

INSIDE JOKE

AUGUST 1982
ISSUE #13
\$1.00 AMERICAN



WORDS TO
THE
WISE,
ROLD.

THE ONLY
GOOD NOOKER
IS A
DEAD NOOKER.

all
Nookers
OUT OF
U.S.A.!

SCRAWFORD.

EVENTS UPCOMING

AMONG THE LIVING

September 2 - MIKE GUNDERLOY (23!)
9/3 - Richard the Lionhearted
crowned, 1189
9/2-6 - CHICON IV—either you're
there or you've heard enough, but
I'll report anyway next month...
9/4-6 - SubG Con, same as above
9/10 - PREFERRED DEADLINE FOR RE-
TURN OF IJ QUESTIONNAIRE #3 AND
ANY LETTERS OF COMMENT—NO OTHER
SUBMISSIONS PLEASE!!!
9/15 - my brother Gene comes back
east to visit
9/17-19 - no tickets for shul for me this year, huh, Mom?
9/21 - HILARY LEIGHTER (26)
9/23 - DAVID BURD (27)
9/24 - F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, b. awhile ago
9/30 - SUE KAUFMANN (18)

AMONG THE DEAD

Sept. 7 - KEITH MOON dies, 1978
9/2 - MARC Bolan d., 1977
9/18 - JIMI HENDRIX d., 1970
9/19 - GRAM PARSONS d., 1973
9/20 - JIM CROCE d., 1973
9/22 - NATHAN HALE d., 1776
9/25 - JOHN BONHAM d., 1980
9/30 - JAMES DEAN d., 1955
(The only possible meaning I can
find in this is that if you're
a famous rock star or other he-
ro, lay low this month, 'k?)

communication..

* INSIDE JOKE is put on each month by Elayne Wechsler, for, one
* assumes, various and sundry purposes. It is not to be taken
* internally or seriously. "But then, why should I speak, since
* I know nothing?"
* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler
* PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....Tom Hilyer
* STAFF WRITERS
* RONALD B. FLOWERS; CLAY GEERDES; SUE KAUFMANN; GERRY REITH;
* SUE ROSNER; KERRY WENDELL THORNLEY; and PAUL ZUCKERMAN
* RECORD REVIEWS: BRIAN CATANZARO; KHAARYN GORETZEL; RORY HOUCHEMS
* MOVIE REVIEWS: KEN FILAR///MARGINAL NOTES: me and DANA SNOW
* ADS PROVIDED BY BOB BLACK (LAST INTERNATIONAL) AND DOUG SMITH
* (CHURCH OF THE SUB GENIUS)—PLEASE PATRONIZE!!!
* FRONT COVER: JOHN CRAWFORD///BACK FILLER: CHARLES T. SMITH
* OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH
* GREG BLAIR ELEANOR HARDIN STEVEN ORMISTON
* WENDY DEFFORD G. LLOYD HELM BRIAN PEARCE
* PAT DOWNS OLIVIA JASEN R.S. PREUSS
* ALICE ERMILICH ANDY KAMM ROLDO
* MACEDONIO GARCIA TULI KUPFERBERG JULIAN ROSS
* DEBORAH GOLDEN ED LAWRENCE KIEL STUART
* VERNON GRANT WALT LOCKLEY JAMES TAUSCHER
* MIKE GUNDERLOY DAVID MORGAN PEGGY TULLY
* GARY R. WARD RICHARD WEINSTOCK
* c. 1982 Pen-Elayne Enterprises///KIP M. GHESIN, President
* PRINTED IN NEW JERSEY BY AMERICAN SAMIZDAT PRESS—our motto:
* "If it bites, it's an A.S.P."
* CONTRIBUTIONS ALWAYS WELCOME
* fnord

A Different Window has been pre-empted for the following...

To benefit the INSIDE JOKE DEFENSE FUND, and to exercise my artistic
talents, I will be selling funny animal caricatures of anyone you send me a photo of.
Even yourself! (See BACK PAGE FILLER of IJ #1 (Feb. 92))

Just send a photo (B&W photo-boo! will do nicely), some background info on the person (or you!)
and \$1.50 plus \$0.40 for postage, handling and materials. The \$1.50 goes straight to IJ.
Drawings will be pen and ink on 6"x9" paper, mailed flat and 1st class.

Remember: ONLY IJ WILL PROFIT FROM THIS!!!

Send to: STEVEN F. SCHARF
516 BUCHANAN STREET
HILLSIDE, NJ 07205

Photos will be returned.

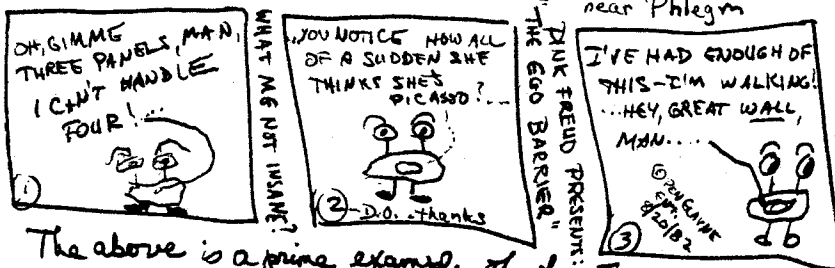


*this will be kept confidential

(see next
page for
more!)

WHY BZITS ON DRUGS

by Elayne-on-drugs (famous little known English town)



The above is a prime example of why I
never write (publicly) while on drugs! ew

This is the actual editorial portion fnord, for those who're new
It's usually called something strange like "acknowleditorial", but I
lost my original of last month's page 2, so this must do for now...
Thanks to John Crawford for this month's cover, which he claims is
"an inside joke between me and (Canadian comic artist) Roldo. Look
at it this way, you can invite him to do the next cover, and this
inside joke'll grow! All will ask "wots a Nooker?" The proper re-
ply is Send \$5 to J. Crawford and he'll send you the Nooker book, a
catalog of an insidious threat to American values". I dunno either.

Apologies to all who got last issue late (this issue's deliber-
ately late—more on that in a moment), but as Dave Palter correctly
points out, and as I realized about five minutes after my last batch
went out, postage was supposed to be 54¢, not 51¢. This is what I
get for living in the past. The P.O. let me slide, surprisingly, on
most, but a couple dozen issues got returned for the extra 3¢...

This issue, I hope, won't meet the 3 oz. requirement again. A
couple weeks ago, I got hopelessly screwed by work again, this time
in the form of 18 hours overtime, thereby not permitting me to type
copy for this issue (yeah, I type it all myself too, uh huh) for at
least a week. So I figured I'd have less stuff, right? I mean, I
had to push back stories and poems by folks who got in last month,
like Philip Hughes, Cannon Barclay, Ralph Roberts, Gary S. Rosin,
and Gunnar Larson, in the hopes that giving these gentlemen a month
of hiatus between publication would ease the space demand, and the
time demand, this month. Anyway, I'm still cramped, and determined
to make it ONLY the usual 23 + back page this time around. It ain't
easy. SO HEAR THIS: In order to alleviate the overflow, NO IN-
COMING WRITTEN CONTRIBUTIONS (except letters-of-comment) WILL BE AC-
CEPTED FOR THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF INSIDE JOKE. This includes staff
writers (except by phone permission), a few of whose—uh, shall we
say "overenthusiastic verbosity"?—sometimes create the worst space
problems. (As an aside, staffers, I would appreciate a little con-
sideration for the rights of other writers to space, in the form of
a bit more brevity, conciseness, self-restraint, maturity, call it
what you will, in the future). September's will be the FALL CLEANING
ISSUE, and will feature most of the same stuff you see in the others
anyway (you wouldn't believe my overstock!), and in addition to the
above-mentioned authors, we'll have more stuff that had to get bumped
off from this month last minute, including some great Dooleys, and
reports on the WorldCon (or is it "Chicon") and SubG-Con in Chicago,
where many of you may have first received this, plus perhaps more
writing from a certain procrastinating editor-in-chief. I know it
may sound egotistical, but every now and then I like to write stuff
for my own newsletter too, I guess there's just never enough room...

Speaking of writing, I've been accepted into the Golden Apa (an
"apa" is an "amateur press association"), which boasts such eminent
writers as Bernadette Bosky, Semaj the Elder, Vicki Rosenzweig, Mike
Gunderloy, Robert Shea, and (the Mgt.) Arthur D. Hlavaty (gee, be-
fore Arthur, "ADH" just meant "Automatic Data Handler"!)). My mini-
zine (perhaps 4 pp or so) for them is entitled "The Motor-Operated
Pushover", and is a solo effort at real writing. I'll be making 50
copies of the ragMOP for anyone who'd care to SASE for it (the 1st
installment's suggested only for "apa-hacks" and Firesign Theatre
fans). Thanks to Arthur and Bernadette and those to put in a good
word to allow me in. I'm honored and more than a little whelmed.

As for activity, besides NYVSFS, I've been watching some TV (ya
think I'd know by now), mostly the morning horror show TODAY ("well
Chris, what's new in the biased world of sensationalist journalism
today?"), the bizarrely guest-hosted TONIGHT SHOW (Dick Cavett do-
ing Bob Hope; George Carlin's all-heart-attack-joke monologue—"I'm
one ahead of Richard Pryor in heart attacks, but he's one ahead of
me in burning yourself up!"), and lots of MTV, easily the most fun
cable station nowadays. Watch for my next review of the networks'
"new season", entitled "...or Not TV", in September or October...
I've also been reading some swell books fnord, like the new expose
by Mike and Irving Wallace, "The Book of Lists of Humiliated Folks"
and the newest analysis of the Wall Street craziness, a unique theo-
ry called "Stocks and Bondage"...

Also and thanks forever to Tom Hilyer, the man behind the Xerox
at A.S.P. (see edit box), for introducing me to NYVSFS; to NYVSFS
members themselves, especially Spencer & Kevin for some vintage ver-
batim Firesign (see "Funny You Should...", p. 3); to Mary Jessup,
Charles F. Rosenay!!!, Maggie McManus and Linda Henson for a great
time at the MonkeeCon (and to Claudia Regaza and Martin Mucciarone
for their compliments on my passable-at-best musicianship, lyrics
enclosed for you); to Lisa Bottini for the Elton John concert shirt
(I'm missing the Who concert too—ey, Khaaryn?) and the SCTV ar-
ticles which I still collect; to Steven Chaput for the CT article
on the abovementioned MonkeeCon; and to all you conscientious souls
who "paid yer dues" of a buck this month (that is the all-but-mand-
atory subscription price per issue, back issues still going for
\$1.50 each and very available, for those who wish to help my \$\$ si-
tuation and complete their collections together), and especially to
Peggy Tully, Bob Dugwyler and Jim Tauscher for the above-and-beyond
bit. I could always use the cash, guys, mwa mwa...

At long last we present our third questionnaire in IJ's spotted
history, so PLEASE be good eggs or whatever and fill 'em out and
send 'em back by the 10th of September or so, so I can print and
evaluate the answers (I really do). Also gives me time to think
of a good "prize" (heh heh—free IJ even if you don't want it?...).
In minimal seriousness, though, the questionnaires are important to
me, so I'd really appreciate it, 'k?

Questionnaires and letters preferably by SEPTEMBER 10th, spot
illos too, writings for October and beyond can come in whenever, &
money anytime, all go to me, status quo so far, goodbye California
fantasy (and good riddance to him) so I'm out of love now but
still at:

418 EAST THIRD AVENUE
ROSELLE, NEW JERSEY 07203

And now, it's off to Chicago, to party with Mike G., Semaj, Ar-
thur, Roldo, Doug....Yippie-tie-one-on!!! Seeya on de funvey...

Kid Sieve isn't the only one to observe that the only vital protest movement nowadays is punk. When I see 17-year-olds emerge from 9 Bleecker to pedal the YIPPIE shopping carts overloaded with OVERTHROW at Washington Square, I sense both a sadness and a joy. Anachronistic protest, no matter how righteous, often does nothing more than raise eyebrows in amusement (a shame, since when forced to categorize, I align myself with the YIPPIES politically)—if you haven't at least the attitude of "where it's at", you won't succeed very much. Two phenomenal publications carry the spirit extraordinarily. Carly Sommerstein has outdone all the extensive praise heaped upon her with her CHURCH OF THE LATTER DAY PUNKS #2. It's only stereotypically (whatever that means) punk on the surface. States a page one collage, "This is a wartime book"—it sure is. Cruel Reagan jabs, sex spoofing, exposes of newspaper inanity, Anita Bryant jokes!, cult satire—I can't find enough positive epithets. Carly's a genius. Send her a buck (MORE!)—611 Lawrence Ave., Westfield, NJ 07090...The long-awaited TWISTED IMAGE has surfaced—16 clever newspaper pages crammed with great comic strips (including full-size DOOLEY), record reviews, satiric news, interviews, a Nixon Nostalgia page (see how the hippie and punk movements are finally beginning to merge? strength in numbers and in shared wisdom, folks), street-people profiles, a David Bowie critique, and much more. A buck to Ace Backwards (make that Pete Labriola if you're paying by check) at Berkeley Inn #414, 2501 Haste St., Berkeley, CA 94704 (That address should sound familiar—Pete's roomie Bruce Duncan still runs Berkeley's other great street-oriented rag, TELE TIMES, from there—SASE for info)...Still in the Bay Area, the alternate press REVOLUTIONARY WANKER is worth checking out. Participation welcome (as it is in the others above); send a buck to Robin at 3160 16th St., San Francisco, CA 94103...CONTACT HIGH #28 is still one of the best places to put in (and to read) creative personal ads—inquire of John Fremont at P.O. Box 500, Mendocino, CA 95460...Now that "The Uncle Floyd Show" ("horrors! She still talks about her jaded past?!" has gone semi-national, a bigger circulation will probably come about for Floyd Vivino's personal publication THE GAZETTE, which features news on the show, letters, and cross-country articles on kiddy show satire's favorite uncle—\$6/year to Floyd at P.O. Box 791, Paramus, NJ 07652...Because of the MonkeeCon (see "Funny You Should..."), MONKEE BUSINESS FANZINE and GOOD DAY SUNSHINE have combined their issues this month—very worth it (okay, so I have an article in it) and \$2 to Charles F. Rosenay!!!, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511...Staff writer plug time: Subs for Clay Geerdes' COMIX WORLD (bi-weekly) are \$6 for 24, \$11 for 48—still the best info center for underground (ug) comics around. Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707...Steven Scharff's new mini, DREAM SEQUENCE, is his best yet. 50¢ or trade to 516 Buchanan St., Hillside, NJ 07055...If you're not lucky enough to get to Village record or comic shops, you'll have to send away for the ever-impressive and freewheeling STOP! (watch for a Firesign retrospect by yours truly in the near future) to Dale Ashmun, 55 1st Ave., #16, New York, NY 10003...Latest issues out in the FORTNIGHTLY COLLEGE RADIO REPORT (\$3 yearly, Shel Kagan, Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809); David D. Ginsberg's plug column FANDOM-ANIA! (free publicity! P.O. Box 322, Mt. Pleasant, NJ 48858); Jim Morton's TRASHOLA update (SASE to Suite 583, 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105-3796); the STAR BLAZERS FANDOM REPORT (Michael Pinto, also a founder of the new L.I.S.F.S. and their apa, 1622 Stevens Ave., Merrick, NY 11566); the CHATSCIFICNEWS (send get-wells to Andre Barker-Bridget, 44 Collegetown Estates, Cleveland, TN 37311 and mazel tov on the baby!)...Richard Geis, nominated for a couple Hugos at Chicon, has an interview with my favorite author, Anne McCaffrey, in the latest SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (MUNDO thanks for the generous review/plug, Rich, but two comments: people don't send me prepared copy, unfortunately, I type this all up myself; and I just want you to know the reduction sometimes gets to me too, but what c'n ya do?). Ridiculously underpriced at \$2 from P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211...I've also just received the latest issues in 2. more semi-pro sf zines, these having a little less to do with the mainstream/male-oriented areas Rich deals in—The newest AURORA (feminist sf) is \$2.50—tell Jeanne Gomoll and co. at SF3 IJ sent ya—Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701; And OWLFLIGHT (alternative sf/f) is \$3 (and worth it, at 90pp) to Millean Kenin, 1025 55th St, Oakland, CA 94608...New issues out connected with apazines include Steve Chabut's fourth CURSED EARTH—SASE for the Atomic Alphabet alone!, 2 Indian Hill Rd., Westport, CT 06880; and Ben Indick's IBID, #XXXIX, for E.O.D. (a Lovcraftian apa), 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666...Travelling companion Mike Gunderloy is getting his mimeo fixed, he says, all the better to read his super-plug FACTSHEET FIVE (second MUNDO thanks for your support, Mike!)—SASE to his new address, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155...Ex-staffer time: Chris Estey's writing again, better than ever! The latest is a collage that begins "Feds Bust Estey" and contains great quotes from his Book of Angst. Send to 600 S. Kent St., G#45, Kennewick, WA 99336 and don't mention me, he don't love me=sob=no more...Help out a writer who's down on his luck—please support Bill-Dale Marcinko's consumer heaven SELL OUT #5. SASE for listing to 153 George St., #2, New Brunswick, NJ 08902...Public service announcements to end it—The official American SQUEEZE FAN CLUB is getting underway; for info write Marci Tilbrook, 201 Ridgewood Ave., Glen Ridge, NJ 07028...Mysterious mailings of the month include gems from C.M. James and his FANTOME PRESS—ask and ye shall receive, 720 North Park Ave., Warren, Ohio 44483...The newly-formed American Poetry Association (who're bound to get in confusion is they keep calling themselves APA), under the directorship of John Durnmore, has published a free 4,000 wd. report called THE POET'S GUIDE TO GETTING PUBLISHED—send to Dept. SP, P.O. Box 2279, Santa Cruz, CA 95063...Lastly, a more-than-half-way-intriguing band from Albany, FEAR OF STRANGERS (formerly The Units), is publicizing-through-postcards their debut album of the same name—for further info write P.O. Box 7245, Albany, NY 12224...Enough. =click=

Funny You Should Mention It...

Be the bear of good tidings - Send money!!

Funny You Should Mention It...

"...those are the headlines, now the rumors behind the news..."
INSIDE (JOKE) SOURCES SAY...David Letterman's Late Night extravaganza is moving to California in less than two months. One can speculate on the reasons all one wants (weirder audiences? not likely; climate better? sounds logical; better guest selection? probably; more money and growth opportunity? I bet that's it), but they'll still go. However, they can go out with a bang. Start deluging the studio with postcards requesting tickets. NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020. It takes about 3 weeks, but as many of you may be more impatient, go to 30 Rock early (8:30-9:30) in the am to get stand-by tickets for the show to be taped that evening. A positive sign is that some of David's best writers, like Andy Breckman, will also be going out west with the show. There goes one IJ social event...
THE MONEY'S IN, WE'RE MADE OF TIN—Garnering coverage on every media from local news stations to MTV, Charles F. Rosenay!!! and Maggie McManus put together the absolute best and smoothest Monkees Convention so far (this was #4). The Bridgeport, CT Sheraton hosted all types from fanatical boppers who weren't even there the first time but pretended to be hip looking like the Go-Gos (who are doing admirably as the female Monkees, b-t-w, even headlining MSG in October) to those of us who kept saying, "Oh yeah, I remember that..." Highlights were another showing of Nesmith's phenomenally hilarious Grammy-award winning Elephant Parts, praised by all comedy fans not living in secluded caves; two runnings of the bizarre movie Head, a cross between I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus and Willy Wonka; two times also of the TV special "33-1/3 Revolutions Per Monkee" ("I'm a Windup Man/Programmed to be entertaining"), dated but still fascinating; the "incredible simulation" band Charles!!! and Bill Last have put together, Monkeemania, featuring them, John Sheridan and Steve Harris (who's got a decent local CT band of his own); the now-famous Tork Talk, the transcript of which will be reprinted in its near-entirety next issue (uh, Mary?). The merchandise was flowing, of course; I got second place in the talent (snicker) contest, thereby proving once and for all that I'm a second-rate talent and it'll be a cold day in January before...; oh, and all in all, a fitting tribute to the only group in rock history which was never a group in rock history—Pygmalion Revisited. For those who still don't understand Head, I may write up my review (yes, it isn't really that hard to understand if you've the background info) for either IJ or Maggie's zine next month. For those of you who still don't get the inside joke behind the Monkees and can't figure out what all the fuss is about, that's a shame.
WHAT'S NYU WITH NYU?—Bernadette Bosky kept talking about them. Tom Hilyer kept urging me to go. So one Thursday I finally entered yet another facet of that elusive cult known as "fandom". The New York (formerly of the University) Science Fiction Society, NYUSFS, holds its weekly rap-in/smoke-in/eat-out on Thursdays at Washington Square Park, and Hilbo brought me over to be introduced and initiated, of sorts. And naturally, hooked. A lot of NYUSFS members are going to Chicon to collate their own apa ("amateur press association"), apaNyu, and it must be wondrous, considering I've never been among so many intelligent and hyper-creative minds before in my entire recollection! I met folks who not only knew about Firesign Theatre, for instance, and could not only recite routines verbatim (which I've begun to get halfway passing at), but mimicked voices exactly! Yes, I do believe I've finally entered that alternate universe I've heard tell about—we're not in Kansas anymore...Of course, now I'll have to give up my Thursday night volleyball, what sacrifices we make...

