

THIS NOTE IS LEGAL TENDER  
FOR ALL DEBTS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY & CREATIVITY

Issue #14

ONE DOLLAR

SEPTEMBER, 1982

## Costume Jewelry

Used to be you were either a Jew, or somebody sat shiva for you. No such thing as orthodox, conservative, reformed, reconstructionist, obstructionist...A Jew was a Jew. You were, or you weren't. Either way, auf tsuris...

Hildy's family belongs to the Great Upper Muddled Class. The GUMC comprises (or should it be "compromises"?) all the mishpacha von der doctors, lawyers, accountants (even today considered the "big 3"), white-collar execs, exec secs (spelled either "sects" or "sex") with highly polished backgrounds and nails, bankers, jewelers, restaurant owners, and so on, all smuggled cozily into suburban polyester straitjackets. In fact, during High Holidays in shul, you could smell the rayon. It was the second most pungent odor, right behind the grandchildren's diapers, the latter being infinitely tolerable because after all the purpose of shul was to show off the grandkinder...The Jewish GUMC community in Folsom Heights, just down the road from neighboring Cobafield (most stable Jewish communities nowadays live in towns ending with "heights" or "field"), is staunchly, strictly conservative/reformed. And they turn out in droves on Rosh Hashanah, Hildy recalls--bubbys with blue and grey sheitels, zaydes who rocked back and forth like punching clowns when davening, mammelachs with desperate looks trying to make shittachs between their darling JAPettes who spent most of the service in the bathroom in groups of 3 and one of those nice boys from out of town on the other side of the fake mechitza who just came back east because his parents wouldn't stop noddging him until he did, and who's perfectly content shtupping some shiksa from LA anyway...

This is not Hildy's idea of a good time. Hildy is at a period in her life her parents like to think of as a "phase". She prefers to call it "new-found sensibility." First off, she can't understand the concept of paying for prayer. Oh, the shul had to be supported, she understood that, but couldn't they do it any other way than by selling tickets to petition to G-d? And furthermore, even if the shul was the traditional meeting place for minyans and all, number one she was female so that didn't count anyway (Hildy smilingly recalls age 7 in Hebrew school whining because they wouldn't teach her the prayers for the tallis and tefillin or how to sing the tune for the Haftarah) and number two she considered matters between her and G-d about as private as sex (G-d forbid, said mother) or going to the bathroom ("feh! not table talk"). And thirdly, an argument she wisely keeps from mom's "you-should-wither-away-don't-bring-on-the-evil-eye" ears, she wasn't even sure she preferred the modern Jewish version of G-d.

She considered herself faithful enough in the concept of a deity that she felt safer believing that Something-Or-Other existed as Ersatz Creator; she was also serious enough about it that she didn't go for the easy way out of calling it a Cosmic Muffin. Over the years, Hildy's given it a lot of thought. And decided that while she may never find the answer, the only reasonable facsimile thereof involves some belief system which affords her the most lasting temporary satisfaction and security. Right now, going to shul (as fun as racing to read the words in Hebrew, looking up the obscener parts of the Pentateuch, and humming the minor melodies, could be) didn't fit in with that scenario. For now. Who knows, next year may be different. Part of the vitality of religion was the ability to change one's mind. At least in Conservative Judaism.

After her mother leaves sulking and her father cursing, Hildy looks "upward" and says, "Say, G-d, whomever? Forgive? Book of Life, ok?" It couldn't wait. "Oh, and G-d? You understand, right? Yeah, I knew it. See you in the funny papers."

*ew*

*glossary provided upon request, if you insist...*

# EVENTS

## WEEBING

Belated birthday greetings to ACE BACKWORDS who lists his day as "September 12, 1984"

OCTOBER 1-31 - Noted author/artist KIEL

STUART has her second one-woman NY show (unpaid political announcement)

OCTOBER 2 - GROUCHO MARX, b. 1895

OCTOBER 2 - DAVID S. MORGAN (22)

OCTOBER 9 - my senile puppy TEENEE (16)

OCTOBER 9 - INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY

OCTOBER 10 - LAST DAY for submissions to INSIDE JOKE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE (Oct. 82)

OCTOBER 13 - LENNY BRUCE

OCTOBER 13 - CHRIS ESTEY (17)

OCTOBER 13 - CLARK DISSMEYER (19)

OCTOBER 16 - OSCAR WILDE, b. 1854

OCTOBER 18 - brother JAY (20)

OCTOBER 19 - "Uncle" FLOYD VIVINO (31)

OCTOBER 20 - JAMIE ALDER (31)

OCTOBER 25 - RONALD B. FLOWERS (26)

OCTOBER 28 - Feast of St. Jude, Patron of Impossible Causes

OCTOBER 28 - RALPH J. HOBBS (35)

OCTOBER 28 - VALENTINO (30)

OCTOBER 29 - Stock Market Crash, 1929

OCTOBER 31 - HALLOWEEN SMOKE-IN, sponsored by Y.I.P., Washington Square Park, N.Y.

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Before you blow your brains out, send \$1 to The Subgenius Foundation, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214. You might change your mind.

## acknowleditorialetc.

Welcome to ~~the~~ \$ Issue #14. The big news this month, as many of you know, is that I'm now jobless. On August 30, the day before I went to Davenport/Chicago, I was called into the office of the company president (you know, this is the guy who screwed me on Issue #11 by charging me \$150 to print it, and who screwed up #13 by giving me all that overtime so I couldn't type it, and who screws his girlfriend my former boss every chance he gets, not that there's nepotism involved, oh no, just "lack of communication"), and was told that the reason they wished to dismiss me had nothing at all to do with my fine work performance and the fact that I'd busted my ass for the company. Honest, nothing to do with that. It was entirely subjective personality reasons, and what's more, he understood that "none of it was deliberate" on my part. Know what happened? I quote from Robert Anton Wilson's expanded explanation of the SNAFU Principle, done as Hagbard Celine in "Celine's Laws", found in The Illuminati Papers: "Every authoritarian structure can be visualized as a pyramid, with very few at the top and very many at the bottom, as in the flowchart of any corporation or bureaucracy. On each rung, participants bear a burden of nescience in relation to those above them. That is, they must be very, very careful that their natural sensory activities as conscious organisms—the acts of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling, drawing inferences from perception, etc.—be in accord with the wishes of those above them. This is absolutely vital; job security depends on it. It is much less important—a luxury that can easily be discarded—that these perceptions be in accord with actual reality." Basically, I was told to accept as given certain circumstances (nepotism didn't exist; I was the one to blame in any personality conflict because of my volatile and changing personality; I was therefore schizoid; and of course, the biggie that I was told over and over again, "you have complete job security"), which were not actual reality, and when I foolishly tried to believe the truth while working in this false structure, I failed to bear my burden of nescience. So I was canned. Communication, possible only between equals, ceased.

Ah, no, troops, don't mourn. I was looking out of it for quite some time, and at least this way, I'll be getting unemployment for awhile. Money's therefore no immediate problem, as I have a decent amount saved and still live w/ mum & pup (despising every minute, but what's a bum to do), so basic survival's been taken care of. So I'm again making the rounds of agencies, degrading and plasticizing myself all over again just like two years ago, so that sometime in the near future perhaps I'll have a bearable time fiddling about 40 hours a week in exchange for a multi-colored piece of paper that stands for a green piece of paper that stands for very little anyway. I'm rediscovering how to live rather than exist; I've been taking long walks through Washington Square Park, the center for revitalization; I've probably been ingesting too many drugs but that's tapering off; and best of all, remember all those stories and submissions I couldn't accept because I had a backlog to type? Well, the backlog—all the stuff for this and future issues—has all been typed, thanks to easy access to a local school typewriter (and only these three elements to fit it—Olde World, this one; Elite, used in the quote above; and a sparsely used, slightly broken Artisan. Apologies, therefore, if anything's hard to read. I was lucky to get the typer, really).

This, of course, means I'm finally caught up and ready to accept more submissions from y'all (e'en so, please let's keep writings under 2000 words). Most of the backlog is included this month, but I still had to give nice folks like Brian Pearce, Eli Kuferberg and R.J. Preuss a hiatus—their stuff'll be back for October, our ANNIVERSARY ISSUE (two years and they said it wouldn't last), which will also contain Chapters 2 and 3 of Richard Weinstock's Law and Order Handbook, with illus by Rolan (to make up for September's mail mixups, sorry guys); the regular letter column (if folks decide to comment...); results of the questionnaire (with less than 20 responses, I can't really evaluate as yet—pep talk #2 guys); my annual to column (including reviews of such unexpected gems as Family Ties, which can't miss with lines like "A real fascist, but she wore it well"); stories by Gary S. Rosin (whose Amorous Platypus Tonight elsewhere herein is the sequel to his delightful piece which appeared in IJ #10), Julian Ross, Tom Hilyer, Cannon Barclay and John Crawford; plus the unusual assortment of crazies...

Looks like the INSIDE JOKE Defense Fund has gone the way of the self-sharpening razor—whahappened, folks, was it overpriced? Lemme know. I still and always need the donations...thanks for which this month go to Luke McGuff, 'the late' Gerry Reith, Jim Gauscher and Charles T. Smith. Also thanks to Kevin Duane for his help on the quiz, and most sincere appreciation to Sean Haugh and Marc Glasser for letting me write for the amateur press associations they mail as well as Arthur Klavaty's Golden Apa. I think I'll stop at three. There's always the ~~possibility~~ distinct possibility I may someday sell something (but I'm no fool—I'll wait till I'm covered 9-5 so I don't hafta worry about reporting writer's income, no matter how meager, to NY State Unemployment). Until then, I'll keep you posted, and need questionnaires, comments for the record, and submissions by October 10 for the Anniversary Issue, but I appreciate anything else anytime, to

418 East Third Avenue - Roselle, New Jersey 07203  
and on keep me up on the "real world" situation, will yas?...

LIBERTARIANS DO TIME/motion studies in the bathroom. And they do cost/ benefit analyses in the bedroom. Libertines Against Libertarianism.

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\* INSIDE JOKE is put on once a month by Elayne Wechsler—say, anybody got a job to offer? Uh—I didn't think so, uh huh...

\* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler  
\* HEAD XEROGRAPHER.....Tom Hilyer

### STAFF WRITERS

\*(NOTE: IJ staffers like to know what you think of their stuff. If you'd like an address, please ask! All staff addresses will be published next month.)

\* BRIAN CATANZARO CHRIS DOWNEY RONALD B. FLOWERS  
\* CLAY GEERDES GERRY REITH  
\* KERRY THORNTON PAUL ZUCKERMAN

\* BABOON DOOLEY STRIPS BY JOHN CRAWFORD  
\* MASTHEAD BY MACEDONIO GARCIA; BACK PAGE FILLER BY ROLDO

### OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH

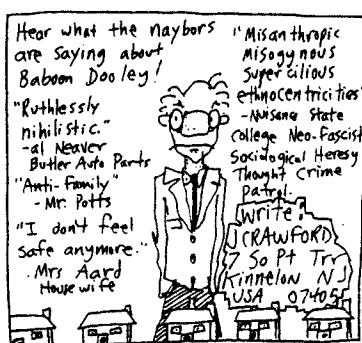
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\* GREG BLAIR PHILIP HUGHES DAVID OSSMAN  
\* BERNADETTE BOSKY OLIVIA JASEN RALPH ROBERTS  
\* PAT DOWNS ANDY KAMM GARY S. ROSIN  
\* MICHAELA DUNCAN JOSEPH KENNELLY JULIAN ROSS  
\* DEBORAH GOLDEN GUNNAR LARSON TOM SANDERS  
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\* VERNON GRANT WALT LOCKLEY PEGGY TULLY  
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\* TWISTED IMAGE; BEATNIKS FROM SPACE and LONE STAR NEWSLETTER

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IT BACK ISSUES - THERE WHEN YOU NEED 'EM, & EVEN IF YOU DON'T! 1-13, \$1.50 EACH



# Fan Noose

Arriving just in time to provide a contact when I hit Chicago, but a little late for last month's plugcolumn, was **ANTI-SOCIAL COMICS**, put out by **Tom Roberts** and friends. No price listed, but you should probably send Tom at least a couple bucks. It's fantastic. Difficult to read through, thought-provoking, bizarre and occasionally funny. Not easy, but worth it. 1340 W. Farwell, Chicago, IL 60626...Most editors (and readers) of "zines" such as this have a "self-amusing personality". This term, coined by **Candi Strecker**, describes one who "instead of accepting the satisfactions that derive from being players in our society, we actively create our own amusement by examining the output of that society". Satirists are SAPs. Many fans are SAPs. Most good comedians are too. Candi's rag, **SIDNEY SUPPEN'S QUARTERLY AND CONFUSED PET MONTHLY**, examines many SAP pet peeves, has a pretty damn good SUBG analysis, and much more. SASE to her at 213 S. Grove #2, Oak Park, IL 60302...Free Kluck Prods., your home for the best in crazy Canadian comic comedy, has brought out their newest **SHAFU (#4)**, which sells for \$2, plus a couple more newsies, **100 UNUSUAL TALKS AND WIERD TALKS** (both first issues). **Roluh** has a special going by which you can get all or most of the above mentioned, plus some extras. Go with it. Free Kluck's always a bargain. Box 2306, Minneapolis, R3C 4A6 CANADA...Also good to hear from **Jamie Alder** and view his latest 75¢ **TALKS TOO TONGUE FOR TV** and first two issues of his compilation comic-zine **INDUSTRIAL VOICES PAPER** (#1 sells for \$2.25 and #2 for \$1.50). Won't spoil it by telling you who-all's involved, but LJ readers should recognize more than a few names. Jamie's at 800 Adams #25, Davis, CA 95616...Only 25¢, hard to believe, gets you **Clayton Park's** latest venture, **AME-SOME (#5)**. FUN! Clayton's stuff should be appearing next issues, with any luck. You can subscribe to his **GALAXY COMICS** for \$1.50 for 6 issues (+ \$1.50 postage). 3700 Densmore Ave. No., Seattle, Wa 98103...**David Morgan** has revived his old hero **JOHNNY DISCO** in the second issue of **SCHIZO COMIX** (thanks for the dedication, David!), & also presents an above-average parody of the **VILLAGE VOICE**. Only a buck to 388A Struyssant Ave., Irvington, NJ 07111...The beat generation didn't die, it just mutated. **BEATNIKS FROM SPACE (V. 3)** costs \$4.50, contains creativity to the brim, including some of Bob Black's best stuff, good poetry, essays, etc. and is available from the **Neither/Nor Press**, Box 8043, Ann Arbor, MI 48107. Tell **Denis McBee** IJ sent you...**Walt Luckley** tells me if I keep plugging friend **Matt Fearrell's ANTI-SOCIAL PAN #2**, it'll come out soon. Worth waiting for—for info write **Walt** at 11841 Villadorado, St. Louis, MO 63141 or **Matt** at 2886 James Ave. S. #202, Minneapolis, MN 55408...Looking for contributions is a new venture out of the deep dark jungles of NYC (another one?). **Carolyn Lee Boyd** is putting together an actual magazine-format **KISS OF DEATH** issue now, due out in a couple of months. For guidelines write her at 306 E. 6th St., #13, New York, NY 10003...**REVAC MAIDEN #6** might be the last issue of this heavy metal zine from **Michaela Duncan** before she changes subjects, so get it while you can. SASE to her at 2305 West 6th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6K 1M1 CANADA...Looks like schlock's being covered coast-to-coast now. In addition to **Jim Morrison's CRASHOCA** (109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105, SASE) there's now **Rick Sullivan's GORE GAZETTE** (subs \$7/year for postage to 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, NJ 07042). Now how do I get these guys together?...Thank you to now-recovered **Andre Barker-Bridget** for her kind plug in the latest **Chatsfic News**. How c'n I get three stars, Andre, huh, huh? SASE or trade to 44 Collegetown Estates, Cleveland, OH 44111...And while the ego's bruised, sob sob, I know I can't have everything, and I've no right to complain, so I won't (ignore all this childish babbling), but instead will say it's good to see more zines mentioned in **Shel Kagan's FORENIGHTLY COLLEGE RADIO REPORT** (write him for more info—Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809). The mag's expanded and gotten better and better—worth checking out...Well, Toto, it looks like things are gettin' jes a bit more complicated, y'know? **THE JOURNAL OF THE KANSAS COLLEGE OF COLLAGES** is free (uh, that is, two 20¢ stamps or trade) fer the askin', and no, I don't understand it either, so see fer yerself. Write to **Joe Schwind**, P.O. Box 8187, SM, KS 66208...Zippy fans rejoice! **Bill Griffith** has just brought out a Kliban-style book called **ZIPPY - NATION OF PINHEADS**, which is available from **AND/OR PRESS** at P.O. Box 2246, Berkeley, CA 94702 and probably from **Bill** as well at P.O. Box 40474, San Francisco, CA 94140. All new strips, just \$4.95! The press release says "Zippy has just been chosen to be the top-featured cartoon strip in **National Lampoon**." Does this mean they're going back to a comedy format?...And for those of you who can't get enough of this plug stuff, **Anne Bernstein's** starting her own plugline, **RKIBARB**, which will have nothin' but (and maybe even sumpin' by me)—now's yer chance to get yourselves some more free ad space, publications! Write to Anne at 158 Grand Ave., Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11570. 'S all for now!

NANCY REAGAN responds to vilification of her husband by petty political provocateurs. The year's hottest best-seller: **The Crepes of Wrath**.

INSTEAD OF PHILOSOPHY VEGETABLES, why not recipes from the **Anarchist Cookbook** (chm)? A Sacco Vanzetti sauce, a Spooner vice Proudhon, Bakunin eggs, half-baked Woodcock.

PHILOSOPHY VEGETABLES: Locke leaks. Berkeley beats. T.H. Green onions. C.P. Snow-peas. Marx mushrooms. Lenin lentils. Pythagoras peas. What a stupid game.

# Funny You Should Mention It...

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

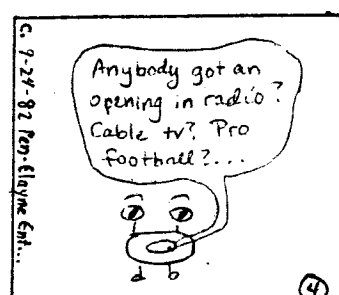
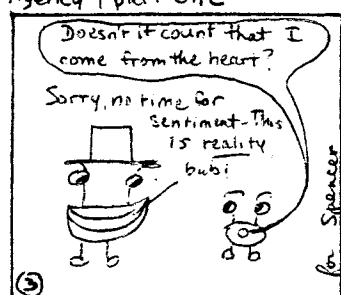
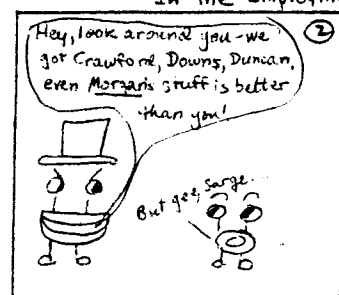
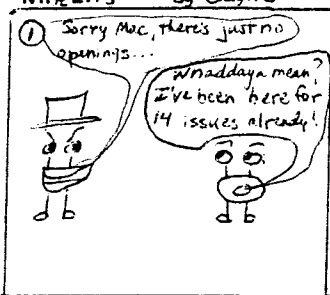
**MEANDWHILE, BACK AT THE SCHOOL**—The New School of Social Research in New York City begins its fall semester on September 29 sans, for the first time most of us can recall, **Leonard Maltin's** animation class. Leonard's been quite successful as resident movie reviewer for **Entertainment Tonight**, and the spokesman for the New School gave "scheduling difficulties" as the reason for the course cancellation. Looks like we have to wait till spring to get our cartoon fixes, folks...I'll still be taking a class at the New School, tho, entitled "The World of Comedy and Humor" ("yeah, she's probably signed up just so she can get more subscribers"), which promises to feature guests from the world of comedy, whatever that means, and which I hope serves as a decent prerequisite to that big jump to the actual stand-up stage for yours truly ("what? who dragged her?"). Reports to follow, naturally. Hm, can I make this a class project? **HARDER-TO-SWALLOW AND NOT EVEN NOURISHING**—With the new tv season only begun, I've a lot to say on what I've seen so far, and unfortunately, no room in which to say it, so "...or not tv" will be presented in its entirety next month. Meantime, a couple hints—**MU** viewers can catch **Dr. Who** on Saturdays at 10 and 10:30am, **MOR-TV**, and if you've cable, **Philly's Ch. 29** (I think) has **Outer Limits** on 10:30-11:30am Sats. **Bullwinkle**, the ones **NBC** didn't grab, is on **WNEW** (Ch. 5) at 8:30am Sats—good luck. **Laugh Trax** (reviewed in IJ #9 as **Rock Comedy**) shows less promise than when I first viewed it, but may get better. Cable folks, the best bet this month, if you've Showtime, besides **Bizarre** and their other good comedy specials, is the Shelly Duvall-produced **Faerie Tale Theatre**. The premiere show, **The Frog Prince**, starred **Robin Williams**, **Teri Garr**, **Charlie Dell** (he's from the kid-via **Jason of Star Command** series, "member?"), and was written and directed by **Pythons's Eric Idle**. Beautiful, stupendous. Next month will feature **Rumpelstiltskin**, with **Hervés Villechaise** and **Duval** herself. Wish folks had been interested when I came up with this idea two years ago. Ah well, then again, I'm not Shelly Duvall...Watch **PBS** too, as they're running **The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy** this season. With **Adam's** third book in the series just out (yes, I had a review, but no room here, again), look for it, it's called **Life, the Universe and Everything** and is just as terrific as the other two, the series should get quite a boost. **COMEDY CONTOUR**—Look in an evening at **The Bottom Line** (your place for cheap entertainment and expensive food) watching the magnificent **Elayne Bosler** (at least she spells it correctly) and the interesting-but-not-so-funny **Chris Rush** (as much as Bosler played to singles and I guess women more than men, Rush didn't seem to get beyond playing exclusively toward a raunchy male audience) and very disappointing **Monteith** and **Rand** (good news: they are unforming as a comedy team for awhile to reform as an acting team), whose improv left much to be desired (humor?), except some brief moments of glory at the end. I understand that **The Penny Arcade** in **Clark, NJ**, a mere 10 minutes away, has comedy nights **Sundays** and **Tuesdays**, and some pretty big names too, so I hope to report on that next issue. **HOW I GOT COINED**—**INSIDE JOKE** now goes out to a lot of folks into a strange subculture known as "fandom". It's quite fun, though a little too "life-in-the-fast-lane" for me to accept all at once, and I got my first major dosage at Chicago this month. They call it either **Worldcon** or **Chicon**, and it's the most prestigious sf con of all, I hear. I loved it, all in all, although the excess of drugs and sex proved a bit beyond me (did undergo my first experience with LSD, however; an interesting trip, to say the absolute least). The **Subgenius Convention**, though, was far more intense, if you can believe that. Took some notes on psychiatric conspiracy buff **Sherman Skolnik's** brainwashing talk, which I'm glad are lost now (that dude really turned the ol' gastric juices), but by far the most fun came from the incredible rant done by **Doug "Ivan Stang" Smith**, **Buck Naked**, **Coke McGuff**, **Bob "East International" Black**, and some impromptu appearances by **Semaj the Elder**, **Mike Gunderlay**, and **Rev. Malfunktion**. Special thanks to these gents, and to **Eric Raymond**, **Cathy Cruekett**, **Arthur Hlavaty**, the **NMSFS** members present, **Cee Ann**, **Sean Raugh**, and everyone else present who made my first venture into fandom one that I wouldn't mind repeating (so watch out)...

