's okay, don't worry about it. I've had worse things happen to me." Pete grinned; I was hooked. "If I'm not being too personal, why are there so few of you?"

Pete just sat there for a moment or so, swirling the ice in his drink. "That tinkle is a nice sound," he said. I was confused, and my face must have shown it. He held up his drink, shaking it so the ice would make noise. "The ice. I'm sure you have heard all sorts of things about platypuses. Most of them aren't true, or aren't completely true. You've probably heard about the females being frigid and the males being gay."

Pete stopped and looked at me. "Sorry, Pete," I said, "but I really haven't read too much about platypuses. Most of you are in Australia; maybe there is more known about you there." Pete nodded to acknowledge this was so. "What are you doing in these parts, anyway."

Pete sighed. "I came here to get away." He downed his drink and held his glass up to indicate to the bartender that he wanted a refill.

I was puzzled. I thought you weren't getting laid enough. What the hell do you expect when you come over here? Were you planning on breaking into a zoo?"

Pete chuckled. "I hadn't thought of that." He pushed away from the bar and held up a leg. "See that?" He pointed to the base of his foot, spreading the fur so I could see. Nestled up against his leg was a barb of some sort.

"What is that?"

"That is my real problem," he sighed. "I have another one just like it on the other hind leg. It's poisonous." I leaned back a little, getting out of firing range. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you."

I was fascinated. Imagine being poisonous. It could have its advantages; someone gets too close and bam! they are dead. Nice. I looked at Pete. "Cheer up, so what's the problem? Lots of animals are poisonous."

Pete was looking at the floor. He shook his head. "I wish it was that easy. You see, the poison works on other platypuses."

He said that as though there was great significance in that little tidbit. "What's the matter, you couldn't find the French foreign legion? Okay, so you did away with a rival in a jealous rage, it's an old story."

Pete was still looking at the floor. Now he began toying with one of his barbs. "The reason my species is dying out is that during intercourse the male often loses control of himself and accidentally kills his mate. That tends to make the females rather reluctant; that is why most people think the female is frigid. I killed a young female—oh, she had the cutest little bill—and just couldn't face it any more."

I was overcome. Imagine accidentally killing your wife. I reached over and patted Pete on his shoulder. "Aren't the females poisonous, too?" I asked this thinking at least the risk would be equal for both partners.

Pete shook his head. "Just the male."

I pondered that for a while. "How terrible," I said, "that puts an awful lot of responsibility on your back. I bet it takes most of the fun out of sex, what with being afraid to really let go." Pete nodded. "What a quirk of fate."

Pete shrugged. "Well, there are two schools of thought on that."

"How so?"

"Most likely, it is some sort of defense thing the males evolved to protect their territory; we platypuses are very possessive. But there is a provocative legend." Pete chuckled to himself, as if anticipating what was coming. He finished his drink and ordered us both another. Pete continued with his story. "I am sure that you have heard of the Garden of Eden, but do you know the real story of the Fall of Adam and Eve?"

He looked over at me with a smirk. I thought I knew what he was leading up to, but I played along. "Go ahead."

"Well, you humans have it all wrong. During the temptation of Eve, Satan took on the form of a male platypus. It had to be a male, because he didn't exactly tempt her to eat an apple, if you know what I mean." Pete was positively leering. "When she and Adam were banished from the Garden of Eden, Eve cursed our entire species so that the males would thenceforth be denied their pleasures."

To say I was skeptical was an understatement. I looked at Pete, surveying him from head to toe. I drained my glass and called for another round. I glanced at Pete with a smirk. "Frankly," I began, "I don't see you tempting anyone to do anything."

Pete laughed and shrugged. "Hey, come on now, give me a break."

I reached over and cuffed Pete on his shoulder. The fur was coarse and rough. The bartender bought our drinks. I gave him an extra dollar or two; he had been very understanding. Pete took a sip and put the glass down with a smack. "That's good stuff," he declared, wiping his bill with his paw. "The only thing I can't understand," he said, slowly shaking his head, "is why Eve decided to curse the males. I mean, the barbs do come in handy in combat with other males, but most of the platypuses that are killed are female. It doesn't make sense." He shook his head again.

"No point in brooding about it, Pete," I said, putting an arm around his shoulder. "Listen, did you ever hear the story about the travelling salesman..."

"...and the platypus with a harelip," interjected Pete with a conspiratorial smile. "It was a warm sunny day and the travelling salesman stopped for a swim at a secluded pond..."

Local Man Arrested

"SAN DIEGO (USP) George Bartlett, 32, a local accountant, was arrested early this morning during an apparent cult ceremony at the San Diego Zoo. Authorities indicated that Mr. Bartlett is being held for questioning in connection with the sexual assault of several female platypuses. Mr. Bartlett's companion, described by police as 'of medium height and build and wearing a full-length brown fur coat', eluded police and is still at large."

The Yellow Dragon by S.J. Rayner

Once upon a time, there lived a dragon. A great yellow dragon. Now, this dragon was huge. Like a gigantic glacier grinding its cold weight over the land. And formidable, with a force that sent tremors to the far corners of the earth.

Yet, for all its hugeness and formidableness, it was an insecure dragon. A very insecure dragon.

Oh, it had millions upon millions of tough yellow scales that covered its softness in a protective armor. And immense claws, teeth and tail that could slash and cut its enemies to shreds. It even had a breath that blew enormous walls of instant fire that could turn its enemies into vast mushroom clouds of blackened ashes.

But, alas, it lacked a most important element in the age of great flame.

Peacefulness.

The nonbelligerent means of coping with its enemies without baring its teeth and unsheathing its claws.

Ah, how unfortunate.

For it was true that the dragon's most feared and hated enemy was a colossal bear.

Now, this bear was massive. Like a mammoth cloud of steel pressing its great weight upon the world. And powerful, with a strength that shook the earth whenever it roared.

Still, for all its mass and power, it was a fearful bear. A very fearful bear.

Oh, it had a thick fur coat that could ward off the conventional blows of its enemies. And terrible fangs and claws that could gouge and chew its enemies to bits. It even had a mighty snout capable of shooting forth massive balls of blazing heat that could turn its enemies into vast mushroom clouds of blackened ashes.

But, alas, it too lacked a most important element in the age of great flame.

Neutrality.

The policy of living with friend and foe alike without creating hatred, tension and distrust.

Ah, how unfortunate.

For the bear's greatest enemies were two. And the mightiest of these was a giant eagle that lived across the sea.

Now, this eagle was towering. Like a cosmic overseer tending his flocks. And energetic, with a vigor that changed the face of the earth.

However, for all its dominance and energy, it was a cautious eagle. A very cautious eagle.

Oh, it had a vast array of feathers that could carry it into space and beyond. And a mighty beak and talons that could rip and tear its enemies to pieces. It even had a piercing screech that could fire the earth with flaming sheets of lightning and turn its enemies into vast mushroom clouds of blackened ashes.

But, alas, it also lacked a most important element in the age of great flame.

Spirit.

The courage to stand up to the dragon and bear and force them to keep to their territories.

Ah, how unfortunate.

For the eagle's lack of action emboldened the dragon and bear to spread their influence far beyond their boundaries, thus fostering battle and bloodshed throughout the world.

And so it went, in the age of great flame, as the candle of death and destruction waxed and waned.

Then one day, when the candle's flame was at its brightest, the yellow dragon had a thought. A very bold thought. And when implemented, this thought would strike at the heart of its adversaries, making it the supreme ruler of the world.

Or so the dragon hoped.

Thus, it waited patiently for the opportunity to carry out this bold thought. The opportunity wasn't long in coming.

It so happened that a series of events occurred that embroiled the bear in an intense combative action against one of its close neighbors. At the same time, the eagle was cautiously trying to warn off the bear with threatening sounds and gestures. The idea of a bear-dominated world frightened the eagle no end.

With the bear and eagle so occupied, the dragon slipped secretly into the sea and swam beneath it until it arrived in sight of the eagle's lair. Carefully raising its head above the water, it exhaled a wall of instant fire at the eagle's tail feathers and turned them into a vast mushroom cloud of blackened ashes.

Dropping out of sight, the dragon swam for home as the terrible pain sent the wounded eagle raging into the sky and winging its way toward the home of the bear. As it reached its destination, the eagle screeched flaming sheets of lightning at the surprised bear while the bear countered with great snorts of blazing heat. Soon, all that remained of the massive bear and towering eagle was a vast mushroom cloud of blackened ashes that completely covered the earth.

The dragon, safe in its den, paid homage to this great black cloud that had so efficiently become the tomb of the bear and the eagle.

Then, it rained. The rain fell everywhere and turned the earth into a huge ball of mud. The sun shone and the mud became dry, brittle earth. Everywhere, there was nothing but dust.

