

"A Newsletter Of Comedy And Creativity"

NUMBER 16

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KISLEV, 1982

# Edna St. Vincent Malaise

Lilac Angora was a sweater—not a perspirer. She wasn't attractive, but her breath was okay. She mostly kept to herself, especially when everyone else at the newspaper crowded her. She was often depressed—in fact, she was quite depressed today—and she wrote best in this mood. Which was good, because there were a few doozies waiting for her on her desk. And solving other people's problems always seemed to work better for her than solving her own.

"Dear Li'," read the first, "I appreciate your attention. I've got nowhere else to go. I'm 25 years old and unemployed for months. I live with my parents who treat me like I never left adolescence, and it's getting harder to convince myself I have. I smoke way too much marijuana lately, and though no harm has been or will be done by that, I like to feel I have enough control not to need dependencies." (Damn, I'll have to cut that last line out, thought Lilac shaking her head in remembrance of some fine takes from her own past.) "I have a wonderful boyfriend but he has better things to do than worry about me. Besides, I don't want to burden anyone with my troubles." (Huh, except the advice columnist, right?) "I know I have to work out my own problems, but I feel so trapped, like everything's coming down on me at once. I look at my life and can only see what I haven't accomplished by now that I'd hoped I would. I'm not famous, I'm not rich—heck, I'm not even moderately successful. My few close friends are so caught up in their own spheres and vortices that they tend not to see forests for trees, so they can't help me either. I feel lethargic, useless, a virtual non-entity in a world flown by too fast for me. Have I missed the bus? Are both of my cars still in the water? Did I neglect to pack all my groceries in one bag? Is my deck missing an ace? Am I two bricks short of a full load? Is the traffic flowing in only one direction? Is my ticket punched out? Are the lights on with nobody home? Does the elevator blow a fuse before it gets to the top floor? Has the choo-choo rounded the bend for the last time? Sincerely, I think, 'E'."

I need this? Hey, honey, we all want to be famous, least, here at this paper we do. Who am I, anyway? Is this really fair, dropping this kind of burden on me? I don't have all the answers, I'm just a person like you, I'm here to entertain. These people don't really want to read about your problems anyway. They want to be entertained, sweetie. Your letter's boring with a capital DULL. It may be true, dearie, but it's not fun. Okay, okay, I'll allow it for now, you want a response and it'll be a good challenge to give you one. Lessee now:

"Dear 'E', Your main problem appears to be one of perspective, of not seeing the trees for the forest, if you will. Dilemmas are best viewed one at a time, not in overwhelming clumps. Also, your letter does divulge a sense of humor, however warped it may be by momentary despair. Perhaps a solution lies in not taking everything so seriously. As the great philosopher once said, 'There's always time for levity'. Maybe you should try to keep yourself busy enough to minimize your troubles, possibly do some comedy writing. Who knows how far you can go if you start now? And remember, sometimes when you expect it least, you'll find the most support and comfort. So it's absolutely futile to look for help, because it usually shows up only when you are turned the other way and not thinking about it. Chin up, 'E'. Love ya, Li'."

Oy. That was a toughie. Can't let 'em hit too close to home from now on, gotta learn to ignore the ones that have that effect. Still, there's something missing—yeah, make it complete..."P.S. See you in the funny papers." *ew*

- 1—Woody Allen (47)  
 2—ME (25)  
 5—Imogene Coca (b. 1909?)  
 6—Wally Cox (b. 1924)  
 6—PEGGY TULLY (24)  
 9—Margaret Hamilton (80)  
 12—CHRIS MORAN (23)  
 13—STEVE CHAPUT (32)  
 13—Dick Van Dyke (67)  
 14—Spike Jones (b. 1911)  
 19—Phil Ochs (b. 1940)  
 29—MACEDONIO GARCIA (30)  
 January 1983

Many thanks  
 to Jed Mar-  
 tinez for  
 furnishing  
 some of the  
 dates here;  
 not enough  
 room for all  
 of them...  
 Want yours  
 in? Lemme  
 know...

- 2—NINA BOGIN (?)  
 2—Isaac Asimov (63)  
 3—Victor Borge (74); Zasu Pitts (b. 1900);  
 J.R.R. Tolkien (b. 1892)  
 4—BOB BLACK (32); CINDI ROSNER (17)  
 7—Eubie Blake (100)  
 8—STEVEN SCHARFF (21)  
 8—Butterfly McQueen (b. 1911);  
 Soupy Sales (?)  
 10—DEADLINE FOR JANUARY 1983 INSIDE JOKE  
 10—CONNOR BARCLAY (?)  
 17—Benjamin Franklin (b. 1706)  
 18—Danny Kaye (70)  
 19—BRIAN CATANZARO (?)  
 19—Edgar Allen Poe (b. 1809)  
 20—"Buzz" Aldrin (53); George Burns (83)  
 23—Ernie Kovacs (b. 1919)  
 25—PAUL DIAL (?)  
 27—Lewis Carroll (b. 1832)  
 28—Alan Alda (47)  
 29—W.C. Fields (Forever) (b. 1880)

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* INSIDE JOKE is put on once a month, usually, by Elaine Wechsler \*  
 \* with help and support, even in times like this... \*

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\* c. 1982 (the last) Pen-Elayne Enterprises, Kip M. Ghesin, Pres. \*  
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 \* Written, artistic and monetary donations welcome, but please \*  
 \* keep writings under 2000 words and art to 1 page maximum for \*  
 \* the time bein'; be fair to others; DEADLINE IS JANUARY 10, 1983 \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

The entry to the right is dedicated to all those  
 folks who can't stand sideways stuff... By the  
 way, forgive the sloppy layout of this issue -  
 I admit it was a bit hurried - bear with me...

Welcome to the combined November/December 1982 issue, and as they  
 (who are "they" again? I keep forgetting) say, I have good news and bad  
 news. The good news is that I have now acquired, temporarily, a Letter  
 Gothic element for my (temporary) typewriter. The bad news is that it  
 came to me too late to influence most of this issue, so you'll have to  
 put up with the Olde World style just once more, and next issue I in-  
 tend to use it only for by-lines and the like. So that should take  
 care of most legibility problems about which some of you were com-  
 plaining. We try to be accommodating...As you've also noticed, this  
 time I did another 28-pager, 3 oz. (54¢) one, which I hope you don't  
 feel is taking advantage of your much-needed and graciously accepted  
 donations. I believe it's worth it, but that's up to you (I could al-  
 ways use more money, hint hint).

Speaking of donations, this issue has been paid for in part by ge-  
 nerous grants from Jim Murray of Cultural Correspondence ("ideas in  
 social movement: radical culture in a personal bias, popular culture in  
 a political bias; the secret is which is which and for how long", says  
 Jim—next issue out soon, possibly containing something by yours truly)  
 and also from Gerry Reith, Mark Lamport, Ed Lawrence, Beth & Bob Dugwy-  
 ler, Clark Dissmeyer and Jim Tauscher, with special thanks to Bill-Dale  
 Marcinko, and my wishes that all turns out well, Billy. The kind folks  
 mentioned above were able to supply me with a bit more than the manda-  
 tory dollar I ask for subscriptions-by-issue (remember, I never promise  
 any issue past the next, therefore I cannot accept advance subs) from  
 those with whom I do not trade. Again, if you are one of those people  
 who should be paying me, understand that I can't and won't send you IJ  
 until I have your buck in hand; I simply cannot afford to mail out  
 freebies to everyone who contributes something for print, just because  
 they submitted something. If you're going to send me your writing or  
 art work, and you want a copy of the issue wherein it will appear, re-  
 member to send me the money, or you will not get the result.

Editorial changes this time: We bid a fond goodbye-and-come-back  
 soon to Kerry Wendell Thornley, libertarian and conspiracy writer par  
 excellence, who will be concentrating his creativity on his more press-  
 ing political projects in the near future. Also possibly to Berkeley  
 comix-maven Clay Geerdes, whose article in this issue is the last one I  
 have from him. Sure hope you decide to stay with us, Clay. And a  
 thousand-times-welcome to our newest staff writer, Anni Ackner, another  
 strange NJ-Jewess type (whatever they are) whom I'm absolutely tickled  
 as punch to have writing for us. And a tentative "welcome" also to a  
 fantastic cartoonist and not a bad writer, Brian Pearce; I can't figure  
 out whether he intended his article herein to be the first of many...  
 All other staffers are represented within except for the two reviewers,  
 Brian and Ken, who will in all likelihood be back in January, and for  
 Sue Kaufmann, apparently still busy at Douglass College and doing the  
 work o' "Bob"...ATTENTION ALL STAFF WRITERS (AND YOU ALL SHOULD KNOW BY  
 NOW THAT THIS IS THE COLUMN WHEREIN WE TAKE CARE OF ALL "OFFICIAL BUSI-  
 NESS"): In January's issue, I would like to print short autobiographies  
 of each staff writer. Please send me a write-up, not more than a para-  
 graph, of whatever you wish to say about yourself. I don't care if it  
 is true or even dull, I need it, okay? By the deadline. Your address  
 will go beside it, for readers' convenience...

Apologies to the following: I attended the David Letterman Show that  
 was aired on 12/1, and Bill Wendell insisted to the studio audience  
 during warm-up, in answer to a question posed by someone I "confided in"  
 on line, "No, the show isn't moving to Los Angeles; we're staying right  
 here in New York." I certainly hope IJ got the wrong information, as I  
 would like to see Dave stay in NY as much as the rest of us attendees  
 in the area, but in show-biz lingo that denial could very well mean,  
 "Oh shit, someone found out, how can we cover our ass?" But probably  
 not...Also sorry to Fred Velez for incorrectly reporting that he will  
 be doing Jerry Lewis impressions in an upcoming cable show; in fact, it  
 is a movie, The Outdoorsters. And a much-belated thanks to the follow-  
 ing people: To Kevin Duane, Marc Glasser, Mark Blackman and Spencer  
 Pinney for their help in collating, stapling and addressing last issue;  
 to Kevin again for getting that one printed; to Hilbo again for getting  
 this one printed, and for doing some back issues up (ALL BACK ISSUES  
 ARE ON SALE FOR \$1.50 EACH, COME ONE COME ALL); to Dave Rosenfeld, Joe  
 Balitzki, Brian Pearce and Spencer for remembering my birthday (25 on  
 December 2; unreal, ain't it?), and to whomever else remembered after I  
 typed this up; and to Spencer again for his company and such.

Treats this issue include, get ready, a 3½-page letter column (boy,  
 when I ask for response I guess I get what's coming to me), a found-  
 again piece of brilliance by Kiel Stuart which was misplaced when it  
 was originally to have been run, the next chapter of Richard Weinstock  
 and his Law and Order Handbook, lots of good art and poetry, and more  
 of the usual...By the way, if you don't see your contributions in here,  
 those who have sent me more than one thing, it's because I try to give  
 everyone some space, and give myself a bit of a backlog as well, so  
 don't fret, it'll all get in sooner or later. The deadline for con-  
 tributions for next issue is JANUARY 10, 1983, POSTMARKED by then, ok?  
 This issue is dedicated to Marty Feldman.

PLEASE SEND ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO ME AT MY USUAL ADDRESS:  
 418 East Third Ave., Roselle, New Jersey 07203

And no, I don't have a job yet, but I've got a few good interviews  
 coming up, so maybe I'll have good news for all concerned in January...

HOLLYWOOD (AP) -  
 The sagging economy has  
 rendered radio and televi-  
 sion commercials hum-  
 less because advertisers  
 are so tight they want to  
 grab the consumer by the  
 lapels, says ad sales-  
 turned-adman Stan Fre-  
 berg.  
 In a time of recession,  
 advertisers want to ap-  
 pear very serious. "Fre-  
 berg says, 'They are so  
 tight they want to grab  
 the consumer by the  
 lapels, not to entertain  
 him.'"  
 Freberg's comic style  
 has earned a permanent  
 place in the television re-  
 cord and advertising in-  
 dustry, dating back  
 more than 20 years.  
 Although he isn't near  
 as visible now as during  
 the 1960s, he is still turn-  
 ing out commercials at his  
 New York City company on  
 Second Avenue.  
 He's advertising philo-  
 sophy, he says, it's plain  
 "they're tight, this is plain  
 they're selling, not the they  
 are."

"HOLY GRAIL  
 PRESS PRESENTS"

Gotta try to keep the plugs short this time, as I've lots to report on and besides, I'll be telling you of a couple zines specifically designed to plug others, so you can always get info from them. Okay, new issues out all the time in the bi-weekly comics pluggers COMIX WORLD, run by IJ (ex?) staffer Clay Geerdes (Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707), \$11 for 48...Clayton Park (3700 Densmore Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103) has a new comic book out, THE AMAZING EXPLOITS OF HERMAN J. WINKLE—SUPERHERO! Only 25¢. Clayton's stuff is really super—space permitting, I may run a special treat by him in next issue...“From my sick mind to yours”, reads the heading on a lot of comix from Clark Dissmeyer (105 N. Esther St., Fullerton, NE 68636), who puts out some great one-pagers (see one example of his stuff elsewhere this ish), in exchange for the usual...For those of you into mail art, December 22's the deadline for a show at Gallery 715 (somewhere in Buffalo, I guess), prizes to be awarded. SASE for catalog, 40¢ postage, etc., send to Daniel Graham, 715 Delaware Ave. Apt. 1008, Buffalo, NY 14209, and I don't even know why I'm plugging this...Schlock is in full swing for the holiday season, so say the two best sources for this sorta thing, TRASHOLA (Jim Burton, 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105-3796; \$3.50/yr for postage) and CONFESSIONS OF A TRASH FIEND (Richard Green, P.O. Box 32, Old Bridge NJ 08857; \$7/yr for postage/mailling)...On the political scene, if you're anti-nukeweapons, NUCLEAR TIMES has just started. Subs are \$15/yr for 10 issues to 298 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10001...and celebrating its tenth year is libertarian (or was that “anarchist”?) pub AGAINST THE WALL; for sub info write Bill George, P.O. Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091...The Hugo-award-winning SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW has issue #45 out; the best in semi-pro and pro sf, as usual. \$2 to Richard Geis, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211...The OTHERGATES people (alternative sf) have an update on news in the publishing field etc. for those who're trying to sell stories & art. SASE to Milea Kenin, 1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608...Michael Pinto (1622 Stevens Ave., Merrick, NY 11566) is still one of the leaders of NY-area Star Blazers fandom, and puts out nice zines all the time, send for ‘em...No. 5 (?) of CURSED EARTH also out (Steve Chaput, 2 Indian Hill Rd., Westport, CT 06880), available for the usual...David D. Ginsburg (P.O. Box 322, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858), in his latest FANDOMANIA column, gives a pretty good overview of what fandom's all about—He specializes in music zines, so if you're not in touch with him and you've got one to plug, write him!...Big news from the western front—the new TWISTED IMAGE is out! Heavy on the music, but still with good comix and Idiots In The News. Send donations (the mag's free) to Pete Gabriola, aka Ace Backwards, 2501 Haste St., Rm. 414, Berkeley, CA 94704...Also new to my eyes is DUMB FUCKER, which is strictly punk, mostly violence and sick sex stuff. If it's your thing, send the usual to Kern, 529 E. 13th, NY, NY 10009...From New England comes the bi-monthly TAKE IT!, \$2 and worth it for the best in new music (even including a flexidisc this time)—get involved & write Michael Kuenig, 39 Union St. #2, Brighton, MA 02135...And the official newsletter of Fear of Strangers, whose debut album is dynamite but I've said that before, FEAR OF NEWS, is available for free from bassist Steve Cohen, P.O. Box 7245, Albany, NY 12224...Number 11 of Beatlezone GOOD DAY SUNSHINE is out and as slick and professional as ever. A well-spent \$2 to Charles F. Euseyaym, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511...From Princeton student Jonahnan Bloom (H33 1903 Hall, Princeton U., Princeton, NJ 08544) comes his version of a New York Post article parody. Some of the funniest news parodies I've ever read. Send SASE (40¢ I think)...You may've read about them in TV GUIDE, and they've attracted such familiar-to-IJ-readers names as Zack Replica from The Last International and of course Doug Smith from the SubGenius Foundation. They're all about tv, just sitting at home watching it all the time, and they're The Couch Potatoes. Their newsletter, TUBER'S VOICE, is just \$1 from Robert Armstrong (Rt. 1, Box 327, Dixon, CA 95620)...From the radical humor dept. (whatever you want that to mean) comes RHUBARB, a semi-plugzine, semi-personal tract, semi-underground type flavor (oh, I give up, who knows what it is?) from Anne Bernstein (1038 Park Ave., Hoboken, NJ 07030), for only a buck. Even has letters from IJ-known folks Gerry Reith and Mike Gunderloy...Professional comics and comedy writers have their sources too, like ROUND TABLE, put out for the ridiculous price of \$40 a year and not even very interesting at that (in my humble opinion), but my comedy teacher sent me it to plug—Gene Perret, P.O. Box 13, King of Prussia, PA 19406...On the other hand, there's LONE STAR, which is going public as we speak, bi-monthly, \$2 an issue (and you can even vote for the TWIT awards!) from Lauren Scharf, P.O. Box 42821, Suite #204, Houston, TX 77042, good stuff...And forever fun is NYU's PLAGUE, from Richard J.T. Brown, Box 80, 21 Washington Pl., NY, NY 10003 for the usual...CONTACT HIGH is for the unusual, I guess: singles wanting to contact other singles, some for illicit purposes and some not, but the ads are always a kick, \$15 yearly from John Fremant, PO Box 500, Mendocino, CA 95460...Gerry Fabian (129 Warthington Ave., Doylestown, PA 18901), whose poems grace this issue, puts out little poetry books of his own, very nicely done and available for the usual...“Usual”, by the way, has meant and will mean a trade for your stuff, an SASE or money, whichever seems fairest...Steven Bieler puts out a wonderful personalzine ON COMPANY TIME, clever premise, & he'll give it to you for the usual from P.O. Box 21606, Seattle, WA 98111-3606 and why does the Post Office still insist on 9 digits?

John Boush killed Sol Mingo! See the evidence the media won't accept C.O.D. - The Last International, 2000 Center St. #1314, Berkeley, CA 94704 (correct address for call 1-7-00)



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# DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

When Calvin Trillin was first approached about doing a column in THE NATION, several years ago, his primary question regarding privileges and limitations was, "Do I get to make fun of the publisher in print?" As there is a difference both in quality and kind between Victor Navatsky and Elayne Wechsler (to the best of my knowledge, for instance, Elayne has never proposed a referendum at a writers' conference, calling for all writers to boycott any person, place or thing that didn't automatically make nasty remarks about the government of South Africa), that sort of thing didn't occur to me. What I wanted to know, when the subject of my doing this column came up (somewhere on 8th Street, at about 1pm on a Saturday, as I recall), was, "Do I get to go out to lunch?"

Now, I ought to explain right here that I haven't eaten lunch in years, ever since my mother decided I was too old for her to get up every morning and wrap a chicken leg, an apple and two Fig Newtons in aluminum foil and put them in a paper bag for me (basically because I am far too busy early in the morning, muttering to myself direly and bumping into the dishwasher, to hang around wrapping food in aluminum foil), and furthermore, the thought of eating anything before 6pm brings on a sensation of nausea in me comparable only to the time that I was forced, for reasons that are still not clear to me, to watch something that resembled a two week old cantaloupe burst out of John Hurt's chest. What interests me is the concept of lunch, the essence of lunch, the Zen of lunch. Going out to lunch has always seemed to me the kind of thing that Real Writers do. People with agents and press cards and publishers that aren't married to their sisters. The Algonquin Round Table was famous for lunch. Truman Capote is an obvious Luncher, as are Stephen King and Kate Millet. John Irving probably scuttles around in the dark and sends out for cheeseburgers, but every theory needs an exception. You see what I'm talking about, though—the Real Writers, The Grown-Up Writers, The Sophisticated Writers all go out to lunch, and I do so want to be one of them. I always assumed that if I were the kind of writer who went out to lunch, I would also be the kind of writer who didn't get ink on her face every time she tried to change a typewriter ribbon. Therefore, when the subject of my joining the staff of INSIDE JOKE came up (it must have been closer to 2pm, now that I think of it), I most certainly would have questioned Elayne about the Lunch Situation, but we started talking about SCTV, and I forgot.

And probably just as well, too. A few days later I happened to be sitting in Baumgart's Restaurant (a New Jersey diner that is in the process of doing for New Jersey diners what Larry "Bud" Melman did for bus company executives)—why, I don't know. I definitely wasn't planning to EAT—when the topic of Lunch came up. Not Real Writers Lunching Out, you understand, just the topic of Lunch in general, and Lunch in Baumgart's in particular. The counterperson—who is also the owner, the cook, the occasional cashier and the guy who screams "Wha you wan?" at you if you happen to have the bad grace to phone the restaurant for any reason—said that the lunch crowd seemed to be thinning out recently. The man who had, several minutes earlier, questioned me about the five letter word for Robin Williams needed to complete his TV GUIDE crossword puzzle, theorized that this was due to the opening of a new diner out on the highway. The woman staring suspiciously at her scrambled eggs postulated that it had its roots in the fact that Baumgart's had finally perfected its long-sought-after method of turning a simple hamburger into Shynal Vynal. I said, with assurance, that it was because Baumgart's did not serve Salad Nicoise. The counterperson favoured me with the glance he normally reserves for customers who have the temerity to ask why the rice pudding seems to be breathing. I explained that when Doc Simon was taken out to lunch by his backers (I'm sure you think Doc Simon is not a Real Writer but only a hack with a talent for loosely tying superficial one-liners to maudlin plots, but then, when was the last time Walter Kerr called you by your nickname?), they wanted to eat in a place with Style, with Elegance, with Class, with Salad Nicoise, not in a place with a reputation for pouring a mixture of ketchup, mayonnaise and Elmer's Glue-All over anything that won't pour first. I said that no place that didn't attract Real Writers for Lunch could expect to maintain a decent clientele, and that, given the fact that I might just possibly be a Real Writer myself these days, I wouldn't be hanging around there myself for very much longer. The counterperson did not seem to be overly impressed.

"You got money?" he asked, in a voice heavy with significance. "No credit card. Just money."

Nervously—this man, after all, had lived through the Papadopoulos regime and his last visit from the Health Department—I looked down. I had forgotten my purse. With all the dignity I could muster, I slunk away. I tripped on the stair going out.

In this dirty-minded world, as Jenny Fields once wrote, you are either somebody's wife or somebody's whore or fast on your way to becoming one or the other. You also stand a pretty good chance of having your illusions shot down by Greek counterpeople, if you are That Sort of a Person, and it is fast becoming clear to me that I am, indisputably, That Sort of a Person, and may never be a Real Writer at all. You will promise not to tell Elayne, won't you? Just forget I mentioned it at all. It can be Our Little Secret.

But I do go on getting these odd notions and developing attachments to the most peculiar people, though, despite all my efforts to stem the flow. For months, for example, I laboured under the delusion that Frank Perdue—an egglike man who sells chickens on television—was Edward Koch—an egglike man who is the mayor of

New York. This caused a certain amount of confusion in my mind, particularly during the run of one of Mr. Perdue's commercials that opened with the admonition, "Don't buy a chicken". Was it politically more correct under the circumstances, I wondered, to buy chickens as a form of protest against the man who is arguably the least effectual mayor in the history of New York, or to not buy them on the debatable assumption that, in this age of Reaganism and New Right reactionism, a man who is at least pretending to be a Liberal Democrat—however badly he's carrying off the masquerade—is better than no Liberal Democrat at all, and therefore ought to be supported? Was there some conflict of interest inherent in the fact that the mayor of one of the nation's most influential cities moonlighted as a poultry peddler? Suppose he was in ladies' ready-to-wear instead? During an election year, did the mayor's opponenets have the right to invoke the Equal Time Ruling every time the mayor appeared during THREE'S COMPANY, pushing his pullets? There's no telling where it all might have ended, had not someone finally informed me of the difference between the two men (Mr. Perdue has 17 hairs on the top of his head, Hizzoner only 12), but even then it was rather too late. I had already switched to turkey roll.

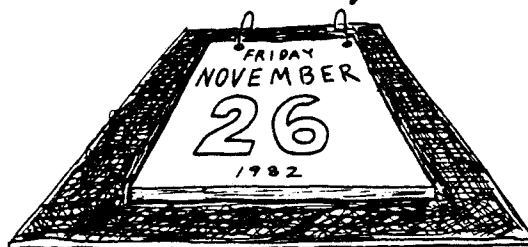
Then there is Bjorn Ulvaeus, one of the members of ABBA. A am terribly fond of Bjorn Ulvaeus, for reasons that are perfectly understandable to me, but which seem to puzzle everybody else. At first it was because he resembled a circa 1965 Beatle—not any special Beatle, just sort of Beatlish or Beatlesque—but even though lately he's taken to wearing a beard that makes him look disturbingly like a philosophy professor I particularly loathed at college, I still stick with him. The thing of it is that he's really disgustingly rich, and while I am ideologically opposed to the disgustingly rich, I also get a sort of sneaky kick out of them. Not the DALLAS/DYNASTY/FALCOLN CREST variety, you understand, but the real ones, who seem to have some idea of what they're doing. Like Bjorn Ulvaeus. I mean, from what I've heard, he drives a nice car, but it isn't all that nice. It's a BMW, but it doesn't seem to have a button that turns the back seat into a bed or, as far as I can tell, a bar in the dashboard. And he has a boat, but it's not, like, a yacht or anything. It's just, you know, a boat. I appreciate that. Somehow, in these troubled times, it's comforting to know that a man who managed to amass a vast fortune without ever once getting a decent review from ROLLING STONE was able to content himself with simply a boat. I was awfully pleased to learn, some time ago, that he also owns an island (a small, tasteful island, I'm sure), off the coast of Sweden. I do so hope the Russians don't accidentally beach one of their subs on it.

If all of this leads you to believe that I am something of a rumdum, and don't deserve to have a column of my own or, even more, might constitute a threat to the public well-being were I given a column of my own (someone, who shall remain nameless—Debbie Polesky—once said that a typewriter in my hands was a deadly weapon, but I think that's going rather too far, don't you?), let me say in my own defence that I am not quite the wonk that I seem, and that I do, sometimes, get things in their proper order. After much trial and effort I have learned to tell the difference between a punk and a New Waver (you can't take a punk home to meet your mother. You can take a New Waver home to meet your mother, if your mother happens to be Baby Jane Holzer), I can figure out whether it's Shemp or Curly as early as five minutes into the film, and, while I haven't yet mastered the intricacies of the Infield Fly Rule, I have mastered the ability to act as if I've mastered it. These days, when I'm watching a ball game and I see the ball shoot straight up in the air and the players dashing about the field like drunken science fiction fans trying to catch a piece of Skylab, I nod knowledgeably and say "Infield Fly", and the person with whom I'm watching will not knowledgeably and grunt, "Yeah", and everyone is left quite happy, except perhaps the batter. So you see, I can, if pressed, rise to the occasion and even be taken out to many social events, if gently handled and allowed to go to the bathroom first. I might even be able to write a Real Column, with enough practice, almost—if not quite—like a Real Writer.

