

THE ABOVE PARABLE MAY HAVE VERY LITTLE TO DO WITH THE ISSUE THAT YOU HOLD IN YOUR SWEATY HANDS... AND THEN AGAIN, IT MAY HAVE EVEN LESS TO DO WITH THE PRICE OF RICE IN OUTER MONGOLIA... FILED UNDER "M"!

NONETHELESS, WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU TO PERSERVE... AFTER ALL, YOU'VE READ THROUGH ALL THIS AD-LIBBED, VERBOSE RIDDEN GARBAGE... FILED UNDER "G." AND NOW, YOU ARE THE CONFUSED, BUT ULTIMATELY HAPPY RECIPIENT OF AN -



AND ON THE OTHER HAND, ONE NEVER CAN TELL WHEN YOU OPEN AN... OF A 'ZINE SUCH AS... YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT... THE CONTENTS MAY BRING... NO HAPPINESS TO A TR... OR THEY MAY... YOU FURTHER MADNESS... "M."

BUT MOST OF... HAVE SHELLLED OUT YOUR DOLLAR... YOU'VE CONSENTED TO TAKE YOUR... -AHEM.- THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM.

INSIDE JOKE!

WELL, IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY GOTTEN IT... EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO/HMMMM...!

UPCOMING EVENTS:

(Feel free to submit your events, birthdays etc. for this column...by the deadline...)

- FEBRUARY 2 - TOMMY SMOTHERS (46)
- FEBRUARY 2 - Groundhog Day—the shadow nose!
- FEBRUARY 4 - ALICE COOPER (35)
- FEBRUARY 6 - RONNY RAY-GUN (at least 72...)
- FEBRUARY 7 - CHARLES DICKENS (b. 1812)
- FEBRUARY 9 - JERRY BECK (28)
- FEBRUARY 10 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO FEBRUARY INSIDE JOKE
- FEBRUARY 13 - PETER TORK (39)
- FEBRUARY 14 - JACK BENNY (b. 1894)
- FEBRUARY 16 - EDGAR BERGEN (b. 1903)
- FEBRUARY 23 - PETER FONDA (44)
- FEBRUARY 25 - GEORGE HARRISON (40)
- FEBRUARY 25 - ZEPPO MARX (b. 1901)
- FEBRUARY 28 - JOE SCHWIND (34)
- FEBRUARY 28 - ZERO MOSTEL (b. 1915)

...don't forget V.D. on February 14, and on MARCH 1, or FEBRUARY 29, 1984-1, master-of-date-supplies JED MARTINEZ will turn 29

INSIDE JOKE is put on once a month by Elaine Dechler, despite the immortal words of St. Basil the Great, "a sense of humor is the main measure of sanity." Make of it what you will.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Elaine Dechler
HEAD XEROGRAPHER: Tom Hilger

STAFF PRICES

ANNI ACKNER BRIAN CATANZARO CHRIS DOWNEY KEN FILAR
RON FLOWERS CLAY GEERDES NATE MISHAAN GERRY REITH SUE ROSNER
TOM SANDERS STEVEN SCHARFF KERRY THORNLEY PAUL ZUCKERMAN
Advice Columnist: COOP Baboon Disney Strips: JOHN CRAWFORD
Front Cover: BRIAN PEARCE Back Cover: GREG BLAIR

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH:

CONNOR BARCLAY	MIKE GUNDERLOY	TOMMY REINER
NINA BOGIN	GREGORY HILL	TOM ROBERTS
CLARK DISSEMYER	RORY BOUCHERS	ROLDO
PAT DOWNS	ANDY KAHN	JULIAN ROSS
MICHAELA DUNCAN	TULLI KUPPERBERG	JOHN R. SCHARFF
G. RAYMOND EDDY	GUNNAR LARSON	KIEL STUART
MACHONTO GARCIA	JED MARTINEZ	JOHN THIEL
DEBORAH GOLDEN	SHERYL L. HELMS	PEGGY TULLY
VERNON GRANT	DAVID OSSMAN	JAMES VALTMAN