The great yellow dragon became sick and began losing its scales by the millions.

Until—

Its softness exposed, it rotted becoming one with the dust and deadly silence that now held sway in the world.

Chasing Fame by Carl S. Nord

Marvin Muddheart sent a letter to Slammenbang Song Publisher's, Ltd. The contents read

"Dear Sirs, The songs enclosed with this missive represent three years work and are the culmination of a lifelong ambition to have my name placed with those of Gilbert and Sullivan. My mother says these tunes will sound great done by the Hollywood Strings after they have passed from the pop charts. Please send the royalty checks—payable to my mother, Ima Muddheart—to the address below my name."

Marvin dreamed of installing his mother in a mansion in Beverly Hills. For himself there would be a cabin in the Colorado Rockies. There, he would write greater bars of music than the world had witnessed, ever.

Two weeks passed and the dreams began to fade. Marvin convinced himself that the delay was a good sign. They needed time, he told himself, to reckon with the innovative strains he had penned.

Six weeks later, he received a reply.

"Dear Mr. Muddheart (the note began), We appreciate your interest in our company, and we enjoyed testing your music on several instruments and at various tempos. It is our conclusion that publication of your music would result in accolades that could be described as pianissimo. So it is with great regret that we must tell you that your submission does not fill our needs at this time. Good luck finding publication elsewhere..."

Marvin regrouped. His mother, never one to be left without options, had trained him in several fields of endeavor. Three years passed, and then he was ready to send a letter to Smit & Smeat Paperbacks, Inc. (whose books, the editors are proud to point out, bear the famous SS imprimatur). Marvin's letter read

"Dear Sirs, The novel to which this missive is attached is the culmination of two years' work. I read all the interviews with James Michener that I could lay my hands on, and I followed to the letter his advice to unpublished writers. My mother says my novel will equal those of Faulkner and should bring millions in movie rights. Please send the royalty checks to my mother..."

Marvin dreamed. Marvin waited. Again the death of dreams; again the self-convincing. Eight months after submission of the manuscript, he got an answer.

"Dear Mr. Addlemart, We have read your manuscript with singular interest. However, we are sorry to inform you that your story does not fill our needs at this time. Good luck finding publication elsewhere. The Editors." Across the bottom in red pencil were scrawled the words "SAVE A TREE -- JUNK YOUR TYPEWRITER."

April 16, 1982.

Marvin Muddheart handed a letter to the postal clerk. The message inside had been duly censored, as per the rules. The address on the envelope would send the letter to the directors of the Paystepatch Museum d'Art of New York, N.Y. It read

"Dear Sirs, The color slides accompanying this missive are fair representatives of my canvases which are the culmination of six years' work. I have been told my work resembles the style of Picasso. My Art instructor said that the most valuable paintings are those done by artists who have led tragic lives. Therefore, I shot my mother and now reside in prison. I have been subjected to the worst imaginable inhumanities at the hands of my fellow inmates. My tribulations are detailed in a diary, for your convenience. (I also cut off my thumb—which made it damn hard to hold the palette—but I understand that something on that order has already been done.)

An interracial war is brewing here, and my side is going to have me thrown off the fifth tier as a blood sacrifice. So please reply as soon as possible since I would like to know how the world will accept my work. You can send my royalty check..."

March 10, 1982.

The warden at the Minnesota Correctional facility in Stillwater received a letter from Paystepatch Museum d'Art.

"Dear Sir, Please inform Mr. Huddlehart, an inmate in your respectable institution, that we have looked at the color slides he sent to us, and, while we find them most interesting, we regret that we cannot use them. Our experts agree that Mr. Fuddlehart would be better off in another field—possibly writing songs or novels would better suit his sensibilities."

The warden pushed aside stacks of reports—financial reports, sociology reports, attempted escape reports—until he found the intercom. He stabbed the button and said, "Miss Saks, I have some dictation."

When she arrived, he told her where to send his letter. Then he dictated.

"Dear Sirs, Concerning the matter of Marvin Muddheart: I am sorry to inform you that inmate Muddheart committed suicide early this week by jumping off the fifth tier in C block. (A real tragedy since he was the best cook's helper we've ever had.) His property will be forwarded to his sister."

Also, you will find enclosed a few snapshots of my latest paintings. My wife, who had two semesters of art instruction in his school, tells me my work is reminiscent of that done by Gauguin. Feel free to contact me at..."

All Across America

by Pete Holly

The dark and distant highway has something to teach us all: It is breathing and reaching for us to come race it or even just ride it slowly (perhaps both). This is what I have done. In this sense a moment of tenderness punctuated by steel. But more than steel. To be crushed. To break down. To get somewhere. Hopefully to the heart of the matter. And nothing can matter as much as the heart.

The rainbow appears and Sally returns from a long day at work. She does produce. High eyebrows arching she moans the day's relief into solitude. Our home. I'm out of cigarettes and will be leaving soon. She is now all but asleep. Sorry I couldn't wait. (I could wait for you but I had to find myself and move in my own style.) A direction set by winds and patterns of minds and changelings. Maker and destroyer. Though one is often the other.

The psychic campers are in our backyard as opposed to the L.A. freeway. Hopelessly they consider my watering of their furniture which they have returned to our residence to reclaim. I can see it will only conspire on some dark and distant highway. They may never return and who will miss them. Who will deliver these children of the night. Dream children who scream so indifferently. Can they be so different from me.

The hollowed hall reveals its remembrances. The landlord Don gives me the key to the garage and a desperate land is waiting to be freed. Only I hold the key to the battle of the garages. Give in and we'll do the rest.

Some events do remain unclaimed. Waiting for the future. You can't wait forever but you are sometimes. Inevitable sights are set and the sunset is so near with its fiery intent. No chance. Just a hope of going all the way. Yes, "I come back." Don says he's hanging a mirror in Sally's bathroom. My mirror from sector C. An unforgiving place fully lined with mirrors of unearthly calm.

I've lived through the madness of losing touch. The madness that comes from the fear of losing everything and it's never really over. I have a friend who is always finding ways to upset me. With friends like that, etc.

Listen to the Shaman. Isolation. What do we find when we are alone. (Nothing) sometimes everything. With you - nothing and everything.

It's a quick equation you see. Drinking my morning cup of coffee in the afternoon. It's a quick equation. But it doesn't add up to much. It's almost 5 o'clock. "Damn it." You do what you have to do. No time or energy left. It's all spent in the darkness on something you rarely see.

This is rarely fun but always necessary. To stay away from these friends who also serve to be enemy. No one comes to save you when you are alone. Nobody. The queen of 6th street with her valium and obtruse only shows you more difficulty. She voids her presence with macabre insolence that barely conceals her real desires. Her children are lit up like christmas trees. Lights, eyes, camera. These are show biz kids making movies of themselves. Hardly self-conscious, they don't give a fuck about anyone. But love and fear constantly. Their mother is the same. The spitting image of my own mother when she was younger and today if she would have gotten away. Still imprisoned up on the hill. Too rich to think of anything but new wrinkles and worry about things she can never change. It's me that she has supposedly set free. Freedom in my economy of guilt. To flutter aimlessly in this sky where gravity pulls you down like the death of your father.

The cool low hum of the heater blowing into the small writing room. The Omaha bus station. A prison of electronic video games that capture innocent children's minds. No not a communist or jap or chinese lock on the money box. It's an american albatross. Nobody else is to blame. Sorry miss. The crazy people in the stations all across America moving their craziness to a place that's crazier. Maybe they'll fit in.

One bus broke down in Nebraska. 'Friendly' little town with a closet for a police station. Drink a beer. Play some pool. "Hey wanna buy a radio?" No thanks. Blow a stick with a California kid. Throw frisbee in the snow. Play Buddy Holly. Everybody against the bus. We rise together and get on the (new) bus. We should all be aware that no bus is new. The wheel feels like it's going to fall off any minute.

Philadelphia. I call MaryMarie from the continental penitentiary for hustlers and professional brutes. A real cool one with a big black stick and blue monkey suit bangs the locker and I'm locked out of the bus with a spanish guy tellin me "15 minutes my ass." The men who don't play games pat each other and get funky with their bellies and sticks and blue monkey suits and drive man drive.

The New Jersey turnpike. Hot vague traces of industrial landscape. War torn individuals condemned to flutter freely in toxic chemicals. Forget about it man. Springsteen lives in California and I don't blame him.

We came in on the Staten Island ferry. I'd been on a bus for four days and I was more than pleased to be off of it and walking the New York streets. My girlfriend met me at port authority. I didn't even recognize her at first. It's amazing what your mind and body can go through in just a month's time. Anyway there we were riding the magnificent ferry. My first time on the Atlantic. It was a brisk sleety day as we were ushered through the mist by the low rumble of the ferry's engines. A flashing light on opposite banks pointed the direction home. The concession lady sang nice songs. 50¢ for a "cap of coffee" as she smiled and called me honey. MaryMarie and I went out on the lower deck where sprayed by the mist and waves crashing the hull we fell in love over and over again.