Would anybody like to go out to lunch?

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# From a Northern California Perspective

by Ronald B. Flowers

I would like to comment on Elaine's comment from Issue #14 on my "Deceiving Degree" article. There's an Old English proverb that says, "The value of a college education is only as good as what you major in." Quite candidly, even in a figurative sense, that's no more truer than today. While I most certainly respect your opinion, Elaine, as I do everyone's, as well as your personal example on the merits of education, I definitely believe your view speaks for the minority in this case.

First of all, I should say that certainly the education of college is a valuable asset in and of itself. A professor once told me, upon receiving my Master's Degree, that "The one good thing was, your education can never be taken away from you." I agree most undoubtedly. However, both these points go without saying. My article, though, was concerned not with "capitalist egoprofit madness" or those people that go to school strictly to learn or expand their knowledge in something of interest to them. Instead it was geared more toward the greater masses of people, young and old alike, who in a changing and competitive world are going to school for educational purposes, but with the idea that their education can take them one step further than the mere existence so many people today are subjected to.

The article attempts to relate the reality of the degree in terms of today's economy and world, where only few can afford the option of majoring in something that does not have significant potential to work for them twofold—educating them for economic purposes. Unfortunately, many do just that these days and no "just to get an education" but for various reasons as I described in my article. I suspect the main reason for why people major in what they do, and this is probably particularly true with young people entering college, is that they like a certain field and without thinking or even being totally unaware, simply assume once they graduate they'll be able to go from there. My article is simply saying that nearly everyone these days has to plan and think ahead when pursuing an education, to make it worthwhile in the total spectrum; and to become aware of their options means they do have a choice on their future and should use it wisely.

I don't think anyone goes to college with the idea of growing rich, however I believe it's reasonable to assume that by far the majority of people, regardless of their field, go to college level training to be able to better their life and succeed in their present or future aspirations. It's just that most fields are saturated and common sense seems to dictate that unless one wants to struggle unnecessarily after painstakingly and expensively pursuing a post high school education, for whatever reasons, one has to look to highly attractive fields as far as employment potential.

As for "being in the right place at the right time" or "knowing someone" to get a job or move ahead these days, I'd be the first one to agree with these harsh realities in life. However, since not everyone can make a life (and career) for themselves that way, it means most need to play the percentages to increase their own chances at gainful employment, which was the basis of my article. On top of that is the pure semantics of education. Regardless of why one goes to college, shouldn't they have the right to expect their hard earned studies would give them a better to good chance for respectable employment and greater livelihood than if they hadn't gone to college? Unfortunately, that isn't always the case today. However, the chances would be far greater if one used proper discretion in planning their future when pursuing a college education.

This is what you might call an extended commentary, so in effect it turns out to be the basis of my article for this month. By the way, I welcome any comments on any of the articles or stories in my column.

With this column slated for print in the month of November, I'd like to take this moment to wish all readers, staff and so forth the best of Thanksgivings and the hope that it brings you happiness. Until next time, here's some food for thought:

I do believe hard times has hit virtually everyone these days, spanning the globe. Just recently a Chinese friend of mine from the local university dropped by to visit. I hadn't seen the young man in a while. I suggested to him, "Mr. Lee, why don't we go out to dinner and then drinks afterwards?"

In rather broken English, he replied to me, heavy on the Chinese accent, "Uh-h, I don know."

"But Mr. Lee, though," I said, "I'm treating!"

"Oh," he replied in amazingly perfect English. "In that case, it'll be no problem."

—You know, I don't know about you, but I've always found real life stories to be the funniest!

(Not wishing to belabor my opinion too much more, I'm not at all sure who has missed the point of this "Deceiving Degree" thing any more, or whether it's all pointless at this point, but if there's anything you'll want to point out or pinpoint in addition, please feel free to submit your points of view... Mine still remains, I take umbrage (twice a day) to any writing I deem inappropriate to the sensibilities of LJ's readership (most of whom are intelligent enough to grasp the obvious for themselves), and not all that much isn't appropriate for this smurgashurd... Opinions?)

# TAKE ONE

by Sue Rosner

ON THE ROAD WITHOUT CHARLES KURLAT

I have never believed in stereotypes (or monotypes either). I thought the girl in "Valley Girl" was just Frank & Moon trying to have some fun. Nobody is really like that. Well, Frank and Moon fans, rejoice, for I have met my first Californian airhead. (But of course only I would meet one in San Antonio, Texas. Well, actually, Texas is becoming a lot like California in that no one seems to be a native)

Joanne and I were sitting at a table near the bar. Jo got up to go to the bathroom. Some guy came over and asked if I minded if he sat there. Of course I gave him my usual stereotyped New York answer, "I don't care."

He started talking about Berkeley, tossing in several "likes" and "y'knows" and ranting about how Patti Smith is the only viable form of music. I have always felt that this type of person is an insult to Californians. Still do.

Coo roo coo coo coo coo coo coo. G'day. So like I thought only Bob and Doug McKenzie talked like that, but people in Vancouver really talk like that. We took off to the Great White North. The border check was a riot. The attendant saw the New York plates on the car and asked if we were from the Bronx. We said we were. You couldn't miss it; the back of the camper said "we's from da Bronx, how's 'bout yous?" She said she figured as much as we sounded just like Rhoda. (A stereotype we did not mind, but found rather cute.)

Okay, so like the taillights on the camper died again in Vancouver. We took the car in to be fixed and the gentleman we spoke to sounded just like Bob and Doug. At first I thought he might be their cousin. The only thing missing was a touque. Then later we were talking to these ch'ers and they sounded like Bob & Doug too. They even talked about "having a few cold ones, eh?" Unfortunately these guys sounded like the biggest bunch of hoseheads.

Us being stereotyped did not end with our encounter with the border official. Everywhere we went, people were amazed that 3 women could put up a tent without the aid of some man. One man in California commented on how organized we were because we had dinner cooked, eaten, dishes washed, and tent folded all within an hour. Had this been accomplished by 3 men I am certain he would not have been as surprised.

The most disgusting stereotyping occurred in Houston. We became friendly with Rich and Mark, who occupied the campsite next to ours. The five of us decided to go to a local club. After we left Houston the people from a few campsites over asked Rich and Mark "if those New York City whores left". Obviously these people were under the impression that all New York City women were easy. During the course of our travels, one ch'er was disappointed that we didn't fool around and then asked if we could sit still long enough (we were doing 70) while he did.

A fight erupted between Mark, Rich and our "fan club" (who had obviously never dated us or else they never would have said that). I've been called many things in my life, but a whore is not one of them. Jesus, Mary Richards used to take goody-two-shoes lessons from me. I and my fellow campers found the entire situation hilarious. We had never been called nymphs, whores, and sluts before, nor had anyone ever fought for our honor. Rich and Mark, however, were not amused.

This is not to show the world "hey look at us women—we can do anything". Fact is we couldn't, especially in a parking lot, somewhere in Fresno, California.

We had just eaten dinner at Bob's Big Boy and were trying to exit back on to the street via the McDonald's parking lot next door. Little did we know that there was no exit there, but a drive-thru going in the opposite direction we were. Joanne tried to back the camper out but couldn't. Meanwhile the people who wanted to get out of the drive-thru and bring their Big Macs home couldn't. One man was getting, shall we say, "slightly irritated". We thought he was going to star in the "California Chain Saw Massacre" with us as his first victims. By now we had caused quite a scene. The manager and two counter girls came out to watch all the fun. Imagine if you will 2 of us getting out of the car, unhooking the camper from the car, and rolling it down the hill. We would have taken a picture of this sight, but we figured we did not want to upset the "California Killer" any more than we already had. When traffic was finally moving again (can you imagine Shadow Traffic trying to report this?) the manager suggested that we walk in rather than drive-thru. We didn't have the heart to tell him that we weren't there to eat, but to borrow his parking lot. I am sure many of you have heard the commercial McDonald's is now airing as a result:

McDonald's is your kind of place,

Campers in your parking space.

Eat your food while you can,

We're gonna cause a traffic jam...

That is only one of the many disasters we encountered. We nearly set the record for getting tickets in as many states as possible but didn't. We had to settle for only 3, but I guess you can only expect disasters from a nymph, a whore, and a slut.

COMING SOON:  
WHOZITS IN  
PANAVISION!



THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, I.B!  
(But you need a special screen)

Yeah,  
it's  
dumb,  
& kind...

# Notes from a Nut

by Paul Zuckerman

## HOW TO PASS THE TIME IN HEAVEN

Most people fear death because they don't know what it's like. Some who genuflect about their eventual fate envision it as an empty, silent, black void with no other people, no sounds, not even any dreaming—just total nothingness. Others who pause to conjecture about the big D believe in reincarnation and that their souls will return to Earth, inhabiting other bodies. Many speculate that, after life, there is a Heaven. With flowers, gentle breezes, sparkling brooks, green meadows and no pollution. A place where they always look young and feel healthy and never get tired or feel pain or have to go to the dentist or have car trouble. A magical, wonderful, beautiful place where they spend the rest of Eternity in pure happiness. In short, something almost as good as playing video games free and for as long as you want.

Stop wondering. It's Heaven. This leads to the inevitable question: "Gee, those lakes and foliage sound nice. Never getting sick or growing old sounds groovy, too. But, um, like, y'know, uh, what do you DO all day?" First, forget about thinking in terms of days. How to occupy yourself for thousands, millions and billions of years is what you have to worry about. Death is no short vacation, bucko, it's Forever. How long is that? Forever is as long as Never, except in reverse. You're going to be up there for the rest of ETERNITY! How many years is that? Put some new batteries in your calculator. Then, think of the number 1 followed by so many zeros that the batteries in your calculator will go dead before they can display them all. To put it another way, it just barely surpasses the number of products Bill Cosby has advertised on television, but it's not quite equal to the number of crimes Richard Nixon committed during his Presidency.

You've probably got two or three decades of life under your belt. And how many times have these paltry, 2-digit figures seemed like FOREVER? And, if 20 or 30 years has seemed like two or three millennium, then what's a thousand real years going to feel like? Much less a million! Remember all those summers when you sat around complaining because there was nothing to do? And that was for only three months! What are you going to do when you've got 3 trillion months to fill up?

Contemplating that prospect is gloomy, depressing, enough to make you want to commit suicide out of sheer boredom. Especially if sitting on a cloud listening to a harp all day is not your idea of a good time. Unfortunately, you can't escape because you can't kill yourself in Heaven—you're already dead, remember? Well, actually—and not too many people know this—you can kill yourself in Heaven. But, it doesn't do you much good—you just black out for a second and, when you wake up, everything is still the same. So, people just do it as a symbolic gesture.

Even so, they don't like suicide attempts in Heaven. It makes a bad impression on new arrivals. How would you like it if the first sight you witnessed after passing thru the Pearly Gates was hordes and throngs of people jumping off rooftops or trying to hang themselves? Especially if they're supposed to be living in Supreme Bliss and Ultimate Contentment?

Those who manifest an unquenchable thirst for self-destruction are sent down to Hell as punishment. To "re-educate yourself" is the expression they use. You're stripped naked and strapped down onto an uncomfortable chair. Then they start playing Ethel Merman records for two weeks straight. At full volume. After centuries of experimenting, they found that this is the worst, most horrible form of torture that anyone can be subjected to. After returning to Heaven, repentant sinners have asked—no, begged—to have their genitals eaten by red ants and their fingernails ripped out rather than endure the unbearable ordeal of listening to that voice again.

To those of you who've anticipated meeting your favorite celebrities of history in person, don't count on it if you're the impatient type. Let's say you want to discuss literature with Shakespeare, religion with Moses or politics and betrayal with Julius Caesar. There's already a couple of hundred million fans, devotees and groupies ahead of you, if you can even find the line. And if you want to see a popular movie star or singer, like Elvis Presley, forget it—unless you want to take a number and stand around for several billion years. It's first come, first serve Upstairs—no exceptions. That's why the most asked question in Heaven is: "Where do the lines start?" This never fails to break up the old timers—they burst out laughing every time they hear it (newcomers don't understand this inside joke until centuries later).

But, don't despair. Remember, Mr. Perfection Himself is up there directing the whole shabang. He's thought of everything. Oh, by the way, He's white. When you check into the Big H, the first thing that happens to you is that you're issued your own computer. It's the size of the Empire State Building. They couldn't make it as small as a portable TV, but what for? They've got all the room in the Universe up there. The last thing you have to worry about in Heaven is having enough closet space. Apartments extend outward into infinity. Even if areas do get a little crowded in Angel Land they could just move you to another dimension. They've got dimensions they haven't even unpacked yet.

Your computer contains the video-taped history of every person who ever lived and died on Earth. Every second of their lives from the moment they're born until they die has been recorded on tape—no editing, no censorship. That way, you don't have to stand around and wait to meet your idol of the past. Everything you want to know about them is at your fingertips. You just type out their name and a few specifics about their life and the computer does the rest.

ry American billionaire, as opposed to all the other Howard Hughes who ever lived. Out pops a video cassette. You insert it in the proscribed slot on the machine and settle back to watch Howie's life on a 70-foot wide screen, in cinerama, with color by Deluxe and Dolby stereo sound, not to mention an endless supply of popcorn. That's another benefit of Heaven—you can eat all you want and never gain weight. What's even better is that you never have to eliminate anything you eat or drink, either—food and drink dissipate as soon as you swallow it. In other words, there are no toilets in Heaven. Anyway, after viewing the entire life of Howard Hughes, even if it wasn't that enthralling, the important thing is that you've used up around 70 years. Only several quad ZILLION more to go.

Most people get bored watching the baby years of a person's life because the subject doesn't do much besides eat, sleep and get diapered. Consequently, there's a "fast forward" button you can press so that you can start out with the pre-teen years of the man/woman you select.

There's also a "rewind" control so that you can see significant moments in history over and over, like the dropping of the first Atomic bomb on Hiroshima or Helen of Troy taking a shower.

If you want to see ancient Greeks or Romans, the earphones on the stereo headset will automatically translate their foreign languages into English. Nothing has been overlooked.

With the computer you'll be able to see who really killed JFK. How Bruce Lee really died. If Marilyn Monroe really overdosed on pills or was murdered. What happened to Amelia Earhart's last airplane flight. The list—like everything else up there—is endless. You never run out of things to see because, by the time you finish watching someone's life, millions more have died and their life cassettes have been instantaneously fed into the computer's data bank. Since you obviously don't know the names of these people, the computer can give you a brief synopsis of all additional lives entered into the machine, including obituaries from the New York Times if they were famous. That way you won't miss the TV personalities of the future.

You can also observe your own life. Yeah, everything you do now is being recorded. You'll be able to see how and where you misplaced all the money, keys and rings you lost and could never find again. Plus everything else that ever happened to you.

Of course, for those of you who couldn't care less about this voyeuristic pastime and just don't salivate at the thought of watching the secret, private, intimate details of other people's lives from now until the never-ending End of Time, they're very accomodating in Heaven. You're given a choice: You can be transferred to a black, silent void of Nothingness, somewhere out in Limbo, in which you cannot hear, speak, move or think. Or you can be sent back to Earth as part of the Hernandez family in Mexico city.

## NATOTORIAL

by Nate Mishaan

All right, it's becoming an accepted fact that video games are here to stay. I play them periodically but wear my peep show hat, mask, and overcoat so as not to be recognized. Why do I feel like an asshole when I play video games?

Whenever I drive in my car I get Video Game Flashbacks—no, it's not like Toxic Shock Syndrome. I see every State Trooper vehicle (the NY state purple and gold ones) as 300 points if I hit my brake pedal before coming within a quarter mile of them. Try it. It's fun and you'll never run out of quarters. You'll also preserve your driver's license.

Hey, Walkman owners—use Nicad batteries, you know, the re-chargable ones, and you'll never have to spend 60 bucks a month to support your habits. Also, throw out the headphones that come with cheap Walkmans (generic term used to describe portable-pocketable cassette/radio players) and buy a set of Radio Shack foldups or Mura red sets. Light years of difference. They're now making Pocket 5 Band Equalizers for Walkmans! Their sound fidelity's improving.

Don't you just love these topicless Natotorials? I think it's time just to write a little something for everyone, but make no references to science fiction, the Firesign Theatre, Andy Rooney, ketchup on hot dogs, pop tops and the like and I'll be safe.

I know, next topic, TV. I've been sampling TV on a delayed basis. My picks are the titles to SQUARE PEGS and PRIVATE BENJAMIN. Great Edie Baskin SNL PIXILATION. I consider David Letterman to be good but consider his humor a bit preppie. HILL STREET BLUES is the greatest!!! CHEERS is super and TAXI, marvelous.

I'm collecting HILL STREET episodes on my VHS. It costs me \$2.00 to record each episode—so it must be good!

I'm currently assembling the music for the pilot to THE NATO SHOW—a radio show that's dedicated to late 50's and early 60's music which will be available at a modest cost to any interested radio station. The format will feature at least 48 minutes of music per hour. Very little Casey Kasem or Doctor Demento style drivel. By the way, the show may be mastered using the digital process. The fidelity should be super, because the music is!

What else? November 12th I get my jaw unwired. I'm curious—in the film GARP, there was a part when he had his jaw wired, right? Did he go around wearing a sign around his neck saying "I can't speak so fuck you"? I don't advise doing that. Broken jaws hurt so much that instead of Wheaties one must eat a bowl full of Percodan every morning...Gotta get back to crushing pills. November 12th is a red letter day for me because I'll regain my motor mouth...Thanks for being aboard! (Congratulations to Nate on his entrance back into the world of the speaking, and a speedy complete recovery.)

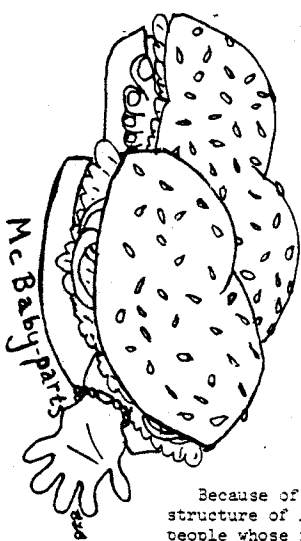
ABC, DC, IT'S ALL BS. More Duck Soup, less alphabet soup. Politics is like a pond: the scum rises to the top. Everything left and right say about each other is true. If anybody wins, we lose. "Don't waste your vote," don't cast it. Impoliticians, 2000 Center #1314, Berkeley 94704.

Social Renegade!  
Superior Mutant!  
The NORMALS  
form a vast conspiracy

against the  
"DIFFERENT."  
Humans are trying to make you believe you're one of them. Don't slip back—become an Overman. Kick ass, earn the \$5 through the bank Walkman Foundation. Nothing like it anywhere.  
Vengeance pamphlet \$1.  
The SubCensus Foundation  
Box 140006, Dallas, TX 75214

ACTUALLY, "PROCESSED WORLD" is published by secretly-organized tools of the vanguard of cynical powermongers, but who cares. We're slaves anyway, give us new masters.

"FREE MARKET." THEY SAY—but they all believe in paper money may send theirs to the market up. Libertarians who dis-



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# STOCK

by Clay Geerdes

Because of a star and superstar system built into the super-structure of American entertainment, it is rare that those creative people whose ideas and energy make possible the finished stage, film or tv production get anything more than a program note or film credit when the play or film opens. To move behind the scenes is to see quite clearly that no production has any superstars, that each is a complex communal effort which would be doomed to certain failure if any of the critical members of stage crew, the technicians, designers, carpenters, and others who get the physical show together, were to sit back and wait for the charisma of this or that star to bring about a box office success (or an aesthetic one). Within the present system, actors and actresses are compelled to compete with one another in order to become stars so that they can have the kind of life they wish to live and support themselves while living it. For those who do "make it" within such a structure, life often turns out to be quite different than they had imagined it would when they were hustling props around on a high school stage crew. What begins as egocentric exhibitionism often becomes a pain in the ass when the star becomes so well-known that the media takes up residence in his or her bedroom. The result is a situation where the stars who automatically receive all of the media-attention they can cope with wind up hating all of the media ("the fucking critics," as one young man lovingly describes those ancient newsmen whose likes and dislikes ultimately determine what shows hit Broadway or Geary Street and thus indirectly determine which actors and actresses eat regularly for a season), hiring people to keep the media away from them (never knew that, did you readers, that there are certain Hollywood stars who pay agencies to keep them out of the papers and magazines), or doing a reclusive Garbo number.

Smaller theatres have fewer problems, but do not think that the over-all system does not filter down to the minor leagues, because local stardom exists just as much as national or international stardom does. Every high school has superstars on the ball teams and wonder women on the pep club rosters. It's a system as old as when the first actor stepped out of the Greek chorus to become the protagonist. There are no significant exceptions at the present time. Those who work in community or communal or guerrilla theatre groups may talk about "everyone" being equal and sharing the work of the theatre, but as soon as the performance takes place it becomes quite clear to the public that the talk of equality is a myth. The actors and actresses may not be listed on a program, but their anonymity does nothing to prevent them from acquiring a following.

In very early Greek drama, plays were yearly rituals in which various members of the community donned the masks and costumes which represented the Gods and Heroes of the tribe. Individuality was subjected to the perpetuity of tribal tradition and there was no possibility that anyone within the tribe would become a star. Within such a structure, those who constructed the costumes and made the masks could feel of equal importance in relation to those who wore them. It was only when the masks ceased to be used in theatre that the personality of the actor became an important consideration. It was no longer Hamlet or Oedipus, but Lawrence Olivier's Hamlet or Sir John Gielgud's Oedipus. In our time the result has been that people now go to see Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor and the characters portrayed by them are negligible (as a test, try to remember the name of the character portrayed by Liz in "National Velvet" or "The VIP's").

There wasn't a lot of theatrical criticism until the Nineteenth Century. There were scattered essays, but there were seldom any published reviews of performances. Popular magazines and testimonial advertising are largely responsible for the current star system in America and Europe. The logic is simple and commercial. If the star uses it, it must be good, so other people buy it. Same is true with a theatre. If a known star is in the play, it must be good, so people will pay to see it. People pay money to see the knowns, not the unknowns, and getting known in a culture of over two hundred million people can only be achieved electronically. Talent, style, technique, and a lot of other things which an individual may achieve by working his ass off for years become meaningless and lead to nothing without media promotion. Some of the best music I have ever heard has been performed in parks in Berkeley and San Francisco, in small coffee shops and people's houses. Some of the musicians would like to record, to go on tours, to do tv and night club gigs, but a lot of them are not willing to do what is required of them in order to get those bookings. They are into their music and they have a

## CATHODE RAY TUBE DROPPINGS by Brian Fargo

Don't you just not like weathermen? I do...in my book, they fall in somewhere between dead things in the road and Smurfs. Things the world would likely be better without.

Weathermen aren't there to tell us the weather. No, they're there to trade useless conversations with the anchor team. They miss off-camera cues, trip over the microphones, and put the numbers on the map upside down.

Weathermen eat quiche...nothing wrong with that, it's just the thing for them to do. They all went to school in Ottumwa, Iowa. Most are bachelors. Or impotent. Or both.

Let this be a lesson to you...If you want the weather, look out the window! I'll bet they're all pawns of the Moral Majority anyway! Or the Pacmen! Or the Smurfs! Oh, it's a cruel world! Can you imagine Larry "Bud" Melman as a weatherman?

But enough of this life-threatening seriousness! Here's a quiz for you kiddies...get a pencil and paper. No peeking! What do... "The White Shadow", "Hill Street Blues", "Newhart", and "St. Elsewhere" have in common? Watch the closing credits of each (that's an order!). Never mind the rest of the show, just watch the close of these shows. Especially "Newhart". Now there's good stuff...the whole show, not just the close. Don't dare miss it! Drop everything Monday 9:30pm. I guarantee you'll be pleased. You better be! See ya next month!

## Dow's Guide to Picking Up Girls by Chris Downey

Hey losers—Yeah, you know who you are. Sitting at home with a bag of Nachos and this month's issue of LEATHER-CLAD LIBRARIANS. You know you need help, but you don't know where to turn. Well, I'm going to help you. Why, you may ask? Because I'm great, but that's beside the point.

The first thing you have to learn in your quest for chicks is that appearances mean nothing. Any guy can get a girl, no matter how loathsome or disgusting he looks, or how infrequently he bathes. As a matter of fact, in many cases, a prison record, drug addiction or a lengthy history of mental illness may be helpful in getting you some action.

Another important factor is your attitude. Confidence and perseverance are the most prominent. So what if you were turned down by every girl in your multi-level forty-story office building. Try the building next door. In some cases it may be necessary to cross state lines or national borders to look for chicks. Most of the men caught trying to climb over the Berlin Wall were actually guys who were sick of the dog-like women of East Germany. So you see you should never be discouraged. Confidence is equally important. If you approach a prospective lass by saying, "Hey, I know you wouldn't want to go out with me in your right mind, but if you suffer a nervous breakdown later this week maybe we could go dancing," you're not likely to get very far. On the other hand, if you go about it by asking, "I've got an extra ticket to Bermuda and my Uncle Harry can't go, would you like to come with me?", you're likely to have a greater chance of success.

Desperation tactics are not always a bad idea either. Threatening to blow up a post office or put your foot in a food processor if she won't go out with you works on many occasions. Some girls like their boyfriends to have unstable or borderline personalities. Spontaneity can be helpful as well. Buying her flowers is a good idea but having an apartment full of new furniture delivered to her home at 4 A.M. might not be. You should get the picture that moderation is important. You don't want to give the impression your hormone count is so high that you're afraid to drive past the petting zoo on weekends because there are sheep there.

I hope this has been helpful to all you wussies outthere. Next month the guide continues. (This is ESQUIRE Magazine, isn't it?)

Too Much is Always Better  
Than Not Enough!  
The Church of the SubGenius®  
P.O. Box 140306  
Dallas, TX 75214

# Modern Alchemy

by Steven Scharff

This was Gary's 2,000th trip to the mall. Since his parents first took him here, he kept track. To him, this was an "anniversary". Something to be celebrated with a game of Pac-Man. Just like any other day at the mall.

On his way to the arcade, he walked by the game store. He noticed the boxed sets of fantasy role-playing games neatly arranged on their shelves. He walked in to get a closer look, and saw the mythological creatures on the packages.

He couldn't help but think of his friend Chet. Chet was a fanatical fantasy freak. If it was Dungeons & Dragons, Trolls & Tunnels, anything involving a role-playing element, Chet knew about it.

Only yesterday Gary was over Chet's house, gawking at his collection.

"I know you've seen most of this stuff," came Chet's voice from behind a pile of back issues of 'The Dragon', "but this is the 'creme de la creme'." He stood up, holding in both hands what seriously looked like a wizard's notebook.

Gary's face fell. "Where the hell did you find that?" he whispered, pointing to it carefully, as if not to touch it accidentally.