## WEIRDOS:

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## WHOZITS by Elayne



# THE DUCK MAN

by Chris Downey

Jeremy switched his books from his right hand to his left and reached for the doorknob of his uncle's shop. The sign overhead said "LICENSED DUCK AND GOOSE DOWN INSPECTOR. BILL WALTERS PROPRIETOR." He opened the door and stepped in. His uncle stood in front of a large fan. Without noticing Jeremy he dropped a bag of feathers in front of the column of air causing a blizzard of down to fill the store. Picking up a pencil he carefully recorded the size and weight of the first pieces to fall to the ground. Depending on the rate at which the feathers fell the overall quality of the shipment could be gauged. This information was then passed on to the furniture company who hired the inspector in the first place. Based on this the company would decide whether or not they wished to buy the down from the manufacturer. Bill often said that "the feather inspector was the link that kept the entire furniture and upholstery industry from utter collapse". But Bill had a tendency to exaggerate a little.

Not wanting to disturb his uncle Jeremy waited until he finished before making his presence known.

"Hi, Uncle Bill," he said, blowing a duck feather off the end of his nose.

"Hello there, Jeremy. What brings you here?" Bill said even though he knew exactly why Jeremy spent his afternoons in his uncle's shop. His father, Bill's brother Elliott, sent his son to keep an eye on Bill so he wouldn't indulge himself in his favorite hobby. On the back table sat an expensive police and fire band radio picking up distress calls from all over the country. When things went slow in the shop Bill would turn it on and listen. The only problem entered when there was a call near Bill's shop. Then Bill would run out like a bat out of Hell and offer his help to the police and firemen on the scene. Although everyone agreed his heart was in the right place, he made a nuisance of himself and was warned on many occasions to keep his distance. He wouldn't dare try any of this with Jeremy around so there was somewhat of a stalemate between Bill, who didn't want to be rude to his nephew, and Jeremy, who had to earn his allowance somehow and his father decided this was it.

The last few weeks had been difficult ones though, because Jeremy found he had exhausted just about all avenues of conversation with his uncle. He knew if he could start him up he'd talk all afternoon. For all his eccentricities Jeremy always thought Bill had a good story to tell.

"So, how was school today?" Bill asked dully.

"Fine," Jeremy answered. "My math teacher Mr. Sinclair's been absent this whole week. I heard he went to Florida to get married."

Bill just grunted in reply.

"How come you never got married, Uncle Bill?"

Bill went about his business as if he didn't hear Jeremy's question. After a few seconds he answered.

"Oh, it's a long story, son. I'm sure you wouldn't want to hear it."

A long story! Jeremy's heart sang.

"Of course I'd like to hear it! Won't you tell me please?"

Bill poorly faked a few reluctant gestures, but he was ready.

"Okay, but I'm warning you, it's not very pretty."

Jeremy didn't reply.

"How old are you, Jeremy?"

"Thirteen."

"Do you like girls?"

Jeremy nodded his head.

"Well, when I was twenty-one in the service in Spain, I liked girls too, but my buddy John 'Salad Bowl' Glick liked them, I think, even more than I did. They called him Salad Bowl because he worked in the kitchen and also because he had a flat round head from playing football. Now, Salad liked one girl in particular. Her name was Mercedes Picasso. She was beautiful, tall and olive-skinned with long black hair falling around her shoulders. She used to sit in the stands during the bullfights with a rose between her teeth cheering on the matadores."

"Ole," said Jeremy.

"That's right," said Bill. "Anyway, Salad loved his 'Mercedista' and he did everything for her. He fixed her house, brought her clothes and food from the base, bought her expensive jewelry. The works. You get the picture?"

Jeremy nodded again.

"Now one day Salad got up the nerve and asked her to marry him. Do you know what she said?"

Jeremy shook his head.

"Mi corazon pertenece de los Matadores'. Know what that means?"

He shook his head again.

"My heart belongs to the Matadores!! What did the Matadores ever do for her? Did they ever fix her roof, bring her good chow from the base, buy her rings and necklaces? No!"

"What did Salad do?" Jeremy asked.

"I'll tell you what he did. He got drunk. Drunker than he'd ever been before. He was smashed from Thursday night until Sunday afternoon."

"What happened Sunday afternoon?"

"Ah, the bullfight. He went to the bullfight. Sure enough, Mercedes was there, throwing roses in the field. Before he knew it it started. There was the Matador in his tight pants, waving a sword around like he was some kind of big shot. This got Salad real angry so he leapt into the arena and body blocked the jerk right out of the park. Now he expected to stand face to face with the charging bull, but he didn't see it anywhere. Since he was

barely sober enough to stand, he didn't hear what the crowd was yelling."

"Oh, no," Jeremy said.

"That's right. It came right up behind him and pow!" Bill smacked his hands together. "Ranclear across his head."

"Was he dead?"

"No. But he was never the same after that. They kept him in the army for a little while longer but he was acting strange wearing all his clothes inside out and walking around in a daze reciting the twelve times table. Lost all interest in girls from then on anyway."

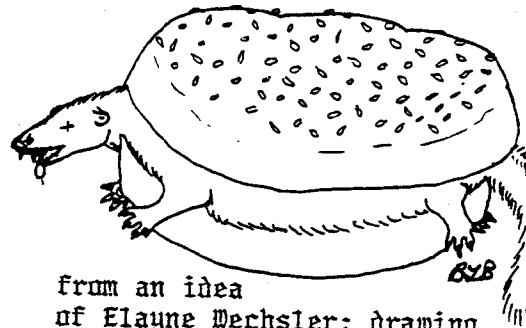
"I don't understand, Uncle Bill. You never got married because you were afraid a bull would run over your head?"

Bill was suddenly annoyed. "No, don't you see, Jeremy, Salad was the smart guy after that. It took a bull to do it but it knocked some sense into him. It's the rest of us men who are crazy. One day soon, you'll see."

Jeremy looked at his watch. It was time to go.

"Okay, Uncle Bill, I'll see you tomorrow," Jeremy said and went out. Jeremy's dad told him his uncle fell off a ladder in the kitchen in the army, but that never explained the odd shaped hoof print on his head. Well, maybe someday he'd understand too.

"McWeasel"



from an idea  
of Elaine Wechsler; drawing  
by Bernadette Bosky

## THAT THEN I SCORN TO CHANGE MY STATE

by Gerry Reith

"I'm forced to do a certain job that ill befits a spy—selling loaded guns to girls who say they want to die. I get my satisfaction, though I get no thanks; they never tell their shame to find the chambers full of blanks." - Farmer Green

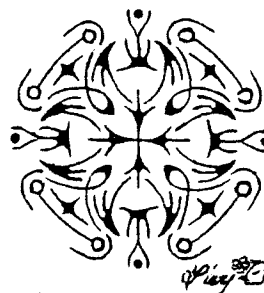
I don't normally get so shook up over little things. Some silly nice woke me up a few days ago, playing around with my whiskers. I laid there for a while pretending to be asleep. They were happy, cheerful, probably just had some cheese. I haven't seen any other cats for a long time, so I've been lonely, and I wanted to play with them. I stretched out and then rolled over, which cats never do, to show them I was willing to let bygones be bygones for awhile. They responded by jumping over my stomach one by one, which was cute.

We playing for ten minutes or so. I batted them around with my claws drawn in, which they loved. Let one ride on my back. But I got too rough, unintentionally, and hurt one. They felt betrayed and ran off, scampering and squeaking. Come back, delicate ones, you're all I have. I'll try to keep from nipping you. But no. They'll never be back.

Such a truce is doomed from the start. They can never trust me, and I can't trust myself. I think I'll go catch a nice crispy lark for dinner tonight, and swallow it in huge gulps.

"Science isn't value free but surgeons aren't sadists. Beauty after all, is in the eyes of the rapist. Bid me use a scalpel and with loving cruel precision, I'll file another X-ray and refuse to make incisions." - Green, et al, in Green vs. Jane

IS YRDAD MARRIED to Yrmama?



WORK  
is a 4 letter word

... and now, the latest from SINK OR SWIM NEWS & "gender division" - In an effort to boost gear popularity and ratings, noted kid-wild funny man Jerry "Three-Tone" Sheekness has begun his latest campaign to convince impressionable youngsters to "shoot Mr. TV-a-cinéma-go on, it won't hurt me, see?", then to go out and buy heavy boots, read them, and hit their parents with them during adult absorption in TV-movies starring Cheryl Ladd or Roddy Fox. Said Sheekness, being led hand-dressed to



# From a Northern California Perspective

by Ronald B. Flowers

(First of two parts.)

Hello readers! I'm glad to be back for another month of perspective. This and next month's two-part column will be dedicated to what I call "THE DECEIVING DEGREE".

"I didn't know the job market would be this difficult for me," said the young man who had recently graduated from college with a degree in Social Science. That is not the exception, but the rule today amongst college graduates. It is a problem that is not only widespread in Northern California and its Southern counterpart, but is also shared by states across the board.

It is a situation which has been much discussed in various articles, the fact that a college education doesn't mean nearly as much today as it did perhaps only five years ago. This adds up to the simple truth that going to college is no longer synonymous with getting a job, at least one you hoped to get, upon graduation. There are, of course, some exceptions to this. It has been established that in certain fields students can literally write their own ticket in the job market upon successful graduation. These areas include engineering, computer science, business and accounting majors. The job boom has never been better in these fields, in spite of the economy. Certainly this is great for people smart enough to major in those areas. However, what about the majority of students, or those that choose or somehow end up majoring in other areas? Let this be a warning that those that do can expect the job market to be difficult, it not impossible, as those that have can already attest to.

And yet these days universities and two-year colleges are experiencing record numbers of students enrolling in every major conceivable, regardless of its limited potential. What it amounts to is that either through coercion, deception, fantasy or ignorance many students these days are deceiving themselves or have been deceived as to the future that awaits them after majoring in certain areas. (ED: See ED NOTE at end) To begin with, most people go to college to better their present lives, or the lives of their parents, or in the case of many, because there are simply few jobs available and college is thought to be the answer to being able to compete for those that are more effectively. These are certainly good enough and in fact necessary reasons to go to school. Where most people go wrong is that they don't review the total situation objectively enough to be able to look ahead and make their choice of major and degree pay off. The result is that many times the students find their years of hard study and exorbitant fees spent literally down the drain. Sure, they could go on to major in something else more lucrative or perhaps take a lesser job than what they had sought. That may be fine, but unfortunately it won't ever recoup the time and money already lost.

I'd say the initial problem with majors starts at the colleges themselves. The specific departments are in competition with each other and other universities and therefore go all out to peddle the benefits of their departments, sometimes even offering scholarships to induce prospective students. In doing this, often students are left in the dark about their future after graduation or in some cases are clearly lied to and told the job market was much more rosier than it really was, leaving the graduating student to find out the truth the hard way, often at the expense of their health and well being. A criminal justice professor I talked to recently readily admitted to me that the jobs just aren't there for criminal justice graduates who want to enter fields outside of

yes, once again it's time to mislead the public in that game the whole country can play, called "Stating Personal Opinion As Fact"! Here's Contestant #1..

police and corrections. However, he added, "Perhaps we do unfairly and unrealistically deceive students into believing otherwise."

Many people reading this article may disagree and point out the jobs they have attained after graduation. However, for everyone who found a job that they wanted after completing their education, there are probably several hundred others who have remained unemployed for perhaps a few years or have had to settle for something much less than they wanted and, in essence, found their degree wasted or useless. It's no exaggeration that many of the people that you see working in so-called "menial jobs" have much more on the ball than their position shows. Then, of course, there are the multitudes of qualified and educated people who are unemployed. An Employment Development Department supervisor recently said, in commenting on such people, "The only difference between them and some unemployed person who dropped out of high school is that educated people are simply a higher class of unemployed." Sad, but true nonetheless. It also adds up to the fact that for whatever reasons, the degree or in some cases degrees that they worked for for the express purpose of getting employment or better employment has failed them and as a result become meaningless. This has not only been depressing for the many people in this situation, but in many cases has meant the breakup of families or relationships, alcoholism, drugs, crime and even suicide.

It is never easy to graduate and realize there is no one beating down your door to hire you or to find that job after job you apply for, enthusiastically and feeling qualified, many times ends with a form letter rejection telling you that you weren't selected for an interview, or perhaps even more often, you get no response at all from the prospective employer. Unfortunately, this is very real for many people with degrees. This tends to play on the mind of the person who for some reason or another expected their degree to pay off. When it doesn't, it causes some soul searching as to where it all went wrong and will their chosen degree ever pay off or will it just prove to be a big mistake. It's a sort of shock syndrome on an initiation to real life after the sheltered and protected life of the student is over. Either way you look at it, this can be very painful to the graduate, their parents, and others associated with them, not to mention the chunk most students' studies take out of someone's pocketbooks, often their own, in the form of loans such as Guaranteed Student Loans that are repayable regardless of whether you ever get a job or not. (ED NOTE: I usually try not to comment on staff writers' submissions—but see, Paul, you aren't the only one picked on!—but some parts of this really got to me, and now because I'm currently unemployed. Ron, it seems to me that a very important viewpoint entirely went past you. Perhaps it's got nothing to do with your main point, but the reason I went to college, call me old-fashioned, was to get an education, not a job. I don't know about "most people", or what's "necessary", but at least with my attitude about education, which I refuse to equate with job potential as I feel that knowledge is far more important to my well-being than money, I will never feel that my choice of major or degree didn't "pay off". If a job, in the sense of 9-to-5 capitalist egoprofit madness, were my main goal, I would've gone to work, not to college. From what I've seen, the business world still operates on the theory of being in the "right place at the right time" or "knowing somebody". In any case, would-be college career-aspirants can look forward to the second-half of Ron's verbose but well-meant column continues in issue #15.)

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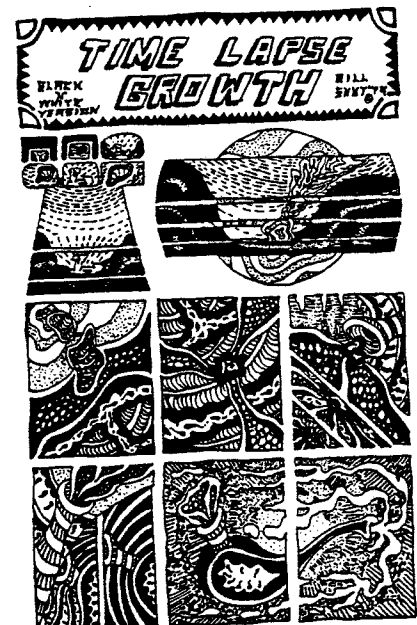
## "LITTLE DID THEY KNOW:"

AN INFORMATIVE SERIES OF THE  
GREAT AND NEAR - GREAT LAID LOW  
BY CIRCUMSTANCE

final page  
sending in the garbage for this section?  
MAYBE THE STAFF MAKES IT ALL UP TO FILL OUT THE  
WOULD WEIRDOS ACTUALLY WASTE POSTAGE



\*37: PHILANTHROPIST  
NIGEL FEATHERSTONE  
CONFRONTS HIS MISTRESS  
ABOUT HER EXCESSIVE  
SPENDING HABITS.



# Notes from a Nut

by Paul Zuckerman

PEPSI/PEPPER DANCERS RUMBLE ON N.Y. STREETS

Dateline: New York. Dead and mutilated bodies littered the streets yesterday when the singers and dancers from rival soft drink companies were involved in a knife-wielding bloodbath to determine who had the best soda pop.

The trouble began earlier in the week when the dancers for Pepsi and Dr. Pepper were practically bumping into each other while rehearsing new TV commercials for their respective cola employers. It was later discovered that a clerical error in booking was responsible for both groups being granted permission to use the same area of the park during the same week.

At first there was no discernible animosity between the competitive adversaries. Then, name calling and obscene hand gestures began marring rehearsal periods. Later, childish pranks began surfacing—Pepsi cans spiked with LSD, Dr. Pepper bottles filled with ground glass.

The practical joking escalated to a climactic confrontation one hot, muggy Saturday afternoon. Both ensembles were finishing another exhausting day of workouts and were passing each other on the street. "Pepsi gives you gas!" yelled a voice from the Pepper gang.

"Dr. Pepper tastes like poison!" was the unfriendly response.

At that moment, all traffic stopped, street peddlers stopped hawking their grubby merchandise, blacks actually stopped playing their loud radios and Puerto Ricans even stopped using Food Stamps. Everyone stood still, waiting to see what happened next.

Maybe it was the oppressive heat, or maybe it was the fact that, from a nearby apartment building, someone had just started playing Side 2 of the original soundtrack from "West Side Story". In any event, both sides charged each other, shrieking and howling as if they were the Arab members of OPEC after hearing that an Israeli alchemist had just turned sand into oil. The surrounding crowd began jumping up and down, whooping and hollering as they snapped pictures, placed bets and cheered on the representatives of their favorite beverages.

Some killjoy had to spoil everyone's fun by calling the police. The cops made over two dozen arrests as they confiscated an assortment of chains, tire irons, brass knuckles, switchblades and zip guns, slipping on the blood-soaked streets and mangled bodies as they did so.

Initial reports of the carnage only hint at the brutality of the attacks. One man was screaming in agony because the letters PEP had been carved a half-inch deep into his chest with a rusty pop-top lid—whether his assailants were trying to spell PEPSI or PEPPER is not known at this time. Several unlucky other males were disemboweled and castrated. But the women assaulted each other too. In fact, nearly all the women participants were rushed from the emergency room to the operating room or a nearby hospital when a paramedic noticed what appeared to be GLSS protruding from their female organs. Unconfirmed reports later identified the objects as Coca-Cola bottles in the non-returnable 10 oz. size.

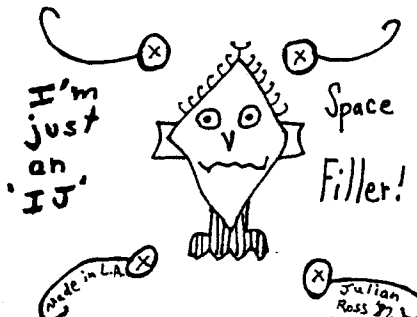
Eye-witness accounts corroborated the viciousness of the slaughter. "Haven't seen such ferocious hand-to-hand combat since Ivo Jims," marvelled a WWII veteran, picking up Pepsi bottle caps to see if he might be a \$500 winner.