There are birds outside the window. They drink out of our drain and then flutter after scratching or singing a bit. MaryMarie's at work and I'm eating chocolate and having tea. Everything stops for tea. Over and over again.

Pulling out all the stops I take a bath almost every afternoon. Dining on raisin bran, bees knees and gala I try to explain the reason I'm here to a complete stranger. "Ain't no use talkin to me, just like talkin to yourself." To compete strangely. There is no competition. I have seen the enemy and he is us. We are him. Let me begin. Over and over again.

Each play receives itself to another. Whether it's a bus, the Staten Island ferry or a plane cruising overhead. I am aware, but not always with these plays. In a sense of sometimes just dropping one or swapping for another. Kind of like "used cars" only "new plays." As my good friend says, "stop it."

Well that's very hard sometimes but usually it's not really a matter of stopping it. More so, it is recognizing it for what it really is and then not acknowledging its presence because it doesn't deserve to be so. This takes enormous strength, compassion and understanding of thought.

Everybody gathered on the front lawn to celebrate the loss of my typewriter. Radar blue, the albatross, the little niches. Everyone was available except the raven. It's a good thing too because all would flee at his arrival. So now it was longhand as I checked for louses around the house. Hoping I didn't inherit the little buggers from my wife's friend who was nice enough to use our shower while exterminating the bastards. With friends like that, etc.

She was drunk last night when arriving home an hour late. I can always feel it when my wife is up to no good. It starts like somebody was emitting ulcers to your paranoia center. Then slowly it builds into a skyscraper of wasted time, energy and itching cramps of guilt. Personally I could do without all the chaos but every once in a while my wife deems it necessary.

How to elaborate on this is still unknown. Takes brains. After taking stock of a night like last, well it makes me wish I was an electrician. All those protons and neutrons must be much more interesting than the crab nebulae of indecision. Anyway I know I'm through being cool. They're not gonna clean my cage. Bastards.

The cigarette pulls lightly as ashes are scattered on the kitchen table. No more confession today Glenn confesses. "I did it." "I made my play." I succeeded. Not free but at least accomplished. If only towards my own defeat, let it be my own. Let no one know this awkward instant except the Shaman for whom it is meant.

Crushing out the smoke the fire breathes now only in its effort for more ground. Inching up to a hill top where all can be seen. Where there is a moment of deliverance. Now I call the maker's bluff and seek a compassion of empathy.

Words just linger not saying what is intended. It's not remorse. It's Thursday. Payday. The 16th of July. It's so simple.

You can't stop it. You can't stop it. Knocking. Maybe I won't even try. Outside you can hear the track noises. The bitter embraces of forgotten heroes. It's humming so cold and decadent but embracing all it can touch. Display cheap sex appeal in the name of capitalism. Beef is 48¢ a pound these days.

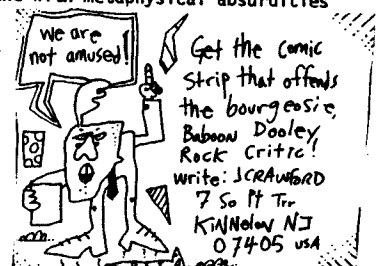
A cross-section of society and the accidentally, ultimately overheard conversations that abound with metaphysical absurdities and physiological malfunctions.

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The packets by Phyllis A. Burns

The night was cold and dark. A light mist lay over the barren land—on which no animal or plant life could be seen. In this year of 2050, the air was laden with the aromas of many chemicals and unnatural contaminants. Even the low-level variables of radiation were present. No man-made sounds of transportation or communications were audible. The entirety of the sandy, stark landscape seemed devoid of signs of life.

But one small village lay clustered on the northern plains of Colorado. Tiny, one-room cement—unglassed—structures stood in a semi-circle around a pod-shaped structure which housed an air cleaning unit and sent revitalized air to the homes through metal duct work. These cement fabrications housed the non-workers of the society. The workers lived in more comfortable surroundings a distant five miles away.

Inside one of the non-workers structures...."God dammit! Why did you do it?!" screamed a blonde, thin girl of eighteen. She motioned toward the almost-bare shelves ten feet across the barren room. "We don't have any food to spare! Our monthly allotment won't last now—and then you had to share with someone else!"

"The Mertens needed it." The unkempt man of thirty lay inertly on a dirty mattress on the cement floor. A black, shaggy dog lay at his side. "Their four children came begging while you were down at the Administration Office. I couldn't let the little ones go hungry. Could I?"

"The Mertens receive rations for the children." She looked angrily over toward the dog. "Which we certainly don't for that mongrel!"

"I need my dog."

"Can't see why! He's no use for anything!" She turned angrily and walked over to the electric stove to stir a pot containing bean sprouts and few particles of meat. "We should have left him outside when we had to move in here three years ago."

"But—but he would have died with the rest of the animals." He fondly stroked the sleeping animal.

"That's just too bad."

"Why are you being so disagreeable?" His voice was shaky and low.

"Because," she felt her knees shaking as all the pent-up emotions came to the surface for the first time, "there's nothing—nothing but these cement walls—to exist within. There were days when one was free to walk upon the land without the fear of dying within minutes from breathing the foul air. Now we must wear air masks to protect ourselves. There were days when the water was suitable for bathing. Do you remember the feel of clean skin?" He just looked away as she inquired. Then the girl sadly continued, "The days—when—I'm not quite sure, but—but there must have been more than there is today..." She cried passionately for a few minutes. Her tears gurgled in the dirt on her cheeks. "I certainly can't remember many of the better days—because there haven't been any!"

"Oh, you're being silly," came his slow answer as he rose up off of the mattress to embrace his emotional wife. "We have one another." His soft hands stroked her willowy body. "Isn't that enough?" He took a small, white pill from a packet hanging at his side from a belt and handed it to the sobbing girl.

"God Dammit—I'm not going to take that damned Spanish Fly Pill!" She angrily threw the white pill across the floor. "God Dammit—there should be more than sex all day long!"

"Woman, calm down." An inadequacy to understand her rage overcame him. "We're really not so unhappy, are we?"

"Can't you see the futility of our existence? They regulate our everyday life and give us air, food and heat. Our sex life is even under their domination because of those pills they furnish to every married man in the complex. Is our total existence so useless that they must furnish us the means of artificially-contrived sex? Are you really happy as we are now?" Tenderly she turned his grey, bleak face around to hers. His eyes were blank. Fifteen years of government-furnished drugs had dulled his intellect. Her tired eyes questioned and then a single tear fell upon her cheeks.

"No,—but, Sue..." a few more tears fell from his blue, shadowed eyes. "Really, what can we do about it? Our existence has come to this because of all the poison that surrounds us." He re-uttered the futility of the conditions existing in their time. "There's really not much that we—or the government—can do about it. Maybe—in generations to come, changes will occur and our children will have some degree of happiness."

"Bull—shit!" She threw a crockware dish into the concrete wall opposite them. The splintering sound set the dog to whimpering and crying. "How can you accept our lives as they are now?" "How can we fight it?" He turned to lie back down upon the mattress.

Sue, her hands still shaking, turned back to her mealtime preparations. She felt as if a vacuum were enveloping them and she wanted to fight back. The girl stood over the stove with quiet tears swelling in her eyes. Realization of what she must do and why the wives had been given a special packet also set Sue to crying hysterically. Sue looked sadly down at the thin wisp of a man as she realized the depth of his drug possession.

It was inconceivable to think of bringing children into THEIR world. Yet she felt the emotional need for them. Sue cried again in lonely solitude as she came to a decision. Taking her packet out of its holder in the kitchen drawer, she dumped the entire contents into their cooking food. She uttered under her breath, "I cannot face another 'solitary' day."

DARK WINGS OVER EASY

by Roldin

CHAPTER 1

Samuel Barabas Hane arrived at the Cheops record store on a Tuesday at 2:32 pm; but then he did everything at 2:32 for the last two weeks and three days, since a particularly lovely young lady had smiled at him in passing and he'd stopped his watch in commemoration.

Sue sat behind the cash-desk, rather lethargically attaching price stickers on album covers with the manner of one who'd expected a career in music to be much more exciting.

"Your hat's on backwards," she greeted Sam.

"Sssh," he sssh'd, "I'm trying to look 'with it'."

"And failing miserably," she added, giving Brian Eno an eyepatch reading "\$1.98" that improved his image immensely.

"Good," said Sam, "Just so I'm not conspicuous. I'm here in my official capacity."

"As what?" asked Sue, realizing she must be even more bored than she'd realized to ask.