"You won't believe this, but some courier service just dropped it off at the door. I didn't get a good look at the truck. It was in a package with just my name and address. No stamps, no return address, no nuthin'."

"All the people inna world to get this an' you were singled out, huh?"

Chet continued: "I just don't know. This whole thing just freaks me out."

He placed the huge, leather-bound book on the table of his cluttered room. The fluorescent lamp made the gold-inset symbols on the cover glisten with an eerie light. The weathered binding creaked as the book was opened. The yellowed pages bore hand-written lettering, yet everything was written in plain English.

"It's a collection of spells," Chet stated, "and they each have a time of year to say them. Some even the time of day."

"You're not gonna read any o' this stuff out loud, are ya?"

"I don't know if I should. Remember when Mike got that copy of the Necronomicon and read a conjuring spell from it?"

"Yeah," Gary snickered, "an' his cat threw up. Ain't exactly what he was tryin' to conjure up, was it?"

They both laughed for a bit, and then Chet's tone of voice grew somber. "One of these spells specifically gives a day of the year and time of day to recite it. From what I figure out, it calls for it to be said tomorrow at 3:30 in the afternoon."

Gary grew rather nervous. "What is it for?"

Chet sighed, scratched his left arm, and stated, "According to the book, the world originally had great magic in it. But somehow the human race creved everything up. This spell is supposed to bring the world back to its original mystic state."

Its original mystic state.

Placing the beginner's set of Dungeons & Dragons back on the shelf, Gary laughed to himself. "He really thought that stuff. Somebody sends him an old book with some bullshit on it and he thinks he's Merlin."

He looked at his watch.

"Three-thirty, eh?" he mumbled, "When do the fireworks start?"

He rubbed his eyes with the strain that accompanied the fluores-

*"The Video Game Diet" - use your entire food budget in video arcade playing Pac-Man, Monstap and BurgerTime - coming soon for Sublimation Food!*

cent glare. He thought to himself...wait a minute, what was he thinking of? Something about being in a mall and...

He removed his hands from his eyes. Scratching the beard that protruded from his chin, looking about the alchemist supply shop, he saw several tall bearded men in flowing robes, selecting small vials of herbs for their incantations.

He wondered to himself, "What's a satyr like myself doing here?" and walked towards the door, with his cloven hooves making their sound as he left to enter the square.

Scratching around his horns, he saw the many booths with merchants selling their wares, and the many different people and creatures haggling over the prices. Gary...why did he call himself "Gary"? His name was Gar.

He made his way to the tavern. He might find his friend Chetam the Wise there. After all, having a friend who was chief of the Alchemists' Guild was quite an honor to have.

# FUN WITH TOM

by Tom Sanders

While driving home from an election-night rendez-vous with a young lady, Monsieur Tom turned on the car radio and dialed through all the stations on both bands. Politicians on every one of them! Well, I know a place where there aren't any, he thought, pushing the middle push button. This one was set to Chicago's WLS, "the nation's rock station", as they called themselves at night. Just in time for a live report from Chicago Democratic headquarters. Oh no! Politics on the rock of Chicago!

It was the strangest election night of Young Tom's young life. Pat Benatar was edging ahead of Billy Squier in the Illinois governor's race. Newcomer John Cougar was the projected winner in the 18th state House district, ousting veteran incumbent Rod Stewart. Billy Joel won unopposed in the race for state senator from Cairo, and Dennis DeYoung of Styx was elected mayor of Arlington Heights. Deal with THAT! Pretty soon it would be, "You're tuned to the rock-in' best, the Illinois House of Representatives, with a better variety of legislation and less repetition. We promise bigger prizes for anyone who catches any of our members introducing less than five bills in a row, and we've got another two-year long free ride coming right up."

Wouldn't it be great, he thought while listening, to do away with all the Arbitron nonsense and put a space on the ballot for voters to write in their favorite radio station? Yeah! Only the kids would be left out. But not really. Groups like "Young Republicans for WNEW" or "Junior Democrats for LIR-FM" would see to that. They can make sure that all the registered LIR-FM voters make it to the polls. Headlines will read: ROSS AND WILSON HIT CAMPAIGN TRAIL FOR TALKRADIO 77". Nuts! I miss Herb Oscar Anderson, his good morning song, and Denison, The Men's Clothier, where money talked and nobody walked.

They're all about the same when you look real hard, he thought while stopped at a light. They promise less taxes and longer commercial-free music jams, but when you listen closely they all play the same kind of tunes.

He drove on and listened some more. Rick Nielson appeared to be a landslide winner in the U.S. Senate contest. This isn't good, said Tom. It's a Cheap Trick! It's too bad none of the Shadows of Knight or Cryan' Shames were running for anything. Now, THERE were a couple of great bands...

# Fraud, Cheat, Lie, Thrill

by Gerry Reith

8 Sissy was just closing up shop when the telephone rang, it was an old friend saying don't lock the door. Leave it open another half hour because I'm only in town for a while and I'd love to see you. Since the only sale she'd made that day was a copy of The Book of the Book by Idries Shah, staying open had more than one virtue to recommend it. The rent was due soon and when it was paid there wouldn't be much left over for buying unless something like food was cut out of the budget. She smiled to herself, the grim leer of a public figure shot with a loaded question on television. "Well," she thought, "I can always go back to streetwalking if this doesn't work out." Closing up usually meant counting the till and making out a deposit slip, too often unnecessary.

A secondhand book store wasn't always a paying proposition. But parents die and windfalls are good excuses to quit your stupid god-damn fucked up job and take it easy for a while. Sissy had always loved browsing through these little treasure chests in out of the way corners, looking for the rare and forgotten jewel. Some out of print work by Stinner or Froudhon, in fine leather binding, available for a song. Now running one she fell in love with every odd-ball who came in asking after a name that she and the buyer shared a secret, a wall that the romances and western and mystery consumers would never cross. These people weren't buying books, they were buying warm glasses of milk to help them fall asleep at night, and a curse on the culture that makes me cater to them just so I can afford to stock real gems. Imagine a jeweler doing the bulk of his trade in costume jewelry!

At a few minutes after five a flood of people came through the door, speaking French. One came to the counter and asked about where they could find more bookstores once they had finished here. Sissy shrugged. "I'm all there is," she said.

They busied themselves in one corner, inspecting titles and pulling loads off the shelves, with little sighs and exclamations. Sissy perked up, since they were likely to buy. She saw one of them drinking quite openly from a flask, and noticed from the corner of her eye that several more customers had come in. The crowd began to get boisterous, with actual shouts of surprise, "No one has this book!" "Look, look here!" and so on.

The old friend came in with some beer and Sissy drank with her, soon found herself drinking alone when the friend edged off toward the shelves with an excited gleam in her eye. She had started off simply enough, asking if there was a copy of Dubliners anywhere laying around. The place was packed, there wasn't room for her friend to squeeze back, she must be busy browsing.

Sissy opened another beer, and accepted a shot from the flask when its owner came to pay up. All she had was a coffee cup, and the shot was more like a scotch on the rocks with no rocks. "Drink, drink with us," the man shouted, "yours is the best store we've seen in ages!" He raised his arm, swung it out, and shouted over the uproar. "A toast, a toast to the finest of the fine!" Everyone seemed to have a drink in hand. Music was coming from somewhere, the overture to Der Fliegende Hollander, some Wagner or something.

More and more people came in, Sissy could hardly tell how many because she was busy making change for the ones who wanted stacks and bags full of books. There didn't seem to be any order to it, the frenchmen were buying anything and everything, it didn't matter, they must have gone crazy for american books. Sissy found herself feeling drunk, and the lights were going on in the streets outside. Someone even wanted to buy the painting on the wall behind the counter, crows in a cornfield by some unknown.

Sissy's old friend came back and laid her purse on the counter next to the phone. "Would you take over for a minute, Ariadne?" Sissy asked. "I'm getting tipsy, I can't count any more."

"Sure, why not?" Ari giggled. "Why don't you eat something, here," she reached in her purse, drew out a pomegranate. Sissy took it, and ate it even though it was hard as a rock. She passed out, then, the sound of the gable of voices rushing and roaring in her ears.

When she woke up Ari had fallen asleep on the floor and people had been making their own change. The shelves were empty, but a pair of lovers lay in one corner, busy with each other. A few stragglers came up to pay, and all they had to offer was old lead bullets. Opening the drawer, Sissy found it full of lead. She screamed at the last people, get out, take what you want, I'm yours now, you win, get out. A manic leer split her face and she ran out in the street, threw a rock at the glittering neon sign of a store nearby; it vanished in a puff of smoke.

# ROUGH MIX AWAKENING

"Who would believe it?" said the hitch-hiker, puffing a J and becoming more reckless in his babble. "They called me The Fool on the Hill because of the Beatles song and the refurbished chicken coop on a Tujunga hillside in which I live, huddled against my radio—my only half-way honest communication with the individuals who were spying on me. Like there are now people who think I think I am King of the Universe and that's beyond belief of any rational person and untrue besides. Like I was in the Krystal in Atlanta and there was this beautiful burned-out speed freak in white overalls, looking at me and muttering: 'I'm King of the Universe; I don't know WHAT I'm doing in a place like this!' (That had to be Jim Garrison's brother in law," the smoker added, "a wheeler-dealer I wouldn't trust as far as I could throw Griffen Bell and a damned fine attorney—I speak literally—yet with a sense of humor, I must admit.) Like a guy who participates in two-way conversations with his radio is harder to believe in than a triple compound reincarnation of a Tibetan Shambala King, but—literal but—that one is true. Like I was an assassination witness, right? And here were all these Nazis like that nephew of the Wolfpack admiral who took over after Hitler trying to make me their fuhrer. (Man the fewer the better, I saw!)"

"You are an assassination witness?" said the driver, freaked. "To what assassination?"

"Kennedy—the first one. Don't they tell you anything in high school anymore? What do you think this is all about. Masturbation, castration and karma and reincarnation? I get the idea that's what they're telling everybody these days. Don't tell me the Party wasn't involved in that conspiracy! Or else why are they trying to cover it up? Like when I went to D.C. to try to talk to—"

"You were in Dallas the day John Kennedy was killed?" asked the driver.

"No! New Orleans. I helped plan the damned thing, man. Only I didn't realize the weird dude I was talking to went through with it afterwards. Not until 1975. My life has been weird ever since. TIME Magazine calls me King Kong. Potentially I'm the source of the greatest scandal since Watergate! If only I could get them to tell people the truth—instead of all this garbage about masturbation, castration and karma and reincarnation! Do you realize that seven people die of starvation every ten seconds, five of them children under five—because of land monopoly. And they want me to worry about my prick being cut off! That's just one of their many tactics of distraction. They're trying to mystify you! Bolsheviks and capitalists alike. It's the multinational power elite."

"Huh?" burped the driver, looking pretty mystified already.

"Yeah, I should talk. I was going to tell you about how I became King of the Universe and instead I wound up talking about the J.F.K. murder. They are related, though—although that would've been hard to guess by the time I found out I could talk to rock-n-roll disc jockeys. A very clever contingency program, if you ask me. We may never find out who assassinated Martin Luther King."

"I thought you said it was Kennedy."

"Them also. The weird guy I talked to said, 'Next we'll get Martin Luther King.' I didn't agree with that idea. I wanted John Kennedy dead in the worst way but—"

"You WANTED Kennedy Killed?"

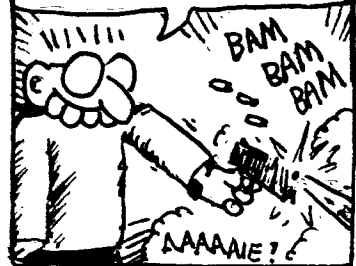
"Of course. I was into Ayn Rand."

"Huh?"

**JODIE FOSTER FAN CLUB**

Funnies by CAP

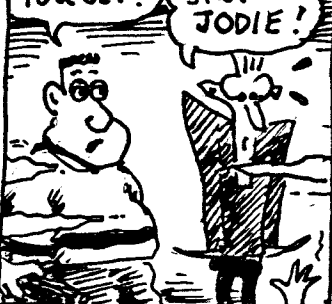
YOU BOTH STUPID! JODIE LIKE ME BEST 'CAUSE I SHOOT DONNY OSMOND!



AND SINCE ONE-UPSMANSHIP KNOWS NO BOUNDS, THINGS KINDA ESCALATE...



WHO DID YOU GET?



OH NO! WHAT WE DO NOW?



THE JODIE FOSTER FAN CLUB IS IN BEVERLY HILLS LOOKING FOR JODIE'S HOUSE



MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT JODIE PRESENTS SO SHE WILL LIKE US BETTER?



HEY! THERE'S BOB HOPE! I WILL KILL HIM SO JODIE WILL BE PROUD OF ME!



HA! SO WHAT? I WILL KILL MIKE DOUGLAS AND JODIE WILL LIKE ME MORE!



REVEALED  
by Kerry Wendell Thornley

"Never mind. Let me tell you about Life in the Fast Lane. I was pulling weeds in the yard one day—that's how I paid my rent—literally—and I said to one of the D.J.'s: 'There must be some way outta here. Maybe I should play along with them. Up the mountain, over the top and down the other side—to freedom!' I said to my radio, and he played Life in the Fast Lane. So that's what it has stood for ever since. I wasn't trying to get myself kidnapped. I was just letting the Fascists make me their king long enough to haul them into Congress and bust them. Smudley Butler," the hitch-hiker shouted in the tone of a war cry.

"Who?" asked the driver, with a start. "The Plot to Seize the White House by Jules Archer. Butler foiled 'em that time. Then they regrouped under Kissinger and succeeded, beginning with the events in Dallas. Christ, what good grass! Am I ever stoned! Literally, at least! But back to the King of the Universe. I should have known better. I was The Fool on the Hill alright. I didn't understand about the old people and their codes and cant language. They won't let me down. They keep me up here, never following any of my recommendations—and that's all they are, not orders. I'm an Anarchist. I don't believe in orders. Everybody expects me to administrate! Is it ever boring! Besides that, they've got everyone conned into expecting me to administrate. Midas Muffler. All I am is an assassination witness and a social critic," the rider protested. "All they are is a bunch of Smerdyakovs. Hot dogs. I hate them. Some people say the Pope in the Vatican is to blame. Others say it is the sick peppers—Richard Nixon, people like that."

"A bunch of whats?" "Smerdyakovs! Stinkers. That was his nickname: Smerdyakov." "The Pope or Nixon's?" "Neither one. The bastard brother who went out and killed their father when Ivan wrote the essay about how there was no crime, since there is no God. In The Brothers Karamazov. Man, don't you read anything?"

"Huh?" "I speak literally. Smerdyakovs are stinking bastards who deliberately misinterpret everything you say in order to blame you for their own crimes. They're everywhere! The intelligence community is full of them."

"Well, this is where I turn off," said the driver, pulling to the side of the expressway. "You want off here or at the end of the ramp?"

"I better not hitch on the expressway," said the stoned-maniac hippie.

"Okay. Good luck," said the driver. "Take it easy," said the rider, climbing out and shouldering his pack.

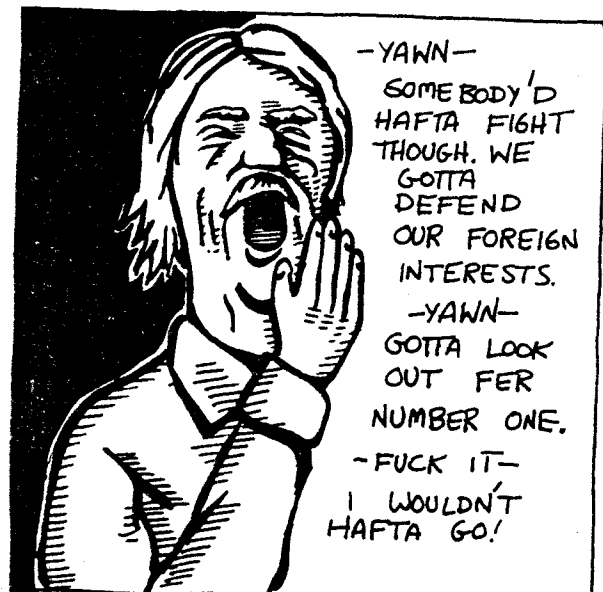
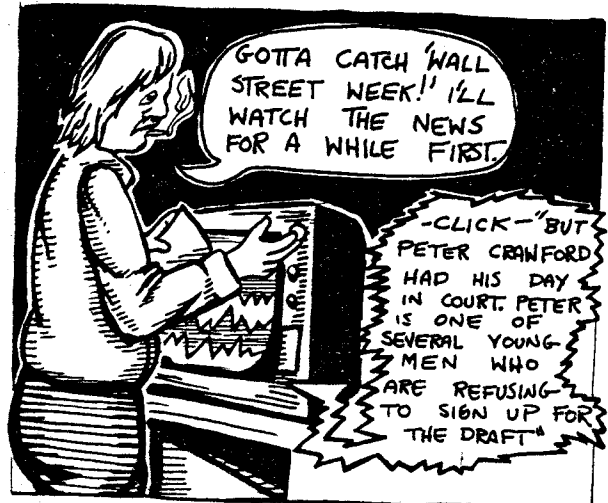
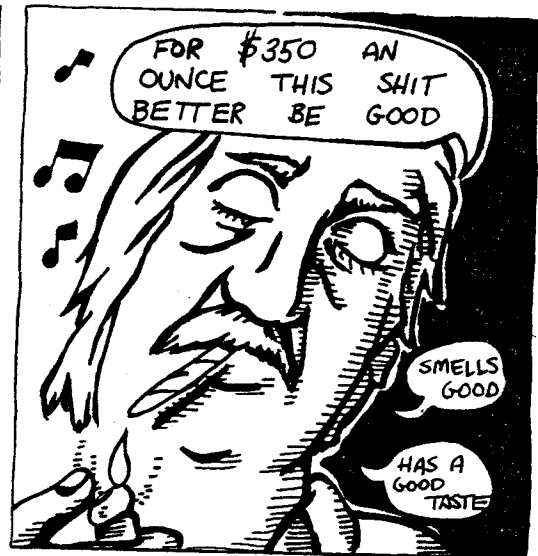
As the King of the Universe wandered across the street to stand with thumb extended, he shouted to the passing traffic, "I said to let them expect a Reichsleiter and then to give them Chavez Ravine. Why the hell didn't you listen. Why do you send me nit-wits like that guy? I feel like a doorman in an insane asylum!" In anger, he stomped on a short Budweiser can and shouted: "SHEEP!"

A beaten red Volkswagon sputtered to a fuming halt with Cat Scratch Fever blaring from the radio. As our hero piled in, the driver introduced himself: "I'm Joe Kennedy."

"And I," said the hitch-hiker, "am Ridden Depo Tchacorten, Supreme Manifestation of the Wrathful Kalachakra Bodhisattva and, I must admit, this is sometimes one of my most interesting incarnations. Wanta get ripped with me? I got dynamite grass here."

SCHIZOPHRENIA ALLOWS YOU TO BE FUCKED-UP AND NORMAL AT THE SAME TIME - Kevin Duane





(A long time ago, author/poet/artist/layout Kiel Stuart sent me what I considered to be the funniest story ever submitted to INSIDE JOKE. I thought it so funny, in fact, that upon typing it up at what was then my job, I proceeded to pass it around to co-workers and friends, extolling its virtues. I'd also assumed that somewhere along the line I'd also printed it. Oops. So, with profound apologies to Kiel and thanks for her patience, I am now very proud to present—)

# What It's Like To Be Stupid. by Suzi Neutrino

Crash! Ouch! My nose began to throb, for I had tied my shoelaces together (a not-infrequent occurrence with me) and tripped against the big hall mirror. A bad beginning for any day, but if I had known what lay ahead...

"Excuse me," I said, and stumbled into the kitchen. New York rain drifted through the window left open and formed a taupe-colored puddle on the linoleum. I went to the Norge for cornflakes, then to the cabinet for milk.

Pouring a generous portion of both on my plate, I picked up a fork. Struggling for a second, oddly sour mouthful, my eye fell on the milk label: "Store in refrigerator". I'd done it again. Staring at the open window, I remembered I was late for work.

Reaching the street, I sensed something wrong. Halfway to the bus I stopped. Think hard, Suzi, I told myself. Forget your keys again? No. You've fixed your shoes, so that can't be it. You're wearing the necessary amount of clothes...

The answer was so close! As I stood in puzzlement a passing stranger snapped: "Gese, some a dese people is too stupid t' get outa th' rain!"

That was it! I turned and ran all the way back to the apartment. Once inside, relief flooded me. It was going to be okay! I had gotten in out of the rain.

Fifteen minutes later, watching a soap opera (and seeing Derek on "Life is for Living" go off to work), I remembered my job. This time I took umbrella, raincoat, hat and galoshes, but realized it had stopped raining once I was on the bus. At least I'd be safe on the way home (unless I left the stuff at work as often happened).

Two hours later (I forgot the correct stop) I stepped into the Baxter Building. There stood my supervisor, Mr. Shashlik, a tight little prune of a man who today looked more wrinkled and purple than ever before.

"Miss Neutrino," he shouted, "this is the fifth time you've been late this week! Your work is sloppy, your competence doubtful, and you are frankly more of a liability than an asset to this company! Miss Neutrino, you are fired!"

Holding back tears, I fled the building. Gus, the kindly old janitor, was putting out trash. He called to me.

"Suzi, where are you going?"

"Home!" I choked down a sob.

"But, Suzi," he said, "you live in the other direction!"

I didn't care. It was the same old story. It happened every day of my life: the hurt, the rejection, the humiliation. Oh, how can anyone who is not herself stupid know what I have suffered?

I suppose you could say I had it from the start. I just had the wrong kind of genes. Mom had been beautiful: a green-eyed, natural blonde with a perfect figure and perfect teeth. I guess that's where my looks come from. Mom had barely been able to walk and chew gum at the same time, and maybe that's where my brains come from, too.

But then again I could have gotten them from Dad. Tall, broad-shouldered, with dark wavy hair, a Byronic profile, and perfect teeth, he was thirty-six before he learned how to dress himself. Junior and Sis were cast from the same mold: Sis a perfect little replica of Mom, Junior the image of Dad.

But despite our handicaps, we were a close-knit, loving family. We'd all gather together to change light bulbs: Dad held the bulb while Mom and us kids turned the ladder. They were so much of a comfort to me when I missed the prom by turning up at the firehouse rather than Earl S. Mulholland High. But that one straw broke the camel's back, and soon after we moved to California to escape the neighbors' ridicule.

Life in California was easier on us all. No remembering to look both ways when crossing the street; no freezing to death by forgetting our snowsuits (Grandma went that way in the winter of '62); pictures on the driver's license so Dad wouldn't forget who he was (I had failed my test when, coming to a "Do Not Pass" sign, I had refused to go on); special markers on the road telling us if we were headed the wrong way (most of the time, we managed to remember which color was which); no colds for Junior when he put on his wash-and-waer shirts and ran dripping down the street. Oh, there were a thousand little things greasing the skids!

I got my first job at a pharmacy, but lost it a week later (I kept breaking those little glass bottles in the typewriter). There followed a rapid succession of factory jobs, wherein they fired me each time I had to be re-trained after the weekend.

Then came the Ford years, and with them, a ray of hope for all those like me. We began to feel almost a sense of pride in our incompetence. With some other young people, I formed a Dignity For Dimbulbs party. We spent an entire week coming up with just the right slogan: "Say it now and say it loud, I'm proud and I'm stupid!" Like everything else in my life, it just seemed ill-fated. Members got lost or forgot the time or just sat for days staring at a spot on the wall. The Dignity for Dimbulbs movement died with the end of Ford's reign. The only thing that had kept it going as long as it did was (this being California) the constant influx of new members.

The living was easy, true. It was less difficult for our little family to pass as normal in the new neighborhood; they just thought we were "laid back and mellow". But I was no happier for all that. Something was calling me back to New York, something bigger than the water we had left running in the sink. I had to see if a girl like me could really make it in the Big Apple.

I told my family I was going back home. They had forgotten where 'home' was, but it didn't lessen their sadness at having their eldest daughter move away. I was so touched by the big farewell party they gave me! It was just like them to spend long hours planning and preparing for the Big Day. It was also just like them to have the party three days after I'd left, but reading about it in a letter was almost as much fun as being there and it's the thought that counts anyway.

Being in New York again brought back so many memories! If only I could remember what they were!

But this was it. Now or never, I would sink or swim. I drew together an entire battery of tricks—strings around my fingers (one got so tight I had to have it removed in the hospital emergency room); a 'things-to-do' notebook taped to the inside of my wrist; a whole library of how-to and self-help books. For a while things seemed to be working out. I had landed my third job (the first was a receptionist's position at a small firm, but I forgot how to work the phone console; the second, clerking in a doctor's office where I did numerical filing alphabetically and vice versa) which, after some trials and tribulations, seemed well within my modest capabilities. Mr. Shashlik the supervisor yelled a lot, but I thought he was just trying to get my best performance. I really felt I was getting the hang of it, when...

Jolted back to the present, I looked up, hopelessly lost. Where had I been heading? What had happened to me?

Of course. Fired again. And the kindly old janitor had tried to tell me I was going the wrong way, but I had been too upset to listen. Tears welled up in my green eyes with their naturally long lashes. I sat on a bench; I appeared to have gotten to a park.

Oh, this was too much! My entire life was a washout—an uphill struggle to maintain dignity in a world that had long since passed me by in the development of cerebral capacity. All I had ever hoped for was to find my place in society. Sadly, I thought of my family: good-looking, well-meaning, gentle buffoons who would, in the space of six months or so, forget that they ever had an older daughter.

Then it struck me! They were the only ones who would miss me—and I had already been gone five and a half months.

I would end it all! That was the only way to stop this constant agony, this living with shame and despair! Trembling, I rose, stumbling towards—let me see, now. Was it the Brooklyn Bridge I wanted, or the Verrazano?

Thud! Suddenly I fell to the ground, in a tangle of arms and legs, with a handsome blue-eyed, blond, broad-shouldered gentleman in a raincoat. Muttering apologies, I fumbled to retrieve his Moroccan leather attache case before someone stepped on it.

"There, now. Don't cry," he said in a deep, resonant, manly voice. "What seems to be the trouble?"

I handed back the case and looked into his long-lashed albeit masculine, kindly, concerned eyes. Almost before I realized it, I was pouring out my troubles. As I half-spoke, half-sobbed my woes he led me back to the park bench.

"And that's when Mr. Shashlik fired me," I concluded, dabbing my eyes with a handkerchief—his handkerchief. His hand crept over mine. Suddenly, he fell to his knees before me.

"Oh, Suzi," he said, "will you marry me?"

I could hardly believe my ears. On the very brink of despair, I had found my true love. "Oh, Paul," I blushed, "Of course I will, darling."

"My name," he said, "is Steve."

"Oh!" I cried. I'd done it again! Just on the verge of eternal happiness—and my stupidity reared its ugly head to spoil things! I stumbled to my feet—to go and cast my troubles away over the side of the Throgg's Neck Bridge—or was it the George Washington?

