

OCTOBER, 1982...

\$1

HALLOWED BE THEIR NAMES!!!

THE CELTIC CALENDAR YEAR WAS DIVIDED INTO 4 SECTIONS, EACH 90 DAYS LONG. THE YEAR BEGAN IN MARCH, THE TIME OF THE WINTER-SPRING SOLSTICE, MAKING OCTOBER 31ST THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX AND THE BEGINNING OF WINTER. ANCIENT DRUIDS CELEBRATED ON THIS DAY THE SAMHAIN ("SAM-VIN"), THEIR BELIEF THAT SOULS WERE FREE TO WANDER ABOUT THE EARTH. POSSIBLY THE CHANGES IN NATURE PROMPTED THIS IDEA. ANOTHER B.C. EVENT COMMEMORATED ON OCT. 31ST IS THE DESTRUCTION AND SINKING OF ATLANTIS, RECORDED BY EARLY GREEKIES. THE MYANS REPORT THE GREATEST NUMBER OF DEATHS OCCURRED AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR. DEATH ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE THE MAJOR SPIRITUAL TOPIC. ASTRO-LOGICALLY SPEAKING, THE SUN (LIFE-ENERGY) HAS MOVED INTO SCORPIO, THE SIGN OF THE ZODIAC ASSOCIATED WITH POTENTIAL DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. EVENTUALLY, EARLY CHRISTIANITY'S ATTEMPTS TO REPROGRAM PAGAN IDEAS NAMED NOV. 1ST

ALL (HALLOWED) SOULS DAY. OCTOBER 31ST BECAME OFFICIALLY "THE EVE OF ALL HALLOWED SOULS." THE TRADITION OF TRICK-OR-TREATING WAS ORIGINALLY DOOR-TO-DOOR COLLECTION FOR THE POOR. CLERGY MEMBERS NICKNAMED THIS ACT OF GOOD WILL "GOING SOULING." THIS IS ONLY PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE BIZARRE HALLOWEEN ACTIVITIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

THIS CAN'T BE THE RIGHT PLACE. IT MUSTA BEEN THE WRONG TIME! MAYBE THIS WAS THE PIZZA ORDER...

Congratulations 23rd Anniversary Issue #15



UPCOMING EVENTS:

- NOVEMBER 2 - PANDY FORDYCE (30)
 NOVEMBER 4 - Tehran Student Council, 1979
 NOVEMBER 4 - PHIL BRAMSON (28)
 NOVEMBER 4 - MICHAEL PINTO (17)
 NOVEMBER 7 - JOHN SCHARFF (25)
 NOVEMBER 10 - MARK LAMPORT (28)
 NOVEMBER 11 - PAT DOWNS (?)
 NOVEMBER 11 - KURT VONNEGUT
 NOVEMBER 13 - Felix Unger leaves home
 NOVEMBER 15 - PINKY LEE (b. 1916)
 NOVEMBER 16 - JIM TAUSCHER (38)
 NOVEMBER 17 - JOHN CRAWFORD (27)
 NOVEMBER 18 - MICKEY MOUSE (?)
 NOVEMBER 19 - GERRY REITH (24)
 NOVEMBER 21 - VOLTAIRE (b. 1694)
 NOVEMBER 22 - JFK downed, 1963
 NOVEMBER 23 - HARPO MARX (b. 1893)
 NOVEMBER 25 - Dinosaur Day, SM, KS
 NOVEMBER 27 - MARGARET KUCZYNSKI (18)
 NOVEMBER 30 - JONATHAN SWIFT (b. 1667)
 NOVEMBER 30 - SAMUEL CLEMENS (b. 1835)

11/15-
DEADLINE
FOR SUB-
MISSIONS
FOR 12/4/16

12/2/82-
I turn
1/4-CENTURY
OLD -
SEND
CONDOLENCES
TO ADDRESS
BELOW

- *****
 * INSIDE JOKE is put on each month, somehow, by Elaine Wechsler
 * and a small circle of square little friends...
 * EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elaine Wechsler
 * PRODUCTION ASSISTANT/FRONT COVER ARTIST.....Brian Catanzaro

 STAFF WRITERS
 BRIAN CATANZARO KEN PILAR RONALD FLOWERS
 CLAY GEMMES NATE MISHAAN GERRY REITH TIM SANDERS
 STEVEN SCHARFF KERRY THORNEY PAUL ZUCKERMAN
 Baboon Donley strips by John Crawford///Back Cover by Green Blair

 OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH:
 ANNI ACKERMAN ARTHUR HILAVATY CHARRON PIERRE
 GREGORY BAKER OLIVIA JAKEN R.C. FRISCH
 CONNOR BARCLAY ANDY KAMM ROLDO
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 MICHAELA DUNCAN WALT LOCKLEY KIEL STUART
 DEBORAH GOLDEN DAVID MORGAN PERCY TULLY
 TOM HILVER BRIAN PEARCE RICHARD WEINSTOCK

 * Ads credited to the SUBGENIUS FOUNDATION, A-1 CHURCH OF ERIC
 CLAYTON & AAA AARWARK CHURCH OF CALISTO, THE LAST INTERNATIONAL,
 SURREALIST WORKERS PARTY, DIAL-AN-EXCUSE AND ANONYMOUS BOSCH
 * Printed by R & C Press, Staten Island, New York, I think.....
 * c. 1982 Pen-Elaine Enterprises, Rita E. Shesin, President.....

 * Hapuu Anniversary to us, from the motion picture of the same
 * name, and see you next month, Grid willing

2 Fred on the Loose, or SCARLET TOUCHES HOME by Emm Hilger

Scarlet Wall had been melting, and she was down to a thin red mist. Never had anything in all of Fred's adventures been able to affect her presence, been more than a brief appendage to her infinite expanse. She recalled the last time....
 "Mother can have it now!" cried Fred, bouncing merrily against the ceiling like some great rye-bread balloon. "It's the end of the line!"

Well, at least he's coping, Scarlet had thought. But faithful as ever, she had eased him to the floor, fearing that he might, as he had so often in the past whilst in similar states of blossoming invulnerability, do serious harm to himself. And, there was the slender thread to consider. If it broke—why her dear Fred's head might float off, bobbing and rocking balloon-wise, never to be found. Indeed it might reach levels of rarity so scarce that its own inner densities could cause it to splatter and scatter much as did our friend the cat's which had so recently darkened even Scarlet's dusty, rusty due....

But all had worked out in the end, Fred finding peaceful repose and Scarlet Wall going on & on forever. This time the change was reaching Scarlet herself, and she wasn't sure she liked that.

Here the reader will no doubt remark that our Red Friend has all the invulnerability possible (or necessary!) granted her by virtue of going on & on forever. Ah, clever ones! But you must realize that she gave up the certainty of that knowledge as a price for following Fred through his myriad of encounters. In fact, uncertainty was one of the bits of experience she hoped to acquire through her reciprocal relation with a fellow like Fred.

So Scarlet rode, guessing, down the narrow, convoluted track etched by Fred's lead through the specificities so inherent, yet so new, to the expanded tension of Scarlet's own composition. She guessed, then knew, then remembered. And her silent crimson laugh, straddling her, rode on & on forever.

acknowledgments etc.

As if this hasn't been a hectic enough month (sketchy details to follow), some last-minute changes have precipitated a sort of panic 'round here this month. As you can see by the edit box, we have a different printer for this issue. This unexpected shift basically depletes what little reserves remain in the LJ cash fund, but I'll cover that anon as well.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS—Last month I mentioned I was again accepting writings under 2000 words and illustrations. I am pleased to announce, with trepidation, that I would now not only like them, but that I do in fact need stuff. PLEASE SEND ME WRITINGS AND ART. Next issue, due to the uncertainty of my present situation both personally and professionally, will be a COMBINED NOVEMBER/DECEMBER ISSUE and should be out by the second week of December. So the DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS FOR NEXT ISSUE is NOVEMBER 15, for staff writers and others as well. And please, feel free. There's very little I don't accept, as you can probably tell by my usual content, but if you're hesitant please ask. Especially needed are comedy pieces, spot illos and of course letters-of-comment.

Let me concern yourselves needlessly with my personal perils, I assure you nothing's ever as bad as I make it sound. I'm no closer to an actual job than last time (tho I do intend to start my serious search when this is mailed out), but I am having a nice fellow and my writing's coming along okay. I've started to feel the financial pinch, tho, so I may be less free (sorry had pun) with some expenses (like phone calls, abundant letters, etc.). So I'd really appreciate those dollars you're all supposed to be sending me for subscriptions. Since I don't really remind folks that often, let me reiterate here that just because your submissions may turn up in a given issue does not mean you will receive this free. On the contrary, I feel it's quite unfair to others if some pay and some don't. The only folks who technically receive LJ free are staff writers and folks I trade with. So I would appreciate the bucks, ok? Thanks to the folks who found a little extra in their pockets this month, I needed that. And of course contributions are always welcome.

Thanks especially this month to Brian Catanzaro, the whiz of the transfer-letter biz, who is hereby awarded a free tabletop and a supply of Daffy Duck Catch-All Lines; and also to Kevin Duane for helping out with printing this time, and for his anticipated aid in collating and addressing. And a special hello to Lisa Bottini, who's had to put up with more than her share of editorial jitters when she volunteered to type up Richard Weinstock's book.

As promised, Chapters 2 and 3 of that book, with one illo by Rol- do, are contained herein, as are some of the questionnaire results, my semi-yearly to review, a SCOOP (sort of) movie review, and a list of the staff writers' addresses. I don't know yet whether or not my comic WHOZIES will be in (big deal, eh?), as I can't think of anything yet. Maybe I'll put two in next time. Also back next month should be Kip and/or Kid Sieve (you gotta exercise these alter egos or they get flabby and forgotten).

I'm delighted that a contributor from last month, Tom Sanders, has decided to stay on as my newest staff writer, so make him as welcome as you've made the others, I guess. Hope to have our two female staffers writing again soon (and for that matter, more women contributors are quite encouraged—I get lonely sometimes).

Oh, one more thing before I let you read the fun parts. If you are contributing any writings and feel the inclination to produce your own headline to go along with it, please do, it saves me time. Unless you want to trust my strange choice of transfer letters....

Hum, quite short this time. Maybe I can do a strip after all. In any case, all the stuff I mentioned above, plus suggestions which are welcome anytime, should be sent to me at

418 East Third Avenue, Roselle, New Jersey 07203.

Take care till next month, and remember, if it's a Lebanese red light, it means "go"....

LJ Filmscoop #1

MONSIGNOR, starring Christopher Reeve, Genvieve Bujold (not all that starring), Fernando Rey, Joe Cortese and others, directed by Frank Perry, 20th Century Fox, etc. This turned out to be one of those unintentionally funny films (though not embarrassingly so) that I can't figure out why I didn't quite like. Most of my opinion probably stems from Chris Reeve's incredibly bad acting. And I'm a Reeve fan. Admittedly, his gestures and facial expressions are top Julliard-grad stuff, but the voice hasn't been that flat since that sorrowfully awful love-story fantasy *Somewhere in Time*. And this is in contrast to the character, who's supposed to be a cross between Father Mulcahy on speed and Sylvester Stallone. He plays a fellow called "Fleherthy" (my date and I had to do double-takes on this one; we'd just finished a lengthy discussion of SCTV) who's a priest from Brooklyn's East Side (no, don't look for the accent either), who kills during the war, deals with the black market, and falls in love with a novice. The best scene in the film is when Bujold discovers Reeve's true identity. The entire theater audience broke out in uncontrollable laughter. Admittedly, Catholics will probably get more out of this film than I, and I did find some parts intriguing (the church's political nature examined, for instance), but on the whole, not something I'd have gone out of my way for had it not been a freebie.

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...or not TV

On second thought, I'd rather not. Ain't all that much tube-wise now, and what's there isn't even settled yet. This schedule is, like the networks, subject to constant revision. National recommendations/reviews first—times are Eastern, pm unless I've otherwise stated.

SATURDAY: True viewers know the week really begins on Saturday morning. Nothing national is totally worth early arousal, I believe, but *Mork & Mindy* (ABC, 10am) uses the original voices so maybe Robin'll come through, and *Incredible Hulk/Amazing Spiderman* is now narrated by Stan Lee and reacquires some measure of comicbook credibility. Everything else can go Smurf itself. I put my brain on hold in the evening till late, so I usually succumb to romantic mind-fluff (*Love Boat/Fantasy Island*, ABC, 9-11), except when it's too nauseating to bear. I've considered *Silver Spoons* (NBC, 8:30) but not if Ricky Schroeder becomes a white Gary Coleman.

Saturday Night Live (NBC, 11:30) has a few nobodies-rising-from-oblivion-to-obscurety replacing the mercifully fired Tony Rosato and the semi-wronged Christine Ebersol. Brian's gone too, and Eddie Murphy seems weak and burned-out, but Joe Piscopo retains his brilliance. I'll wait and see.

SUNDAY: Voyagers (NBC, 7) is the first of many that I haven't yet seen, appears interesting, and is tentatively recommended. Creative (I hope) time travel is the gimmick here. *Gloria* (CBS, 8:30) is more human than I expected, and tho I keep hoping Burgess Meredith will don an umbrella and start vaddling, I'm sure they'll have some stupid pet tricks sooner or later.

MONDAY: Square Pegs (CBS, 8) is one of my personal picks this season. It's as honest as TV-semi-sitcom gets nowadays, and it's fun too. Must attract good writers—watch for subtle lines and gestures. One interesting thing to note is how much these TV characters are in turn influenced by the tube. I also feel a certain sense of identification here. *M*A*S*H* (CBS, 9) hasn't even begun its new/last season yet, but I needn't convince you.

TUESDAY: 9 to 5 (ABC, 9:30) isn't bad. In fact, it's a realistic about the "real world" as *Square Pegs* is about high school. Well-acted, decently written (but of course the laughtrack must go), & with the potential of another MTM (tho Peter Bonerz is no Lou Grant). *St. Elsewhere* (NBC, 10) "this year's *Hill St. Blues*", is probably recommended to those who like HS. Never saw either.

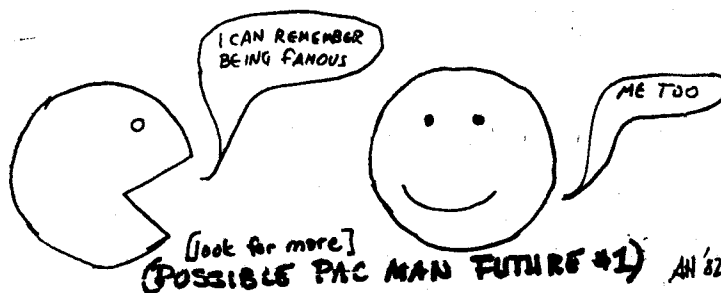
WEDNESDAY: Facts of Life (NBC, 9)—Ok, I know, but until *Square Pegs*, this was the only sitcom on-air to deal with the lives of teenage girls rather than boys. I like the characters, and the scripts are simple but harmless. Sometimes—dare I say it?—even good. *Family Ties* (NBC, 9:30) is personal pick #2, and features post-flowerchild-era parents and Reaganette kiddies in what is not only an interesting generational clash but a pretty sharp satirical comment on the modern mess America's in. So far the writers are on "our side", which is taking a chance in today's tv. Has Jerry banned this one yet? *Tucker's Witch* (NBC, 10)—Not seen, sorta recommended. *Hart to Hart* meets *Bewitched*, they say?

THURSDAY—I don't watch tv on Thursdays, as I'm usually out. I'm not very happy about this, as there seem to be some goodies here. *Fame* (NBC, 8) still contains a higher energy content than most sweetened breakfast cereals, and that's as it should be. Debbie Allen's great. *Cheers* (NBC, 9) is hailed as "this year's *Taxi*". Not seen but recommended. *Taxi* (NBC, 9:30) is hailed (sorry) as "last year's *Taxi*". New station. Carol Kane got an *Envy Award* for doing a funnier Kaufman than Andy... *It Takes Two* (ABC, 9:30) is probably good to stay away from, since it stars Patty Duke Astin. But if you just couldn't get enough of her on the MD telethon... *Hill St. Blues* (NBC, 10) Not seen, but as recommended as last year. The ultimate sophisticated nighttime semi-soap.

FRIDAY: The Powers of Matthew Star (NBC, 8) has a fun fantasy premise and good spfx in the intro, but since it's clearly a bopper vehicle to "show off" Peter Barton (well, I went through the David Cassidy stuff, so...), you've got to take certain things into account. Barton does pretty much what he's supposed to, which is standing around looking pretty; his acting is adequate enough, but the show lacks the humor that makes *Greatest American Hero* so good, the spfx are more or less nonexistent (Matt just stares at something to perform his telekenesis), and how many shows can you stand where the high school kids all look over 21? Needs major script surgery. *Knight Rider* (NBC, 9) is best summed up by a couple lines spoken in one episode by the series' two most interesting characters, Edward Mulhare (blast) and the car. Mulhare's character describes "a typical Michael Knight case" as having "total confusion, mass destruction..." and K.I.T.T., the talking car (yep), provides most of the too-necessary amusement—"Michael, I believe, as usual, you may have attracted the attention of some highly homicidal personalities." Aside from that, the writing bites it, and so does the "star". Why there's a female co-star listed I'll never know, she does so little. I'm glad this frees me for *Greatest American Hero* (ABC, 9), still the most fun fantasy show for my time. Culp is wonderful and Katt is quite appealing (although Ralph Hinckley—still no relation—will be married this season...will they bring back the kid?). And as Ralph sighed in the re-run that aired in place of a rained-out ballgame, "Always time for levity." That was a particularly satisfying episode, involving pretty anti-Reagonite sentiment (the theme song for the episode was "Eve of Destruction") and featuring (besides neat spfx) an egomaniacal hawkish paranoid to whom nuclear war is "vinnable" (sound familiar?). I loved it when a drugged Bill Maxwell (Culp) started singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" to the tune of "America the Beautiful". But then, I go to the subtle fun stuff... *SCTV* (NBC, 12:30am) is back, as all sentient beings know. Quick now, the "Patty Duke Show" theme—"But they're OPEC oil ministers, OPEC oil ministers and you'll find..." I bubble praise for this each issue, so I'll bore no further...

I have not reviewed any *Raiders* derivatives, which I refuse to watch. Never got into serialized abuse of women & all that... On the local scene, here's how it looks at the moment in the NY area—**SATURDAY: Bullwinkle** (WNET 5), 8am) is one of the only things worth getting up that early for—these are different than last year's NBC fare, by the way. *Doctor Who* (WOR 9), 10am), a whole hour's worth. *Entertainment This Week* (WPIX 11), noon, also Sunday 7:30pm, and *Entertainment Tonight* weeknights at 11pm)—*People* mag on video. *Matinee at the Bijou* (WNET 13), 2pm) for the nostalgic set. *The Leonard Nimoy Festival—Mission:Impossible* (WNET, 5pm), *Star Trek* (WPIX, 6pm, also weeknights 12:30am), and *In Search Of...* (WOR, 6:30pm). *Sneak Previews* (WLIW 21), 6pm, also Thursday at 9 and Thursday at 8:30pm on WNET)—Love that Gene and Roger! (WPIX seems to have a clone of its own, *At The Movies*, Sunday 11pm). *Laugh Trax* (WPIX, 11pm), reviewed last issue. *Twilight Zone* (WPIX, 1 or 1:30, also Sundays about that time), if you can stay awake. *Evening at the Improv* (WNBC 4), 2am, if you can, again, occupy yourself while *Uncle Floyd* is on, you will be rewarded with this. Is it worth the price?