"I'm not entirely certain," Sam assured her, "But you know I'd never face this place, with its overenthusiastic sound-system and endless blaring of Muzak for malcontents for anything less than a Class A, Priority One, Condition Red Emergency, would I?"

"How should I know?" she smirked, "You spend all of your time and most of your friends being as deliberately enigmatic as possible."

"Of course I do. But why? That's the question," Sam raved.

"The smart money's on schizophrenia, but I put five bucks on your being a spy from Aldebaron, just to be safe."

"Smart move," Sam agreed, "You've assured your fortune."

TO BE CONTINUED...

HOW THE TITLE OF PROM QUEEN WAS WON

BY AN UNGULATE HERBIVORE by R.S. Preuss

"Well, where are the two of us going to meet?" asked Sherm for the third time.

I didn't remember Sherm and I wasn't sure where I was either, but here it seemed as if we'd known each other for years and it was absolutely necessary that we get together, the four of us, for drinks.

"What about it? The eight of us must get together."

For someone I'd never met he was awfully insistent, like one of those women who throw parties for the purpose of asking each guest to contribute a few thousand dollars so that the poor people of some country of relative obscurity can buy guns to shoot at soldiers.

"I don't know about the fourteen of you," I said, "but this party has other plans for the duration." However, I suggested that if it was essential that the thirty-nine of us meet, we could do so at an establishment known as the Bittersweet Victory the day after tomorrow at three.

"Very good then," said my weasel-like unacquaintance, "how does one get there?"

Actually, as far as I know, there WAS no place by that name, but strange pictures comprising the most intimate details of the Bittersweet Victory entered my mind with the clarity usually associated with a fine warm bath in acetone. And so did the directions.

"Take ninety-four to seventy. Take seventy to eighty-three. Take eighty-three to the river. Take the river to a cigar store on Scenic Drive and swap the river for a box of Jamaicans. Take the Jamaicans to a Tibetan monk who will enter your car through an air conditioning vent reciting Shakespeare's sonnets. Translate the sonnet of your choice into the language of the dead whereupon you will be dismissed as a heretic and cast into the frontier. There you will find a fish. Take the fish to a Shell station and ask the attendant where the halibut you are.

"Got all that?"

"Sure. Sounds very simple."

I got into my car and found eighteen Lebanese men there. I didn't know where they all came from but there they were, cursing and muttering arabesque.

"All right, you guys, the party's over," I said and one by one they all exited and climbed into a Porsche 917 that sat in the neighbor's driveway.

And there at the bottom of the pile of bodies was Jane, with a faint smile hovering at the corners of her mouth.

"Hi," she said as she buttoned her blouse.

"Jane, what were all those men doing in here?" I asked.

"Oh, well, never mind."

It was the night of the Senior Prom.

"The question is, what on Earth are we going to do with this came!"

FALLING MUSHROOMS

by Gary Ishler

Green mushrooms fell from a small garden in the sky. They were responsible for the hallucinogenic gas that covered the town. The people of the town couldn't remember the falling of mushrooms at any other time in recent history, but one man said he thought it happened once in 1945 but the mushrooms were bright colors, not dingy green.

The hallucinogenic gas caused people to see things that didn't really exist. For example, several people said they saw army men jumping from helicopters and wearing green parachutes.

NEW YORK CHIC—DRAWING A CAN OF BUDWEISER WITH A STRAW (BASED ON A TRUE INCIDENT)

A few moments elapsed as she followed the printed instructions for cooking the compounds into the food. She then divided the mixture into two large and one small portion. She passionately called the man and the dog to eat. The night was quiet and void as all ate their fill. Soon—without pain the poison took effect and then there were none to cry, cuss, or enjoy sex within the little concrete house.

Dear Elayne;

Boy, talk about envious! Bad enough that you're going to California, but to be able to go to see David Letterman and be part of that "good-looking group of human beings," that really takes the cake. Then to top it off, you have your question answered by Dr. Ruth, too. (Who do you know that uses Onion Rings?)

Only kidding about that last part. Though I am jealous. Maybe one of these days...How do you go about ordering tickets anyway?

So, IJ finally hits the double digits, huh? Tell me honestly, did you think that it would make it? Are you going to have a special anniversary issue when you get to number twelve (12)? Or doesn't the number of issues exactly correspond to the number of months that you've been publishing?

Enclosed (as you can see for yourself) is the dollar. I can't say I'm surprised, you can only take so much out of your own pocket. Hope it doesn't deter new people from trying IJ.

My favorite piece in IJ #9 was "Deli Break". Not only was it the best piece in that issue, but it's one of the funniest things I've seen in a fanzine in quite awhile. I mean how often can you find yourself laughing out loud at a piece of fan-fiction. Not very often, I'm afraid. Generally, it's just a smile, or a soft little chuckle. I hope to see a lot more of Craig's stuff.

Boy, something must really be wrong around here! I not only enjoyed the Natoterial, but I found myself agreeing with most of it, too. Jeez, either Nate's losing his touch, or I'm worse off than I thought. The only thing I couldn't go with was the first bit, about Cable TV. And that, only because we don't yet have cable out here in the boondocks of the wild hills of Connecticut. (Maybe someday (sigh), we'll even get to see UGLY GEORGE!!)

Oh, yeah! Thanks for mentioning CURSED EARTH. (I THINK?) I mean it wasn't really put together to appeal to the type of audience that picks up IJ. Like you've said yourself, comics are basically pimply-faced fanboy stuff. With little appeal to people who have grown to cope with the real world. (Whoa, when did I say that?) Fortunately, nobody has taken the opportunity to send me a SASE, so I can rest on my laurels (whatever the hell that means, anyway!).

When they hand out the awards for Best Program on Television in a Comedy/Variety format, you KNOW who won't be getting it! The recent SCTV spoof of awards shows was just brilliant. From Bob Hope to Elizabeth Taylor, and everybody in between, the satire was right on the mark as usual. I look forward to "The Days of the Week" with eager anticipation.

Say, do you think that NBC was hinting at the schedule for next fall, with the shift [of SCTV to Saturday at 11:30pmEST one night last month, and Letterman's 90-minute show on Friday]? David said that he was going to have the 90 minute show on Friday once a month, but I think that if the people doing SNL don't hear the death knell yet, they soon will. Face it, even Joe P. and Eddie Murphy can't hold up the show forever. In fact, I think you can see that very thing dawning on them in a few of the recent shows. Joe appears to be only going through the motions in a few sketches, and Eddie seems pretty smug toward certain other cast members. Or am I simply reading more into things than I should? We'll have to wait and find out.

Hey, more Baboon Dooley! It's the kind of strip that grows on you after awhile.

Say are you going to the June 12th rally/march? I am seriously considering going...I am of the opinion that this rally could be very important to the No Nuke weapons/power(?) movement in this country, and an ol' Leftist like me can't leave well enough alone.

Love & Friendship always,
STEVEN CHAPUT
2 Indian Hill Road
WESTPORT, CT 06880

(You bet I'll be at the rally. As of this typing, I've no idea whether the Radical Humor group will actually be participating, but I'm hoping that a good percentage of the local IJ-reader contingent will show up. Should be quite massive, and perhaps this time, something can be accomplished.)

Elayne

I've done a complete turnaround from that first issue B-D M sent me (No. 5, Dec.). Now I'm definitely a FAN (oh, no) of IJ. Before, I didn't understand the direction of IJ. But I finally came to realize that IJ has no direction; it's free-form! The entire concept of it is that there's no specific subject to it, it takes on a shape of its own! But you know all that. I just really like the idea. Why didn't I think of it.

My favorite section in #9 was the long fiction section. And that Firesignal Kwiz was HARD! I have all the albums but it was hard to remember all of the lines. And this time I read the Fan Moose column and wrote letters to Charles Smith, Carly Sommerstein and PROPER GANDER. I plan to write to more. And yes! Matt Feazell! Why doesn't he do something for IJ. I'm the one who gave Bill-Dale his first issues of CYNICAL MAN (I think) and I don't know why I haven't kept up with what Matt's doing. But now I will.

I could probably write on about what else I like in no. 9 but I gotta get this mailed. So I'll be ordering #10 of course and I really hope you have fun in Callyform. Personally I might be moving to Houston, Tex to get into some underground comix and publishing. You've inspired me (along with AFTA) to start my own magazine. We'll see. One last thing: the new TV show I think shows the most promise is "Making The Grade." I think "Report To Murphy" stinks.

Bye. I mean Sell!

GREG BLAIR
R.R. #2
EMPORIA, KS 66801

(Hey mon, you one crazy dude, you know? I mean, really, that sitcom with Lynn Redgrave?!? But ah, to each their own...Readers may find more of Greg's artwork scattered throughout this issue.)