"Wait," said Steve.

Heart pounding, I waited.

"It's all right, my love. In fact, that's just what I like about you. Will you still marry me?"

I felt wings on my feet. "Oh, Paul—I mean, Steve! Of course I'll marry you!"

"Oh, Suzi, Suzi! You don't know how long I've searched for a woman like you! One who won't win arguments with brilliant logic! One who won't remember if I forget her birthday or our anniversary! One with green eyes, naturally blond hair, and a perfect figure—in short, a perfect woman!"

Well, I became Mrs. Steve Fairweather that June. The wedding was lovely! My whole family made it to the church—on time! How it warmed the cockles of my heart to see them lined up outside, pelting us joyfully with handfuls of boiled rice! There was only one minor hitch in the whole proceedings—Steve and I were halfway to Niagara Falls before we discovered Junior had been tied to the back of the car! Fortunately, the doctors say, he may be able to walk again in several years.

So you see, the thing that had haunted me all my life turned out to be my biggest asset! I've got my man and we're ecstatically happy together. But there is one thing, and one thing only which prevents my experiencing total joy: the fact that other girls like me, life's unfortunate dullards, those boobs among us, cannot know the thrill of true love and a useful place in society.

If only mankind would find it in their hearts to show more tolerance to those like me—then we could all life up our heads, raise our voices in song, and face the brave new world with pride!

"I used to be afraid to go to bed in the dark. I had a nightlight. I had my dad check the closet for monsters every night. I sure miss Dad. The monsters got him." — Dana Snow

Are You a Weirdo?  
What were others like you?  
Maybe There Are!  
If you have it together enough  
to own a dollar bill, send it to:  
The Church of the SubGenius  
It will change your life

# REVIOOSE

ANDY BRECKMAN AT FOLK CITY—STRIKE IN THESE UNITED STATES  
reported on by Anni Ackner

Mad mad mad Professor Bly  
How do we know that dogs can't fly?  
How never know until you try  
Mad mad mad Professor Bly

Andy Breckman—humorist, raconteur, folksinger, staff writer for the David Letterman show, and all around wonderful human being—performed at Folk City on 23 October 1982. In keeping with this magazine's policy of supporting comedy and the arts on an annual budget slightly less than the price of two egg creams and a box of Jujubes, Your Beloved Critic did not go in to see him, and had a most enjoyable evening.

The sidewalk immediately surrounding the entrance to Folk City was well swept and tidy, its atmosphere enhanced rather than dampened by the smells wafting out of Mr. MacDonald's cozy little hamburger bistro a few doors away. (Informal attire. Reservations not required, although some people to acquire them on their first view of the meat served.) The glass separating the ticket seller from the general public was nicely polished and made a resounding, satisfying thump when banged on in an attempt to get the attention of the people inside, much superior to the dull thud generated by, for instance, the wooden door at the old Max's Kansas City. The ticket seller herself, when she arrived (with a virtuoso display of promptness, in under 45 minutes), proved to be pert, blonde and attractive, a veritable Valley Girl transplanted to the depths of New York's Greenwich Village, a far cry from the usual run of nightclub ticket purveyors, who normally give the impression that they've spent their formative years doing reconnaissance work at the American Embassy in Teheran. She met the difficult question of the price of admission with ease and aplomb and, when informed that, in Your Beloved Critic's opinion, \$8.50 and a two drink minimum amounted to a form of thievery not usually practiced outside the hidden meeting rooms of Congress, responded with a cheery "Oh wov. I mean, gross me out", as she slammed the window shut with admirable grace.

The walk from Folk City to the East Village reached, if not exceeded, its usual peak of fascination, highlighted, as it was, by the eclectic, evanescent conversation that ensued between Your Beloved Critic and her companion, The Ever-Popular Carolyn Lee Boyd (about whom not enough has been written, and probably will continue to be), which raced with quicksilver brilliance between the topics of the television programming most suited to our sensibilities that evening, the feasibility of stopping in at a Chinese restaurant along the way, the difference between Hunan and Szechuan cuisine, the many splendors of Gregory Harrison's chest, and the fact that we really didn't want to see Andy Breckman anyway. A refreshing rain began to fall halfway through—our cudos to the Almighty—and the area between Fifth and Second Avenues, along Eighth Street and Saint Marks Place, shone with its accustomed awesomeness, although The Ever-Popular did comment that the arrangement of the derelicts underneath the Imagine Cube was perhaps not quite up to its usual tastefulness, and we were shocked at the surprising dearth of panhandlers in front of the Women's Carpentry Centre, an unfortunate miscalculation in an otherwise remarkable motif.

I had a good day  
I had a good day  
I didn't throw up  
I had a real good day

Chan's House of Food (Moo Goo Gai Pan R Us)\*, on the corner of Second Avenue and Sixth Street (Attire required. Reservations just about unavoidable), is chill and dimly lit, with an overall atmosphere vaguely reminiscent of the inside of somebody's stomach. An imaginative pattern of mu-shu pork stains decorates the table linen, an elaborate coating of duck sauce encrusts the silverware, chopsticks are available upon request, and often present the user with a complimentary splinter of wood or two which, deeply embedded in tongue or finger, make lasting souvenirs of one's meal.

The chicken egg drop soup was rich and full bodied, and the accompanying bowl of crispy noodles had just the right hint of staleness needed to add interest to what in many places is a bland, noiseless dish. The egg rolls admittedly were a tad soggy, but were stuffed with an unusual concoction that tasted, to Your Beloved Critic's palate, like a zesty combination of excelsior and four day old tuna fish, truly like nothing else I have ever eaten before. My beef lo mein was lightly undercooked, adding that chewiness so important to a good jaw exercise regimen, while The Ever-Popular's Shower Fried Duck was pronounced "not apparently life-threatening". The service was excellent, with the food arriving in a state of coolness that fell somewhere between gluey and congealed, the fortune cookies profound in their wisdom (mine read "Time flies like an arrow, Fruit flies like a banana"). I was deeply moved, and the tea decidedly puce. Certainly, dinner at the House of Food ranked with the very finest cuisine Your Beloved Critic has consumed during other evenings of not seeing Andy Breckman. Oh, where is Rabbi Finkelman? Where is Rabbi Finkelman? He promised that he'd be here if we ever needed him. Where is Rabbi Finkelman?

Of course, the entertainments provided by an evening of not seeing Andy Breckman are many and varied, with an amazing spectrum of pleasure and enlightenment available to the discerning non-clubgoer.

Television, on this particular evening, despite the disappointing absence of Gregory Harrison's chest, was fast paced and up-tempo, a fitting back-up to other activities. Led by the opening half-hour of BLAZING SADDLES—a bit choppy due to some conspicuously missing words, but nevertheless satisfying—LOVE, SIDNEY of-

fered a heartrending minor key accompaniment by landing little Patti in the hospital with a bump on her head (somewhat derivative of a BULLWINKLE cartoon that had Rocky in the same condition, but just different enough to escape being a cover), while FANTASY ISLAND employed some unusual bass surprises by not featuring Paul Williams, Sonny Bono or Charo, The NBC 11 O'Clock News leaped enticingly from theme to theme (including the often requested Deranged Maniac Stabs Three Nuns Variation), while SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE engendered some unique rhythmic effects by beating several dead horses. I have since learned that Uncle Floyd sat in for an encore but, my nerves already atingle with previous excitement, I turned off the set just before his appearance.

Given the frantic pace of activity, one would scarcely think that anything else could be squeezed in, despite the opportunities inherent, but it should be noted, in the interest of completeness, that The Ever-Popular managed to take advantage of new advances in the fields of Jello-mold creation (a piquent little lime with the tartness of Del Monte pineapple), hair washing (promotional consideration from the makers of Body and Spice, a subtle shampoo with a hint of cinnamon and Red Dye #3, available from the 88¢ Store), and fingernail painting (Sally Hansen's Hard As Nails, in the new, unspillable bottle), while Your Beloved Critic caught up on several days worth of correspondence (the campaign literature from mayoralty candidate Lew Lehrman was judged especially whimsical and amusing), and that month's TRUE STORY, which, though the characterizations were rather thin, gave new insight into the myriad problems of today's Blue Collar Wife.

All in all, an evening of not seeing Andy Breckman can be one of the highlights of one's busy social schedule, and is an experience not to be missed.

P.S. Rober McGuinn also appeared that evening at Folk City. Your Beloved Critic didn't see him, either.

(The Ever-Popular Replies:)

When I read Anni Ackner's ALLEGED review of the non-Andy Breckman show, I was shocked and appalled. I applaud the editorial board of INSIDE JOKE for allowing me this opportunity to rebut Ms. Ackner's accusations.

I have no idea WHY she feels it is necessary to make such allegations, namely, that I cannot get a date on a Saturday night, and am forced to eat Chinese, paint my nails, do my hair and watch television. Is it my fault that Warren Beatty, Billy Katt, Christopher Reeve, and Paul Newman all had pressing personal business in Guatemala that weekend? FURTHERMORE, I do not have to pay admission to any club in this city WHATSOEVER, I am much too "EVER-POPULAR" for that. Let me assure you that I am a close personal friend of Mr. Folk and I can get into Folk City anytime I choose. Also, if I knew any of the door people at Folk City, they would certainly know me, and let me in free anyway. I have never discussed Gregory Harrison's chest—at least not with anyone but Greg himself. And I do not walk around the East Village, I borrow someone's limo, and so could not have commented on either the bums around the Imagine Cube or the panhandlers (who were handling no pans that I could see) outside the carpentry whatever.

Ms. Ackner has obviously engaged in a clever cover-up of the true facts. WHY? A simple examination of certain clues will reveal the answer. She is discrediting me because I was suspecting the obvious—that Ms. Ackner IS, or at least BELIEVES HERSELF TO BE, ANDY BRECKMAN!!! Note the resemblance of first names, and the fact that both their last names have TWO SYLLABLES. Andy Breckman sings about Rabbis; Anne has been seen MANY TIMES at Jewish singles dances handing out marriage recommendations written by her mother. Anne admits to having been at Folk City that night—the SAME NIGHT Andy Breckman was to have played. Her description of Breckman as an "all around wonderful human being"—how could she say that about someone she never even saw play—unless she was talking about HERSELF? Finally, have you ever seen them together?

Yes, I forgive Ms. Ackner, or Mr. Breckman, or WHOMEVER, and I only hope he/she will seek and receive the help he/she so DESPERATELY needs.

BEGIN PRINTOUT. . .

PRINTER

I'M A MICROCOM, AND JUST FULL OF BLIPS  
I CAN THINK SO QUICK, CUZ I'VE GOT GREAT CHIPS  
TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT, IT'LL READ OUT FAST  
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, THOUGH, I KNOW ALL THE PAST  
TAKE A BREAK SOMETIME, OR YOU'LL STRAIN YOUR EYES  
ASK ME NO QUESTIONS, AND I'LL TELL NO LIES  
I STORE LOTS OF BYTES, MILLIONS I CAN SEND  
MAKE GOOD USE OF ME, I'M YOUR HIGH TECH FRIEND.

. . .END PRINTOUT

COMING SOON: The hysterical life of fun-loving, just-plain-folks high school punk-rockers who gather at the neighborhood malt shop, "SLAM & JAM!!"

by Macedonia Garcia  
i once met this lady  
so pretty and fair  
i could not help but stare  
she idled up to me  
closer, closer i could see  
she wanted me.  
she asks "you like some boo"  
"sure baby if i can enjoy it  
with you", says i  
we left in her ear  
not very far  
a penthouse suite, up way up high  
our lips did touch and boo so good  
all i could do was sigh  
"get comfortable my dear, i'll be  
right back my dear never fear"  
she said  
passes then an hour or more  
i cannot say  
i call out to her, i hear the  
shower  
all of a sudden the front door  
comes crashin in, two pigs  
rush in with their 38's in  
hand cocked and ready  
"Punk!" he shouts "stop or i'll  
shoot"  
i begin to see past the curtain of  
the shower at a glance a puddle  
of red crimson orrrzing out onto  
the floor, now there's that  
lady pointing her finger at me  
"He's the man, officer"  
like a slap in the face cold and  
hard  
i back away, begging, pleading for  
my life.  
"i'm innocent, i tell you" all the  
while backing out onto the  
patio, suddenly an officer  
lunges towards me and i scream  
loud as i plummet to the  
earth below  
23 floors above the city street...  
tis a tale of a recurring  
moment not far nor near  
how often i wish i could've  
been so, would i then have spent  
so many a year in this infernal  
prison  
death with life.

#1 Light my fire  
and I will smolder in your hand  
Draw my burning essence deep within you  
and hold it there  
Use me up  
Crush me out  
Discarded  
My remains stained with your lipstick  
#2 Leave me the girl  
of your scent in my bed  
The fragrance of perfume  
of cigarette smoke  
Womanly redolence flots  
through my head  
And clings to my skin  
to remind me

A COMMENT ON MY  
by R. GERRY  
The sun rises  
without a thought  
for the lonely  
or orphaned.  
It hits the s

The sun rises  
without a thought  
for the lonely  
or orphaned.  
It hits the sky  
when you least  
expect it.  
Seven out of ten times,  
it's usually smiling.

She wakes in the morning  
and there is a prince  
in her bed.  
He hadn't been there in the evening.  
"What the heck are you doing?"  
She jabs him in the side  
with her elbow.  
"It's every girl's dream  
to wake with a prince."  
His grin is a little larger  
than his ego.  
"You get your royal buns  
out of here this moment  
before I break your royal neck."  
She places an elbow in the groin  
that has him barking  
like a royal seal.

When he is gone,  
she goes to her mirror  
and admonishes it sternly,  
"When I say I want  
a ball player,  
I mean baseball, stupid.  
baseball."

melted into sweet cream  
as he dreamed  
in musters  
of snorkling snares,  
cigarette ash,  
bursting buttons,  
peanut shells.  
Sooner or later Aunt Selmer  
jabbed his expanded chest  
**Deborah Golden**

Why has your signed-sealed  
love been ruptured?  
Even mocked and rubber  
stamp tattooed  
by state defecation  
and the malpractice answer  
is just my pocket number  
giving humble thanks  
for any Gun-Sunday  
privilege  
because your daddy was drop-kicked  
behind  
deep inside  
the frigid-inn of the "slammer"  
uneven to even today  
touch your tiny hand.

Doing "easy time" means marking  
holiday tone alone  
ignore June Sunday's stomach roar  
hunger pains of waiting before  
always sweating  
or counting or begging for  
kinky sauerkraut  
with spoonful leftover hog.

And alone means skipping  
needed tinplate meal  
secretly nursing  
wet-eye wounds  
from my heart  
wall stare battle against  
gray shadow  
from parent cage-iron bunk  
finding every yard smile  
of my daughter's joy  
naming and playing  
with her life's first puppy dog.

Slowly reading whisper aloud  
hometown drugstore card  
...something nice about  
happy Father's Day  
"this is only the first of three-ten  
such cards."  
Damn.  
Not even a card escape  
for a mistake  
your daddy must pay.

DON'T TURN  
(to M.B. in Brighton, Mass.)  
by Peggy Tully  
Got your letter just today,  
Had to learn again the way,  
To read between the lines--  
I'm frightened but I'm not afraid,  
As it was, it is today,  
Remember, it will learn--  
Until then--  
Don't turn  
Don't turn...  
Know how to lay it down and rise  
Know how to listen to your eyes  
Underground, under buildings--

Know the way to sing to you  
Know exactly what to do  
When words are gone--  
Will it be long?  
Don't turn  
Don't turn...  
Until then--  
Don't turn.

in zone 5?  
what do they say  
on young people  
has a bad effect  
television on  
Northeast Branch  
Zone 4  
New York City  
Area  
Middle Atlantic  
East Coast Region  
For Youth Affairs  
National Council  
by Ben Modaff  
WREN PAIN POB #964,538,223

13

"Seasonal messages are up on the chaplain's bulletin boards. "Let us ask ourselves as we arise each morning: 'What is my work today?'" one homily asks the Pentagon warriors. "We do not know where the influence of today will end."...

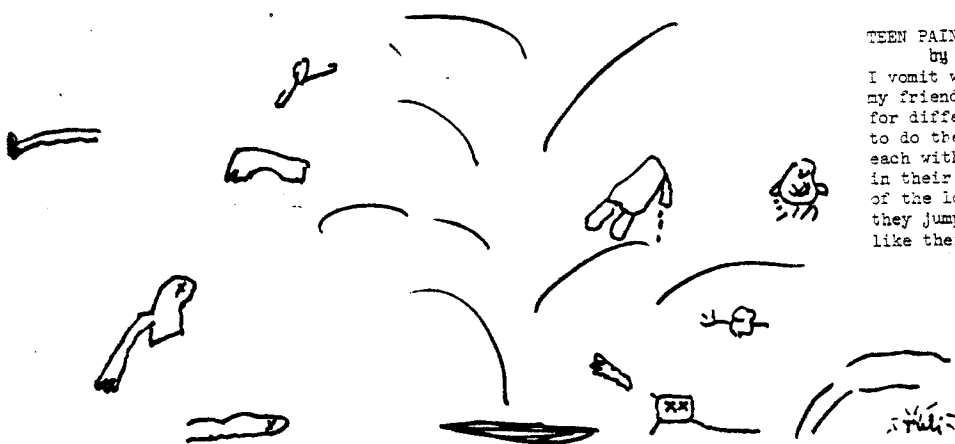
New York Times  
Dec. 9, 1981

by R. Gerry Fabian  
He gets in his car  
and drives to the home  
of the dragon.  
They have supper  
with red wine.  
Their chess game is  
much closer than usual.  
After the game,  
the dragon sighs,  
"I guess this means  
I'll have to move again."  
"Fraid so.  
We gotta keep appearances.

By Cannon sailing  
The body still warm and the fingers asleep  
The road still straight and the rut's deep  
The message still strong and the translation weak  
The monument still tall and the foundation weak  
The rivers still run and the creeks trickle  
The man is still right...the young still fickle

by Ben Modified  
If everyone is so  
concerned about  
the state of human  
affairs  
why do they live  
alone?  
You'd think the quotient  
of one's rightness  
was in inverse relation  
to their  
happiness

by Boris Daly  
I vomit with shame  
my friends have all left  
for different places  
to do the same things  
each with a knot  
in their fruit  
of the looms  
they jump and fetch  
like their asses are on fire



BEATLEFEST '82—reported by Kid Sieve

No one denies the impact they've made on the consciousness of millions. Each year, they gain legions of new fans, as the sons and daughters of original followers come of age. One of them was assassinated and the phenomenon goes on. Once-worthless merchandising gimmicks have become hideously expensive collectors' items. And this entire madness comes about on behalf of four gentlemen who let providence and a few experts guide them to the right place at the right time, and who subsequently became more legendary than any musical group before or since—and will continue to hold that unique place in rock history as far as the eye can hear.

Quite a few rock music fans don't even think about The Beatles anymore; they're quietly acknowledged in the back of many a famous and near-famous head. And while rock continues to evolve and flourish after barely a quarter-century of existence, the Beatles' music lives on, as fresh today as in 1963, '66, '69. And this simple fact, that behind the history, the turbulence, the rumors, the controversy, behind it all was the music, brings thousands of devotees together, all over the country, for annual and semi-annual Beatle-fests. I was on hand, along with the vivacious and talented Lady Linda, for the one held at the Meadowlands Hilton on the last weekend of October, 1982.

Professional Battlecon organizers Mark and Carol Lapidos can probably throw these gatherings together with their eyes closed by now, and the atmosphere proved it (that's a compliment, by the way). Special guests Harry Nilsson, songwriter Jimmy Webb, Buzzy Linhart, and former Wings guitarist Lawrence Juber all seemed extremely happy with the courtesies accorded them, and in turn gave about 105% of their considerable talents (especially in Juber's case) to a less-than-totally receptive audience composed mostly (if often seemed) of kids who were too busy with birth trauma the "first time around" to appreciate that history, if given a chance, could be created anew in tribute to what had come and gone before, as was the case with the intense jam that occurred on stage Saturday evening featuring all of the above names, plus a few extras...

My interest lay in visual stimulation, and for those who labor under the delusion that Beatles video consists of their movies and Ed Sullivan clips, you've sorely underestimated the era of which we speak. Aside from solo performances, many of which have been shown on MTV and other cable songvid outlets, there's some wonderful concert footage from 'round the world, some "behind the scenes" documentary stuff, and lots of media hype, the Beatles being probably the most publicized band in history. In addition were televised specials, cartoons (ah yes, remember those awful Beatles 'toons?) and even parodies like Eric Idle and Neil Innes' brilliant The Rutles. What boggled my mind, '60s aficionado that I am, was the audience reaction. The girls actually screamed at the faces in these 15- and 20-year-old films. It was weird, almost like a strange but acceptable form of necrophilia. I flushed with embarrassment on others' behalf when the high-pitched swooning was directed towards Lennon (somehow, teenybopper antics didn't seem appropriate to me, even if it was John circa 1962) or when Yoko drew hysterical applause (something that really teed me off as I shook my head in dazed remembrance of when she used to get booed, having been an Ono fan myself pre-1980). Well, I did something not at all like screaming. Persons that I am, I have movable traits, y'understand. I can easily slip from one character to another, then back to me, or Kip, or Elayne. It was beside the point that for purposes of ogling, one part of me thinks George the nicest looking and most bizarrely-inclined of the four (after all, 'tis he who has those mysterious Pythonesque connexions), but as I am an experimental masochist, I (or Kip) choose Lennon's persona as the one I'd most like to inhabit (I believe in all seriousness that this is a positive move, as the personality is currently not in usage). So I spent the major part of Beatlefest '82 attempting, with varying degrees of success, to think and act as I felt Johnny would've (setting aside and suspending disbelief at the fact that of course he wouldn't have gone to one of these studies in exploitation and idolatry anyway and in fact might have taken major steps to avoid same were it held anywhere near his immediate vicinity). Lady Linda, luckily, understood. Although I cannot decide whether this behaviour (some of it very unusual indeed) heightened or detracted from my experience of the proceedings, I can only be certain that I came away enlightened.

Prior to my regular indulgences in mind-enhancing substances, I had not often considered the Beatles in the light of their drug-related instances. But the significance of the "Magical Mystery Tour" era quickly came back to me, at a time when I can better comprehend its import and impact. I had an inhale or three at noon on Sunday, an hour prior to viewing "Yellow Submarine". Although by the time the psychedelic animation masterpiece played I was coming down already, I still got more of the essence of the film (to paraphrase Ms. Ackner, the "Zen" thereof) than had I remained at mere fourth-circuit brain capacity. As a completely irrelevant aside, only a Discordian could manage to focus in on a button picturing a Blue Meanie with the number "23" on its chest. Obviously a must-buy (though I must say I admirably refrained from overpurchase at the dealers' room in light of my non-employment situation, and only acquired an official convention tee, a Zappa (Bizarre-produced) double album for \$10, the White Album also for \$10, and said button). Three-fourths of MonkeeMania (see the Monkeecon report of a few issues back) received their monthly IJs—Charles F. RosenayIII, Bill Last, and John Sheridan—as did the Lady Linda of course, and my thanks to all for a super time. The next Beatlefest, yes it goes on, will also be held at the Meadowlands Hilton next spring, from March 17 through 19. Depending upon your historical viewpoint, it just might be worth it.

**KIP M. GHESIN:**

*Alter Ego*

I've been graciously (for once) asked to explain this whole alter-ego business. I said "no". I was then told, a bit more forcefully, "take it or leave". Right, so this is what it's come to. Well, better this than writing those asinine rejection letters to nincompoops who don't even bother sending for a copy of this rag before submitting their 20,000 word porno pieces. Okay, alter egos yeah yeah, I haven't forgotten...let's start with a crummy analogy. Since much of this issue seems to contain synchronous references to the Beatles, godhelpus, that'll have to do. Now, as Kid Sieve says in her Beatlecon report, she has a tendency toward George Harrison as role-models go. Elaine's the kind of person who'd flop for McCartney, sheesh. Now me, three guesses. Who do you think it was mannequined Sieve into the Lennon persona? I mean, you talk about outspoken, downright snotty in his youth...Belay that, if anyone were to be so bold as to ask me my "favorite" from the Fabricated Four, I'd reply unblinkingly, "Mick Jagger, naturally."

Elayne likes to be neutral in this shtuk drek. The Kid is a depressing optimist. If I were more naive, I'd claim to be a cynic. I'm not that nice anymore. I'm mostly bored and nasty, and I really don't care. This does not make me a pleasant androgyn around which to be. Elayne's more or less all right by normal public standards but fukkup-prone; the Kid's okay if you agree with her political attitude, which of course sucks as a personality trait. I make no pretensions; I treat everyone equally, am extremely disagreeable, not the kind you'd want to encounter in dark alleys at night, and no fun even if you do like me.

Still don't get les differences? Oh, you do ? Good, I don't favor explaining things twice.

As to goals: I will concede, reluctantly (and then only because I couldn't care less), that Sieve is the best writer of the three. And that probably only due to her fanatical devotion to whatever causes she happens to espouse from week to week. Elayne, try as she might, will never be anything but a hack, and that is because she leads a hack life. And I, being totally unfettered from the demands of reality, can do whatever the hell I please. Except, of course (and there had to be a catch), that this is Elayne's newsletter, so I can't necessarily do it here.

Don't you believe this is not a dictatorship, this little INSIDE JOKE ego-trip. Elaine keeps me and Sieve tightly bottled up at all times in her face-to-face life, and only lets us write occasionally, when she's in the mood. Otherwise, I may as well not exist. But does she give a damn? Do you? Do I? End of essay, so there.

## POLICE LOG FOR THE WEEK OF 7A 31 390

1. Several people were caught driving their cars real fast and are expected to appear in court sometime soon with money.
2. The Sheridan Press was closed down Tuesday by a squadron of angry SWAT team-types after if had publicly registered its Nth protest at being told to shove it when pestering the cops for more dirt on the locals. The entire staff has been taken into protective custody; several, it is reported, have committed suicide with HP .357 magnums. Commented former editor Dick Redburn from his private cell: "How did they expect a gossip sheet to stay in business?"

A police spokesperson who asked to be identified said, "Redburn went too far. His kind are a threat to the freedom and security of the nation, and we had to shut him down before it got out of hand. After all, with people openly criticizing the police, respect for the law is likely to decline."