SUNDAY: "The World's Greatest Cartoon Show" (WNET, 9:30am) is the code name given to all those vintage Warner Brothers—the good ones—that have been gathering dust while animation fans mourn. They run 1½ hours worth here, plus on weekdays they run more 7-8:30am & 3-4:30pm. The catch? They threw in, for reasons yet to be determined, some godawful Lantz stuff! But I can endure Woody Woodpecker if I get to see "Duck Dodgers", the "Rocky" cartoons ("if he were in here, would I do THIS?"), and some classic Clampetts, McKimsons, maybe an Avery or two... *Battlestar Galactica* (WOR, 6pm) and the equally fluffy *Buck Rogers* (weekdays, WOR, 6pm) do for sf what *Three's Company* does for comedy, but some choice we have. *Madame's Place* (WOR, 7pm)—Not seen, but tentatively recommended. Also on weeknights at 11pm. *Butterflies* (WNET, 10pm) appears to be a British soap parody, but I have to watch it more to get a better idea. Seems good. WLIW has it Wed., 10:30pm. *Doctor in the House* (WNET, 10:30pm) is a good lead-in to *Demento* on the radio at 11. Why couldn't *House Calls* have been this good? Also Wednesday at 9:30pm on WLIW, and on NET again at midnight Monday. *Love, American Style* (WNET, 12:30am), when the premise was still new. You can't fool me, you watched it too. *Psychic Phenomena* (WOR, 2am, also weekdays at 1am) is an unintentionally ridiculous talk show. And for insomniacs, *Groucho's* on at 4am (WPIX). Good luck. **MISCELLANEOUS PUBLIC TV, WEEKDAYS—Fawcett Towers** (WNET, 11:30pm on Mondays; also Thursdays at 8pm)—Well, some folks like it. Also, on Wednesday, *To The Manor Born* is still holding on (WLIW, 9pm on Monday), and PBSers have *Hitchhiker's Guide* ahead... **MISCELLANEOUS LOCAL NETWORK, WEEKDAYS—Soap** reruns (WOR, 7pm), *M*A*S*H* reruns (WNET, 7pm & 11pm), *SNL* reruns (WPIX, 11:30pm)...Of inimitable value is the further information from the *Couch Potatoes* (AS REPORTED ON IN TV GRIND), whose main purpose in life is to sit all day & watch tv. Such self-honesty is hard to find nowadays. Write Robert Armstrong for a copy of "The Tuber's Voice", Rt. 1, Box 327, Dixon, CA 95620. Well, see you in a few months...



STAFF WRITERS

As *IJ* grows ("it's growing?"), I'm finding it more and more difficult to sort mail out to the extent of comments one person makes about someone else, etc. A lot of you have commented one way or another about *IJ*'s infamous staff writers, so I figured I may as well give you their addresses so that you can write them yourselves instead of channelling it through me. Less muck, y'know? Anyhow, please do write them, by all means—they'd love to hear from you!

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BREAKFAST CEREAL SEX SCANDAL - POP AND KENNY BLUNT
RAINBOW BRAN - "TOO MUCH FRUIT"? - FILM AT 11

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Fan Noose.

At times I'm pressed to supply information about what future direction(s) INSIDE JOKE might take. I try to appease the curious with my usual reply, that evolution takes its own course (or, "for every step forward..."), but y'all can get an idea of what I'm personally hoping for by perusing a copy of **CACKY BOARD**. This bit of brilliance emanates close by me outa Jersey, and is filled with wonderful insights (similar in some ways to the best of SubG), clever collages and nifty non-sequiturs. Marvelous beyond words, and I hope I can do it someday. \$1 to **Doug Kirby** at 815 Summer Street, Elizabeth, NJ 07202...Heading last month's list of Fellow-Publications-In-Need-Of-Aid was the Discordian A.M.O.C.K. (hope you can continue to support it—\$ to **Semaj the Elder**—but checks to "Jim Middleton"—at 1210 Brady St., #1, Davenport, IA 52803, and this month's IJ-Helping-Hand reaches across the continent to one of the most significant publications currently covering, and coming out of, the once-vital (now decaying, thankx to Ron-Ron) Berkeley street scene, **TELE VINES**. Editor **Bruce Duncan** tells me, "I see as a distinctively American mag. The dream of this country is, in large part, that many very different people can coexist within one nation and be respected and appreciated...Cartoon art has flourished in this country as perhaps nowhere else, and often conveys a distinctive interest in and appreciation of human life; a person living on the street like Sparrky might, if he gets a chance, show he has something important to say that's worthwhile for others to hear—and that's a vital part of what this country's all about. Harvey Pekar, in his comics and literary articles, appreciates the real life of people. Bill Crook appreciates both man-made habitat and nature. American idealism is dedicated to the human life of many, not just the high-placed or the strong or the bright or the handsome or the saintly or any number of other specialties. There may be growing a greater appreciation of nature and life in general besides just the human—as seen in growing concern for the conservation of whales. There's still feeling and thought in America that's a large part of the hope of the world...I don't know of any situation for a publication that's the same as that of "IT". The subjects of street-people and art for itself haven't attracted a substantial paying audience. Maybe you could mention this problem of "IT" in your newsletter if you wish—I'm sure open to suggestions." If you've got any (now, now), Bruce is at Berkeley Inn Hotel Room #414, 2501 Haste St., Berkeley, CA 94704...Bruce probably also instigated my reception of **KACIAN**, a magazine "for the religious eroticist" which lists its address as 625 Post St., Box 533, San Francisco, CA 94109 and contains no written price. For the sexually curious, of which I'm not, it's probably worth SASEing for...While I'm plugging, I'm now getting free trade issues of **EVERHOP**, the official publication of the Youth International Party ("Yippies"). The YIPs are quite interested in trading, so send 'em yours and they'll send you theirs—P.O. Box 382, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013...Friendly plug too for **David Falter**, editorial assistant/book reviewer for new pro-zine **MECA SF**. \$3 each issue, \$12 for 6, \$23(!) for 12, 4747 Fountain Ave., #220, Hollywood, CA 90029...In the area of "staff writer news", **Clay Gerdes' COMIX WORLD** (\$6 for 24, \$11 for 48) has been focusing of late on animators as well as ug (underground) and mini-comix. Nice piece on Chuck Jones in #205. Also, some rather frightening news clips about censorship in #206. Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707...And **Kerry Churnley's** politically scary **SPARE CHANGE** is out and available, among his other rants, if you dare to write. Box 18441, Tampa, FL 33679...Also libertarian is the only rag I've ever come across with smaller type than here—really. **THE CONNECTION**, run by **Erwin S. Strauss** ("Filthy Pierre"), is \$1 for a sample issue—9850 Fairfax Square #232, Fairfax, VA 22031...Undying gratitude time—**STOP!** magazine, for which I'll be doing that Firesign retrospective any day now (see "Firesignal #5"), gave IJ muchly nice words in the latest issue, #4, which is good as ever, from cover to comics to columns. \$1 to **Dale Ashman** at 55 1st Ave. #16, New York, NY 10003...**David Ginsburg** also plugged us nicely in his latest **FANDOMIAL** column, which usually takes on just music pubs. P.O. Box 322, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858...Also musically speaking is/are **Fear of Strangers**, a super rock group out of Albany about to become famous. I will try to get their terrific album reviewed either elsewhere in this issue or definitely next month, but in the meantime, should you like more info, they put out a free one-pager called **FEAR OF NEWS**—fun stuff, write to **Steve Cohen**, the group's bassist, at P.O. Box 7245, Albany, NY 12244...I hope a review of the album eventually gets to **THE FOREIGNER'S COLLEGE RADIO REPORT**, cost semi-negotiable from **Shel Kagan**, Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809...And the punk scene gets another kick in the ass (that's a compliment, I'd say) from **DR! REP PORK MAGAZINE**, a collage-form experiment (in the style of **Chad Dorian's NICE**, coming out again soon) available for 99¢ from 40 Clinton St., Brooklyn, NY 11201...Shifting into SF, the latest fanzine (in the true sense of the word, a zine by & for fans) I've received is international, and it's called **PHOTON**. Available for trade or \$1 per issue from **Allan Beatty**, P.O. Box 1906, Ames, IA 50010...And the semi-pro alternate sf pub **ORFICHT**'s third issue is out—well worth the \$3 to **Willea Kenin**, 1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608...And **Michael Pinto**'s been busy out on Lavin Guylen putting out **THE CAMLON TIMES**, for Star Blazers fans, and **THE LONG ISLAND SCIENCE FICTION LIVES** on behalf of LISFS. SASE to 1622 Stevens Ave., Merrick, NY 11566...Busy too is **Patt Feasell**, king of stick figures, who's just released 2 new minicomic, **CHUTEER** #3 and **ANUSOCIALAX** #2. \$1 or so to 2886 James Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55406...A few blocks down from him, the case of the mystery parody strikes again, in **Garth Danielson's NICK BOSTON MURDER** MAGAZINE, 50¢ cheap from 2020 Park Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404...Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the movies, more shock emerges. But some folks like it, I s'pose. **Jim Furton** covers it at

least once a month from the west coast in **CRASHCA** (\$3.50/year for postage or SASE to 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105), and **Richard Green** hovers over our geographical angle with **CONFESSIONS OF A CRASH FIEND** (\$7/year for 24 issues to P.O. Box 32, Old Bridge, NJ 08857)...As SCTV begins its new programming days, the American version of **Bob & Doug McKenzie, Crazy Pete & Ben**, have just put out their latest issue, chock full of bowling pictures, a laundromat review, and gosh, even **Marie Osmond**. Catch it before the lawsuit. \$1 to 224 Bicknell #104, Santa Monica, CA 90405...The newest issue of **THE JOURNAL OF THE KANSAS COLLEGE OF COLLAGE**, which I still cannot figure out whether or not is a real school, is out—SASE to **Joe Schwind** at P.O. Box 8187, Shawnee Mission (ST), KS 66208...Late arrivals I just don't have room for any more than (=whe=) include are two full-size-type (as opposed to IJ's reduced type) ones intended specifically, more than not, for folks heavily into the strange subcult I tried to briefly describe last ish, fandom. They are both excellent, on their own merits, and well worth it for, uh, fans, y'know? From Minneapolis (again!!) comes **PRIVACY HEAT**, put together and presided over by **Lee Pelton** who lives at 4513 34th Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55406. And from a few blocks away from my dear bro in California comes **Parry Cantor's SHILLER THAN CHIN**, from 5263 Riverton Ave., #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601. The usual policy of this type of fanzine (full of loc's, fanart, apa-like writing and plenty of incisive essays) is that they trade for oneoyours, or loc's/contributions, or \$1.50 or so. They're both excellent, so if you're thinking of sending for 'em, be fair...Till nexttime...

NEXT MONTH: ELAYNE MOVES TO RADIO COMEDY!
(WBAL MAY NEVER BE THE SAME) HELD...

FIRE SIGNAL #5

Received, on October 6, a postcard bearing on its front a scene from the old and much-beloved **Flash Gordon** serial of yesteryear (in it was even one I didn't have!). On the back were etched, in indecipherable handwriting, the following words: "Dear E—We're devastated to have to report, yes, we have to more Firesign Potcs at the present! Do contact Rhino Records for recent snaps...Also, thanks for the record review and including me on your subscription list. News will follow soon—Phil Proctor." Hope to have it (the news, that is, or a facsimile thereof) for y'all next time. So I wrote to Rhino, always the loyal one me, and they wrote back, "Dear Elayne, Enclosed is the photo of the Firesign Theatre that you requested for an article that you are doing on the group for STOP!"

"Although I've only been able to skim them, both STOP! and your newsletter, INSIDE JOKE, look like really fun, well done pieces. I'd love to receive more copies of both, if you can swing it."

"If you can, of course, I'd particularly like to have a copy of the Firesign Theatre article that you do once it is published."

"Please let me know if there is anything else that we can supply you with. All the best, **DIANE TEMKIN, RHINO RECORDS**"

Well, I thought of asking for a free copy of the Campaign Chronicles (for review purposes only, y'unnerstan'), but an ever impending shred of decency overcame me, so Dale, watch for the article to come your way (I even worked a catch into it), and I will of course keep IJ readers posted on this benign but well-meant literary endeavor of mine. The public will be edgated....

This month's quiz is so hard I'm hoping even the Fst members receiving this will have problems with it. Yessir, every once in a while my mean streaks get the better of me...It's a one-liner quiz, wherein you only need identify the album whence comes each quote. A few are even taken from snippets of background conversation secondary to the "plot(s)". The quiz, constructed with help from my fellow Fst fiends **Kevin Duane** and **Spencer Pinney**, is naturally entitled "READ ME DR. MEMORY?" Thirty quotes; two from each album.

1. "Here we are taking the A train, getting off at our P stop."
2. "Step right up, sailor."
3. "I don't know how she got that requisition."
4. "That's if they're hip to begin with."
5. "Uh oh, he's still heading toward the club!"
6. "Here's another item, a lovely miniature executive in a brown tweed suit from a front-room office..."
7. "Come and bless it."
8. "Oh, humor—I thought you looked for truth."
9. "Don't worry about the flies, we won't weigh them!"
10. "Yeah, just another mouse in the house."
11. "My gross? Here, let me see, where's that Dun & B..."
12. "This is too difficult"
13. "Will I get my pants back? They belong to the city."
14. "No no, it's part of the story."
15. "You just do grass until your muscles come back."
16. "They didn't speak any language, they just shot at me!"
17. "This is too close to be news!"
18. "Keep the problem in the pockets of the businessmen!"
19. "Your aunt's in my van, man."
20. "I've beat a dead horse all the night to meet with you."
21. "One of those damn disco radios."
22. "Yeah, and I'll burn my uniform!"
23. "It drives people mad but it makes quieter engines."
24. "Live or die, I'll make a million."
25. "You've got to have the priority rank."
26. "Look at this great 'V' on my chest."
27. "Well, not really, but close enough."
28. "Of course, lately I don't seem to remember anything."
29. "Oh, he was such a little devil..."
30. "Sorry about that gum on your picture there."

NEXT MONTH: The answers, and an easier Firesignal, I promise...

Bobobob
Bobobob
Bobobob
Bobobob
Bobobob

In search
of
Nhee
Ghee



WER IST
DU,
NHEE
GHEE?



O Nhee
Ghee, the
door, yes
no? No!
No! Nhee
Ghee...



2000 Carter Way, Berkeley, CA 94704

by Brian Catanzaro

TV INTERNATIONAL

by now everyone's heard Faircut 100. With a name like that, how can a band go wrong? Numerically speaking, the single LOVE PLUS ONE has been doing well along with the album it came from. An with most successful bands they have achieved a consistent sound and style specifically for dancing. It's easily recognizable, quick paced and not hard to hear. Clean arrangements spotlight either horn section or vocals without straining your ears to hear the lines. But here's where they're coming from!

During an interview on WHYU (NY University), with the also English band Dislocation Dance, one of its members mentioned that what some of the newer bands were trying to achieve over there was to sound like old TV themes from the 60's. (What a great idea. I still love English pop best.) This was his evaluation of H 100's style. So, Dislocation Dance is also tuning into that thought channel. Although their records should have reached some of our shops by now, they haven't, unfortunately. Luckily, NYU played them for a while. Still current, their most TV-ish theme is a pleasant little tune called ROSEMARY. Anyone who likes the 100's would really like this. Another band whose sound is reminiscent to the above two is Duran Duran (named after its leader). They have a few records around but the album featuring their singles has the tune GIRLS ON FILM, and others which are hypnotically catchy. Not quite sure what they're about, tho. They pile up the percussion to the point where it buries the vocals. Great for dancing, but not as entertaining as the above two examples.

GIRL GROUPS DEPT.

There is a new book out written by Alan Bedrock, who founded NY Rocker mag. It's called GIRL GROUPS and gives the histories, successes and failures of the girl groups of the 60's. Artists covered are Mary Welles, Supremes, Lesley Gore, Ronettes, The Essex, etc., etc. There's a special section on One Time Singers. Whatever happened to Millie Small (MY BOY LOLLYPOP; by the way, there was a follow-up which flopped) or 'Little' Peggy March who wanted to be BOB-BY'S GIRL, and most likely The Exciters (TELL HIM) is probably in this book. There's another special section on the progression of the industry and how these type of bands and sounds were exploited, how and why trends developed and died, also what some of the studios did to achieve wild percussive effects other studios could not copy. Sounds like a very important, much-needed report even if it was written by a man. As soon as I can save my allowance and send away for those comics in IJ I'm gettin' one.

Yeah, the Catholic Girls album is in everyone's fave record shop for the devout.

YAY! Bananarama finally made it to US shops with a domestic REALLY SAYIN' SOMETHING disco version even tho it's not; on London. (ED: For DVD viewers, they also have a couple interesting videos done with Fun Boy Three.)

Gang of Four fans, a must is the 45 12" of MAN IN A UNIFORM. The "Dub Version" will shake you up.

The next P.I.L. (Public Image Ltd.) album will be entitled EXTRA STRENGTH TYLENOL. (Just a pun.)

Girl fans of quality synth-pop will enjoy Thomas (Morgan) Dolby (Robertson)'s highly artistic album The Golden Age Of Wireless, which has musical contributions from Lene Lovich, Andy Partridge and Bruce Woolley (Buggles/Kamera Klub). Maybe more if you recognize them. Not to mention I heard a disco mix of his tune WINDPOWER you might hear in the clubs. It will whisk you wide asunder.

HALLOWE'EN IN JAPAN

There is a Rock n Roll/Rock a Billy cover band in Japan doing all those 50's songs. They make and sell a lot of records too. THE BLACK CATS wear black leather, play American instruments primarily, wear shades an' boots an' white socks and Penny Loafers, High hair and you name it. They have developed a substantial following and business for their store. Yeah, those rockin' rollers capitalize on THEMSELVES. At their BLACK CATS shop they sell old and new American rock an' roll bric-a-brac. Everything that has to do with the 50's from transistor radios to Pepsi bottles. Sunglasses, combs, literally anything you need to complete the look. The kids love it and learn all those dances we used to do...It's a fifties revival, but it's actually in the streets and not just on the screens. And this happened way before The Stray Cats made the charts.

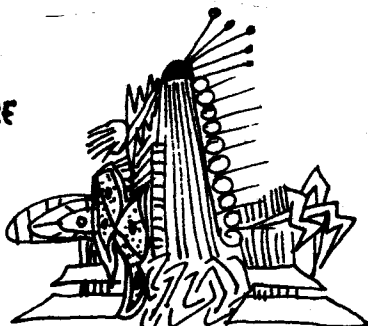
How is it I can bring youse all this International Music News? Easy. I seen it on TV!

...AND OTHER MASKS

With all this talk about revivals and TV themes LA's Surf Punks have quite a collection of old TV themes reworked into wave party versions. Let's see, there's a hilarious HAWAII FIVE-O and THE MUNSTERS. Our secret sources are hard at work trying to scurry up other material for review.