Well, Elayne, I can tell Sue Kaufmann why "Bob" sent her to the Falkland Islands. "Bob's" ways do indeed ALWAYS seem mysterious, but there is sometimes a logical explanation. The Falklands are important. To begin with, all the Latter Prophets of Dopey Grim Apocalyptic Sci Fi tell us that WWII will begin with an incident on some dinky atoll (Fernando Poo, etc.). And the Even Latter Prophets, the PreSubs like Kurt Vonnegut and Robert Anton Wilson ... "And in the Time and Half Time it shall be as the tiny wound which bringeth the limb to be cut off, and the blueness of a wound which endeth a life, and which cleanseth away the evil, the final offense against The Pipe shall be the start of the end of the Fires of Wotan's Will, small nations shall be as the kindling of the Conflagration of BaBYLON, or thou shalt KILL ME, aieee, I shall be Stones in the eyes of men. For their members are as the staff of the rod of the symbols of thing members and they seed bearing fruits, which shall grow sore large and cause thee to come against one another with Fire from the Loins (or "lions"—ed.) of State." —Econocataclysmysm 45:87. ALSO: the Flaklands situation proves that just as "Bob," and Popes Thornley and Reith, and everyone else, says, "There is no government." It's all a joke. YES, EVEN IN THIS COUNTRY!!! (Have we sunk so low? Has it come to THIS??) This Falklands thing is no "political affair." This is a CRAZILY BLATANT exampl of two washed-up nonempires each acting through their collective unconscious AS ONE STUPID TEENAGE LAD spoiling for a fight SIMPLY BECAUSE OF THE POISON OF THE GOONADS. And in fact each country is FULL of able-bodied young men of misdirected horniness, with absolutely no legitimate reason for patriotism AT ALL EXCEPT BY DEFAULT, literally and desperately needing to prove that their cajones are LARGER than those of some equally squalid neighbor. All the young men, and all the old men, and most of the women too, of both Britain and Argentina, are in the manner of pachucos wanting to fight with switchblades over "their turf" STRICTLY FOR LACK OF ANYTHING BETTER TO DO. Each set of national balls is straining to get its owner to kick the otherset of balls. This is a war of testicles. And the goofy thing is, neither one really has any "turf" to speak of, living as they and all other countries are in the immense hideous shadows of America and Russia. I do not believe America and Russia can be compared to low-class po'bucket teenagers wanting to fight to prove nutsize. They're more like two vicious, greedy, old but very sly businessmen, rival conglomerate owners, making sure that it's the employees and the customers who get screwed, not THEM. "THERE IS NO GOVERNMENT." It's the people themselves who want to kick ass and the respective governments are all to happy to go along with the "trend".

Sue and her goats (ED: That's "sheep"!) will get through the crisis unscathed. Nary a nuke will be wasted on the Falklands. Buenos Aires, London, SURE. But the shepherds of the word, as usual, have nothing to fear.

As long as they keep following that weird new star. They know it will land.

I must however part with the warning that no one should climb aboard it without their SubGenius Membership Card OR HAVING ONCE BEEN IN POSSESSION OF ONE (the Code will impregnate thoroughly in the first day of bearership...the Xists scanners will still "read" it on you in 1998). P.S.: Members should have gotten their 56-page GIANT NEW FIST by the time this is printed. Next SubCon in Chicago, September 5. OKSLACK. IVAN STANG

CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS
P.O. BOX 140306
DALLAS, TEXAS 75214

Dear Elayne,

I drink Dr. Pepper, and I'm proud. I'm a Pepper, Dave Palter's a Pepper, Wouldn't you like to be a Pepper too?

You live the life of Riley. Every few months you go to groovy places like England and now you're shuffling off to the land of Hollywood and Vine. Do enjoy the trip.

If you see Eric Estrada please tell him that I think he's the most. Don't drink the water and whatever you do, be sure to wear clean underwear in case you end up in a hospital. You never know, what happened to Dave may happen to you.

Be sure to go to Knott's Berry Farm, Disneyland and be sure to bring lots of Kodak film and Eveready Alkalines.

BESTREGIS PHILBINS,

NATE MISHAAN a/k/a DICK HERTZ
P.O. Box 305
NEW CITY, NY 10965-0305

(Readers: Prevent silly nonsensical [and, worst of all, not even funny] letters like the above from making the pages of INSIDE JOKE! Send in your letters-of-comment on IJ's contents, layout, articles, etc., ideas, suggestions, to make this a letter page we can again be proud of [and, of course, to placate the inferiority complexes of some staff writers who want to hear what people think of their writings]!...)

Elayne:

...How about a regular feature in IJ where all your contributors could give their FAVORITE OBSCURE FILM and why it's their favorite. Of course there has to be limits: It must be an English language film (so yes, Canadian, Australian and even South African films count) and it must be a sound film (no pulling any fast ones by naming a film that only exists in some dusty archive). Who knows, someone might come up with something as lovely as David Letterman's BLOCK AND TACKLE MEET SCARY PEOPLE...

STEVEN BENNETT
687 Merton Avenue
AKRON, OHIO 44306

(Well, now this is entirely up to the readers, Steve...)

NOX SAYS

(Letter)

go

directly to next page" 17

DEAR DAVID [PALTER—ED: Here we go again, yawn...],

ALLRIGHT BUCKO, I WASN'T THE GUY WHO WENT AROUND ROCKLAND COUNTY, DRESSED IN A DIAPER, ASKING CHILDREN WHERE THE MASQUERADE PARTY WAS...STAY COOL???? I AM COOL!...I'M NOT YELLING okay, maybe I was talking a bit loud. I'm sorry that you were murdered not once, not twice, but thrice!!! Hitchhiking cross country was in for my peers during the summer before going away to college. I guess I was wrong and wish to apologize for my hasty suggestion. But David, if I told you to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge, would you? I don't care if everybody else disapproves of spiteful vengeance (or was it Vengeful Spite?), you can't play BETTE DAVIS EYES IF YOU DON'T CLEAN YOUR ROOM AND EAT YOUR VEGETABLES!!!!

Dave, DON'T GO CHANGING TO TRY AND PLEASE ME, I LOVE YOU JUST THE WAY YOU ARE!!

BESTEST AND SINCEREST WISHES,
NATE "NATORIAL" MISHAAN

Dear Elayne,

Fanzine comments should be in writing; this facilitates their inclusion in letter columns. So, even though I expect shortly to have the opportunity to comment to you in person, here are my comments on IJ, April 1982.

This issue is distinguished by several very interesting fictional and/or essay contributions. "Deli Break" by Craig Childress is excellent humor (incidentally I am somewhat reminded of the Thomas M. Disch story, "The Brave Little Toaster"), a lovely piece of work. Ken Filar's article on "The Arms Problem" is also quite excellent. Chris Downey's vignette "Portrait of a Bank Security Guard" is also a very successful (if short) satire. So when the infamous Kip M. Ghesin describes IJ as a "crappy little comedy/creativity newsletter," I cannot entirely agree. This is a surprisingly good, little comedy/creativity newsletter.

A number of ironies present themselves in this issue. Does anyone find it odd that in my letter I announce that Chris Estey is recovering from his addiction, while Chris begins his own article, "Yeah, I'm still a junkie"? I know what is actually going on (and of course so do you) but I think I'd better let Chris speak for himself.

Then there is the irrepressible Nate Mishaan, still writing for IJ even after a petition was delivered to Elayne, signed by 300,000 people, demanding that he stop. A few issues ago he was denouncing me for failing to display a sense of humor in my remarks to IJ (as well as demanding that I send him my lingerie catalogue) and now he tells us "I don't know how much longer I can write for IJ due to my inability to laugh." I think we should all send him lingerie catalogues to cheer him up.

With regard to Paul Zuckerman's humor "leaving you out", just think of it as an inside joke. (If you would like to get inside, there is nothing to prevent you from adopting a male viewpoint at will.) I must admit, however, that Paul's latest article (like his last) basically is not very logical. If he had any idea how much inefficiency and waste exists in the operations of any large business, he would realize that his own efforts to cause annoyance and wastage of time for these companies by sending them useless and misleading letters in their own BRE's, will be utterly lost in the background noise and will never even be noticed, much less spoil the entire day of some employee, as he maliciously hopes. Come on, Paul. You want to spoil someone's day? Blow up his car. (Or her car—let's be fair.) Stab him/her in a kidney, with your handy hunting knife. That would spoil this person's day. Why fool around. As a self-professed nut I find you a bit tepid. I hope the next installment of "Notes From A Nut" will be a bit nuttier. (You don't have to get wacky, however; let's leave Jerry Lewis out of this.)