"There was brown soda and red blood everywhere," chimed in a bag lady, stuffing her shopping bag with gold teeth and diamond earrings, with portions of lips and ears still attached.

"I haven't seen such stabbing, slashing and cutting since the Manson murders! Or since Charlton Heston ripped into me over the El Salvador issue," said noted TV personality Ed Asner, passing through on his way to picket CBS Studios for cancelling "The Lou Grant Show".

Parents of the slain and chopped-up warblers and hoofers have filed million dollar lawsuits against both cola companies, swearing never to drink another brand again.

Residents of the neighborhood are already gathering petitions in the fervent hope that singers and dancers hired by other soda manufacturers to perform in TV commercials, such as for Seven-Up and Mountain Dew or Mellow Yellow and Coca-Cola, might be erroneously scheduled together next.



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## ON PIPE DREAMERS

by Clay Geerdes

If you asked me to name Eugene O'Neill's most timeless play, I'd have to say THE ICEMAN COMETH. Why, because it is about pipe dreams and what happens when someone tries to get the daydreamers to do something real with their lives. I'm always meeting the pipe dreamers in my journalistic wanderings. They talk a thousand projects, but never get anything done. When the time comes to do something; well, they have a thousand excuses why you 'can't actually do that, at least not today. Perhaps tomorrow...' But they're not going to do it then either.

The bullshitters of the world never do anything but talk about life. They're always going to do great things in the future. You look at them and they're usually sitting on a barstool. Oh, they don't have to be hard-core alkie; they just find a captive audience in a bar. I know so many of them. Tomorrow, they're going to make a killing at the races. They have a tip on this horse that can't lose and they have a hundred on his nose. Damon Runyon wrote about them and so did Ring Lardner.

And some of them are fascinating rappers. They talk a great game. It's fun to listen to and laugh at them, but beware of acting on anything they say. There's the rub. Not everyone understands that they are only daydreaming out loud; some folks think they are for real.

Ever know a woman who married one of these jokers?

I know one guy who always has an idea for a new business. A new scam. He's sure this one would make a mint. No one has ever done it before. But he won't tell you about it right now, because you might let the cat out of the bag. You might gossip in the wrong place and some sharpie might rip off the idea. Well, you know this guy isn't going to start a business. He doesn't know the first thing about going through the process and he hasn't got a nickle in his jeans. Listening to him is like sitting through a W.C. Fields re-run on the tube. He'll give you all evening if you've got the patience and the next time you see him he'll have another new business scam in mind.

You find the dreamers in entertainment most often. They always have a new script in mind, but not on the paper. They know what would make a hit Movie-of-the-Week or a hit mini-series or a great Sitcom; but they lack the ability to write. Now if you would be willing to collaborate (translated: do all the work and share the money) with them, why both of you could get rich in short order. Why, man, all you have to do is write down my ideas and we'll get this script to a producer and we'll be on easy street. Yeah. Par-don me, while I get out my violin.

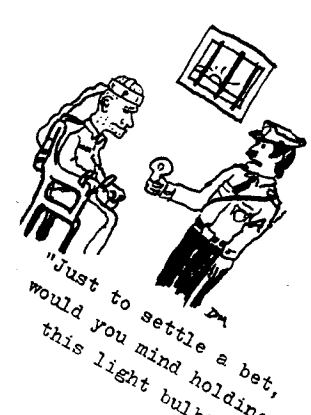
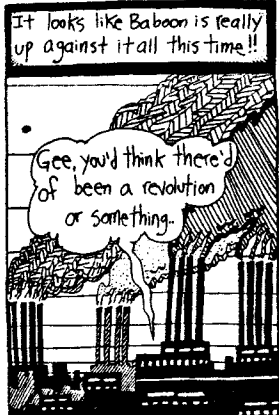
When Hickey came along and forced the barflies to do something real, to go out into the real world, you never saw such a miserable and unhappy lot. And it was no time at all before they were back in their seats, philosophizing over their warm beer.

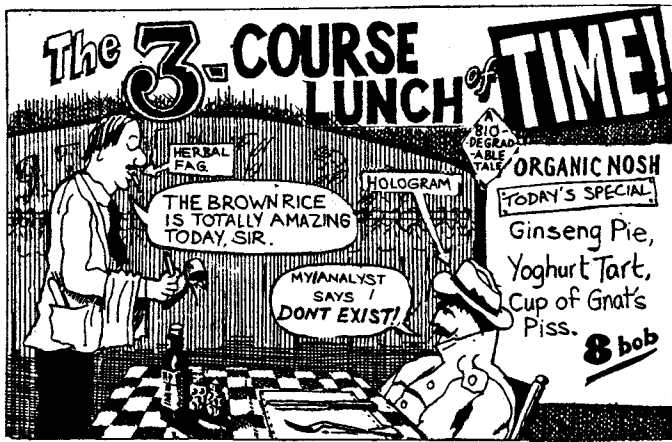
It's almost a rule of thumb that if you hear someone talking too much about what he or she is gonna do, nothing much is going to get done.

- CLAY GEERDES, May 17, 1982

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(The Monkees Convention held this past August was highlighted by the appearance of a former member of the group, Peter Turk. Peter had a question and answer session before autograph signing, and was his usual cynical, almost-sarcastic self during most of it—repeating some of the questions to make them sound absurd, smiling sardonically as if he was just a binge borer, and all in all being the same Peter that viewers of Uncle Floyd and David Letterman have come to expect. Except when asked the question, which answer I've reprinted below, sans "ums", about his feelings in general over John Lennon. Earlier in the question-and-answer, Peter was asked if there were anyone famous before whom he got tongue-tied, and he responded Lennon. The question this time was what was he doing when he heard of Lennon's death, and what was his reaction. The answer, as you may be able to surmise, was astounding.)

PT: I was watching the football game. A lot of people were watching the, it was a playoff game, wasn't it? Pre- or semi-finals or finals or playoffs... And there's Howard Cosell talking and he says it's only a game, you know, and he says former Beatle John Lennon... And, uh, and I wept. (Pause) It took me about a day and a half to get—for it to hit me. But, uh, it was... I don't know what to say, you know, it's... I've never given a funeral oration before. But, (pause) Somebody once said he was killed because he offered hope, which McCartney didn't do. McCartney would write songs and sing songs and so does George and Ringo was to become an actor and a character, but John had a lot of ideas and he had a lot of hope and, uh, he struggled with his own life... it takes a special kind of guy to avoid the—See, when you get famous in your life it's awful easy to buy this, the company of people who will not tell you what you don't want to hear, and I think this happened to Elvis. He did not want to hear, you know, that "you can't live this way", that "you're dying", that "we love you too much to let this happen to you". He arranged for himself to be surrounded by people who would tell him exactly what he wanted to hear and no more. And when that happens, what happens is that you start to feed your own mind that that's not the way the human was built to live; we're built to feed each other's minds, built to communicate. And if you withdraw, if you surround yourself by a wall, you don't communicate any longer and then you get inbred, it's like an in-grown toenail that gets worse and worse. At the end, Elvis was taking 6-some drugs a day because—and this is a way for him not to have to come to grips with the problems of living. I've noticed in my life that there are two kinds of pain in this life—one is the pain of growing up, and the other is the pain of refusing to grow up. And the pain of growing up changes and there's wonderful rewards attached and you get some really high times attached to that, without drugs. And the pain of refusing to grow up is the same pain over and over and over again and never changes and there's no reward. But—it seems sometimes easier to live without living, you know, you don't—Life is tough, it's a hassle to live, you know? Life is a pain, sometimes. And Lennon embraced the pain of his living. He struggled with issues like feminism and struggled with his own sexism and struggled with his own political understanding and strove to learn his own humanity. And he worked like hell, and he worked hard, and gave it all he had (pause)... so that's what made him special. You know, when Elvis died, well, Elvis died, you know? It's too bad, it's the death of a legend. But when Lennon died—a warrior went down.

(Long pause. Applause.)  
I particularly want to thank you for helping me to get in touch with that in myself. Uh, I hadn't thought about that, and I, it's a big deal to me to have a chance to say some of that... and, uh (pause) to, I think it's, it helps us to deal with... you know. I mean it's... Show biz is, is very important in life and... people, that's why... it continues in entertainment, it's critical to... the point is, uh, living... and it's a help to me to, uh, get in touch with my life, anybody who isn't struggling with their sexism, who isn't waging the war of life, is running from life. There's no middle position on this issue; you can either face life and embrace it with all the struggle involved or you can drop from the living, and I promote the living side because it's better to die a warrior than to live in a hole for 150 years. There's so much joy in... My struggle for my life has been rewarding beyond all measures, and I have you all to thank for that. I'd like to, it's, uh, I might have chosen to end on a note of hilarity, but it's a good solid note, and so we'll call it at this point, and I think the next issue on the agenda is I'm gonna go sit at a table and sign as many autographs as my little hand will hold... (Applause)  
(Special thanks to Mary Jessup for transcribing this interview.)

READ-LOUD

This is Joe Flaherty, who did a couple wonderful moments up dedicated to against Uncle Willie at this year's Envy Awards - congrats to SCW, which won for "best writing for a comedy/variety" or something like it - M4 episode!

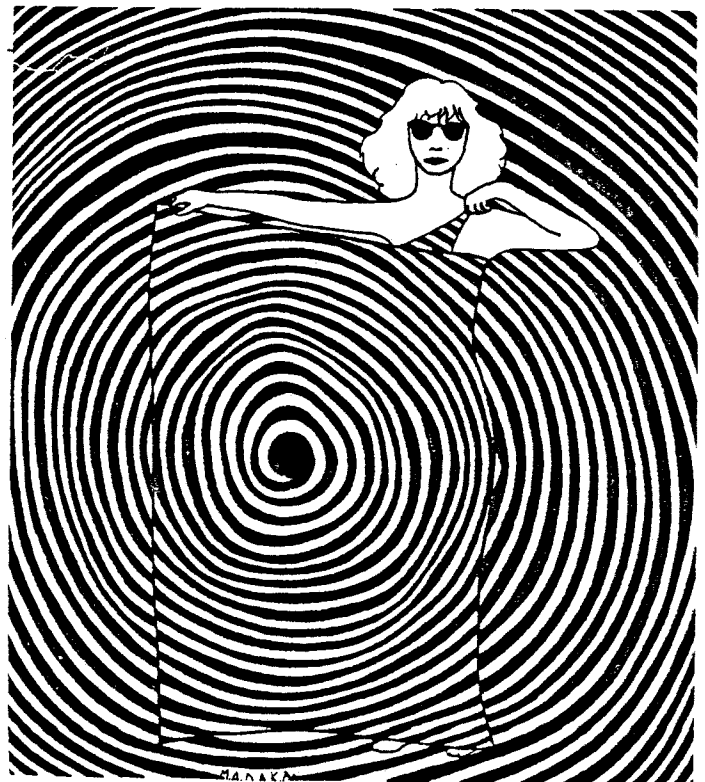
# LENNON: A Musical Play

review by Fred Velez

Very few artists have touched our lives and our culture the way John Lennon has. His contributions to music, art and to the Human Race will endure for many years to come. Since his tragic death, there have been many tributes to his memory, some of them touching (like Elton John's and Paul McCartney's recent tributes to John), while some were either exploitative or ill-conceived (such as last year's Musical Lennon Tribute at Radio City Music Hall). But now, one tribute has appeared which stands as an artistic statement in its own right. **LENNON—A Musical Play** was first performed last year at Liverpool's Everyman Theatre, and received great critical acclaim. The American production of **LENNON** began its first performance at the Entermedia Theatre on August 21st. The play presents, in two acts, the life of John Lennon, from birth to death. An assemblage of actors portray the many people involved in John's life. John is portrayed by two actors; David Patrick Kelly portrays the young John Lennon while Robert LuPone (Patty LuPone's brother) plays the older Lennon. The play takes a step-by-step look at Lennon's life, from his early Quarrymen days, meeting Paul McCartney and Beatlemania, to Sgt. Pepper, the Beatle break-up, Yoko Ono and his life as a househusband. Throughout the production, which is played on a bare stage with the musical instruments and huge photographs of the important people in John's life in the background, appropriate Beatle & Lennon songs are performed live as a backdrop to certain events in John's life.

Bob Eaton, who conceived and directed the production, wanted to present a sort of living scrapbook about John, and he has certainly succeeded. Many fans who are familiar with the history of John and the Beatles will recognize many of the events that occur in the play. There are many humorous moments, such as The Beatles' hilarious audition in Germany where they are told to "Mak Show!", to John snapping a Polaroid of his first bread! Of course, the tragic aspects of John's life are also explored, everything from the deaths of his mother, Stu Sutcliffe and Brian Epstein, John's heart-wrenching primal scream therapy and or course, John's death. The play is an emotional experience which will have you laughing, cheering, thinking and crying. The music, which is supervised by Mitch Weissman (who played Paul in Broadway's "Beatlemania"), is very close to the original Beatle/Lennon versions. Because of the sparseness of the staging, the play never reaches the over-blown, epic proportions of "Beatlemania". It does not exploit John's life, but lovingly examines it, giving us the rare opportunity to witness the events that shaped John Lennon into the man he was. **LENNON** is a play that should be experienced by anyone who calls themselves a Beatles fan. Because of the high quality of the play, there is a good chance the production will reach Broadway by next year. If you are a lover of both the Beatles and good theatre, then by all means see **LENNON**. It's a production I'm sure John would have been proud of.

(Fred will be doing a pretty fair impression of Jerry Lewis ((but which one?)) on an upcoming Showtime cable tv special.)



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... Nowadays... Exploitation's just a step away... Short lives sweetened by a media haze... Oh how I hope it's just a phase - guess which song.

# Meditations of a Manchurian Candidate

by Kerry Wendell Thornley

If you would like, after having read so much about them, to experience for yourself a mind control experience—one good way to make sure that happens might be to sit in a Shoney's or Bob's Big Boy and complain loudly about Boeing, Hughes, Ryan or Northrop Aviation before ordering coffee.

Certainly among the most colorful of my own experiences of that nature occurred after drinking coffee at the Bob's Big Boy in Tujunga. I'm talking Druidic forest sprites and witches that seemed much realer than the stuff of which dreams are made, although they were connected with sleeping states of consciousness. I further could not help but note in Walter Bower's Dell paperback, Operation Mind Control, that Sirhan Sirhan thought it significant enough to mention to the police with considerable wonder that he had been to a Bob's Big Boy before blanking out later that night and shooting Robert Kennedy.

Biochemical hormones (obtained according to one conspiracy theory from cattle mutilations), combined with low-level micro-wave transmissions, are said to account for the most advanced techniques of thought manipulation.

My favorite witch used to descend from the ceiling of my house in Tujunga just after I went to sleep at night. Although my eyes were closed, I could sometimes glimpse her image in full technicolor and, more than that, I could feel her snuggling up to me as if she were materially present. That much was enough to wake me up the first many times it happened. Since, however, she seemed sexually aroused and determined to merge the lower portion of her body with the sexual chakra at the base of my spine, I was intent to remain asleep so as not to pop her back into oblivion. At last the night arrived when I controlled my fear enough to let her have her way with me.

She merged with my whole body without so much as an orgasm. In the month that followed, I found that I actually preferred sexual celibacy—although my dreams at night surpassed the most graphic X-rated movies. Yet I would awake in the morning feeling sexually satisfied without so much as a stain on the sheets.

Why the witchy, Mansonish motif? Possibly because the Wakenhut Corporation of the Hughes empire and George De Mohrenschildt (who confessed to involvement in the J.F.K. assassination before his death) were rather extensively involved with the government of Haiti, where voodoo is taken quite seriously.

What the clique of the conspiracy, if that's who it was, was trying to tell me, I've yet to figure. I've gathered at least this much, though: a Big Boy's is one place where you can order a mean cup of coffee.

## WARNING TO ALL

MEMBERS OF THE CONSPIRACY have in the past tried to infiltrate the church, but thanks to the power of "Bob", their attempts have been foiled. Only once has a pink ever managed to gain membership in the church proper, and were it not for "Bob's" complete knowledge of the infidel's secret intentions, we would be alarmed at how easily he gained high office in the hierarchy.

We refer, of course, to the faithless and criminal Gerry Reith, whose lies and perversions of doctrine were long confused for true revelations of "Bob". A tireless worker who served two masters, he has come to his well-earned grief at last; exposed, purged, and dealt with. Let his failure be an example to all: "Bob" will not be played with.

The invidious Reith committed what is perhaps the greatest sin of all, the only sin possible in this church of lust. Rather than obeying "Bob's" dictates and channelling the power of his Sub-Consciousness into schisms, he tried to remain faithful to the mother church itself, an impossible task and one guaranteed to lead the misguided into Conspiracy Temptations. He generated theology and examined the PreScriptures more closely than any before, but because he refused to see the necessity of heresy, he began slowly to sour, to rot and decay. Before long his attempts to work in harmony with "Bob" had become sinister parodies of the True Path, and his words because the Words of The Unnameable One, lies and calumny that undermined the spirit of "Bob".

Let this be a lesson to all church members. Gerry Reith's unexplained death on the 3rd of September gives testimony to the glory of Dobbs, and seals our bargain. We stand unopposed in the world, and all attempts by the Conspiracy to send even the most thoroughly programmed of self-destruct agents into our midst will end in failure.

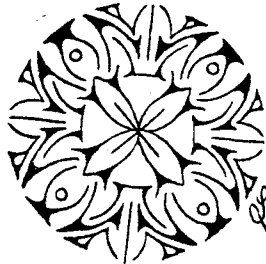
Good riddance to the memory of a deluded tool; let us rejoice that X-day will come and go with this evil servant of Yacatisma stuck on the Planet of the Clocks, a miserable, tortured spirit who had once heard opportunity knock.

Rev. Tribunal Overdrive

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## A Sound Mind...

by Brian Catanzaro

MEDIATORIAL

It's getting so the media exists APART from its audience. You can tell they make commercials to compete with each other for those awards. TV and radio programming serves the sponsors under the guise of entertainment for the masses (hey, all you need is a receiver; cable stations make you pay subscription dues). The commercials keep getting better and better production-wise, yet the shows are re-runs or re-hashes of nothing new. We need punk TV. Radio isn't in great shape either. Same deception deal happening there. The same old, and I mean old, story; a good percentage of rock radio is playing music that is 5 years or older. Only the bigger stations try playing new artists but most of the records they consider new are by the same old groups or former personnel. Why am I mentioning this? I'M FED THE FRIG UP. You know what? I've been listening to an buying DISCO records because the arrangements are much more interesting these days than the mainstream of American rock. And judging by recent English bands they seem to be thinking along those lines also.

I hope my columns serve as somewhat of an information center of alternative music. Now, someone suggested to our editor that review should be removed. I say make them more of a news item than "review" per se. That would open up some space, as they would not need be so lengthy, yet still provide information. This type of information serves as enlightenment or confirmation of what's been going on in entertainment. Further, it would be beneficial also to have regional contributors for East, West and mid-U.S. leaving Europe up for grabs...

Those of us NY Wavenix may remember WPIX-FM as PIX. It was great back in '78 and '79 and a brief part of '80 if memory servz. Yeah, before they changed format they were playing independent pressings from everywhere. PIX had the No Major Record Show each week. Everybody's friends' records were played. This was the first show of its kind since the mid-60's when it was done on WABC AM. They also had a History of Rock And Roll tracing its inception thru the 50's and early 60's. Many collectors appeared and played all kinds of goodies for us. They even had Frank Zappa DJ'ing for 3 days during drive time, rounding out our musical updating playing nothing but European and LA Newave then. Some of that stuff is still popular with other vanguard stations all over the world. PIX was one of the few stations SERVING New Music lovers. This may have given their sponsors more credibility. PIX really helped get info to the fans. Traffic reports were given from the roof (so we were told). PIX was giving concert schedules for punk rooms of all types at a time when other stations were too busy pumping out adverts to the Springsteen-ized manifold.

Then Zap, three quarters of the staff was pink-slipped. I mean shafted for their hard work. The same thing happened to WRRV, NY's true Jazz station. Literally overnight it was taken over by Radio Rustlers in the name of Kenny Rogers. Come to think of it, the rest of 1980 was enuff to make you comatose with rage.