15-COLOR-WEDED AND
SEAM-EDIBLE FOR
YOUR DRIVING PLEASURE

their leather
dressed up in
of average guy's
just a pair
arm in arm together
they walked alone
Every night
by Boris Dainy



A DIFFERENT WINDOW

by Steven Scharff

A DAY AT WORK

(written by Steven F. Scharff,
employee at a shopping mall gift shop)

Park at lot #9. Easy to remember. Walk through Sterns. Do I have my tie and badge? Walk downstairs into the muzak amid the confused shoppers and noisy kids. It all becomes an enigma after awhile. Get to the store. Hi, boss, yes I'm early again. God, who would anyone buy this crap? The gag section is messed up again, damn kids. Open the stockroom door. Hi, ladies, just have to get my card. Punch in two minutes early. Will they ever fix this clock? Go onto the floor. Can I help you? They always say, "no thanks, just looking." Pick up the stuff from off the floor. I'm sorry kids, you have to be accompanied by a parent to be in the gag section. No, you can go through the rest of the store by yourselves. Why don't you go hang out at the video game parlor with the other kids? Hi, boss, say when can I take my break? That late, huh? Are you interested in the jewelry, ma'am? Oh, boss, we got a lady interested in the, oh you heard. Why do the other employees always panic whenever a black kid comes into the store? Breaktime already? See ya in ten minutes, boss. Walk around, try to do something. Walk over to Heroes World and see that the latest trash is offered by Stan Lee. Walk back just in time. Jeez, this mall is big. Hi, I'm back. Can I help you? Didn't I tell you about the gag section before? Don't climb up on the shelf sir, I'll get it. What's that, boss? Okay, I'll start straightening up. This is when the time drags. Closing time and that crazy lady's still here. Is she ever gonna leave? Finally! Lock the doors. Who vacuums and who does garbage and Racine? Okay, I'll vacuum. No, I don't mind. Damned thing only works if you lean to the right. Look at all this shit on the floor. Why don't we just hose it down? Get a bag to put the dust in and stuff it in the trash can. Finished counting the money yet? Oops, sorry if I made you lose count. Punch out. Sure, I'll follow you to the night deposit. Place gives me the creeps after hours. Unlock, stuff the bag in, shut, open to see that it's in, close and lock. See you next time. What, boss? No, I don't mind cleaning the fixtures tomorrow. Walk up the stopped escalator. Say good night to the guard. See the drunk teenagers trying to get rides home. Get in the car. Damn thing always stalls on the first try. Hope the Parkway's kind to me. God, I hope I don't dream in trapped in the mall again.

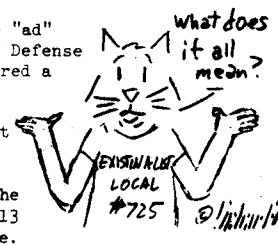
(*brand name of carpet "fluffing" machine)
(self-indulgence time)

Okay, okay, I haven't submitted anything since my big (haw haw) report on Christian book stores and skin shops. And I haven't drawn much recently (a bad cold and two computer courses are taking their toll), so here's two bits of "Bob"ia that I made in a drunken stupor.

How many of you read the "ad" I had in IJ #13 for the IJ Defense Fund? Now, how many ordered a sketch? That's why I'm dropping the price from \$1.50 + 50¢ p&h to a flat \$1.50 (of which IJ gets \$1 and I get some drawing done). Look under the indice on issue #13 on the second page.

My latest mini, "DREAM SEQUENCE", is, in reality, a pilot for a series book I'm planning to start in 1983. But before then, I'm trying to put together a funny animal book called ZOOMORPHIA. If you can draw, send me your address on a postcard, and I'll send you the full info. DREAM SEQUENCE, by th' way, is 50¢ +29¢ postage (yes, 29¢).

Write to me at 516 Buchanan, Hillside, NJ 07205. Don't forget to ask your friendly postal patrons for your free set of Nuclear Holocaust change-of-address cards.



Send for your automatic repeating cassette today! Send for your automatic repeating cassette today! Send for your... - S. Scharff

(Second of two parts.)

by Ronald B. Flowers

Of course, the main reason for the lack of opportunities awaiting so many people when they graduate is the economy and the areas they chose to major in. For most positions outside of a select few mentioned last month, there are simply too many qualified people to fill the few openings available. This is particularly true today with cutbacks and companies tightening their work force. Therefore, today's graduate finds that they not only must compete with fellow graduates in their fields, but those who graduated earlier as well as those with years of experience. The result is that many people are left out in the cold with a degree or two and little or nothing else. Unfortunately, it is even more difficult to cross over from the area you got your degree in to another area. Certainly, with a degree in counseling, even with some of the general requirements for a job as a management trainee for example, there will be others with degrees specifically in that area, with experience, etc. With this type of backdrop facing the prospective graduate, it doesn't take an Einstein to see the difficulties graduates have faced in recent years and what many will face in the future.

However, in spite of this bleak aftermath of a college education, there are certainly preventative measures one can take to avoid being caught in a trap in which for some there is no escape. While these measures apply more for someone who has yet to get caught in a nightmare after graduation or perhaps those who have not started college, it is not too late for those in school now to change their perspective, nor is it for those who have already graduated and are already living such an experience as described in this article. Regrettable, but true, sometimes experience is the best teacher. It won't make up for lost time, but it can make one all the more wiser in salvaging their future.

Basically, the measures that should be taken is for students to be smart and choose areas to major in that are not simply areas you happen to like, something your best friend is in, or an area that happens to be hot that year, but areas that have longevity, that is, fields that can be counted on to remain strong for years to come. The way the economy is and figures to remain on a consistent basis for quite some time, that is simply the only way to go. Students can no longer afford the luxury of majoring in anything, regardless of how attractive it is, or if you wanted to do it all your life, or the sales pitch a college made on behalf of a certain program. Instead, you have to remain level-headed and think toward the sure-thing job, in the fact of the ever-growing amount of available workers, especially those that are entering college for the first time. One has to study the work trends and find out what has a stable base. You will find that out of all the jobs that are hot and available, you will still be given a choice of what you want to do. It may not be your original choice of occupation, but chances are, if you choose one of the six or seven fields that are constantly looking for qualified people, you will have a job waiting for you when you graduate. A liberal arts degree may be easier than an engineering degree or that of computer science, but if you work hard in the latter fields and graduate, you can expect it to pay off in dividends, as opposed to being just another educated unemployed person!

For those that have already invested time in schooling, for many the same answer is the only way to be able to make it in today's competitive fields is you want to beat the odds and gain employment that will pay off. Even going back to school is better than working the rest of your life in a lesser job that belittles your skills. A friend of mine who has a Master's Degree in social work and has been unemployed for two years was told by an employment counselor that she should drop the Master's Degree from her resume and therefore would probably stand a better chance for employment, "because people don't like to hire overqualified people." I find such a suggestion highly insulting to suggest to someone that they disregard a hard-fought degree and higher education they worked for, thesis and all, to have a shot in the job market. It probably never occurred to that counselor that she may have gone after her Master's Degree to be highly qualified and to have a better shot at the jobs she was interested in. Unfortunately, though, the counselor was right in a sense. For certain fields that are saturated with prospective applicants, for some reasons such as budgetary restrictions, some companies may hire someone with slightly lesser qualifications. More likely, though, is that in spite of my friend's degrees, her field is too competitive for her to be able to find the job she's looking for. As a result, she found herself in a situation where she may always have "come close", but not close enough.

It was unfortunate that she chose to major in a field where the job market is very tight and a number of things could go against her. Consequently, she's had to almost disregard her five years plus that she put into her schooling and two degrees, to go back to school, this time playing it smart and majoring in business administration. And now, upon graduation, there's a good chance she will have a good job awaiting her. It's only too bad she didn't have the foresight or proper direction to choose a practical and sensible major five years earlier and had to learn the hard way.

This isn't meant to be a depressing article, only one which looks at the truth (ED: Your truth, Ron—see ED NOTE) right in the

face of the often deceiving degree, and points out that even after last time one still has a chance to change their misfortunes and degrees into highly lucrative fields, and those just entering college have an even better chance to be steered into a productive future. The interesting thing here is those that are smart enough to go into what is hot and stable will definitely have their pick of the jobs, because the majority of the students will for one reason or another continue to major in all sorts of areas that hold no real promise in today's time for the greater numbers. Meanwhile, those technical and computer industry employers, to name a few, will continue heavily recruiting graduates in their fields. Believe me when I say the ones that think toward the future and their livelihood in a highly competitive job market will be rewarded admirably if they act accordingly.

(ED NOTE: Believe you? Why, because you "never lie, and are always right", Ron? As most folks know by now, I vehemently disagree with Ron's sound-on-the-surface philosophy. Setting aside the fact that I object to anyone's opinion, including mine, being passed off as truth, the main problem in today's world seems to be that very spirit of competition, "beating" others, etc.—how many times did you use the phrase "pay off", Ron? Nobody has the right to tell someone, even in the form of friendly advice, that what they are doing is wrong, or that they are not going in the "proper direction" or aren't "smart", "practical" or "sensible". Even parents should have a limit on that kind of talk. Education itself is its own "real promise", Ron; the "only way to go" for anybody is to do what is right for them. A prime sickness of modern profit-oriented society is that studying personal choice is a "luxury"—it is not. It is a right. Certainly those who will eventually enter the job market (as opposed to the "real world", cringe cringe, my real world will never be my job, I think too much of myself to think of 9 to 5 as my life) should be aware of the "dangers", but the primary problem is not unemployment, but the stupidity trap. Contrary to what Ron opines, nothing is a sure thing, and even the areas he mentions are closing up fast. There's nowhere to go but down if the society insists on this kind of life as a desirable goal; if you're truly smart, you'll regret ignorance and personal dissatisfaction a lot more than a lesser paying big-deal job. I'm not advocating blindness, but neither am I in favor of the current work ethic. I think it's sick, and I will never for one minute regret that I majored in liberal arts. For more information, I implore all to read Hagbard Celine's "Neuroeconomics", found in Robert Anton Wilson's *The Illuminati Papers*, which I will be ecstatic to copy for all interested.

FUN WITH TOM by Tom Sanders

One night young Tom had the dream of his life! He dreamed he went to comedy Heaven. Groucho Marx was there at the gate to meet him. "Here, Tom, try one of my cigars." BANG! "Oh well, you gotta watch out up here. Lots of jokers around. But remember, if you say the secret word you win an extra hundred dollars. It's a common word, something you always have with you."

"Hey, Tom! Pick out two." One - two. OW! Moe HOWARD, you rascal! And Curley! "Woo-woo-woo-woo." He dropped to the floor and started spinning around like a top. "Oh, showing off, eh? C'mon over here, Tom there's more of your pals I want you to meet."

And there they all were, laughing away and telling jokes. "How do you do, Thomas Knight, how do you do..." Jones and HARE! This is fantastic, he thought. Fanny Brice sang "Second Hand Rose" just like back in the old days. Joe Penner walked around asking people if they wanted to buy his duck. "It's really Groucho's duck, y'see, hey wanna buy a duck...?"

"Well, as the sun comes up in the east and goes down in the west, it's old Tom. You remember my wife Portland, of course, and all the gang down in Allen's Alley? Go ahead—knock on that first door." Tom knocked, and he heard "Aah say, is somebody a-knockin' at mah door...why, Tom Knight, how y'all been? Y'all know what they got me doin' up heah? Runnin' them doggone NORTHERN Lights! How about that? Aah said, NORTHERN Lights, that's a joke, son..."

By now Tom was laughing so hard he couldn't stand himself. He looked up and saw Gracie Allen standing next to him. "Tom, if you ever need anything while you're here, just ask Gracie. I've been here a long time and I know all the answers." All the answers, Gracie? "Oh yes, but you have to be sure to ask the right questions." The right questions? Say goodnight, Gracie. "Goodnight, Gracie..."

"No, stick around, Gracie, and we'll show Tom around the place. Say, Tom, you don't happen to have a couple of bucks for gas, do you? The Maxwell is just about empty and Rochester forgot how to open my piggy bank. But we'll all have fun! Let's get ready! Oh Don, oh Dennis, oh Mary..."

Well, it WAS big fun. Tom climbed in Jack Benny's Maxwell and they drove all around comedy Heaven. Then, a before-dinner concert of melodies played by Spike Jones and his crew. Dinner later erupted into an old-fashioned Three Stooges pie-throwing mess. Tom later told Fred and Portland that dinner tasted as good as it looked when he was wearing it.

Then Tom asked Groucho who he expected to arrive in the next fifty or so years. Groucho got out a book, his "big joke book", and turned the pages. On each one was a name printed in gold. Tom read a few. "Steve Martin...Mort Sahl...The Firesign Theatre... Thomas Knight...! Thomas KNIGHT? A thousand angels' voices sang out, and the duck came down with the secret word and a hundred dollar bill. Tom reached for it...and that's when he woke up. And he was sorry he did. For he had dreamed he was there in comedy Heaven, oh, what a funny, funny place!

INSIDE
JOKE:
AN
UNREASONABLE
ALTERMATH

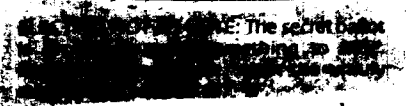


"BOB"

DETAILS \$1
The SubGenius
Foundation
PO Box 140306
Dallas TX 75214

the hidden revolution

FLASH! THE BEACH BOYS
NEVER EXISTED! SOURCES
REPORT AN AGENCY PLOY!



Filmviews

by Ken Filar

Disclaimer—Every word printed here is a direct result of hours of labored reflection and although Elaine contends that some of you have difficulty with my reviews—tough nookies. I write with reasonable assurance that obscurity is at least as important as clarity; however, all reviews will be straightforward (without oblique parenthetical comments or meandering phrases) ("Glory be!" spouts an ecstatic Elaine) but I can't promise you'll like them any more. (More to the point—less oblique—more SUCKO!!--RC)

I saw a former (ly philosophical) professor strolling the opposition sidewalk in the direction from whence eye'd come and Jay-waltzed through heavy traffic to catch up before losing sight of hymn (sing-song solemn story summation). He was eating yogurt from a cup (Columbo, eye see(m)s, to recall) and told me he'd just been to the movie(s): The Road Warrior. Said (while m(eye) recollection served up an image of him eating an apple during a lecture and letting the core slip out-of-hand and bonk-bonk some poor schlonk in the midst of referential notation) th, "If you want to see a well choreographed display of gratuitous violence you will like this..." M(eye) amazement that he could spout such a phrase without spitting out a drop of the yag!(in)ert he'd been spooning down throughout his entire discourse could not go without saying (so, there it is...)

(If any readers are having trouble with reviewing this up go point(s) no(n)sense, indulge the writer a moment please. Personally, eye hate to read what someone else thinks unless the review also conveys the flavor of the film (as opposed to a simplex rehash of plot or the pros and cons regarding the actors' technique, the directors' viewpoint, the sociological validity, ad nauseum)). Who says that form (must) necessarily follow content or even that the two (have to) be distinct when it's quite plausible to consider every further referral as no more nor less than extension of the referent.)

Context: 1) the parts of a discourse that surround a word or passage and can throw light on its meaning...

Less than a week later a friend and eye downed a quart of scotch and went to see The Road Warrior, George Miller's feutiletic sc(avenger) flick. Gone, gone the days when fuel was plentiful and (as people could come and go as they pleased) there was at least mock civility between men. In The Road Warrior you either fight from day to day for a little more "juice" (though the only thing it serves is to fuel the quest for even more) or you find yourself victimized by those fighters.

A sequel (of sorts) to Miller's earlier Mad Max, Australian Mel Gibson (again) portrays Max tearing across the barren wastes in search of something (quite likely) unattainable, and in the course of the hunt helps a band of optimistic and (seemingly) moral dreamers out of one bind (and probably into another—though that's left for future Max-pics) before resuming his own quest. Even with system-downed (from alcohol (a fuel of choice) eye was angered at the unseemly brutality (men, women, children—everybody gets theirs sooner or later) but nonetheless marvelled at the spectacular (Australian) scenery and the motorized scrapes and near escapes.

While on the subject of (well, almost, I mean—c'mon, gimme a break) spectacular escapes eye determined that Pink Floyd The Wall should be seen in the same winkun-blinkun-nod and rose extra-early (considering it was Saturday and eye was rough around the edges and ever-so-slightly-still-hungry from the aforementioned scotch and several beers tossed post-haste in celebration of another friend's birthday). No one goes to the noon matinee at the Ziegfield, which means eye sit off pretty much by itself absorbing the especial spectacle Alan Parker scribbled on The Wall (ever the concept—brick by brick—until the two young puerto ricans two rows in front took up and the few fumes wafting back set m(eye) still buzzed perceptions into catatonia at once eye opened up to the film as notion rather than emotion).

On the surface Parker's movie seems to be about breakdown and artistic (self)destruction as rocker Pink looks back at his epis-tatic childhood and how he built up to the pinnacle of success (brick by brick) only to find that from the top you still have to keep building ever higher and higher or finally give in (to the natural suck-suns (i.e. Gravities) with which life is fraught) and find yourself in a merciless tailspin (though a flaming finale is find for formula fatalists), but (is this really part of the same sentence?) a closer inspection reveals that this film is deconstructionist—dispensing with the very concept of film just to deal with incongruous visuals patched together in a somnifacient (and you thought the movie lacked coherency—this is still the same f---in' sentence) quasi-quilt context of imagery (as opposed to imagery sans context, which is exemplified by Ciao! Manhattan (see below)).

Context: 2) the interrelated conditions in which something exists or occurs...

Parker took apart Pink Floyd's The Wall, separating and setting up criticism from each individual element (read: brick/bat), and as he continued to break it down eye found it bringing everything into closer focus than the album alone every could. Drugs may aid survival but they also make existence surreal, consequently when it appears that the deck is stacked against you it may only be a house of cards (and/or vice-versa).

MENTIONED BELOW BECAUSE OF A PRIOR COMMENT—

Ciao! Manhattan exists on screen only because of the current interest in Edie Sedwick inspired by the Stein/Plimpton biography that's garnering extensive (though not positive) criticism. Edie is in her (actual) decline, (literally) living in the bottom of her

mother's swimming pool and waiting for the sucker to drain. This is not so much an arty (party-hearty) documentary as a document on artificiality (Dear Andy, forgive me, eye doesn't know what it's doing).

Directors John Palmer and David Weisman should be ashamed to see their names in print in reference to this sinking slime (betcha didn't think I ever abhorred a movie—SURPRISE!).

(However, while we're on the subject, another must to avoid is Richard Elman (size doesn't affect inattention) 's Forbidden Zone with Hervé Villechaise as the small time kind of "Underground at the Fun House" and an assorted cast of oddballs and neverminds doing things no one would do or even want to watch someone else do unless they had ingested such massive quantities of drugs that they were unable to move ((cattletonic)X?)—steer clear (oh, heehee, ha-ha, snicker, cough—gag...)...eye gave this three snores, with one snore being mildly boring and five being death.)

(At the opposite extreme is Young Doctors in Love earning a well-deserved three and a half chuckles—particularly for the blind cop who asked his arrestee if the gun was pointed in his direction, but this is sadly a film twinkie and doesn't merit extensive comment (though everyone needs a sugar binge once in a while just to gross out on the sweets and be more appreciative of the bittersweet morsels buried within otherwise overlooked staple fare).)

Which brings us circularly (and fairly philosophically) to a form which is entirely its content, and yet not bound by either. The World According To Garp was a stirring yet disturbing book. John Irving had a black view of the world hero Garp and his cohorts inhabited and the book shifted back and forth between narrative regarding the life of same and his struggle with the forces he sought to overcome through his fiction with snatches of the writing and the sweat that went into the creative process. When eye first read it m(eye) feeling was that no film could be faithful to the tenor of the book without sacrificing its verbal incision. I was wrong—seeing is relieving.

Director George Roy Hill and screenwriter Steve Tesich have taken liberties with Irving's epic novel, but not without insight, and the final result is not only fueled by Irving's sad sense of everyone-as-victim but oddly buoyant and (quite possibly) encouraging—particularly when young Garp's mother tells him (on the death of her estranged father) that she'll die, he (Garp) will die, and the best any of them can do is to live their lives to the fullest before they do die (do-die-day). Everyone connected with this project seems to have lived their fullest throughout (and there's really no reason to rehash all the kudos heaped upon the actors and actresses who breathe life into this paean to death).