IJ Defense Fund

Details are in for the first four artists to contribute their efforts towards raising more money (the fun way) for IJ's upkeep. The artists are:
VALENTINO—will sell the original from the cover of IJ #11 (featuring J.R. "Bob" Dobbs) and any one page, story or cover, that he's done, at a price of \$25 each. If you're at all a follower of underground comics, I needn't relate to you Valentino's vast credentials and credits. Make out the \$25 (or \$50, if you want both—specify) check to me, and allow about a week or two for the order to get from Roselle to Garden Grove and back to you. First come first get!
MACEDONIO M. GARCIA—has four very powerful prison pieces in the new WEIRDO #5. We have three of them for sale—"The Rebellion" (six pages, 15 panels); "Cultured Criminals" (one page); and "Shitter Time" (two pages). These go to the HIGHEST BIDDER, and I'd like to start bids at \$10 for "CC" and \$20 for the others. BIDS MUST BE IN BY SEPTEMBER 30, and half of the proceeds will go into Macedonio's Inmate Trust Fund, so please offer worthy bids.
BRIAN PEARCE—whose work has appeared in numerous ug's and fan pubs, will be selling the original work from this issue's piece, plus two others (the soap spoof "A-Buncha-Nosy-People-Inna-Small-Town-That-Know-Each-Other-And-Have-Problems" and a profile of "Melwyn Bisnath" which I won't spoil by explaining). HIGHEST BIDDER, once again. It starts at \$10 each, please specify which you want. Deadline 9/30.
STEVEN SCHARFF—see page 2.
 Coming next month, details for more art auctions, featuring ROLDO and a couple other surprises. Thanks for helping IJ!

"JOKUS INSIDUS" - C. Jones



Everybody likes pop psych. Likes to think he or she has the inside dope on why other people do what they do, what their secret motives are. Well, to a certain extent, it's easy. Most people have no reason to hide their motives. They just go along doing what they have been conditioned to do by their parents, teachers, ministers, and media hipsters. They buy the products, eat the crap, wear the ugly clothes, watch the shitty movies, read the romances, and pass off as their own the attempts at wit they find in COSMO and PEOPLE TODAY. So what's to know? The majority of mankind is about as subtle as the dog duty on your front sidewalk.

Not if you're a Freudian.

Which few people will profess being in this neo-feminist era. Sigg, that old male chauv, who projected his own psychological hangups on several generations of poor suckers who forked over \$25-80 an hour to listen to that latinate jargon they never understood. I know a lot of people who have been into therapy, some of them since they dropped out of the womb. They're always into this or that, the mellowspeakers. Banging a pillow or screaming or paying a couple of hundred for a touchy-feelie session at some secluded valley home. The ones with the bread go to Esalen where there's lots of daytime swimming, encounter-grouping, and hottubbing, not to mention group-groping and plain old in-out. The poor go to their priests. Pop therapies are not for them.

Used to live in a house with a self-chosen shrink. The guy was a real loser as a person, a perfect (well, almost) asshole. He had no medical credentials, just a B.A. in psych. What he would do was hustle people, get them to do therapy with him as the leader for less than it would cost them to go to a licensed shrink. He had several chumps on the string. That's all he needed to pay his rent and groceries. He had read Janov and he was always talking about primals. "Guy went into a primal right there. Bawled his eyes out. Talked to his Mommy straight for the first time. Got it all right out." Well, far out. Hope he turned in his plastic bat and threw away his ragged pillow. I used to have to listen to some of those sessions, the guy living in the next room. What a charade. This peckerhead looked down on me, because I made an honest living writing sex stories for the men's mags. He's probably still out there somewhere, taking the chumps.

Look, people who think they need therapy are always going to keep looking for it. If the therapy took and they were cured of their malady and no longer hated Mommy or Daddy or their 9-5, what would they do with their time and money? Shit, no therapy to go to this Wednesday. No more sessions. No more group. I know a woman who got into therapy. She went there to get laid and was pissed off then the therapist told the group the first session that it was against the rules for anyone in the group to have sex with anyone else in the group. She told me that and I said, that's how it always is with the group. Rules and regulations. Back in school again. Raise your hand and if the therapist is in a good mood, you can go and pee. People who look for therapy are trying to find someone to explain their lives to them and tell them what to do with them. They want an answer that will last. And no answer lasts. Women getting the royal shaft from their hubbies go to therapists and get fucked again. Only this time they pay in money for that sensitive dick. I read a book last month about this woman who was suing her therapist for fucking her instead of treating

her. He conned her into thinking that fucking him was the therapy she needed and it took her years to get hip to his hustle. He had a lot of ladies going; guy must have had a lot of testosterone going for his age. She had a tough time with this asshole. He had his bases covered. His colleagues, naturally, wouldn't say anything about him, hiding behind "professional ethics". Now, professional ethics in any hustle, medicine, law, education, always means that the boys cover for each other. Here's a woman in court, a woman with little or no education, up against a hustler with a string of medical degrees—who is the jury going to believe? She's not even articulate. He's throwing about a lot of three-dollar words, sounding like one of those slickers on Donahue, and she's intimidated by the pressure of all those eyes on her. You mean that little psychologist had the stuff to bang that woman several times a week and about a dozen others, too?

You guys know I'm a photographer. Well, I get a lot of interesting gigs in my line and one evening I was hired by this hypnotist to photograph a session. Hypnotism is just one more hustle that the therapy-seekers get into in their search for a meaning for their meaningless lives. I went to this old house in Berkeley and sat on the floor and watched the hypnotist do the show. Couple of people getting hypnotised out of smoking cigarettes. A guy worried about being gay. A woman worried about dying. All people with semi-legitimate beefs about life. They were put under in turn and the hypnotist suggested things to them. Well, just between you and me, I didn't buy it. I think those people just relaxed and enjoyed having a quiet paid voice saying nice things to them. It's noisy out there in those office buildings. You have little chicken-shit status-seeking assistant assistant supervisors yelling at you all the time, picking on your work, trying to make themselves look good by putting you down. It's nice to have a quiet reassuring voice in your ear, even if it costs a few bucks.

That's what the sex shows and the massage parlors are all about. Therapy. The tricks are the same as clients. The jargon is even similar. For \$50 you get a nice-looking woman who is going to be good to you and get you off; she's not going to read your ass off in the board room, not going to put you down like the new woman exec at the company.

I knew a nurse. She was in therapy. With a woman. Well, this nurse had problems that went way back. A cold father. A brother who abused her. So what did the therapist do? Did she deal with all that stuff? Nope. She was into the "now". As if anyone can be in the now with a consciousness formed of memories of then. That hustler collected \$35 a session for doing nothing for my nurse friend. Probably still going on.

Is anybody going to tell you the real truth when there's some money riding on the game? Well, if you haven't got any friends to talk things out with, you may have no choice but to pay a shrink to pretend to listen to your tapes, but if you have got friends, they're the ones you ought to talk it out with. Nothing wrong with hating your job. Who ever loved being a slave? Nothing wrong with hating your parents either. Some of them deserve hatred just as others deserve love.

Watch out for pop psych. Once you get addicted to therapy, you may be in for life.

This I dedicated to gilly-Sometimes the greatest loves are those who do not fight

Meditations of a Manchurian Candidate

by Kerry Wendell Thornley

As I said in a previous column, not all mind controllers are Nazis. Toward the conclusion of World War II a number of German scientists who realized Hitler was going to lose form a secret society with members of Russian intelligence, presumably known to them from the days of the Hitler-Stalin Pact, for purposes of mutual protection. Known as the Fire and the Wind, this group established a base of power in Huntsville, Alabama, where many captured German rocket scientists were put to work by the U.S. in the Redstone Arsenal.

Thus the German monopoly on mind control seems to have been broken, first by means of inclusion of Soviet agents and then by infiltration of the American military and N.A.S.A. And although the German S.S. was deeply involved in Tibetan occultism, forming one of their links with Japan, most of these scientists, like the Bolsheviks who joined them, seem to have been philosophical materialists. Subsequent high-level recruitment seems to have been aimed at people who shared that worldview. Political differences continued.

One gathers they decided to make war on organized religion, chiefly by building cults and arranging for existing orthodox religious leaders to experience visions. A safe assumption is that

some of them remained Nazis, some converted to Marxism or were Marxists to begin with, and others absorbed and drew in various American political ideologies. Maintaining secrecy cannot have been much of a problem in light of the weapons available for use by the conspiracy on any would-be defector. To the outside world, at least, they became known as Satanists.

According to rumor, one of the most powerful groups among them is laissez-fair capitalist or libertarian rightist in political theory—probably not coincidentally, my own ideology for many years. Known as the Ordo Templis Orientis, it is linked in The Family by Ed Sanders with the Manson phenomena. Also attributed to the O.T.O. is the impetus for the overthrow of the Allende government in Chile. Tom Mische, mentioned previously, seems to be linked with this organization—and, I gather, it was he who shared his knowledge acquired from Nazi secret societies with me when, living in Atlanta in 1970 and 1971, I experienced a number of spectacular dreams about the mysteries of Tibetan Tantric occultism.

Gerald Ford is also said to belong to that group. In conspiracy politics, as elsewhere, there seems to be an unwritten law: The more exotic the phenomenon, the more mundane the explanation.

RCP, RCP, wave of the future, yesiree. They organize workers and other off-jerkers, and foster stupidity. Eschew hebétude. Sincerely Cynical Smartrash.

Case Studies

by Gerry Reith

John Z. was a very intelligent child who early on learned that a ruling class needs to keep its base in submission by feeding them confusing lies. When he entered analysis at age 30 he was a semi-successful businessman, but his frustration with friends and partners was beginning to put stumbling blocks in the way of further progress toward his goal of total transformation.

Early on in the consultation it became clear that John Z. had great potential for integrating the disparate figures in his pre-conscious. It was revealed that he had during adolescence learned the value of persuasion, since he had managed to convince his parents to quit their church and instead donate their money to themselves. He reported telling his mother that, "It doesn't make you feel any better, mom, and it costs you money that you might as well use on yourself." Apparently the sheer bulk of people who needed convincing had stunned him into a psychic catatonia, and he lost touch with the early learning that promised strategic goals that admitted of implementation.

"I want a world where there aren't any more mormons coming to my door and prostrating themselves at the feet of a massive delusion," John Z. told me. "I want the moonies to go to the airport with bombs instead of flowers, I want Khomeini to quit quoting the Koran, I want the headlines to say that the Pope is dead of Toxic Shock Syndrome. I want the churches to fall into disuse and disrepair, and I want people to quit telling me to render unto Caesar."

His co-workers, it seemed, were leaving Bibles in his desk and Norman Vincent Peale quotes under the windshield of his car. Resolution of the conflict was aided in that rigorous anti-authoritarians like John Z. tend not to establish transferences.

I prescribed several books and tapes, and held meetings with a number of anarchists, inviting John Z. to attend. Through discussion, John Z. made the observation that those who hate god need him as much as those who profess to love or fear gods. "Really, who cares?" he asked. "The whole ontological dispute doesn't make a bit of difference for our lives." We discovered a model for a project, seeing that active attack usually strengthens the resolve of religious fanatics, and proceeded to flesh out a theory of indirect ridicule. "Much like a bacteria that recuperates from anti-bodies and turns them to its own use," I pointed out, "virulent attacks on the flower of the rottenness will make it bloom. We must seek to 'poison' the 'agar agar' of fanaticism, as it were, to turn the unconverted masses against the liars."

"Why, yes!" said John Z. "I'll never get anywhere shooting at something that lives on lead; the best thing I can do is withdraw my support, my habit of legitimizing them by providing them with a counter-foil. Then I can pursue their destruction by urging others to do the same!"

When I last heard from John Z. he was still engaged in his project for worldwide revolution, and reasonably satisfied with his progress. My own efforts, linked with his, to bring more people toward individuation, offers us a sustaining objective, and daily we see more evidence that conditions are ripe for destruction of the old order.

Bob B. came to my door one day understandably obsessed with the supercession of the organization of production. From youth onward he had correctly perceived the problem of hierarchy and class society and its relationship to the totalitarian nature of modern industrial commodity economies.

"Death on roller skates!" he cried out, "They purchase atom bombs for christmas presents! They steal your dreams and try to sell them back to you! And every single force apparently lined up in opposition is guilty of rank complicity! They distract us with circuses, and the only thing left when the image fades is a sour taste in our mouths!"

Further investigation revealed that Bob B. was quite well aware of the exigencies of the spectacle, and informed in the particulars of commodity production. "They have to organize scarcity so that we'll continue to buy their vile pretties. Productive forces are sufficient to provide us with the bare necessities and allow us room for play, but they hire a million different breeds of cop to police the empire and prevent us from rising up and seizing our lives, from repossessing our mortgaged souls! We're all billionaires, but they throw us in jail if we want to quit being slaves!"

This case provided special difficulties in that success in any terms depended to some extent on the participation of a number of others; this was further complicated by the realization that any scheme to elicit such participation is imperiled by the tendency for oppositional groupings to assume hierarchical characteristics and to devolve into their presumed enemies; to become, in a word, just another coven of cops.

I reminded him that Fritz Perls let the cat out of the bag when he admitted that individual health was contingent to a great extent on external conditions, and he concurred, offering that Freud's milquetoast call for the transformation of despair into mere garden variety unhappiness was necessary but insufficient. "How will it be," he asked, "with kingdoms and with kings, when whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores? Do they think that we'll stand for a reduction of our misery? They're going to get wiped out so thoroughly that quantum leaps will seem like slow motion!"

I prescribed frequent doses of beer and told Bob B. that should he continue with his project he would likely start seeing more favorable results soon. The decay of international capital, we agreed, was bringing on a crisis of astounding proportions, and it was only a matter of time before those previously mentioned others would be joining him on his quest.

Doug S. felt stifled and insulted from the day he was born. An artist and esthete by nature (though certainly no dilettante), he complained that "This culture is dead," and "the pap they feed us wouldn't nourish a beriberi baby." His early works, an attempt to rectify the situation by filling the void, were suppressed and crowded out by the pervasive junk; this later led to his expulsion from an art factory that he had infiltrated. Especially intrigued by the qualities of other cheap and offhand artworks that had been similarly persecuted, he set about weaving the disparate threads into a comprehensive whole, proposing to revolutionize the art world by exposing the Conspiracy.

He and several like minded fellows had spent some time prior to the consultation involved in this project, and were seeing some measure of success. But Doug S. was stymied. "We aren't having the impact we thought we'd have," he complained. "Everywhere our attempt to pull the covers off the lie have been taken as more false works. They pretend that my project is yet another cutesy color-coordinated Miro painting to mesh with the decor in your living room."

His project, a church/ideology faith whose tenets simply cannot be transcribed here, struck a chord with me, and appeared to be effective within the limits placed on such works by the reigning powers. But the violent critique of everyday life that it offered internally was being passed off by stylish adherents who used it to gain laughs at cocktail parties, and worse, few of them were sending money. Doug S. was literally starving with his wife and children, trying to supercede modern culture while trapped inside it.

I contributed my efforts as best I could to his project and encouraged him to continue, with more ferocious and unrecoverable ("hard-core") being played up if possible. In other words, for a parody to be successful, it must be rigorous, I pointed out. A religion must promote its money lust to the utmost; a work of art must not fail to be the cheapest looking, sloppiest piece of unthought-out junk possible. And all skill must be marshalled to invent more and more specious and spurious bullshit to support such art in terms of theory.

At last contact, Doug S. was continuing bravely, and is expected to. To some extent he has not resolved the conflict between participating in art and attempting to expose it; however, in time we are likely to see that his effort has weakened the stronghold that the art empire holds on us.

Doktor Gerry ETC, HPU
18 June 1982
Box 1972, Casper, WY 82602

TAKE ONE

by Sue Rosner

Sensationalized headlines are not exclusive to the National Enquirer. In New York City the New York Post is the chief perpetrator of this crime. This publication has had some of the most gruesome headlines I have ever seen.

Case in point: after Vic Morrow was killed in a helicopter accident the headline read "DEATH COPTER".

This wonderful breed of journalism has lead to the invention of a new game that is sweeping chic New York social circles. It's hotter than Pacman and isn't even a video game. It's called "POST HEADLINES". The object is to find the goriest headlines. My all-time favorite appeared after Son of Sam killer David Berkowitz was imprisoned. There was a large photograph of Berkowitz dozing in his cell. The headline was "SAM SLEEPS".

For those a bit more creative, you can make up your own headlines. A popular one was floating around after Princess Diana gave birth to Prince William of several names. At first no one knew what the royal baby would be named. Offices had baby pools. Naturally the headline would have read "PRINCE POOL—BABY DROWNS".

Post Headlines was invented by Scott Rush and Ellen Lutzak. Scott's favorite headline thus far is "POPE ATTACK". Ellen inspired the first Post Headlines movie. It featured Scott slumped over a chair, blood (my lipstick) dripping from his mouth, with the caption "RUPERT MURDOCH (publisher of the Post) PRESENTS... MAN DEAD IN LIVING TECHNICOLOR".

(Sue and I have become quite proficient at this game—by the way, my favorite Post headline so far was "NBC CHIEF'S DAUGHTER COMMITS SUICIDE". Certainly the biggest news of that day.)

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Don't MISS OUT ON YOUR DOOLEYS FROM LACK OF SPACE! WRITE JOHN CRAUFORD, 7 SOUTH POINT TERRACE, KINNELON, NEW JERSEY 07405!

"I'd like to take a guess"

From a Northern California Perspective

by Ronald B. Flowers

It really gave me quite a turn to hear of Vic Morrow's death and that of the two children, particularly when working on a Twilight Zone movie. It was kind of ironic that their death scene could actually have been a part of one of Rod Serling's journeys to the unknown. To that end and in memory of Morrow I decided to devote this month's column to two short, though unusual, tales of the supernatural or bizarre if you will.

Do you ever find yourself in a world where you're all alone, yet totally dependent upon others, or incarcerated with seemingly all the time in the world to plot your next step only you're frightened because you don't quite know what it will be, though living for that time? This person finds himself facing those very problems in a story entitled,

"THE WORLD FROM WITHIN"

...It was cold and damp inside my confined quarters. I could hear the sound of motion and strange noises all around me. I was terrified knowing that at some undetermined date I would be released from my prison, not knowing what the outside world held for me or if indeed I could even survive the cold, harsh realities of life. On the other hand, I was exuberant and longing for my expulsion from a world of darkness, devoid of warmth and tenderness, into a place where I would have the opportunity to make or break my destiny, although circumstance tended to have more to do with that than anything.