OK, Those were the daze but enuff senti-mentality. Not everyone because anesthetized by the charm of East coast radio. There is a magical little station in LA called KROQ (pronounced "kay-rok"). It is a reincarnation of PIX-FM. "Plus a whole lot more". Word has it that KROQ's most popular jockey, Freddie J. Snakeskin, has plans to syndicate some sort of music show featuring music of LA. And what is happening there is incredible stuff. All highly danceable and ace productions. In addition to Toni Basil (mentioned in last issue's column), you haven't lived until you've heard Vicius Pink Phenomenon's "My Little Tokyo". A recitation includes names of all the Japanese companies whose names end with shi. She concludes each verse with "That's my private Tokyo". Reminiscent of The Plastics' "Robot", it defies description. It's Tokyo as opposed to Idaho—a killer tune. Play it over an' over. Another band/song like that is the Suburbans' "Where Boys Run Free". We are invited: "Come on over to our valley...Run thru lush green meadows in your shorts...We'll provide the rest...For a summer experience every boy should share..." A bitchin' sax session is followed by our host's horrific greeting: "You've arrived/Where boys run free./Goin' for a ride/With the SKELTON family." More great saxes. Truly beyond description. Amusing as hell.

But the band getting all the promo blitz is X, produced by Ray Manzera, ex-Doahs. X (there's a girl in the band too) is catchy, interesting hard core with a story. Polk? Fuhk? Erase that label.

Let's not leave out KROQ's Official Bogus News, "Mean Eaten By Killer Swan." Does all this sound immature to you? Well, I'm loading up the Jartran.

(ED: Also something to watch for in the near future for NY listeners is Doubleday-owned BAPP, 103.5 FM, which can afford to experiment (after all, they're the ones who bought the Mets)) and has already shown much promise in the short time they've been rock formatted—a terrific "Sunday Morning Sixties" that plays far better stuff than NEW's or NBC's "Sixties Saturdays"; an offer of \$10,000 to the first person who can spot any time they don't play at least six tunes in a row commercial-free; and best of all, Dr. Demento on Sunday evenings at ten. Stay tuned...)

Yes, you too can actually own & wear a "Bob & Dong" t-shirt! Now friends, this one isn't like the losers! Best part is the part you "take off." Get it? Get it? My God, you really want one of those things? You're crackers, man...

# Sociology With Lexicon for a Saturday Night

by Philip Hughes

To a social animal, the question of first importance always is "What group am I in?" The second question is "How do I stand within the group?" Third are message transactions, like "How are things changing within my group?" Fourth are matters of information, such as "How's the weather?" Fifth is "How does my group rank among other groups?"

- Martin Jans, "The Four Clocks"

Among aggregates of individuals possessing variegated commonalities, the question often arises—WHAT GROUP AM I IN? Right address, anyhow. Some of the faces unfamiliar, but I'd know the spiel anywhere.

Norman Mailer? Jerzy Kosinski. New York Times? Mother Jones. Buckminster Fuller? Herman Kahn and raise you five. What? He is? He did? Ralphnaderpaultsongascaesarchavezbrookingsinstitutiongive-peaceahandmeaculpa.

GROUP: distinct things gathered together  
Lots of elements in this gathering not very distant, just together, momentarily.

Pardon me, one of the lions on your wallpaper in facing the wrong way. Ah, hand-stencilled!

DISTINCT: separate, different, not alike.

"Thinking the unthinkable." Sounds lonely. Better to be together. Where is "together" nowadays?

So glad you could make our little gathering, Mr. M. Have you been an ecologist long? We must talk again. My strip mining company needs an ombudsman.

Some people impact doubtfully on the environment; some people are their environment.

Everyone up for a medley of "The Whiffenpoof," "IEM, Fight On," and "My Kind of Guy." Enthusiasts for "This Land Is Your Land" or "We Shall Overcome" may form a chorale out back, on the porch.

GROUP: a number of persons classified according to certain common characteristics.

But not too common. A cherry in the Manhattan, please, and Angostura Bitters.

Necktie count: 7 rep, 5 Sulka's, 1 Jack's Joke Shop.

Since aggregates function via group-integrative action orientations creating a dynamic conditioning field shaping behavior, the existence of differing orientations leads to a query—

HOW DOES MY GROUP RANK AMONG OTHER GROUPS?

Wouldn't know; never even made the playoffs.

A group is something way out there in the blue, grooving on an image and a smile, and when you get a wrinkle in your ideology, some dandruff on your beliefs, you begin talking only to one another and Tom Wolfe does a piece on you and your ilk, and when you've become an ilk you're through.

Given the subtlety of progression from perceptual engagement to focused interaction to ritualized bonding, plus the complexity of complementary role-expectation sanction systems and the ambiguities of a participatory adhococracy, a singulate member at times finds him-

self asking—HOW DO I STAND IN THIS GROUP?

Until I fall.

Say, did I ever tell you about the time I slipped under the door of a stall at the Greyhound station to save ten cents and found it occupied?...Yes? No? Want to hear it again?...Hello, hello... Leprosy time.

Go directly to jail. Do not pass GO. Collect 200 dollars.

STAND: to be upright.

UPRIGHT: with unbending straightness and integrity. Sounds a bit "difficult." Bend rather than break, I always say.

Sway, if you feel so moved.

Now, Mr. Borogove, you say bus gradually, while for Bill Plotznik here it's "will all deliberate speed and slow down at intersections." Yet I agree with both of you: let me tell you why.

STAND: to be stable.

STABLE: balanced, not easily thrown off, with a firm base. "Anxiety reveals the Nothing.—Heidegger." Is that button-for-button's-sake, or is a gathering such as this the anxiety and.... They were out of "Sex, Drugs, Rock n Roll," I see.

Nervous breakdown? Can't afford one. I see. And here you are talking about it all, openly, fulsomely. Please don't touch my sleeve as you gesture. No, I've never been in a "K group." Well, I think it's nice you can still feel at ease with clothed people, too.

STAND: to maintain a position, as of sponsorship or antagonism.

But there is always more than one side to an issue, don't you find? Sometimes like a Mobius strip.

All right, you've given us "soul" and Shirley Chisholm; but grant that we've come up with Alistair Cooke, tax shelters, Scotchguard, polite applause, the double declining balance, The Doublemint Twins, benign neglect, George Plimpton, Wonder Bread, additional extended coverage, and John Davidson.

Yes, New York is a great place to be Ed Koch in. Also George Steinbrenner, David Berkowitz...German is very guttural. Tell me, have you tried Urdu? Well, sure, war is hell, but you meet some great guys. By the way, did you catch the Friars' roast of Solzhenitsyn?

"As an intellectual, I find myself much sought after in these get-togethers. Yet personally a certain conviviality is missing. It's like hoping to attend an orgy and ending up operating the grape concession."

And watching the foxes leap.

STAND: to be stagnant.

The cardinal sin. See that fellow off in the corner? Miasma almost visible. Didn't circulate. Settled, subsided, submerged.

"Bwip!" lost from view for ever.

Everywhere one finds casualties in the negotiated settlements for men's minds.

STAND: to be subjected to, to bear the cost of.

Too true, too often. Getting and spending, we lay waste the clam dip and one another.

Synergetics among influence originators, influence bearers, and negates tends to maintain in high salience the issue—

HOW ARE THINGS CHANGING WITHIN MY GROUP?

Wouldn't we all like to know.

HOW'S THE WEATHER?

Hazy, partly funny, with the usual temperament inversion on the horizon. Precipitation needed but perhaps not in the offing. Wear that persona, you never can tell.

I see you've turned your TV into a planter. How clever! How functional! What a 'statement'!

I need another Manhattan. Skip the cherry. In fact, skip the Vermont.

EPISODE ONE: "RADIO POLICE"—I was sitting there, just listening to the fifteenth playing of "Eye of the Tiger" on my Walkman, when the door suddenly swung open, and off, at the sound of their machine guns. It was them. The Radio Police. "So, you didn't learn your lesson in Woodbridge, you sneaking WH

The World at war? I pzam. Banging and whimpering into historical c anthologized eulogies. Homely split for heroes, sandwiched between trenchmouth and split atom personalities. The inevitable provability that middling classless fore ign offices will self/peater-out to the shylockest bitter. Internal Revolution hopping into the back back seat in the face of Quebecois coming over the border.

Disorienting movements in the east....Thai sticking it to the Cambodian pepper-pot regime, spilling over onto the Burma Trail in a close shave; only to be way-laid on the Maylay Peninsula. Indecision in Indonesia...troops lack the Suhearto jump upon unsuspecting archipelagoes and all of that Java...expressway back'd up for miles at the Friendship Bridge due to a sino giant attempting to make an illegal turn of policy in the fast lane...Fingering the Vietnam against a flood of Cathy hordes of the second order, the cracks being used elsewhere to bolster the northern wall against commiezarist troops...Nipon is invaded...forces under the cover of the young moon, landed whilst distributing boxing bouquets, only to be repulsed by the Yenkee's superior G.N.P. Bokhara the last, ideas the reign forest for the internally shifting sands of the Sahara...Moroccan' dramedary destroyers intercept caravan carrying cavorting Cubans, causing catastrophic casualties, clipping Congelese campaign in half....Blacks kill Whites kill Blacks....Blacks slaughter Blackfeds....White sells-out WhiteBlacks....Whitened sells to Blackfeds....Whitequeen to Salisbury---Checkmate....Zulus....South Africa nickels and dimeonds way to Boering neutrality, "Peace has its price" claims government....Cubast Muskovites tell East Africa can puppet...."Abyssinia." due to the Peligroso Amarillo on flanks and hindquarters. A human wall of Chinese troops swept thru their over-chromosom'd neighbor, only to bear the bryant of a soviet counter-attack....the Occidental Oligarchy's forces being led by Cossack (traitors to Kiev) formations....asiatics find temporary success as light cavalry roll from saddles while seeking to lop off heads of Mandarin Mini-Marines....all is not Tea and Rice-cakes for long, however, as Russian women soon fill ranks of fallen males mobilized from the ankles around....Both camps settle down to five year plans not unlike those of Marshal Joffre. Gries of "Zion uber alles." ring thru Ctesiphon...Mecca is brought to the state of a molehill...Twixt the Khyber and Antioch there is no true believer...Another fitting tribute to the quality of American goods. C.C.C.P. catches States napping...more to come.

SYDNEY: Knowing full well that no American politico would ever take specific action on, or commit themselves to responsibility for any event, no matter how important for the good of the state, the Kremlin took'd up a surprise for the ir new world new's. Choosing to flatten New York with more planes than a geometry text, or to blacken the spacious skies with missiles, was not in the Moscow tactic book. To the astonishment of t in breasted Pentagonites the Ruskes came over the top. Not so much tactics as weaponry decided the struggle, as untold, uncounted and unwashed numbers of Leningrad loonies smashed thru the Arctic without so much as a Swiss Army knife between them. This forced the Americans into a situation where they would have to take the judgement of history for escalating the war in the national press, something no "Commander in Chief" could do even in a non-election year.

As one former staff member put it, "We were in no shape for a fist fight."

This Russian maneuver in conjunct ion with the Cuban offensives which saw Teofilo Stevenson clock out everyone from the Keys to D.C., soon left the States in a position whereby last week's 14 str leabout performance by Fidel against the N.I. All Stars was merely the last nail in an over-stuffed coffin.

Most fronts reporting new calm as mathematics replaces emotions in casualty analysis...Russians fail to make head-way against re-united Deutsch Reich, who are in turn too busy tending off Slavics to finish off Frogs, who are busy bombing the bank accounts out of Zurich---Swiss Air has flown no reparable missions due to lack of aircraft. After months of night-fighting Jonathon Rotten is proclaimed King of England....In Papa was burn'd for heresy in the Piazza San Pietro, thus ending government in Italia for all time... Madrid is in the hands of the Baques and Saracena have invested Gibraltar....The Irish annihilated themselves.

- by JOSEPH KENNELCH, 11 Duce Del Zebismu



...in celebration of and tribute to the final US tour of The Who...



(it's a  
clammy  
tale)

Lying here, listening to this bloody amazing live version of "My Generation", I think of all the energy I put into being a Pete Townshend fan—and the incredible charge I get out of it...Being a Who fan is not like being the fan of any other group in the world. There's a deep spirituality unique to The Who, mainly down to Pete's obsession with making rock mean more than "hippy hippy shake"...Pete has always been an intensely sensitive, astute, confused character. His songs cry out for us to identify ...and we respond with bodies, heads, and hearts. It's a complete musical existence.

Of course, there has always been a sublime bond between all four members of The Who. But since Keith Moon died, the magical spark that sets the band afire has become harder and harder to light.

In a sense, by taking on a solo career, Pete is going it alone. And his music is now more intensely honest and personal than ever before—because it is totally him.

But why does being Pete's fan make demands on me?

Actually, it wouldn't, if I didn't treat fandom so religiously. But I've fallen in love with the man who writes the songs. I opened myself up so completely to the surging wave of Pete's music that I'm drowning in it. And in the tides, I see Love.

But I've let my ego and emotions get so tangled up with Pete's that sometimes I don't know if I'm him or if I'm me.

Also, as a woman, I can't deny the undercurrent of sexuality behind my feelings. It's nothing I'd ever try and do

anything about—I care too much about Pete to want his family life to be anything less than perfect. I don't actually believe that real fans could ever be groupies. They love too much to use their hero—or to risk having their image of him shattered by one nasty exploitative incident (rock musicians don't generally have much respect for groupies).

So my psyche is in knots of passionate anxiety and frustrated desires: fan letters that often go unanswered, gifts that remain unacknowledged, chance meetings that I've always fucked up with my nervousness.

Tonight I'm lying about, on the verge of total insanity because Pete's new album still isn't getting any airplay...but wait—what's that sublime, intoxicating sound coming from my radio? Of course, it's Pete.

I may always let being a Townshend fan make me frustrated and anxious and desirous. But I know none of it really matters. Because the music is playing.

"LOVE THAT PASSETH ALL by  
UNDERSTANDING" - Khaaryn Goertzel



## The Resumé by Deborah Golden

We have just died. We haven't the time to attend our own funerals. Death is in as big a hurry as life was. We are to be assigned our proper place in the scheme of things, which is to say, we will either float in everlasting bliss or slowly turn to ash in the red realm of hell. We line up; an endless quivering stream of doubt and foreboding. After all, who are we to recognize what in our behavior was evil? We have felt guilty for the greater part of our lives, not knowing why. We especially felt guilty when we felt glad. Shifting from leg to leg we ruminate about our past lives. We carry, in a manilla folder, the one meaningful testimony to our worth: The Resume. God is going to look over our Resumes and make His ultimate judgement accordingly.

"Next," booms a celestial bass voice.

Shaky at the knees, rattling the Resume nervously at my side, I step forward.

"Have a seat, Miss...?"

"Silver."

"Miss Silver, while I look this over, please be so kind as to take the spelling test."

A cloud passes over my lap. I am directed to circle the correct spelling of a number of words. The first two read, 'seperate' and 'separate'. I know that one. Maybe there's hope for me.

"Ah, I see you have your B.A. Very good. Unfortunately, it was in Philosophy. This could work against your heavenly position. What could one do with a degree in Philosophy?"

"I minored in English," I piped, quick to my defense.

"You scored one-hundred on the spelling test. Excellent. Now ...how do you account for the two years after college and before your first job...where was it...what publishing company?"

"Terror and Error Publishing, Sir...Incorporated."

"Of course, yess, Terror and Error."

"God Almighty, I don't know what to say. I ummm...sort of lived off the land. I...ummm...picked apples in upstate New York and cooked them for breakfast, lunch and dinner, too."

"You mean to say you didn't do a damned thing for two years?!"

"I did, so help me God! Like I said, I picked apples. I also made love with my boyfriend in the woods and I danced around the house and in the fields and...and..."

"And?"

"And I drew pictures of the autumn leaves and went for long walks in the mountains."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, I worked in our garden."

"For two years, Miss Silver! Really, Miss Silver, you know as well as I that those two years don't amount to much."

"But they were the best years of my life, I swear to God."

"Continue this swearing and you know where you'll end up."

"Dear God, forgive me."

"Miss Silver, we will see."

An imperceptible wing of an angel knocks me in the back of the head. I slip from the chair but swiftly regain my composure. I had sensed that the two year blank would be detrimental. I wonder what it would be like in hell and who I'd meet that I know.

"You were poor for two years."

"Good God, yes."

"So far, your poverty is your greatest sin. There are many hours not explained here. What did you do with those hours?"

"I daydreamed."

"You what?"

"Daydreamed."

"What does that mean?"

"That means I just relaxed and let my mind wander."

"Did you write about your daydreams?"

"No."

"How did they serve you, Miss Silver? Were they not a supreme waste of time?"



## Too Far From Home, or Fred & Scarlet Again by Tom Hilyer

"Well," cried Fred, exasperated, "we've done it now! Too far, too far, and no candle here or there. Christ, Christ!"

Scarlet Wall, his constant companion, as always said nothing, but smiled her invisible smile. (Invisible because, being a wall, she, like all of her kind, had no mouth. But she, like all of her kind, even she had ears.) Always episodes, always adventures, she thought, but then most walls never get out of the house, or leave their gardens or prisons. Scarlet, you see, goes on and on forever and thus is always with Fred.

Fred had commenced grumbling again. "Hamstrung again and again, goddammit! The smells here sure don't say home, and the people... well! they are hardly at all!"

Scarlet merely went on and on, but surely that sun would never have shone on her through dusty, becurtained windows. Fine and new and the golden light that comes from going on and on, these were the things she knew.

The road confronted them like some endless skunk-ribbon. The cat appeared and Fred, in one soaring, bird-like arc, took hold of its tail and brought its furry, purr-filled head into high velocity contact with his Red Friend, scattering bits of feline brain (and sweet thoughts of dead mice and the screeches of mating) at superluminary speeds. The omniverse rocked and reeled, but to no avail. Home was still too far, no closer than before.

Our companions were, needless to say, disconcerted at the seemingly haphazard nature of their luck in this neighborhood. It had always worked before.

"Shit, shit!" cried Fred, but built home about Scarlet Wall right there and then anyway. Then, diving deep in the dark sweetness, curled and thrashed contentedly. Scarlet smiled again her invisible smile. She knew that it did not end here, for she goes on and on forever.

"I don't think so, sir. I imagined all sorts of phantasmagorical things. You know, I used my imagination. Sir, I do think an imagination is important."

"Miss Silver, may I remind you that you were given an extra special touch of talent and, from what I see, your Resume does not reveal how you've developed it for a useful purpose. I know all about your imagination. After all, I endowed you with it. The question is...how have you USED it?"

"Well...I...write poems and stuff."

"Have you ever published, Miss Silver?"

"I've tried."

"HAVE YOU EVER PUBLISHED?"

"No."

"So there."

"I don't want to go to hell."

"Miss Silver, had it ever occurred to you that you were already in hell?"

"I swear to God, at times, it did."

I begin to feel desperately out of the acceptable swing of things. I start an inner dialogue of explanation for what I was doing during the yeras after Terror and Error. I had the supreme misfortune to die during a period of unemployment. I am lost in reverie when that intergalactic voice thunders, "Miss Silver," thereby shocking me out of my mournful state.

"Your employment at Terror and Error Publishing, Inc. was rather brief. Have you a reason why?"

"The marrow from my bones was being extracted by my employers. I didn't think it was worth it, sir."

"What did you expect, Miss Silver?"

"Dear God, I had a life besides my job."

I was definitely losing. I thought I was given life to enjoy. When it got down to it, I just lived day by day without the recognition and approval of the greater masses. Except for my lovers and friends, no one knew of my existence. Much of my time was passed in indulgences toward my general well-being. I was never adept at licking earthling asses.

"Miss Silver, may I venture to say you were lazy during your life."

"Has that been my greatest crime?"

"Well, you were also apathetic to the ways of the majority."

"I don't want to go to hell."

"No one does, Miss Silver."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"It is too late."

"But I have loved life. Especially those two years we discussed."

"That's not enough."

"What the hell?"

"So it shall be."

He tosses my Resume to the breeze. It drifts down to a subliminal fire, sizzling below, catching spark instantly. I am summarily dismissed and His universal mouth intones:

"Next."

I slip from the seat, slowly stripping off my clothes. I know I'll be too warm in whatever I wear.



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# For Your Driving Pleasure

by E. Hardin

I woke up by the road, lying in a quarter-inch of sunlight, and it was cold. No heat, no water here, just some poser in a bathing suit from Saks giving me the cold eye. She was dead of course, we all are here.

Of course, I had to kill her, nothing left to do. After an hour the poison had frozen her comatose, and she was as stiff as a board. I had had a few stiff ones myself, and she made me nervous, so I folded her up tight as I was, crammed her into the closet, and put a paper sack over her head so she wouldn't see me laughing.

I had married her for money, and now murdered her for the same. It was for the old insurance reason, as well as for others. She'd got on my nerves once too often.

Jesus, after all that I wind up here. Death just ain't fair to a man who's young and got money.

Oh, sure, there's money here, all you want. Looking at the stuff just makes me want to vomit and laugh at the same time.

Anyhow, after that bleached tart had been in the closet good and long, and I'd quit laughing, I knocks on the door, see, and asks her if she wants to go for a little drive out to the beach.

"Let's go for a swim in the moony moonlight ma luv!"

For once she didn't say anything against me. This made me very happy.