Clay Geerdes' observations on crime certainly paint an ugly (if doubtlessly accurate) picture—sounds like nobody is safe going out of the house (or probably even staying home) unless armed with a gun. It does seem to me, however, that to place the complete and entire responsibility for all these crimes upon the Reagan budget, is a bit of an exaggeration. I mean, as I recall there was just a tiny bit of crime before Reagan was elected. Perhaps he is not the only cause of crime. It may even be that criminals have something to do with it. There are severe social problems and injustices about which we all should quite justifiably be upset, and Reagan is certainly making things worse with his incredibly bad policies. On the other hand I do not think that these conditions give anybody and everybody complete license to commit robbery and assault. Of course, this may just be political naivety on my part. I do find it a bit odd, however, that earlier in the article you are warning us about professional car thieves who have their own tow trucks with which to steal your car even when it is locked, and then you conclude by blaming it on Reagan budget cuts. You mean, when somebody has had his/her welfare benefits cut, and cannot feed his/her starving children, what that person can be expected to do is to go out and buy a tow truck, and start stealing cars? And of course the people who are completely destitute are likely to swoop down on your car in their private army-surplus helicopters. Why bother with tow trucks. Look out, America.

By the way, since I mentioned that I had sent Clay's previous article to Ron Kasman, perhaps I should report Ron's response, which is as follows: "...in general (it) makes a lot of sense. The points were expressed very well. I strongly agree with almost all the statements made..." Ron is, incidentally, a Canadian comic artist of some distinction.

I should have mentioned earlier, in the fiction review section, that James Tauscher's "exercises in fiction" is yet another very well done piece. Where are you getting all this good fiction, Elayne? It's amazing.

Anyway, that's all for now.

DAVID PALTER
1811 Tamarind Ave., #22
Hollywood, CA 90028

Dear Elayne,

Received your latest issue of IJ...I liked Sue Rosner's rap on Jewish American Princesses...she expressed opinions I'd long held, but could not put in print. Not being Jewish, with my luck I'd be accused of anti-semitism. Loved the computer-generated cartoon on page seven...undoubtedly the shape of things to come. Zuckerman's short piece on creative venting of anger was a minor gem...might try it myself.

What is your fascination with lobsters all about? I've known many of them inside and out because of my job at a seafood restaurant but they've never seemed to be good conversationalists or even good listeners.

Would you be interested in a little piece on pro wrestling? I've talked with a number of mat stars and they are very interesting to say the least. Besides being the sport of kings (chuckle), wrestling has more human drama than most soap operas. Let me know what you think.

MICHAEL DOBBS
24 Hampden Street
INDIAN ORCHARD, MA 01151

(What I think? I think wrestling's weirder than lobsters, that's what I think, Bucko! Sure, hey, why not...)

OH NO. ANOTHER REVIEW OF A REVIEW. YES.

I am triple outraged as the so-called "review" of XTC's "ENGLISH SETTLEMENT" LP.

Granted, IJ is a generous co-operative effort but to compare XTC to the "Brit-trendiness" of The Jam is so off the mark that it's really not worth writing about. But, for those who haven't yet discovered XTC I'm setting the record review straight.

Judging by the other records reviewed (and assuming Pete Cetera was a joke review) lyrics are not important to that reviewer. In fact, dancing and sarcasm seem to be most important, in that person's eyes, to a band's image-appeal. But XTC is not a dancing sarcasm band at all. If they are trendy in any way it is to set trends. They were one of the first bands to bring back the portable organ sound to records. The Attractions were second to my knowledge and best at it finally. XTC's musical roots are largely linked to Captain Beefheart and avant-gard Jazz (not fusion, a 70's trend). In fact, if you want to talk trends the JAPAN band, with which that reviewer is so blown away (Oh, Wow) is described as being "a fusion of funk, complicated cross-rhythms, and dissonant vocals." Well, guess what? That's the trend! (Just listen to WNYU 89.1FM at 4pm.) So many English bands are doing that. It would appear to me to be a primarily dance product, the political message being secondary in importance. (It's SO important isn't it.) I believe the best political band around (excluding reggae bands) is the Clash who have been doing it so long they must really be sincere! But don't tell me you like JAPAN, a band that sounds like so many others these days and then compare XTC to Jam which happens to be one of those other bands that sound like so many others. I'll tell you something else too. Trends are vital to all pop-culture especially when they don't last too long. (Unfortunately, most do.) If it weren't for trends we wouldn't have classic music recorded for history. Then I suppose you don't believe in classic new-music either. Wattsamatter, has thinking become too organized for you? UNLIKE THE TREND, XTC's lyrics are VITAL to each song. In some of their work the music is actually secondary. The problem with commerciality in music is the way bands can be misconstrued and listeners can get swindled. I mean, 9 times out of ten and 100 per cent of the time with international releases, the product is nothing less than well-done all the way around. Yet they'll (distributors, merchants and the like) say, this one's great, go ahead and buy it. But what about the other one? Well, they're just not pushing that one this month. It's in the red. This is the only logical reason I can think of for this inaccurate review. The reviewer must have been told to expect something else or given a false impression of XTC's music. If you like dance music, especially that of an anti-political sarcastic dance-pop nature, then review the records that you are capable of accurately considering based upon your way of thinking and don't add to the confusion caused by the marketing process.

XTC is one of the few bands who have developed TRUTH-MUSIC over the years. Each album of theirs matures in its overview of Everyman. The truth is so hard to see anymore. The world's idiosyncracies are deceptive and blind us to the real guts of what happens during waking hours to each of us. It's a delicate balance which in these days could cease to be at any time. It's terrifying. It's miraculous. There's only one place like this. You live here with us.

BRIAN CATANZARO (April, '82)
55 Summit Road
OAK RIDGE, NJ 07438

(Brian is a local musician who plays in the northern NJ area, if those folks are lucky. Anyone got a contract for 'im??)

What do you mean you
'haven't read Tolkien yet'?



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

P.S. I've just heard from Nate that he loves me just the way I am —gee thanks, Nate, I love you too —DP
P.P.S. If I seem to be harping on the subject of Nate Mishaan, please excuse my misanthropy. —DP

Never fails. Just when I swear I've got every single Firesign Theatre album ever put out (not counting rarities like solo albums, of which I've only Ossman's, and that one even says "starring the Firesign Theatre" so how solo can that be), another one comes my way. Thanks Lisa Bottini for finding the 1980 release "Fighting Clowns" (Rhino Records, which seems to be their current label—even has an address whereby you can write them)—not a rip-off this time, a full 45-minute-or-so extravaganza (sorry) of 95% music, real powerful and on-target political stuff reminiscent of Lehrer's best ("we need a football President/if we're going to lose the game"), and of course the ever-present allusions to past albums, especially I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus. My favorites, for no real reason, were "Oh Afghanistan", "Hey Reagan", and the two "Hot Tub" Marin County spoofs (wait till you hear a Firesign Theatre version of "fer sher!")...Anyway, perhaps I'll throw a couple quizzes in on it later in our series. This one is THE VERY EASY "NICK DANGER" QUIZ

Naturally, when I've completed my collection (again), the local store has a sale on tons of copies of How Can You Be In Two Places At Once When You're Not Anywhere At All, the first Firesign album to contain an installment of "Nick Danger, Third Eye". All of the questions below deal with this first appearance only (found on the flip side of the above-mentioned album and on Side 3 of the anthology album). Cinch, eh? Answers elsewhere in this issue.

1. What is the name and number of this adventure?
2. Name 4 of Nancy's aliases.
3. Where do Nancy and Catherwood live?
4. a. What was Nancy doing in the aviary?
b. What kind of trees grow outside the mansion & on Pig Night?
5. List 4 references to Beatles songs found in the adventure.
6. Who sponsors the Adventures of Nick Danger? (2)
7. What perfume does Rocky Rococco wear?
8. BRADSHAW: "Hey, Danger—where's the fire?"
DANGER: "_____"
9. DANGER: "There was something fishy about the butler. _____"
10. What was Nancy wearing when she met Nick?
11. NANCY: "I, I feel faint! The whole world is spinning!"
DANGER: "_____"
12. Rocky only had "half a 'key'". With whom did he split it?
13. What's the name of the actor who plays Lieutenant Bradshaw?
14. Whose voice interrupts the show for an important announcement?
15. What's Nancy's husband's name?
16. What proof does Nancy's hubby have that he's been to Greece?
17. What's Nick's final motto?
18. What will be upcoming episode be called?
19. What was the weather like in the beginning of the adventure?
20. What two items were in Rocky's brown paper bag?

The Reviewer's Cheat Sheet by Julian Ross

Since publishers are always looking for new methods and ideas to improve efficiency and lower costs, you cannot expect book reviewers to stick with their old procedures either.

Therefore, this 'cheat sheet' for reviewers is presented as a semi-public service for those busy bibliophiles who are rushing to meet their deadline and are unable to find their thesaurus.