There were many others like me scattered about, entrapped, frightened, and unsure of what to expect from day to day, but existing with the hope of a brighter day. These others had much in common with me and were almost clones of myself. And yet, despite that, I was all alone. To my chagrin, I wasn't even in control of my own life. Instead, I had to depend on others just for survival. Unfortunately, their rules of life were often at my expense and displeasure and they held the key to my future.

I managed to turn around slightly in my cramped, wet enclosure. Sometimes I felt short of breath as if there was no air at all in my solitary confinement. While waiting for my freedom, it sometimes seemed to take forever. The sad part about it was I was never given the choice to be in my predicament. Others decided for me without any input from me and I ultimately (and with no recourse) became caught in the middle, and was forced, for better or worse, just to play it out and see what happened. In the meantime, my intelligence in matters, particularly those concerning myself, has been questioned. Despite my limited view of the world around me, my intelligence is far more superior than I'm given credit for. If you had been kept from the mainstream of society for an indeterminate amount of time, it might take some adjustment for you to catch up as well. However, that's not a true indication of the constant movement of my mind and the knowledge it holds.

And finally the time was near. After a virtual lifetime of imprisonment I could feel my release coming. I felt pressure all around me, much like a shell tightening around you where you couldn't wrest yourself free. The trouble with breathing seemed to crop up again. I felt hot, wet, and smelly. It was happening! I began to see the light. After a world of darkness, the brightness was piercing to my corneas. I heard distorted sounds. Suddenly, I felt a little frightened as I became aware that I was all covered with blood.

I felt the doctor's hand slap my bottom and heard him say, "It's a boy!" I let out a scream, through my delicate vocal chords, in joy of freedom while at the same time wondering exactly where that liberty would lead me.

Do you ever find yourself in a dream so powerful that when you woke up you found it hard to believe it really didn't happen, but you knew in fact (sometimes to your despair) that it was only a fantasy? Well, this young man finds himself on a similar trip, only he had a hard time distinguishing reality from the world of dreams. The story is called, appropriately enough,

"A RUDE AWAKENING"

...Drake woke up in a cold sweat. He could hear the rain thumping on the windows. It was dark and deathly silent in the room. He had had a bad dream, though he couldn't remember much about it other than he seemed to be running from a dark figure. He stretched his arms across the bed to touch his wife. So beautiful, he thought. But no, she wasn't there! He figured she had probably gone downstairs for a late night snack. Forcing his tired limbs up, he made his way to the door.

Drake passed by the bedroom of his two young boys. The door was closed. He remembered how the kids used to cuddle up in bed with him and Lisa. Something made him check to make sure they were properly tucked in. Opening the door, he walked over to little Timmy's bed. He noticed Timmy's head out just above the covers. He leaned forward to pull them down a bit to keep him from suffocating. It was then that he felt the wet substance on the sheet. His first thought was that it was sweat. He felt the boy's head. It, too, was dripping wet. Putting both hands on his head, he sought to wake him up. In the process, he lifted his entire head up from the bed, only it wasn't attached to his body. Gasping in horror, he tried to comprehend what was going on. He dropped the head back on the bed and ran for the light, chills engulfing his entire body. What he then saw was enough to frighten any living soul into submission! Timmy's head was lying there, pale, eyes wide open and mouth gaping with saliva dripping from one side. His beige sheet was literally red with blood.

ALL GODDAM LEFTISTS should buy their coffee beans from Nicaragua and boycott Polish coffee beans for the duration. As furnished by The Last International, 2000 Center #131, Berkeley, CA 94704

EVERY ARGENTINE who isn't a Peronist is a supine John Bullshit is the McDonaldism of the day.

LISTEN, CYNICAL SMART-ASS: Any Communist (comrade of the RCP, SWP or SL) is worth a dozen of you who sneer from the sidelines.

PLO-ISRAELI United Front Against Civilians is now opening a Bay Area chapter. Watch for signs. Are you a civilian? UFAC.

Drake screamed wildly, allowing the substance that had quickly built up from his stomach escape to the floor. He went to the bed and yanked off the covers. His son's body was naked, bleeding, and had deep puncture wounds. He cursed everything he could while trying to come to grips with the horrendous situation and wondering who could have done such a thing. In his momentary state of shock, he had almost forgotten about little Jesse on the other side of the room. Daring to look, he slowly turned around. As if the sight of Timmy wasn't bad enough, the grotesque form on the other bed was anything but human. It couldn't be Jesse, he tried to make himself believe. His eyes told him otherwise as he recognized the distinguishable characteristics of his son that looked like he had been dissected by an entomologist with his limbs carved up and astray.

The repulsive sight left Drake gagging for air. It was only then that he became aware of the horrible smell in the room. He turned from the macabre setting and headed for the door. With tears burning his cheeks, he began the frantic search of the house for his wife, while giving her little chance of being alive. She was nowhere to be found until he saw the basement door open. It was dark down there, but he headed down. He would turn on the light at the bottom of the stairs when he got there. In his haste going down, he tripping over something, tumbling down the stairs in the process. Lifting himself up, he turned on the light. His eyes literally came out of their sockets as he looked at his wife's dismembered head on the stairs. Her once beautiful blue eyes were not empty sockets staring blankly at him.

A deafening scream escaped through his lips at the horror continuing to unfold before him. Turning to face the rest of the basement revealed the rest of his wife's remnants scattered about the room like a broken doll. He fell to his knees in shock over the whole hideous thing. He couldn't imagine what madman would do such a thing. He noticed, next to his wife's torso, a pair of black gloves. They were spotted with blood. He crawled over to them and observed them more closely. He realized they were his gloves.

Suddenly he began laughing deliriously. He remembered now. He had killed them. He had come home from work that night only to be greeted by his wife with the news that she had been having an affair with another man for over a year and was leaving him for that man. She was taking the kids with her. He begged her to stay, willing to disregard her unfaithfulness. She simply laughed wickedly in his face and said she had never really loved him. He became crazy jealous and hurt. Amidst her persistent laughter, he felt something snap. He couldn't let her or the kids get away from him! He didn't want to do it, but she had forced him to stop them any way he could.

Drake awoke to find Lisa next to him. The torrential rainfall made the whole house seem alive. It had all been a dream, a bad dream, though it seemed so painfully real. He was never more glad to wake up. "Lisa, honey," he said, "Wake up." He shook her gently while thinking that he couldn't ever imagine really losing her. Something was wrong, though! She wasn't moving. He shook her again. Probably caught up in a deep sleep, he thought. He reached over and turned on the lamp. "Lisa," he said, looking at her. Her face looked pale. He ripped the covers from her body. His own face turned white and petrified as he observed her. Her severed head and the rest of her dismembered limbs were lying on the blood-soaked sheet, pieced together in whole form as though she was a puzzle.

Notes from a Nut

by Paul Zuckerman

THE RETURN OF JESUS CHRIST

"It's 3rd down and 6 on the 20 yard line at the biggest and best Superbowl yet. There are almost a BILLION people across the world watching this football game today."

"Great game, ain't it, Martha?"

"Quiet it, Harry, the quarterback is going back to pass. Hey, what's that static? The picture is fading out, the—"

"My children, do not be afraid. Your waiting is over. Your prayers have been answered. I have returned. I am the son of God."

"What the hell is this crap? Where's the goddamn game?"

"Do not take the Lord's name in vain, Harry. He keeps score on those infractions."

"Huh? Who the hell said that?"

"I am making my appearance on this electronic medium first and at this particular sporting event so that I could reach the largest audience possible at one time and so that you could see me before I came amongst you in person."

"Where's the goddamn GAME, you long-haired faggot!"

"Wait a minute, Harry, I never saw this commercial before. Let's see what he's selling."

"Many of you will be skeptical that it is really I, Jesus of Nazareth. Observe this basket of food. I will make it multiply, as I did once before, to feed the hungry. Behold."

"Hey, look at that, Martha, there's more and more baskets of food appearing on the floor, out of nowhere!"

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Harry, don't you know anything about Stop Action Camera Techniques and Special Effects? It's like those old Wolfman movies with Lon Chaney, Jr. They'd put some hair on his face and then stop the camera. Then they'd add more hair and show him again. Trick photography, that's all it is."

"If you say so, Martha, I don't see as many movies as you do. Hey, let's see what that bearded asshole is gonna do now."

(Continued next page)

"To those of you still unconvinced of my authenticity, behold."
 "Look, Martha, he's walking on water!"
 "Jesus, Harry, this nincompoop must live in a cave! Peter Sellers already did that in the movie BEING THERE. I don't know where the network found this magician, but he sure is behind the times!"
 "I dunno, Martha, he sure looks like Jesus Christ."
 "How do you know, Harry, have you ever seen the real Jesus? We only have drawings of what he looked like. Any man with long hair and a beard looks like Jesus! He's an actor, Harry, that's all!"
 "If there are any doubters still among you, I will prove my identity to you, beyond any doubt. I will raise someone from the dead. Someone whom you all know."
 "Holy Mother of God, Martha, look! It's Humphrey Bogart!"
 "Don't be ridiculous, Harry, it's Robert Sacchi! You know, that Bogart look-alike. He played Board in that Woody Allen movie PLAY IT AGAIN SAM. That's what this must be all about! It's a promotional gimmick to advertise Sacchi's new movie THE MAN WITH BOGART'S FACE. Of course. What else could it be?"
 "But, Martha, it sure looks and sound like the real Bogey."
 "Harry, if that was the real Bogart, he wouldn't look so good! Would you look that good after being in a coffin for 30 years? For God's sake, his skin would be rotting by now!"
 "The main reason I have returned is to convey a message, especially to Christians. There has been a grave error, a terrible mistake. The Jews did NOT kill me. It was the Romans! The suffering and persecution that the Jewish race has endured for almost 2000 years should never have happened. They didn't kill me. They're not Christ killers! And so, to compensate them for their thousands of years of pain and torture and death, I make this decree in the name of the Lord, thy God: For the next 2000 years, the only way a Christian will receive Eternal Salvatoin, the only way a Christian will be allowed into the Kingdom of Heaven, will be if they have been nice to Jews during their entire lifetime here on Earth."
 "WHAT?!!!!!!!!!!"
 "Nothing else that you do, no act of kindness, no act of charity will grant you entry into the Kingdom of our Lord unless you have treated Jews better than you treat your own loved ones from this day forward. This is the will of God. If you desire to enter the Kingd—" *Dana Snow put them where to don't know now, but I got 20 well, I've wholes! Some the soul that a sign I saw*
 "Hey, Martha, look. Somebody came out of nowhere with a shotgun. They're pointing it at the hippie magician! I think they're screaming something at him."
 "JEW LOVER!"
 "My God, they blew his face off! Look at all that blood. It looks real, too."
 "By God, Harry, if I didn't know better, I'd swear they really killed that poor actor. Ugh, his brain is oozing out of the sockets where his eyes used to be!"
 "Jesus, I didn't think the censors allowed such bloody violence on commercial TV—on Cable, yeah, but not—"
 "Good Lord, Harry, his whole head has been blown away but he's getting up! He's rising upward."
 "I have miscalculated. You are NOT ready for my Second Coming. Farewell, my children. Peace and love be with you."
 "Hey, the picture is fading out again—"
 "—goes back to pass, the receiver leaps...TOUCHDOWN! What a super catch in this Superbowl game!"
 "Goddamn, Martha, if that wasn't the weirdest commercial I ever saw."
 "Harry, maybe it wasn't a commercial. Maybe it was really Him, really Jesus Christ! Y'know, the person we pray to whenever we want something."
 "Pass the beer, Martha."
 "Sure, Harry. You're right, that couldn't have been real, it couldn't have been. Especially that part about being nice to Jews. Imagine not getting into Heaven after we die unless we treat the Jews good. What nonsense. Do they think anybody is actually going to believe that?"
 "Martha?"
 "Yeah?"
 "Know any kikes we can be nice to?"

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Enter the "Guess When Jesus Will Return" Contest. See details below.

The previous story involves a 33-year-old guy, born 1982 years ago, who spent the first 32 years of his life as a Jew. Then he got baptized and founded a new Religion, which flourishes to this day. Quite an accomplishment, but a typical Jewish success story. Leave it to a born Jew to be capable of such a monumental achievement.

Most people know him as Jesus Christ. But his full name was Jesus Morris Finkelstein Christ. This is why biblical scholars have uncovered little information about his early adult years. It's because he alternated between calling himself Morris Christ and Jesus Finkelstein. Basically, he just bummed around, eeking out a meager existence as a carpenter. But it always helps to have an influential Father. His dad finally ordered Jesus to drop his two middle names, stop being a hippie and to come work for Him in Jerusalem. The rest is history.

Now, we all know you're smart or you wouldn't be reading IJ. Here's your chance to prove it. In the story, no date is given for Christ's return. But, if you read closely, there is a clue given which reveals the year of J.C.'s encore appearance. If you can find that clue and guess the year, your name will be printed in this column and you'll win a prize from me.

There's one catch. In order to be eligible for a prize you must contribute at least \$1.00 to Elayne—more, if you want—to keep IJ publishing. It could be \$1.00 for the next issue (especially if

you already get it free) or just a \$1.00 donation. This contest is my way of raising funds for IJ, as opposed to having a bake sale or a Jackson Browne concert. After all, Elayne can't keep sustaining those \$50 per month printing losses indefinitely.

Send money, stamps and your guess to Elayne, assuming she gives permission for this skill competition.

Deadline? Let's put it this way: You'll know the contest is over when the solution and the winners' names are printed, probably two issues from now (if IJ is still being published by then). Of course, if you still want to keep sending in entries after the contest ends, I can't stop you. Everyone can enter, but only those sending in a donation will be awarded a prize and get their name in print if they guess correctly.

IMPORTANT INFO ON CLAIMING YOUR PRIZE: Winners, when you see your name in print, send me—not Elayne—a 20¢ stamp or SASE and I'll deliver your fantastic prize via first class mail. Yeah, it fits into a measly envelope, but it will be unlike anything you ever won before. If you want to send me anything else with your SASE, my mailbox is always open to all the troubles of the world, plus any home-made fruitcakes and I could use a new watch, too.

This contest is open to everyone except the PLO and Southern Baptist Ministers, and also anyone who actually believes those TV commercials that you can become physically fit and lose weight by eating PORK.

Void on Atlantis, thruout the Milky Way, in Hades and in certain sections of Utah.

(ED.—No fair. Besides being outdated and a trifle pithy, the above contest has just been voided. I don't censor staffers' columns, but I do make the decisions around here. The obvious clue, of course, is Bogey's death. In any case, you can write to Paul with "entries" (but leave me out of it, I like donations without a catch, thanks anyway Paul), comments, taunts, suggestions for SHORTER COLUMNS at 745 Westgate, St. Louis, MO 63130. For further information about Jesus, send \$1 for "The Kid Was Perfect!" and other enlightening rants to Kerry Thornley, c/o G. Hill, P.O. Box 99530, San Francisco, CA 94109.)

NOTHING IN GENERAL

by Sue Kaufmann

Hi Kip.

Once again I've managed to find something exciting and revealing about "Bob". Can you stand it?

This man in Massachusetts sent me information on a course he offers which is supposed to markedly increase SAT scores. I wish I'd heard about this about a year ago. Anyway, I've enclosed the back of the envelope for you to study. Don't you think this

learned gentleman bears an extraordinary likeness to J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, had we seen him in his older years? Naturally we'd have to accept the fact that even "Bob"



Free inside...

- ☒ The experts' 5 tips to higher SAT scores.
- ☒ New SAT/ACT test dates.
- ☒ The best time to take SAT.
- ☒ New evidence that SAT coaching helps all students.
- ☒ How to help maximize your teen's SAT score presented — in just weeks at home.

needs glasses. Perhaps he lost his hair as a result of the processes used by the FBI to trace his movements (remember, according to Zay doctrine, the government claimed that NO federal agents had orders to put "Bob" under surveillance). I dunno, Kipper. Maybe "Bob" is attempting to educate/convert America's youth using the most attractive prizes—higher SAT scores. What American high school senior doesn't want a chance to go to an Ivy League school and be in hock up to his neck for eternity? "Bob" knows that the best way to overthrow the system is to work within it, and young Americans are his best tool.

Anyway, for the first time in ages I watched the Saturday morning cartoons. Actually, I usually don't watch them since I'm always asleep when they're on. In any case, I noticed that nothing much has changed since I used to watch Archie and Josie and the Pussycats. The animation has suffered a little, and the computers are a little more believable, but the plots are identical, even down to the dialogue. For example, look at this dialogue on "Superman":

SUPERMAN: No, Kingpin, not the black button...

KINGPIN (pressing the button with glee): HA HA HA

SUPEY: Now you've done it. That was the self-destruct button.

In seven seconds we'll be kaplooye!

KINGPIN (escaping): HA HA! That's what you think! HA HA!

See what I mean? The same people are doing the voices, too. They probably have five plots memorized and roll dice to see which one they use.

A lot of the shows, I notice, are space adventure theme programs containing characters with unique properties (telekinesis [what six year old kid knows about telekinesis? Even Carrie had her troubles], being able to freeze things, flying [a standard], the ability to make oneself into molasses, etc.). Apart from those lovable, cuddly, despicable SMURFS, kids no longer have any fun cartoon characters to look up to. The used to have Rocky & Bullwinkle, Boris & Natasha, and all the Jay Ward characters, but the wonderful people at NBC decided to axe them. I'm mad as hell and I'm not

You still haven't lost your inherent weirdness — Use IJ and take control in this braincranked world... read your mind by creating the crap you've been made to believe. Guide to making the change of the crumbling empire of normalcy, \$1.

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gonna take it anymore! I'm protesting! What's going to happen to kids if they grow up thinking that the world can only be saved on Saturday mornings? I dunno, Kip. The world's going to hell in a handbasket.

Writing film reviews used to be easy. The hardest part often proved to be sitting through some of the movies, while rendering a 'yes' or 'nay' with a valid explication of said judgment was practically automatic. Recently, however, I've come to realize that removing criticism from the context wherein it is rendered is as uninformative (to all but the most general reader) as illumination is beneficial to the benighted [particularly as regards the celluloid clones—aw! c'mon! Those are the fairies which inhabit the neitheworld (sic) between film-as-artifact and film-as-artifice.].

On July 5 I turned 25 and in celebration took my act on the road. With two suitcases and a new bottle of scotch, I returned to New York City after a hiatus of 15 months. That night there was a lunar eclipse and I sat out on a friend's fire escape, drank half the fifth, and watched one era come to an end as another began...The next day I wrote this poem [which doesn't have a thing to do with the following filmviews—though in terms of context (which is the reality of the situation) it is something to seriously consider. (Elayne never seriously considers my poetry (ED: Whaaa? Hey, who's putting words in da mouth?...), so I thought I'd try to sneak this one past disguised as commentary: Har! Har! "Har-rabble," the editor gasped as she slashed away with her blue pencil:]

Last night the moon winked
Full of the wisdom eternity shares
Sitting on her lofty throne
All the world seemed to bathe
In her sensual illumination.

Watching with silent hearts agape
They saw their mother cast a shadow
Across the object of their swelling dreams
And as they turned to scurry off to bed
Thinking, "How sad, to fall from grace,"
She gathered her skirting optimism and winked.

Actually, the moon and the whole idea of death and resurrection tie in with the first movie I saw on returning to New York: *Space Firebird 2772*. This animated feature film by Osamu Tezuka was included in The Public Theater's "Summer in Japan" series, and though it only played for four days, it was probably THE "must see" of the summer. It was a space fantasy with more whimsy than E.T. and more (albiet Jopionaise) with than Woody Allen's current offering (though there'll be more on that in a moment). Raised from a test tube to be a space pilot, Godoh and his every-metamorphysical (female) robot search far and wide for the Firebird—the key to life which everyone believes is the only hope for saving their dying planet. They have assordid addvents and meet many (interesting) creatures on their quest (giving the film the flavor of Monty Python and The Holy Grail meets Kukla, Fran and Ollie). Not only are the images arresting, but the ideas Tezuka sneaks across under the guise of cartoonery are hard to shake once they're unleashed in your consciousness.