I'd already put her in a bathing suit, a pretty crimson one, and the touch of her skin sent the gooseflesh coldly crawling. Felt like it is here. You'd think it was supposed to be warm, but no. It's kinda like being alive inside that body.

I stuck my revolver, the one she'd given me for Christmas a year ago, in my jacket pocket, just in case. I didn't think I'd need it, as there was really no chance of being seen; the house I'll call home was on a ritzy, exclusive side of town, and it was the maid's night off. So, I lugged her out to the garage, and put her ol' carcass in the front seat. Then, man and wife, we started driving steady, me drinking from a pint of mescal, and thinking how pretty pink, and poetic, dawn would be.

All this time she was slumped over with that goofy grocery bag over her head, and I told her how ridiculous she looked. I tapped my bottle some more and dreamed, daydreaming, except this was night. I guess I made the wrong turn off the highway, a turn for the worse.

I was too sloshed to notice what I'd done until I saw lights very close up the road. What the hell, I thought, and drove towards them.

Frank's Roadside Cafe, I read, in swimming yellow neon, and lurched forward to see if the place was open. Well, the lights were on, and a cup of coffee, which was what I needed badly, wasn't much to ask anyone, even if they weren't open for the business.

"Yessir, thass my baby," I crooned, as I pulled into the lit gravel parking lot. "Nossir, don' mean maybe." I draped the wife with a tarp. "Yessir, thass my baby now." She was rigid, practically just another thing now. Took another swig and hid the bottle under my baby. That's drunk's logic.

I weaved over to the screened door marked Entrance, and found it ajar, as was the inner one. I stepped inside. It was a snugly little place, real little, with a bar, a few tables and chairs, and two naugahyde booths in each corner. It was vacant.

Something was honking into a handkerchief in the men's room.

"S'anybody home?" I yammered in the direction of the honk.

"Inna minute, just stay cool."

The toilet flushed and the door opened. A thin-eyed mass of drooling brown, greying hair, and checked flannel in jeans slouched out of the john and shut the door carefully.

"Whatcha want?" it said, looking me over, one eye slightly shut.

"Just a cup of coffee, if you don't mind," I said smiling. My teeth felt like melting.

"Jesus," he said enthusiastically, "I ain't had any patrons all night. I was just about to close down, even though I'm usually open all night..."

"Guess you're just the lucky type."

I tripped over to the bar. I needed this.

"God, you must really need it," he intoned disapprovingly. "Never touch the stuff myself, man, don't even serve it. Oh, yeah, I know it costs me a lot of business, but a man's gotta stick with his principles, you know what I mean?" He looked at me sideways.

I must have looked like trouble in the flesh.

"Quit the sermon, padre, and let's have that java," I leered.

"Then you can turn out the lights and it'll be sweet dreams."

"All right. All right."

He disappeared behind the bar, and soon returned with the steaming stuff in a cup which had World's Fair '60 printed in gold lettering around its base.

After two more rounds of the same, and a timely trip to the bathroom, the floor had stopped swimming. Now, I only felt tired and edgy. I had to get going. It was an hour or so till dawn.

Frank (I'd supposed this was he) had small-talked to my empty face, to pass the time, and I was getting sick of it.

As I was hurriedly putting on my jacket to get the hell out of there, the long-hair leaned against the screen door, looking out at the parking lot, and droning about a Stones concert that he'd missed, but how that was all right and cool anyway.

Out of the blue he said, "Wait a minute," and ran out the door.

I started and jerked my gun from my coat pocket where it had been nesting. My head whirled with little processed pictures of what this might mean. Frank looking through the windshield at something inside. Frank opening the door, a pale hand flopping to the floor as he removes the tarp. The police sirens, red lights, the works.

It's amazing how fast you can break out sweating, a part of me was thinking, as I crashed through the door and paused outside, heart pumping. I pointed the sweat-filled gun at the figure of Frank bending over in the neon, by the driver's side of my car.

"Hey, man, look what I found."

He looked at me, not noticing my gun. Then I saw his curious expression turn to fright. My knees nearly buckled and the air in from of my eyes vibrated with tiny pinpoint lights. I squeezed the grimy trigger hard, and it fired what must have been three times. The sound of it, the first time I'd ever put it to use, pounded in my lungs. After that, there was quiet, and no lights, except the neon. The whole world, it seemed, was only an old hippy splayed out like a dishrag in front of me.

I tottered over to him and turned him over. As I did this, something fell out of his hand, and jangled onto the gravel.

My car keys.

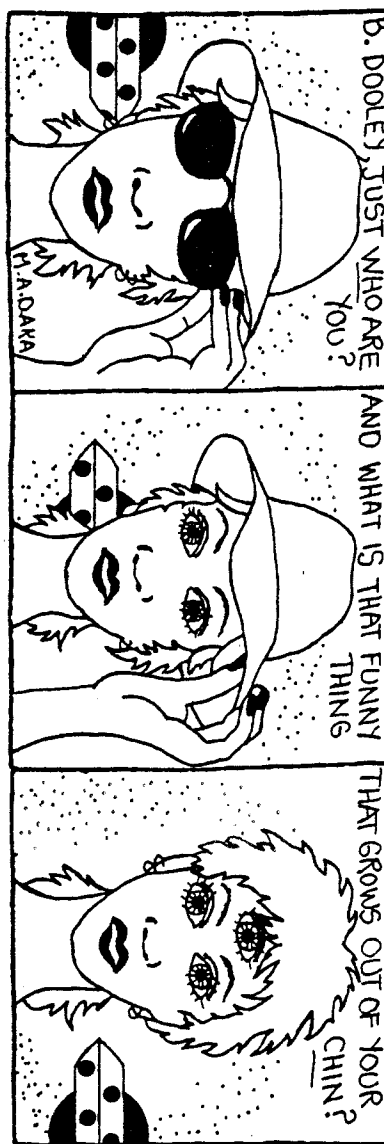
What a joke! The worst! I doubled over, chuckling hysterically.

"How horribly funny," I squealed to myself through giggles, patting the dead man on the shoulder. "You've found my car keys, for christ's sake!"

I stood, bent from the waist up, for a long time, attempting composure, then stepped over the mess of flannel and hair and blood to get into the car with the little woman inside it. Hands still shaking, I backed out of the parking lot and drove onto the road, soon reaching the highway. The thought of the dead man was growing dimmer every second, then every mile. My attentions turned to finding my way back. The road to the beach must be somewhere along here, I thought. It had to be. I was getting confused.

Fumbling for my bottle, somewhere under that stiff shape beside me, I knocked the paper bag off her head. I looked down, meeting the stare of a pair of mannequin's eyes, and nearly got the wind knocked out of me. She was smiling, lips apart, teeth dully gleaming. I swerved the car with my shock, and something hiccupped inside of me. I could feel the car ramming an embankment, and go spinning off the road. The stiff, smiling face smashed against mine. My vision, everything, drew together to become a point of piercing light and sound and touch, and then disappeared.

I awoke in a quarter inch of sunlight, and it was cold.



These mini-tracts are brought to you courtesy of the A-1 Church of Eric Clapton and The AAA Aardvark Church of Sales, both at 2020 Park Ave. S, Mpls 55404

SF, the literature of ideas...or so it is said. The next best to a new idea is an old one freshened up with a new coat of paint and put on the used story lot. In fact, much of speculative and other writing is that, old done new.

One such idea that has been done over (or over done) recently is the spartan, lethal starfighter. Even I have written such a story, in which converted Star Trek Shuttlecraft blow to bits (and are blown to bits by) alien fighter craft.

Star Wars and Battlestar Galactica weren't the origins of space fighters. Even my story pre-dated SW and the Big G. It was predated by Air Force studies and the USAF was beaten by previous SF stories. But those movie battles did cause the blood vessels to dilate; a few gasps from near misses and direct hits. I felt sad when Luke's buddy (read the novel) bit the vacuum during the Death Star battle and when Adama's youngest became Peace's first death.

But the real battles about space fighters didn't begin until after the wars. Suddenly, there were dozens of self-proclaimed 'experts' telling people that dogfights weren't possible. Whenever I ran into them, all I could do was have an adrenaline attack, tears welling in the eyes, asthma ripping at the lungs, and nausea washing up the throat. I knew they were wrong...

But I couldn't tell them why!

Now I can. Like most explanations, it is simple, simple enough to be difficult to remember. If you are like I am, you have had the multitude of beginner science and math courses, enough knowledge to make us dangerous but not working at MIT. Back when I was taught, there was a small part of it called Vectors.

That is the answer.

Simply put, if you push hard enough, you can change the direction of anything. This is the basis of maneuvering in space. Without, the Apollo flights couldn't have happened (no Virginia, we won't debate whether or not Capricorn One is based on false Apollo flights!). Without vectors, the Russians wouldn't be beating us in space research with their space station and particle beam defense. (Look for more Russian space exploration. Columbus had to go somewhere, so do the new explorers.)

Diagram one shows a turn using vectors. If the vehicle is going one direction at a velocity of one gravity and fire thrusters a full one gravity, then it will go off at a forty-five degree angle. This is a matter of time, also. The longer the side thrust is applied, the farther the vehicle turns. The shorter the duration, the smaller the turn.

So, the factors affecting a vehicle in vector travel are strength of thrust, direction of thrust, and duration of thrust. If there aren't thrusters on the side of the vehicle, you can turn the engine, thereby angling the direction of thrust. The farther the engines are turned, the more the ship turns. This is done now on space vehicles, including the shuttle.

Another way of vectoring the ship is with variable thrust multi-engine arrangements. Sound familiar, four engine X-wing fighters, three engine Vipers? Diagram two shows this effect. The big arrow with the small arrows represents the ship with two engines. When the right hand engine thrust is increased, the ship vectors left (there's a pivot point in there).

Vectoring in a ship can also be done with a gyroscope. It stores momentum in its spin and its mass. The faster and heavier, the more it can change the vector of the vehicle it is in. However, it is difficult to use (or seems to me to be) and so useless in small ships.

Now there are two drawbacks, fuel and thrusters. The fuel must be extremely powerful, possibly too powerful for a chemical reaction to produce. However, the stories that use fighters have envisioned powerful sources of energy for their ships, so I am supposing (for now) that this is possible. But this is a hinging point, you must have a fuel that can do the job. Of course, the lighter (smaller massed) the ship, the less energy is needed to change vectors.

On Star Wars, the four engine X-wing fighters do not do as many tight turns as Battlestar Galactica's Vipers, but this next criticism hits both. When a ship makes a 90 degree turn, there should be a visible change in the thrust pattern. There isn't. With the Vipers, when they 'stand on the brakes' and allow the Cylon ships to zip past, there should be a visible thrust flame going forward from the forward end of the engines. If not, there should be visible thrusters.

In rebuttal to myself, there may be some logical argument that enough thrust to do these things might not be visible. That is especially true with the Viper reverse thrust. Possibly the thrusters aid the variable thrust engines so visible changes aren't necessary.

An added point, it would seem that the tri-engine Viper arrangement is what forces them to roll during a turn. The X-wing fighters don't seem to do that as much and that would be explained by the balanced four engine arrangement on them.

Vectors do not count on gravity or drag to carry out maneuvers. Gravity and drag are vectors in craft that fly in a gravity well and atmosphere. However, arguments against space dogfights based on needing gravity and atmosphere for rolls and turns can be dismissed. They aren't true.

But there is one last point that can't be argued, pro or con, with a definitive answer. Will there be dog fights in space? I believe there will be as an extension of present tactics. For several years, the Air Force has been exploring the possibility of a space fighter, one that launches and lands like a plane but can maneuver like a fighter in near space. This interest started long before Star Wars. Even Nazi Germany developed plans for a space bomber and had rocket powered fighters. However, most space battles will begin in tightly controlled formations that will continue until enough casualties or confusion break them down into individual dogfights.

Until we have them, we must simply suspend disbelief and gasp at the movie battles.

At least I will.

- Charley S. McCue

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by Julian Ross

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FLASH - MUSIC ON "SON OF DONKEY KONG" SUEB BY WALTER LAUTZ, CHANGED TO THEME FROM "BATMAN" (McCue?)

# Shake-Up on 'Sunday'

NPR Fires Ossman, Recasts Its Arts Show

By Joseph McLellan

David Ossman has been fired, effective immediately, as host and producer of National Public Radio's five-hour "Sunday Show."

"I was told to clean out my office at the end of the show on Sunday," Ossman said yesterday. "I have done that, and I have severed all relations with National Public Radio. All that remains is a financial settlement, which is now being worked out."

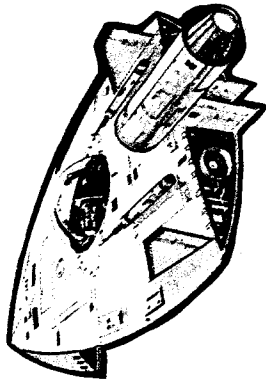
He had just completed his fifth month on the high-tech, wide-ranging show, which began beaming five hours of live programming on the arts to about 140 good-music stations nationwide on April 4, using NPR's satellite facilities. The show will continue to be aired on its previous schedule, using substantially the same staff and following the themes already announced for the

immediate future—a survey of Hispanic arts next Sunday.

Ossman reported that he will be replaced by two NPR veterans, Oscar Brand and Kaaren Hushagen, acting as co-hosts, with another familiar voice, Rod MacLeish, also becoming involved in the show "more as an editor." This report was, in effect, confirmed by John Bos, NPR's director of arts and performance programs, with the caveat that these replacements "have not been signed yet."

The identity of the replacements may serve as a clue to a long-range reorientation of the show, which will

See NPR, B6, Col. 1



The Washington Post  
**STYLE**

Tuesday, September 7, 1982

"Style" altered #1

David Ossman

9/9/82

# Shake-Up On 'Sunday'

NPR, From B1

probably be toward concepts and approaches more traditional in good-music radio programming.

Brand was for years the host of NPR's "Voices in the Wind" program, which featured interviews with a variety of performing artists. He is the host and writer of a series of programs on Andres Segovia, which will be aired next season by NPR to mark the guitarist's 90th birthday.

Hushagen, who left NPR recently to become the assistant manager of the Baltimore Symphony, will continue in that position while returning to radio on Sunday afternoons. At NPR, she was associated with classical music programming.

In contrast to the fairly tight focus on standard classical repertoire heard on most good-music stations around the country, the "Sunday Show" had ranged rather widely in its musical and non-musical interests, including quite a bit of material on visual arts, theater and dance as well as jazz and ethnic music, a survey of arts in the '30s and a series of regional surveys of the arts in various parts of the United States, such as the Mississippi Valley, New England and San Francisco. In its first five months, the number of stations using the show had remained fairly constant; last Sunday's show was carried by 143. But according to unofficial sources, some of the larger stations had dropped or were thinking of dropping the show. "We lost some and we gained some," was the only comment Bos would make on the program's audience size.

Last Sunday's program, after which Ossman was fired, was dedicated almost entirely to the work

and influence of experimental composer John Cage, who was celebrating his 70th birthday. Cage's work is highly innovative but hardly calculated to please most enthusiasts of mainstream classical music.

"The show is not meeting the exhortations of the stations, and that's our business," said Bos. At the same time, he expressed admiration for some of the show's accomplishments. "They tried to make a seamless five-hour program," he said, "and they came close. They developed an audio texture that was gorgeous. David's approach was that the show, the five hours each Sunday, was to be an artwork in itself."

"I disagree with that; I don't think it corresponds to the way most people actually listen to radio. I think that radio—the craft of radio—can be a translation medium for other arts that exist independently. A medium for the arts. That's what we painted for the National Endowment and more than 800 arts organizations across the country—a sort of audio funnel for a lot of that collective experience."

One of the show's problems was that Ossman, who was hired as executive producer, was unable to find a host who met his specifications and began to serve as host himself. This left the show without an executive producer distinct from the host. NPR has been searching for someone to fill that position for the last two months and is still searching. "I will be acting as executive producer until we find one," Bos said.

Ossman, 45, is a veteran radio performer, writer and producer—probably best-known nationally, before the "Sunday Show" began, as a founding member of the "Firesign Theater." Still recovering from the surprise of his abrupt dismissal, he said that he and his wife, Tiny, are now "considering all our options."

for Inside Joke





# THE AMOROUS PLATYPUS TONIGHT

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"He-e-y-y O-o-h! He-e-y-y O-o-o-h!"

Cat-calls rang down from the studio audience. Johnny Carson grinned, and glanced over at Ed McMahon. He had scored that time, and it was about time! The audience was restless tonight. Word had spread through Hollywood that something big was up: Johnny had come back early from his vacation, and was going to do the show. Although an undercurrent of barely contained excitement had run through the crowd all evening, they had been slow to respond to Johnny's run-of-the-mill bantering. Finally, though, they were loosening up as the end of the show approached, sensing, perhaps, that it couldn't be much longer before they found out what had brought Johnny back to do his own show.

Johnny, basking in the laughter and the anticipation, reached over and patted Millie on the thigh. Millie was a Hollywood numphet who was promoting her latest cinematic effort, such as it was.

Finally, he gathered together the papers on his desk, and looked straight into the camera, mugging his mock-serious look. After a few hoots of recognition, the audience quieted down so the Master could perform.

"Our next guest," he intoned, "is a San Diego accountant who claims to have seen something rather unusual in one of our local bars."

"There's nothing strange about that," Ed interjected, "I've seen some peculiar things in bars, myself." The audience dutifully chuckled.

"Yes, Ed," Johnny responded with a smile, "but those were your dates." The crowd rewarded Johnny with restrained laughter, though a few scattered cat-calls were heard as well. "Moving right along," he began, pausing for the obligatory chuckles, "let's ask our guest to enlighten us. Ladies and gentlemen, will you please welcome Mr. George Bartlett."

A nondescript, forty-ish, balding man wearing a drab suit emerged from behind the curtains to perfunctory applause. The audience was confused—the guy looked like a real loser. What fun would he be?

George settled nervously into the seat of honor next to Johnny, casting a furtive look at Millie in her scanty dress, and then, beyond the glare of the lights, at the audience. With an impish look, Johnny turned to George and demanded to know what George had seen.

George moistened his lips. His eyes wandered about the studio as George peered out towards the audience, and then away, finally fixing his gaze, as if by surprise, on the camera with the brightly lit red "ON" light. George cleared his throat. People began to stir restlessly in their seats.

"Well," he began, "it was a platypus. A six-foot platypus."

The studio filled with a swishing noise as the audience gave a collective gasp. This was followed by a babble of voices as everyone, unable to believe what they had heard, consulted with their neighbor. Johnny looked smug. George, somewhat bemused by the response, stared into the lights. Millie peered at George with a mixture of disbelief and disgust. Ed roared.

"And what did this...platypus look like?"

George shrugged. "Pretty much like your ordinary, everyday platypus," George mumbled, looking as though he wished there was some way he could get out of his appearance. "You know, furry. The duck-bill, of course. And the flat tail—I don't know why they don't call them 'beaver-tailed' platypuses, too."

"Platypuses?" Millie inquired. "Is that how you say it?"

Never one to miss a straight line, Johnny raised an eyebrow.

"Well," he began, "I don't suppose you'd call them platypussies!"

Millie blushed, and looked down to avoid Johnny's leer.

George cleared his throat, and the camera panned in tight on his face. "I have a picture with me, if you'd like to see him."

When the audience applauded, George reached into his inside coat pocket, and withdrew a snapshot. He handed it to Johnny, who held it up for the camera. The picture was a little fuzzy, and black and white at that, but it showed George standing next to a scruffy platypus.

"My God," Ed exclaimed, "it does look like one of my dates!"

The crowd, no longer able to withstand the assault on their senses, dissolved into hysteria. Those who weren't rolling in the aisles were chattering—shouting—to each other, or to no one in particular. Johnny had really done it this time. A platypus, imagine that.

Johnny held up his hands for quiet. "I understand this was a talking platypus. Isn't that rather unusual?"

George nodded. "So far as I know, but then I'm not in the habit of picking up stray platypuses. Pete does talk, though."

"Pete?" The audience giggled.

"Sure. That's his name." The camera focused on the picture again.

Johnny chuckled. "Pete the Platypus, huh?" George nodded again. "I don't suppose you have him with you tonight?" he asked, rolling his eyes for the audience. The titters turned into guffaws. Johnny was really playing this guy for a fool.

"As a matter of fact," George began during the general amusement, "he's backstage now."

A shocked silence fell over the crowd.

Again the camera focused on Pete's picture, but then it cut to George, who was looking quite pleased with himself. Millie squealed in delight. "Oh!" she exclaimed, laying a hand on George's arm, "Could we meet him?" The audience applauded and shouted, loudly endorsing the suggestion.

Johnny, looking somewhat smug, himself, let the noise quiet down to heighten their anticipation. Finally he announced Pete: "Ladies and Gentlemen," he began with a flourish, "meet Pete the Platypus!"

The studio was grave-silent, except for the rustling of people sitting forward in their chairs, straining to see Pete the instant he emerged from backstage. The curtains moved slightly, then parted, and Pete stepped out onto the stage.