Thematically, Garp covers the same ground as The Wall (and even The (Under)Toad Warrior): Running for a brass ring ever inches beyond the heroes' grasp, Lust as motive underlying art, life as extreme and erotic (as opposed to only extremely erotic) and in the end it may be these very virtues which send The World According To Garp to an early grave. It deals lightly with our gravest fantasies and is hard on our fondest desires. Still anyone with sense enough to see through the film will discover themselves face to face with a mirror of (non)reality which forces everything into its proper perspective.

Whoever said force was a negative quality was not dealing with reality (whether dead or on drugs) and consequently not to be believed. Not that reality is to be believed. Only living is relief. Get back. What the hell's he talking about? "Garp"? It sounds like a fish. It's just another brick in the wall. Fuel for our nineteenth nursery breakout...

NATOTORIAL

by Nate Mishan

Last year I wrote about hospitals; since then I've had to be hospitalized again. This trip was to have my jaw disorder corrected. I highly recommend White Plains Hospital to all. I had a great time until my operation and, oh yeah, Demerol is just as good as ever.

What has become of the Natotorial? I dunno. I've become ultra-busy working as a recording engineer almost every week, seven days. I commute, work a midnight shift and just complain about high taxes, no free time, why SCTV is never on when I'm psyched to see it, why this TV season is more mediocre than last year's....I'm a busy fellow.

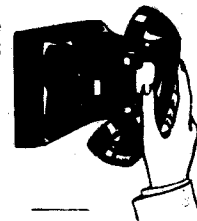
Currently, until November 20th, my jaw is wired shut. I speak in grunts and communicate through notes. Being mute is a blessing to none, save those who know me.

I've been having a hard time finding Natotorial topics and have come to the conclusion that I really don't have that much to say. I recently joined a health club (for tax reasons and to rehab my ankle). I bought a Walkman so that I don't have to hear Muzak on planes, in the dentist's office, etc. In other words, I'm becoming the opposite of what I used to be and I'm not feeling guilty about it either. I also began a relationship with Granada VCR rental. I advocate the leasing of VHS machines. No longer do I find myself crying over missing General Hospital, Waltons re-runs, Love Boat, etc., because I was watching something else or wasn't home. Do it. Lease a VHS and you'll have freedom from TV captivity.

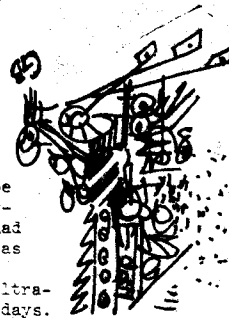
Anyway, I'm in great pain right now so before I say anything truly insightful, I'm going to stop. Maybe I'll be back next month. Hope my words have brought a little joy into your day. I doubt they did but if so I'm glad.

Send get well cards to POB 305/New City, NY 10956. I love you all. Marcinko and Palter—"Hi, how are you?"

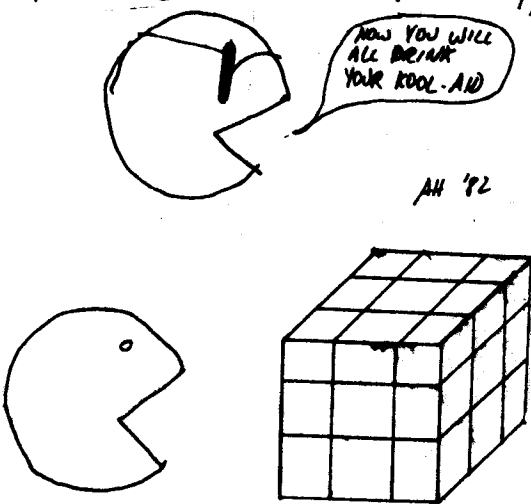
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AM '72

WHO SAYS THESE
MARRIAGES
DON'T WORK?

AM '72

"You think they made a lot of noise - you should have heard the people who used to live here!"

RUN-ON SENTENCE

...TO RUST UNBURNISHED

In Memoriam, **GNOSSES**, conscripted for a tour of duty in Vietnam. A reader sat reading, it was Mr. Harris with an old mystery. He sat in one of a million conceivable rooms in the city, bored witless. One of the three 60-watt bulbs in his overhead lamp had burned out earlier in the week; every time he turned it on for reading he got the sensation that he was going blind. "I'll have to buy a new one soon," he thought, but if he'd had a wife of ten years she would by now have learned that he wouldn't buy any until they all burned out late one night.

It was the same with his television, the tube had burned out, what, a year or so ago and he never got around to having it fixed. The radio worked though. "After all," Harris told Jones at work, "I don't do anything when the tv is on, I just sit there." "Ah, ya just sit there anyway," Jones said. "My kids watch it all the time too." He scratched his cheek, let his eyelids droop. "I don't see how they get their homework done."

"Who cares, eh?" Harris smiled. The mystery revolved around a book theft, some rare old Elizabethan folios. A literary scholar was called in to consult with the detective, they sat for lunch. "Do you know," the scholar asked the detective, "why the old playwrights are always shown with a human skull on their desk?"

"No, why, I never thought about it," Harris read. "Well, because they always did keep skulls around." The scholar smiled. "They were called memento moris, death reminders. The point being that you only have so much time, so you'd better get cracking. A portable time limit staring you in the face."

The detective was alert. "Seems like that wouldn't work," he said, "for people who don't have any vision." He sipped his coffee, the meal over. "I mean, these guys knew their strength, when they looked at eighty years it was no time at all. Nowadays..." He gestured, spun his hand at the wrist, trying to get the general picture. "Well, with nothing but trivial concerns, all that time is just a cross to bear. You know."

"Eighty," said the scholar. "But in those days you were an old man if you made forty-five." He paused. "You're right though. We're an artless culture." He rose to leave, the detective was getting up. "By the way," he asked suddenly, "about the case. Can you find a clue in the world?"

"The possibilities are endless. All we have is an outline right now." He grew pensive, then brightened up and chuckled. "You know why those guys died early," he said. I hear Marlowe used to drink wine the way we drink beer."

Harris looked up at the clock. "A beer would be nice right now," he thought, putting down the book.

Just then a knock came at the door. Harris walked over and opened it, finding a man with a gun who pointed, aimed, and fired. In Connecticut at the Ruger Arms warehouse, a shipping clerk was talking to his girlfriend on the phone.

"The doctor said I was pregnant Joey," she told him. "Well, what do you want me to do about it," he said.

"I don't know," the doctor told his nurse, "but I think we'll need the inventory sheets first so we can make out the claims for the insurance men to go over when they get there."

"It's a terrible time we're living in," she replied, shaking her head. "No one pays attention to what our creator wants any more." She glanced down at a copy of the Watchtower open on her desk.

"Drug Scandal Rocks High Circles," it told her. The article's author was busy masturbating in Mobile, Alabama, the latest issue of **Spermbank** magazine open before him on the bed.

His object of affection, the Account of the Month, Miss May, was at that moment in class at the local business college in America, learning sales analysis, an eternal golden braid in her hair.

"We have at least one person here who understands about making use of god's gifts," the teacher said, winking. "There's a world of opportunity out there." He wagged his finger at them. "Potential waiting to be realized."

IS YOUR HEADACHE KILLING YOU? TRY EXTRA-STRENGTH
"THE LAST WORD IN HEADACHE REMEDIES"
TYLENOL

MOAN/QUANTITY: One.

TYPE:

One of the best minds of my generation was a Manchurian Candidate who used to worry, unwitting of his condition, about the first of his friends what took LSD.

If it didn't provoke the emergency that caused us to organize in order to deal with this situation then we are probably all quite literally doomed to lose our willpower.

Power's such a sorry word to have to use.

Jung called it Individuation but travelers say that is a bridge cluttered with wizards and magic distractions

for which see my replies to MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS

Knowledge of Doomsday is ours. I don't see why the Big Cheese says that therefore we shouldn't say: "Okay. That's the Bad News. Now, what's the Good News?"

My generation cascaded also except with Howl in one hand as we traveled knowing full well that we were rubbing our stomachs and jumping up and down in the streets because that's what Neal Cassidy did as Morarity or however you spell it.

Then we found out that when we smoked grass or took speed it didn't have to be a self-con-scious cascade anymore.

We became our own dance.

Dark areas developed in our culture. A few of them almost as scary as most of the stuff we are dealing with everywhere else in this society. But how many had been instructed in the nature of luck by what we mistook for Mafia Nazis? The dark areas of hippie speed-freak crashpads seemed only another side of the coin to me. I was coming in from the outside. Others were growing in protected suburban soil—like I seemed to have been. California surfer high school kids were beautiful. We laughed together—a little nervously sometimes. Peak experiences of my journey through living.

Slim Brooks had been a young man in the Navy in California. He was usually equally harmless feeling. But then there was that weird brother-in-law of his. I didn't want to go back to living with the Nazi Mafia again. If that's what the political freaks were being so shrill about I wasn't about to stand there and watch as they wrecked California.

Obviously the problem was urban living made everyone hysterical. For things could have been much worse.

Then I happened to notice they were correct in insisting that people very much like the man I secretly remembered as Slim's brother-in-law were invading our culture already if they hadn't been always and seemed to feel we were in luck to have gotten this far what with the assassination and everything already behind us.

At that point I must confess it did seem to feel to all of us like a joke.

For it seemed like we were putting fear behind us and therefore there was that tension release that always makes me at least to want to laugh.

This is frightening what with the war in Viet Nam and all and Somebody in here to blame for it—at least somebody also, however inappropriately, went to the trouble to make it funny. We organized an investigation informally. The suspect we came up with was the Vigilantes in the Emperor Norton story. (Did the old guy spell that one right?)

by Kerry Wendel Thornley

MEDIA by Clay Geerdes

Try to imagine what it would be like to live in a world without media.

That was a hard one, right? There are a lot of kids around today who would feel deprived, and unreasonably, if they did not have a television set in their rooms. There are executives who have micro-tv plugged into the dashboards of their Mercedes, and if they're too preoccupied to listen, they have an automatic Betamax at home taping everything so they can watch it later.

We live in a time of media-madness.

I know a guy I see once a year at conventions. He got himself a Betamax when they first came out a few years ago. Now he has two of them. And he has them taping constantly. He must have hundreds of movies and sitcoms and interviews on tape. It's certain that he'll never live long enough to watch all of them again. Who would want to? What television has insured is that the past will be with us always. Any weekend, we can watch all of the old comedies and horse operas over again. Stuff I looked forward to seeing when I was a kid is not trivialized by over-exposure. The movies were a weekend treat and we didn't get to watch a few movies a day for many people. Not to mention all the sitcoms and the mini-series and the talk-shows and the soaps.

Give us a break, for God's sake. How much media can we take? How did we get to the point where life is nothing but media? What happened to the times when we entertained each other, when folks would drop by and everyone in the family would sing or tap dance or recite a poem, when everyone could do something worthwhile? What happened to the time when there were creative stories and poems in the newspaper instead of page after page of hype for products and canned entertainment? Who conned us out of our own abilities? Who has done the most to sell us on the idea that we have to have someone else perform for us, that we are inadequate and can't do it ourselves?

You don't have to answer that.

You know.

We all know. We know who profits if we keep the tube on day and night. We know what the tube is selling. We know that advertising is designed to make us dissatisfied with our friends and our lives, designed to make us want what we cannot afford, designed to make us unhappy with our natural bodies.

You mean you didn't know that make-up is unnatural and unnecessary, that it's natural for some people to be dark-headed and chubby, that water quenches thirst while soft drinks just make you heavier and thirstier, that all cars are too expensive and are just gas-burners that make the oil companies richer (that's why electric cars are not mass-produced), that most companies sell appliances cheap because the money is made off the batteries? You think things will go better if you drink something addictive? Do you believe it's possible for any soft drink to have only one calorie? Do you believe there is nothing between Brooke Shields and her Calvin Kleins? And why would you be interested anyway?

If you're watching the media in any form, there is one thing you may be sure of; there's a lie in progress somewhere. It may be overt or subliminal, but there is one there. See the television film about Mae West? It was full of lies. No need for it to be. Mae West was an interesting and talented woman. But to fit into the media, her life had to be restructured in terms of the network required formula. The truth has to be changed to fit the media. The media is always a lie about life.

The media teaches you that you are an inadequate and useless being, that you need to buy some unnatural product to make you adequate and worthwhile. A woman will love you if you use some chemical spray on your body. The truth is that the natural smells are more erotic. Ask a woman. Ask a man. I know I enjoy a woman's natural scent and I hate the crap many women spray all over their bodies.

TV people look pretty much alike in that they do not look like the majority of the people who watch them. A handful of people have tits like Leni Anderson and more than a few of them wish they didn't have them. If there were no media, most women would feel all right about their bodies. For them, the media is a constant reminder that they are not all right, that they don't measure up, that they are lacking something. And that something is always the product the media is selling.

Happiness is accepting yourself the way you are and rejecting the media lies about what you should be. If you could imagine a media-free world, it would be one in which people are who they are and things are what they are. You would feel healthier, because you would not be subjected to continual media suggestion that you are not well, that you have a headache that needs this or that product, that you have allergies you don't have, that you have dry skin that needs this or that oil or skin conditioner.

What we have in the media is a constant source of dissatisfaction and unhappiness. Even if our own lives are going all right, we still feel the weight of artificial problems and worries. We wonder if J.R. Ewing will ever get what he deserves and if Lucy is really pregnant and if her rapist will ever be brought to trial or just dropped from the series. What do we care about these artificial lives? How can someone so lacking in character as J.R. Ewing be one of the most popular media heroes of the decade? Clearly, those who worship him and laugh at his villainy have accepted the media definition of what a man ought to be.

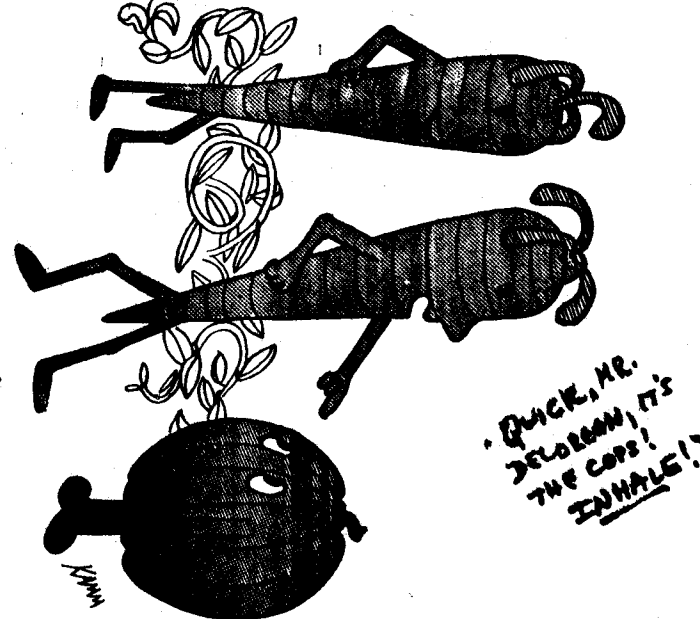
What are you if you accept the media definition of you?

Nothing. Just some blob to be covered with make-up, filled with poisons, ridiculed, insulted, exploited, and, when you're old and your consuming life over, discarded in favor of the younger blobs who have come along to replace you.

Experiment. Pull the plug for a month and find out for yourself who and what you are.

- Clay Geerdes, May 18, 1982

I'M A CARROT, HE'S A CARROT AND YOU CAN BE A CARROT TOO



Notes from a Nut

by Paul Zuckerman

ED ASNER INTERVIEW

IJ: I want to thank you for granting me this interview, Mr. Asner.
EA: Call me Ed. After all, I'm a lovable guy. The public loved me on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show"—hell, I won 6 Emmys. They loved me on "Lou Grant", too. I was elected President of the Screen Actors' Guild! Everybody loved me! Until a few months ago. That's when I spoke out on El Salvador. Since then, I've gotten death threats, they wanted to recall me as President of SAG and "Lou Grant" was cancelled! I don't get it. Jane Fonda protested the Vietnam War for years. People hated her. Called her a traitor. Said she should be lynched! But it didn't hurt her career. In fact, she's bigger than ever now, with her movies and her Exercise studio and her "Workout" book. The goddamn bitch is rolling in dough. Everybody loves her, too. But nobody loves me anymore. Why? I just said the government shouldn't get involved in another Vietnam, that it was supporting the wrong side in the war in El Salvador. Got a tissue?

IJ: Take my handkerchief and dry those tears, Mr. Asner.

EA: Call me Ed (sniff). I don't understand it. Everybody hates me now. Nobody returns my calls. You know what somebody said to me the other day? They said, "Get lost, you washed up old has-been!"

IJ: Terrible. Strangers can be so cruel.

EA: Strangers? That was my business manager of 30 years!

IJ: I'm sure you'll find another good acting role soon.

EA: You know what my agent told me when I asked if there was a part available in any upcoming made-for-TV movies? He said, "Ask the Sandanista rebels to find you a job, you fat, balding pinko!"

IJ: Maybe he didn't recognize your voice and thought it was someone else.

EA: I only wish I was someone else. Nobody even asks for my autograph anymore. And you know all those Public Service Announcements I used to do? I did them for nothing, no money! When I called to ask if I could do some more for free, they said they'd rather pay someone else to do them.

IJ: Surely, things can't be that bad.

EA: Oh, no? I asked Hugh Hefner if I could be interviewed in PLAYBOY because I needed some money to pay my rent. He said they'd rather interview Pia Zadora than me. Then he said not to call him again until hair starts growing back on the top of my head or until the National Basketball Association becomes all white.

IJ: And I thought he was such a liberal.

EA: If it wasn't for you kind people at INSIDE SPORTS—say, how much are you paying me for this interview anyway?

IJ: INSIDE SPORTS? That folded months ago. I'm a reporter for INSIDE JOKE. It's a newsletter of comedy and creativity.

EA: Comedy? My career is in ruins, my wife left me, my friends abandon me, I'm nearly broke and total strangers want to murder me. And you want COMEDY?

IJ: Well, uh, yeah. If our readers wanted serious stuff, they'd just read the newspaper, wouldn't they?

EA: How about if I broke this chair over your head, you skinnyp, would that be funny enough for ya?

IJ: (Muffled noises. Chair splintering into pieces on contact with human flesh. Silence.)

INQUIRING MINDS WANT TO KNOW - IF WE CALL OURSELVES INTELLIGENT, WHY DOES NATIONAL ENQUIRER HAVE SUCH A LARGE CIRCULATION?



WIZARDS, Picasso-style
by Elayne

This birdies here, she had no idea this month, so she just fell apart...
G.O.P.

I mean, I know she's depressed 'n all, but why take it out on us?
G.O.P.

If you don't have ideas, why bother, right?
G.O.P.

God, am I embarrassed...
G.O.P.

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THE PLAGUE OF THE MEASLES PLAQUE

by Gary S. Rusin

The Plague of the Measles Plaque began quite innocuously when a red splotch appeared on a slab of pink granite recently installed on the face of a skyscraper under construction in thriving downtown Midville. The owner blamed the architect/engineer, who called in the general contractor, who referred the matter to the masonry sub-contractor, who removed the offending slab and returned it to the supplier. And so another piece was installed without undue concern or very much hemming and hawing; such mistakes were to be expected in the construction of such a large building, and besides the schedule had not been delayed as a result of the blemish. The supplier was out the cost of one slab, and while that might have been a sizable sum in and of itself, it was not significant when compared to the overall cost of the building, or even when compared to the supplier's profit on that one job, not to mention his annual income.