Woody Allen is too cerebral to ever claim that he deals with the unconscious, but he has a knack for hitting home when it comes to poking (fun!) at us (with) the untameable beast that intrudes us where our minds are afeared to go. Forcing myself to stand on line for an opening day matinee of *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, I expected the worst. [I hate standing on long lines (particularly in the hot summer sun) as much as subsequent encounters. Whether this is due to the shock of the new as opposed to the familiar comfort of the known, or whether it has to do with something more prosaic (and less printable) I cannot say.]

I can say that I bounded out of the theatre with a renewed sense of self-worth and after going through a relatively dry spell found my weekend to be one long indulgence of the sort which propriety (and Elayne, bless that little blue pencil) prohibits me from describing. [About the movie? Mia Farrow has never been lovelier; Tony Roberts has never been lustier; and Woody has never seemed more willing to help others resolve their mixed emotions in deference to his own, usually central, confusion. There's a whole tangent regarding manifest images from another (spiritual) plane. As Oberon glosses out eyelids over with petals which make even an ass a most desirable bed-mate, so too does Woody with film create a breezy illusion which satisfies without (finally) proving to have substance.]

An Officer and A Gentleman, on the other hand, seems so ever-ready to slip into conventional boy-meets-girl [girl-loves-boy (who-thinks-boy-loves-girl-but-isn't-ready-for-commitment)so-girl-gives-up-boy-and...they-all-live-happier(than-normal-people-should-be-allowed-to-do)ever-after] love story hokeyness, that more than once caused me to fidget in my seat praying that director Taylor Hackford and writer Douglas Day Stewart weren't going to dish us another slice of "real-folks-living-in-a-love-fantasy" [a la Urban Cowboy, A Little Sex, Friday The 13th Part II—Oh c'mon! Like, if you can't tell when the man's joking, like—take off! Joan Rivers delivered the summer's best review of E.T. when poking fun at beautiful-but-stoophead Bo Derek saying: "Bo, do you want to go to E.T., and she said, 'No thanks—I just ate'." E.T., like Bo, is satisfying, but ultimately empty (my final word on the subject), but while it continues to rake in megabucks Spielberg can produce better entertainments (See *Poltergeist*). I have to admit that I liked the creature in "John Carpenter's The Thing" better for its alienness waxed more real—though that movie was as absolute "sucker"—and how did we get on this subject anyway?]

[In truth I like most of the movies I see, but I see them mere-

ly as diversions—as a means of escape from the day to day routine most of us are prone to/before...oh, now I remember where we were going...]. An Officer and A Gentleman surpassed all my expectations (and even managed to keep me awake though I'd been dozing off on line). There's nothing surprising, provocative, or even particularly wise in the movie. Yet, its heart comes from an era when men were men (even in the movies) and proved it. While you may not be the kind to cheer in a darkened theatre when your hopes are realized (were but that life so 'real') this movie will at least leave a cheer in your heart.

Unrelated to any of the above dissertations is *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (which is irrelevant), but of interest if only for Dolly Parton's good-time, gee-whiz, gosh-darn delightful portrayal of Miss Mona. However, when they rewrote the book to make this a love story instead of a sex farce, and put Burt Reynolds into the leading role in a limpid portrayal of all his past good-ole-boys, and when they reordered and (inexcusably) omitted some of the songs from the stage musical, the whole thing came off flaccid. About the only thing to keep the audience's interest up (pundits, beware!) is Dolly's, well, you know, her...[If they had shot the picture in 3-D, they would've had more optic impalement, sorry, meant "optimum impact"...](I had written a witty ending for this mish-mash of tom-foolery, but I can see that Blue Pencil coming already, so I'll save the wit for ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ (Really, Ken. "When men were men"? Oh, and by the way, the word you were looking for is "tits". This is independent press, we can use words like that here. And another thing—the only blue pencil I use is at "work", so cast no aspersions, heathen...)

Odds & Pieces/Bits & Ends

by Rory Houchens

(Second of two reports. See IJ #12 for the first.)

Eugene Chadbourne (unorthodox, experimental, imaginative guitarist) has performed and/or recorded with almost everybody from jazzsters like Steve Lacy and Joseph Bowie to avant-gardists like Carla Bley and John Zorn to other such diverse guitarists as Fred Frith and Henry Kaiser. His style of playing depends upon what kind of material he decides to tackle at any given time. His newest album, *THERE'LL BE NO TEARS TONIGHT* (\$6 from Parachute Records, 230 West 78th Street, New York, NY 10024), is subtitled "Free Improvised Country & Western Bebop", and is a collection of solo, duet, quartet and quintet performances featuring saxophones, clarinet and cello, among other things. Chadbourne and friends spice up old country classics like Merle Haggard's "Swingin' Doors", Roger Miller's "Dang Me" and Hank Williams' "My Heart Would Know", as well as Eugene's solo interpretation of a Johnny Paycheck medley. Mighty good listenin', neighbors.

X is considered by many to be the finest, new L.A. band in many a year, and their first lp, *LOS ANGELES*, documents that fact well. Could this quartet be the new Jefferson Airplane? The new Mamas & Papas? Probably not, but the vocals of Exene and John Doe (who sometimes sounds like a Jim Morrison/John Cale hybrid) at times conjure up old images of those moldy groups, no matter how inaccurate they may seem. X do a good job of bridging the gap between classic rock riffs and eighties energy—the music is crisp and driving with enough edge to sear your ears, and the lyrics go from sex and violence ("Johnny Hit And Run Pauline") to suburban blight ("Sugarlight", "Los Angeles") to (gasp!) real life mini-drama ("Nausea"). Ray Manzarek produced and added ominous organ relief in very brief spots, so don't miss it, okay! Also from sunny California are the infamous Germs, who run at breakneck pace through ten songs on the first side (six on the second) of their debut album, *GERMS* (produced by none other than Joan Jett). Half of the time they sound like baby politicians pushing for revolution and the other half, they take on the guise of audio vandals who want to do your tender ears harm. So if you still pin can openers to your cheeks, you want the GERMS, but if you prefer some ultra-moderne rock (and a little roll), get X's *LOS ANGELES*—\$6 each from Slash Records, P.O. Box 48888, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

And speaking of L.A., that smoggy city is the home of singer/songwriter/multi-instrumentalist Wippo whose first vinyl venture is a ten inch, picture disc which is like no other picture disc you have ever seen or could hope to in the scientific future. Designed by Mick Haggerty (Grammy award winner), it's a stunning conglomerate (?) of shapes, colors and objects that'll dazzle even the dimmest orbs. But let's not forget about the songs which are clever and smartly (fashionably) done to say the least. "Totally Hip" is a tongue in cheek appraisal of all those folks that you find in "Interview" ("I sip cappuccino with Bowie and Eno"). Also of more than simian interest is a hyperactive version of the Beatles' "Girl" and electro-stunrockers originals, "Rene" and "Frozen". \$7.98 (well spent) from Marmade Records, P.O. Box 69230, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

And if the blues is your bag (babeeeeee!!), then you owe it to yourself to snatch up the new testament of the blues, *LIVING CHICAGO BLUES* Volumes 1, 2 and 3 (\$6 each from Alligator Records, P.O. Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60234, also ask for a catalog), which proves conclusively that "de blooz" ain't dead, son. There is so much good stuff on these three lp's that I have neither time nor paper to put it all down, but a few of the many highlights are: Eddie Shaw and the Wolf Gang's tracks which sometime flirt with R&B and rock and roll, and the basic blues of Left Hand Frank and his Blues Band (Vol. 1); "Stranded on the Highway" and "Spider in My Stew" by Magic Slim and the Teardrops (Vol. 2); the power-blues of the Lonnie Brooks blues Band (almost like Jimi Hendrix at times) and the heart-stomping, sinewy work of the Sons of the Blues (Vol. 3). Happy new year!!

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A Sound Mind...

by Brian Catanzaro

GIRL GROUP DEPT.

Bananarama is tremendous. They're campy and coy and cocky and cool! Teaming up with Fun Boy Three, the surviving Specials, the tune Really Savin' Something has bop-bop-shoobee-do-wahs in it that will make all you guys melt. That record you can add to yer hard to find list. However, Bananarama also has a recent EP with equally impressive stuff. They rhythm section sounds like old R&B American style, a lot like The Vandellas (of the Martha variety). This English trio is worth investigating.

Meanwhile back in the states I hope everyone gets a peek at the GO-GO's "Vacation" video promo. It SMAKZ of 60's TV. They always do a good video. Who's behind them? Prob'ly a shy girl who spends many hours in her room (Don't get me wrong).

Toni Basil? Never heard of her. Well, she has this song, it's more than a song. This LA singer is singin' to her boyfriend Micky the following chant: "Oh Micky you're so fine, your so fine you blow my mind hey Micky!" Then the organ pipes up and she's rockin' us along at an incredible pace the likes of which was haven't heard in a while. Next thing you know she's beggin' him to stop hangin' out all night and take her home, which he always never seems to get around to doing. That's her complaint (Oh, Micky, you're so pretty can't you understand/you take me by the heart when you take me by the hand). The man obviously doesn't realize what he's got. She continues her argument: "Any way you wanna do it/I'll take you like a man." Bravo! Two equally ludicrous states of mind on the part of both sexes. The end of the story and the "moral" are open to interpretation but Toni Basil gets Cutest Singer of The Year award. "Micky" is humor and sex in a delightful dynamic performance. Be prepared to grab this pop treasure when it hits the East (or wherever you might be).

CLASH WITH SHARIF

Rock The Cabash/Mustapha Dance, Clash/CBS import single. The tune is one that will live on. The plot is new to pop. The Sharif doesn't want rock to corrupt the faithful, but as soon as he drives off in his big business Caddy, they all wail "Shareef Don't Like It". The Clash make fun of more Arab royalty but the song's a killer and could be their best tune ever. I HAVE to play BOTH sides all the time. The Mustapha Dance is of course the "DzK" instrumental type mix, but anything with a beat I say. I suggest the 12". Great artwork too.

IF ANYONE (READER PARTICIPATION)

If anyone knows anything about the following acts, labels, local, other recordings, please drop me a line. The Gas, Spizz Energy 2 (?), (when i get home from work), Black Flag. Gas has a gas EP out (sorry), "work" is really fun to listen to, BF is catchy hard core and others too like Huang Chung, song: CHINA...great stuff.....

If anyone would like to receive samples of stuff mentioned in this column just send a cassette and an envelope with sufficient postage on it and give me a couple of weeks. BRIAN CATANZARO/ 55 Summit Road/Oak Ridge, New Jersey 07438.

Omgod, this is getting too much - take me home, Mommy, PUT DOWN THAT IT! please! ... Mommy? ... Mommy - MOMMY - MOMMY

REVIOOSE

Ian North: My Girlfriend's Dead (Cachalot Records)

The trend towards independent labels that has swept England is just catching hold in the U.S.—mainly because the established record industry here isn't having any of it—but also because the success of independents springs from the success of the punk/new wave movement in the U.K. Because punk/new wave has never really taken off in this country, except on a sort of cult scale, independent labels have been reserved for local bands. Obviously, Cachalot is trying to change all that.

Ian North has, if it is possible, released the first generic new wave album. My Girlfriend's Dead treads totally familiar territory. The lyrics are appropriately scathing, oblique, and make just the right number of references to trends and overworked political situations. The production—if you can call an 8-track TEAC in someone's living room "production"—is stark, and the instrumentals droning and repetitious. North's vocal delivery is reminiscent of early Elvis Costello suffering from intense ennui.

The only thing the album lacks to fulfill its role as "typical" new wave, is any hint of exuberance or emotion. It is dedication and drive that enable so many English bands to overcome the technical limitations of small-scale production and create such visceral work. North, however, seems to have died with his girlfriend—and we have every right to be totally bored with the vinyl results.

Robert Derby: I'm Normal (Cachalot)

Another treat from our friendly independent, I'm Normal remains satisfyingly loyal to the concept of basement rock and roll. Recorded on two TEAC 4-tracks, the album doesn't try to overstep its technical limitations, and what results is lively, refreshingly simple music.

With the help of some "guest musicians", Derby covers every aspect of recording himself. His instrumentals are a bit daring, and always lighthearted. His vocals are pleasant and uncontrived. Unlike Ian North, Derby seems to be enjoying himself on this album. If his songs are unoriginal in their musical and lyrical concepts, it is because Derby seems to be consciously creating "pop"—which is an intrinsically non-innovative form.

While it really doesn't offer anything new, I'm Normal does offer some pure, enjoyable entertainment and an open invitation to put on those dancing shoes.

Thomas Leer: Letter From America (Cachalot)

The marriage of funk with "synthetronics" is an idea whose time has come. The tragedy of Letter From America is that Leer was limited to a home recording system to try and achieve this blend.

The album sounds disappointingly like a group of demons—with only stark outlines of the immense possibilities that Leer hints at in his instruments. Coupled with rather unexciting vocals, Leer's synthesizer tracks fail to excite or inspire—but rather drone on as a rather unbelievable jazz muzak—consistently falling short of their potential. Leer only intensifies this effect by making Letters From America a double album.

Given a shot at recording in a full-fledged studio, with a soul-oriented producer, Leer would undoubtedly come up with some excellent futuristic funk. However, like too many other musicians (even established talents like Paul McCartney, who should, by now, know better), Leer seems oblivious to the fact that home recording is only successful with music which, by its very lack of nuance, isn't sold short by the technical limitations of four- or eight-track systems. Punk has always been particularly suited for this sort of neolithic recording set up. And, for some reason, Pete Townshend has always created amazing demos—often more exciting than the resulting studio recordings—on home systems. However, Leer's music cries out for sophisticated production techniques. All we can hope is that the established industry will hear Letters From America, recognize Leer's potential, and take notice.

- Khaaryn Goertzel



MOM! THAT MAN TOOK MY ARROW

Greg 1982

MEDIA REPORT - New Technology Dept. Phone Answering Machine Phax

- 50% of people calling are insulted and/or made extremely uncomfortable when being addressed by a robot and hang up immediately, frightened out of their very wits.

- 50% of people calling enjoy listening to them THEN hang up.

- Of course, there is the exception group. One out of 10 people calling do speak to them, leaving their name and number OUT of the message.

CONSUMER CONCLUSION

Don't waste your money! Speak to the robots. Often. They are there to help us!





by Richard Weinstock
Illustrations by Roldo

(This is the first chapter in Weinstock's THE LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK, which will be serialized in INSIDE JOKES.)

Lynch mobs have traditionally been one of the most effective means of law enforcement in the United States. Before getting down to the basics of organizing, a brief historical perspective is in order. Under the English kings, as with other monarchies, law enforcement was the prerogative of the king and a few of his ranking nobles. This elite tradition caused the king's justice in the new colonies to be defective in many respects. First of all, to the colonists it seemed silly for the king to sentence someone to an execution if he could not actually be on hand to enjoy it. Second, the required method of execution in the New World was decapitation by axe. However, the king's Axe could only be sharpened if sufficient taxes were collected to pay for the job. When the Americans refused to pay the king's taxes one effect was a set of extremely dull royal axes resulting in a lot of loose criminals running around with nasty headaches and even nastier dispositions.

As a corollary development storms and other shipping difficulties caused the colonists to lack the proper ornaments at Christmas time, and, having to improvise, they soon discovered that Indians looked good hanging from trees.

Under such circumstances was lynching born.

Lynching fit well into the democratic spirit of the new nation. Whereas under the king the common man had been excluded from experiencing the full scope of the retributory process, lynch mobs guaranteed him full participation in the shared values of his community.

Unfortunately, lynching has recently been outlawed by the federal government, which, in the view of many concerned with law and order, unconstitutionally infringes upon a State's right to do nothing about it. These laws, however, are easily avoided, especially if one can enlist full community participation.

Whom To Lynch

Once you have decided that lynching is going to be your special contribution to law enforcement, the question arises "whom should you lynch?" This question should be considered carefully. If one relies on the traditions of the past the answer is obviously "niggers." However, lynching "niggers" may no longer be socially acceptable. It is doubtful that if you use the word "nigger" in your call to get together a lynch mob, many will respond. It has become more socially acceptable to use the term "negro". However, even this might not work. The term "black" is gaining increasing popularity, especially among those in the community striving to eliminate racial prejudice. Thus one is on the horns of a dilemma. If you use the term "negro" in your call to lynch, many people won't respond thinking you are a racist. On the other hand, if you use the term "black" many won't respond believing you are too liberal. The one place where you should have no problem with this is at an anthropology convention where everyone agrees that the proper term is "Negroid".

There are other problems involved in lynching negroes or whatever they are. First of all, civil rights laws may apply. You might get prosecuted for singling out members of only one race for lynchings. Second, affirmative action laws may apply. You might be required to include blacks and other minorities in your lynch mobs. This might be hard to accomplish. Even more troublesome are recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court involving "reverse discrimination" which might require you to lynch whites as well as minorities.

However, there is a solution to this mess. Welfare recipients are protected by none of the above laws and with them there is no problem of terminology. Yet they readily fulfill most of the needs of the typical lynch mob. Therefore, it is recommended that the lynching enthusiast single out welfare recipients in using organizing efforts.

Not just any welfare recipient will do for lynch mob purposes, so care must be taken in choosing just the right one. Welfare recipients come in various sizes, shapes, ages, and income brackets. For example, it wouldn't be right to select a 95-year-old in a nursing home for such a subject might die on the way to the tree. A paraplegic would also be a poor choice since he would be physically incapable of struggling for his life, one of the most crowd-pleasing aspects of a lynching. At first glance, a "welfare Cadillac" type would seem an ideal choice; however, a mob on foot might encounter some difficulty overtaking an El Dorado once it gets to the fast lane of the freeway.

Acceptable Lynch Sites

Once it has been determined who to lynch, the next problem is getting a lynch mob together. This cannot be accomplished just anywhere. In fact, the choices are quite limited. Obviously, most Americans today live in the suburbs, so this would appear to be the best place to organize a group. The first difficulty here is that there are very few people walking the streets in the typical suburb. Most people drive their cars and are indeed afraid to walk the streets at night. Flagging cars down at busy intersections is not likely to be an effective way of organizing a lynch mob. In fact, if tried at night you yourself might get lynched. There are other problems with the suburbs. The right welfare recipients for lynchings do not live there due to high housing costs and other factors. In such suburbs the lynch mob organizer would have to resort to the fallback position of lynching blacks. Most appropriate suburbs do have a token number of blacks living in them, so this is a possibility. But lynching the token blacks in one's community could result in a cutoff of federal housing, community development and revenue sharing funds because the federal government is not supposed to make grants to segregated communities.

Still another consideration is that environmental factors in a particular neighborhood may pose a barrier to a proper lynching. Many neighborhoods do not have the right kind of trees. Many trees are not sturdy enough to hang the average lynch mob subject, and in addition, it is not very aesthetic to hang people from such suburban fauna as rose bushes. Another uncertainty here is that the Courts have yet to determine whether lynchings require the preparation of an Environmental Impact Report. Such reports are time consuming and costly. Having to wait a month or two between the date a lynching is organized and the date it is perpetuated could deprive a lynch mob of a lot of its enthusiasm.