3. Five or six calls were received about midnight Thursday from members of the Last-Call Church of the Holy Debauch with reports that Jesus had come back dressed in a wine skin. An officer was sent to investigate and has not been seen since. His wife is still standing by the door with her rolling pin, so if you're out there, Steve, it better be good. It was also reported that Steve has not been clocked out yet; fellow officers here wondering what the supervisor is going to think.
4. A squirming tadpole was rescued by members of the Paramedic team Friday in an exercise by the mud puddle at the corner of Coffeen and Tschirgi.
5. The Bank of Chimera (corner, Loucks & Main) was struck by a neutron bomb which dutifully exploded, killing everyone in town. Bricks and money were left intact, however. Said Doctor Murphy of the Sheridan Peach Group: "Don't say I didn't warn you!"
6. Five or six drunks roamed the streets all night, every night, while little old ladies cringed, terrified, behind their curtains. In a related incident, the newly formed Prohibition/Anti-Pandering Party managed to convince the County Commissioners to shut down all the bars. A riot ensued during which an estimated eight thousand people were bruised.
7. A number of snipers armed with snowballs were apprehended outside the Main Street Dairy Queen after terrorizing the employees with a half handful of the deadly white powder. The terrorists were later released, however, when further investigation revealed that the hostages were on the rag and could thus be excused for having lied to the authorities about the severity of the attack. Witnesses were urged to boycott said establishment and try the Arctic Circle instead, since they have better food, lower prices, and they don't hire arrogant and bitchy cheerleader types. Said an officer on duty, "----- 'em if they can't take a joke."

MARIE ANTOINETTE  
GAVE GREAT HEAD-  
(Dad)

"THERE ARE NO ATHEISTS in foxholes." This is the best argument for atheism Get Thee behind me, God. Godless Communists. 2000 Center #1314, Berkeley 94704.

**GERRY REITH:** I appreciate why you went into the wilderness, but aren't your 40 days up yet? Have the Masons got you over a barrel?

**GOT LAID OFF; wife left me; car was repossessed; mortgage foreclosed; unemployment expired—and you want ME to worry about a possible nuclear war? —McDuff**



# Miss Right by Gary S. Rosin

"You want us to do what?" The man behind the dark mahogany desk was incredulous. Alan regarded him soberly; the reaction was about what he had expected.

"It's very simple, Mr. Pentress," Alan explained again, "I wish to engage Pentress and Bromberg to assist me in locating a suitable life-companion."

Pentress snorted. "I don't think you understand, young man," he responded haughtily, "Pentress and Bromberg is not a dating service. We are one of the most respected advertising firms in New York, in the entire world, for that matter." He scowled at Alan, as if daring him to contradict it.

Alan put on his reassuring smile, trying very hard to lay it on just right; neither jovial nor frivolous, but warm and inclusive, his "we're all men of the world" smile. He surveyed the Madison Avenue office before answering, taking it all in to help him frame his response, the thick carpeting, the luxurious furnishings, and the rich paneling. "Mr. Pentress," he began, "I assure you I am quite familiar with your firm's reputation. In fact, that is why I wish to engage you, rather than one of your competitors. I need a first-rate job; only Pentress and Bromberg will do."

Pentress shifted in his chair, looking at Alan speculatively, as if weighing whether to continue the conference. At least he hadn't dismissed it out of hand, Alan thought. Here is where he needed to convince him. Alan leaned forward, looking Pentress right in the eyes to hold his attention. "Your firm has represented candidates for public office, hasn't it?" Pentress nodded. "You help people improve their image or sell something. That's all I want you to do for me. I want Pentress and Bromberg to prepare a publicity campaign to get me before the public and to let them know my assets."

Pentress probed Alan's eyes, still uncertain what to make of him. Alan met the stare evenly, neither looking away too soon nor implying belligerence. "A life-companion, you say? A male or female companion? You're not one of those..." his voice trailed off, and he cleared his throat embarrassedly.

Alan chuckled, and reassured him. "Unfortunately, I am thoroughly heterosexual. That's the problem."

Pentress sighed. "I know what you mean. I lost my wife in the Plague." There was a subtle shift in the way Pentress was sitting. Alan knew he had him.

Alan shook his head in commiseration. "I was fifteen during the Plague. We lost one of my sisters, and my mother." Alan relaxed and sat back in the chair, allowing himself to remember that terrible time. Women all over the world took sick and died. Death generally came within 36 hours or so of the onset of the first symptom. Only women were affected, and then only women over the age of puberty who had not yet gone through menopause. Eventually, they traced the disease to a virulent mutation of toxic shock syndrome and came out with a vaccine, but by then over 90 percent of the then-fertile women had died. Now there were perhaps a dozen cases a year, world-wide and the malady was seldom fatal.

Alan stirred from his recollection. "I am sure you can appreciate how bad the boy-girl ratio is these days." He did not look directly at Pentress, but just off to the side and through a handy window; even now it was a difficult subject for people to face. "I need a life-companion, and a female one. I'm just not suited for unisexual relationships. I know it can help satisfy the desire for closeness, but I want a family." Alan dropped his head pensively.

Pentress smiled. "I sympathize, young man. I am old-fashioned, too, but it's not the way of the world, these days. Have you considered..." he paused, as if reconsidering his query, then continued, "in vitro fertilization? I understand there are extensive banks of unfertilized eggs available, and the artificial wombs are quite reliable now."

Alan shook his head. There was more to a family than procreation and the continuance of the species.

Pentress sat back in his chair, folding his arms across his massive chest. He reached up with one hand to stroke his bearded chin. Alan could tell he was intrigued. "I assume your thought is to improve your odds through a suitable publicity campaign. That is an intriguing proposition, Mr. Taylor."

He is going to do it, Alan thought gleefully. "Such a campaign would have to be handled delicately; this is a sensitive matter," Alan added, hoping he hadn't laid it on a bit too thick.

Pentress' face was intent with concentration. Alan was unsure whether he was searching for a graceful way to extricate himself from the conversation, or was already plotting the campaign. Finally, he stood up and extended a hand across the desk. "Mr. Taylor, I think we might be able to help you."

It was late at night, and Alan was headed out of New York; he was going to his country home in Connecticut after a date. The date had gone pleasantly enough, but the chemistry just hadn't been there. He pushed his red sportscar through a turn, and up onto the highway, passing a billboard which featured his face and the legend, "Do you know this man?" At first he thought the idea was pushing beyond the bounds of propriety, but Pentress had been persuasive, and he had consented. He certainly had no complaints about the agency. They were doing a great job, even if he did find it hard to get used to seeing his face staring down at him from random places in the city. Every time he thought he knew where they all were, he'd stumble across another one. The whole campaign was going well, from the feature stories in various local newspapers and magazines to the spots on one of the cablevision "magazine" shows. The agency had even arranged speaking engagements across the Northeast. One side-effect of all this was an improvement in his law practice. As a matter of fact, the local bar association had come down pretty hard on him; they thought he was soliciting legal business. It took a lot of talking to convince

them otherwise—a call from Pentress hadn't been enough. The agency had even put up posters in strategic locations; Alan never saw any of those by accident, though some of his dates had told him about some of them. He had gotten some strange calls from the one someone had put in the ladies' restroom at one of the local colleges. Alan never knew if the agency had placed it there, or if it had been a prank.

The general reaction was good. He was meeting women, and having a lot of fun; he was a minor celebrity now. The only thing was to sort through all the women and to find Miss Right. All in all, he was pretty happy, though. From time to time he got crank phone calls—he was a pervert, a low-life. He took it all in stride, though.

Alan was well out into the country by now. He had driven into the city for a date and was on his way home now. As the red sportscar sped down the highway, Alan could feel the tensions of the day melting away. There was no city, no women and no Plague in the place where Alan went when driving in the country. Everything was going to work out, he was sure. Driving down the road, Alan was in control of his life. He had set a goal, and he knew where he was headed; now he just had to get there.

He came up over a hill, and noticed an odd light shining up from behind the next rise. He slowed the sportscar; there was probably an accident or something up ahead. As he approached the summit, he slowed even further, easing the car up over the crest. The angle of the light changed, and a bright object with flashing colors swooped up from the valley floor and hovered just in front of his car. Alan pulled off on the shoulder and parked. He wasn't about to move until he'd established the object's intentions. Alan had read about UFO's before, but he had never seen one himself, not that he was exactly thrilled at the prospect. He got out of the car; he had heard about gas tanks exploding and weird electro-magnetic phenomena, and didn't want to be trapped inside if anything funny happened.

The UFO was pretty much the way Alan had expected one to look when constructing them in his mind's eye while reading "I Bore The Child Of A Man From Outer Space" accounts in the National Enquirer. Roughly circular in shape, Alan estimated it to be about 30 yards across, with a row of flashing color lights running along the craft's rim. Underneath the bulk of the UFO, a gondola-like compartment broke the otherwise smooth silhouette. The compartment was maybe 10 yards across, with a row of windows along the top; some sort of figures moved inside the compartment, but Alan couldn't make out much in the way of detail.

Alan froze in a combination of wonder and terror. The craft was clearly of extraterrestrial origin, and there was no telling the intentions of the aliens who piloted it. As Alan watched dumbstruck, the ship extended three legs, and landed some hundred feet from him. The lights continued to play across the rim: now they cast surrealistic shadows on the ground. Suddenly, the air vibrated with a low-pitched humming, and a hatch opened on the underside of the gondola, revealing a gangplank leading up into the bowels of the ship. Three aliens descended from the gondola. Well, Alan thought, at least they were humanoid to the extent of being upright bipeds with one head and two arms.

The aliens were not armed, except for the one in the center, who carried a long, thin cylindrical artifact that looked to be a rifle of some kind, maybe an energy gun of some sort, though Alan couldn't see any triggering device. Alan stood rooted to the ground, afraid to do anything at all; who could tell what the aliens would interpret as threatening? So far, the creatures hadn't taken any overtly hostile actions. Alan moistened his parched lips as the aliens advanced to within fifteen feet or so of him.

They removed their helmets. One by one, they removed their helmets, and Alan gaped: standing before him were three of the most ethereal women he had ever seen. All three had long, flowing blond hair framing a face with delicate features. The one center, the one with the energy rifle, or whatever, pointed it at him. Alan's gut churned. "Are you Alan Taylor?" she asked in perfect English. Alan, amazed, nodded hesitantly. The alien female thumbed the side of the energy rifle. Alan drew his breath sharply. The cylinder unrolled, revealing one of his posters. "We're here about the ad," she said.

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

"BOB"



"When someone pretends to have  
leprosy, that's a 'lepro-con' -  
Jane Snow

"A DIAPHRAGM"

phonee: Hello?

phoner: Yes, we DO say hello when we answer the phone, don't we?

phonee: Heh-heh, yes...

phoner: Well, now that you've found me, what are you going to do with me?

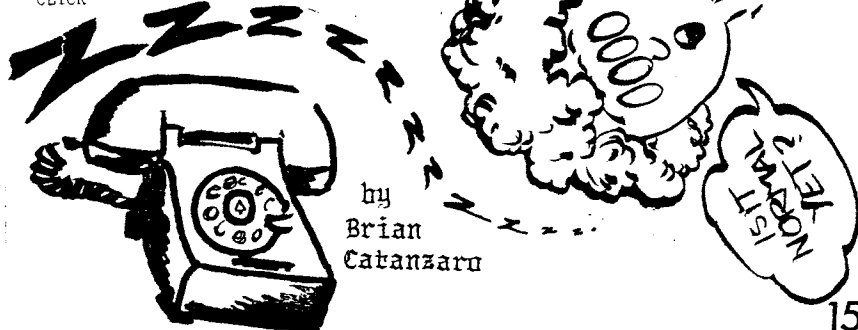
phonee: I'm going to wrap you up in chains and squirt NIVEA HAND CREAM ALL OTHER YOU!

phoner: Sounds Delightful!

phonee: Yes.

phoner: Do call again; won't you?

CLICK



# The Privacy of American Public Policy

by Gunnar Larson

We've known for many years that deceit was an old public policy in American government. But in recent years we've been discovering a new public policy—that citizen privacy is public property. Furthermore, this new public policy of privacy as public property is based largely on the old public policy of deceit.

For example, the CIA, FBI, and some local and state police organizations have maintained bugs, cameras, and files on private citizens. But they maintain that such maintenance is necessary to maintain the privacy of their public policy of putting down our privacy. In other words, if citizens like you and I weren't so selfish and narrowminded about giving up our right to privacy, they wouldn't have to use deceit in making our privacy their public property. In fact, we should be glad to sacrifice at least a teensyweensy bit of our privacy for their public policy. No matter how unnatural such a policy may seem to be, we should just accept it. We'll get used to it—just as we'll get used to concentration camps, warrantless house and business searches, and interrogative beatings which they'll gladly give us in exchange for our privacy.

This new policy of privacy as public property has even begun to make public policy public property. A case has been reported of a judge ordering a teenage girl to be sterilized without her consent or knowledge. She was told the operation was an appendectomy. Later she sued everyone concerned, including the judge. In an appeal, the United States Supreme Court by 5-3 upheld the deceit, the judge, and his doctrine that public property is more public than private.

In view of such trends in making deceit a private part of public policy, American citizens face many profound questions. Is our present public policy of privacy invasion democratic? Can public security really be achieved by private insecurity? Do government officials have the right to make their public actions their private property so they can further their freedom of deceit instead of our freedom from it? Doesn't the privacy of government deceit help many public leaders keep their public immorality private?

These fundamental questions are being discussed by Supreme Court Justice Elmer with Ophelia, a reporter. Ophelia is a friend of mine whose privacy and public property were public property for several years. But she got tired of living in a house without a home, so, like so many other sinners, she went into politics and was elected to Congress. After her first term, however, she was reborn instead of reelected. Now she's a reporter in Washington, D.C. where she watches the political version of the oldest profession being practiced by many politicians, bureaucrats, and big business-labor lobbyists.

Justice Elmer is famous for his public dissent against privacy and his private dissent against any public dissent of private citizens. He feels that any dissent—private or public—is dangerous to democracy. Instead, we need more public dissent by public officials against the privacy of private citizens, whether they dissent privately or publicly—or not at all.

"Justice Elmer, our readers want to know more about this new concept of democracy which you and your four colleagues are supporting. Isn't your invasion of privacy and public-public property an invasion of democracy?"

Elmer smiles warmly, embracing all humanity. "Ophelia, the interest of you and your readers in our idea is a welcome expression of democracy—." Elmer glares coldly, embracing all humanity.

"Just as long as you don't dissent from our idea privately or publicly!"

"Do you have a name for this addition to democracy?"

"Yes, indeed! I'm calling it Restoration Democracy."

"I see. Just what do you plan to restore?"

"Revolution!"

"Revolution?"

"Yes! Revolution by the government against citizens who would destroy the right of government officials to keep their public and public actions private."

"That's a restoration, all right, but to something like the divine right of kings. How can we have both a divine right of one or a few to rule and a natural right of the people to rule?"

"Our idea combines the two. All federal legislative and executive officials would be elected by popular vote as they are now. The President would continue to appoint us." Elmer smiles in kindness and compassion. "That way the people rule. But once a ruler is in—" Elmer sneers and points a thumb over his shoulder. "The people are out!" He puts away his thumb and puts on his smile again. "Until the next election. While we're in, the people do as we tell them—" Elmer snarls and turns down a thumb. "Or else!"

"I see. After each election, you restore yourselves to being kings and restore everybody else to being serfs."

"That's an excellent summary, Ophelia. I understood you've had experience at both ends."

"Yeah. I've been on both top and bottom in several ways. But I don't see that your Restoration is really new. Aren't most Americans usually on or near the bottom, even on election day? How can people be on top if their voting choice is usually between the lesser and greater of two evils?"

"But our system does give us a teensyweensy choice, which is more than people have in many other countries."

"But shouldn't we try to make our teensyweensy choice an itty-bitty bigger one? Doesn't human experience show that nations don't stand still very long—that they either expand or reduce individual freedom? I agree that we should be grateful that we're more demo-

MOONIES: Give 'em an Inchon, they'll take a mile. As for Moon—Keith, yes, Sun Myong, no. Counter-Cultists, 55 Sutter #487, SF 94104.

cratic than many nations, but we should also be ungrateful that we're not more democratic than we are. We need both comparisons—to others, we become apathetic. If we compare ourselves only to an ideal, we become fanatic."

"But people in general aren't as philosophical as you. They're content to let others rule them just as long as they think they have some choice."

"But many persons have been demonstrating their dissent from your view for the last 30 years. They realized they didn't have the choice, freedom, and privacy that rulers said they had. So people do become aware of this problem."

"Unfortunately, that is true. But they'd better not come into my court demanding redress."

"Yeah, I know. You'll give them regress, not redress. You'll restore them to serfing instead of ruling."

"That's right! Ophelia, I sometimes admire your insight into our small, original, self-satisfying contribution to democracy. But I wonder about the connotations of your words, the tones of your voice, and the feelings on your face. They seem dangerously like private dissent about to become public. Maybe you need a Restoration along with a few million other Americans before your private dissent does become public."

"But America doesn't need a Restoration as much as a revision of our old democracy so we can handle threats which had not been clearly foreseen. Our government needs truth, not deceit; publicity, not privacy; equality, not aristocracy. In your Restoration, all serfs would be equal only to each other, and all rulers would be equal only to each other. But why shouldn't both serfs and rulers be equal to each other?"

"Ophelia, I, my four colleagues, and the rest of the federal government do understand your view, even though we can't see how anyone could possibly sympathize with it. So we decided to award you a Restoration Medal for your interest in democracy. However, there's a small-print stipulation attached thereto, namely, that you keep your mouth shut publicly and privately. If you continue talking as you have been, you'll be tried privately for dissenting publicly!"

Ophelia shakes her head. "Some choice! Dissent and be damned or deceive and be decorated! Justice Elmer, I think I prefer the public damnation from dissent to my own private damnation from deceit."

Justice Elmer shrugs and hands Ophelia an official document. "I figured you might refuse, Ophelia, so I came prepared with a warrant for your Arrest and Restoration. You'll stay in jail six months without bail while you wait for your speedy, fair, and private trial to begin. As soon as we find you guilty, we'll enroll you in our tuition-free Restoration Program."

"What kind of program is that?"

"First, we inoculate you physically and spiritually. The drugs we use lessen your resistance to new ideas. In between snatches of food and sleep you read and listen to long, boring lectures about Restoration Democracy. Each day for homework you write a hundred times, 'I will revile and revise my unrestored democracy so I can more quickly and lovingly embrace Restoration Democracy and its Heavenly Fathers, Supreme Court Justice Elmer and his four colleagues.' You'll soon be glad to accept Restoration Democracy to escape from our program."

"Y-Y-Y-You mean I'll develop an attitude of gratitude?"

"Yes, indeed! Some day you'll thank us for helping you graduate to new and brighter horizons, new and higher ideals. Think of it! You can join the President by being born again!"

"W-W-W-Will there be an exercise for my Graduation Unto Restoration?"

"Just as soon as you pass the final test."

"M-M-M-Maybe I shouldn't ask, but w-w-w-hat is the final test?"

"You will be attached to a lie detector and then asked intimate and searching questions about your belief, enthusiasm, and love for Restoration Democracy and our government, especially the Supreme Court. And do we have private ways to get the right public readings on the detector!"

"If I pass, w-w-w-hat happens to me in the graduation program?"

"First, you have to be certified as recovered from our Restoration Rites in which you give up all your rights to independence so you'll have room only for responsibilities to the government. If you are fully recovered, then on graduation day you crawl on your hands and knees from your seat in the audience to your place on the stage three blocks away. This symbolizes your new humbleness before the Supreme Court and the other five lesser branches of government—in order of their contribution to Restoration Democracy—Big Business Lobbyists, the Bureaucracy, the Pentagon, the President, and Congress. When you reach the stage, you raise on hand off the floor in supplication. Keep your head down! Then we toss you the diploma. That will be a sign unto you that the government as replaced your old, wornout independence and individualism which you always placed before God and Government until you were restored unto the truth. Then you crawl back to your seat and wait there until we assign you a number, a husband, a job, and a future. Then you're ready and free to live again!"

"And if I don't pass the recovery test, w-w-w-hat happens?"

"What happened to Judge Crater and Jimmy Hoffa?"

"I see. I really do have a choice, don't I? Either I get it in my head or I get it in the other end."

"Right, Ophelia! Keep it up! I think you'll do very well. You're showing a deep insight into our new dictatorial democracy."

DOWN WITH BILLY MARTINE! and all other bosses. Let's organize the self-managed Oakland Circle-A's and play for keeps. Free Agents, 200 Center #1314, Berkeley 94704.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR PIGRAMS which will redefine stupidity as a form of wit. Fatuous! Box 2267, Berkeley 94702.

WANTED BY EDITOR - MARGINAL ART TO FILL THESE MARGINAL SPACES

## NATURAL DISASTER SCOREBOARD FOR 1982

CALIFORNIA
NEW YORK

**SMOG**  
EARTHQUAKES  
BRUSH-FIRES  
MUDSLIDES  
MED-FLIES  
FRED SILVERMAN

**SMOG**  
FLASH BLIZZARD  
RECORD COLD WAVE  
MINOR DROUGHT  
GYPSY MOTHS  
GEORGE STEINBRENNER

*Have a Nice Day!*  
— Ted Mantley

having Christmas two years out of every three would make New Year's Eve an even bigger day, as it rightfully deserves to be. Plus we wouldn't have to shop, cut down growing trees and respiratory patients, put up decorations, buy gifts and most of all, fear the Russians. Just drink and throw up on each other. No big meals either.

I doubt few people would object to hearing less Christmas music. It starts in early November and doesn't end until after New Year's. Under the new system, Christmas music could not be played or sung from noon Christmas Eve until midnight Christmas Day. Anyone caught singing or playing carols outside that time would be rounded up by the Christmas Law Squad—composed of pro football players who were fired after they went on strike demanding New Year's Eve be celebrated every Saturday—and thrown into decorated Christmas Truth Cells where violators would spend all their days until the next scheduled Christmas listening to a medley of carols sung by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. For those caught trying to celebrate Christmas during "off years", the penalty would be similar except they'd have to stay in a Truth Cell until the second celebrated Christmas after their capture. Some folks could conceivably spend as much as six years in a Truth Cell, and depending upon the severity of their crimes, may have to listen to Willie Nelson's renditions of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and "Frosty the Snowman" and, of course, Bing Crosby doing "White Christmas".

On the years when Christmas is observed, the holiday itself could not be implied or mentioned until December 15. This includes the sale of any items pertaining to Christmas, or any advertising that includes even the slightest hint at the holiday. Violators of these laws would be sentenced to time in a Truth Cell until the third Christmas after the crime was committed. That's up to nine years spending twenty hours per day, five times each hour reciting "The Night Before Christmas". The guards, also ex-football players, would whip the prisoners with a string of lights if they failed to make the five times per hour quota.

What about Santa Claus? Well, for one thing, more stores wouldn't have to spend so much money paying fat, unemployed bums to play Santa, especially when everyone, including even the smallest children, know they're fakes. And the rest of us wouldn't feel we ought to drop a quarter in the Salvation Army bucket because we think the Army may invest in a real Santa suit next year instead of giving their Santa their clothing rejects and still hoping to pass him off as something more than your ordinary Salvation Army welfare case.

I'm not fooled by the frauds. I know it's rough for the real Saint Nick. Her certainly doesn't have the time to sit in department stores and stand on street corners ringing a bell for the Salvation Army. Besides, the real Santa has more dignity than that. You've got to give the old boy credit, travelling around the world every year in only one night. It's so much work it takes him a year to get ready, and then some people have the nerve to say he forgot about them, or he didn't give them what they wanted. But when you think about how long he's been doing it (25 years at least!), you wonder how much longer he can last. But if Christmas were held just once every three years, the old man could sit down after returning home Christmas morning and enjoy a toasty glass of hot chocolate with bourbon, instead of popping a Rolaid in return for all the goodies left for him the night before, and giving the elves hell for all the toys that didn't work Christmas morning. Then back to work. No rest, no break. One of these day's Santa's doctor is going to give him the ultimatum: slow down or you'll be lying down—for good. I shudder at such a notion. Imagine Christmas without Santa Claus. I can't. The old man needs a rest, so no matter what you think of this new system, you have to admit it's starting to make sense. I do like Christmas, but in moderation. We could certainly sacrifice two years out of every three to preserve both Santa and the holiday. I don't think that's too much to ask when it comes to Santa's well-being.

Contrary to what you might think, I'm not a scrooge or grinch out to abduct Christmas from all the good people of the world. I just think lesser is better, even when it pertains to Christmas.

Every year I hear people grumbling about not being in the Christmas spirit. I'm not sure what the Christmas spirit is, but I've got an idea it has something to do with celebrating Christmas because you want to, not because the calendar says December 25th is just around the corner.

I sincerely believe that if Christmas were celebrated once every three years, instead of every year, there'd be a lot less giving out of obligation and more out of love and good will. And that's what Christmas is all about in the first place.

#### RESUME

Joan McNeerney  
214 Sterling Place  
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234

Objective  
To be an \*\*\*ALTERNATE\*\*\* AMERICAN\*\*\*

Secretary  
Born near the 4th of July in Brooklyn, New York, a Yankee double-darling. Excellent health includes bronchitis, burnitis, varicose veins. A mere six foot, 200 pounds in flux.

#### experience

1965-1977 UNCLE SAM'S INDUSTRIES, No. Point Boulevard, Brooklyn, NY  
While employed by this patriotic firm, yanks than & thru, red, white & blue: I took dictation (I love being dictated to by medium-sized men), transcribed correspondence, despatched, put de data on de ditto, trips for vips, relief switch, transcribed belts, filed briefs, collated, waited, stuffed, licked and stamped.

Reason for Termination: I think it was the day I wore my red type-writer ribbon.

Starting Salary: \$99.99 per week  
Leaving Salary: \$100.00 per week

Title: The Girl/She

#### education

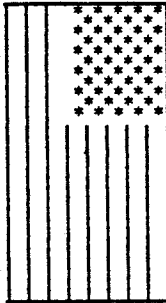
Received all A+'s in the first grade except for an A in Effort. I never did that well again.

#### hobbies

Besides listening to Muzak on the radio, I like to design paper-clip, jewelry and can make coffee in any style.

#### references

Would be glad to type any references that you might require and can also paint signs.



by Gary Ishler

Aside from maybe God, I'm not really sure who's responsible for Christmas. One would think it might be Santa Claus, that is, if you believe such a fellow exists, or—excuse me—lives. But be it God, Santa or even Bing Crosby, I hope someone important hears what I have to say.

I believe Christmas is dying. Now that's ironic because the basis of the holiday is birth. Something drastic must be done post haste, and I think I may have a solution. Let me explain.

Very simply, I want to see Christmas reduced from a once a year holiday to a once every three years celebration. For example, if Christmas is observed in 1983, as it probably will be, it wouldn't be celebrated again until 1986. Now that's two full years without any Christmas at all. None. Not even the most casual mention of the season or the day. Just think, no shopping. No holiday bills. No kids screaming for this or that. The list goes on and on. Hardly miss it already, right?

Think of all the other advantages of putting up with Christmas only once every three years. That's only one year of shopping instead of three, meaning two-thirds less money spent. If for some reason you feel compelled to make up for the two years in between, just remember this is a chance to save money—lots of it. Don't blow the opportunity and your wallet.