And there the matter lay until a week after the installation of the replacement, when the new piece of stone developed its own angry-red stigmata, much to the surprise of everyone, including the owner himself, who had personally passed by the day before to check on whether the first slab had been removed. As if that weren't problem enough, other stones began to break out in similar crimson patches, so that, by the next day, over fifty percent of the building's surface was marred. A passing free-lance photographer with a sense of humor and an eye for the odd was struck by the building's ludicrous appearance and took a picture of the building. The whims of fate being what they are, the picture was sold to the local paper and appeared on the front page of the morning edition, along with a caption suggesting the building had come down with measles. Of course, the wire services picked up the picture, and it subsequently appeared in papers across the world, causing quite a stir—the national television networks even dispatched a film crew to cover the story—and so the "Measles Plaque" was hung on the building's blemishes.

The Measles Plaque, of course, was not a laughing matter to everyone involved in the development of the building. At first, the supplier was taken to task for supplying defective stone, but then it was shown that other deliveries were not similarly affected. Engineering studies were done. Consultants in everything from Geology to Meteorology were called in, all learned professors renowned in their fields of study, but none of them could add anything beyond what they already knew. The Measles Plaque was just that, a corrosive plaque which had mysteriously attached itself to the stone. Its etiology was unexplained; for unknown reasons a rash had grown on the face of the building. The consultants postulated some sort of a chemical reaction between the stone and pollutants in the atmosphere, but no laboratory tests could duplicate the Measles Plaque. The only thing on which they all could agree was that the condition did, in fact, resemble the rash of its namesake.

And if the experts were at a loss to explain the cause of the Measles Plaque, they were even more unprepared to suggest efficacious cures. They tried everything, but nothing worked. Acid baths and alkaline washes were applied, and the Measles Plaque thrived. Illegal immigrants with scrapers worked diligently at wearing down the rash, and it spread onto the sidewalks and the streets. Ultra-violet and infra-red lights were played across the surface, as were X-rays and ultra-sonics, but all without result; the Measles Plaque spread to neighboring buildings. At the suggestion of the Chinese government, electrically amplified acupuncture needles were located in astrally correct locations, and electro-magnetic energy of varying frequencies run through the affected buildings; the red splotches began to appear in the interiors of inhabited buildings afflicted with the rash.

At first, scientists assured the public there was no cause for alarm; the Measles Plaque would soon be controlled and, in any event, it did not pose a health hazard to humans. And while it was true no one ever came down with the measles or the Measles Plaque as a result of exposure to an infected building—or, at least, there were no properly documented cases—strange events did begin to take place. The untoward effects of the Measles Plaque on humans was first noted in the temperament of tenants of affected buildings. Couples who had been happily married for years, and had weathered all kinds of emotional and economic storms, suddenly broke up. Women miscarried or bore deformed children. Companies located in the affected areas began to experience market dislocations, sudden IRS and SEC investigations, hostile takeover attempts, and stockholder unrest. The birth-rate of Midville plunged dramatically.

At the request of the Mayor of Midville, the town was declared a national disaster area. Suits and counter-suits were filed and pursued with vigor in the courts. A special sub-committee of every legislative committee of each legislative body arguably having jurisdiction was appointed, and Midville crawled with officious ferrets. Exposés were written. Psychics propounded their own occult theories—it all had to do with the configuration of the planets, the sum of the number equivalents of the letters in the word "Midville," the imminent return of the World-Teacher, and so forth. But still the Measles Plaque spread its insidious rot, notwithstanding the public scrutiny and the wealth of nostrums suggested by anyone who ever had a thought about anything—hadn't he been calling in on radio talk shows for years predicting just such an event?

It was not long before the flight of businessman and officer-workers before the Plague of the Measles Plaque had closed virtually every downtown Midville business establishment; not even the bums

wished to risk God knows what insidious internal rot. And so the Measles Plaque accomplished in a few short months what years of white flight and urban decay had not been able to do, to reduce downtown Midville to a gaping, leprous sore visited only by rats and Saviors believing themselves immune from its curse. Even though the city was unable to recruit personnel to staff demolition teams to raze the central business district, the Measles Plaque itself was slowly wearing the buildings down to rubble, its corrosive power consuming the very stone and leaving only a sterile sand. And as the Measles Plaque claimed downtown Midville, it left in its place only raw earth in which nothing would grow, and when the rains came, the flood waters eroded the soil and washed it into other areas of the city, causing considerable concern, but the Measles Plaque did not spread beyond the Central Business District.

Midville died that year. International companies moved their headquarters and their plants. The workers abandoned their homes and their belongings, thinking them accursed, pausing in their flight only to wash the dust from their shoes at the city limits of Midville. In one short year, Midville went from the town of the future to an accursed relic, its name struck from the very memory of mankind. Perhaps in a thousand years some intrepid archeologist, on hearing apocryphal stories of the lost city of Midville, might venture through the sub-tropical forest which has not claimed Midville and come upon that barren splotch of ground, and wonder, there among the crumbling ruins which no doubt will ring it, what manner of destruction was visited upon it.



I J is:

Irrelevant Tibes
Incisive Jabbering
Idiotic Juvenility
Insoluble Juxtaposition
Intimate Jumbles
Invaluable Jetsam
Irrational Jestling
Illustrated Jazz

Julian Ross 6-4-92

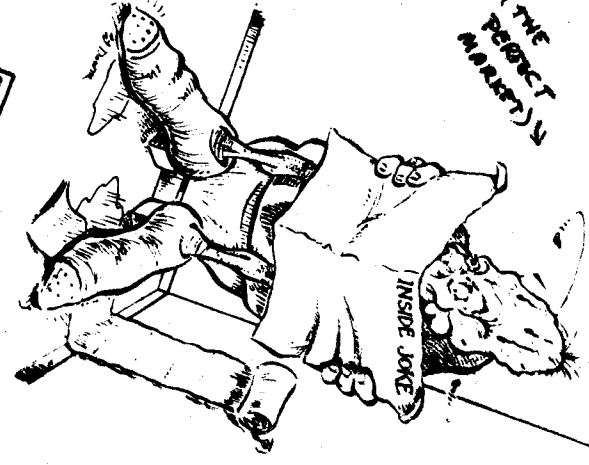
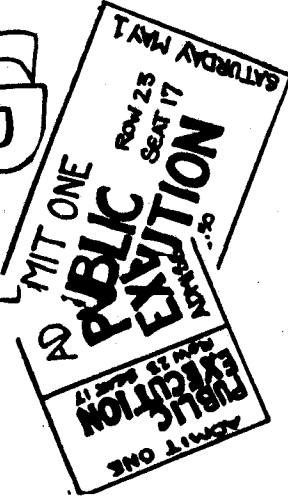
Come hither new child
your travels have been
dangerous and wild
wearing you thin.
We know growing
is individual feat,
but where did you think
life would create
so daring a stepping,
so fearing a weight,
so crazy a leaping,
across infinite states.
Come hither new child
with wisdom, to teach
what settles your knowing,
what extends your reach.
- Deborah Golden

SAVE
WATER-
DRINK
BLOOD

THIS IS MAGICAL HUMOR - BORDERING ON THE THIN EDGE OF REALITY-A.D.

CAPITALIZING ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

THE LAW & ORDER HANDBOOK - CHAPT. 2
BY RICHARD WEINSTOCK



Capital punishment is coming back into vogue and it's about time! For years now, Americans have been debating the question of whether or not the death penalty is a deterrent to crime. Actually, the fact of the matter is that capital punishment is as American as apple pie. Arguments that it failed to deter capital offenses, amounted to cruel and unusual punishment, and was meted out to the poor and minorities to a much greater extent than to whites, had little to do with the demise of it in the late sixties. The truth is that capital punishment ceased to be a viable institution because it had become unprofitable.

Consider the following events: In the seventies a fellow named Gary Gilmore commits a string of murders in Utah in holdups for small change. The authorities decide that the time is ripe to determine if there will be renewed acceptance of this presently defunct enterprise we call capital punishment. The convicted man refused to aid in his own defense publicly proclaiming that he would rather "die like a man." National attention becomes focused on the drama of the State judicial bureaucracy versus the pioneering individual bent on defying the system. Without any effort at all Gilmore sells rights to his exclusive life story what made him a murderer-for millions of dollars. His estate benefits, his lawyer benefits, anybody close to the event with any business sense cashes in.

Thus capital punishment is making a comeback not because of esoteric arguments about its effectiveness as a deterrent or retributor, but because you can't stop progress. With new, improved techniques and proper marketing, capital punishment could easily become a growth industry, and growth is synonymous with progress in the U.S.A. In America the bottom line is the bottom line.

Revisions In Laws and Procedures Necessary To Encourage a Profitable Death Penalty

Many changes are necessary if capital punishment is to succeed in this competitive world of criminal penalties. To start with the equipment of the trade will have to be deregulated and laws amended. It is doubtful that any electric chair would meet the standards of the Federal Consumer Products Safety Act. Gas chambers fall considerably below federal air quality standards. Gallows do not meet current building and safety requirements.

A profitable death penalty will also require innovation on the part of the professions. For example, the nation's auditors will have to come up with a system of "capital punishment cost accounting" if it is to be successful. Life insurance executives will have to tackle the sticky issue of coverage when selling life insurance to a prospective buyers who may be executed.

A More, Or Less Humane Death Penalty

The issue of whether the "new wave" of death penalties should feature more, or less merciful equipment than in former times is a threshold question before any major decisions can be made about retrofitting the industry.

The death penalty was invented in the bronze age by tribal groups of human beings who survived through a hunting-and-gathering type of economy. When things didn't go very well, they found that they could feel better simply by killing one of their number. This was called "human sacrifice" and dieties were invented to blame for the calamities. Later, modern religions designed the concept of "individual responsibility" in which specific members of any group could be held accountable for their actions. Rather than blaming the Gods, people could now be deprecated for such divergent conduct as murder, masturbation, mayhem, manslaughter and malingering (the 5 M's) as well as other offensive conduct. It was soon discovered that killing the humans who committed some or all of these offenses not only stopped the conduct at the place of its occurrence, but made people feel better. This became known as "capital punishment" and thus human sacrifices were rendered obsolete.

In the earliest form of the death penalty, human sacrifice, little regard was paid to the feelings of the subject. As people became more civilised, however, many began to realise the worse the condemned individual felt, the better they felt, and thus capital punishment took the form of the rack, crucifixion, stoning, boiling in oil and the like. With the advance of technology, public focus switched from the feelings of the condemned, to the complexity of the equipment-electric chairs, gas chambers, and guillotines are of this genre. Also because people began to see the need for humane treatment in administering the coup de grace to others, painless methods of execution such as mentioned above came into

vogue. Time has taught us however, that humane treatment of criminals is of little value in the penal system. Few convicts and no executioners have ever been rehabilitated by it.

Accordingly modern methods of execution will probably not be painless. Rather than focusing on the feelings of the condemned, it seems likely that the sufferance of the electorate will be the major consideration. Here initiatives could be used to determine the appropriate demise of each terminal inmate. Also the electric chair will be a thing of the past for economic reasons. No decent American wants to see some Arab Sheik get fatter every time the switch is thrown. But what could replace it? This will probably result in a debate as to whether a solar chair should be invented, or the condemned man should simply be nuked.

Relocating Death Row

If capital punishment is to become the great, modern, profitable enterprise that it is capable of, current plants should be relocated. Places like San Quentin are too somber and lack adequate tourist facilities. An example of the kind of thinking needed here by prison officials is the case of Alcatraz. For years, Alcatraz was a loser, draining the federal treasury. Then in an unusual bit of creative thinking it was closed down as a prison and turned into a tourist attraction. Alcatraz is an island just a few miles from San Francisco and easily accessible by passenger ferry. Result: Alcatraz has grossed millions from the past few years and this performance is expected to continue indefinitely. What this shows is that death rows need to be located in more upbeat locations. Subdued but not somber should be the guiding principle.

Media Packaged Executions

Now for the profit making opportunities capital punishment has to offer: The most obvious area for this is the media. Television coverage of executions could gross hundreds of millions of dollars depending upon local, regional, national, or international coverage. Liquor store robber-murderers would naturally draw the least coverage. However, sponsorship of executions of local interest would not be difficult. Used car dealers and discount clothiers usually prefer advertising to a home crowd. On the other side of this are international attractions such as presidential assassins and terrorists which international conglomerates with huge advertising budgets such as IBM and Exxon are happy to cover.

Another consideration here relates to what format televised executions will take. A strong possibility here is that it will follow the example of space launchings with countdowns beginning months away. Another possibility is David Frost type interviews with the condemned man, his family, the victim's family, members of the jury who convicted him, and the public execution team, concluding on some patriotic or religious note.

In any case, television coverage would heighten on the day and hour of the execution. The details of the "final moments" must be carefully considered. Black and white stripes for prisoners are definitely out because of the advent of color television. Also there is a need to lengthen the occasion. Currently, the hour arrives and there is just a short walk to the gallows, chair or whatever. Just a few minutes and it's all over. Television producers will readily agree that the final moments portion of the coverage should be at least a half hour and preferably longer. But what to do? Perhaps the answer to this is "warm ups" such as electrocuting of gassing a few frogs or cats for starters. Prolonging the expiring process might also work. For example, where a firing squad is used, its members might go for the ears first, and then perhaps try for a few fingers. Of course after the grand finale instant replay is available to capture the intricacies of the condemned man's dying movements for additional reflection.

There are many competing attractions on television all vying for the viewers attention such as baseball, football and basketball. In order to maximize the viewing audience it will be necessary to establish an execution season which will coincide with off season or times of low interest in the above events.

Last Meal Caterers

Traditionally, the death row inmate receives a special last meal, and because of its importance, it should be simple for the creative entrepreneur to turn the occasion into a lucrative business. In the past this meal was prepared by the prison cook at the request of the condemned, but because of contemporary prison economics it can be shown that is more efficient to have it done by outside contractors. Moreover, enterprising firms will likely find it in their interest to purchase franchises in order to cater

REMEMBER - NOVEMBER 2 IS ELECTION DAY -
RESERVE YOUR STOMACH PAINS NOW! - K.D.

CONFIDENTIAL

the last meal, because they operate on greater profit margins.

An initial decision in purchasing a franchise will be the age old question of quality versus cost effectiveness. In other words should the last meal simply be a Big Mac, fries and a Coke, or something fancier catered by the Holiday Inn? Also what if the condemned man wants something that is not on the menu? On the one hand the caterer could easily convince prison officials as well as public opinion that the convict is hardly entitled to his choice of a last meal. To allow it would be the epitome of leniency, and what about the victim's poor family barely surviving on hamburger helper and buillion cubes? But one must be careful here. Prisoners have been known to throw hunger strikes, and there would be nothing as bad for a last meal caterer's business as a hunger strike by death row inmates. Yet tighter prison budgets and the need on the part of the business for higher profit margins suggests that both the prisoner's wishes and expensive last meal fast foods operation. To pull this off effective marketing and packaging will be necessary to convince the inmate that he is getting a nutritionally balanced last meal. This poses no special problems in as much as fast food advertisers have had no trouble convincing the public that their fare is food for the past several decades. And the last meal fast food operator is at a distinct advantage compared to his street corner brethren. The death row inmate will not have to digest the meal after eating it.

Medical Transplant Concessions

Death row inmates are not worth much while they are alive, but when they are dead they can be quite valuable. Human organs for medical transplants such as eyes, kidneys, pancreas, and hearts are worth small fortunes to people with clunkers. The list of what is transplantable is growing every year, and pretty soon we will see almost everything from tongues to testicles on the market.

Everyone from the inmate's estate to the State and the business community can make money in this burgeoning industry. Concessions can be set up in which traders buy these vital and useful organs of the executionee from the appropriate parties and sell them to hospitals for transplants.

Execution methods will have to be modified to accomplish this. Electric chairs and firing squads zap the heart and other marketable organs. Perhaps the best thing here is to invent equipment that renders the executionee into a comatose state instead of a deceased one. However if this is done the name of the punishment will have to be changed from "the death penalty" to something like "the vegetation penalty."

There are those who will say that this whole concept is wrong, because the purpose of capital punishment is to kill the transgressor, and as long as his heart, eye or kidney has survived, he has not paid the full price for his crime. Owners of vital organ concessions can successfully counter this argument by pointing out that these organs were created and manufactured by God. Just because they came to be owned by the wrong people, doesn't give anyone the right to destroy them.

The Irish Sweepstakes

The State will of course gain some financial benefits from the sale of various rights it has, essential to effective media coverage, and in the prisoners vital organs, but this is not where its most profitable venture lies. In any given state there are virtually hundreds of thousands of people dying to kill someone, but afraid to because of what the state might do about it. They are therefore very jealous and angry at the condemned man who has done something which they perceive as long since denied to them in the interest of a civilized society. On the other hand prison officials claim they don't like performing executions, and often demand extra pay for it. What better way to earn and therefor save tax dollars than by having a giant lottery in which some lucky but enraged law abiding citizen will win the privilege of pulling the trigger, tripping the switch or dropping the pellets? An alternate approach would be to auction off this favor to the highest bidder. In any event a state lottery or auction of this nature could convert a capital crime and the events that follow it from a series of dreary episodes to a drama with a happy and profitable climax.

Profits to the People

The capital punishment industry promises to be a good business will into the future. Sociologists predict that violent crimes including murder will increase indefinitely into the future for various reasons, while law and order politicians are sure to increase the coverage of the death penalty. The important question for members of the enterprising public is whether to stand idly by while people contrive to kill each other or whether to make a profit on it.

Chpt.3: CONVERTING YOUR HOME INTO A fortress

Take the average home. Is it a safe place to live in these days of increasing violence and soaring crime rates? Here is an easy to take test of home security that will determine whether your home needs improvement in this area.

- 1) Does your home have any doors and windows and, if so, are they ever unlocked?
- 2) Is your home located south of the Arctic Circle?
- 3) Do you live next door to a police station, or at least is there one on your block?
- 4) Are any of your childrens friends members of the underclass?
- 5) Do you ever undress, take a shower or go to sleep in your house?
- 6) Does your neighborhood lack adequate street lighting during power shortages?
- 7) Whenever a new wave of graffiti hits the walls of your neighborhood, do you find that spray cans have disappeared from your garage?
- 8) Do you have any past due accounts with any organization owned or controlled by the Mafia?

9) Does any person other than an immediate member of your family have knowledge of the whereabouts of your jewelry, television sets, audio equipment, or other valuable appliances?

If you answered "yes" to questions 1 or 2, or 4 through 9 you could be in trouble.

The test, as you no doubt have ascertained by now, shows you where, how, and to what extent your home is vulnerable to intrusion by the criminal element. The purpose of this chapter is to help you tighten up the security of your homestead by showing you how it can be converted from the lackluster tract residence that it is, to an impenetrable fortress.

The Family Bureau Of Identification

The first step in the direction of improved security is to make sure that family members are clearly identified. Wives and children need to be immediately fingerprinted and files opened on them. The reader's immediate reaction to this is apt to be that it all sounds very silly. But consider that the vast majority of violent crimes including murder, manslaughter, rape, kidnapping, assault, and robbery occur between family members (The one exception to this is burglary). If Mama, for example, beats Junior senseless one day and gets convicted of assault and child abuse, you would want to put that on her family rap sheet. Perhaps many years later if Junior were to disappear, you could pull the records of all family members and the child abuse incident on Mommy's rap sheet might make her the number one suspect.