THE LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK by RICHARD WEINSTOCK

Adlets furnished by the usual people—see previous IJ edit boxes...
c. 1984-1 Pen-Elayne Enterprises, Kip M. Ghesin, President, etc....
PRINTED BY AMERICAN SANIZDAT PRESS, somewhere in Englewood, N.J....
Keep them much-needed writings and art-isms cumin', Pappoon in '84,
"and," says St. Crutchin, "If you see cranberries like applesauce,
they'll taste more like prunes than rhubarb does..."

acknowleditorialeto.

Issue #17 is the first one of synchronistic number since I became a practically practicing Discordian. It also comes out about a week before Golden Age #23—is that supposed to be significant? Do half of IJs readers even know what I'm talking about? Okay, I'll drop it.

Quick apology for whatever's illegible in this issue—I think I'm going to put the Elite element to rest (too light), and I know this one (Letter Gothic) sometimes fades out on letters like p or g...

This month's special feature is the staff writer bio column. Every IJ staffer except Clay contributed a paragraph or so on themselves. Neither accuracy nor humor is guaranteed, but there they stand, for the record. As it is, Clay may still be leaving us after this column; however, Kerry is back to stay for awhile. Says he, "It turns out your readers are not to be spared my rantings so soon after all," and the first part of Quent Wimpel Notes appears this issue. (Kerry's co-author on that personal joke-bible for so many of us called Principia Discordia, Greg Hill, also has a story in this issue, and donates our Inside Back cover.) Sue Kaufmann hasn't written in months, so is gone for good or bad. Please remember, staffers, all I ask is that if you don't have anything for the upcoming issue, LET ME KNOW BY THE DEADLINE! BE FAIR, C'MON! Although Ken and Steve technically don't have columns this time, their names appear in the edit. box because they sent bios. Next month we finally get two long-time contributors as official staff writers, as Brian Pearce and Roldo continue submitting their wonderful stuff, this time each issue. You'll see their bios in February. I note that this'll lessen the percentage of female participation on staff yet more, but what can I say, it's a voluntary thing. A written commune, dig? You write/draw for INSIDE JOKE only if you want to, and it just happens that more men than women have shown interest. The good side to all of this is that I may get a Valentine's Day ("V.D.") card or two out of things this year (see below).

Elsewhere this issue: a fill-in-the-blanks comic strip by Pat Downs; back cover collage by Greg Blair, in a tribute to some of IJs artists past and present; the next chapter of Richard Weinstock's Law and Order Handbook, with illos by Roldo; perhaps a page of Dooleys (no promises yet, as I haven't laid the thing out as of this writing); another story of Elmer and Ophelia by Gunner Larson; Anni Ackner's review of what we did Christmas Day; Jed Martinez' tribute to the return of Billy Ball; and more of the usual sickness from the usual sick minds...

The big news? Happy 1984! As you'll discover within the next few pages, it is actually 1984—next year right now, almost before we knew it!—and at the forefront of exciting events to come will be the Dream Police Olympics (already secretly in progress), perhaps a Newspeak gossip column, the Big Brother merchandising campaign (wait till you see that adorable plastic model of BB monitoring ETs phone calls!), Friday the 13th in October, and the kickbacks/kickass/kickoff of George Orwell Pappoon—you've heard it before, now hear it again, and again!