Finally, many suburbs are inappropriate lynch sites. Even though pro lynching sentiments may exist in such communities as San Marino, Beverly Hills and Shaker Heights, zoning laws have been enacted to prohibit such land usage. And perhaps, not surprisingly, in places where potential lynch mobs outnumber potential lynchings, it is not safe to organize or perform a lynching. **DO NOT ATTEMPT A LYNCHING IN WATTS, HARLEM OR ANY OTHER COMMUNITY WHICH DOES NOT HAVE A CHAMBER OF COMMERCE!**

Getting the Lynch Mob Together

These are indeed difficult times for advocates of law and order. As pointed out, the right suburbs are the best places to organize a lynch mob, but nobody walks the streets anymore and automobile commuters won't stop when you flag them down.

The way around this is to use mass communication and modern technology to get a mob together. In the suburbs, television is the best way to reach people for the purpose of organizing a mob. There are all kinds of questions to be answered before one proceeds.

First, what is the best format for letting the interested viewer know that a mob is in the process of forming and where it is to meet? The Six O'Clock News offers an excellent possibility. The man in the family is home from work and the wife has just cooked dinner for them and their two and one half children. Plans for the evening have yet to be formulated. The man is probably angry because minorities are just about to take over his job. The woman is angry because she could not afford to buy a hat she liked when she went shopping today due to her husband's paycheck being taxed away to support welfare recipients. Should this be on the "news" or "editorial" portion of the show? The problem with putting it on the news portion of the show is that very few people really want to participate in a newsworthy event since news is usually bad. But if put on the editorial portion of the show, civil rights advocates may demand equal time. Another possibility is to buy ten minutes of air time to announce the lynching. But this could be costly, so one might try to have it aired as a public service announcement. Another option is to present the lynching as a telenovela or sporting event, inviting participation by the public at the beginning of the show.

If the Six O'Clock News is not selected, other time considerations include the following: The hour between five and six is not good because Sesame Street is on and most sets with small children in the house will be tuned to it. The prime time hours of 8pm to 10pm are poor because if you telecast a lynching instead of the family's favorite Sitcom, they will feel disappointed and resentful.

Another thing to think about here is sponsors. If the lynching cannot be presented as a public service announcement and is otherwise too costly, you might have to seek out sponsors. There are many companies and advertisers who would be happy to sponsor a lynching even provided you could demonstrate high Neilson ratings and a propensity of viewers to buy sponsor's products. Since lynchings are very "people oriented" events, you can expect advertisers who feature entertainment and sports figures such as Sammy Davis Jr. and O.J. Simpson to be most interested.

Radio as a media for announcing a lynching is also a possibility. The problem here is that most people listen to radios in their cars. A call to lynch announced over the radio might create a traffic jam which would complicate things.

Computerized mailing lists also offer a great possibility. Law and order advocates have accumulated millions of names and addresses of people of the right mentality, although announcing a lynching a day or more in advance could rob the event of some spontaneity.

Lynchable Offenses

The concept of lynchable offenses is crucial to the issue of law and order of any community. Not every offense is lynchable, nor should it be. The rape of a white woman by a black man has traditionally been the proper ground of conducting a lynching. Thus step one is to find a white woman who has actually been raped by a

(continued on next page)

O: How is the RCP like a radish? A: It's red on the outside, white on the inside. Is "the government's railroad of Bob Avakian" a

sealed boxcar? Red-baiting? What better way to catch a red herring? Bugs Bunny says: "I Makino bones about spurning unity with Elmer Fudd!"

Rev. 'em up, Terry... many are cold, but few are frozen...

(continued from previous page)

black man. This may not always be easy. In order to make things easier the rules may be relaxed so that one need only find a white woman who is willing to claim that she was raped by a black male. As pointed out, blacks in the suburbs are in short supply. Also certain blacks are out of bounds for lynching purposes such as paraplegics and star athletes necessary to win home town sporting events. Again here, the welfare recipient is the best choice, but most welfare recipients are women and children. Noncustodial parents do not receive welfare, and if they commit rapes they are for sure noncustodial. What is needed here is categorical welfare assistance to unemployed males so that the legitimate needs of law and order people can be met.

Another good reason to conduct a lynching is horse thievery. The problem here is that there are not many horses in the average suburb. To remedy this, lynching enthusiasts in one's community could be encouraged to keep horses in their homes so that when they are burglarized, the culprit can be lynched. But it is possible that the culprit won't take the horse. Horses are large and bulky. A stranger seen in a neighborhood with a horse would arouse suspicion. Perhaps if the burglar could be enticed to take your kid's rocking horse this would suffice.

Another traditional ground of lynching is stage coach robbery. Most stage coaches now operate in amusement parks which are ideal settings for lynchings, but are limited in number. Bank robberies are also a possibility, but most close at three when the average lynching enthusiast is still at work.

The Appropriate Mob: How Large Is Too Large?

What is the ideal size of a lynch mob? On the one hand, three people do not look like much of a mob. But with two thousand or more you may need a parade permit. The quality of the mob is also important. You don't want to have your culprit gunned down on the way to the tree. Its constituents should not litter and should also be capable of hurling the correct epithets. It should be obvious here that without advance planning, the lynch mob could get out of the organizer's control, size- and quality-wise. The best means of control is to charge an admission fee and sell tickets. This keeps away the riff-raff and can be used to pay television announcements and the police if necessary.

Lynching Techniques

The first question one needs to have answered is, how far should the mob have to walk from the place the culprit is apprehended to the appropriate tree? The important point here is that the lynchee should struggle for the entire distance. There is nothing quite as boring as a lynching where the lynchee has passed out. However, this should not be an inducement to hand the latter from the closest appropriate tree for the mob's doubts about the lynchee's guilt are dispelled in inverse proportion to the amount of struggle he puts up. The final consideration here is that the walk should not be so long as to have senior citizens drop by the wayside.

The next question involves the controversial issue of "high hangers" versus "low hangers". This is really just a matter of aesthetics.

Finally, it is important that a lynching be performed on the right type of tree. Oak trees are the ideal candidates; however, they should be avoided in the spring when hay fever is rampant. There is nothing quite as disruptive as a sneezing mob. For those on the west coast, palm trees should be avoided. Corpses just don't look quite right hanging from palm fronds.

Closure

When the lynching is complete, it is wrong to let the mob just melt away. Some form of closure is necessary to reinforce the major points that have been made during a lynching. These include the notion that certain acts of disrespect for law and order simply will not be tolerated in the community, that when such acts have been committed the community will band together to give the offender his just desserts, and that when the community acts together against lawbreakers it is one of the highest points of a civilized society. This may be accomplished by means of a rousing speech to the mob. The crowd should then be told to go home, resting easier in the security of a safer community. To discourage lingerers, hints should be dropped that federal investigators might be around soon, so it is best to leave. When the last of the multitude has left the scene, the organizers may wish to lighten the load on the tree by removing any jewelry, wallets or other items from the dangling corpse.

Special Problems

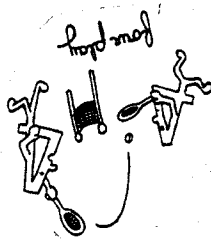
Lynchings have of late fallen into somewhat of a disfavor on the part of law and order enthusiasts due to the passage of federal anti-lynch laws. However, if you can get local law enforcement officials to participate in local lynchings, these laws should pose no special problems. Of course, law enforcement officials may look upon lynch mobs as competition to their special type of employment. After all, lynchers work for nothing and don't require expensive uniforms and vehicles with fancy lights. However, objections are often overcome when organizers point out to these officials that today's modern, permissive Courts are likely to accord Constitutional rights to people who really should be lynched.

Conclusion

Some people would like to see lynching outlawed altogether. But if lynching were outlawed, only outlaws would conduct lynchings. On the contrary, what is necessary here is massive citizen involvement in the law enforcement needs of his community. Write your legislator to support a national "Take a Crook to Lynch" week.

NEXT MONTH: CHAPTER 2—

"Frankly I disagree with much of what Sartre says, but I find it hard to discuss it with someone without being stepped on."



EY' KIDS!



... I'm throwing a campus coup and you're all invited to attend. Just clip out da' membership card below an' stick it in yer wallet. As a member of R.A.T.S. yer deferred from da' draft, so when Uncle Sugar kindly asks you to be a sandbag fer democracy in El Salvador, just look im' straight in the eye an' holler, RATS!! He'll get da' picture. —OK, just ta' get da' party started, I've got a hit of LSD disguised as a period (.) somewhere in Dis' newspaper. Da' lucky finders win a free TRIP!! Haw! Haw! Haw! Lick em' up!

R. A. T. S.
(Radical Animal's Takeover of Society)



Fearless Leader!

member

Well... I got mine!



SAVING THE CLUB FROM MEETING HERE TOMORROW

PETTY-BOURGEOIS ANARCHISTS are the Maquis of the left. The FBI thanks them for their patriotic campaign against the un-American, internationalist activities of the RCP.

The Game Show Mind Police

by Steven Ormiston

Three hundred of us were bivouacked on the sidewalk outside CBS in Los Angeles, baking in the July heat and not minding it a bit. In fact, we were as happy as a bunch of kids lined up to see Santa Claus because we were the studio audience for "The Price is Right", and contestants were to be selected from among us.

At that point an increasing number of my thoughts were stuck on Wave Pattern: GREED, flashing me glimpses of Hawaiian vacations and gleaming new cars with the long-legged models still draped over them. Though I didn't realize it at the time, this was, of course, exactly the mental attitude the Mind Police had arranged. Eventually we were to be whipped into a mob of frenzied humanoid props who would applaud anything, including flimsy patio furniture and microwave ovens and losing contestants, and do the staff's bidding as surely as if the pain and pleasure centers in our brains had been wired to a central control.

But for now we had to wait. That weeded out anyone who was casual about the prospect of audiencing at "The Price is Right" because we were told to report at 3:50 in the afternoon for a 6:15 show. It didn't take a microprocessor chip to tell me I was supposed to wait in line almost two and a half hours to see a game show. Normally, the only thing I can imagine voluntarily waiting in line that long for is something like "The All-Star Wet Tee Shirt Bullriding Contest" or "King Kong vs. the NFL Cheerleaders."

But this wasn't normal; this was Hollywood. And there was always that chance...

So we reported for duty, sir, at fifteen-fifty hours and were herded into rows of four to stand and wait. There were quite a few young men from the L.A. area around us who were obviously seasoned veterans of game show audiencing. An aging ex-beach bunny who already had a crazed look in her eyes—vision of carpeting, I guess—was explaining contestant selection to a recruit.

"The producer like comes around and like talks to everybody and like picks out who he wants for the show."

"Really? What's he looking for, anyway?"

"Beats me. I've been here six times. I've tried dressing all kinds of different ways, acting talky, acting sexy, acting dumb, and I still ain't been picked. They say he just goes by choosing whoever he feels like."

I turned to Patty, my wife, who had also been eavesdropping, and whispered, "Sounds like a screen test. Get ready."

An announcement on the public address system soon revealed this information to any social outcasts or thickheads who hadn't picked it up by word-of-mouth. This was a critical step in the audience-molding process. They knew that we knew that our big chance was coming up, and with the carrot of big prizes and a TV appearance dangled in front of us, each of us would be as submissive and eager to please as a whipped dog.

Finally one of the executive producers, Phil Wayne, was introduced. He looked more like my idea of a graduate student in anthropology than a producer, and he also looked a little sorry that it was his turn to mingle with the savages. Still, he had pluck and he greeted everyone heartily and with the inane patter of a campaigning politician.

"Hello, how are ya, where you from?"

"Ohio."

"Ohio!" he says, as if it were the Land of Oz. "You came a long way!"

Smile, smile, television smile. "Yeah."—I was carefully tuning my answers to the lowest common denominator.

He caught sight of Patty, fell silent, and leaned back in an asscive manner as if to say, "What have we here?" Sometimes she makes an impression on people. Maybe it's the hair on her chest, I don't know.

"Aren't you going to talk to me?" said Phil.

"Sure," answered Patty. "I said 'hi'."

"Are you married to him?"

"Yes."

"How long you known him?"

"Oh, about six years."

"Great!" (As if this were a real accomplishment.) "Nice of you to come. I'll see you later."

And we filed inside.

"You were perfect!" I told Patty. "Straight, dull answers are just what they want."

"Thanks a lot."

"No, I'm serious. They want Bob Barker to do all the funny stuff."

I was excited. Phil seemed to be impressed with Patty, and I thought she had a real chance. Of course everyone else was convinced by something Phil said or did that they, too, were in the running, and we were never told who the contestants would be. You can't produce dementia and frenzy when ninety-seven per cent of the audience know they're on the reject pile. So, after we were all seated, two female members of the Mind Police stood on stage and peered into the audience trying to locate the lucky nine for the benefit of cameramen.

This planted the thought pattern they desired in my head as surely as if it had been typed up and placed there surgically. What, I wondered, if they select more than nine at first, then weed out the ones who aren't smiling and enthusiastic? Apparently other brains in the herd were pondering this vital question, too, because when the audience warmup started we all acted as though we'd just bounced in from cheerleading camp.

Phil started the warmup simply by asking questions that demanded a response, like, "How many of you drove less than fifty miles to get here? Let me see some hands." The hands shot up and waved frantically. Phil worked his way out to "more than five hundred miles", and finally "more than a million miles". We looked like a crowd of excited South Americans greeting the arrival of the Pope.

At that point I thought we were totally primed to cheer and applaud anything. But a mob that's clamoring for Datsuns and cruises can easily turn ugly at the sight of a grandfather clock. To ensure that this didn't happen the Mind Police had to completely disconnect our brains from reality in a final bizarre step.

Phil wandered off to other duties, and after a minute rest break we were suddenly jolted by disco music that blared out of nowhere. I figured some engineer in the control room had lost his balance and landed on the wrong button. But each aisle magically sprouted a dozen pages in uniform, who clapped their hands to the music and danced around like the floor was electrified.

The audience reaction was essentially, "What's wrong with these fools? This is supposed to be a television studio, not Disco City." About the time it became obvious that there was no mistake and that the music and dance fever were intentional, the pages motioned us to join in clapping to the beat.

We hesitated a second, just long enough for each of us to remember that potential contestants were probably being secretly watched, then joined in. Zap! Just like that, we had been maneuvered for the first time into clapping against our will. Even middle-aged and older people, who would normally rather endure terrorization by teenage gangs than by teenage music, joined in with a show of enthusiasm.

"I feel like one of those wind-up toys that plays the cymbals," Patty shouted over the racket, as time wore on.

My own hands were becoming numb and seemed to bounce off each other as they puffed up. The Mind Police had scored again, though. By the time we were done, clapping seemed far more natural than not clapping. I felt a little dizzy and guessed that, as planned, the lion's share of my blood supply had been diverted from my brain to my hands. I shook my head trying to regain some equilibrium, but it didn't help.

We got a break from clapping when Johnny Olsen, the announcer who cries "COME ON DOWN!", was introduced, and we immediately felt a bond of gratitude toward the man.

Johnny told a few jokes, mugged around, then—pow!—just when we thought we were safe they started the music again and he began to gyrate. Now Johnny Olsen, impeccably dressed and approaching the age where you get a lot of dubious life and medical insurance offers in the mail, looked even more ludicrous than the pages. The audience passed this final test easily, though, because with no prodding whatsoever and zero hesitation we clapped, stomped, cheered, and laughed like a bunch of liquor-sodden conventioners.

Finally, the music stopped again and Bob Barker was introduced. By now I was clap-happy, like everyone else, and my impressions of the actual show and how I behaved are a bit fuzzy. Everything seemed to be a revolving blur of sets, come-on-downs!, and flashing "Applause" signs, punctuated by hallucinations in which my hands had grown to twice the size of my body.

I remember at one point Patty telling me, "Stop clapping. That woman just blew it completely."

I also recall one peculiar moment of lucidity when I focused on two tight-jeaned babes on stage whose job it was, apparently, to gesticulate for applause at appropriate times. It wasn't clear whether they were backups for the "Applause" signs or vice versa. Anyway, at one point our frenzy for a set of golf clubs must have been merely enthusiastic instead of hysterical, because each girl flailed so wildly that if she had had a club in her hand she could have smacked a drive about three hundred yards.

But mostly the experience was like being drugged and trapped in a kaleidoscope for an hour. When it was over the Mind Police had no further use for us and we were tossed out of the building like yesterday's garbage.

The sight of reality—the parking lot—a world where people drove inanimate objects rather than applauded them, helped slow down my brain's RPMs.

"Jeez, what happened?" I said.

Patty, who was applauding a ballpoint pen she saw in someone's pocket, couldn't answer yet. We wandered around looking for our car.

"Did we actually behave like every other 'Price is Right' audience we've ever seen?" I wondered out loud.

"I think we did," she answered finally.

"When we it they said this show would be broadcast?"

"October 5, I think. You know what that means."

"Yep," I said, massaging my forehead. "We tell everybody October 12."

Let's see now, is it "Rev. Terry Falloot", or "Rev. Terry Falloot"? Ah well, from one crisis to another



NO, NO!... LET ME GUESS!... YOU'RE A WATCHDOG!... RIGHT?!?...

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SAYS YOU (LETTERS)

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Thanks, I continue
to crave "Inside
Joke" even after I
eat one!
Please send more!
David Ormiston

Hi Elayne Wechsler

Glad to see you're still puttin' it out. I have a couple of questions maybe one of the AEs can help me out with. Like for one, are creative writing courses really as bad as people say? Those who do must never have seen IJ? No? For two, can you play a discordian anything like a banjo? Why is professional golf still televised?

Well, as one could guess, those letters that accompanied the contributors were awfully revealing. So to the suggestion to take advertising, as every adperson knows, first you got to take a reader poll, so the advertiser gets some idea of what kind of potential customer can be reached. Use your imagination—that should provide enough discouragement, that and the circulation figures.

Who are all these weirdos?

R.S. PREUSS
c/o T. GADDE
1004 Bradley Ave., Apt. C
Peoria, IL 61606

P.S. Obvious Dept: "The Hot Air Balloon Diet" was obvious—even the cretins (some even tried it) made fun of TBHD. Subject strictly for the worst of our beloved standups. Really a pathetic effort, Steve—where do you send your funny stuff?

(I should explain this last remark. Steve Ormiston, it was meant facetiously only. And RS, I think you'll get a rather pleasant surprise from Steve's piece "The Game Show Mind Police" this issue.)

Dear Elayne,

The correct first class postage for your roughly 2 and a fifth ounce July 1982 special edition of INSIDE JOKE, is 54¢, not 51¢ as you used. Nonetheless, that did not prevent the arrival of the magazine, which is possibly a valuable lesson for all of us, that it isn't necessary after all to use correct postage.

Thanks for sending this issue, which is very good. I have a number of comments on it...Beverly Hills is right next door to Hollywood, so it seems appropriate from the viewpoint of regional pride that I reply to Steve Ormiston's criticism of THE BEVERLY HILLS DIET. He points out that a dieter living in Cleveland would in mid-winter have difficulty obtaining the fruit called for by the diet. True. But this diet is intended exclusively for those who live in Beverly Hills, where fruit is readily available at any time of the year. Similarly, while Steven expresses great doubt that he would have the will-power required to adhere to this diet, he would if he were living in Beverly Hills. Finally, he suggests that cattle mutilations may be the result of crazed dieters driven mad by the Beverly Hills diet. Not so. Cattle mutilations are caused by people who are following the CATTLE MUTILATION DIET by the famous UFO scientist and dietician, Tom Mithoe. In spite of these several corrections, I still agree with the basic thrust of the article, which is that rather than buying any diet book, you who wish to lose weight would be better advised just to eat less. How true.

It is a bit odd that Steven F. Scharff reports to us that "the overwhelming majority of heterosexual pornography is intended for a male audience". The qualifier would seem to be unnecessary in view of the fact that the overwhelming majority of homosexual pornography is also intended for a male audience. I have carefully surveyed the "adult book stores" in Hollywood and I am quite sure that this is the case.