Perhaps you are less concerned about intramural crime and more concerned about intrusion by outsiders. Here the records can be used to determine who is a family member and who is not. Often, especially if you work for a large corporation, you could be away on business for lengthy periods. Even more frequently you may have to work late into the night. Sometimes you may not see family members for weeks or even months on end. When you do come home, recollections about what family members look like often be hazy. The records are convenient for distinguishing your loved ones from intruders just in case you should happen to run into anyone while you are at home. And if you are blessed with a devoted family, they will happily learn how to use the records so that they can identify you rather than panic just in case they should happen to run into you while you are at home.

Family identification records, though, require a considerable amount of upkeep. Children are constantly growing, spouses are moving in and out, and faces are changing. The four foot six gnawish character with the creamy complexion may in six months metamorph into a five foot, stacked, teen aknoid. Someone must keep up these records if they are to be at all useful. In former times this was not much of a problem. Such duties were easily assigned to the wife. But now, unless she is a functional illiterate, it is likely that the woman of the house will be off working at some job and refuse to keep the family's identification records. And of course if one is lucky enough to be married to a functional illiterate, she will be incapable of keeping these records. Fortunately, this problem might be solved by pending legislation before Congress which would have these records kept for us by agencies of the United States Government.

A Man's Home Is His Castle- 20th Century Style

We now turn to the necessary physical aspects of the enclave. The Necessity of protecting one's personal residence from outlaws, infidels and other types is not new. In medieval times castles were often surrounded by moats and whole cities were often walled to protect the wealth of its more affluent inhabitants. In this day and age little advance security planning is done except by the very rich who live on large estates and maintain small but sophisticated police forces. The average middle and upper class home is an open invitation to all but the most novice of the n'er do wells.

Let's look at some of the protective devices currently in use:

1) Large dogs- Great danes, German Shepherds, Dobermans etc. A special incentive for veteran burglars who will tranquilize and steal them for resale to homeowners as vicious guard dogs. Very effective against trespassing children whether on property or not often resulting in expensive lawsuits.

2) Security Alarm Systems- Sold in most hardware stores. Unfortunately electronic bypassing systems which prevent alarms from going off are easily installed, and also sold in most hardware stores designed as transistor radios. Good for junkie type intruders who, when the alarm goes off, will panic and run through the house shooting anything that moves.

3) Automatic Light Systems- Skilled burglars plan their foists when the lights come on the better to see what they are stealing. Also avoids risks by intruders of leaving fingerprints on light switches.

The fact is that the average American has failed to take advantage of advances in modern technology which would convert the average home from prowler's paradise to security haven. Why is this? Unfortunately the American middle class public has been gulled into believing that style and aesthetics require the homestead, internally and externally, to appear expansive open and gracious. This is the sort of look promoted by slick magazines such as House Beautiful and Better Homes and Gardens. But if form follows function, security is beauty and the modern prototypes of urbane elegance are contradictions in terms. This skewedness of styles in favor of the cutesy and non-functional is largely the result of the disproportionate amount of power wielded by the interior decorators-designers complex. They know that if the average homeowner really acted is if his home were a sanctum, he would be consulting retired Green Berets for advice instead of interior decorators, and most of the accoutrements of his home would be purchased from Armed Surplus Stores instead of fancy boutiques.

The following illustrate but a few examples of how the public has been misgullied about home security. Starting with the dwelling's exterior, all "Welcome" doormats should be removed for obvious reasons. Moreover, no safe home should have shrubs or flower gardens. Cactus are not only less inviting but also more difficult to climb.

Continued
next
page, again

PREDISTINY - THE NEXT BEST THING TO ALMOST BEING THERE (BUT YOU KNEW I WAS GOING TO SAY THAT, DIDN'T YOU?)

After the escape of even the most well seasoned of intruders. Now here is where High Tech comes in. Redwood fences or used brick walls may look more decorous, but barbed wire really keeps them out. Of course their are prejudices against it, and you'll probably have to endure a few arguments with neighbors. But in a Democracy, technology is for the people. Their is no good reason why the Armed Services should have this effective means of protecting property, and not the public. Besides, it is only convention which regards barbed wire as unpleasant to the eye. To the security minded it in fact looks better than anything else, especially during winter when adorned with Christmas lights.

Moving into the secure abode's interior, one has to question every feature which involves some element of risk from the inside world without in any way contributing to the life support systems of the owner or his family. Windows, for example, have become next to useless due to unclean air and neighbors. In home security circles there is a saying, "As the banks go, so go the suburbs". Many modern banks have eliminated windows as riskier than an out of town check, and indeed new office buildings only permit sealed tight inch thick glass.

Having limited the number of potential accesses and entrances to the home's inside, the rest is less difficult and mainly consists of efficient use of superior firepower. Family guard duty and choices of armaments are the key issues here. First, with respect to guard duty it is obvious that larger families have a distinct advantage over small ones. In fact, it can be demonstrated that crime in America has increased steadily in the inverse proportion to the number of residents per household. Not only is lack of family members a liability here, but kin with incriminating family rap sheets must be eliminated from watch duty. The very young should also be relieved of responsibility in this area. This means that young and small families will have some difficulties since guarding a home properly is a twenty four hour a day job. There just aren't enough qualified family members in such families to cover all shifts. However, small and young families do go for style so hiring security guards for some of the shifts could become as trendy as drinking Perrier water (and certainly less expensive).

Naturally, guards are no better than their weapons, and here there is a wide assortment of possible choices ranging from small arms to such devices as flamethrowers. Check your insurance policy for coverage if you are considering deployment of the latter. Since almost any choice is a good one, the way the weapon enhances the living room's atmosphere is the deciding consideration. Submachine guns look great mounted on coffee tables. Shotguns are the perfect finishing touch on the mantle of a fireplace.

Having provided for the protection of your residence, you are now ready for the savages of the outside world
SACVILLE SUBURBS

As we all know, there has been an overwhelming housing crisis in the country because of high interest rates and high construction costs. The result has been that few new and growing families have been able to purchase adequate housing in the open market. The new suburb replacing a valley of peach or-

chards seems to be going the way of the peach orchards when they were being replaced by new suburbs. At the same time these unlocated families are not particularly anxious to move to the suburbs because of the reputed high crime rate. The result is sure to be catastrophic, striking the economic system at its very core--land developers. In order to avoid these dire consequences a solution seems to be emerging which can combine the need for new housing and suburbs with the need for neighborhood security. Recently the Government decided to buy advanced new bombers called "B-52s" to replace the rapidly aging B-52's in the Air Force. Federal studies by HUD indicate that these B-52s can be cheaply transported to property that has been graded, and thence easily be subdivided and converted to condominiums. These aircraft come well equipped with security systems and therefore would be quite safe from intruders assuming the various radar and armament systems were left in tact.

Developers of course would provide the interface between Air Force and the general public so as to maximize the economic feasibility of the project. For example, the more well armed front section is more secure and therefore would command a higher price, especially if it could be placed so as to offer a commanding view. **The Ultimate Protection: A Family Bomb Shelter**

It is only a short hop, step and jump from the realization that persons with evil designs on your person and property lurk in the community, to the realization that whole nations, cultures, religions, continents, and hemispheres hunger for your possessions and hide. The residence turned fortress to the really serious security buff is merely a step in the direction of the ultimate in residential living accommodations much in the same way as a tract home is merely a first step to a Gentleman's country farm for the aspiring young professional. And what could be more well deserved by the successful and upwardly threatened than a spacious and well appointed bomb shelter?

"What kind of a way is this to live, especially for the most successful and deserving?" many will challenge. Questioning of this nature reflects the bad reputation bomb shelters acquired in the Spartan fifties with their dank and stony interiors. However, the second generation bomb shelters of the eighties have been designed to compare with the most luxurious of accommodations and have attracted even the most discriminating of buyers. In residential construction and finance circles this is coming to be called "The Tut look", and may indeed be the wave of the future. These prides of ownership bomb shelters often come equipped with such attractions as subterranean parking, hot tubs, wall to wall carpeting, terrestrial heating, anthouse windows, wet bars, vaulted ceilings, quality rammed earth cabinetry, roof gardens, and countless other distinctive features.

Another, perhaps hidden advantage of bombshelter residence is the extremely long term protection they have to offer owners and their possessions. If the enemy does attack, all within the confines of shelter walls will be totally secure from intruders of any kind- including grave robbers.

"OKAY,
CLANKY,
TAKE
THE
BOMBS
&
SURROUND
THE
HOUSEBOAT"

DO HAD SCIENTISTS
DRINK
GONE & TANKS?

DEATH:
GOD'S WAY OF
"TALKING
THAT!"

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ALL THE PUNKS?

by Charron Pieper

THE HOT CLUB

There comes a time in every period of artistic creativity when an attempt at redefinition occurs. Such a redefinition was in the process during 1979 at a place called The Hot Club. It was here that the redefining of popular music could have been witnessed first hand among very special people: The Punks.

This establishment, which was involved primarily with the interpretation of punk music, was located on South Street in a not very nice neighborhood on a not very noticeable corner. The exterior lacked the proper "garishness" and the interior catered to the starkness and basic geometric design the music inferred. The people who frequented the place all had the same underlying reason for being there--to have a good time. And to help the redefinition process along, whether knowingly or not.

Some wonder what the big deal about the punk genre in the United States was all about. It was in rebellion to staleness. If something does not taste good to you either physically or mentally there is a tendency to reject, or at least not to repeat the tasting process too often. Rock and roll had ceased to appeal to the taste buds of these people and what they tasted instead was a staleness in the American music culture. As a result, they turned to their counterparts in England for a breath of something new. They encountered a neighborhood of musical delights. The Hot Club became one in over a hundred of clubs that fed this new interest in punk music.

The acts that could have been seen on the stage there, while having fun, were in essence saying, "Stop the overproducing, the over-perfecting; let's get back to the basics of raw music." That didn't mean they lacked the artistic ability nor desire to be good at their art. What it did mean was that it was time for a counter culture to put the actuality of rock and roll back in perspective.

The Hot Club booked original acts. No cover bands, no fancy sound systems inhabited the place. Some of the crowd looked pretty punked out, pretty mean. But a lot of the people that went there looked like the average John Smith. But everyone, in 1979 before the demise of The Hot Club, appeared to be looking for something a little different to listen to.

THE FACADE

Now it's strange. Now there's something different about the entire punk populace. It's only been three years since 1979, yet so much has changed. When I go to The London Victory Club on Tuesday nights I see and hear the remnants of what The Hot Club had tried to define and establish. Maybe I drink too much on those Tuesday nights and consequently blur my perspective. Maybe I don't. I see people, some people, who could pass as being punk. They look like they belong in England with their counterparts who started this whole genre. And then I talk to them.

"Do you really like this music?"

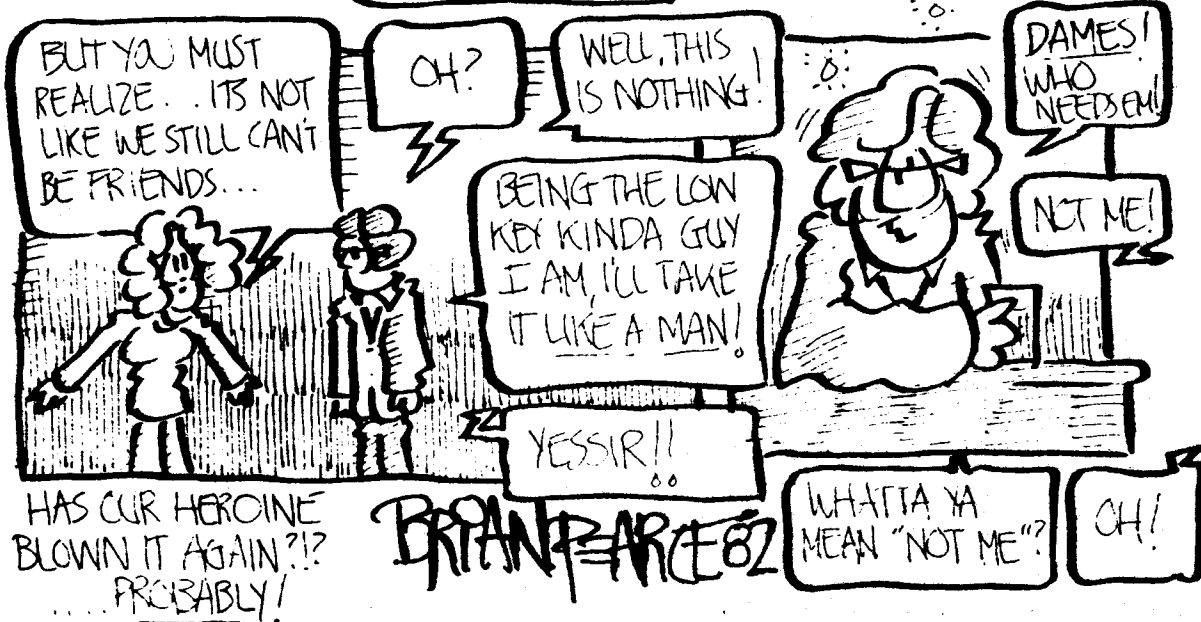
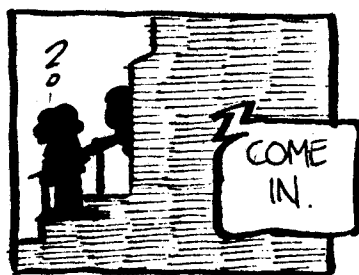
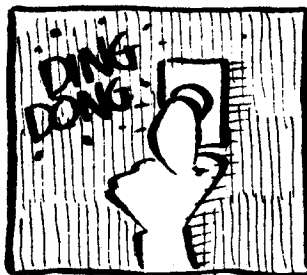
"Nah, I'm into rock and roll but this stuff is okay." I've seen some of these people outside The London Victory on week days and I see no punk attire, no dyed hair, no strange buttons or jewelry adorning their fronts. It's a facade. Because it's the "in" thing to do. Little do they realize how far behind they already are.

I take a stroll down to The East Side Club. This is where the supposedly "hard core" punks hang out. I've been down there a number of times and each time I get the impression that these people are at least a little more serious about their music. I've run into some of these punks on South Street and sure enough, their hair is still dyed, the buttons are still adorning them, and the strange jewelry is also there. I breathe a sigh of relief.

Yet the punk facade afflicted this club also, and probably still does. When The East Side Club changed over from disco to punk, I used to sit on my apartment stoop and look at the line waiting to get in. Never in my life had I seen such bizarre attire infiltrating Philadelphia. True, it was the "punk" thing to do. But how many of them actually understood the implications of the music they were dancing to? How many of those in that line had more than Hal- loveen on their minds? How many listened to the words of the songs? How very strange. How very sad.

I say it's sad because they're mocking their English counterparts who initiated the entire musical dilemma called punk. To those in England the words mean something, the attire says nothing. To some of those in Philadelphia, it's a facade, it's Hallovee and a night to be weird. It's so very strange...that something so important could mean so little. And it's so very sad...that no one's paying attention to the real punks.

"A BUNCH A NOSY
PEOPLE INNA SMALL
TOWN THAT KNOW
EACH OTHER AND
HAVE PROBLEMS..."



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

Be flooded by false appearances no longer! Wake up! Your soul raised hell in past lives. Let it keep doing so and stay sane in an insane world — or vice versa. The Ancient Truths are like now. The New Age isn't all it was cracked up to be. Is it?
LEARN WHY.
Direct your abnormality, increase intelligence, develop your SLACK.
Mastery through madness: answers the most embarrassing questions!

TV and society have squashed human imagination. Release it and go... rogue. You have never seen anything like The Church of the SubGenius. Never.
Details \$1.
The SubGenius Foundation
Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

FLASH: Networks to start series about overkill. To be broadcast 17 times \$ Scher (must be ratings week)

Can't help but chuckle at international crises? You'll laugh all the way to the bank. When "Bob" lets you in on the real joke!

Ever wonder about the nature of evil? What demonic forces created Reagan & Thatcher? Why Captain Video isn't on the air any more? WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG?

American Way & your precious bodily fluids. Only "Bob" has all the answers. "Bob" brings a NEW DESTINY FOR AMERICA. Send \$1 to help support truth, justice, the

NOTES ON LIFE WITH THE ZEBRAS by R.S. Preuss

Reggie Jackson strikes out for the second time of the evening. Let's see; that, uh, makes him two for ten in the series. The Royals are up.

John's settling down. His back was hurting. Brett's batting. Brett flies out. Hal McCrae hits a single. John'll get Otis to ground out. The fans are breaking out in umbrellas. The game is delayed. Thurman Monson's dead. They've got a monument for him behind center field.

Neurotic as lemmings. Lite beer commercials. Nothing but the game. Forty little cigars to smoke and a pot of coffee. If the phone rings again, I won't answer. "Keep them waiting if you must keep them at all." Today I bought a shirt at the Salvation Army. La-dee-da.

John vs. Splittorff. No score; last of the fourth. Baseball makes me crave Cracker Jack.

Phil and Rhonda come in. Phil's looking for Jason. He's supposed to fill in at work for Jason tomorrow, only he forgot to ask what shift. I hope those two can get it together. I tell Phil I'll leave a message.

Phil and Rhonda ask why I don't come along with them to a party but I was out until 3 a.m. last night so I mumble a lame excuse about "still recovering from electro shock therapy" and having to take it easy. They seem to understand. I light a cup of coffee and pour myself a cigar bidding my friends a Merry Cringle and a jolly fat Dutchman. So much for good news.

The other day I was tripping on LSD and I fell into a Hallmark birthday card that had a picture of the Grand Canyon on the front. Somehow, I might have guessed that that would be my fate.

Whenever I see the Grand Canyon I think of Wile E. Coyote chasing the Road Runner only to fall off a cliff and land in a cloud of red dust at the floor of a canyon, leaving coyote-shaped hole thirty feet deep.

Actually, I've never seen a drug myself.

The zebras have finally broken into the house. They've been crowding around the back porch for three days now and one of them has finally pushed out one of the panes of glass on the door and opened the latch and now there are three of them in the kitchen, twelve more in the living room and a couple more in the bedrooms. I really don't mind all that much but they've been using the phone to call their friends in Kenya and they do take a lot of time in the bathroom.

"Take it to the limit—take it to the top!
"We're the mighty Warriors and we can't be stopped!"

Damn it! I keep hearing those cheerleaders. I wish it would stop; it's been going on for three months, ever since August when all the local high school cheerleading outfits held their workshops out at the park and there would be sixty or seventy little girls out there in uniform, doing stunts and practicing their shouts. I should see a doctor about it. It must be something sexual.

Well, I suppose I could always just put on a jogging suit and go around exposing myself to small children if it gets to be too big a problem.

The Royals win the pennant. The Pope restates his position on ostrich hunting before marriage. Bullwinkle J. Moose gains two percentage points in the polls and appears to be gaining on the incumbent mayor and Dan Rather says something about "a true test of both candidates' abilities to mobilize their forces when it comes down to teeth and nails" or maybe hooves in this case and I just remembered that my jogging suit is still at the cleaners. But it's always something.

Let me say that again, because it's something that can't be repeated.

There are sacrifices that have to be made. Life is no avocado salad.