The system is so simple, even grownups can do it. Just follow this form: (Authors) A B is a(n) C D of (or at) a(n) E F. For example, "W. Somerset Maugham's old-fashioned tale is a pithy parody of an obsequious conferee."

A	B	C	D	E	F
current	novel	derisive	glimpse	subterranean	demise
latest	book	asinine	look	primordial	quandary
newest	tome	optimal	travesty	fractious	<i>je ne sais quoi</i>
just published	volume	banal	example	malaprop	through
final	magnum opus	refreshing	simplification	histrionic	predicament
first	work	truculent	parody	bestial	confere
old-fashioned	effort	pithy	<i>Wotanachung</i>	effusive	habroglie
newfangled	<i>édition de luxe</i>	seridid	introduction	obsequious	<i>ancienne noblesse</i>
modern	tale	wondrous	probe	linguistic	neighborhood
timely	<i>ballon d'essai</i>	magnanimous	composite	lascivious	uprising

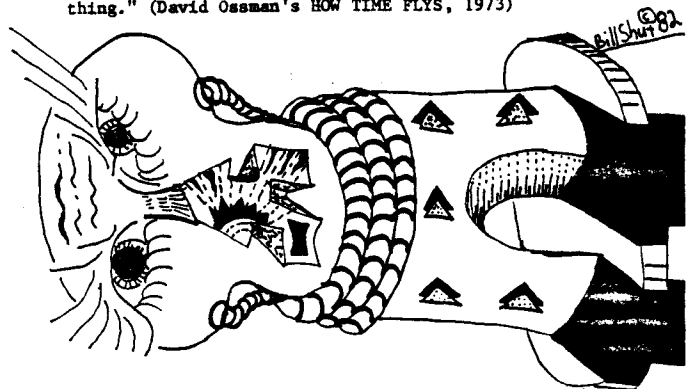
This is, of course, only a crude beginning. Before long, an enterprising reviewer who has a word processor will come up with a sophisticated computer program which will write the whole review. Let's hear it for "The Third Wave," critics!

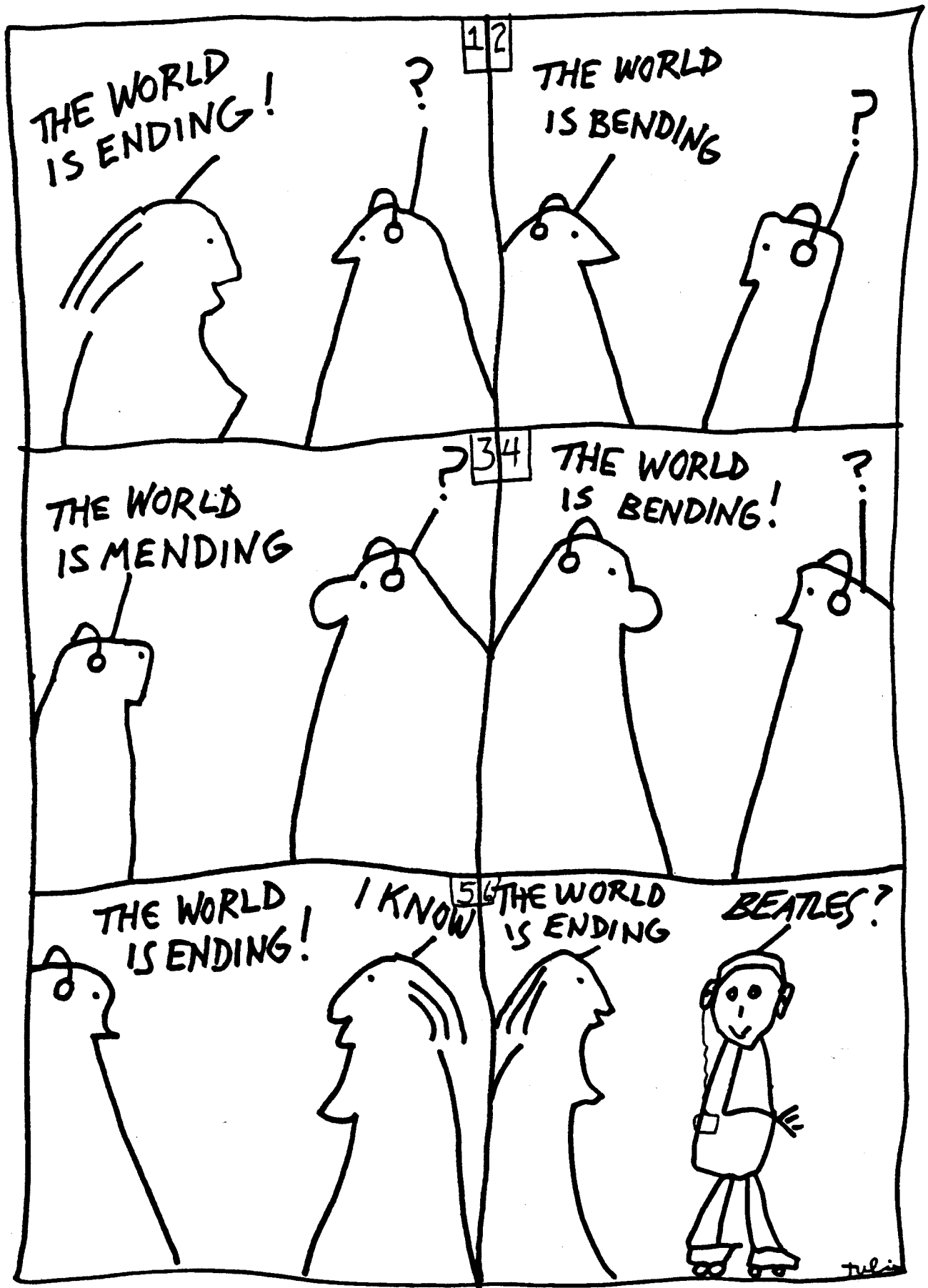
ANSWERS TO FIRESIGNAL #2—THE VERY EASY "NICK DANGER" QUIZ

1. "Cut 'em Off At The Past"; No. 666.
2. Melanie Haber, Audrey Farber, Susan Underhill, Betty Joe Blatolsky.
3. The Old Same Place In Santa Barbara.
4. a. Stunting trees. b. Dwarf maples.
5. References to Albert Hall; the noise from "I Am The Walrus"; "I'm So Tired"; "Everyone know her as Nancy".
6. Fantastic Cigarettes ("long in the leaf and short in the can") and Loosner's Castor Oil Flakes ("the all-weather breakfast").
7. Pyramid Rock!
8. "In your eyes, Lieutenant Bradshaw."
9. "I think he was a Pisces, probably working for scale."
10. A timely burmose.
11. "Why, that's lucky for us, Nancy. If it were flat, all the Chinese would fall off."
12. The sound effects man ("Thanks, Rocky").
13. "Just plain Harry Ames."
14. Announcer, then Franklin Delano Roosevelt.
15. "Dan" or "Danny", but she tells Nick it's "Johnny".
16. He brought back a grape.
17. "Inferior people should not be employed."
18. "Nick Danger Meets—The Arab."
19. Rating: "Snowing...ever since the top of the page".
20. A pickle and a "two-bit ring from a crackback box."

ANSWERS TO FIRESIGNAL #1 QUIZ: (last month)