Shopping is only part of it. We wouldn't have to fool around with Christmas decorations and, of course, Christmas trees. Every year well-meaning folks chop down innocent spruce and fir trees, most no more than six feet high, and load so much cheap junk on them that the limbs fall under the weight. I think we ought to start cutting down people under six feet tall and decorate their arms and legs with tawdry ornaments. Trees are worth a lot more than a week or two at Christmas. All those skeletal trees we find every January laying at the bottoms of roadside dumps could well've made breathing just a little bit easier for a few poor, old respiratory patients. Perhaps we can use those respiratory patients under six feet in place of Christmas trees so both can benefit for once.

I feel quite strongly about the environment, not just when it comes to Christmas trees and respiratory patients, but also on wasted energy for Christmas lights. Suppose the Russians decide to attack during the Christmas season. They'd have little trouble locating the populated areas for all the Christmas lighting. It's almost like putting out a huge lighted target and challenging them to hit it.

These are among the most important reasons for cutting down the number of times we celebrate Christmas. We can only pray the Russians don't attack on that third year.

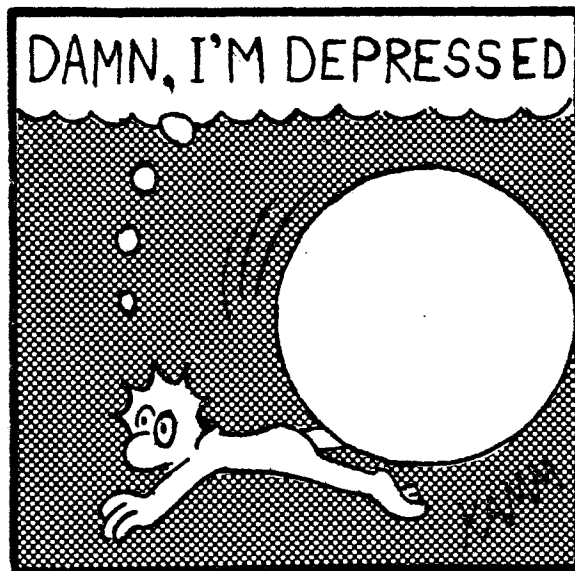
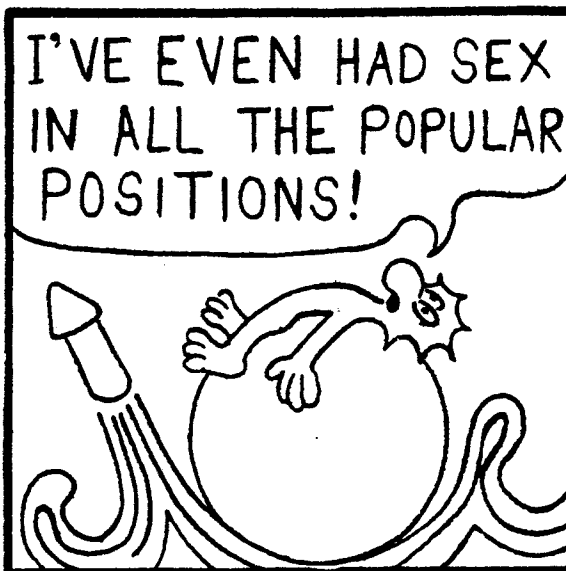
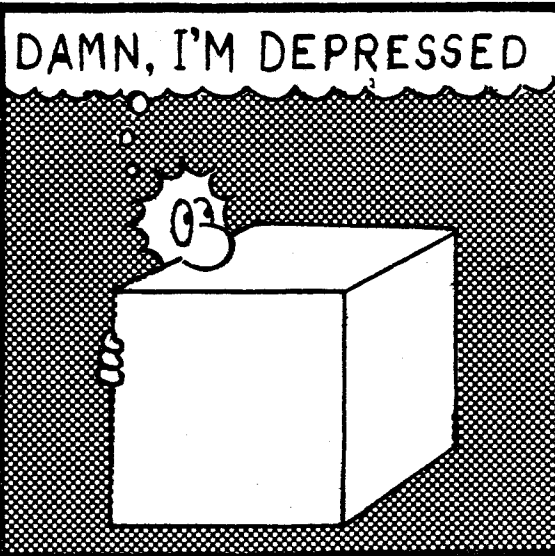
On top of those reasons for the change, there'll be a few smaller benefits. The extra two years would give you plenty of time to decide who to buy for and what to buy, if you are so lucky. With all that extra time, if somebody pisses you off, you have time to scratch them from the list. That means no money for them, either.

We'd probably all be a lot healthier too, devouring only about a third as much Christmas and holiday calories as before. Excess winter pounds wouldn't be as hard to lose because there wouldn't be as many gained without annual Christmases. Now, about the time you shed the pounds from one Christmas, guess what? It's time to start all over again. And Mom wouldn't have to spend so much time slaving behind a hot stove. She'll have more time to concentrate on more pressing chores, like washing, dusting, cleaning, and, of course, cooking.

Some of us might drink less booze with less Christmas, but a true drinker doesn't need Christmas to justify his habit. Keep in mind I'm not advocating a reduced form of New Year's Eve. Maybe not

SAVING  
CHRIST-  
MAS-  
(1/3 OF  
THE TIME)

"At this  
time of  
year,  
remember  
the needy.  
They'll be  
here, when  
you're not."  
Rejected  
Christmas  
ad campaign



# Questionnaire Results

PART II: Well, I didn't really want to do this part, 'cause it was kinda hard to pick "winners" from the folks who filled in the two captions, and with the ad copy, it was more for my own information than for reprinting, but here goes: Adjectives used to describe IJ included "Groovy, fab, farmout, blandonocassion..." (Sema; the Elder); "Interesting, eccentric, eclectic..." (Mary Jessup); "Skim-proof" (Luke McGuff). Coming-events-type ads were "Comedy! Adventure! Suspense! Danger! Torrid romance! And all for less than a night at the Met. INSIDE JOKE—if you don't get it, tough!" (David Morgan), and "Comedy! Creativity! Letters! Fun! Excitement! Thrills! Like nothing you've read before! You'll laugh, you'll cry! only \$1 an issue! My God, buy it!" (Paul Zuckerman). Descriptions ran like, "INSIDE JOKE has an irreverent itch for every funnybone; non-sequiters, too." (Fred Wright); "INSIDE JOKE is lotsa fun...Look forward to each issue" (Ace Backwoods); "INSIDE JOKE is an insult to your friends' intelligence (essentially because they can't understand it)" (Steve Chaput); "INSIDE JOKE is the Atari and Intellivision of small publications" (Connon Barclay); and a favorite of mine, "It's this thing that comes in the mail whether I want it to or not" (Lisa Bottini). Also, "IJ is freaking out my new technical pen" (Luke McGuff); "INSIDE JOKE is known for the intelligence of its lunacy" (David Palter); "An obscene act indulged in by consenting adults...and fun too!" (Brian Pearce); "Not everyone gets it, but those who do relish it" (Steven Scharff); "INSIDE JOKE—the place where smart people go" (John Crawford); "IJ—the wild and versatile newsletter of a different concept and mode, one that gives you all you can handle" (Ron Flowers); "The zine that makes armchair psychology as obsolete as margarine made from beef suet" (Mike Gundeloy); and "INSIDE JOKE promises to become as necessary for this generation of readers as The American Mercury was for that of the twenties" (Gerry Reith). It gets more obscure—"Provokes sustained laughter in the manner associated with the finest Greek theatre... Kudos toilette" (Jim Tauscher); "Refer to Roget's College Thesaurus under the heading of weird (I especially favor the term 'eldritch')" (Pat Downs); "If Zooty-Kazooty hooted to every hoot and holler he'd be the first caller to take INSIDE JOKE, roll it up in a Zigzag and take the first toke" (unknown what Macedonio Garcia was really reading when he wrote this); and "Contains a substance known as adeneidine phosphate, crucial to hair growth" (Where have I heard that before, Greg Blair?). Indirect orders were "Show your parents INSIDE JOKE instead of your next report card" (Dale Ashmun) and "Buy INSIDE JOKE because only a stupid wimp would turn down an opportunity to part with a buck-fifty for pages and pages of GOOD CLEAN FUN" (that's only \$1, Kiel Stuart). Two interesting viewpoints—"Reality and honesty can never be commercially successful" (John Scharff) and "IJ is anti-ad copy. You will never see nubile adolescents cavorting on a beach and sucking on an IJ during a break in the programming" (Joe Schwind). Brian Catanzaro had the record, I think, for the most ad copy fit into something that was only supposed to be 25 words—"INSIDE JOKE—Who knows if it's really funny?" "INSIDE JOKE: organised as a service of the minds of all-Americans just like you! Well, almost like you" "INSIDE JOKE replaces conventional reading...with unconventional writing//for those who lose their place in crowds//with the new math//with styles and colors for the whole family//and my girlfriend/boyfriend loves it//and I pay my masseuse extra to wear it//with something you'll feel at home with//with nothing you don't already know//without any unpleasant aftertaste//and forgets about it//etc. etc.". Oh yes, and one more from Brian, "Your stomach will hurt from laughing at collections of thoughts on surviving wars with melting jellyfish. Exclusively INSIDE JOKE." Now, as for the caption fill-ins, I tried to narrow answers down to ones which were not so tasteless or incoherent that they weren't funny or creative, and that left too few as runners-up. I couldn't really pick a winner, so all the runners-up will be receiving our consolation prize\* care of Art Reply—a beautiful 1982 NFL Official Schedule (heh heh)! I won't print names on this one, you know who you are. The first caption had the following: "Augh! My ears have grown 3 feet in the past 20 minutes!"; "Help! They renewed 'Flipper Goes To Nightschool!'; "Oh my god, I'm sweating profusely!"; "Help! Help! My arms and legs are growing out of my head!"; "Aargh! SPAM!"; and, believe it or not, four variations on "The \_\_\_\_\_ is/are coming, the \_\_\_\_\_ is/are coming!"—"Reality" (minus "the"); "Reagonomics"; "Monkees"; and of course, "fnords". For the second caption, the answers I chose as most worthy (and again, remember that the choice is completely mine and pretty arbitrary, so it doesn't mean others weren't funny, it just means I may not have found them so) were "All right, you crazy sausage, what have you done with my clothes?"; "So I have faults too, Irwin; that doesn't mean you can't CORRECT YOURS!"; "Who the hell are you calling two-dimensional?"; "You think it's easy to live with pointed feet?"; "Now, don't get angry at me—it's Charles Smith's fault that your breasts look like quotation marks"; "No, the monogram on my chest is not 'Victoria Vassal!'; "Dammit! Take off your shoes and socks and I'll prove to you once and for all that your toenails are where they've always been!"; "That's the worst impression of ET I've seen yet!"; and "You were at an Oingo Boingo concert, my ass! You've been out with the Tupperware lady again!" No comment so far from artist Charles Smith. If you'd like a copy of the questionnaire for fun, or to send in answers anyway, let me know.

\* Yes, Virginia, there is a catch. Since the questionnaires were disposed of, I've forgotten who sent 'em? who didn't, so you're going to have to SASE for those NFL Schedules, sorry...

## A Short Story with No Moral #2 by Tony Renner



There was once a man who drank exactly 1.5 cups of coffee with breakfast every morning. The man would vary his menu in every other respect, eggs and bacon one morning, french toast the next, but he would always drink 1.5 cups of coffee.

When he had friends over for breakfast, they would often ask him, "Why do you always drink exactly 1.5 cups of coffee? Why not drink two cups or just one?"

### THE MAN WHO DRANK EXACTLY 1.5 CUPS OF COFFEE UPON DISCOVERING THAT HIS FAITHFUL COFFEE POT WAS BROKEN.

"Well," he would invariably respond, "I've always drunk this much coffee for breakfast and I see no need to change my ways now."

One morning the unexpected happened; the coffee pot which the man had used day in and day out for many, many years finally stopped working. "Oh, dear," the man said, "I'll have to go to the department store and buy another coffee pot."

Since he couldn't have breakfast at home—the thought of eating without having his coffee never even crossed his mind—the man decided to stop at a diner on the corner near his home. The diner was small and not a little disreputable looking but the man didn't notice.

He took a seat at the counter next to an old, old man with a long white beard. "Good morning," he said, "I'm on my way to the department store to buy a new coffee pot. My old one gave up the ghost this morning."

The old, old man said nothing. "What'll you have," asked the diner's one employee, a middle-aged man who served as both cook and waitress.

Before the man could respond, the old, old man leaped off of his stool, brandished a .357 magnum and shot the man between the eyes. Blood, bits of brain and particles of bone showered the diner. The old man sat back down.

"Why, why did you do that," cried the diner's employee. "Well," replied the old, old man, "psychosis, I guess."

## The Three Veils and the Sephiroth in Ruach

000 - None of it is real. Honest Injun. by Fra. Disica, 93

- 00 - I guess. Who knows?
- 1 - Still, the better percentage of us agree that there is something.
- 2 - Most of us feel that the statement "I exist" is true.
- 3 - Most of us realize that there are other things Out There saying "I exist".

So, what can we do together?

- 4 - Well, most of us agree that a certain amount of the stuff out there is mutually apparent to most of us.
- 5 - And we can do things with this stuff.
- 6 - Heck, we can even make sorta fancy patterns and like that with it.

and, you know what?

- 7 - Doing this is fun and
- 8 - Doing this is instructive and
- 9 - Wow, you can make said patterns show up all over the fucking place and
- 10 - Shit, you can even bump into them.

Fra. Damfino's Commentary—After hearing the Qabala of Disica the disciples of Fra. Damfino (who were actually nobody, our noble Fra. being quite alone at the time, however it did console him greatly to often speak to himself in an awestruck and servile manner) cried, awestruckly and servilely (check it out!), "What, O Holy One, does this mean for vile humans such as we are?"

And the Holy One took a hit off his Bud and replied—"Look, it's a matter of priorities. Old Uncle Ale said something to the effect that when you play a game of chess you'll suffer all kinds of anguish and humiliation rather than destroy the illusion of the game, yet, should something truly important to you call, you would not hesitate to rise from the board, nay, even kick the fucker over. Such illusions as "society", "money", or "government" can be useful ways of playing the game of your life. As good tools should, they can ease your labor and make more pleasant your going. But remember that they are only tools. For a night and a night they may be used as weapons, but eventually the Others will remember their part of the Bargain. Then the Paper Chains will not bind and the Jello Sword shall not cleave. AUM HA. =hic!="

Yes — you may have suggested already from the information disease of the TV Age. Root out your false programming and mentally bash it to hell. Face the facts with a jackhammer of morbid yuks. Total Abnormality Potential! Totally Cynical! Deliberately Different! If you think you're strange, try The SubGenius Foundation and find out what 'strange' is. Incense pamphlet \$1.

Post No Bills

OFFICIAL ALL-PURPOSE CERTIFICATE OF EXCELLENCE  
Takes about 2 hours to read — the ultimate in fine print. Better can do no wrong. Looks authentic. Only \$4 from The SubGenius Foundation

Insane Manifesto for Correct Human Behavior!  
Takes human folly one step further, enlarging the boundaries of experience no matter how insane and/or disturbing.



# GOOD WITH CHILDREN

by Walt Lockley

Tired of playing with the fraying endings of the curtains, Freddie let himself outside. It was medium cool outside with a promising breeze. It was no particular season at all. In contrast to the concrete stoop there was an inviting circular patch of mud, good quality mud, no rot in it; it had a halo of green grass in single blades. Freddie put his little foot in it. The mud went 'blurpt' pleasantly.

"Better than watching t.v.?" somebody said.

"Yeah," said Freddie, before he realized, really. He wasn't supposed to talk to strangers but it was so much trouble sorting out what a stranger exactly was. Lots of people in the house Freddie didn't know and never would—too, Freddie already knew that, if he didn't talk to anyone new, his destiny was to be narrowed considerably. "Hello."

"Hello," somebody said. This somebody was a student from down the college road. Somebody's large toes lived comfortably with the sandals and somebody's narrow chest knocked around in his denim. Somebody had a name. "I'm Michael. What's your name?"

"My name's Freddie. Mom calls me Little Freddie."

"Is your father's name Freddie?"

"No. My Uncle Freddie's is, though." Little Freddie played in the mud with that distracted air children have when they're being deferential.

"I bet you like playing in the mud. You're pretty good at it."

"Thank you," Freddie stomped around as if to prove it.

"I still play in the mud occasionally. It depends on how I feel, mostly." Michael swivelled and sat easily on the bottom step. Some of the rough-edged concrete cut his bare thigh and he'd notice that later. "You live here?"

"Uh huh."

"What happens—what would happen if you went inside and got a grink right now?"

Little Freddie looked up for the first time. Michael smiled to let him know he was kidding. Freddie asked eagerly, "Are you thirsty?"

"Thank you very much for asking. No, thank you. I was just wondering what would happen if you went in," Michael pointed to Freddie's tiny pink and brown-stained tootsies. The little boy obediently looked down, "like that."

"Oh," giggled Freddie, freshly understanding. "A lot, I guess."

"I guess so."

Freddie's mother sensed the dark shape of Michael's back on the step while doing some cleaning. She rushed out and heard a few words of conversation, enough to dethrone her primary fears but not to convince her of anyone's good intentions; that is, she didn't go for the revolver. Appraising the young man, she decided he was the bearded type who would go off on lonely walks hoping people would recognize his depth, who'd advertise his love of Nature and pick up beer cans. They were chatting away but of course little kids'll talk to anybody. Lucky Alex isn't home, Freddie's mother thought. He'd have a fit.

She opened the screen door so it bumped Michael. Michael stood politely, bent from the waist and introduced himself. Freddie looked up trustingly from his mud, wondering what next. As plainly as she could Mother said, "Freddie, go out front and hose off, now. Time to come in."

Freddie didn't acknowledge that he'd just come out. He went away without acknowledging Michael, leaving the Art Major standing there trespassing without even a minor ally, so Michael had to say something. "He looks like a grand kid."

Mother, framed by the door, patiently nodded.

"I saw your flower patch on the way in—just walking through the woods. I'm an Art Major. Everything's coming in."

She brightened a little at that, took her screen-door shield away and actually made a little conversation. After he'd tromped away she looked after and thought that he wasn't such a bad person as the first judgement, maybe he was sincere and not a throwback or a poser, maybe he'd make a decent and safe babysitter—but no. She rejected that out of hand. That he would have so much time to spend on Freddie was beside the point. As Mother returned to her merciless vacuum cleaning Freddie slammed the front door entering, all clean.

## License to Manipulate

(Back once more, to answer the questions burning in everyone's heart—especially after those pasta dinners!—here's Coop!)

Dear Coop,

My husband and I are having a disagreement over where to go on vacation. I want to go to New York and he wants to go to Los Angeles. I keep telling him all the advantages of the Big Apple like the museums, Broadway shows, shopping, nice hotels, good restaurants, and, of course, the orchestras, operas and ballets. He tells me of the weather, beaches, game shows, tacky tours of celebrities' neighborhoods and glitzy night life of Los Angeles. I give him culture with a capital "C" and he gives me culture in neon. We're almost willing to take separate vacations but after thirteen years together it would be too strange. What will we do?

STUMPED & HUBBY

(Dear S & H,

First, call American Express so your vacation won't be ruined. Then go to St. Louis as a compromise. Not NYC and LA are highly overrated. What's wrong with Eugene, OR or Bangor, ME or Yuma, AZ or Tallahassee, FL? Nobody ever thinks of going to any of those

# Another Bedtime Story

by Beth Hendricks-Dugwyler

One day little Red Riding Hood wandered into the kitchen for a Pepsi to see her mother bagging up some goodies.

"Whatcha doin', Mom?" little Red Riding Hood asked.

"I'm putting together some goodies for Grandma," her mother answered. "Would you like to take them to her?"

"Nah," little Red Riding Hood replied. "I'm busy."

"I'll buy you a new pair of skates."

"Okay, it's a deal," little Red Riding Hood said, and she skipped over to the closet and got out her pretty red cape with the matching hood, and then took the basket of goodies from her mother.

"Now before you go," her mother said, "I want to warn you about one thing. If you see the Big Bad Wolf, don't you stop and talk to him. You just continue on your way."

So Red Riding Hood skipped on down the street, taking a nibble or two of the goodies in the basket. She hadn't gone but two blocks, when a blue Mercedes pulled up beside her.

The Big Bad Wolf stuck his head out of the window of the car.

"Hey, pretty little girl," he said, "where are you going with your pretty red cape on and your basket of goodies?"

And little Red Riding Hood said, "Go away, you son of a bitch. You're two months behind on your child support payments, and Mom says I'm not supposed to talk to you until you pay up."

So the Big Bad Wolf drove away. He took a shortcut to Grandma's house, parked the Mercedes out back, and knocked on her kitchen door.

"Who's there?" Grandma called, when she heard the knock.

"Little Red Riding Hood," the Big Bad Wolf said in a high-pitched voice.

Grandma flung the door open and said in a throaty voice, "Oh, you sly devil!"

"You love it," said the Big Bad Wolf, and gobbled Grandma up. Afterwards, he put on Grandma's nightcap and gown and danced around the kitchen.

He was still dancing when little Red Riding Hood knocked on the door.

"Oh, dear," Grandma said from the bedpost the Big Bad Wolf had tied her to. "We can't let the child see us this way. What shall we do?"

The Big Bad Wolf did some fast thinking. He hid Grandma underneath the bedspread and, since he was already wearing Grandma's nightclothes, he decided he'd pretend to be her. He opened the door the little Red Riding Hood and said, "Oh, gracious, it's my dear little granddaughter, little Red Riding Hood, with a basket of goodies. I'll take those off your hands." And he reached for the basket.

But little Red Riding Hood was no dummy. She snatched the goodies away and said, "Cut the crap, you jerk—you can't fool me with that phony get-up. I know it's you. Where's Gram?" She pulled away the bedspread that the Big Bad Wolf had hidden Grandma with, and saw that she was tied to the bedpost.

"So, up to your old tricks again, huh? I've half a mind to tell Mom about you two."

"No, please, don't do that," begged the Big Bad Wolf. "Knowing you mother, it would probably give her a nervous breakdown."

"I don't know," little Red Riding Hood said. "You and Gram are getting kinda kinky. Maybe it's my duty to tell her."

"Listen, dear," Grandma said from her place at the bedpost, "keep your mouth shut and I'll buy you a new pocket stereo with headphones."

"And I'll buy some tapes to go with it," the Big Bad Wolf added.

"It's a deal," said little Red Riding Hood, and taking her basket of goodies, she went on her way home, calling over her shoulder, "Have fun, you perverts!"

When she got home, little Red Riding Hood decided to tell her mother about the Big Bad Wolf eating Grandma anyway. Her mother had a nervous breakdown over it, and now goes to an analyst five times a week, which gives little Red Riding Hood lots of free time to do what she likes with her new roller skates, her pocket stereo and tapes and the basket of goodies, which she kept for herself and enjoys to this very day.

cities. The sun doesn't rise and set for NYC and LA, you know. You've been conditioned by TV to think that those are the only two cities that matter. Regardless of where a sitcom says it takes place, it always looks like NYC or LA. Forget them. There's a long stretch of road between them that is worth seeing. Better yet, get your shots and leave the country. If you limit yourselves to a choice of two, the chances of your agreeing are smaller than if your choice was among thousands of places. By the way, send me a postcard. I care.

(COOP)

Dear Coop,

As you may be aware, Bleary's problem could also be a poltergeist. They have been known to play in TV sets and are just dazzling when they do. I hope I've been a little help.

STEVEN SPILTBURGER

(Dear Steven,

We all know that that stuff only happens in movies. How long has this delusion troubled you?

(COOP)

(Gosh, for a supposedly amusing and amused readership, not too many of youse have taken advantage of Coop's offer to be a pigeon—okay, ha, ha—for your questions. Send 'em to Box 714, Bristol, Rhode Island—somebody's gotta live there—02809.)

HOW MANY GEEKS DOES IT TAKE TO CHANGE A LIGHT BULB?  
TWO. ONE TO PUT IN THE NEW ONE AND ONE TO SITE THE HEAD OFF THE OLD ONE. — Arthur Hanley

# THE LAW & ORDER HANDBOOK

Illustration by Rolan  
by RICHARD WEINSTOCK

## CHAPTER FOUR BRINGING LAW & ORDER POLITICS TO YOUR COMMUNITY

Why law and order politics? Most citizens of our fair Country yearn for the days of yesteryear when criminals were not coddled and it was safe to walk the streets. They would love nothing better than to live in a smaller, close-knit community with all the modern amenities where everyone fits into place and there are abundant opportunities for social and economic mobility. In short, they crave law and order. For reasons of little concern to the practical traditionalist, this is not possible. So the next best thing is "law and order" politics. Law and order politics works on several important premises. The first and most important of these is that crooks don't vote and therefore make good campaign targets in an election. It is not enough, however, merely to attack crooks. Because offenders do not vote it is a safe bet that every candidate in an election will be against them. Thus the second premise is to attack the opposition candidate. Most opposition candidates can be shown to be soft on criminals in a properly managed law and order campaign. This will be dealt with at greater length later on in the chapter.

### What Position To Run For

Only certain offices are good for law and order campaigns such as District Attorney, Judge, Mayor, and Dogcatcher. Bad positions include Sewage Board member, Registrar of voters and Parks Commissioner.

Also some occupational positions are ideal as springboards into law and order politics such as Police Chief, School Principal, Corporate Attorney, Athlete, Movie Star, and General (three stars and above). Paradoxically "Rent-A-Cops" and prison guards make poor candidates as do sergeants, milkmen, ballet dancers and den mothers.

### Organizing and Financing The Law and Order Campaign

Having made the decision to run for office, the next issue for the law and order candidate is campaign managers and participants. At first glance the answer to this would seem to be to get widespread public participation by the upstanding and right-thinking people in the community. That would be a big mistake. The correct answer is to hire public relations firms specializing in elections. Some are very good, having fifty or more years of experience running law and order campaigns. Don't be surprised if you have to go out of your community to get the right firm. Check the yellow pages of cities in which the crime rate is the very highest, e.g. New York City, Birmingham, Ala., Baltimore. These cities are likely to have had law and order politics the longest, and therefore have the most experienced "P.R." firms.

Fundraising is another big consideration of any campaign. One might guess that crime victims would be the easiest to hit up for contributions. Again, the first impression is the wrong one. Getting money from victims is not easy. The liquor store owner may have just been cleaned out. The battered wife may feel remorse towards her brutal husband, and together with him, attack the fundraiser. If the latter goes to the home of a person recently burglarized, he may be shot by its edgy owner. Thus the smart campaigner goes to well-heeled institutions for funds. At the local level businesses and developers are a good source. At State and Federal levels, lobbyists of all kinds are eager to fill campaign coffers. Why should these people care about political campaigns? The reason is that they believe that an organization should not exist unless it is efficient and profitable. They therefore keep the political system working by making it profitable for their clients. Law and order campaigns fit in well with these endeavors mainly because criminals do not have lobbyists. Business, professional and trade lobbyists thus know that law and order politics is a good investment.