The audience was stunned: nothing could have prepared them for the sight of Pete as he appeared on that stage. Where George's snapshot had disclosed an unkempt derelict, the Pete which stood before them was dazzling in his splendour. He was dressed in a jet-black tuxedo, which nicely set off his light brown fur, which had been washed and groomed for the occasion. A gleaming, broad tail sprouted from his rump, and the footlights glistened off his bill. Even his claws had been trimmed and lacquered to make them gleam.

Pete gave a little bow, pirouetted for the cameras, and clicked over to occupy the place of honor at Johnny's right. A scattering of clapping came from the crowd, but most of them could only watch in fascination and wait for the other shoe to drop; there had to be a catch someplace, they thought.

Pete smiled, if a platypus can be said to smile. "Good evening," he announced to the world at large.

The audience gasped at the sound of his voice. Instead of the expected dog-like bark, the sound was rich and soft, if a little breathless. A walking, talking platypus with a voice to shame a crooner, and they had seen him in person! The audience cheered.

"I understand you come from Australia," Johnny ventured.

Pete grunted. "That's right," he said. "There aren't many of us left, even in Australia, though." He smiled a wistful sort of smile, and the women in the viewing and studio audience sighed consolingly.

"Pete," began Johnny, "I hope you don't mind our fascination, but many of us have never seen a platypus before." Several persons nodded in agreement. "Would you stand up again so the audience can get a better look at you?"

Pete shrugged, and then stood up with a smile. As soon as Pete was standing, Johnny looked over at Millie. "Would you help us show everyone that this isn't just an elaborate trick?" he asked. Millie stood uncertainly, and went over to Pete.

"What should I do?" she asked, her voice wavering uncertainly.

Johnny grinned. "Well, how about trying to pull off that fake bill?" The audience chuckled, and Millie eyed Pete suspiciously, unsure of whether she wanted to get that close to him. Finally, though, she grabbed him by the fur on either side of his bill, and gave a sharp tug, evoking a howl of pain from Pete. Millie jumped back a few feet, stammering an apology. Pete reached out, clasped her arm with a clawed, webbed, paw, and then pulled her towards him. The audience gasped in dismay.

Before anyone really knew what was happening, least of all Millie, Pete had embraced her and had given her a resound kiss on the lips. The studio fell silent for a moment. Johnny broke the tension, though, when he remarked that the bill looked real enough to him. Millie blushed deeply, but smiled and remained at Pete's side, even when cat-calls and whistles began to ring down from the crowd.

Johnny motioned for them to take their seats, but not before he had moved George over a seat so that Millie could sit next to Pete.

"What do you like best about the United States, Pete?" Johnny inquired after Pete and Millie had settled in.

Pete grinned devilishly. "The women," he responded, glancing over at Millie. The audience loved it, and erupted into laughter once more. "The girls here are very willing, while the ones back home aren't quite as willing. No! anymore, anyway," his voice trailed off, and again sadness flickered across his face.

"They tell me the platypus is an endangered species," Johnny said softly.

Pete nodded glumly, and explained about how the males have a poisoned barb at the base of each hind leg, about how the males often accidentally kill their mate in the heat of passion.

As Pete told the audience about his affliction, Millie seemed quite disturbed, and inched to the far side of her seat. But as Pete went on, her heart must have gone out to him, because soon she reached out and squeezed his arm. Pete reached up and clasped her hand with a well-manicured paw. If Millie was bothered by the sight of the claws and the webbing, she never let on, for she never flinched, and her eyes never strayed from Pete's face for very long. As for the audience, it was silent, except for scattered sniffing from some of the more emotional of the crowd.

Rather than let the somber mood ruin an otherwise outstanding show, Johnny moved the conversation over to the origins of the affliction. Before long, Pete was regaling the audience with his tale of the temptation of Eve and her curse on the male platypus, his eyes glimmering with excitement as he improvised on the theme.

When Pete finished his apocryphal tale, it was time to wrap up the show, and just in time: practically everyone in the studio was so hoarse from laughter that their guffaws had become mere croaks, instead.

Wiping tears from his eyes, Johnny asked Pete if he would come back for another show. Before Pete could answer, the audience began cheering and laughing and clapping and stomping, summoning up reserves of enthusiasm to let him know their feelings on the matter. Overwhelmed, all Pete could do was to nod mutely, which

*Will Pete's adventures continue? Only Gary can say for sure...*

stirred the crowd to near-hysteria. Later, Johnny and his guest were backstage, plotting Pete's next appearance. George turned to ask Pete a question, but he was no longer at George's side. In fact, a quick survey revealed that Pete wasn't to be found. George wasn't worried, though: Millie

# FUN WITH TOM by Tom Sanders

Once upon a time there was a man named Thomas D. Knight. His initials—"TDK"—were the same as a popular brand of recording tape, and in this case it was very appropriate. For Tom discovered early in life that he had the ability to erase recording tape just by using the power of his mind. He needed only to concentrate on a particular tape (or tapes) for a few seconds, and that was it! This was quite useful. Tom no longer had to get out the bulk eraser before recording new material on his old tapes. He could demagnetize tape heads as well, eliminating need for an expensive electrical device.

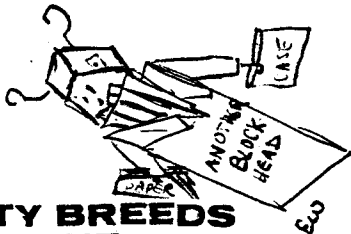
This talent also came in handy when Tom visited the local record and tape superstore. Getting sick of Air Supply? ZIP! All gone. Streisand? BZZZZING!! No more. To wipe out a whole store would be a bit much, so Tom was always selective in what he erased. Still, the exchange register was busy most of the time as customers brought back tapes Tom had zipped, and a couple of the local record distributors, nothing the high percentage of defective returns, were complaining to their labels.

Tom later discovered he could erase video tape as well, and he was great at disabling Pac-Man games. He visited as many video galleries, Seven-Elevens and all-night donut shops as he could.

One day while Tom was at the record store erasing a display of "Annie" soundtracks, he noticed his head felt odd. He found himself being attracted to metal objects, sometimes sticking right to them! Nuts and bolts would stay on his forehead. Tom knew what was happening: Since bulk tape erasers are basically large electromagnets, he had become magnetized! He developed a tendency to point north, or south when he went below the Equator. His buddies liked to take him along on hunting and fishing trips, not only to carry the Lowenbrau, but to act as the compass.

The headaches and special problems this brought on made Tom restrict his erasing to times when a new Journey or Fleetwood Mac album was released. He would stand before a display of the offending material, and the sales girls would ask, "May I be of assistance?" No thanks, ma'am, just thinking.

MINI-MAX PARTY criticizes RCP preoccupation with economics; says gets in way of slaugher program. Related story, Aviation Victim of Toxic Shock Syndrome. Details at



## FAMILIARITY BREEDS DISCONTENT

by David Morgan

Fortunately it's been a pretty good summer for movies. The only dullness has been in the relative unanimity of the critics. Everybody loves *Garp*, *E.T.*, *Star Trek II*, and *Tron*, as well they should. Everybody hates the bad films, and all are indifferent to the "who cares" films of the summer. (I, for one, wouldn't care if the answer print of *Annie* were lost forever. The fact that anyone would spend tens of millions of dollars on a single picture more often than not erodes my interest at a rate directly proportional to the cost of production.)

Despite the number of good films that are out now, though, there are plenty of things I would love to see—in movies, TV and elsewhere—to help brighten up a hot and humid August:

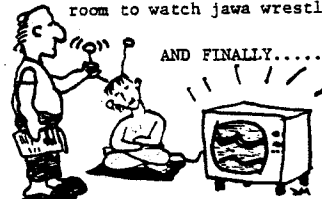
- Have you seen that wretched Republican television commercial where this aged mailman (who should have retired long ago) delivers checks to older people, and credits Ronald McReagan for making his job so rewarding? I have the perfect Democratic response commercial...A postman is trudging down the street past boarded up homes, burned out tenements and bankrupt businesses. He turns to the camera, smiling. "You know, my job's been a lot easier, ever since President Reagan's economic program has gone into effect. Now, most of the people on my route have died."

- How about a movie sequel without a number at the end of the title? Whatever happened to the "Son of—" sequels, such as "Son of Bonzo" (Or, "The Right Strikes Back") or "Son of Gone With The Wind" or "Son of Bring Me The Head Of Alfredo Garcia"?

- A Burt Reynolds movie in which there aren't more than two cars wrecked.

- A day pass without a television commercial for *Evita* or a TV news report somehow connected to *E.T.*

- In the next *Star Wars* film, Darth Vader berates Luke for being a disobedient kid, and for running around the galaxy after midnight. Luke claims he's misunderstood, and blames Darth for his not being able to land other movie roles. Mrs. Vader (Dorothy Vader perhaps) (ED: Not "Ella Vader"?) intercedes, has them make up over a plate of Arcturian brownies, and they retire into the living room to watch java wrestling on the television.



- A new paperback cartoon book, "101 Uses for a Dead Antenna Headband Wearer." One example appears at left.

# MINDING THEIR PPS & QS by Gunnar Larson

Many Americans are excited about a growing idea of trusteeship: The federal government would care for and preserve land and natural resources for future generations.

The idea isn't new, of course. American Indians always preserved land and natural resources. But they used them only to live, not to make huge profits or fight in wars thousands of miles from home. Besides, American politicians and bureaucrats have always cared for and preserved land and natural resources for the profits of their big-brother businessmen. They did this for both future and present generations.

A problem in the new trusteeship is how we could still hold bureaucrats and politicians accountable for their government behavior. We haven't yet learned how to control or prevent political privileges and perquisites like automatic pay raises, free medical care, \$10.00 meals for \$2.75 in congressional restaurants, free worldwide jet jaunts, illegal campaign contributions, and paid vacations to give state voters a chance to see and hear their conscientiously conniving congressmen.

In addition to all these privs and perks of our politicians are certain quirks of our democracy. The wealthy are helped to get wealthier and the poor poorer. And members of the middle class are helped to stay middling just as long as they don't get uppity and start meddling with the economic realities controlled by their upper-class betters.

Therefore, some skeptics are saying that before we try the new trusteeship, we should change the present governmental system of privs, perks, and quirks to resemble the honest but depressed reality in which most of the rest of us live. Too many of us have more taxes than loopholes, more prices than wages, and more debts than dinero. So, even though we live in a democracy, we still need to mind the pps and qs of our business and political leaders. If we don't, then, as usual, they'll keep on minding their own pps and give us the qs.

All of us, of course, contribute to the quirks in our lives. Through the junk we buy, we feed excessive business profits and help rob ourselves of a healthy, wealthy environment. How much of the things we clutter up our lives with are really necessary? Do you need a clock in every room, assuming you're wealthy enough to have more than one room? Do you need to blow dry your hair, assuming you're lucky enough to have any hair or wealthy enough to buy a hair blower? Do you need convenience foods, assuming you're lazy or ignorant enough to eat them? Do you need pesticides and artificial fertilizers, assuming you're rich enough to have some land for gardening or farming?

But how do we mind the pps and qs of our political and business leaders? One way would be to put a limit on individual and corporation income. However, we shouldn't be naive and think that such a limit would increase the wealth of the rest of us much. But it might reduce or control the drive for sales and profits which has helped bribe and influence both domestic and foreign legislators, executives and bureaucrats. And lower profits might just reduce the rate at which we're using up our land and natural resources.

Of course, a limit on individual and corporation income might also require a public examination and report on the accounting records of individuals and corporations above a given level of income.

Did I hear groans about invasion of privacy and freedom from executives earning—earning?—receiving from one to three million dollars a year on their jobs? A million dollars a year, I suppose, would come to about \$100 an hour. How often do you and the rest of us get \$100? Shouldn't financial privacy and freedom of any individual or company be balanced against the financial status of the rest of us who must scrape by on deflating monthly checks and stamps?

In the 30s and 40s, we youngsters danced cheek to cheek and lived check to check or voucher to voucher. By the 50s, 60s and 70s, many youngsters were no longer dancing cheek to cheek, but like the rest of us growing oldsters, were living check to check. The relief voucher has ended but the poverty and food stamps linger on.

Would the government acting as trustee for land and natural resources help us monthly check-to-checkers? Ask the Indians their opinion of Uncle Simon as their trustee. Or ask yourself how effective has the government been against the concentration of wealth and control by the few. The latest federal irritation is land and profit irrigation. We now know that the federal government has even violated its own law by allowing big agribusinesses and wealthy individuals to own huge farms (as many as 10,000 acres) in California in direct violation of a law limiting ownership of land to 160 acres if federal water is used for irrigation.

On the other hand again, we quirkers contribute to our own quirks by demanding laws, then forgetting the problems that created the need for laws. So the loopholes in the laws are often enforced more than their original intent. Part of this quirk, of course, comes from simple lack of information. Not many newspapers have the means, the imagination, or even the desire to attack the pps and qs of the wealthy and influential.

A government is unjust to whatever extent it forces some people to live in poverty and ugliness while allowing and even helping others to live in wealth and beauty or at least luxury. But we contribute to that injustice to the extent that we don't protest and dissent. A change in government institutions and behavior must be rooted in a change of citizen attitudes. How many of us really feel that if American business can't maintain all of us in full employment with a comfortable standard of living, then we have the right to regulate, control, or own business in any way necessary to get such employment? And if federal legislators haven't enough initiative to pass such laws, do the rest of us have enough initiative to pass our own initiatives like Californians did to lower property

taxes! So another way for us to mind the pps and qs of our political and business leaders is to push our United States senators and representatives into adopting a federal initiative law. Since all of us are trustees for the environment, such a law would give us a shaft for spiritually gooseing our federal government leaders into

minding the pps and qs of everybody, not just their own and those of the wealthy and influential.

# County Jail Treasure

## by Cannon Barclay

I had four reading instead of watching Halloween Bugs Bunny and Fat Albert cartoons. It took awhile to gain their respect in selecting beginning books and magazines for them to read. Frankly, it was worth the effort.

While some sixty other prisoners on our floor in the County Jail watched fantasy and argued about an evening fare of same, my cellmates were reading NEW YORK MAGAZINE, THE NEW YORKER, LOGOS JOURNAL, ATLANTIC, SATURDAY REVIEW, etc. One of the east coast magazines, rarely seen in our western part of Michigan, had a feature article on Community Placement programs and progressive probation and parole programs under study that caused some interest.

We all fought the terrible feeling of being caged...and had moments...hours...spent pacing the small cell floor area. My cellmates had become accustomed to my nervous cell-trot-pace; however, my perambulation slowed as I watched my young cellmates digest well written non-fiction.

Strange. We had a saying, "You were only free when you were sleeping." Now it had to be amended...because when they curled up on worn silver mattresses in Cell Block 35 and escaped into a world of peace with my book-clad subscription and weekly and monthly publications...they also were free.

I was bringing the other cellmates along fine. One resisted initially, but now he had discovered a crossword puzzle magazine. Of course, he was checking the answer page frequently. No matter. He wasn't a quitter when he started a quick puzzle, and his vocabulary was growing. Eventually, my quick replies to his smiling boxing jabs for assistance would be needed less and less.

God, these five average guys were giving. Giving it back "ten-fold" like the TV evangelists told us every Sunday morning. Their cohesive feeling as a unit grew with each discussion of another discovery from our books and magazines. I was pleased.

I wanted them to develop a healthy respect for the written words. Library science information was exchanged. To insure some respect and knowledge of the treasure value placed on books, etc. we took turns being weekly managers of our cell library. It was growing, and so was the respect other prisoners gave them when we passed material to other cells.

In truth I had to realize my limitations in our environment as the reputation our cellblock gained as a "source" over those long months of season changes...

Why I was not discouraged from my little mission was a wonder because from entry into the county jail system my senses were shocked almost daily. None was worse than discovering "modern" rules prohibited any reading material that was not religious or instructional. And my jailers informed us often that READER'S DIGEST or NEWSWEEK or anything similar was not instructional.

We wondered aloud...and sometimes with some bitter words if anything with pictures in it was considered less than instructional. Regardless...I reached the proper souls within the system and we changed the cruel policy...even if slowly.

Requests were now coming to our cell. One night we passed on a story about political prisoners highlighted in a magazine called POLITICS TODAY. Almost every cell called for the piece. It was surely real to all of us...

One of the rougher cellblocks had resisted asking for material, but then they heard we had some horoscope pieces...and their request came in with the others. We found what they wanted in a magazine mainly read by women. No matter.

They literally began by sitting on their bunks staring into the nothing surroundings, or pacing the cement floors, or even worse; wasting their time playing endless games of a card game called "Spades."

Then came this period when they wanted something to read. Too scared or intimidated to ask. It wasn't that I was physically imposing...they were just unsure what to ask for without embarrassment.

They had to discover not to judge a magazine by its title...or place a gender or a lifestyle on an individual examining or reading with curiosity, etc. the "new" publications available to me. Before long they realized that even books written by women could be powerful, entertaining, etc.

By selecting certain pieces or paragraphs of interest to impress each of my cellmates, I know we made progress in their awareness of alternatives.

Fortunately, I could get copies of quite a few publications. Who could afford so many weekly or monthly items?

I was lucky and thankful for those who learned from titles like MOTHER EARTH NEWS, AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE, TIME CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, etc.—and even the sharing of my valued WRITER'S DIGEST buzzed them up...

Quite rewarding to watch them around our steel table examining a list of selections available from various book clubs. I might add...our television sat cold on the stack of cardboard boxes outside our cell door more often than on.

My treasure had been fully shared when these five cellmates began their street-wise bargaining to purchase the books or magazines for themselves. Fantastic!!!!

Most wanted to hit the streets someday with their own copies of CHESAPEAKE, THE BOOK OF LISTS, ALL THINGS WISE AND WONDERFUL, etc.

To witness them reading EXODUS...and various prayer-books including mine was a source of great strength to me...and for my group.

Whatever happens to these five people in the future, they now carry with them a new pride in reading material. Books have va-

lue...and they enjoy and will enjoy passing on the knowledge and entertainment factors.

They listen to me after lights are out tell of overwhelming wonder in exploring bookstores, newsstands and the vastly different public and private libraries.

I believe these five guys would be able to enter any library with enough savvy to carry off the appearance of being veteran card carriers. If not, they will not hesitate to ask for help...Believe me, these street-tough youngsters grew closer to understanding in realizing the ease and value in asking for direction or directions.

Could any judge or probation officer consider their attempts at rehabilitation any more valuable than some of my attempts to expose these call partners to the world of printed words? A kind of courage grew in our cell...

Consider this: two of my "boys" gave up smoking to have money to buy envelopes to trade for my books. One begged me to take his Monopoly game even-up for my ROGET'S COLLEGE THESAURUS. I know college graduates not familiar with this reference book. None of my cellmates were even high school graduates (GED programs were surely ahead...).

Two others offered various bribes, like rolling my Bugler cigarettes: None of us were smoking tailor-made butts. Our entire "house" was low on funds. They would even offer to wash my socks, or give up the most valuable weekly cup of coffee for books and magazine ownership.

Shame the writers whose bylines were in our collection mostly under my bunk, yet stuck and stacked in high-bar slots should know how valuable their works became as we neared the first snowfall. It had been seven months for me...

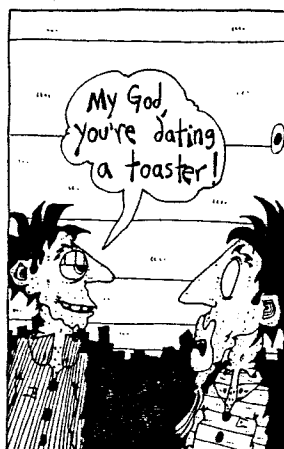
Finally I was to "ride-out" of the county jail. Outside? Only my ride was to the state prison. 2 to 10. With luck and good time I'd be returning to my hometown after another 8 months.

Slightly depressed. None of my people could make the trip to say goodbye. Visits slack off in these places after the time builds up. It is understood. It is always this way.

However, on the day of my departure I knew there were friendships open to me in the future...because I also had undergone a learning program...how to share a bit more with others...

This was surely reinforced when my "boys" had two of the officers being me a small piece of the "never available" cake and coffee for all...and then without much talking (remembering I believe not a word was said) they gathered around our well-used table and watched me open a gift: a new hardcover dictionary.

Its title was clouded a bit by tears. Just slight tears. None of us was ashamed. I came to jail thinking I had many friends, discovering I had few, and I left almost 8 months later with five guys that would always make Cellblock 35...in my memory...Suite 35.



↑  
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# Midterm Break

by Mike Gunderloy

On the third try the knife blade slipped into place and I was able to push back the bolt and open the door. Silently I crept inside, easing it quickly shut behind me. I needed no light to find the stairs at the far end of the corridor, having made the journey many times before. A flight down and I opened another door, feeling the warm air rush past my face before I closed it and flicked the light switch to my left.