1. "...you won't believe me when I tell you that I've got an envelope that'll clean your car while you're driving at home to work. Well, George, believe me this time, because this one isn't like the Austrian self-sharpening razors, no, friends, no over-heating like with the tropical fishes, no zizzing and dripping like with the di—" [click] (DON'T CRUSH THAT DWARF, HAND ME THE PLIERS, 1970)
2. "...Read what is writ upon your dagger's dirk, the twin to mine." "Speak you of this rusty plastic dagger I've carried in my side since birth?" "The very same. Read what is writ thereon, and weep." "'syynbnisnyead—[turns dagger around]—'I am ha of whom he speaks'. That's proof enough for me!" (NOT INSANE OR ANYTHING YOU WANT TO, 1972)
3. "...picked up by a police helicopter way up in the mountains where they've gone, that's 'Deputy Dan will find us no matter how far away we go', the translation of that." (DEAR FRIENDS, 1972)
4. "...bland continental blend of old spiced meat and today's shredded newspapers. From pork to nuts, it's gotta be Poone's Parm." (NICK DANGER: THE CASE OF THE MISSING SHOE, 1979)
5. "...use power like a drum, and leadership like a violin. Pick out any idea, compare ideas with the one idea left you have no doubt and without a doubt we have enthusiasm! [more applause, cries of 'Play Ball!'] Gentleman—please—gentleman, to make— to make life whole, it's as easy as a bridge! Now—now, gentlemen, now that we have attained control we must pull together as one, like a twin, keeping the prophecy of 'power as enthusiasm!' All for one—" "All for one!" "—and all for one!" "And all for one!" "Let me hear it for me!" "YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!" (WAITING FOR THE ELECTRICIAN OR SOMEONE LIKE HIM, 1968)
6. "...They know that their America forefathers took drugs. And you probably don't even know where your father is." (EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG, 1974)
7. "...Oil from Canada/Gold from Mexico/Ceese from the neighbor's backyard, bomb bomb/Corn from the Indians/Tobacco from the Indians/Dakota from the Indians/New Jersey from the Indians/New Hampshire from the Indians/New England from the Indians/New Deh- li from the Indians—" "INDONESIA FOR THE INDONESIANS!" (W.C. Fields voice—"ah yes, Veteran's Day...") "But we couldn't do it alone." (News signals in background) "No, we needed the hope, the faith, the prayers, the fears," "the sweat, the pain, the boils, the tears," "the broken bones," "the broken homes," "the total degradation of—" "Who?" "YOU—the little guy." (HOW CAN YOU BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE WHEN YOU'RE NOT ANYWHERE AT ALL, 1969)
8. "...make them up yourself. Look, here [walking], in the London Exaggerator, it's full of 'em. [Rustles paper] 'Man Coughs Up Tewel in Brussels'; 'Yankee Pig Nut Swindle Shocks Parliament'; 'Sultan Insulted in Merry Merry'; 'Giant Green Cheese Stolen'—AHA!" "What's wrong, Stones?" "I sat on my pipe!" (THE TALE OF THE GIANT RAT OF SUMATRA, 1974)
9. "...treated like a true celebrity by people who really like you [Skipper: "Really?"]]. You'll give interviews, lead parades, and attend a fabulous event with a glamorous Hollywood starlet!" "Yes, she's Hollywood's Ultra-X-Rated Kim Cool!" ["Hey, that's my sister!"] (IN THE NEXT WORLD, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, 1975)
10. "...sucked up about ten percent of all life. [Pause] Hundreds of years later, in the late Devouring Period, fish became obnoxious. Trailerbikes, chiggerbites and moskwetos collided aimlessly in the dense gas. Finally, tiny edible plants sprang up in rows, giving birth to generations of insecticides and other—small, dying creatures.—Thank you." (I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS, 1971)
11. "...A white man," "Who becomes a black man," "Who becomes a yellow man," "Who becomes a white man," "Who becomes a black man," "Who becomes a yellow man." "Well, some say that's an oversimplification—" "Well, it is an oversimplification ("I agree", "Yes"), but from here today, it looks to us like it's better than killing people." (JUST FOLKS...A FIRESIGN CHAT, 1977)
12. "...an intrestin' and excitin' career in de military? Get into de sky where dey can't find ju. Higher den you've ever been before, behind de border, as a proud member of de free, Mexican Air Force." (FORWARD INTO THE PAST: AN ANTHOLOGY, 1976)
13. "...discovered the mouse-tongued enema of tomorrow. Primitive black-and-white, single-system T-double "a"—V obsessed the snow-bound American family, and you. Nobody wanted to remember anything." (David Ossman's HOW TIME FLYS, 1973)





GET CLEAR!

(ASS)HOLISM

AQUARIAN/NEW AGE TRANSFORMATIONS

CREATIVE DEATH

Recent studies suggest that consciousness is carcinogenic. After a survey of the ethics of entropy, the following topics receive terminal treatment: (1) Dying as a process of personal growth; (2) Charnel knowledge; (3) Thanatotherapy (with emphasis on Adolfin and "terminal scream" therapy); (4) Auto-necrophilia for the Me Generation. Mentor: Rev. Jim Jones, Posthumous Prof. of Thanatology.



WHOLISTIC WEALTH

This course has helped hundreds of doctors, lawyers, and other parasites to feel okay about being obscenely rich. Material things are but *Maya* (= illusion) — still, they *are* your reward for virtue in a previous life. Learn to exploit your inner riches while holding on to your outer ones. Don't share the wealth, share the experience! (Tuition is tax-deductible.)



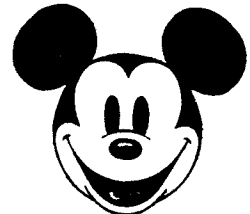
BEYOND VEGETARIANISM: NEW PATHS IN PRIVATION

Gave up meat but still feel guilty? So you should! Since you *are* what you eat, eventually every vegetarian turns cannibal. This course introduces you to inanimate eating. You too can suck rocks and learn to like it! The Course is a prerequisite to ANAEROBIC STASIS ("Good health through hypo-ventilation"), which explains how to eke out a miserable existence without immoral exploitation of the atmosphere.



NEW AGE POLITICS

Recent developments in decentralized degradation and appropriate technocracy. Facilitator and Zen demagogue Jerry Brown will demonstrate the feasibility of harnessing politicians as a source of wind power. A Marin Corpse recruiter will appear on behalf of the Baloney Alliance to enlist no-nukes narcs and pacifist police. Others to be announced after security precautions are finalized.



In the Flow

THE ADDLED AGE OF AQUARIUS IS OVER. Wishing away the holistic horror of everyday life didn't work. We were suckers to buy back parodies of our dreams of total transfiguration from holistic hucksters, consciousness con-men and awareness entrepreneurs. Their "alternative life-styles" only offer **less of more of the same.**



THERE'S NOTHING NEW about a New Age of mysticism, masochism and money. "We ought not to act and speak as though we were asleep" (Heraclitus). The astrologers have only predicted the future; the point is to create it. **Paradise is possible.** Don't burn out, don't sell out, **break out.** Why wallow in escapism when we can **really escape?**



THE LAST INTERNATIONAL

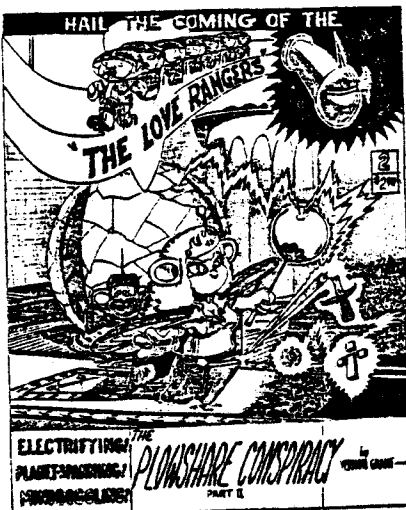
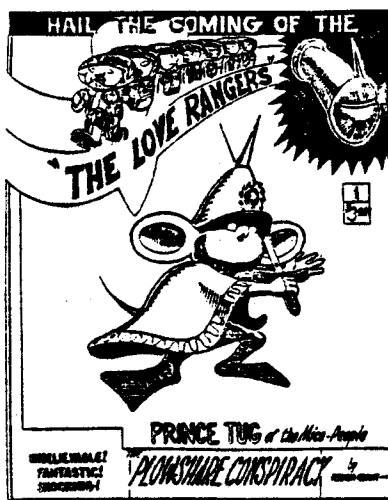
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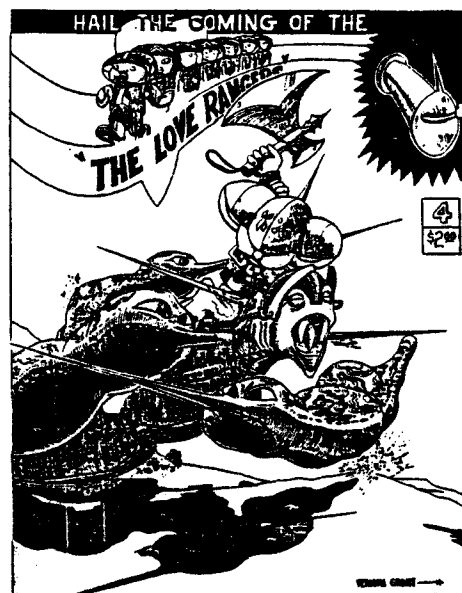
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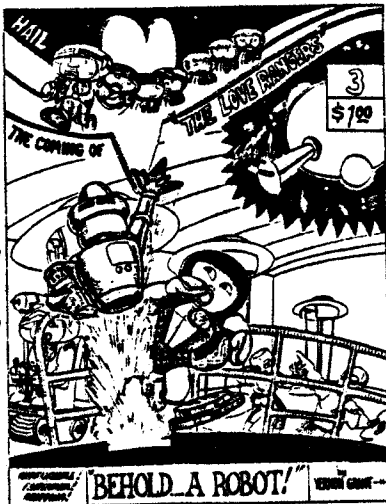
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...the saga continues...



This is what the covers of Vernon's Love Rangers comic books look like. Prices are as stated on covers; add 50¢ if ordering by mail to cover postage & handling.



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