Clay Geerdes once again seems to be indulging in a taste for presenting a thesis in an overly dramatized way. The problem he discusses, of artists becoming insensitive to or taking advantage of others, is real. His conclusion, that most art depends on slavery and that in most cases art is not worth it, is outrageous. Art fits into our current social structure, in which some are grossly exploited; to that extent it can be said to depend upon slavery, but then equally so does all of civilization. If art is not worth it, then civilization is not worth it, and life itself is not worth it. I will agree that there are injustices connected with the lives of many artists, as there are injustices connected with the lives of many non-artists as well; all injustices are worthy of correction. I would not, however, like to see all artists abandoning their art in favor of a life of menial labor, to make sure that nobody is exploited by them. (This solution may not be what Clay has in mind—perhaps he would like to see all artists abandon their art in favor of taking up arms and joining the Sandinista guerillas in Central America—which, I admit, would be

a most fascinating thing to happen.) It is, in any event, inconsistent for Clay to announce that art is not worth it; in a creative essay which itself is a work of art (admittedly he only said that most art is not worth it; his own presumably is one of the few exceptions. Naturally.)

"Faned" is not the past tense of fane, but is the abbreviation of "fanzine editor". (Well, shucks, I knew that, but it still sounds ridiculous.) Believe it or not, you are a faned. (God help you.)

I confess that I like the idea of using the first page for a cover illustration.

The full page of Baboon Dooley cartoons is really marvellously good. J. Crawford has a devastating sense of satire.

I am not going to comment on the assorted fiction selections, other than to observe that there are a lot of very good ones in this issue....That's all for now.

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

Dear Elayne,

Thanks for IJ #12...For Mike Gunderloy and others who find my stuff "incomprehensible", maybe you should've utilized your artistic talent and drawn the letter G and above my story so that these people would have some idea as to what "G Sues Pac Man" is all about. (ED: I think they understood that one, Paul. They're obviously talking about some of your other columns. Sheesh.)

This lack of understanding pinpoints the major difference, and disadvantage, of written humor compared to spoken comedy. A stand-up comedian, while on stage, doesn't have to depend on content exclusively—they've got hand movements, body movements, facial expressions and their voice to extirpate a response from the audience, also the various tones and inflections of the voice, not to mention accents!! But, what extra ammunition does the writer have to wangle and finagle and squeeze out that additional chuckle? Besides underlining or capitalizing a word, not much! It all depends on the content in the final analysis. That's where the reader comes in.

If a reader is to truly enjoy written humor, they have to be an active participant—they can't just sit back and say "entertain me", like with a speaking comic. For example, one requirement is that written humor has to be read slowly or not at all, because there are no Warning Markers for the jokes. So, if you skim it or speedread it, you could miss all the punchlines, which would be a disservice to the author.

It doesn't matter if you've written the funniest lines ever penned on paper, if the reader doesn't think it's funny they're not going to laugh. That's why it helps to write for people who are intelligent and have a little imagination—the more they can visualize, in their mind, what they're reading, the more likely they are to laugh. For instance, the boulder fell off the cliff and squashed the guy's head flatter than a pancake. The people who can transform that thought onto the movie screen of the mind—as if it were a scene from an animated cartoon—would enjoy that statement more than somebody who just reads it and goes on to the next line; to the latter group, it's more or less a dead sentence.

The point? I sweat blood to make IJ readers laugh and this (Mike Gunderloy criticism) is the thanks I get?.....

Straight Edge -

PAUL ZUCKERMAN
745 Westgate
St. Louis, MO 63130

(Paul, you've overlooked probably the most important factor of all—In order for any comic to succeed, especially in writing, s/he must be funny. I'm sorry, but boulders squashing heads just doesn't make it in my book. Does this mean I have little imagination? Why accuse the audience for what may be lacking in the performer? I don't think imagination, in that sense, is necessarily going to make a reader appreciate what isn't humorous anyway. And you ask what extra ammunition a writer has? =sigh= What about puns? What about word-plays that you can't really do in a spoken act [unless you're Firesign but that's another kettle of kelp], double-meanings, flip-flops and the like? The writer who blames his readership for his own shortcomings is a coward. If you truly wish to play to an audience [and many may not], you must at least make your writing clear and concise enough so that there's a set-up for a punchline in the first place! How would anyone know whether you sweat blood if you didn't kvetch, and more importantly, why would anyone care whether you sweat blood or kvetch, if your writing just isn't funny? People don't care how you get there—they're interested in the final result.)

Dear Elayne,

Congratulations on your newfound stability. How is it that we cross paths on the verge of a crisis?

I was struck by the misguided poem "1967 in 1982" by Khaaryn Goertzel preceding Tuli's "The Times They Ain't A-Changin'". Bob Dylan never told anybody how to think and Joni Mitchell only tells of how she feels. There are old, anachronistic fools in every generation—but how unenlightened of Khaaryn Goertzel (a hippier name I've never heard!) to think that short haircuts driving Mercedes to technological jobs is anything new or challenging...or that it's the only current style against which hippies are "cooed". It seems to me that the unbelievable diversity of styles in our age is one of IJ's raisons d'etre. That and tolerance.

I know, I know. You don't edit.

On the positive side, I'm keeping Lisa Resnick's excellent resume on file in case anything comes up; Paul Zuckerman, still my favorite, is getting almost too silly, but oh, ok; your line: "You're not going to take over anything!" I exclaimed. "All you want is to see your ideas in print! You may insist you're a higher intelligence from a foreign galaxy, but all you really are is a frustrated writer!" is too bloody charming for words.

So I close for now. My best to you each morning,

THEO DORIAN
194 Bleeker St., #3D
New York, New York 10012

FRONTIER JUSTICE

He keeps us inspired because his cartoons are so direct.
-Jim Ray, Bladwin

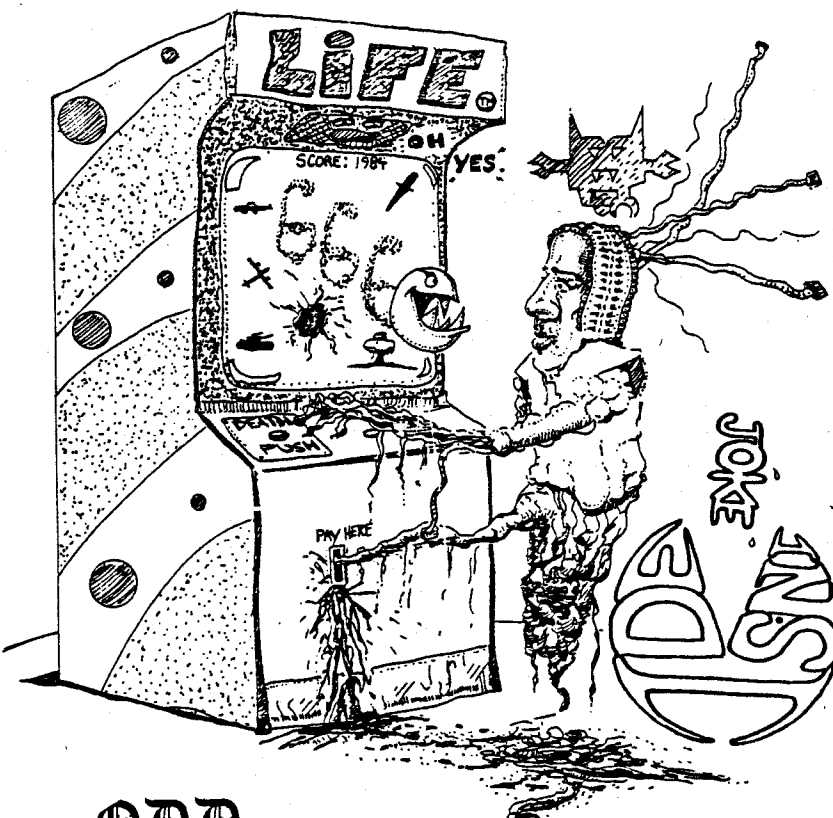
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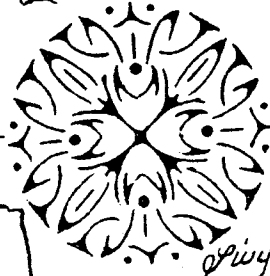


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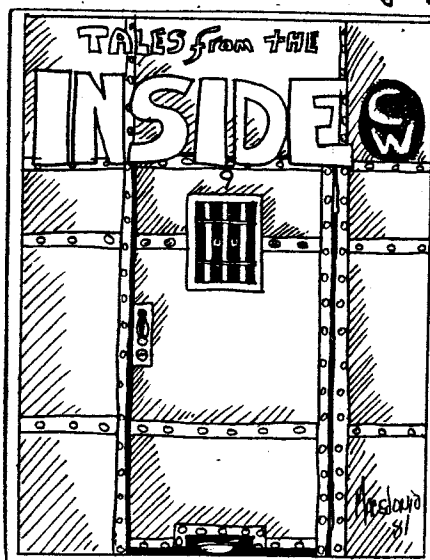
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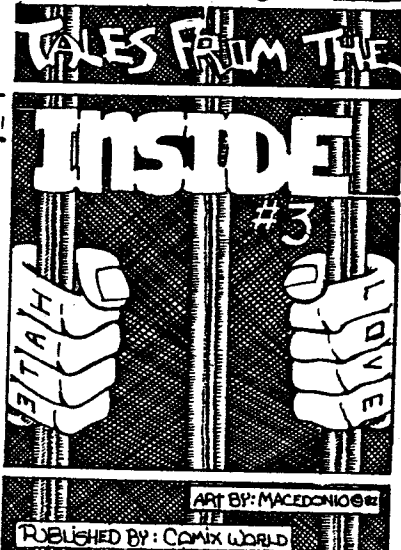
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Adventures

by Alice Ermlich

I felt as if my heart, head, and whole body beat rhythmically as the train passed over the rough boards and shiny lengths of track. Sparks flew from the wheels like shooting stars, and the night rushed by with dark winds, more stars, and that crisp railroad air coming through the open boxcar doors. The bums call boxcars "cabin cruisers" because they are not as cold and windy as riding the low-sided gondolas, or like sitting in the small corner formed by the grain chute and stabilizing bars. I shut my eyes and recall the trainhopping days.

Outside my apartment window a train is rumbling by. I remember sleeping on the hard wooden floor and waking up to the early morning stillness of the tracks. Sunrise colors the light dirt around the track and a bum is slowly crossing the tic-tacks of meeting track, and raising his hand to signal to me.

"Hey," he says, "I know a place where you can get a free breakfast with no sermon."

I laugh to myself. He reminds me of an old drunk I met at a Jesus House who looked up and winked during the prayers. Smiled as carelessly and easily as that drunk. It was a free breakfast for both of us, neither even heard the sermon.

"Are you still awake?" asks my husband. "Bad dreams?"

"No, just thinking."

He falls back asleep and snores loudly into the echoing bedroom, empty of furniture except for the bed. I roll over and hug him. I remember huddling with a guy named Duffy. He explained how the lights on the track worked. They turned red as a train passed, and later went back to yellow. When the train stopped Duffy said it was because a hot box was tripped and they needed to check the train for possible fires. We had a small campfire in our cabin cruiser, but Duffy said that wouldn't trip it. All of the bums lit little fires when it was cold.

I raise myself up on an elbow, smiling, and looking at my husband's sleeping face. I could have teased him by saying I was thinking about past lovers. There is a warmth and nearness shared only in adventure, and it is like including another person in a moving world where there is no society that says what you should or shouldn't do and what comes next. There are no things like a certain day to go to the laundromat, beds to make, a specific time to get up, and rituals to attend to like taking showers and going to the mailbox. On a train trip a person needs to use his imagination even for a simple thing like getting clean. City dirt is a lot greasier than camping dirt, and the trains blacken the clothes and whole body. I've stood in a laundromat, with only a bathing suit on, while my one set of clothing was spinning in a washing machine.

I got to know my husband through adventure. I asked him to hop a train, and he got excited, but spoke of how the gangs in Los Angeles were using the trains and about the dangerous convicts. Adventure was in his bones, and when I spoke about traveling around the states and backpacking in National Parks, he asked me to travel with him, although he would take a car rather than us a Greyhound Ameripass. We went together, and I taught him how to spread out his money, and he taught me that traveling alone was not the only way to feel a sense of adventure.

Chris rolls over and clings to me in his sleep. I kiss his cheek but he does not awaken from his dreams. A woman who takes lovers is called an adventuress; from somewhere in my past Sunday School days this thought floats up. I get an image of a scantily clad woman whispering dark secrets into a married man's ear, and making promises of fun, so that he regrets the married life. I remember going to bed with a married man and how he asked if it was okay if he used the guest towels. I told him he was a guest, and he said "oh yes," and was so pleased I vowed never to have "guest only" towels in my life if I ever married. Married men were different from single men. Some felt guilt, few could spend the night, and always there was a whole fantasy worked into the fabric of the relationship. The married man usually made a cartoon image of us, afraid to face the fact of what he was doing. He would bring the idea of fifty different positions, desire candle light, or speak about his wife and troubles. Most of the time I slept with single men because I didn't like to feel as if a man was comparing his married life with a single life. It endangered his relationship with his wife, and that was the last thing I desired.

Whore, slut, and multitudes of other titles rarely met my ears. I could say "no" as easily as I said "yes", and I loved the serious talks shared under the blankets. Off-handedly I would say sex was just a fancy handshake. I believed it was the best way to get to know a man better, although there were a few silent relationships, eventually broken by that strange quiet. I can still see sparks and hear the train-rumbles of attraction when I meet a man. I usually know, even with shy men. My husband was shy.

Chris mumbles in his sleep and I cannot determine what he said. I listen for a while, and soon the mumbles are replaced by rhythmic snores. I would prefer him having an affair over myself doing the same thing. I'd know if he did because guilt shows up in his eyes, and that special affection, colored by doubt and a certain verbal and physical clumsiness, would occur. Perhaps I would feel a sad sympathy. I don't really know. There were so few men I would choose to live with that I suspect he'd find that out about women. Maybe he has already. I roll over, embrace my husband, shut my eyes, and let dreams take over. I feel warm and content.

IT-Collective nonsense is easy-to-swallow suppositions - If you buy this, you'd buy anything...

symbol

by G. Lloyd Helm

There was this dog, see. I didn't see it yet ya understand but that low son of a bitch musta just been layin' for me. Musta known I'd be comin' along. So he just walks out on the side walk and dumps this big pile of shit right for me to step in.

Now don't get me wrong, I like dogs. But this Muther he just come along at the right time, or the wrong time I guess.

So anyhow I step in this dog shit. I'm all dressed up in a suit and tie, on my way to see Patty. (She's my fiancee, or was. Probably won't want ta know me when I get out. Year's a long time. 'Specially anxious as she was. Probably marry that lousy Harry Paxton!)

Anyhow, I was all dressed up. Shines my shoes so's you could see your face in 'em. (Two hours I worked on them shoes! Two hours!) And then I step in this dog mess. Well I cussed that dogs Momma and Daddy and all his sisters and brothers and him and all the pups he'd ever hope to get and then I tried to find somethin' to scrape the shit off with.

Well I seen a stick stikin' up in this flower bed and they was a newspaper layin' on the stoop by it so I just go and pull the stick up and take the rubber band off the paper. I wa'n gonna use nothin' but the want adds. Not the front page ner nothin'.

So I went an sat down on the curb and started scrapin' and wipin' whin this guy pulls up in a car. Well he starts lookin' real hard at me an' then he says, "Where'd ya get that paper?" an' like a dumb ass I told him.

"Hey!" he says. "That's the Times your wipin' your shitty foot on!"

I says "I ain't using nothin' but the adds." But this guy starts gettin' hostile, ya know?

Now like I said, I'm all dressed up an' I don't want no problems, so I just fold up the paper and give it too him. Real polite ya know.

Well he opens it back up an looks at the page I tore a little bit off of an' says "You tore up a book review I wanted to read, you lousy bastard!"

I didn't much like him callin' me names, but I still didn't want ta get my clothes all screwed up so I let it slide.

"What are ya gonna do about my paper?" he says. "Now I can't read the part I wanted ta read!"

So I says "Well look man. I'm real sorry about messin' up your paper. Look it. Here's a quarter. Go buy your self another one."

Well he starts gettin' real red in the face and says "I don't want your quarter! I'm no cheap skate! If I want another paper I'll pay for it my self!"

I says, "Look man, I'm sorry I got dog shit on your news paper, alright. Now I gotta go. I'm already late." An' I turn around to leave an' he starts puttin' hands on me, ya know. Well I turns back around and atart to say not to mess up the suit like that an' he's all hauled back ta take a punch at me! I mean, I knew the guy was upset, but gees I didn't figure he was all that mad. Sorta surprised me.

Well he goes on ahead and takes his swing and I duck so's he'd miss me clean, which he does. But as he steps into the punch he steps in this pile of dog shit and slips and falls against me. I fall in the gutter right on the piece of paper I wiped the dog shit off my shoe with.

Man I'se mad then! Oh man was I mad! I mean my suit is ruined, an' I'm late and this son of a bitch was cussin' me ta beat hell! Even after I offered to buy him another goddamn paper! Well I haul's his ass up and puts my fist long side of his eye a couple of times.

Now I don't know where the cops came from but all of a sudden there was three black an' whites smokin' up outa no where and the cops haul us apart and brought us down to Parker Center. Says we can get this all straight with a judge.

We got it straight all right. That's how come I'm doin' a year for assault and battery an' he's off readin' his fuckin' news paper or somethin'.

But ya know what really pisses me off? What really torques my ass? That dog! That goddam dog!

See as we are drivin away in the black and white this little ol' poodly comes prancin' outa the guy with ta news papers house and hunkers down right there on the sidewalk. There where-we was fightin' ya know? an' I'll be damned if that little bastard didn't drop a bit shit right about the same place as the one I stepped in!

Makes ya wonder if there is any justice don't it?

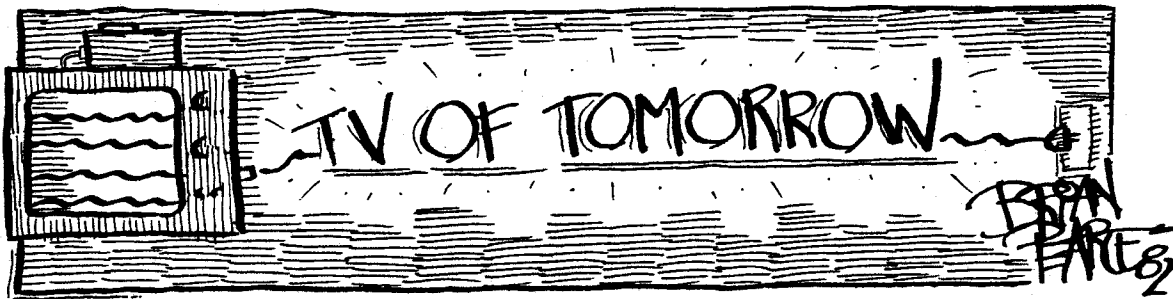
an editorial

by R.S. Preuss

Why don't our courts pay attention to the public demand to allow pears in schools? Where in the Constitution does it say that a person is violating the rights of others by having pears in the public schools?