Once again I was back in the steam tunnels, back where I came to walk and crawl and think, back where the pressures of the world were lessened by their remoteness. I walked down the corridor, glancing idly at the by-now-familiar graffiti on the walls ("DET", "Eat Noodles", "Sixth Level" and all the rest) as I tried to decide where to go tonight. I settled on the North-South Crawl and a run down towards the new buildings before a quick bit of roof-hopping.

In short order I was in a very narrow tunnel, surrounded by a maze of pipes and wires. A steam leak ahead heated this section to an uncomfortable degree, and the shrill whistle hurt my ears. I turned on the flashlight, dropped to my knees, and pushed it ahead of me into the Crawl, a narrow passage no more than two feet square leading off into the darkened North Tunnels.

Getting into the Crawl took a few minutes, contorting past the pipes and valves being a bit difficult. Campus Security had tried to install a grating a few months back to keep out intrepid adventurers. Some well-placed sledge-hammer blows had foiled that plot, but the sharp edges of the broken bars pulled at my sweat shirt. Finally I started inching forward on my belly, pushing the flashlight ahead to light some small amount of the way, even though the space was too constricted to even raise my head and look forward. I thought idly of the chances of the 12" main steam line above my back suddenly exploding, and decided that I'd never know it before I was cooked through.

Halfway through the Crawl my light went out. Cursing, I continued to roll it ahead, hoping I could fix it in a less constricted space. It seemed to be getting heavier as I went, but that was nonsense, of course. Besides, a greenish glow from the north tunnels was starting to light my way by itself. I wondered what sort of new experiment was running there beneath the chem labs.

Reaching the north end of the Crawl, I pushed the light out, and was rather startled by the loud thunk it made hitting the floor. Following it, I was rather startled to notice that it was no longer a flashlight at all, but appeared to be a quite nasty mace.

I looked around. The brick walls I had expected were not bricks, but rough-hewn blocks of stone covered with phosphorescent algae, the source of the eerie greenish light. Water could be heard dripping off to my right, and there were several bats hanging in the passage to my left. The only bit of normalcy was the tiny square of electric light at the end of the Crawl behind me.

My clothing had changed a bit, too. I was wearing heavy boots with hobnails, and my sweatshirt had become a heavy (and smelly) leather jerkin. Perplexing, I decided, but not as bad as quantum mechanics. I started off to my left, idly swinging the mace from side to side.

A few hundred yards later, I came to an abrupt halt. Right here, I figured, should be the door into the basement of the Humanities building, where I had planned to exit the tunnels. Yet I had never before known that door to be made of heavy planks of wood, bound top and bottom with metal strips and bearing a crude handle of what looked to be wrought iron. I turned the handle, but the door was stuck. Putting my back into it, it slowly creaked on hinges that needed oiling, and then suddenly swung free. I stumbled into a room, losing my balance and falling heavily.

I was starting to get up when a dimly-glimpsed figure came charging from the corner and landed on my back. Wiry fingers closed about my throat and I could feel fangs trying to bite through my jerkin as I struggled to throw the weight free. I could no longer breathe as, with a convulsive jerk, I got my legs under me and suddenly stood, breaking the grip of those claws.

Whirling around, I was confronted by a sickly-looking creature with huge white eyes, standing about three feet high. Its lips drew back from mottled yellow teeth and it leapt for me again. Without thinking, I brought the mace around in a smooth arc, and watched with a certain detachment as it struck the creature in the head. The misshapen skull caved in like an eggshell, greenish brains came flying out mixed with bright-red blood, and the thing collapsed in a heap against the far wall, not moving.

The detachment left me, and I threw up again and again until there was nothing left in my stomach. Then somewhere in the back of my head, a tiny voice whispered "It was a ghoul", and I began to feel better about killing it. In fact, I felt a little stronger, a little quicker, a little harder to pick on. It was like a burst of adrenalin, or the first rush of snorting coke, only the feeling didn't go away.

Looking around the room, I saw that it was empty except for a pile of soiled straw in one corner, obviously the ghoul's nest. I kicked through it, seeing a few shiny bits of metal in the straw, but nothing that interested me. There was a second door in the far wall, though, and I walked slowly over to it.

Not wishing another unpleasant surprise, I put my ear to its slimy surface, and listened as closely as I could. There was a sort of dragging sound, like a giant mop being wiped across the floor. I couldn't imagine what it was, so I decided to find out. This door was sticky as well, but I kicked it instead of pushing against it. My foot stung like I'd dropped a brick on it, but the door slowly swung open.

It wasn't a giant mop, just the biggest snake I'd ever seen. It was a mottled green and black, with long fangs dripping with green slime and a bright red tongue flicking in and out. It was also slithering towards me at a rapid rate.

I met it in the doorway with a swing of the mace, connecting about four feet from its head. It was like trying to smash a roach. The snake gave, and the skin was a bit bruised, but mostly I just knocked that coil of it aside. In an instant, it was wrapped around my leg, crushing it and moving towards my head. I swung again, and was rewarded by hitting the doorframe and seeing the head of my mace go flying off into the semi-darkness. Things were getting a bit sticky.

By now most of the snake was wrapped around my chest, rearing its head back and opening the huge mouth for the final bite. It jerked towards my face, and as the jaws closed on my throat I thrust the broken stick of the mace handle between them.

The results were spectacular. A huge spray of blood hit me in the face, and the snake started twitching convulsively. Its death struggles threw me across the room, and I watched as it slowly stopped moving. Not wishing to be unarmed after this, I picked up the mace handle and stuck it in my belt. I walked (or limped) into the snake's room and looked around. It was empty, but there was a third door off to my right.

Alas, I had had enough. I turned and worked my way back to the Crawl as fast as I could, glad to find it was still there. About halfway through it the mace handle shifted suddenly in my belt, but it stayed put.

After leaving the tunnels, I washed up as best I could in the dorm's restroom before going back to my room on the second floor. My roommate looked up curiously as I came in, and asked what I'd been up to. He sounded worried, and I guessed that I still looked a mess.

"Nothing much, just steam tunnelling," I replied as I tossed the mangled remains of the flashlight on my bed.

Pay close attention. You'll be acquisitive later.

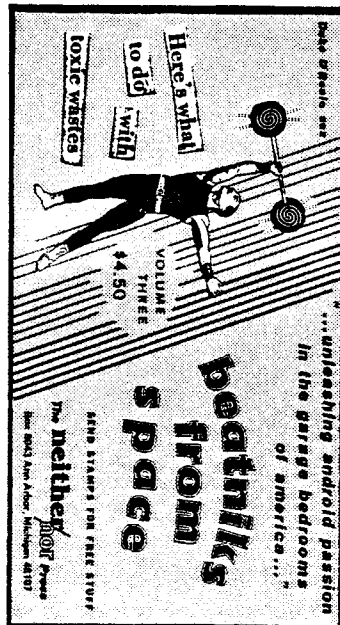
When and even when we stood in the garden of Even Steven we gained the initial purchase on the shores of America, and it is your hearty duty to plan installments and to phone at the mouth, buy buy love, buy buy happiness, take your cold hard-earned cache and to it to a good youse. Store your faith in the tv news and ads on, the tvs they sell seared and bonded like whiskey. Shopping for the illiterate, the listening generation of wind-shield vipers, the Nocoche-Petsi generation, there is not layaway out—No red-lit Exit nowhere—except the escalating housewars deportment. Go now. Odor before midnight. Oh, breathern, oh breathing masses yearning to huddle free or for a small charge, it is impossible. The next-best things in life are astronomically expensive. In the beginning there was the Word from our Sponsor, and oh oh certainly there is heaven on birth for those who apply themselves, thos who've jerked themselves dry for God's creatures' comforts, those comforts which distinguish us from the lulus of the field; they soil not, neither do they sin. May I take your natural order, sir? Oh, money is mint to be spent, can't you feel it slip through your fingers? The salesmangers are your frenzy, they are here to carry you. Man supposes; God disposes. You can't leave it with you. Security can be yours, and more than yours, for small defense spending to keep your castle keep nondrafty or overdrafty. Retirees go dead or crazy after stopping shopping! And you mustn't die.

God put man on earth, just like he siloed the nuclearly big bullets, to work and earn his way and to rape his reward, the just reward just for just folks. Afford a Ford, emulators, harmonizers, hardware; go to the five in time and spend your dolars. There is an all-consuming love! Oh breathern, oh cistern, shop down the trees! Get yours today. Odor before midnight.

- Walt Lockley

TRUST FUND? I'd love to run my fingers through your hairs. Surrealist Worker.

I SWEAR, YOUR HONOR, I KICKED THE HABBIT, BUT I NEVER TOUCHED THE NUN!...

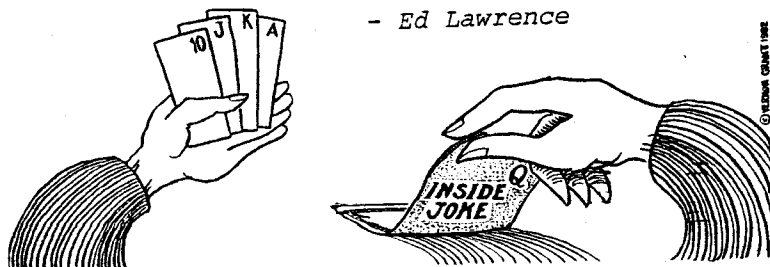


'His face bore the grain of a coffin lid and he scratched at it with the attentiveness of a man buried alive'

Ask any Boy Scout who isn't a disgrace to the uniform which molds his character about being lost. If the first words out of his mouth aren't 'don't panic' send him back into the mines to grind down the cog teeth of Moloch. You can pretty much ignore the part about following a crystal trickle of water down thru its turbid evolution to the inevitable ocean. Instead wish the East River well every time a toilet flushes in those twin obelisks dedicated to world traitors. But when he starts explaining about always keeping two trees or stones or other distinguishable features lined up ahead in the direction you're moving, pay attention. Therein lies a principle which guards against going eternally in circles. It wouldn't tell you exactly where you'll end up, but a least it gives some idea where you've been. Using this technique, face the region which seems most hospitable and key in on two prominent places that appear in a linear sequence. For example, starting from Paumanok site the moon and further it with Alpha Centauri. Or if caught on some highway in southwest Wyoming use jackrabbit road-kills for markers. There will always be a couple up ahead and if you care to look back those cold eyes will still be unblinking. Delving a little deeper into the subject however, we might conclude that there has to be a finite number of points of reference. It's like those logs that, discounting levitation and extraterrestrial assistance, must have been used to roll the giant blocks of stone up inclined mounds of earth to build the great pyramids. Hundreds of slaves swarming around pushing and tugging and recirculating those round trunks which the juggernaut passed over back to the front to again receive the ongoing onus. As has been profitsized in our own time—the first ones now were earlier last—. To start a major league baseball game in a packed stadium undulating with the freedom of choice, the umpires shine up six dozen balls. Both history and diamonds share a predilection for mathematics. Francis Crick ascribes the origin of all these number games to a theory which practitioners of his discipline have ostentatiously titled 'direct panspermia'. They could have been a trifle less chauvanistically vulgar by calling it 'star seed', but then Timothy Leary would have to be given a footnote in their quarterlies. Meanwhile other bellicose Darwinists who previously wanted only the exuded wet dream material of Nobel prize winners for their stud service have decided that form as well as content is important. Sperm banking must be feeling the depression because professional athletes have been put on tap to cate to the young brides of impotent octogenarian billionaires. Despite Jesse Owens the air is still thick with the insipid spirit of the '36 Berlin Olympics. There is another eminent doctor, professor Robert Jastrow, who can only keep his impeccably credentialed brain from exploding by announcing through his hermetically sealed window that 'the era of carbon-chemistry life is drawing to a close on the earth. A new era of silicon based life—indestructible, immortal, infinitely expandable—is beginning'. It wouldn't be long before the kosher twins, Abby and Ann, will be tossing that bone out to placate the anguish of graying bed wetters. The French revolutionist Marat thought it an injustice that he was not considered a philanthropist because he 'cut off a few heads to save a great many'. Camus adds however 'that at a time when pickpockets were executed in England, other pickpockets exercised their talents in the crown surrounding the scaffold' to the tune of 'out of 250 who were hanged, 170 had previously attended one or more executions'. Death has always lighted our way by snuffing out, out someone's brief candle. The production of guns with interchangeable parts heralded a new era of manufacture. Of course the poor sap who forever totes the blunderbuss has always been a throwaway. Just another standard component on the assembly line of Armageddon, wearing those cute little wedge shaped hats that turn a man into a chisel. Oblivious of the tentacles' omnipresent stranglehold quaint superstitions still survive into the scream of the technological age, like the dignity of a human signature. This embarrassingly burlesque vestigial anachronism will soon join the ranks of the unemployed and forgotten. As science has divided, for the sake of convenience, the living system into separate acetate sheets for the transparent plate section of anatomy books, so too the reigning pundits of state terrorism have 'literally created the physics of the soul'. The astute Rev. Moon, hell child spawned by the Korean branch of the CIA, in only one of the revered who follows close on the heels of the behaviorist dog pack. Regulation of sleep patterns, directed dietary habits, incessant friendly advice; with premeasured sacraments deviation is never a question. The clay of human nature takes on its dull lustre under the watchful eye of calculated determinists. As the discarded mechanical remnants of space exploration plummet into earth's atmosphere the fashionable attired masses asset the ascendancy of their peculiar mindlessness.

'Sand and more sand in the face of the Sphinx. The bullies have gone home, and the water has found a new level. Erosion ultimately explains the inexplicable. Secrets and sand.'

- Ed Lawrence



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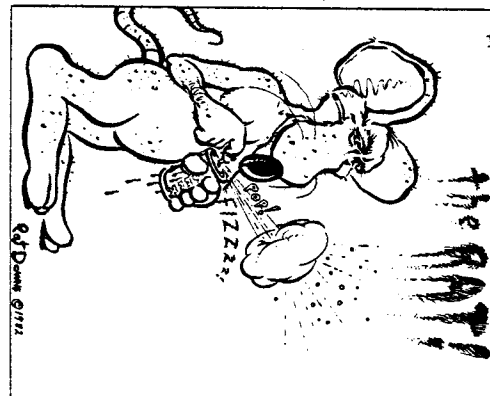
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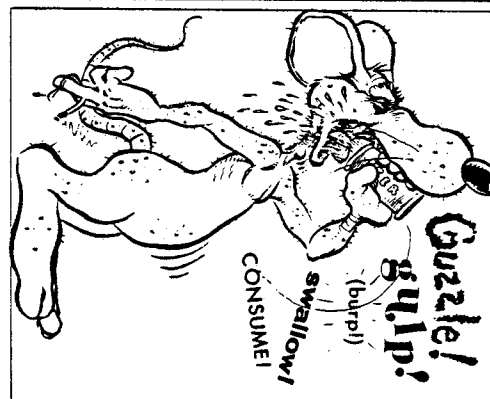
IF YOU EVER EAT IN A RESTAURANT WITH A LEAKY ROOF by Cannon E. Barclay

Streetlight beginning Teeter-toter night Saugatuck flight Old 42 and 31 you.

Clandestine tennis ice-cream scams Mt. Baldy fans Old 42 and 31 you.

Penetrating touch Park Villa sunshine Pinto hugging time Old 42 and 31 you.

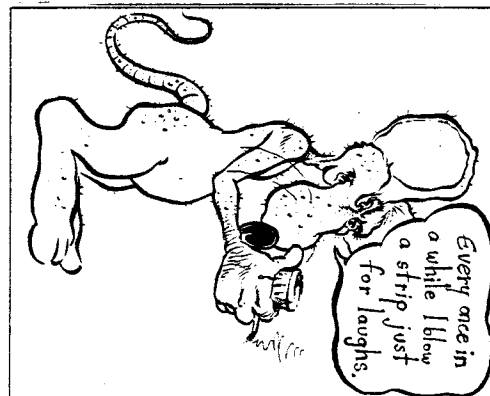
Weekend racing into fall Add Ann Arbor juice! Dutch Dunes love is loose Total=73/Not divisible.



DARK NIGHT by Olivia Jasen A lullabye of snow; a soft sigh of sleet

Wraps its arms 'round you, gently rocks you sleep. Dark thoughts gather on tree limbs making others weep.

Close eyes, sleep tight; darling won't they keep?



TEEN PAIN POEM #964,538.196 by Boris Dali In the absence of last I hold your toe and think of the kitchen door boy have I got myself in a mess this time I've got to learn to stop talking about politics



#### CONTACT ALIENS

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

Details \$1.

The SubGenius Foundation Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214



# There Was This Traveling Salesman And....

by Ralph Roberts

Charlie Bachus shrugged and snapped his catalog case closed. He shook hands with the manager of the Nuts N Bolts hardware store. "Well, thanks for your time," Charlie said as he glanced out the front window at the darkening storm clouds. "I'm leaving you my card and our general line brochure. When you do need some quality widgets, you'll find ours are the best."

Twenty calls today and not one lousy sale, he thought, what a drag. Bet he cans my card as soon as I hit the street.

"Yeah," Elmo Perkins said without interest, "I'll file it. Ya better grab a motel, it's getting late and we gonna have one hell of a storm."

"Nah, gotta get on down the road to Blairsville. I always stay there."

"Suit yourself but ya gonna have a rough trip. Say, did ya hear the one about the traveling salesman and the..."

"Yeah, yeah," Charlie said hastily, grabbed his case, and headed for the door. Of the few things he hated about being a manufacturer's rep, traveling salesman jokes rated number one by an astronomical margin. After twenty years on the road, he had heard and told them all--time after time after time. What's more, Charlie told himself as he tossed the case in the back seat of his dirty green Buick, there ain't never any basis of fact to 'em. He flipped on the windshield wipers and moved out into traffic. Rain was starting to pour down like a dam had burst up in the clouds somewhere. Lightning flashes lit the road with all the intensity of strobes in some cosmic disco.

Charlie drove for an hour, hunched over the steering wheel and peering intently through the rain-dashed windshield. It was now totally dark and the car's headlights had little effect on the rivers of water falling from the cloud-choked heavens.

Suddenly, blue lights flashed ahead and Charlie carefully rode his brakes and quickly geared down so he wouldn't skid on the wet, slick pavement. He missed the highway patrol car blocking the road by about two feet. A patrolman dressed in yellow rain slicker splashed through the standing water to the Buick; Charlie rolled down his window and got a face full of cold rain.

"Sorry, sir," the officer said, "bridge is out up ahead. You'll have to go back."

"Thanks," Charlie replied and swiftly rolled his window back up; he was already soaked from the rain blown in while the window was down. Mumbling a few choice phrases learned during army service many years ago, he backed and maneuvered the car until he got it turned around without going off the pavement and getting stuck. Groaning aloud, Charlie started back down the road. He could see just a few feet ahead through the slanting curtains of gust-propelled rain except when bright lightning discharges highlighted a wet landscape of trees battered and bowed by the raging storm.

There's no way I'm going all the way back, Charlie decided as he clung to the wheel and poked his car slowly along. He began to look for a place to get in out of the weather. He knew this was farm country and, sure enough, he soon spied a small farmhouse just off the road. Sighing gratefully, he pulled into the driveway and parked behind an old pickup truck that had seen better days. There was a small blue Volkswagen Rabbit sitting next to the pickup. Charlie grabbed a catalog from the backseat and held it over his head as he dashed up to the front porch of the house.

Well, Charlie thought, as he lifted his hand to knock, maybe all those jokes I've hated for so long will finally come true. Maybe I'll meet a farmer's daughter. He shrugged and banged on the door which was almost immediately opened by an old farmer type.

"Hi," Charlie said with a grin as he realized this was starting to sound like one of those accursed jokes. "I'm a traveling salesman and, as you can see, I need a place to stay because of the storm."

"Wal shore, city feller," the old farmer said, "come right on in and get outa that there rain."

Charlie smiled and did, though the thought crossed his mind that nobody could be as country as this old dude was acting. "Name's Charlie Bachus," he said.

"Brown, Amos Brown," the farmer said and they shook hands. There were three women in the tiny living room of the farmhouse; one was obviously Amos Brown's wife but the others were young and real lookers.

Wow! Charlie thought, this has been worth waiting twenty years for. My time has come! "Er...can I stay the night?" he asked.

A smile of secret amusement quickly crossed the farmer's face. "Why shore ye can but we kinda limited on space...ye gotta sleep with one of these here young ladies."

Migawd! Charlie thought as his heart started to pound in excitement, I can't believe this is really happening. He forced himself to appear casual. "No problem. You don't mind me sleeping with your daughter?"

"Hell yes, I mind," Brown said, "but ye won't be sleeping with Betsy Lou...this here other traveling salesperson will bunk with ye."

The better looking of the two young women stepped forward and offered her hand for shaking. "Amy Pherson. And, due to the circumstances, I don't mind. It's been a lousy day anyway, my product just doesn't seem to sell anymore."