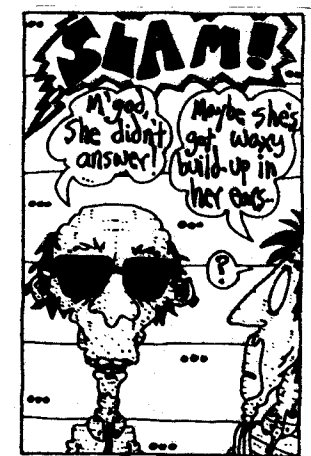
Remember, a drug-free America comes first.

Ellie comes in with her defeatist attitude barking on a leash and needing a place to sleep. We get the zebras out of the bedroom by yelling "Lion!" and isn't it a shame the Yankees couldn't manage one playoff game victory and Tommy John should get a big raise next year anyway, although he's certainly no Gil-Scott Heroin. Detroit should build a car that burns old Cracker-Jack boxes and I should learn every song Blind Lemon Jefferson ever sang and become more Jesus than famous Christ but then what can you do building dinosaurs for a living?

Somewhere I have a friend that actually rents Deanna Durbin films and shows them at parties.

My problem with film is that you can never project enough images on the screen to approach the illusion of life. Unfortunately, I was discussing this with a friend just before the incident with the Hallmark card and so we never reached any conclusions about that idea.

The other day I counted every advertising poster in Bradley Hall. Four different magazine subscription cards each offering "college discounts." "TKE Happy Hour Friday 3-6 p.m.;" "The Pike Calendars are coming soon;" "Christ's Presence;" "What is the meaning of prayer?" The North stairway alone was littered with one hundred fifty posters.



© by Lisa M. Schumann

Wrecking Day. I have, like everyother soul else -- have you given it serious fought? As God as my witness, when I stand before the alternative, lightning and darkning crashing about me, Wrecking Day will be come. Strong religious convictions. Can't you defend yourself? The plaintiff tones of Gabriel's hornet will sound, and in the box they shoot you, shoot you from the legal canon right below the bronze statue of J. C.; "Upon my honor, Your Honor, Yes m'Lord, it was society, it was me Mum, it was anything but me to blame." In the eyes of this courtroom, put your handsome Bible. Do you swear to tell the, the holy truth, nothing loath, truth or priesthood, truth or consequences, when you stand before the alter will the detecting service rock and roll in guilty? I, due. A jury of your piers; they'll sea. King of Kings and Decoder of Decoders sits in judgement. Wholly Jesus. Sins he's been installed, all hell's broken free and frozen over but, with God as my witness, judge not yet ye be fudged, from your mouth to God's fears.

"Justifiable Ecce Homocide." You're getting a charge out of this. Shirley, you think, this is illegal, God ought to be overthrown and deported to the proper authorities for holding court in his basement. There's the Devil, executing Perry Mason's handshake, what an underworld ham. Original Gilt. Guilty of double crossing the Judge's only child, what a spot when in actuality it were gladiators, romeing, who ought to have been nailed. "I am in a sense personified, I say, in the spirit of the law, my Lord. If Jesus really loved me, this is some courtship." My God. Judge Learned Hand is worth two in the bush. "Guilty with an exploration," you blurt, maybe, "I can justify my own persistence." On the lamb. -- Walt Cockley

"Why are you doing this?" asked Patrice, who met me on the fourth floor on her way to her English professor's office. It was just something that had to be done.

There were four hundred sixteen posters in Bradley Hall that Friday. Bet you were dying to know.

Deanna Durbin is caught stealing second and the Pope strikes out. The game is called on account of lack of faith. A fan in a jogging suit runs onto the field and drops his drawers at Third Base on national television. The zebras run out for pizza and beer and the White Sox will always have next year. I feel like a bowl of clam spaghetti.

In the words of Paul Simon:
"The only time
that love is an easy game
is when two other people
are playing."
All my friends are refugees.

It's a driving Pop-new
Wave disco synth-size
with a political beat!!

2 much wor in the
8 Ho-lee Laand!!

Thump!
Thump!
Thump!



by Gunnar Larson

Elmer hesitates. "Y-e-e-s, it's possible. But a politician would have to be something of a saint. And how many of our leaders

Ophelia sympathizes. "I know what you mean. You're feeling the ancient conflict between the stronger pull of wealth, power, and status from society, and the weaker push of truth, beauty, and goodness from your conscience. But don't feel bad about it. That's the kind of suffering more politicians and business leaders need. If they all suffered more from truth, beauty, and goodness and enjoyed less wealth, power, and status, life for all of us would be a bowl of real cherries without the pits and a bottle of real catsup without the sugar."

17

The love song Of J. Alfred Prufrock II

(with an apology to T.S. Eliot)

by Cannon Edward Barclay

OK Babe, let's go to the room
On this super clear autumn night...
By the way...you smell great.
Motel parking lot streets are only half-full.
Especially around the rooms in back.
Still, the Holiday Inn has decent prices,
And a good steak and lobster.
Sorry Babe, for such a long and tiresome walk,
But I am determined to amuse and entertain you,
To lead you to an overwhelming question...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make love...our love.

Imagine how many women have made love in this room,
And pretended they had class.

Sensational mental confusion pressed against these windows,
Windows that protected the cowardly cigarette smokers avoiding
any extra talk or expression of opinion.

Imagine the thrashing to outdo or surpass other loves from
other nights,
Trying to prolong and delay they did strain and withdraw,
of course...

To finally lay on their backsides and pull up the sheets for
warmth.

Heard a noise. Jumped up to see if dangerous door was locked
for you,

As you hugged satisfaction this October night.

Incidentally, the young lady quickly returned from the bath-
room and fell asleep,

No need to rush.

Pleased with the result, I smoke and my mind drifts back home
to Indianapolis,

Trying to ease the pressure staring out those tinted windows,
There will be time, there will be time,

To drop this surprise to all the people I know.

Frankly, there could well be time to ruin everything and time
to arrange a new life,

And the company won't fire me,

But I imagine the home office will discuss my new prize.

Then it will be just the two of us,

Time for us to plan our future

And dream our dreams.

I'll do it before we go to breakfast

In this room where so many have made love

Pretending they had class.

Nevertheless, I can't believe this is happening...

Will I do something strange just for a change?...quite bogue.

As I run away from mid-life crisis

With a bald spot in the middle of my hair...

(Her friends will say: "The dude has no need for barbers or
balsam!")

My London Fog with collar turned up covering some of my
doubt-chin,

My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin...
(Her friends will say: "At least he isn't fat!")

Have I got myself together enough

To take on a new world?

Seems like every few minutes

I make up my mind, change my mind, make up my mind.

Really, I've known so many ladies, loved them all.

Loved them with the lights on and off.

Plus arranging my life around alcohol and a minimum show of
affection;

Welcomed the sounds women make near the end,

That low, sweet, pleasing sound from any room.

Faced with that...should I undertake this task with the
moves of an all-american?

I know what ladies like...say they like...all of them;

Their eyes all express the "marriage" formula,

And when I divorce the old and marry this child,

Become part of her new collection;

Then how will I perform

This thrusting of meat when I'm already well-done?

Will I really undertake this task with unwarrantable
boldness?

Oh, I've prepared so many ladies for effective use, made
them fit and ready.

Bought them jewelry, enjoyed their revealing niceties/
necessities,

And the radiant soft pubescence of light brown hair!

Is it musk from a dress

That makes me so digress?

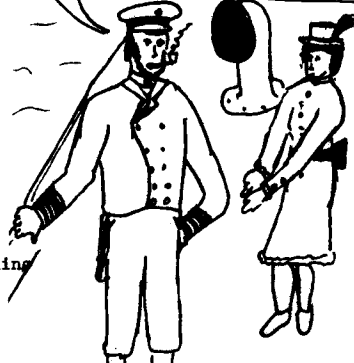
Do I really need her support or her hospitality?

If I'm going to be so bold

Can I really set into motion something that continues for
some time?

In my opinion, and I've gone down a lot of pharmaceutical
environmental roads:

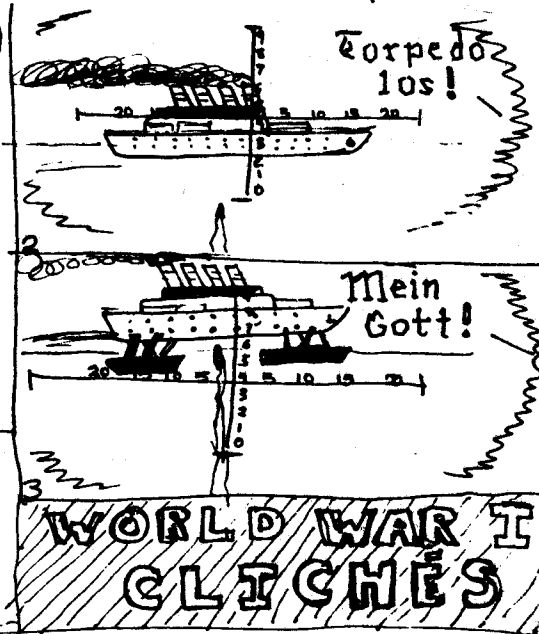
Never fear, Lady Hildegard.
The Cenozoic's unsinkable!



I told you.



GREGORY BAKER



WORLD WAR I
CLICHES

They say great things about the sexual excitement rising
from the assertion
Of middle-aged divorced men that do not allow certain parts
of the flesh to become atrophied.

Wish I had been cloned—twice the loving
Using a quicker pace with all that fine fertile "bottom"
of the land.

Love being thru with work
Being touched by this young lady
My anxieties then are put asleep,
But they remain in the room with us.
Should I, after breakfast
Put on this stage my life's turning point?
I've thought on this for decades while I pissed and craved,
And to date I'm just bolder, bolder—closer to some damn
nursing home.

Thou this might catch me brimstone and fire
I say to me...in a whisper..."You are a liar...you
definitely are a liar."

After two mild heart attacks and many puzzling, yet
normal EEG's

I was and I still am afraid.

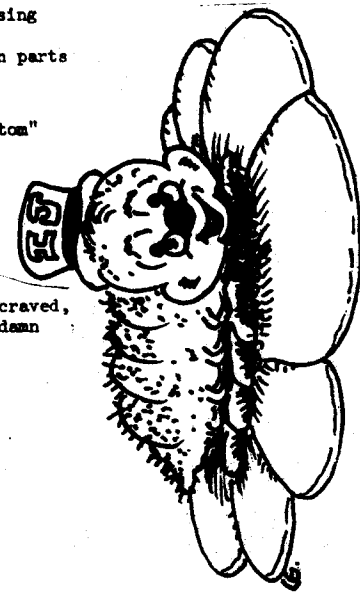
And would it have been worth it, after all
Before another room-service breakfast
To shower with small talk of us?
Or would it be more decent

To toke this unnatural high
Perhaps inhaling just once,
Exhaling one time all your way
And say: "I'm living on borrowed time, Babe,
So...I need to be honest for once..."
Instead...I kiss your forehead...
My thought: You wouldn't understand...
You are too darn young.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it require my best effort,
After the easy life in the suburbs,
After the silly neighborhood parties,
To marry this young thing...and expect to do more?
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
Still, if you could read me...I'd say:
(Does this make sense
If I jumped out of our rented bed
Stand at the window and said:)
"This isn't what I really want
It's not what I meant it to be."

I can't ever be your Prince Charming;
One of the best, but will that do
To take the royal time/tour and make it a "ten" for both
of us...

Tell me Babe, I'm yours to use.
With all due respect...take me...
Let me make it perfectly clear...I'm neat,
Great to chat with...Known as Mr. Square Business,
And my BULLSHIT amazes
Even me.



Gee, I wish I was 18 again....Turning up the bottoms of
my Levi's
Wearing my hair in a D.A.—
I'd wear a white sports coat with a pink carnation,
Pick up on pretty "Beavers" at the beach
But would they pick-up on me??
I remember about those young girls at the beach,
At Daytona in Florida, Santa Monica, etc.—
ALL to damn young to care...
This has been our holiday at the beach.
Nice. Neat.
It's lasted several seasons...
Let's just sleep together....It's the only time we are free.

It was like real out there, as anyone with eyes could see.

Deep Space Dick and The Shaving Lotion PEOPLE by John Crawford

"This club blows," grumbled Deep Space Dick as he gulped down the last of his orange juice, "I'm gonna go find me some real action!" And with that he clambered down off of his stool, stretched his lanky butch frame, smoothed out the wrinkles in his lavender velvet "Black Hole Warrior" leisure suit and sauntered for the door.

"Forgetting something Starboy?" cooed a lascivious voice from somewhere among a chattering vad of brightly colored devoids. Dick whirled, and there stood and object of lecherous design. "Don't you want your lid, Spaceman?"

"God," thought Dick, "it's the hatchback girl, the one with the ass that just does not quit!" Deep Space Dick took the slightly battered lemon colored Canarsie Cruiser from that jewel encrusted and vastly nailed hand and slipped the pouting tart a crisp new Galaxy Free Gold Liberty Mark. He smiled.

"Thanks, you cheap goat-faced prick, and don't forget to leave any stolen ashtrays as you sleaze out of here!" she twittered.

Dick spit on her shoes and swung for the exit.

"Nothing worse than a lippy whore," he growled as he headed for the Spread Eagle Cafe, a hip club rumored to be the new super-hot hangout of the intergalactic fast crowd. "A guy who works as hard as I do deserves the best, and hey, I'm going to get it!"

II

The Spread Eagle Cafe, yeah, you could smell it a mile away. Fresh seafood, clams, lobster claws, a nest of vice tucked away in a seamy back-alley rife with nasty secrets and annoying hairy surprises. Deep Space Dick felt right at home. "Jeez, I hope I don't autoejaculate," he sneered as he reached for his second grapefruit and lemonade sling. In the background a band howled senseless hate as a throbbing fist of runaway slaves knifed each other into a steamy bloody heap.

"God, I love it!" he laughed, "look at those creeps go!"

It was then that the tall leggy blonde with the blade wound artfully perched on her left thigh quit the floor and headed for that part of the bar graced by the person of Deep Space Dick.

"Hey space fag, you want it with a greasy leather dildo in the crotch?" she giggled as she spilled a startled Dick's drink all over his velvet covered crotch. The crowd turned to enjoy and embarrassment and humiliation of the rocket jockey.

"Listen honey," he rapped as the cold sauce hit his sensitive nerve, "I'm no queer, and the only leather you are going to feel is the leather I am wearing on my strong right foot!" With that he raised his hand and swung it sharply across her face, sending the helpless shake spinning on the floor. Dick then stood and kicked her forcefully in the stomach, releasing from the babe a humid grunt that colored the air, her lipsticked mouth gulping like that of a gutted fish.

"You are going to regret that," she croaked as mute cretinous janitors dragged her out of sight.

"Sure!" chortled Dick, "Now I'm going to have to find someone who will clean my shoe!"

The crowd groaned as it returned to the whippings and stabbings that so characterized the Spread Eagle Cafe.

"Lemon Tonic!" called a chipper Dick to the bartender. "I'm a thirsty man!"

III

By closing time Dick's head was spinning free from all of the vitamin C enriched drinks he had consumed during his stay.

"If I wasn't bound by the Deep Space Code of Chastity I'd take one of these sweaty bimbos back to the ship with me," he leered to himself as he staggered to the off ramp. "Been a long time since I felt the jellied wobble of red buns wiggling under my hot and slashing spanking palms!"

Deep Space Dick could hardly have known, but those were the last lecherous thoughts his jaded and twisted wanking imagination would ever spew, for behind him stood a very large spade in shades with a lead filled sap in his hand. The dude raised the crusher and brought it down on Dick's skull, shattering the bone and turning his brain into a quivering ball of snot.

"Nobody does that to my baby and lives to see the sun rise," intoned the gravel voiced black ivory giant as he poured Dick's stiffening corpse into the trunk of his shiny new Star Cad. "Especially a sissy space prick like you!"

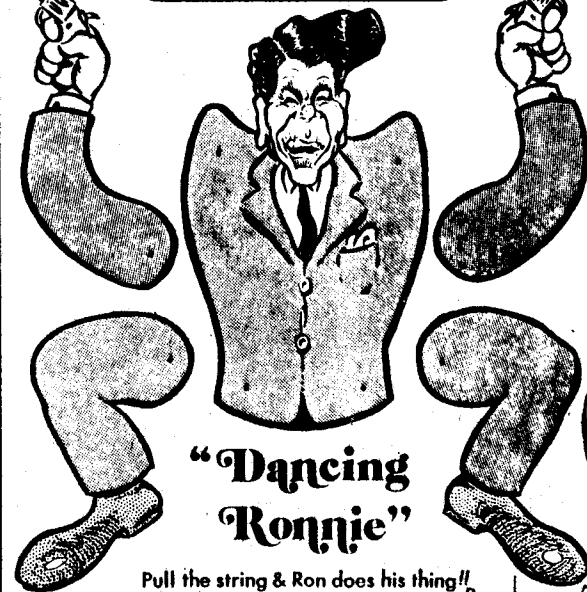
Three days later the body of Deep Space Dick was discovered wrapped around the fifth leg of the Jupiter Bridge, his skin the color of new paper, his open cranium the home of the fat and gorging water parasites that swim freely in the sewage filled river. The police, overburdened as they were with political cases, turned the body over to the city pound where it was chopped into burger meat and fed to the dogs scheduled to be gassed the next day.

AT LAST!!

Hope for Weirder
If you're odd, or if you always
wanted to be odd, this is the place
for you. Only \$1 gets you whatever
you want. More gets you more.

"Sometimes it is
an appropriate
response to reality
to go insane."

fun. Amusement w o w
* for the *
Truly Needy



Directions: Glue drawing to card for strength.
cutout and assemble as shown!

collect
the
series!

string

tacks or knotted string

(back of drawing)

Too Much is Always
Better Than
Not Enough!

For this & other epiphanies with
which to run your life in this
short-lived world, send \$1.
You'll never be the same.
The Church of the SubGenius®
P.O. Box 148366
Dallas, TX 75214

by Roldan

"thot you'd never get here," Dan grinned from under his latest haircut. He was quite tall and normally high, but he seldom looked down on things.

"Damn near didn't," Sam explained, "almost got stuck in another story. spent three weeks in some damn field. I dunno, man—the only thing worse than a hack writer is an over-extended hack writer. So...what's up, Doc?"

Dan's eyes scanned the scabby ceiling in minute abstraction while Sam munched a carrot and stared at a non-existent audience with an expression that George Burns perfected in 1938 until his companion's glazed orbs completed their tour.

"What?" Dan inquired jovially.

"Aw FUCK," roared Sam, launching into a monologue, "You phone me at 2:32 am, howling about danger, drugs, demons, dharma, an' dogshit; then you ask me if I 'own a Good Watch' in a tone that makes the bastards tappin' my phone pick up like dog's ears; tell me if I 'value all sentient life on this planet' I'd better haul my decaying frame down to this emporium for maladjusted mutants faster than Richard Simmons can make a maggot puke, and when I get here you stand around looking as ambiguous as an official statement, blank as a cop's I.Q. test, and showing no indication whatsoever that you have even the most rudimentary idea of what either of us are talking about! I swear, mate—even by my none-too-rigid standards, you are One Weird Dude."

Dan waited a moment, then removed his headphones.

"I called you?" he mused. "When?"

"A week ago last Wednesday."

"And I said it was urgent?"

"Your exact words," Sam exasperated, "were 'total planetary destruction'."

"Planetary..." Dan filed and indexed, "...planet...plan...Oh, YEAH—the ALIEN! There was an alien here looking for you."

"Uh...did he leave a name?" Sam inquired rhetorically.

"Nothin' I could write down."

"Can you remember it?" Sam continued anyway.

"What?" asked Dan, surprising no one but himself.