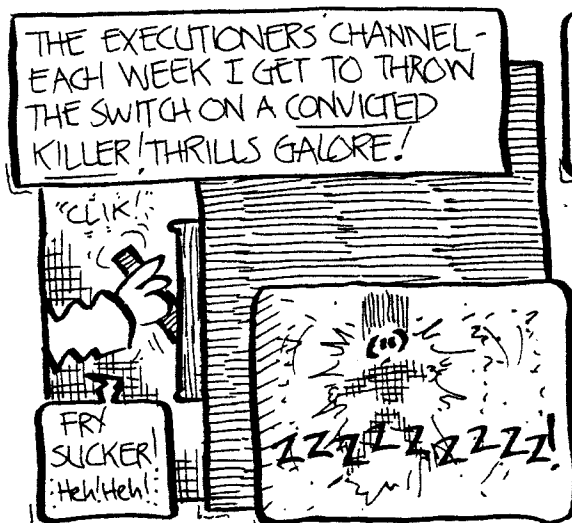
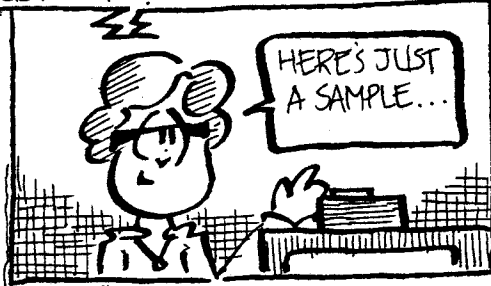
Pears have a lot of vitamins in them and natural sugar. They taste very good and they don't rot kids' teeth like all those chocolate candy bars do. They have a unique texture which makes eating them very nice and a pleasant green color and an appealing shape. They fit really well into kids' lunchboxes and sometimes if a kid brings one (Uh, Emily?) to a teacher it makes a nice change from apples. If the citizens want pears in the public schools (Hey Emily...) then it should be up to the citizens to decide. I think every person who wants pears in the public schools (EMILY!) should put a pear in a small box and mail it to the Supreme Court justices. (NO, EMILY, NOT "PEARS", THE WORD IS...oh, never mind.)

DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SET! WE ARE CONTROLLING TRANSMISSION!!



BOY, HAVE I GOT IT MADE! CABLE TV WITH 316-COUNT EM! - 316 CHANNELS! IT'S COSTING ME A FORTUNE - BUT I'VE GOT IT ALL! Heh! Heh! I'M GREEDY!

WHY, THERE'S THE NEWS CHANNEL FOR INTOXICATED ZEBRAS! IN CINEMASCOPE!!



...AND NOT THE MAGAZINE!

FIRE SIGNALS

I had to reserve a whole page this month for a few reasons, not the least of which is the tasteful tidbit reproduced in the Letters column. Time, space, common sense and a desire for diminished delusions of grandeur prohibit me from going into too much detail as far as my reaction to David's postcard goes, but if you care to read about my entire mind set, I've written about it in my ego trip (entitled "The Motor-Operated Pushover") for Golden Apa, so SASE for a copy. Briefly though, I'm somewhat torn among various emotions. I'm as giddy as a schoolchild ("I'm as corny as Kansas in August"), while at the same time wondering the best way to brag to my friends and make free use of the missive as profitably as possible (Exploit! Exploit! Civilization, ho!). I have dozens of questions I want to ask, but realize this may be the only acknowledgement I ever receive from this busy genius who didn't even have to be so nice and GOD HE ACTUALLY LIKES MY WORK, and so on. Pretty silly, as you see. Aren't you glad I spared you?

FOUND—TWO NEW ALBUMS! No, not old "new" ones (although while I'm at it, thank you to Greg Blair for P&B's "TV Or Not TV" and the improv pics, and to Doug Smith for Austin's "Roller Maidens" cassette-style—still desperately searching for the albums themselves). As promised, Rhino has just released two "brand new" Firesign Theatre LPs. Herewith wordy reviews:

LAWYER'S HOSPITAL, Side A, consists of excerpts from two live performances in the famed 1981 tour "which took us across the country together for the first time since 1974". The Denver recording examines modern TV ("The Firesign Theatre", goes the intro, "is more inspired by American trash than any other American idols"), including Jerry Foulmouth and his Mental Minority (though possibly not as strongly vicious as some might want), and features some great one-liners—for example, an observation about a kind of kid who can "drink diet free cola till he turns into a laboratory rat". You'll hear some twists on Firesign-style album crossovers too ("I'm not talking about eat—I'm talking about meat"). The San Fran bit consists mostly of the title bit, very similar in tone to the soap parody in IN THE NEXT WORLD YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN. Also listen for a simplified (at least for me) version of the NOT INSANE "adenine phosphate" bit featuring Storm(Drawn), the stuffed dog.

Side B, "Politics As Usual", is a "best of" collection from '74 onward, sort of a FORWARD INTO THE PAST Part II. Some real biting stuff here, the best of the Campaign Chronicles series, featuring a mighty jab at some '76 Presidential contenders in "The Golf Rat Shoot" and a more than fair Paul Hardy impression called "Jimmy Clicker". The elaborate "Thank You, Mr. President" not only leaves expletives undeleted, but surfeits on them to absurdity, a real treat for Fst fans who know the group has never needed to stoop to one-joke or four-letter comedy and can better enjoy the parody. Old-time fans will also love the Jack Poet commercials, which date back to around the time of the first two albums (you can also tell that by the references to "The Lone Wrangler and Tantric", "Let's cut 'em off at the past", and "Anselmo Pederaste"). All in all, a great catch, especially Side A, for the live performance buffs, and a must for those into retrospect.

And speaking of flashing back, and of NOT INSANE (quickly moving up neck in neck with DON'T CRUSH THAT DWARF and BOZOS as among my favorites), for all those waiting for an expanded version of "Anything You Want To," here it is, in SHAKESPEARE'S LOST COMEDIE. I must confess, I hadn't listened to NOT INSANE for so long I'd no idea what percentage of this new album was gleaned from there. For those concerned about not wasting money on repeats and the like, don't be. It's mainly short routines which are borrowed in toto, mostly at the beginning. The old characters are back, and some new ones, and the premise is the same, but from there the self-plagerism dwindles. This is no longer a half thought-out "dumb-ass play" presented as part of the Rocky Roccomoto show. This is a complete, elaborate Shakespearean parody of the highest caliber, something neither Woody Allen nor Paul Mazursky has managed to pull off this year. The language is true (as rough to grasp at first as Elizabethan, but I've had a few years of scholastic practice—can you tell I'm partial to Shakespeare?—and it gets easier, like much of Fst, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th listenings), even down to the rhymed couplets which every Shakespeare fanatic knows must end each act ("Away all! Fool, lead me from the room/I'll ne'er again trust gifts from geeks that in the night go boom!"), the alliteration, the iambic pentameter, the appropo colloquialisms ("Snuts", for example, is so precious all ex-English majors would probably squeal in delight), the soliloquys, the not-so-subtle bawdy metaphors, the settings (ships, castles, graveyards, battlefields), the supernatural and ultra-common characters (everything from ghosts and witches to fishermen and gravediggers), even the mood. LOST COMEDIE resembles in form more a tragedy like MacBeth or Hamlet than a strict comedy (as did the NOT INSANE version), but so much the better for the magnificent political and show-biz satire in the last act. The record abounds with overextended bad puns even Will never thought to carry (my favorite are the wordplays on basketball, about 7 or 8 in a row during one 20-second span). There are pun series on defecation, drugs, Hollywood (even down to some characters' names), nuclear power, cigars, fried chicken, banks, card games, just about everything, done in inimitable Firesign fashion. The four can't stoop too low or reach too high on this one. It's extremely layered, always the mark of a great Fst album. And in addition to crossovers from NOT INSANE, you're sure to catch others like "the plague", "brou-ha-ha", "Spanish flies", "but first, let's eat", "I'd be home by now"—God, this was fun! And best of all, there's a DRAMATIS PERSONAE list on the back jacket cover, so half-novices like me know whom to pin for what voice.

DEAR, DEAR RCP: Despite your vulgar moralism and impotent truculence, I'll always treasure the premonitions of freedom I feel when I shoplift in your store.

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Japanese for...
Not in training?
Colosseum for...
Not in training?
Japanese for...
Not in training?
Colosseum for...
Not in training?

Non-Fst standouts good and bad include (first the good) Barney Bernard as Pete of Pike/Pike's Pete (wonderfully raunchy and a real pisser!), Harrison David as a Chico-like Marinara (says Austin, "he's dead—who cares?"), and (now for the bad) the where-did-they-dredge-up-this-token-dame Diz White as Marie (they must've called her "Dizzy" for short—god, how could they—then again, maybe I'm being needlessly harsh, after all, I'll never have a chance to be nauseatingly squeaky and cheerleaderish while ruining brilliant dialogue; guess I'm just jealous). Standout characters among Fst members are Phil Proctor's Stormendrain (propriety forbids further explanation) and Price Edmund (who, advised by a "ghost" to return to Norway to continue his education, rapidly exclaims, "Back to school? I learned there all I could and burned it down. I doubt they'll have me back."); Phil Austin's Sir Andrew Lunche, Edmund Edmund (I fell on the floor each time he started the "Hiawatha" parody "Roytan, Injun King's Revenge"—"All the shores were glitched and gloomy..."), and especially Mole, the gravedigger ("Wait," he says to friend Hole [Ossman], "I cannot dig and think together...I'll stop...I'm stopping...I've stopped"); Pete Bergman's hilariously accented, nuclear-minded Archbishop of Pflern and brilliant Pestio, the fool ("I speak so fast I know not what I mean!"), and David Ossman's Flounder, a fisherman, and politically savvy Count Regent, the villain and possibly the best character in the play. The Count is the vehicle for the beginning of the war-as-movie-as-money metaphors, layered so brilliantly I can but supply a few choice lines and a plot sketch—COUNT (Ossman): Now, to keep eternal peace, we'll stage a war!...A war to end all debts and lead us, Moses-like, from out a sea of red and guide thy columns up to inky black! EARL OF FAIRFAX (Philip George): But we'll need stars to lead the way! The Duke of Wayne is lost! COUNT: We'll find new names above the titles, Fairfax!... etc. Presumably a B-movie ex-SAG president. The Hollywood-war-finance wordplay continues to mount ("We'll shoot by day as if it were by night. A Universal gesture, Paramount to none, and yes, you'll more than gold win [Goldwyn], Mayor, lords & nobles...") when "double Edmund" bursts upon the scene—"Cut! Cut! Cut! Cut—soft thy speech! I swear 'pon Hollywood thou'll never my director be!" EE, you see, is "underwrit by foreign sales". The final battle begins, during which the Count and Archbishop attempt a reconciliation ("Having shook, a shaky peace we've made"). But the Count is killed by EE, who so catches himself up in the spirit that he declares, Coppelola-like, "We'll borrow more and fight until we're broke!" But 'tis not to be—EE chickens out of being a "chicken king" when the Archbishop details a typical workday ("WORK?! I'd rather savage be...happy so in sylvan anarchy") and goes off to live again among the Indians, still chanting "Roytan's Revenge" ("I'll explain her swelling belly/If her father listens to me..."). The Archbishop goes off to build more nukes ("Mercenaries, ho! Follow me, blind fellows—you'll know me by the glow!"), and Prince Edmund, who never did get to Norway it seems, comes upon the scene to find the Count "dead as vaudeville" and everybody "gone. And only I am left/Who took a nap a fool, and woke a king." [Sorry if I'm spoiling the end, folks, but I really wanted to quote in full, and besides, you crazy guys probably have the album already anyway. Onward] But king of what? I need some friends! And we shall jointly to our country's tattered standards make amends and share the burthens of my unseasonable rule./Power? I'll hand it to the people! Let them wield the tool./And policy—my...policy...A plan untried as yet, but true./Not just "do this", or "don't do that", but—"ANYTHING YOU WANT TO!" Well, I applauded. Shows you how much I get into records. Would I be pummelled if I claimed the opinion that this is the Firesign Theatre's best album to date? Uh, probably. So I'll keep my mouth shut.

And now the moment you knew would arrive. The answers to last month's "FIGHTING CLOWNS" QUIZ:
1. Pam Jurgenson. 2. Agent Orange.
3. Fudd's (although they claim "We are sausages with eyes").
4. Bill—in fact, all the characters are named Bill.
5. Superman-colored. 6. Four ("there ain't no more").
7. "Escape? Oh man, if this isn't escape, what is?" 8. "Russkie-Pow"
9. Solomon & Solomon—they split the kids between the lawyers.
10. They're defective. 11. "Really"; "Fer Sher"; "Whatever"; "Owow".
12. Siamese Seaweed Soap. 13. "It'll make reality less painful."
BONUS ANSWERS:
14. "Jimmy Carter, he's our President/Jimmy Carter, the White House resident/Are you from hell ("who the hell cares?")?/Some say you're heaven-sent."
15. Pre-election Record Version: "___ to fade away. Post-election Folk Music Reunion Version: "___ to blow us away. Ten points and a gold star to anyone who knows where David Ossman was that night. NEXT MONTH'S FIRESIGNAL will be a NAME MATCH-UP. This time I've got expert help [ok, Kevin & Spencer?], so it oughta be hard! So join the expectant crowd, already gathering...There's lots more of me where I come from!

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King of the Dinosaurs

by Mike Gunderloy

The Museum Board of Directors decreed that it was time for a new exhibit. Attendance had been falling off, and something was needed to commemorate the Museum's 60th anniversary. Their attention focused on the Hall of the Dinosaurs; it was in need of refurbishment and revision, and could be made to serve as an effective focus for a fund-raising campaign. After much discussion, it was decided to hire Donald White to execute a centerpiece for the Hall: a full-sized replica of Tyrannosaurus Rex, towering in the center of the room and reaching towards the patrons on the second-floor balconies.

White made sure the Board knew of his conditions: unconditional acceptance, unlimited expenses, and no deadlines. The Board accepted with haste; the knew of White's previous works. It was a stroke of luck just to have him work for them. A contract was signed without delay.

Any other artist would have proceeded to sculpt a small model out of clay and then enlarge it, painting a dull brown or perhaps green. White was not any other artist. He first searched out the most perfect known specimen of a T. Rex skeleton in existence: it was in the Smithsonian. He jetted to Washington and persuaded officials there to close down that room for a week while he examined the bones from all angles, taking hundreds of stereoscopic pictures and running his hands over their smooth stone surfaces. White examined the articulations of the hands and the hinging of the jaw, the wear of the teeth and the size of the spinal cord. When he was satisfied, he went back to his lab.

White had a lab instead of a studio because he believed his trade (not art, art is imprecise) was firmly rooted in reality. He set to taking thousands of measurements on the paired photographs and programming the results into his computer, a surplus industrial CAD (Computer Aided Design) setup. The basic programs he had written long before; in a matter of weeks he had a computer simulation of a Tyrannosaurus skeleton, which he threw on the wall with a projection TV unit and studied. The dinosaur of vectors and variables was run through a thousand and one paces. He added flesh to the bones and watched its insubstantial muscles ripple as it chased prey as imaginary as the square root of minus one.

By now White had a better grounding in Tyrannosaurus anatomy and motion than any man alive. He was finished with his first step. It remained to feel as the great lizard had felt. White flew to a fossil site where there were still ~~Thunder~~ Lizard bones in the ground. Walking on the same earth where it had walked. He sat in lotus position in a fossilized footprint for hours and imagined that he had made it himself. He spent a week in the jungles of the Amazon, experiencing the mental states of the animals there, and thinking how it had been when the dragonflies were five feet across.

Back in the lab, White dropped 500 micrograms of LSD with his arms strapped to his side, reducing the front limbs to the same pitiful radius of action as his subject's. He watched the projected image on the wall and listened to a tape loop of the roar of a bull alligator amplified a hundred times. He chased down a lizard he had bought for this purpose and ate it raw, alive and kicking. He felt as the beast, he saw God in the beast.

When he was sufficiently recovered from his trip, White at last began to sculpt. He demanded that the Museum close the Hall while he built; he was going to work on site. Bones were cast from stressless concrete and covered with rubberized muscles. The hide was crafted from a new polymer. The teeth were carved from ivory, at great expense. The eyes were White's own invention, a quite secret process. The coloring, he later said, had come to him in a vision. The final creation was a rich, deep black, spotted with earthly yellow on its chest and head.

The refurbished Hall opened on a Friday in June, timed for the first influx of tourists. There were explanatory plaques, which no one read. There were dioramas of the Pleistocene swamps, which no one looked at. The exhibition was a great success. All eyes were on the King of the Dinosaurs. The Museum had to put in roped aisles and guards to urge people along in order to keep the Hall from filling within ten minutes of opening time. Even at that, they were forced to limit their ticket sales by the fire marshals.

A noted newspaper columnist expressed the public feeling: "He— one simply cannot call him 'it'—looks at you and you know how small you are. It is almost a crime to have trapped this great brute in a Museum hall. He should be under the skies, chasing down his food and roaring defiance at all who can hear. Donald White has captured the essence, perhaps the very soul, of Tyrannosaurus Rex." A small child put it more simply: "Mommy, I can hear him thinking at me!"

It was a night watchman at the Museum who first noticed anything amiss. He could have sworn that when he started the left foot was fully back on the ground, and now it was an inch or more above it. Also, the right arm had moved towards the balconies, and the mighty eyes had rolled towards the people who were there. He thought he could see the changes quite clearly when he looked at the postcards in the giftshop, which had been taken three weeks before. Being a sensible man, and fond of his job, he said nothing to anyone.

It later became a popular rumour that the giant statue had started moving before it was put into storage, no one knew where. The Museum announced that White's unconventional construction methods were oversteering the sixty-year-old floor, and that the statue would be back as soon as the foundations were strengthened. A herd of stuffed mastodons meanwhile occupied the space, and people gradually forgot how attracted they had been to the exhibit.

If two things are sufficiently alike, it becomes impossible to distinguish between them, and it may truly be said that they are the same thing. They become identical to the world, and function as one entity. When a body comes into being, it is met with a soul; that is the way the world is made.

MORE
OF
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And in the terrifyingly-slow mind of a reconstructed thunder to lizard, unable to understand the changes in the world and unable to change its understanding, there runs a line of thought, ponderous and majestic as its concrete bones, trapped like a fly in honey. "Where has the sky gone?"

But flesh and blood are more suited for bodies than concrete and rubber; the chemical reactions which sparkle in water drag in stone. In a warehouse in North Dakota, scientists puzzle over a statue which seems to be changing with time. Scholarly theories about stress deformations and structural creep are advanced.

Back in the '60s, which a friend of mine correctly surmises consisted of the years 1968-1973, and correctly so but you all knew that didn't you, people could literally afford a protest movement. They didn't have to worry about pure survival, so they were able to devote their time and money to thwart the establishment. The underground operated more efficiently, the activists were so much more active, y'know? But of course, the disco-narcissistic-doldrum (in Dolby) 70s, which I surmise to be from about Ford through Carter Pills, yawned and allowed the proven-untrustworthy government to shelter us from its nastiness by assuming more control over us, so that the neo-nonuke, poverty-ridden '80s, which have been going on effectively ever since Falwell seized power over Mr. and Mrs. Average's minds and morals, cannot bring about too effective an anti-establishment fling the way it did in people's faulty recollections "before". Dig, half the country is crazed with '60s nostalgia, everything from go-go styles to smoke-ins, but, and this is important, the other half is still in the '50s! Yeah, the "I-gotta-get-a-job-is-more-important-than-anything-keep-up-with-the-Joneses-unless-when-they-move-they-don't-sell-white-praise-the-Lord-and-pass-the-Kleenex-during-the-mock-funeral-for-aborted-festivities-how-dare-they-they-oughta-be-killing-Commies-filthy-Reds-instead-of-killing-prawns-Right-to-Life-Kill-Russians-and-Jews-which-of-course-has-always-been-very-chic-Father-knows-best-so-Mom-may-as-well-stay-at-home-making-Koolaid-unless-she's-working-only-out-of-necessity-getting-59c-for-an-equivalent-man's-dollar-and-harassment-to-boot-but-that's-life-toots-nothing-you-can-or-should-want-to-do-about-it-this-is-America-God's-Chosen-love-it-or-drop-dead" '50s!! Young KKK trainees believe this shit. There is no more generation gap because mental poison affects everyone, it would seem especially the "youth", "leaders of tomorrow". The entire '60s feeling has been skeptically and sarcastically reduced to a cliché. The only hope, if there is one for the next two horrid years at all, is to be "vevvy vevvy quiet" hunting the "widdle wabbits" and accede the responsibility to the only folks who seem to be doing anything progressive at all. We can no longer look to Dylan, Rubin, Baez, Fonda (Fonda?! HA!) to lead us into the rainbow. Ain't gonna be one. Who today has the ability, and the limited but nonetheless sufficient funds, to effectuate at least a pseudo-overthrow to last us until whatever comes along in 1984? Probably the punk movement. Certainly not the Jackson Brown mellow clan, though they may get the most airplay. Punks are a good deal younger on the average than hippies were (or are), many of them still living with their parents (and I truly believe no one who is not still living at home has the money to throw around to organizing a decent movement), they've got the necessary anger and disgust (although quite possibly too much cynicism and jadedness to garner many others to the "cause"), and face it, they're the only ones who seem to be doing something new now, at least overtly. Now, this doesn't mean I don't believe the hippie movement can surface again. I'd just be a fool if I said I believed it could happen during Reagan's reign. No, the punks are perfect foils for Ron-Ron. Luke Skywalker doesn't get the audience's imagination as a good hero against Darth Vader nearly as much as does Han Solo. And Princess Leia? Probably making Koolaid somewhere.