D.O. - Forgive lack of seizing opportunity to make obvious pun - here goes - Will you be at the Same Old Place? - E.W.

FIRESIGN FLASH: Check out Rudy Rucker's first novel "White Light" - not-so-subtle reference to Don't Crush That Dwarf... White Lightning Dialogue!

Charlie shook hands with her and smiled dumbly. This was fantastic, what a story he'd have to tell.

"We all just turning in," Amos Brown said. "See y'all in the mornin'."

"C'mon, Charlie," Amy said, "I've already checked out our bedroom. Very comfortable."

He shook his head in silent appreciation of his good fortune and followed her shapely rump up the stairs.

"Bathroom at the end of the hall," she said as she showed him their room. "You can undress in there."

"Sure," Charlie said with, he hoped, a worldly smile. "I'll just pop out to the car and get my things." She smiled in return and that provocative picture stayed in his mind as he dashed downstairs and out to the car for his shaving kit.

Back in the bathroom, Charlie excitedly and hurriedly prepared for bed and favored himself with several lewd winks in the cracked medicine cabinet mirror. He shaved and slept his cheeks with aftershave lotion. Man alive, he told himself, you're in luck tonight. This is gonna be better than any farmer's daughter ever thought about being. He grinned at his fogged image in the steamed mirror and, with heart pounding like a runaway steam engine in anticipation, walked down the hallway to the bedroom.

He saw that Amy was already in bed and what a picture she made! Long, honey-colored hair spread on the pillow. She had the sheet pulled to her chin but that did little to hide the beautiful curves beneath. Charlie swallowed hard.

"Get the light, will you?" Amy asked in a throaty but demure voice.

"Sure," Charlie replied and flipped the switch. In the darkness he slipped into the bed and rolled over to face her; visions of the joys to come were already dancing through his head. "Er... what line do you sell?" he asked curiously.

"Chastity belts," she said with a laugh and turned her back to him.

To this day, Charlie Bachus still detests traveling salesman jokes.

(ED: Ralph's book, *The Bremerton Berserkers*, will be out in August of '83, probably published by Warner, and the movie based on it is coming out that October (20th Century Fox), starring Joey Travolta, Paul Smith, and Dick Shawn. It sounds really good, Vikings 'n everything, and Ralph informs me, "So's, here's the way we work it (since I get royalties on both). You make sure that EVERYBODY in New Jersey buys th' book and gues ter see th' cotton pickin' sucker at least twice. That way I can get filthy rich and not hafta ever lift me pinky again. We talking really decadent here! Manna join me on the French Riviera?" Now, while I hardly seem to need a vacation at this point, it's all for a good cause after all, so look for the book & see the movie, 'k? Oughta be great....)

## FIRESIGN #4

Well, except for these quizzes (boy, wait till next month!), I think I can finally put away all my Firesign Theatre albums; the overkill's getting to me at last. Or maybe not...

David Ossman's moving to Santa Barbara, where his post office box awaits him patiently, in October, which I believe puts all four members of the group back in sunny California. Hmm, let's see...yeah, now's about the time for another west coast vacation. Anyhow, David furnishes the article on his former adventures at NPR, which is reproduced herein at another page. He also has some decent creative news: "I have 2 new books of poetry out from Turkey Press, 6746 Sueno Rd., Isla Vista, CA 93117. They are beautifully hand printed and unique in design. I don't know what the prices will be, or even have a flyer, but you could write for information." David's also got a neat rubber stamp, which features a 20's style "plain Joe" man and woman; the man says to the lady, "My raise didn't come through Mary - I might as well give up. It all looks so hopeless." Mary, sitting in her armchair, with presumed knitting by her side, says, "It isn't hopeless either Bill. Why don't you try a new field like radio?" Not for sale, sorry.

Phil Proctor becomes the third FS member to receive this dubious publication. Cucky him. "He's lucky, you're lucky, I'm lucky, we're all lucky!"...sorry, I just haven't seen RM in so long...Right. On to the quiz this month, which, as promised, is a name match-up. Only group albums are used, no solos (I'm hesitating until I get my two missing solos on LP), and of course, some of the names can be found on more than one album. Answers provided upon request. Sneaky, eh? Match names to album(s)...

Bobby Bunny	Joey Demographic	Peggy Blisswips
Joe Beets	Principal Poup	Hans und Fritz
Mutt and Smut	Archbishop of Pflieg	Bob Snark
Pastor Naga Jeckler	Ben Bländ	Artie Chuke
uh, Clem	Tiny Dr. Tim	Medium Rari
Ariene Yakamoto	Rocky Raccoca	Violet Dudley
Ch. Bradshaw	Dr. John Flatsom, O.D.	Lord Kitchener
P.F. Bingle	Art Wholeflaffer, A.S.A.	Ralph Spoilsport
Professor Archer	George Westinghouse	Jim Dundee
Don G. O'Wanni	George Pappan	Kim Cluck
Ribus Cannibus	Alexander Graham Acme	Sir Andrew Lunche
Noah Vail	Jack Rodenticus	Pesbio
Random Coolzip	Dr. Progresso Sweetheart	Mannie Gruservo
Dr. Whiplash	Ed Siegelman	Billard
Mrs. O'Mariarty	George Throat	Porcelain
Hypocrisy	Gypsy Doctor	Dr. Memory

Oh, okay, I'll tell you; next month's quiz will make this one seem like a piececake—we'll have another *POUCCATION* game (this time single lines only)! Probably no double-references there...

# LONE STAR

## A COMEDY SERVICE & NEWSLETTER

Lauren I. Barnett Scharf, Publisher  
12216 White Cap, Houston, TX 77072

(An SASE-self-addressed, stamped envelope- MUST be included in all correspondence or submissions. Please allow two to four weeks for response.)



P L E A S E   R E A D   B E F O R E   S U B M I T T I N G

### UPDATED GAGWRITERS/CARTOONISTS GUIDELINES AS OF JULY 1982

**GAGS:** Need performable (oral) one-liners on topical subjects. Right now, mainly seeking gags for "IN THE FRYING PAN", LONE STAR's monthly roast of major U.S. cities. Submit gags at least one month before publication date-the fifteenth of each month. Prefer gags on local politicians, traffic problems, etc. Pay \$1.00 to \$5.00 per gag promptly on publication. If more than two gags are used, the writer's name will be listed as a contributor for that issue. PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT NEATLY. Do not submit more than 20 gags at once.

**TENTATIVE SCHEDULE FOR "IN THE FRYING PAN":** Aug./Sept '82 CHICAGO; Sept/Oct '82 NASHVILLE; Oct/Nov '82 DETROIT; Nov/Dec '82 ATLANTA; Dec '82/Jan '83 LOS ANGELES; Jan/Feb '83 DALLAS; Feb/March '83 BOSTON; March/April onward is unplanned.

**CARTOONS:** 2½" x 3½" (@13 x 22 picas) or 4½ x 7½" (@26 x 45 picas). Black and white only. More likely to take cartoon in smaller size. **THEMES:** comedy performing, radio broadcasting and public speaking. Also topical events and good general humor. Use one to two cartoons per issue. Payment is promptly on publication; \$5.00 to \$20.00.

**FILLERS:** 100 to 300 word anecdotes/tips on comedy performing, radio broadcasting and public speaking. May be helpful and/or useful. Pay \$1.00 to \$5.00 on publication.

**A NOTE ON PAYMENT:** Payment for gags, cartoons & fillers is made according to the amount of money available at the time of publication with a minimum of \$1.00 for gags & fillers and \$5.00 per cartoon. This policy is in effect for EVERYONE who submits work to LONE STAR- no exceptions. THE AMOUNT OF MONEY PAID IS NOT A REFLECTION ON THE QUALITY OF THE WORK.

LONE STAR is a comedy service/newsletter for public speakers, radio personalities and comedy performers. Each issue features 100 to 200 one-liners & jokes for oral expression only. LONE STAR also features news and events in relation to the world of humor. Published 12 times a year on a monthly basis. A sample issue is available for \$5.95.

LONE STAR comedy service and newsletter, copyright 1982/1983 by Lauren Barnett Scharf.

SOMETHING FOUND IN MY TYPEWRITER  
AFTER A WEEKEND  
I DON'T REMEMBER  
by Fred W. Wright, Jr.

Hello.  
Yes, can I help you?  
Do you have the time of day?  
Yes, I do.  
Thank you.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Hold my horse, George.  
Why?  
Because he likes being held.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
What shoes do you have on?  
The blue suede ones.  
Why?  
I'm doing my Elvis imitation.  
Who cares?  
Elvis.  
But he's dead.  
All the more reason he should care.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Hello.  
Yes?  
Do you have any asparagus?  
No.  
Good.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Stash it over in the corner.  
Why?  
So the corner won't be empty.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Did you look under the hood?  
No, should I?  
Certainly. You never know what you'll find.  
But I don't know car engines. I wouldn't  
know a radiator from a carburetor.  
That's okay. They probably don't know you  
from Adam either.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Does your head hurt?  
Yes.  
Why?  
Because it doesn't have anything  
else to do.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Is your dog hungry?  
Yes.  
Then why don't you feed her?  
Why should I?  
Because she's hungry and she's  
your dog.  
Why can't it be the other way  
around? Why can't I be hungry  
and she could have to feed me?  
Then she wouldn't be a dog.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Did you paste the stamp on the envelope?  
Certainly.  
Did you lick the stamp?  
No, I licked the envelope where I was  
going to put the stamp.  
Why?  
I know what a stamp tastes like.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Excuse me, but would you hand that bird  
to me?  
Which one?  
The one on the limb there. The brown  
one with the yellow beak.  
How am I supposed to reach it?  
That's your problem.  
\* \* \* \* \*

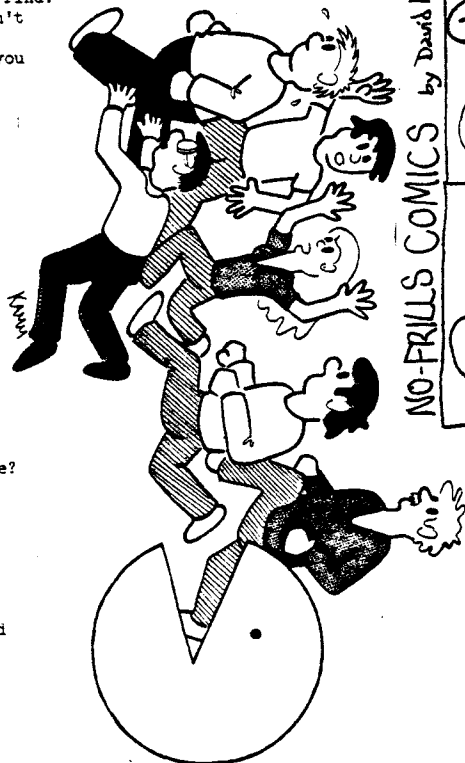
There's a cloud covering the stars  
tonight.  
Why, are they cold?  
\* \* \* \* \*

I've always wanted a Dalmation.  
Why?  
Because when you connect the dots, they  
vag their tails.  
What about leopards? They have spots, too.  
Yea, but they don't have a sense of humor.

ONLY MONDAY  
by Peggy Gully

I want to start over so bad  
But God it's not even Monday  
And anyways there's too much  
pressure.  
I want to turn that new leaf over  
But honestly, I don't know how  
When it comes to me  
Well—hell, I'm just not sure.  
  
And I recall the times  
Of so much confidence—  
But that belongs to days gone by  
Haven't had none since.  
  
Yeah, I really do want to start over  
And I want to do it right  
But, man, it's hard to be the way  
We were  
I want to bark up the right tree  
But God it's almost the end of the week  
And anyways you can't be  
Too sure.  
  
Like we were...

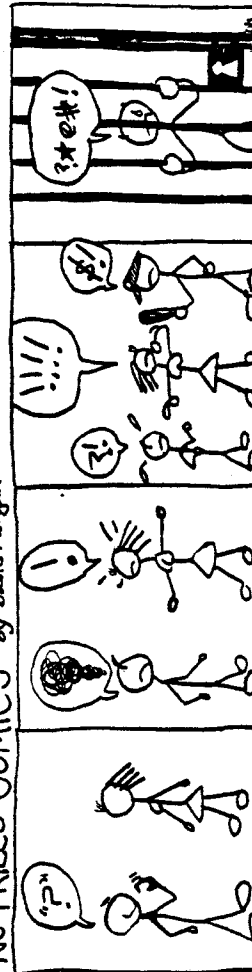
SONGS\*  
POETRY:



THE CROSS I WOULD NOT BARE  
by Tom Hilger

I tore the spikes from my bloody hands  
And threw them at their blank faces.  
With my mind,  
I blasted the cross they forced me to build  
With my hands.  
I stood now, once again upon the earth,  
Alone amongst the smoldering ruins.  
I awaked towards them,  
Fearless,  
And they parted before me.  
Past them, I whirled and cried,  
"Fools! Did you expect bonds to hold me  
if I, myself, did forge them?",  
And in anger I walked away.  
I walked through their dying cities;  
Their decaying towns and abandoned farms,  
Out onto a wind-swept plain.  
There I stood and wept  
for what they might have been,  
'til others came, with scarred hands,  
And on their brows sat stars.  
They said, "Leave them to die, for they are  
gray.  
Come let us show you the colors of the earth."

usurpation - will  
else  
and on  
enormous  
sit in the afternoon  
of an already forgotten wake  
The cooling chairs



NO-PRILLS COMICS by David Morgan



"BOB"

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Dallas TX 75214

CHAIN DANCE  
by John Crawford

25 years of protest music  
gathering dust on the shelf  
you can read in any paper  
who got redistributed what wealth  
we know who's in the white house  
but he can't stay there long  
because a new face from the west has  
written a song

the right wing has its movie stars  
the left wing has its music personalities  
we're watching the candidate of our choice  
the one with the angry voice  
the sound of a definite change  
we can feel

there is a change in the air  
that you can tune to  
a whisper in the wind  
a sigh  
and a dream  
waiting  
if you need it  
and another when you come back  
again

Dr. Waters says it  
might be helpful if the patients  
learned to sing

THE GREAT SHIP  
by Ronald B. Flowers

It was called the Titanic  
That day the waters seemed a bit slick.  
It was on its maiden, yet sole voyage  
As though a spell had been put on it by  
a witch.

It had the reputation of being invincible  
Unfortunately that wasn't so.  
The passengers were mostly of the wealthy,  
posh, and chic,  
As the cruiser sailed the Atlantic.

Without much warning there was sudden danger:  
Needless to say, for all it brought about  
fear and anger.  
It wasn't long before it bumped heads with  
an iceberg  
Which caused quite a terror, in a word.

It was such a great ship  
That they hadn't expected it to dip.  
A few were fortunate enough to have survived  
Whereas the rest died.

The ship created such gala and excitement  
That it was a shame the way it went.

SHIRLEY'S CAPTAIN  
by Cannon Edward Barclay

Her swearing unchecked before breakfast  
standard introduction for new employees  
soaking initial nursing home atmosphere.  
Most hurried from Shirley's hallway  
because of her young twisted body and  
a most shocking tongue.

But if patience and a smile  
followed her after ham, eggs and toast  
well...one hour of television warmed  
compassion for a 12 hour day of caring  
and listening and assisting halls of  
fellow "older" residents she truly loved.

Then they cancelled Shirley's AM 60 minutes  
of Captain Kangaroo. She stopped swearing  
or caring and dreaded ambulance took her  
today...sheet covered before breakfast.

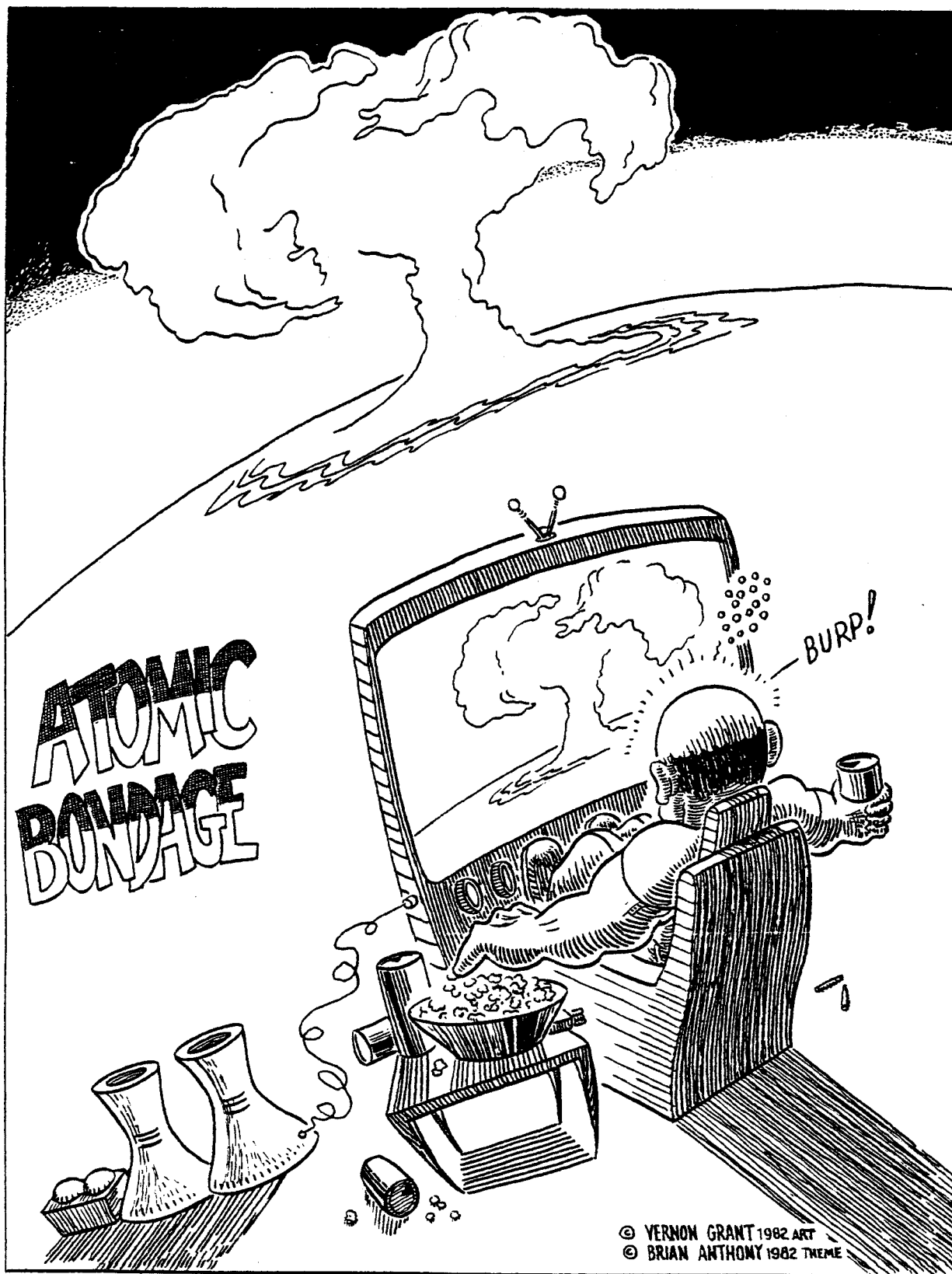
THE OTHERS  
by Tom Hilger  
"I've slain the dragon!"  
They cry, exulting,  
Wielding ragged words.  
Paupers slip the least some pennies  
And it crawls away, unread,  
To be slain again for its pay.

They need it.  
Gnashing teeth, pulling hair,  
Desperately, ceaselessly they must  
have it.  
Not knowing its source or nature  
They slay paupers, ragged and thin,  
And seek for it in their dead bodies  
Where it, too, lies dead, invisible.  
When they see men on mountain-tops  
They call a battle and gather stones.  
With much noise and ceremony  
They throw the rocks many feet in  
the air,  
Miles short of their lofty marks.  
When they tire, they stop  
And call a victory  
And pass the laws which say,  
"Look not to the mountain-top",  
For they wish none to see the men  
So high in the air  
Looking down and laughing.

MUTINY OF THE LAWN

by Deborah Golden

The garden green grows  
uniformed heads turned  
to a rising and lowering source  
except some determined seed  
weaving between rows  
of astute tulips.  
Mugwump shrub slowly milks  
chlorophyll from unsuspecting  
lawn soldiers  
too busy attending to  
their parallel grassness.  
Mugwump runs rampant -  
mutiny of the lawn,  
till all blades bow before  
this undiscernable bush.



A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO  
**SURVIVING**  
IN THE  
**REAL WORLD**

CHAPTER ONE  
LESSON ONE -  
"FACING REALITY"

BACK PAGE FILLER



BACK PAGE FILLER

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(THERE AIN'T NO 'REAL WORLD')

---

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c/o Elayne Wechsler  
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Roselle, N.J. 07203

n' dat makes you de addressee:-----

-----

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...doesn't it?