### Campaigning Against The Opposition

In every political contest in which the law and order issue may be injected, there are basically two types of opponents. The first of these is very knowledgeable about crime, the criminal justice system, and violent behavior. In a debate he may be able to cite verbatim the findings and recommendations of the National Commission On Crime and Violence, surveys on the effects of capital punishment, theories on the root causes of criminality, and rates of recidivism. This is the best type of candidate to run a law and order campaign against. First of all he is a valuable source of information about crime and all of its ramifications which the successful law and order candidate can use once he gets into office. The latter, of course, wisely will not bother to read the thousands of pages of books and surveys on the subjects, knowing that they have nothing whatever to do with winning at the polls. Second, this type of candidate obviously knows nothing about politics and will be easy to beat. The successful candidate concerned with crime studies voters, not criminals. Third, the knowledge of the crime-knowledgeable candidate can easily be turned against him to prove that he is soft, lenient or liberal on criminals. Thousands of pages of books and surveys would appear to make crime a complex issue when, as most voters know, it is simple. Thus the knowledgeable candidate is liberal. Any person against capital punishment for any reason is "soft", and anyone who considers socio-economic factors of some importance in creating criminals is "lenient".

This first type of candidate will surround himself with criminologists, urbanologists, sociologists, psychologists and anthropologists.

The successful law and order aspirant will surround himself with make-up artists, speech writers, pollsters, and advertising consultants.

The second type of candidate that one may find as a potential opponent knows nothing about crime, electoral politics of anything else. Enter a race against such a candidate with great caution. He may very well have gained complete financial support from all the lobbyists around and his campaign may be managed by a top public relations firm.

### Finessing The Issues

Inevitably every candidate, no matter how skilled, must eventually discuss the issues. This is more of a challenge than a problem to the law and order candidate. The key to discussing the issues successfully is adept reconnaissance—knowing the audience one is reaching. Also, it is rarely necessary to take a stand on any particular issue. With the right combination of words, the candidate's position may easily be implied by the audience while leaving room for a less obvious, but contrary, position should future circumstances so require.

An apt example for the law and order candidate is the way that the gun control issue may be successfully finessed. Suppose one is speaking before an audience virulently opposed to gun control. One would point out that the right to own a "Saturday Night Special" involves the right of self-defense. The well-known adage that "handguns don't kill, people do" would also be cited. Finally, it could be pointed out that handguns result in very few deaths—just one out of 10,000 people per year.

To the pro-gun control crowd one would point out that one American dies every thirty seconds as a result of a handgun shooting and that less than one percent of handgun shootings are in self-defense, the victims usually being spouses, lovers, children and other kindred of the handgun owner. Finally, as a clincher it should be pointed out that the police favor gun control and that criminals use guns recklessly.

Thus to the opponent of gun control, the candidate has identified himself as a strong advocate of law and order by favoring self-defense. To the advocates of gun control, the office seeker has identified himself as a law and order type by supporting the police and demonstrating that he does not approve of firearms in the hands of criminals.

### Staying In Office

Once the law and order candidate wins an election, his next major concern will be how to stay in office. Office holders are expected to attend committee meetings, vote on pending legislation, set up offices to air the grievances of constituents, and attend ceremonial occasions. Some may even expect him to do something about the crime rate. To meet all these needs the newly-elected official's first and most important acts are to hire a top-notch personal secretary and a good public relations firm. These people are experts at informing the public that the elected official is successful in these areas whether he is or not. They are also extremely valuable in assisting the elected official to draft law and order legislation, and to provide community leadership in the fight against crime in the following ways:

### Legislation

Drafting and sponsoring appropriate enactments on the subject of crime is naturally a high priority of the law and order incumbent. Important questions are involved in all such legislation. What should be outlawed? Should there be degrees of wrong with respect to the offensive conduct? What should be a defense? Should the language of the enactment be comprehensible to the general public or only to lawyers? Should the sentence be death or life imprisonment? One need not bother about the answers to these questions. The office holder's staff, especially those mentioned above, can work together with the law enforcement lobby and other allies in coming up with such details of appropriate legislation.

What's important here are the titles of the laws to be enacted. Here are some great ones heading current laws on the books to stamp out crime:

- "Safe Streets Act of 1968"
- "Safe Streets Act of 1969"
- "Safe Streets Act of 1970" etc. etc.
- "Narcotic Addict Rehabilitation Act of 1966" etc. etc.
- "Anti-Hijacking Act of 1974"
- "Career Criminals Act"
- "District of Columbia Red Light Abatement Act"

Undoubtedly such titles have gone a long way to make the average citizen feel more secure about his personal safety, and that his elected officials are doing something in his behalf. Thus the smart law and order office holder concentrates his efforts on proper titles, leaving the details of the legislation to his staff.

### Creative Prayer Breakfasts

Nothing makes the important people in a community feel better than a community prayer breakfast. There simply is no finer way for God to express His approval of the business and professional community and the American way of life than over coffee and eggs. For the creative office holding crime fighter, throwing regular prayer breakfasts is an effective means of getting God behind the law and order message as well as community leaders. This will keep constituents convinced that you are working for their safety.

Another good reason to hold prayer breakfasts is that they are very safe places to be, since they are rarely attended by criminals. Perhaps this is somewhat less than ideal inasmuch as you'd like the criminal to hear and obey the law and order prayer message.

Timing is of importance in scheduling law and order oriented prayer breakfasts. An appropriate date for setting the affair is on a day a prison inmate is slated for execution. A communication hook-up with the appropriate penitentiary would be made, and all ears would be tuned to the description of this important event. After the just demise of the pitiless culprit, breakfast would begin, with the usual invocation. In states that use electrocution, fried eggs could then be served up as a symbolic reminder that the good people of the community will not tolerate the barbarism of criminals.

(continued on next page)

In all this, one should not lose sight of the semi-religious nature of the prayer breakfast, and thus the invocation and/or address of the clergyperson is a weighty part of the event. There are many biblical passages which are appropriate material for a law and order oriented prayer breakfast. Here are a few examples:

What, hang thy hands down in times of peril?  
Little shalt thou avail. Thine to rescue the  
doomed, to cheat the gallows of its prey; not  
plead thy lack of strength, when he the searcher  
of all hearts, the savior of thy life, knows all,  
sees all, and requites the actions of men. (Proverbs 24)

He that will be avenged brings on himself the  
Lord's vengeance; watch and ward shall be kept  
over his sins continually. Forgive thy neighbor  
his fault, and for thine own sins thy prayer  
shall win pardon; Should man bear man a grudge,  
and yet look to the Lord for healing? (Ecclesiasticus 28)

#### Other Ceremonial Occasions

There are many other ceremonies that the incumbent can participate in as a means of staying in office. A few examples of these include cultural festivities, parades, installation dinners, and charity balls, fundraising events, and testimonials to retiring workers, winners of achievement awards, historically important figures, and to himself.

Visiting the right widows and orphans is also a very important function. Not every widow and orphan, however, is worth visiting. For example, one should refrain from visiting the widows and orphans of suicides, mental patients and welfare recipients. On the other hand the widows and orphans of policemen killed in the line of duty are very worthy of an official visit. In connection with such visits, attending policemen's funerals ranks high on the protocol scale. It is particularly advantageous if you can get to be a pall bearer.

#### Campaigning For Re-election

Getting re-elected should pose no problem for the law and order official who has done all the right things. The major issue is his re-election campaign will of course be "crime". If the crime rate has declined, he can of course take credit for it. If the rate has gone up, the law and order incumbent can rail against his fellow legislators, and run on a ticket of more and tougher laws.

(NEXT ISSUE: CHAPTER 5—THE SACRED RIGHT OF HANDGUN DEFENSE & LOBBYING)

# FIRESIGN #6

Another one for the "that-kid-doesn't-miss-a-thing-does-she" department: So, did everyone catch the second time around of the Steve Martin-produced *Twilight Theater*? Whadja think? Well, as for me, I thought that as an experiment in what tv could be, it was fascinating, but as actual comedy, pretty uneven. There were some brilliant and hilarious bits—the "J-Men" like takeoff on *Commando Cody*, for example; the exquisitely done play-with-sound-effects-provided-by-the-players by Michael York and Lisa Welchel; the debate on national defense between Moon Unit Zappa and a wonderfully reduced to speaking Valtalk G. Gordon Liddy ("yes, folks, you thought he was boffo in his debates with Timothy Leary; now see his absolute TRIUMPH!"). The well-chosen music videos, namely the Go Gos' "Vacation", Toni Basil's "Micky", and ABC's "The Look of Love" (probably my all-time favorite video) were unmercifully slashed, and there was as I expected not enough animation (nothing in fact besides a neat one to the tune of "Her Majesty"). Other than that, and Leslie Nielson having to put up with an inane laugh track and an awful in-between script, it seems worth watching. If only for the little surprises. Why am I mentioning it here, for instance? Well, anyone notice the segment that began, "This is Steve Martin's manager's home"? I kept doing doubletakes on that reporter, and though my eyes may be weak I have a trained ear for certain voices, so I nodded to myself quickly a couple hundred times and waited impatiently for the end, when the voice-over announced the "featured" cast and among them, sure enough, the name of Phil Proctor. Okay, let's see the hands, how many of you caught it? You mean, I have a scoop?! Oh, glory be...Gosh, Phil, ya shoulda said sumpin'.....

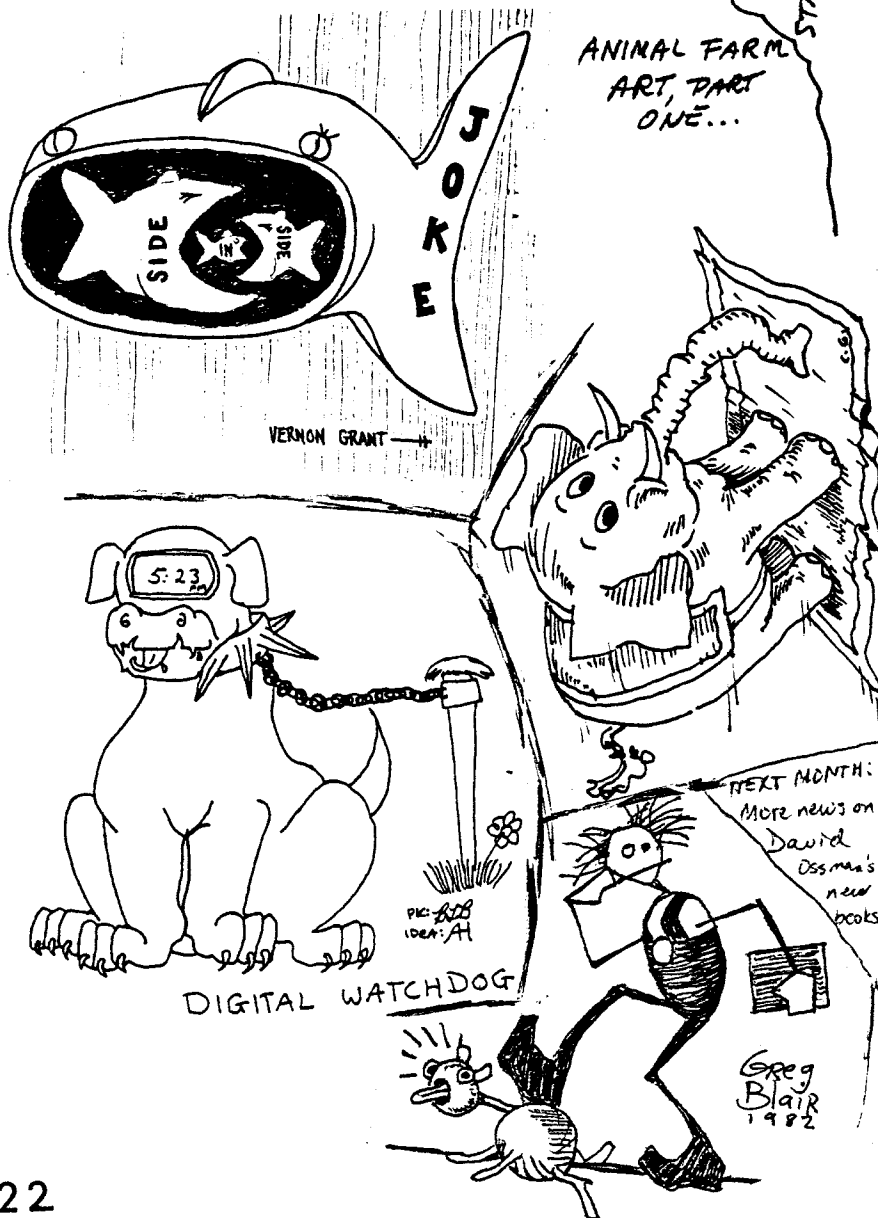
And I'm pleased to announce two Fst-related happenings a bit closer to home. First off is the acquisition, finally, of all the albums, including solos. I found what's probably the last remaining copy on sale in any Manhattan used record store of Phil Austin's *Roller Maidens From Outer Space* (I shudder to admit the price I paid, but after all, it is out of print), and the next day happened across Proctor & Bergman's *TV Or Not TV* in Venus on 8th Street, where I'd decided to enter at first as a lark, never expecting to actually find it...*Twilight Zone* time 'n all...Anyhow, if I have the strength, I'll do a Proctor & Bergman quiz here next month. Oh while I'm on the subject of solo albums, I should explain that for purposes of these quizzes, David's *How Time Flies*, tho technically a solo effort, has been counted with the group albums, for a couple reasons: the cover does credit Firesign as "starring", and the album is accessible and well-known enough that it's not unfair to quiz on it. Opinions? As for the answers to last month's quiz, with the album names in some cases abbreviated to save space:

- 1) Not Insane 2) Bozos 3) Everything You Know 4) Just Folks
- 5) Fighting Clowns 6) Dwarf 7) Electrician 8) Lost Comedie
- 9) Dear Friends 10) Lawyer's Hospital 11) Nick Danger EP
- 12) How Can You Be in 2 Places 13) Next World 14) Rat of Sumatra
- 15) How Time Flies 16) Just Folks 17) Not Insane 18) Dear Friends
- 19) Fighting Clowns 20) Lost Comedie 21) Dwarf 22) Two Places
- 23) Danger EP 24) Everything You Know 25) Electrician
- 26) Rat of Sumatra 27) How Time Flies 28) Lawyer's Hospital
- 29) Bozos 30) Next World

This month's quiz is a little easier. Find the following Firesign-related words, people, and sponsors in the word-search. Have fun, and no, I don't give the answers out here, it's really simple...

Q U A D L R L A E R S I S I H T Austin  
U R E N A E B T R A C R O S L H Balliol Bros.  
E M B E R G M A N D H G R T E E Bear Whiz  
T O I K I R L O B I R K B H P B Beaner  
O R T Z S O T A N O O E L O I U Bergman  
A E O V N O F O A F M S O S Z L Bowel Oil  
D S H X M V R T M R I P I T I C Chromium Switch  
A U G A R E C H S E U E L O H S Duckto'n ("town")  
W G M A C A T I S E M S L R W E Electrician  
A A O O K G D D O O S E A M R M Espeseth  
Y R R E R U H E L Z W T B D A A Funny Names Club  
K D S E O H S O N O I H R R E N Groat-cakes  
S O E D M L O G B B T T E A B Y Hellmouth  
B C S W N S T U E Z C U T W T N Hideo Gump  
D U C K T O N M D F H O I N U N "Let's Eat!"  
Y T I N T G T P A S T M B I O U Loostner's  
E L E C T R I C I A N L E T T F More Sugar  
F R N B P T A E S T E L R S S E Morse Science  
S D C L R O T C O R P E I U M Y No shoes  
T R E T L A W S I S I H T A W B Oona  
Also included is the name of a certain album \_\_\_\_\_ Ossman  
artist, and another word that's too easy even to \_\_\_\_\_ Proctor  
list. Oh, and a late-breaking Firesign from Dana Snow out in California: Michael Nesmith, formerly of the Monkees and creator of one of the most ingenious video "albums" ever made, *Elephant Parts*, is rumored to be producing a videotape & videodisc of "Nick Danger". Unknown whether this will be the original adventure, or even whether any Firesign players will be performing in the roles...  
Radio Free Oz  
Reggrove  
Rhino Records  
Storm...Drawn  
"This is real!"  
"This is Walter"  
Tiny  
Tirebiter  
Toad Away  
Yamamoto

HOW TO DESTROY A MILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY?  
START A RUMOR THAT VIDEOGAMES  
CAUSE PIMPLES. - Dana Snow



# SAYS YOU (Letters)

(This comment is regarding issue #14, but I couldn't let it go.)

Dear Elayne,

I enjoyed the sample copy of your magazine. I chortled, chuckled, even laughed. But my eyes hurt. The print is much too small for me. So I won't be subscribing to it. However, here's a check for the \$ I owe you and my congrats for putting out a fine, though miniscule, magazine. S. CRAIG WAGGONER

Dear Elayne,

Obey! Another IJ! Wotta way to make my mailbox feel wanted... At last...the return of Natotorials! Made my day. Great to see. The particular column was awful, but it's good to see Mr. Mishan back. Actually, I liked the whole ish...Anyway, damn good stuff...

BRIAN PEARCE  
Buckeye Lane  
Goshen, KY 40026

E, You outdid yourself with the sideline remarks this month. Keep 'em comin'! Ev'ryone else's remarks are never less than amazing, well, most of the time. Make sure you MILK those IJ Q's for all the creativity you can. Maybe you'll find some of the bottled-up stuff these people normally keep forgotten rotting in the medicine cabinet (it's good medicine, remember?).

I hereby award you the Medal of Incomprehensible Stress for getting this month's issue out there. Nobody nose the trouble you seen to do it. RAH. (ED: Unfortunately, this person had to suffer through some of that bsuris as my production assistant last time.)

Natotorial? You must be joking. Well, I don't believe a blessed word anymore Mate, except the fact that you're on the right track when you assume you have nothing to say. Remember the drugs? Huh? Your mind IS gone. Try and think where you left it.

I'm wondering if Michaela's illos are really self-portraits?

Gourd knows where you get those upcoming events!

Walt Lockley is Lennon's literary successor.

Bri Pearce doesn't mess around and makes no bones about it!

Also liked the "Are You Better Than Everyone Else" Sub-G ad.

The back page filler is so tacky that it's great! Unknowingly genius!...So much to send for. I can't believe it. Anyways, that's all for now...

BRIAN CATANZARO  
55 Summit Street  
Oak Ridge, NJ 07438

(Brian, who did the cover for IJ #15, has had his first cartoon actually published professionally, in Hackettstown's Star-Gazette, on October 28, 1982—Congratulations, Brian!)

Elayne: After reading your own "verbose" (hey, I'm allowed, I'm the editor, remember?) additional commentary on my Deceiving Degree article, I couldn't resist but write to you on a more personal response than my column, sent to you earlier.

My, my, Elayne, I do believe for some reason unbeknownst to me, you have taken my article personally. I do hope my latest column has clarified some things, but I obviously think further elaboration is necessary for you.

You know, you remind me of a sixties rebel. Just how old are you anyway? I keep getting this visual image in my mind of how this outspoken person and editor of this newsletter looks...

It seems to me you've got a real chip on your shoulder, either that or your point of view or interpretation of my article is very limited. I found it hard to fathom your comment "Believe you? Why, because you never lie, and are always right..." (What's probably because that line's a Firesign quote) When I said in the article "Believe me...", it was merely a figure of speech and hardly representative of meaning I am never wrong or am almighty. That phrase as well as the entire article was not an opinion but was based on fact and general statistics, with regard to the correlation between education and the job market today. I am a researcher by trade and have gathered data on this very thing for another article I did; that one couldn't grasp the article merely on the present state of the economy. If you read any newspaper or magazine you will find similar articles that may sound opinionated, but are actually documented by facts. That is the case with my article. I just happened to write it for INSIDE JOKE.

For some reason you totally overreacted on an article, not meant to debate the virtues of a college education, "to tell people what they should or shouldn't do", "pass off my column as the truth", to determine what's wrong or right, or any of the other rather surprising things you said. Instead, the article was simply one of a general nature, outlining the general problems of education today and how it relates to socio-economic indicators, namely the employment market. I can easily back up anything I've said. Sure you can be happy or satisfied with your degree in Liberal Arts and certainly someone with a degree in Art History can find happiness and a meaningful job. However, my article was not concerned with individual examples or circumstances. Instead, it only meant to scope the general correlations between employment and education, and nothing more!

Finally, I hope this can clarify my article a little better for you. I don't want you to make the mistake of trying to interpret my character by an article I wrote. I'm a writer and write on anything of interest to me, but more often than not, when nonfiction, on material that's factually based.

I want you to understand this really is a friendly letter from a writer to his editor, merely responding to what I felt was a ridiculous and stunning attack on an article that was obviously totally misconstrued by you. I do hope you don't take this personally. Al-

though you may not agree with a word I say, you should be willing to defend to the death my right to say it. Somehow, I didn't get that feeling by your comments.

Meanwhile, happy holidays. By the way, feel free to use any or all of this letter on your letters page if you like.

Sincerely,

RONALD B. FLOWERS  
6380 Denton Way, #50  
Citrus Heights, CA 95610

(Ron, I want you to understand this really is a friendly reply from an editor to her writer...Ridiculous and stunning attack? Okay, I can grant you some of that. But you really should have known what to expect when you 1) sent me the article after reading that at the time, I'd specifically asked staff writers not to send me anything; 2) sent me something so long and redundant that it surpassed any space-hogging even Paul Zuckerman could've dreamed up (hi Paul!); & 3) on top of that, wrote on a topic that I can't for the life of me figure out how it has anything in the world to do with comedy and creativity, certainly a broad enough base for anyone to work with. So why did I print it? Because I defend to the death your right to say it. I do not censor or reject articles, but as the editor, it is certainly my right to disagree, and use whatever space I want to do so. If the readers think I was wrong in doing so, I will of course print their responses, gladly. I am not perfect, and get very tired of always hearing only positive comments if there are folks that are pissed for one reason or another. All and any comments, positive and negative, are encouraged here. As for how factual your article was, I won't use a cliché line like "I'd like to see those statistics and your sources for myself", but I just don't feel that kind of long and boring (in my humble opinion—is it better if I clarify my opinions for all by saying that before every sentence) article "belonged" in IJ, no matter how broad our scope is. I suggest you become more attuned to the creativity around you, and of course to the amount of space other staffers do or don't take up, and react accordingly. I was am sorry if you took my attacks personally. I was attacking your article, not you, and the only reason for the former was your seemingly smug tone. Fortunately, I'm not the only one, as you can see below...)

Dear Inside Joke,

I was totally disappointed in Ron B. Flowers' 'perspective' on college degrees (IJ #14, 15). In fact, I found it atrociously tedious. I fear he has spent too much time talking with those criminal justice professors. He forgets that the liquid which lubricates the economic machinery is blood.

The tragedy is not simply the lack of available jobs, but rather that the economy booms only when bombs do. All those bright and sophisticated engineers at Honeywell (there's a name out of Orwell for you) prepare a cadaverous feast. Global entrepreneurship wears a carrion smile, and the vultures are already quite well fed.

The 11th Commandment, 'To get a good job, get a good education', is long since unmasked. In scholastic jargon, 'discredited'. The whirling blades of the corporate skull feed on the 'sufficiently deadened' of hired education. Human tenderness is trampled beneath the fetid muck of the market place as each successive wave of success-oriented technocratic mercenaries is released from the educational maze thoroughly versed in 'pain and the absence of pain, wasn't that joy' (A. Camus).

If you ask the computer recruiter—What is the difference between a roast pig all dressed out on a silver serving tray with an apple stuffed in its mouth and a college graduate with diploma in hand?—he will smile a broad lugubrious smile, as if his throat was cut, and retort, 'There is no difference'.

College is a brightly painted decoy, manipulated for the benefit of sharks. A diploma is a license to be preyed upon, giving the bearer (as silver certificates used to say) the illusion of choice as to predator. Business bankrolls those universities that 'yield a return'. That 'trophy' is your ass mounted on a swivel chair ready to do what school has always programmed you to do, EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.

Flowers' advice that one should major in a field which will 'remain strong for years to come' sounds like a chant used by military hypnotists. The only academic courses that lead (or Pb) to a 'sure thing' are ones such as Police shotgun, night surveillance, chemical agents, or post shooting trauma, which any practical and 'right' thinking institute should offer. The future is mapped out in scar tissue. Repression is on the rise, fascism fashionable, and the secret police no secret.

However, if this prospect leaves you cold, and compassionately counting the endless stars of a broken-hearted night, then you can only be sufficiently compensated by 'acting appropriately'. P.S. At the same time I found Richard Weinstock's 'Capitalizing on Capital Punishment' very incisive and energizing. Keep up!

ED LAWRENCE  
Museum Village  
Monroe, NY 10950

Elayne,

Colleges and universities are clone-factories for the Corporate State, suitable for the submissive bootlickers who want to emerge confident of their qualifications as judged by more petty-tyrant bureaucrats and other smug, fatuous types. I never met a college student, but I have seen some pretty self-assured grown-up babies who thought they were hot shit because they were beginning to sweat with the proximity of power and paychecks from some snivelling power institution. After all, if the institutionalized cannot perpetuate themselves and their environment, who can? Go to school, slaves!...

GERRY REITH  
530 No. Main #15  
Sheridan, WY 82801

IS HYDROELECTROSHOCK the answer to animism in Upper Volta? We have questions for all your answers. Surrealist Workers Party, Box 2267, Berkeley 94702.

"THE OLD BLACK MAYOR just ain't what he used to be." The song remains the same. Voting a trap for fools.

IN NEED OF "fat is beautiful" literature for evangelizing the natives of Bangladesh. Search Fist of Removal, Box 2267, Berkeley 94702.

USELESS MESSAGE #5 - (USERS HERE...)

COMING NEXT ISSUE - THE 10 WORST COMMERCIALS OF 1982 - VOTE NOW!

Hi Elayne—

Thanks for the latest two issues (#s 14 & 15). Haven't had a chance to read most of them yet, but can comment on a few things... of course the Baboon Dooleys are great...ditto for Clay's piece in #15, which of course I agree with. Liked the TV reviews, but you don't really watch that stuff, do you? I usually don't turn on the TV till 10:30 or later; about all I watch is David Letterman, SCTV, NBC Overnight, old late night movies. And even then half the time I'm only half-watching 'cause I'm drawing...Other than that I occasionally watch Tom & Jerry (they show a lot of Averys sometimes) and Rocky & Bullwinkle. I'm one of those hypocrite snobs who "hates" TV but just watches the "good" stuff. Letterman's just about as good as you can get. One of my favorite things about late night is all the great (awful) commercials. Rates are cheaper late at night so you see all those cheaply-made government and charitable organizations commercials. Have you seen the one with the guy in a black suit and mask that says "I'm a headache! Not just any headache. I'm a migraine!" Or the one where Shirley Safe and Doctor Sound save the Martian picknickers from the Germs and Bacteria? Or the one that asks "Is your car a Gas Hog?" and then has this car turn into a big animated hog going oink oink oink down the highway? Great stuff!