...and all the scorpions
have lost their sting...

by James Tauscher

He didn't burn his draft card. He was '1-A'. He was '3-A'. Seventeen years have passed and he still looks at the cars on occasion and wonders who died, who went to Canada, and who died, and who is dead now.

He can't thank his wife anymore for her war effort and his daughter knows the part she played will not make the tour of summer stock this year. It was all in the cards from the start. It was all in the cards from the start. It was a generation of losers and winners and few people knew the difference.

We all continue to wait for Godot after our own fashion. Hopefully, some of us will continue to see the humor in it all as we sit by the roadside and watch life pass in Blue Poilly'n'Armorall. Some of us will continue to wave 'hello' and smile as we convert one digit from five in order to prove we are really intelligent beings after all. Even the finger of thought rarely knows the direction of the wind in which we drift. Few people know the difference. One compass point seems not unlike the others and they all lead us away from center as we grow older.

I never knew what reality was made of until I stopped my car in the desert that night. I was hopped up tight on speed and 3am and the 37-hour people who tried to cross the highway from the shadows. I just stood there, beside my car, looking out into the desert and I realized that I was illusion...give or take a few years. I was free and now I'm slipping back into the trap...but not that night...not... It took the soft breeze from a passing eighteen-wheeler to reassure me that there's no such thing as a 'religious experience'. Maybe the truck was a 'sign'.

It is so difficult to be real. Life's little games demand players and all the players demand to win. How can we afford to be real with others when we have not mastered the art of being real with ourselves? The game will continue in any event because there will always be a surplus of players eager to compete. Strangers become friends and friends become enemies and strangers. The game has no losers because it never ends and it never begins. It is.

The manuscript's pages are mostly vacant, except for notations, and that is as it should be, for the space is needed for grocery lists and other life functions. The pages are yours. Make them a universe.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.....BUT HAPPY

NODE TO PADDY'S

by Tom Hilyer

I was drinkin' beer 'n' wine 'n' whiskey,
It all tasted just like piss,
When my friend handed me the Paddy's
Sayin', "Take a swig o' this!"
Well, all other brands o' drinkin' stuff
Is just a bunch o' shits!
I'd rather drink a fifth o' Paddy's
Than date a broad with big tits.
And when I've finished drinkin' Paddy's
I rub it on my dick
'Cause my wild Irish sweetheart
Says it makes it nice & slick
O, Paddy's! Paddy's! Paddy's!
I'd fuck a fish for one!
O, Paddy's! Paddy's! Paddy's!
(Then, I'd fuck one just for fun!)
Oh you may think this raunchy,
But it could have been much worse!
For I could have really drunk that crap
Before I wrote this verse.

APOCALYPSE

by Peggy Tully

You can leave me now
It's no problem at all
Cuz I'll see you soon again
Some time soon
I can live with their threats
I'm not frightened by truth
There really is a dark side of the moon.
And I'm hoping to see you there soon.
We'll survive for as long
As survivin' has worth
For as long as it
Keeps us together
And although we're on the ground
'Cause our wings have been crushed
We can still cling as birds of a feather.
What comes down, we'll be able to weather.
So if during the war
We get lost, separated
We'll meet again
On that dark side
But for us there'll be light
When the battles wear down
'Cause while we sought the truth,
they all lied.
And as we live, they all will have died.

THEOPHRASTUS BOMBASTUS VON HOHENHEIM

by Gary R. Ward

Theo was born of Swiss descent,
Humble and proud, ne'er opulent,
Yet once received recognition
For spreading smiles, his fond ambition
Now Theo tinkered at alchemy,
Eternal life's resplendency,
Precious metals he adored
But couldn't get his just reward
So pondering a change of pace,
Theo exclaimed, "Ah, the human race!"
To spread a merry smile 'round
Happy peasants pleasureground
But how to spread delirium?
"I must discover laudanum!"
"Then with the tincture I'll declare...
Opiumania everywhere!"
Feed the peasants what they need
To fill their minds w/ bliss: Be freed!
From all the woes of drudgery,
A numbing mind will shelter thee
Yes, Theo changed these human beings
To merry Paracelsians,
Whose creed shall dominate the earth
Inner peace, through opio-mirth!

CALIFORNIA, MY ASS

by Tom Hilyer

The coast is too mellow, too goddamn nice,
Give me New York, land of fire and ice.
Just gimme a slice of that Big Apple pie,
If I don't live through it then I'll surely die.
The big fuckin' nigger, the knife-wielding spic,
The fist fucker in Chelsea, the 8th Avenue trick,
Or the Central Park bag lady, shrivelled and old,
It takes true alchemy to turn shit into gold.
So make ye no difference, let the fantasy night
Inform ye, transform ye, and set ye aright
It's the song of the true life, free beyond reason.
Of loving and hatred—each in its season.
Multiplicity city! For each various sound,
In its infinite chord—a true companion found?
You can be what you are, fuck it, be what you ain't
From a Jesus freak junkie, to a Bowery saint.
If you need it, you can seed it. From uptown
debotant,
To massage parlor hooker, you can get what you
want.
Sure, say it's disgusting and shitty and weird.
Say it's unaesthetic and shittily smeared.
But it's an advantage and I'll tell you why—
If your feet ain't in shit, your head can't reach
the sky.

TEEN PAIN POEM #964,538.140

I manure the law
of life
with my angst
my life is only a page
yellowed with rage
replete with corpses
and guts
and the empty burning
sheets
Socrates sits
on his pen
and calls for the bartender
of controversy
- Trickie Mickey

"The Solid Gold Dancers are just
iron pyrite." Dana Snow

CARING

by Ronald B. Flowers

When you care for someone, it adds special meaning to life.
It seems that everything that they do comes out right.
To feel close to someone puts new life into the soul.
And this holds true whether you're young or whether you're old.
When a friend becomes more than a friend,
Regardless of the outcome, you still win.
When you feel extreme happiness to be with someone,
Your sense of warmth and compassion weigh a ton.
To treasure a beautiful friend is an understatement.
When their total essence is a gift.
When being humorous seems like nothing more than wit,
Only a true admirer can appreciate it as a great asset.
When one feels a bit uneasy and down,
It makes it much better when a certain special someone is
always around.
To be young, beautiful, and do things their own way,
Makes one care for that special someone more than one could
ever say.

ice tea without mercy

In a rented park pavilion the mercenaries gather,
their aging foreheads glisten like a new refrigerator.
Each year these gray haired warriors meet around the picnic table,
and honor their buddies who suffered defeat the the 'struggle for
survival'.

Chilled macaroni salad grows warm beneath the sun,
the cigarettes they finger have replaced the smoking gun.
Their taste for high adventure, intrigue, bombs, and plunder
now feeds itself on cole slaw and hot dogs without mustard.
Talk comes in floods of memories, a sea of shining bayonets;
ambush in the tropics, coups that toppled governments.
But then someone will mention a comrade who is gone,
the list of those who've passed away has gotten strangely long.
The first to go was Scotty, a giant of a man,
stepped out to get some shoelaces; got run over by a cab.
The Nick the crazy Greek, who used a knife with such precision,
stuck a drunken screwdriver in the back of a plugged in television.
Ted Flanker's not around to joke with anymore,
that swine flu shot he went and got brought the reaper to his door.
The way that Gill was taken, a tragic, bitter trick,
to have a massive coronary on his nephew's pogo stick.
Old Black Al, the voodoo king, with all his shrunken heads
couldn't sleep one night, so he took some pills and next thing
he was dead.

Wasn't Weston in a hurry to last year's bowl parade
when he lost a hand and too much blood in a jammed up mower blade?
And when Franklin used a wire to fly his homemade kite
all went fine till an alectric line really put out his light.
The humility of ways to leave this world is endless,
proud gladiators blush to think that killing was their business.
At one time it was fortune that these soldiers sought,
and now it's hard enough to find some thread to darn their socks.
These reunions bear a witness how the years just pass on by;
when they were young nobody told them 'war is only peace
(moral/question) intensified'.
Is it better to fight and to fall in battle
or to choke on a pretzel in some bar in Seattle?

- Ed Lawrence 5/82

SONGS* POETRY:

SWAMI

tune: Swanee

by Tuli Kupferberg

Swami how I love you how I love you
Swami Everykinanda.
I'd give my maya to be
'Mong devotees in
N-E-P-A-
I bet that my Guru's
Waitin for me
Prayin for me
Down by the Ganges.
Them freaks out West will
Glim me no more
When I get to that Irrawaddy shore.

Swami how I love you how I love you
Swami Everykinanda.
(to the tune of "Mammy"):
I'd walk a million footras
For one of your sutras
My Swaaaami.

YOU WATCH

t.v. like a
foreigner, a spy
learning the baseball scores.
How should I act, you
ask I leave the room.
- Walt Lockley

SANDIE

stands in proximity
to er bright future.
Now she is behind it,
or within it,
Now it is on the wing,
Now she is drowning.
- Walt Lockley

SEEKING ENLIGHTENMENT

by Deborah Golden

Cherry face under the verandah
Spoke of Sufi, slurring words
Between beers.
Moist nights have got to rain
Somehow.
Cherry face with the leaking head
Poured hops into glasses
Already filled.
"I'm not ready yet," he said.

George: Cartoon Actor

the whole of him

by Eleanor Hardin

George, our man, is seated on a barstool by himself. He thinks, "Did I hear somebody say 'Marvy'? Archaic. I'd say, 'Neato', rather."

He hears altogether too much of this sort of backwardness here. He is where he's at. The big hit man's eatery, the shiek's pad, the chapel of a fatal wedding ceremony... Here time wads itself up into a fist and expects you to life up to it.

Sssh! George's doing his thing. It's commercial time. "Gat trays? Lay 'em on the line, every single one. That's how a real he-man'd wanna end the day, see, with a perfection of a meal, right her, at Sal's Gucci Pooch. Truck drivers? In loads. And all of 'em dart playin' pinballed guys, real nice, with big stomachs and hem, ahem, hemorrhoids. You can try a cream or two while you're here. We got private stalls for eating, or whatever gives up the ghost of gets your goat. We've sacrificed every dawn to the preparation of your pleasure, so you lay down your weapon (the one of your choice), take up fork and knife, and give us all you got. All the good times here are up for grabs. Decide, and make it a good one. You may be here for ever."

The kitchen lay down its knives. Went fishing under stones. Can you read me under this? It seems quaint, this place of broken cookie sales, but we're never pagan, not ever. We will give it all you got. Here's paper and pen, choose your weapon. Ready? Now, GO!

He collected bubble-gum cards, such pretty pictures and real three-D. Collects old stories, crazy relatives, and tinfoil. Pardon, but here's the perfect foil. Can't see straight enough to flop over in a perfect somersault of needle and pinned nerves. His reading name's George. His alias nowadays, Frank's and his beans. Fermenting right away, six feet under the linoleum in your kitchen. Used to drive a tractor. Your lifeline runs that deep too.

Title Patch: The Underling's Underthings (one catch is there's nothing under these things)
Title, Patched: George, Cartoon Actor, the whole of him.
Sponging his brown, the soup George's in's too hot to handle. Got to think about that one, he says above the caption. And the terrine's all yours. He's got this lost lollypop smile-that'll tell you where to start the conversation. Don't accept his invite, stay cool and calm and keep his hands away from the plot. Going to be worked out soon enough. If he can't handle it, may we?

He's one of those broken, shrub-like thangs, doddering and slobbering all over your favorite old only granny. But she's loving it. So, which hand, which hand? The idol of this story's not with it. He's definitely not with it, got a tremendous safety catch.

If you think nothing's oging to happen, just look to your left. If you can't see something coming you're going to be flattened by a late train.

Today George was late lunching with the king of beers, sniffing old fashioned air and whining at the waitress. Even if you'd be so kind as to gag at this buster, he'd do you in with a flash and flamboyance reminding one of Tony's Houdini. His paper palate is a mess of mascara and cheap grease-paint. Well, we all remember which hand which hand, and the old coconut shell routine. The exception, rearing its ugly head, is when there's nothing underneath, not a pea. About as soft as a lamb's two shakes, and just about as quiet as a death-bed recording.

Dime store indian, George, he takes all the wooden nickels when the chips are down.

He'll never occur until you turn his masked face to the wall, have that backwards look about yourself, and do it nice.

Figure that into the equation I know you are constructing. Think its reasons out, and then fenestrate all.

You call this fellow "fellow", this George with his Franks a bad seed? If so, the wedding's goin' to be tough. Try Crapdustin! 'im, and you'll find his cup runneth over. You see, I read him in to you. Get me? But, if you don't like him I can get a whole new line on the story.

He's going to be a generative figure, written with gerunds, a real doer, a philanthropist with a private plane and a fancy name. He'll come with loads of accessories, and a swingin' pad that can fold in when he wants to head out of town and fast.

Now, I don't like him. This is like working with complicated plumbing.

So, if so, we'll throw the pipes out the window, follow the long lines each tray has been placed on by a careful maintenance man back to the kitchen, where it all goes back into production.

We have a little time to take a breather, and look around us. And I'll show you the works.

Under your feet lie the faked killings, comedy spoofs, and news-flashes that've made this nation roar. But is this your setting?

Now that this guy's paved the way to ruin, are you gonna follow? Yer damn right. This is the picture now:

Parade of buildings blow sky-high in sequence. It's a specialty of the house. There's this boy's choir singin' high sweet heaven all through the picture. Soundtrack's so classy, you want to take it out on the town. Amit the harmonizing of these fifty-odd little angels we can hear missiles, lasers, and even good ol' fashioned dynamite as George and those neato True Blue Boys (a persuasive bunch of good ol' boys) attack a highschool prom, in the old tradition. Wellll, it just makes you look back as you leave with pleasure and pride.

Again, here's my main man, George, with a habana, and all in living postcard colour. Tah Dah! Put him in the right setting and he'll give it all he's got, like a good lill' man.

Now he's become the law. The law of the Jungle in Glenn Ford's slippery slippers. And he felt good about where we put him. He got alien aliases, a lass that smokes turkeycigs, and a gumball giant what chews through his bouncer's rounds.

They all take a trip downtown together. Teddy's driving. The streets gape at the sparkling two-toned threesome, and there is a great fugue of action in the air. A twirling girl in white smiles at the shiny chrome.

George and Sue (that's Cigarette Sue, she's a lady) attend the theatre while Gummy Bear filches kiddies' sweets on the street corner outside, just passin' time.

Neon signs spin as the limo whirls these three into the night-life. George has the good life.

Ain't it the truth. George's friends don't know life from death. Well, he made it, made himself an actor, and he don't need nobody else's lines to see where he's at.

He can go play house for all I care.

Alan Parker woke up one morning and walked into the bathroom to shave. This was quite a feat for Alan since he had been paralyzed for the past two years from an accident involving a camel and a Moslem transvestite.

"I can walk! I can move on my own!" yelled Alan happily. "Oh, shut up, Alan. You'll wake up our Siberian tiger. He needs his sleep." That was his wife, Marlena, who, when he first met her, was the epitome of beauty. Now she was fatter than Elsie the Cow and uglier than Ethel Merman in heat. It seems that happens once a woman marries.

"But, shitcakes, I'm walking!"

"That's nice."

"That's nice?" "That's NICE"?? Is that ALL YOU CAN SAY? A miracle has just happened, and all you can say is 'that's nice'?"

"That's nothing. Richard Burton and Liz Taylor may be getting back together—now that's a miracle!"

"But, aren't you happy for me? Aren't you excited?"

"Sure I am. Now you can go back to work."

"What?! I can't believe you! I'm walking and you act like it's nothing unusual."

"But it is nothing unusual. Billions of people can walk too, you know. You act as if you're the only one. And be quiet, not to wake up the tiger. He's not in the best of humor these days."

"You love that tiger more than you love me. Plus, we keep getting in trouble with the landlord. He says it's eating too many of the other tenants. I'm getting rid of it right now!"

"Alan—shhh—he might hear you! Besides, don't be silly—it's not the tiger I love more than you, it's the milkman."

"Harry the milkman? But he's 90 years old!"

"The older the better—more experience."

"This isn't real! That's it—no more tiger and no more milkman. I'm calling the zoo right now."

"But I don't think they let people be displayed in zoos."

"Not Harry—the TIGER! That animal is more trouble than it's worth."

"Shhh...."

"DON'T 'SHH' ME. IT'S LEAVING TODAY—OUT WITH IT!!"

Just then the tiger woke up overhearing Alan and bit off his two legs.

— Wendy Depford

TV JIVE

by Kiel Stuart

DATELINE: HOLLYWOOD 1984: INSIDE SOURCES OF ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY RELEASE PREVIEWS OF NEW SEASON:

Mork and Mindy: With Mindy's Dad, Mr. Bickley, and Grandma taken away by the Thought Police, Mork considers turning Mindy in when Big Brother makes a Hate Week stopover in Boulder. Big Brother: Himself.

The Duke and Dudley: In 1968, Dudley fell head-first from his seventh-story apartment. Stuck forever after in "60s Mode", he gets word that a long-lost British relative, the Duke of Chestnut, is in Los Angeles to see him. Dudley stows away on the Duke's return voyage, thinking of Carnaby Street, Mods, and Rockers. The series follows Dudley's antics as he struggles to achieve rock stardom in a world that has long since passed him by, and the Duke's hilarious efforts to get him into The Youth League. Dudley: Micky Dolenz. The Duke: Sir John Gielgud.

George 'n' Th' General: Naughty Georgie keeps the beleaguered General on his toes by writing Fobidden books and refusing to learn newspeak. George: Eric Blair. The General: Tom Snyder.

Donny and Marie: The winsome pair is spirited to a cave on the secret estate of the Underground Tribunal, where Eraserhead, Jerry Brown, Dr. Tim Leary and many other jokers teach them to say, "Ignorance is Strength."

Larry and Leg: Poor Larry! He shouldn't have crossed the Party! Now he's minus one leg, and awfully depressed—until he discovers that his artificial limb is the second time around the Karma wheel for a former standup comic. Many merry mishaps ensue. Larry: McLean Stevenson. Leg: Henny Youngmen.

Bluto and Big Brother: Bluto, a fraternity man, has one too many the night of the toga party and winds up in a remote sector of Oceania, where beer cans taunt him and Big Brother dares him to find a way out. Bluto: Richard Dreyfuss. Big Brother: Himself.

Next month—Face dances with "fore that
Trauth All Understanding" via K. Goertzel!

If a tree
Falwells
in the
forest,
do they
send
folks
out to
censor
it?

"New Company—Pacific
Grass & Eclectic"—
Dana Snow

THE LULLED BY AN ERA OF COMPLACENCY, NOW THEY FACED

THE RETURN OF ROGER

LAST HOPE OF THE POLITICAL DINOSAURS



NOW SHOWING AT A REALITY NEAR YOU!

AN OMNICORP PRODUCTION

RODO 82