"Lemme use yer phone," Sam decided, snatching up the curious device Dan kept in mockery of A.G. Bell's genius. He stuck the mouse's nose in his ear, punched out a series of numbers in its stomach, and spoke into its anus with deliberate dignity.

"Hullo—it's me. No—another me. Who? Close enough...listen, if an alien comes by looking for me, hang on to him, okay? What? Yeah...ri'. Bye."

He replaced the receiver, snatching the cheese neatly before the spring loaded bar snapped shut.

"d'ya think it's some sorta plot?" asked Sue, making a last token appearance.

"No," Sam decided, "it looks more like a chapter-at-a-time job."
(to be continued)

Dark
Witness
Over
Pt. 2

ADAPTATION
by Deborah Golden
I have grown to accept
the cockroach
don't ask me how,
must be adaptation
knowing deep down
of their superiority.
Let faucets rust
from eternal drips -
let toilets flush
never ending shit -
I have adapted.
So I drudge through streets
of crumbling cement
never meant
for the feet of you or me.
City wise sense
is commotion with country:
Serene star nights of
integration and emotion.
I have grown to accept
the cockroach
don't ask me how,
must be survival
whatever - I ain't proud.

CITROEN BURIAL by Peggy Gully

The Citroen hearse
Never been worse
It's a first
That Citroen hearse.
Don't wanna go in a Caddie,
Nor a Lincoln, Benz, or worse,
When they lay me down,
In that final ride
Just make sure
It's a Citroen hearse.
On that final, morbid cruise
After the funeral show
Please tell them of my last request
Then let me tell them
Where to go.
Citroen hearse
Citroen hearse
Never seen any ride better
Only worse...
In that final procession
I want to be first
I want to be first
Ridin' low
In my Citroen hearse.
Rent it for a day or so.
However long it takes to go
To get me to my pre-dug hole
my pre-fab hole
my 6-foot condo.

by Walt Lockley
like a radio wave
in a high wind
she feels her location
& where she's been
miles distant some body
wants to think
tries to guess her mind
gets a line like:
she, she can't believe the things she feels
the list of what she wants is here to stay
every time she breathes she sees the answer
why, she had her finger on it all the time
how or where she feels
standing, seated, maybe
she shooses a fast wind
through a radio wave
and five particular words
nothing certain yet
nobody wants to say
but she knew it, knew it
she, she can't believe the things she feels
the list of what she wants is here to stay
every time she breathes she sees the answer
why, she had her finger on it all the time

POETRY:

PEPSI'S GOT A LOT TO MAKE

tune: *Pepsi's Got a Lot to Give*
by Tuli Kupferberg

There's a whole new way of dyin'
Pepsi helps supply the jive
It's got a lot to take from the barely 'wake
'Cause Pepsi helps 'em to revive.

It's the Peps'Degeneration
Lurchin' at ya, fadin' strong
Put yourself behind the Caffeine
If you're crashin' you belong...

You've got a lot to take
And Pepsi's got a lot to make...
You've got a lot to shake
And Pepsi's got a lot to make.

by Common E. Barclay
Nan and I walked two miles
thru the woods to Lake Michigan
for summer morning privacy.
She wore last year's yellow
swimsuit, half wet hair,
no shoes and some depression.
Her tummy had a desk roll
trophy from University study
and triumph for prized M.A.
Great Lake waves paled next
to professional Nan's beach tears
the confusion: a special partner.
A friendship since before my
father gave Nan mother's courage
tree in blossom after the funeral.
She told me the tree still
has beauty—and questioned
if she could compare anymore.
Simple: Tell of your love
risk those feelings—now—
before addresses become quite
distant.
Ah; Nan called today—surprise
laugh loud smiles over telephone
she thanked me again and again.
Seems moving partner responded
2—"I love you" sealers
and I must share the rainbow.
I do. I do. Oh, I do
but God will I miss
her and the orange tree in blossom.

Asking Me to Translate Things.
Re: Get Lost
Please do not talk to me about French.
Recently it has become difficult enough to put
together a coherent sentence in English
Without tripping over a dangling participle or
a conjunction run amok,
And therefore I have too much on my mind to
worry about what the people in La Belle
France have to say for themselves.
As a matter of fact, I have fervently begun to
wish that Rimbaud had spent not only a
season in hell
But had bought himself a small condominium
there,
Preferably in the darkest corner,
And had invited Verlaine, Artaud, Baudelaire,
Apollinaire and the rest of their ilk
To join him
And they had all come down with miserable
cases of heat rash and jock itch,
So there.
If you must know,
I have been giving serious consideration to
becoming pre-literate.
An air-conditioned savage, I would wander
the streets of New Jersey,
Unmindful of the messages of Exxon, Marlboro
and Crazy Eddie,
Even the NATIONAL ENQUIRER would have no hold
on me.
In my blissful ignorance I would set up
housekeeping in the trees by the train
tracks in Englewood,
Living on pigeons and squirrels and the
scraps in the garbage cans of the Railroad
Cafe,
Watching the people go in and out of the
bookshop, the bar and the needlepoint store
And feeling pretty damn superior
You betcha.
So please to not talk to me about French,
English,
Or any other civilized language.
I have every intention of vegetating with
style, wit,
And an occasional tap dance.
You will pardon me if I toss a well-gnawed
squirrel bone
In your direction. - Anni Ackner

License to Manipulate

(Betcha thought we'd forgotten this little segment. You should be so lucky. Back from her summer hiatus, Coop's here to answer more of your queries about love, people, food, and just plain fun...)
Dear Coop,

For the past few weeks I've been getting up to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night and noticing strange goings-on with my TV. It's always shut off but still it glows and then random patterns of lines appear and disappear every few seconds. No letters, no numbers, just lines—straight lines. Since it's a color set, it can get so intriguing that I sit and watch for hours.

Could a spiteful neighbor be responsible for it or is it just in the set? Also, I put up a new antenna last spring with fringe reception boosters. If it's that, I'll get a different one as it is still under warranty.

Please help. My Late-Late Show excuse is wearing thin and I can't remember all the plots from TV GUIDE.

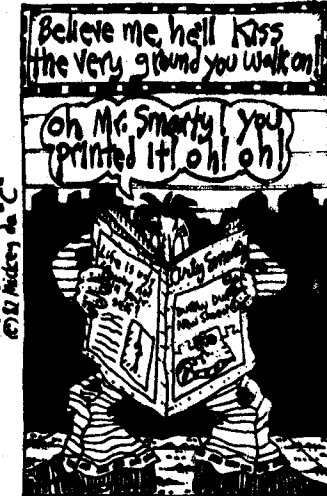
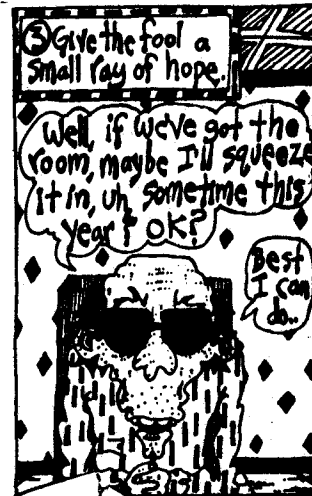
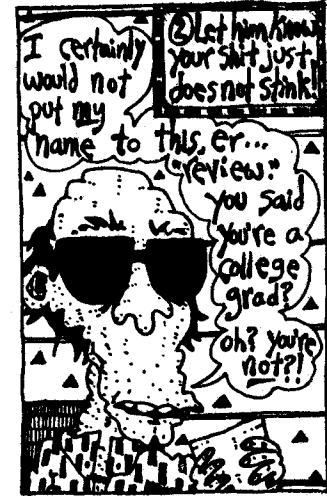
- Bleary, I'd like to get some sleep

(Dear Bleary,

Unless your neighbor is Nikola Tesla reincarnate, I would doubt his guilt. That you mentioned an antenna leads me to also rule out CATV's running Big Brother tests. The military wouldn't be the answer either because it's common knowledge that they are obsessed with ciphers and codes and, well, what good is all that without the alpha-numeric system to play around in. This leaves three possibilities: 1. Those psychotropics you were partaking of have dropped by for a protracted and regular revisit; 2. You've just developed media psychosis in which the sufferer can't distinguish between the real garbage and a reasonable yet unlikely facsimile concocted in a mind warp; 3. You have been chosen to receive the collected wisdom and anecdotes of a benign extraterrestrial.

To alleviate the problem, turn your set to face the wall and tinkle before you sack out. - COOP
(Got a question too beyond the simple minds of Dear Abby and her cute li'l sis? Send 'em to COOP, at Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809.)

THIS IS AN INTENSE, MEANINGFUL,
AND VERY DEEP LINE. SEE?



SAYS YOU (Letters)

Dear Elayne,

The Old World typeface is very dramatic, I must say. There are a number of good things in this (#14) issue of IJ, but I particularly loved Paul Zuckerman's column with reporting of the Pepsi/Pepper rumble, and "The Resume" by Deborah Golden. The former is very funny, the latter, a very penetrating (if metaphorical) commentary about resumes. There is, however, a factual error in Paul's article, where he describes a man whose chest had been carved by "a rusty pop-top lid." There are no rusty pop-top lids; they are made of aluminum and never rust. Anyway, for me, those two features shine brilliantly, one with humor, the other with meaning. Many other features of this (and, I will admit, previous) issues are rather obscure—it seems that they ought to mean something, but it's too hard for me to figure out what that might be. Ah well, no doubt other readers get off on obscurity (or read with a more clear vision than I do)... (on the conspicuous absence of a lettercol last issue) The surprising thing, though, is that my letter was the only loc ('letter of comment'-ed.) you received. Can this be? Is the IJ readership that unresponsive? Any other fanzine editor I know would immediately cease publication if any issue produced only one loc...

DAVID PALTER

1811 Tamarind Ave., #22
Hollywood, CA 90028

(First things first. I've had conflicting opinions, as far as I can tell, about this typeface. Paul Z., for instance, mentioned in a letter that it "is murder on the eyeballs. Fortunately, most of the issue was in the unfancy, straight, up-&-down type. Hope the issues you've already typed will be rustily like that, too." And Michael Pinto opines, "IJ keeps getting interesting, cube typeface on the front page, but it's hard to read." As far as it goes now, tho, I'm stuck with this and the Elite, and will try to use the other more, but we need some variety... As for obscurity, what was that Gaddy Lee said in "Bital Signs", "an ounce of perception, a pound of obscure..." Gee, I always thought of that as part of IJ's charm, but I agree, sometimes it gets a bit silly. Contributors should realize that they needn't try to impress IJ readers by being incomprehensible; in fact, that probably detracts from a lot of the humor. But what do I know, I'm just the typist... I don't necessarily think IJ readers are unresponsive, but a lot of letters I get are more in the personal nature (like one line about "sorry you're unemployed", one line saying "congratulations on your anniversary" and the rest consisting of what they've been doing), and I can't really print too much. I'd delight, of course, in receiving more printable opinions on the writings and artwork and other stuff in this rag, however, so please, folks, feel free...)

Greetings!

Awright! Who gave Elayne the Old English ball for her Selectric (ah, no, not again)? Always, enjoy INSIDE JOKE; it reminds me of a party—there are always a few assholes, but most of the people are interesting. Keep it up!

JIM MORTON

Suite 589, 109 Minna St.
San Francisco, CA 94105

Dear Elayne;

Congrats on sticking it out this long! Happy anniversary to IJ, and continued success.

So enough with the trite sayings, huh? Way to go kid! I keep expecting each issue to be the last, hope I continue to be wrong. ...I bought the Firesign Theatre's LAWYER'S HOSPITAL album the other day, and have to admit to being rather disappointed by it. The Lawyer's Hospital side is pretty good, but the Politics As Usual side leaned on rather low-brow stuff and easy laughs by way of Cheech & Chong type humor. The album is also pretty short, and it's hard to believe that the guys believe this to be the best of their performances on the most recent tour. If it is them at their best, they better stay in retirement. Gee, buying one of their old albums was an assurance of quality and humor. What happened?

Well, take care and "see you in the funny pages"!

All the usual love & good wishes,

STEVE CHAPUT

2 Indian Hill Road
Westport, CA 06880

(Shh, they're listenin'...well, although I won't go so far as to compare CAPUT'S HOSPITAL to Cheech & Chong—c'mon now, isn't that just a bit unfair?—I myself didn't consider it nearly as strong as LOST COMEDIE, as I pointed out in IJ #13. Also, Side One was the "best of performance live" side, Side Two being a compilation. Not too many folks go for compilations anyway, but I kinda looked at it as of historical interest. I mean, Jack Poeh? Geez, Steve, maybe yer jaded, heh heh...Anyhow, so get LOST COMEDIE, then lemme know.)

Dear Elayne!

Thanks for IJ #14. I especially enjoyed the return of G. Rosin's "Amorous Platypus". And, of course "Baboon Dooley" remains outstanding.

You might consider offering some biographical information on your staff writers and major contributors. Surely, I'm not the only one who wonders from what types of minds do all these nifty things spring. If you don't care to write them yourself (being no mean talent in your own write), perhaps an autobiographical ego fest?

Keep it up!

JOHN R. SCHARFF

PSC #1 Box #2646

Holloman AFB, NM 88330

(I'm currently consulting with the staffers to see about having that ego-fest in December, probably...As for Gary Rosin's Pete the Platypus, Gary says he's now working on ideas for future adventures.)

Elayne:

Now, don't get me wrong. Olde Worlde is a fine typeface, and reduced print is a fine way to save money—but the combination is about as legible as ancient Linear B written on pottery shard and buried for 2,500 years. (=sigh= okay, okay, I get it, I'll try to buy another element for next time) You could almost have just used the transfer sheet phony letters, whatever they're called, like MAD magazine used to do for newspapers. (Or maybe they still do, I haven't read an issue of MAD for years.)

Maybe Chris Downey could get a job injecting interesting turns of phrase and picturesque ideas into someone else's plots.

Perhaps if Ron Flowers had a college education he would know what's wrong with the construction "much more rosier". In any case, I have little sympathy for those who major in Bratislavan History and expect the same job opportunities as someone with a socially useful trade in hand.

Zuckerman gets a '7' this time. I wish, though, that he (and some of your other staff writers) would learn the difference between throwing out an interesting idea and running it into the ground. I know, it's tough to part with any of one's own immortal words once they're on paper, but sometimes you've got to be tough. Big boys don't cry when they get edited.

I have the underwhelming impression that Jerry Cornelius would be right at home wandering through most of the fiction in this issue. I mean, I thought surrealism was dead as a dodo? I write this sort of disjointed garbage with the implied Greater Meaning too, but I usually don't publish it, any more than I send in semen stains as an artist's submission. Oh well, standards are dropping everywhere. Remember the Marching Morons?

I do enjoy the continuing tales (tails?) of the Amorous Platypus. (Who says I hate everything?) When do we get to the part with the leather-padded Jacuzzi and the cherry bath oil?

I can't tell what Gunnar Larson's stand on life is, but he sounds like a real fascist. What next, guest appearances by Ronnie Ray-gun?

Well, that's enough of my grumpiness for today. See you in the funny papers, if I ever find any.

MIKE GUNDERLOY

41 Lawrence Street
Medford, MA 02155

Questionnaire Results

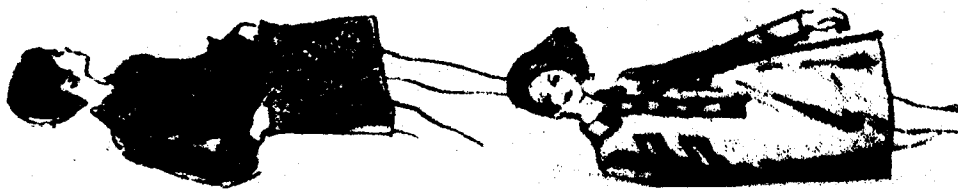
PART I: Didn't have the room to do the whole evaluation, but I got about 30 questionnaires back, out of 200 (sorry, don't have my pocket calculator). As for sign language, most folks opted to answer my question of "what 'sign' are you?" zodiacally (15); 3 folks each answered "Yield", "Stop", and "Slippery When Wet" (hmm); others put down Keep Off the Grass, the high sign, No Parking This Side Tues 9-11am Except Holidays, "Ob-sign", neon, No Right on Red, Live Long & Prosper, Unicorn, Caution: Curves Ahead, ...Of The Times, and Resigned. Answerers have many interesting ways to have fun, too. I can't believe "sex" got the most votes, with 14. Uh, maybe yes. 13 chose "writing" too, reading garnered 11, music 6, drawing/cartooning 5, drugs 5, talking 3, sports 3, role playing 3, eating and drinking 2 each, tv and sleeping 2 each, 2 liked to just sit and stare, and other activities included hunting down Nazi war criminals, dancing, fast driving, cons, checking to see if ice cubes are done, beating baby seals, typing sentence fragments, waiting for a cause Jane Fonda doesn't support, making fun of Star Trek, breaking dates, not paying bills, losing friends, lying to old people, putting 50 snails in a paper bag and beating on it with a sledge hammer (can I make this up?), breathing, taking walks, allergy attacks, sending for stuff in Fan Moose, ink smears, speaking foreign languages to salesfolks, playing with the cat, getting checks in the mail, looking out from high places, calling for the time and asking the operator for a date, learning, observing, travelling (2 votes), terrorizing wimps, killing cockroaches barehanded, political satire (one of my favorite hobbies, it got 2 votes), and "not keeping track of how I have fun". Moving on to more practical and pressing matters, the Baboon Dooley strips garnered the most votes for "favorite feature", 5; Fan Moose got 4, as did the editorials; Letters and Clay's stuff 3 each, Kerry's, Sue Kaufmann's, "Funny You Should Mention It", Gerry's, and marginals 2 each; and others mentioned Pat Downs, Cannon Barclay, Paul Z. women's contributions, questionnaires, one-shots like IJ Defense Fund (that wasn't even a real "feature"!) and "The Game Show Mind Police", Natatorial, illustrations, even one for Songs/Poetry. As for stuff some folks would rather not see, reviews tabbed 5; long, verbose, or just plain bad fiction also 5; letters 2 and Poetry/Songs 2; and one each for comix, SubG overkill, my tendency toward procreation, Paul Z, Clay, Kerry, Bob Black's ads, (sorry guys), Firesigns (see, I get it too), obscurity, the staple, and my favorite, "the stuff I don't like I don't read". As for suggestions for future issues, many of which I'll take to heart, 5 folks wanted more illustrations, 3 want more comedy (hear, hear), 3 wish I'd stop reducing print, 2 each want longer lettercols, less reviews, stuff on Japanese TV/cartoons (you have the calm, Pinto), better choice of editing, the full cover every other month (standard policy from now, I hope), more stuff by me (oh, y'noticed, eh?), and better organization of the poetry. One each for the following: Keeping submissions short, better (less boring) layout, a feature entitled "Spicy Tales" (hmm), an all-comix issue, more mysteries, more serious fiction, jokes/riddles, more short stories, magazine parody formats, less full-page art, and the one I'll definitely follow if no other, "anything you want to". Next time, CATCHY AD COPY!

HOPE YOU'VE ALL ENJOYED THIS ISSUE - THANKS FOR YOUR UNDERSTANDING AND PATIENCE - TWO YEARS AND WE HAVEN'T BEEN STOPPED YET!

DO YOU THINK I'm being happy? I'm not! I'm just being happy! I'm not! I'm just being happy! I'm not! I'm just being happy!



INSIDE JOKE
c/o Elayne Wechsler
418 East Third Avenue.
Roselle, New Jersey 07203



fnord

**Next
Week:**



**THE
ASPHALT
ARABS !!**