I really like the Fan Noose but it's kinda depressing in a way 'cause I can't afford even to trade with all these people.

I do haveta criticize one of the things in IJ #14—that piece on Pete Townshend—Gag me with a shovel! What a piece of shit. I dunno, even though I was never that bad, I used to worship some people, but after having lived in MN, I saw The Professionals with Jones & Cook, and before I went I thought, wow! I'm actually going to see a couple guys who were in The Pistols!! Then I got there and they're a good dance band and a lot of fun, but I mean they're just a couple guys. Same way with meeting C.C. Beck at the October Minnecon. He's a swell guy but so are all my cartoonist pals in MN, and I enjoyed talking with them again much more than I enjoyed talking with Beck. All this hero-worship is a pile of fucking crap. I'd really rather get to meet Par Holmon or Tom Brinkmann or Brent Braineater or you than anyone else. I get the impression that this Khaaryn Goertzel has had a "chance meeting" or two with Townshend, and she's still going around "ooh ooh Pete!" I mean, she still gives a shit? What a crock. I really can't think of anyone I'd dedicate my life to like Who/Townshend/etc/whatever fans do. I mean, there's a lot of great writers/musicians/etc. I admire and enjoy their art or whatever, but if they produce great or good art, that's fine, what more do these "fans" want? It is really bizarre. I agree with Clay totally when he states the maxim—"Why are there stars? Because only a few people have talent? No, because stars make money for the entertainment conglomerates." Wherever you see anyone getting rich and famous doing something you can be sure that some obscure "nobody" has done it better long before. As far as I'm concerned, while they once produced quite a bit of good music, they've been pathetic fossilized old jokes for years. I'm glad they're finally breaking up and putting themselves out of my misery. (Slight interruption/correction here, The Who, as far as I've heard, are not breaking up but only giving up during live tours.) People like Townshend and Lennon over the course of the years get elevated to near god-like status and are accorded a mythical significance they don't deserve—to put it quite simply. They're ok, but there are lots of performers/artists as good as or better than them. Langrehr is twice the performer/songwriter Townshend could ever be. I guess I'm fortunate in that I prefer (f'r instance) Langrehr over The Who 'cause I can go see Langrehr with maybe a dozen other people in a small club (I mean I almost bumped into him when I was dancing when he was running across the dance floor) instead of having to crowd into auditoriums with an army of sweaty Who sycophants, squealing in lobotomized joy...Of course I'm prejudiced. I can't take anyone who writes something like "My Generation". Gee, maybe all the kids were "alright" back in the 60's, maybe if I'd been born in '53 I would've liked my Generation, maybe back then the kids weren't all a bunch of assholes...Aside from that I haven't read anything in the IJs so far I didn't like—Actually, it's awful the way I go on for 2 pages about how I didn't like ONE piece, and barely say anything about the ones I did like. That's life. Well, one of the things I liked most about the recent IJs is all the stuff scrawled in the margins—I really like how the layout is much more chaotic than before, but I do have one complaint—while I like the "old"-style typing, I had a lot of trouble reading the stuff in caps in #15's Fan Noose. Some of those titles I can't read at all (kinda like my handwriting, eh?) aside from that, no other complaints.

Really, I'm fucking amazed at the effort you must put into this every month—Jeezus! I'm glad you can though—IJ is one of my three favorite "regularly" published publications—the other two are, of course, Comix World and Tele Times...

Well, let me hear from you... CLARK DISSMEYER  
P.O. Box 296  
Fullerton, NE 68638

(In all serious defense of Khaaryn's piece, I've been through the same sort of thing myself, and can still lapse into it if I'm not careful every now and then. Admittedly, blind hero-worship is a bit nauseating, but I think it should be distinguished from simple admiration. I can think of folks some may consider famous and others may never have heard of whose talents and creativity I admire a great deal. I can also think of personal friends about whom I feel the same. I got as much a kick out of meeting Clay or Doug Smith or Bob Black as I did from talking to Robert Shea—is this "hero-worship"? I personally believe that everyone deserves to be accorded "mythical significance", so I honestly cannot protest it being given to a few who didn't really ask for it

anyhow. Lennon, for instance—remember the Jesus incident (with apologies to Herbert)? Did he ask to be treated as more important than Christ? No, he was just making an observation on a situation that he didn't create but with which he had to deal nonetheless. Maybe I don't see as much wrong with "stars" as does Clay or you. I see these people as symbols—of what some of us would like to be had we the same "luck" of circumstance, or talent, or of feelings best expressed by one who can represent commonly-held emotions and is in a position to broadcast it more efficiently than many others. I see nothing wrong with symbols—after all, words are symbols too—or with wanting to achieve the prominence of someone in the public eye. In fact, many of your compliments on this publication (for which I thank you profusely, match) could be seen by some as "hero-worship", but I understand the context in which you say them. Love comes in many forms, and as long as it's not too blind, I can't see putting it down.)

Dear Elayne,

Thank you for the Oct. 1982 issue of IJ, which is, as always, very interesting. And thank you for the plug for META SF, which we can certainly use. Once again I greatly enjoyed "Notes from a Nut" which is marvellously funny. Paul Zuckerman does have a very distinctive sense of humor, a consistent viewpoint running through his writing. Of all the voluminous commentary on the LOU GRANT cancellation, this is my favorite. I wish I could show it to Ed Asner (and perhaps sometime I will, when the opportunity arises).

Clay Geerdes is also consistent. He is extremely perceptive and always has valid points to make, which he then tends to exaggerate. The point at which my mind boggles in the latest column is "If there were no media, most women would feel all right about their bodies." Is it historically true that before the invention of television, or for that matter the printing press, most women felt all right about their bodies? I believe that the repressive Judeo-Christian-Islamic tradition has for some thousands of years enjoyed great success in making women feel uncomfortable and guilty about their bodies. It is also interesting that Clay advises us to pull the plug on the TV set for a month and find out who and what we are. Contrast this to your own TV column (that was my intention—ED) a few pages earlier where you note that you are usually out on Thursdays and hence don't watch TV on that day, and that you are unhappy about this omission since there appears to be some good stuff on Thursdays. I personally don't own a TV set and have not watched TV regularly since 1969—and have not missed it. I have too many things to read; there would be no time for TV anyway.

The most provocative opinion in this issue is your editorial reply to Ronald Flowers stating "Nobody has the right to tell someone, even in the form of friendly advice, that what they are doing is wrong..." Now I would agree that it is wrong to deprive people of their freedom of choice. If the actions of another did not in themselves interfere with anybody else's freedom of choice, then I would certainly never say "What you are doing is wrong and I will not permit it." But if it is understood that the person I am addressing still has the right to do as he/she wishes, I see no reason why I cannot express an opinion, if I feel that they are making a mistake. After all, it is true that some people do sometimes make mistakes and do things that are wrong or that could be done better, and in such cases it is sometimes true that these people can actually benefit by having this pointed out to them. This ranges from simple and trivial cases such as "Don't go out without a coat; rain is expected" to matters of greater urgency such as "stop shooting heroin; it's not good for you." I have at times given a great deal of advice, of both the trivial and important varieties, and while it often is ignored, and for that matter has not always been correct to begin with, I don't see that I have ever harmed anyone by telling them that they were doing something wrong. In the case of Ronald's article, he does have a legitimate point that much of the higher education that people undertake is not planned with an adequate understanding of material being studied. At the same time you have a legitimate point, that there are other worthwhile things that higher education can accomplish in addition to job preparation. Both of these things need to be understood. There is still no reason why Ronald cannot say to us something on the order of "If you go to college without seriously thinking about what kind of job you will have after college, and how your college education will contribute to that job, then you are making a big mistake." I consider that to be very good advice. To this you are also entitled to add "Do not neglect to take advantage of education that is not directly job related but which can enrich your life and broaden your understanding of important matters." Both are good pieces of advice, which are in no way mutually exclusive.

"The Plague of Measles Plaque" is a nicely conceived background for a science fiction story—probably by J.G. Ballard who loves enigmatic catastrophes of that sort. Of course, as written there is only background, no story, but that too is an interesting stylistic device. By Gary S. Rosin. (See, I didn't forget you.)

Baboon Dooley is hysterical as always. "Dancing to the problems of the world," yes.

That's all for now.

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

Hey Toots, Pretty good issue methinks, read the whole thing from cover to cover, the longest bout of sustained reading from this vanishing intellect in quite a long while...

(lettercol continued again...)  
JOHN CRAWFORD  
7 South Point Terrace  
Kinnelon, NJ 07045

The Church of the Subgenius unlinks the websters of decoding modern society and makes you chuckle in morbid fascination. If there's anything strange about you at all, you should check this out. There are more of you than you think.



BOB BLACK - NEED  
MDRE ADLETS -  
ELAYNE

QUERY: DOES the House of Lords have a peer  
counselor?

WHAT'S THE LATEST status symbol? A car  
and license plates made by Delaware.

RE-ELECT D. K. SHAH, the conscience of  
Zack's bathroom. Yes on No Committee.  
Box 2267 Berkeley 94702

DIAL-AN-EXCUSE (843-7439) salutes new kid  
on the bloc, Marion Syrek's Dial-a-Dogma  
(534-1868). We have questions to all your an-  
swers.

Elayne,  
I have read parts and haven't read parts of the last 4 IJs; it's a great pick-me-up to have around. The perfect coffee table 'zine! How's that for ad copy. Oh well. Anyway, IJ seems in pretty good shape. I have to satisfy the magazine Jones practically every day, and IJ is about my favorite...Other stuff. The other day I heard it said in all seriousness that the music to "Tear Drop City" (from the Monkees' Instant Replay LP) is the original music to "Last Train To Clarksville". In fact, a lot of the tracks off that album sound like they were done during the same period as the last 2 albums. Ah, to think I once thought I grew up and trashed my collections. Ah, to think I once thought I grew up and trashed my collections. Ah, to think I once thought I grew up and trashed my collections. A word to the (young) wise: Keep Your Junk! Special appreciation for printing Peter Turk's reaction to Lennon's death. Mike Nesmith was always my favorite, but I always felt Peter should have been; I still do on occasion what Peter was reported to have done in the old golden days, mainly wearing socks that don't match, on purpose.

Lastly, the questionnaire results just does to show that it's an interesting life after all...  
MARK LAMPORIT  
618 S. Carroll  
South Bend, IN 46618

Dear Elayne,  
It's Cabbage Night here in Englewood—this being one of those terrible places where the night before Halloween has taken on even more bizarre elements than the holiday itself—and at the moment I can hear five darling, intoxicated teenagers attempting to overturn the two ton dumpster in the backyard. Luckily for the building superintendent, it takes at least seven darling, intoxicated teenagers to overturn the two ton dumpster in the back yard. Last year they broke all the panes of glass in our summer storm door, and so left a dead rat a-mouldering in its grave on our front porch, so this year we put the winter storm door, which is made of wood, up early, and left all the lights burning, so if we are presented with another of the dear departed we can at least see who the undertakers are. We are barricaded against all evil, therefore, and the worst they can do to us is paint a swastika on the sidewalk, which is what they did the year that we moved in, and which doesn't frighten us. We being one of the few even nominally Jewish families in this godforsaken place, we long ago became used to all kinds of veiled and open hostility. Of course, you know, I would never do anything like putting straight pins in the trick or treat candy—as much as I dislike young children, it's truly nothing personal and I've never had even the faintest desire to skewer one—but, given the age and temperament of our backyard assailants, I will admit that it has occurred to me to wonder just how well arsenic dissolves in bottles of cold Budweiser. I would not actually do anything about it, you understand, but sometimes I just sort of wonder...About this month's IJ—I liked it, you know, though I wish there could be more of it, as I think you're doing some excellent things. I especially enjoyed your television review, though I think you jumped the gun a bit on CHEERS, which I personally find to be maudlin and rather pointless, an INSIDE MOVES gone Hallmark Cards. And I did so want to like it, too—alcoholic ex-ball players are some of my favorite characters (I've used them many times in my own work), even if they are Red Sox. You were absolutely right about SQUARE PEGS, you know, though we seem to be the only two people with the perspicacity to know it. The big surprise to me this year has been GIMME A BREAK, which I loathed the one time I watched it last year (only because Jay Johnson had a small role as a priest on it—rather, I think, like casting Emmett Kelley as the head of New Jersey B'nai B'rith), but find rather funny now (it comes on before LOVE, SYDNEY, and I'm too lazy, most often, to switch channels back and forth). Either it's getting better or my taste is degenerating, always a strong possibility.

I liked all the Pacman cartoons as well, and Richard Weinstock's article on capital punishment was excellent, which is to say, I suppose, that I agree with him. I do wonder why Cannon Edward Barclay found it necessary to "uptake" J. ALFRED PRUFROCK, one of those totally rare poems that does not date itself, no matter what the language, because Eliot tapped into a universal experience, and did it, by the way, better than Barclay did. I have no real brief with Eliot—PRUFROCK is really the only one of his things that I like—but Barclay's smarminess in redoing someone else's work offends me. And how much better is "I grow old/I grow old/I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled" than "Will I do something strange just for a change? Quite bogue/As I run away from mid-life crisis", or "In the rooms the women come and go/Talking of Michealangelo?" than "Imagine how many women have made love in this room/Pretending they had class"? Barclay not only loses the poetry with his version, I think he also misses the point, because Eliot's poem wasn't really about sex at all, but about growing old, and the fear of losing one's self to it. I may, of course, be over-reacting, because PRUFROCK was the first poem that ever meant anything to me, in that I had my first inkling of the poet's vision through it (I must have been around 11), but, in any case, Eliot disturbed me, which is just fine, because one of the duties of a magazine, I think, is to disturb people.

But I do like IJ, and I'm most terribly honoured to be a part of it...  
ANNI ACKNER  
10 Hillside Ave. #8  
Englewood, NJ 07631

(And I'm tickled to death that you've joined us, Anni...Thanks!)

Dear Elayne:  
Your direct invitation ("I'd delight...in receiving more printable opinions...a lot of letter I get are more personal...") has given me the nerve (after over a year of reading IJ) to compose a letter for 'Says You'.  
I tried doing one of those collections of one-liners, run-on blips about the best & worst of last issue, but the cat shit on

it (bad omen).

So instead, a few random thoughts:

—Chalk up another vote in favor of obscure fiction/humor; pieces like 'Fred on the Loose', '...To Rust Unburnished', 'Life With The Zebras' and Walk Lockley's untitled Wrecking Day were my 1st place favorites last time. I think you have to admit, the overall response IJ evokes is an underwhelming sense of obscurity/noncomprehension, as typified by John Crawford's Baboon Dooleys (Theatre Of The Non-Sequitur). Who said, "Humor isn't funny any more." /The best minds of your generation were seen/Howling the beat of an alien drum.

—No news for misfortunates on 2nd Annual SubGenius Convention last Chicago? Pray tell! You were THERE in person, weren't you? Or did you all take the Blood Vow of Secrecy?

—Ken Pilar's latest 'Filmviews' was great, especially the ending, on drugs...

—One can always count on IJ for surprises. It's a great publication. Your policy of no censorship ("I'm just the typist...") has fostered an atmosphere where writers feel free to take chances on new ideas/styles/forms. To be encouraged are guys like Steven Scharff and Paul Zuckerman, who may not be pros yet, but show more honest human sensitivity than the majority of slickly polished cynics you give regular premium space to. Sorry, Nate...Flowers... That's just my middle class spud opinion.

—Always thought of myself as a diehard Firesign Theatre fan, but 95% of your latest 'Firesign' was totally Geek to me! It's my own fault, I guess: the past few years we've been living out here in this stinking desert, where the only albums to be found are cut-outs of Bozos and The 'ectrician, so I've missed a lot of the new stuff. By the way (speaking of WTF), did you know that Rev. Doug Smith's Time Control Laboratories, Inc. was an offshoot of the group's '76 Campoon for Papoon? David Ossman, you see, rented a post office box in '75 (the same one he uses today, Box 4306, Santa Barbara, CA 93103), and began masterminding a bizarre campaign to elect Mr. George Papoon president. I first heard of Doug through the Natural Surrealist Party mailing list. As a matter of fact, it was Doug's work with the rudimentary principles of time control that enabled Papoon to actually win the election, as he collected absentee ballots from people AND ANIMALS of the past who had been denied the right to participate in decisions that would affect their future (extinct species gave him nearly unanimous support). However, on his way back to the present, George was held captive in a black hole, which allowed Carter, first choice of the Rocking Fellows, to "assume the position". The rest, of course, is history.

Sorry about slacking off on the monthly buck—maybe we could arrange for some kind of payroll deduction plan. See you in the Funny Papers, on the Funway, or in the Land of Endless Slack.

Your ardent reader,  
DUGWYLER  
2618 W. 6th Ave.  
Kennewick, WA 99336

(Well, the SubG can was, of course, full of bullsh\*t and all that other wonderful stuff, but as I was—er, in an altered state of consciousness—out of things, as it were, for most of it, and as I really didn't attend it for very long, and most of that time was taken up with meeting Buck Naked, Doug, re-meeting Bob Black, etc., I didn't feel my review would be nearly as complete as say, Luke McGuff's might be. How 'bout it, Luke? Oh, and thanks for reminding me of David's Santa Barbara P.O. Box, which is the same one listed on the back of several Firesign albums, but I believe most of the members prefer getting mail through Rhina. As to your quite fascinating history of George Papoon and Time Control, I can believe it very easily, Doug being my major catalyst towards contact with WTF and acquisition of the rarer stuff, but as to details, I invite Doug and/or David to add/ur contradict any of your story.)

Hi Guys,

Re: Brian Catanzaro's column: I am really glad that you'd mentioned the girl groups book. That musical genre is one of my favorites and seeing asshole-ettes like GTO's trying to clone that magical sound will lead to the death of this genre. I was down at NPR in Washington D.C. on business for the company I work for and heard them do an interview with the author. He really knows his stuff!! Your mention reminded me of his name. If you, or other readers for that matter, are into the old sound but would like more ammo for trivia contests etc., buy Norm N. Nite's "Rock On" book.

Also, PUBLISHER'S CENTRAL BUREAU, One Champion Ave., Avenel, NJ 07001 puts out a great book and record catalog and they sell great oldies collection albums. Send for their catalog! BRIAN, THANK YOU AGAIN FOR PUBLICIZING THE ALAN BEDROCK BOOK. It's people like yourself who may make THE NATO SHOW a success when I finally get it in syndication (if it ever happens)...

I'm pleased to announce that I'm currently accepting orders for buttons made from your camera ready copy @ \$2.50 each—cheaper (much) in quantities of over 25. Also I would like all reading this letter to send me a listing of their favorite 10 songs from the sixties... Be good.

NATE MISHAAN  
Box 305  
New City, NY 10956

(Space doesn't permit the duplication or inclusion of Nate's latest survey, on YOUR FAVORITE SONGS OF THE SIXTIES. This will assist Nate in the production of THE NATO SHOW. Please send your votes to Nate by the end of the year, if possible. "Also," says Nate, "if you'd like, you may comment on the state of the radio art. If we like your comments, we'll call you up and record them on tape for the show, so leave your name, number and address if you're making comments" on your votes and send them to Nate...)

(yep, you guessed it,  
still continued...)

(Reprinted without comment, although the author has received a reply in a personal letter. Points of clarification are added too.) Dear Elayne,

For what it's worth, you can put me down as another vote against over-use of the Olde English element. It's just barely readable at 100%, and those reductions are close to impossible. For captions & such short pieces, it does work OK. If I had some spare money I'd send you another element. Since I'm not independently wealthy, as a poor substitute, I'm sending you a page from the Quill Corp. catalog, where they have these elements on sale cheap (\$14 each—ed.). This is a very reliable company & they have "easy credit terms" if you're a business, or you can send cash in advance. Once you order something, you'll be on their mailing list forever, and get all sorts of neat catalogs.

Approaching the next question delicately, Does anyone ever, uh, complain about your layout? Or am I the only un-hip, un-groovey, un-punk or whatever the hell you'd call it (see how I date myself?) that reads IJ? I mean, it took me several issues to figure out the name of your zine. (It's always been in the edit. box.—ed.) I'm into more traditional forms of communication. I can certainly understand why you reduce the typing, considering the costs of printing and mailing. But sometimes it seems to me you go too far in your space-saving efforts, when you put stuff in sideways & upside down. (I am also open to the possibility that I am totally missing the point of why you do this.)

The effect your crowded layout has on me is to make me skip reading things because I feel it's more trouble than it's worth to keep on turning the page around. Or, if I do read those articles, I start feeling hostile about it, because I don't like the inconvenience. If I were editing IJ (& I'm sure you're not the only one who's thankful I'm not), I would include fewer articles with more white space, and never print anything sideways or upside down. I

would also make an attempt to identify which pieces are fiction & which are nonfiction. I'm so compulsive I'd even group all the similar types of articles together & have some pages that are totally art, jokes & cut-out, with no text. But like I said, I'm compulsive. Anyhoo, I hope you'll consider my comments in the friendly fashion they're meant, and then decide to do what you want.

Best—

DIANE M. MARTIN  
2621 Kendall Ave.  
Madison, WI 53705

Dear Elayne,

Congrats on this edition of IJ (#15). The last few issues had been lacking in comedy but there was quite a bit this month. I for one like the old script type...I've written to Brian Catanzaro re: his last column. Being the rock aficionado that I am I felt compelled to correct some errors...Loved your line (bv reviews) about Burgess Meredith waddling. Maybe Sylvester Stallone will show up needing Micky to train him for a fight. How can you recommend a show that you've never seen? (Uh, hearsay?) I like FAME too. However, according to one young dancer I'm acquainted with, the real world is nothing like FAME makes it out to be. Strange thing about FAME how all of a sudden people come out of the wood-works dancing through the halls. Didn't happen much at my high school, how about at yours?

The Smiley remembering being famous was great!...Steve Scharff wrote a really interesting piece. Tom Sanders was brilliant. Being living proof of Ron Flowers' article I won't say another word about that. This was one of Zuckerman's best...Gary Rosin was quite good too...Well, that's the poop for now.

SUE ROSNER  
2106 Wallace Avenue  
Bronx, New York 10462

(Great to have you back, Sue!)

ENOUGH ENOUGH is enough. Monica van for the two are they kidding? elite. Rock Against NIMWits, Box 2267, Berkeley 94702.

## Yes, the Plastic Age!

by Gary R. Ward

Concerning the polished and rather bumptious collection of people we've assembled...it seems that as the years pass, the percentage of people associated in some size, shape or form with plastic has been skyrocketing. And it's now somehow requisite that this affiliation be a driving force in their lives. Foregoing all theory, let's examine briefly the cultural inventory of a few of these ardent Spencerians.

A while ago, I attended what turned out to be a very unique wedding reception. There was no band—only a disc jockey, which was fine by me. This mildly daft disc jockey, however, succeeded in taking the expected antics—the cake cutting episode, the bride feeds the groom, the garter—and turning a would-be normal reception into what appeared a witless moot court emceed by a Fred Flintstone character. It actually made me feel faint to see doctors and lawyers nearly incited to riot because the disc jockey was so successful in making them feel like plastic.

Insurance salespeople come on from a slightly different direction. They use their pitching tactics to make you believe you are, in fact, made of plastic. Through deductive reasoning, therefore, you must be more vulnerable to melting, and in urgent need of more fire insurance protection. Another sale.

Women of the evening must have bodies made of plastic. Or something that would endure such rigorous use and abuse. Possibly some sort of vulcanized butyl rubber.

Then there is out glamorous homecoming queen, poised so elegantly atop the float. An angelic vision of the chaste and pure. Most onlookers would agree she surely must be made of plastic. But then again, the entire football team could, on an individual basis, attest to the fact that she is made of anything but plastic.

Marie Osmond isn't made of plastic—only her teratoid teeth are. The rest of her is made of chalk.

What about the pseudo-elite high-noses...the ones that used to wear the hideous little dead ferrets, or whatever, around their necks? They buy French poodles to offset their plastic diamond jewelry. Undoubtedly, they must be under the impression that all French people are made of plastic.

And how about the security guards at the all-night, drive-up hamburger place? Those affectionately referred to as rent-a-pigs by the local tough guys. Needless to say, they're feared by no one, mainly because they carry plastic nightsticks and plastic handcuffs.

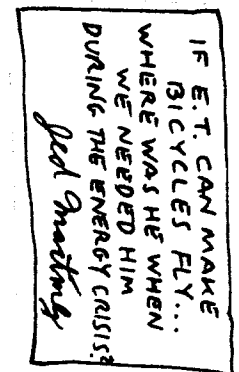
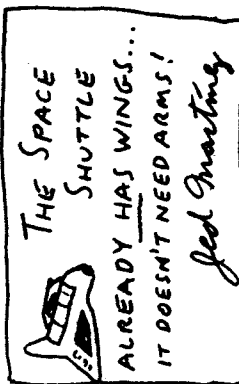
Something that should be made of plastic, but obviously is not, is Ronald Reagan's neck. Unlike Frank Sinatra, maybe this old gobbler is allergic to plastic? Although he has, on occasion, played some plastic roles in his candy-coated films.

Then Liberace looks like something you would try to win your girl at the carnival by breaking plates. Decade after decade.

One of my favorite talk show hosts is Joey Reynolds. He recently hosted a hour and one-half hour live, late night television talk show. By the end of each long and weary show, he probably wished he was made of plastic.

Glen Campbell spoiled his wholesome, down-home plastic image... by growing a nylon beard. Anyway, he took a plastic bride in order that she might come to him softly with crackers and beer (a winkin' and blinkin' and blow in his ear)...so he could once again leave the straight (non-plastic) life behind.

Is society bereft of all hope of ever returning to the more hum-drum order of flesh and bones? Or has the era of the cupie doll—the Wayne Newton syndrome—launched an irreversible assault on us? Perhaps only time will tell.



IS BUCKMINSTER FULLER shirt? Remember his best-sellout... Seem to be verbose? I consider the geodesic dumb



The above art was done by Mark Lamport, who left me enough room down here to either put in a "Whozits" or say something of substance. Perhaps I should have done the "Whozits". I'm not one for Christmas or holiday wishes; I'm so cynical that I think remarks about how Christmas is too commercial, are too commercial. I have personally had it up to here and beyond about how we should keep the spirit all year around, and war is over if you want it, and how there is a true meaning somewhere behind all the glitter and beggars. Or whatever. So I've taken to wishing everyone whatever they want for themselves; to taking stock of what's been accomplished during the past year and how much I still have to go; mostly to hiding in my shelter until it's all over. So, you know what I mean, right? Thanks and have a good one, now.....



INSIDE JOKE  
 c/o Elayne Wechsler  
 418 East Third Ave.  
 Roselle, N.J. 07203

and as if 28 pages weren't enough, I  
 gotta address 'em all too, this one for

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INSIDE THIS ISSUE: THE RETURN OF LETTER GOTHIC TYPE, ALMOST ON TIME FOR LAYOUT & PRINTING!