This is my pre-V.D. (see above) depression, by the way. Love life? Make me an offer. Job? I'm still waiting, schlepping to interviews, dreaming of kicking it in and moving to L.A. (which can only be worse, since I'd be both unemployed and lost there, and would have to give up IJ to boot; all for decent winter weather). Home? My parents', yes; my own, no. "Home is hard to swallow, Home is like a rock, Home is good clean living, Home is—I forgot, Let's go to your place..." Well-adjusted? Certainly! It worries me when I consider that I know more than a few friends who are more fucked-up than me. That's bad. Ah well, not to worry, caution to the wind, red sail in the sunset, tempest in the teapot and all that. It's way too late to take anything now. End of warmest of personal greetings—This paragraph, by the way, counts as my letter/greeting card/diary to all those people who complain that I never write them back but "only" send them IJ. I won't go into any Jerry Lewis "hey-don't-give-enough" slopschtick here, but you get the point.

And there were some folks who understood. Thanks to the following for sending Season's Greetings—Anni Ackner, Greg Blair, Bernadette Bosky, Carolyn Boyd, Steve Chaput, Michael Dobbs, Pat Downs, Fear Of Strangers, Macedonio Garcia, Richard Green, Mike Gunderloy, Linda Henson, Arthur Hlavaty, Shel & Susan Kagan, Bill-Dale Marcinko, Jed Martinez, Jim Middleton, Dave Ossman, Phil Proctor, Gerry Reith, Julian Ross, Steve Scharff and Dana Snow. Some "cards" were really clever. Thanks to Jim Tauscher, John Scharff, Nate Mishan and Connor Barclay for the extra \$, which I seem to always need lately; to Phil P again for the records; to Anni for a great 12/25-26; to Spencer for his patience (being a best friend isn't easy), and to Hilbo for his magnificent ~~W~~ machine.

Next issue will be out on time (last week in February), so the DEADLINE for under-2000-word writings, art, illos, money (well, not really, I'll take money anytime), letters and other suggestions is FEBRUARY 10, 1984(-1), to me at

418 EAST THIRD AVENUE, ROSELLE, NEW JERSEY 07203

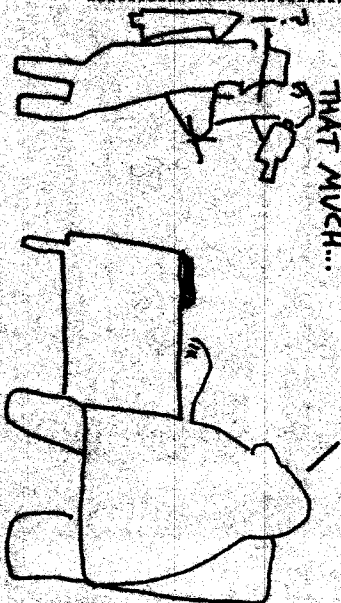
Subscriptions for INSIDE JOKE are \$1 each month, or trade for whatever publication you put out. No advance subs, no "trade-for-locs", no freebies just because you sent me a story or artwork, and no stopping in the red zone...

This issue is dedicated in uncharacteristic bad taste to Tex Antoine, in the hopes that he will "lay back and enjoy it".

Oh yeah, and IT might be mentioned in The Village Voice soon - thanks to Paul Buller for a nice interview, & see you in the funny papers!

THESE ARE NO ATHLETES in foxholes. This is the best argument for atheism. Get Three behind me, God. Godless Communists. 2000 Center #14, Berkeley 94704

LEFT BEHIND? As usual, left a demonstration and a video game? The subject doesn't fit with what we synchronistically fit.



WE ARE GOING TO RAISE THE FARE TO \$1.00. THU WILL MAKE IT EASIER FOR THE RIDING PUBLIC AS THEY WON'T HAVE TO FUMBLE FOR CHANGE. AND WE ARE MAKING ONE ADDITIONAL CHANGE. PEOPLE WILL PAY THEIR FAIR SHARE WHEN THEY LEAVE THE SUBWAY. WE FIGURE THEY'LL BE SO HAPPY TO GET OUT THEY WON'T NOTICE THE INCREASE THAT MUCH...

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INSIDE IJ STAFF WRITERS

Well, just about every INSIDE JOKE staff writer was conscientious enough to send in a short autobiography along with their columns this month. The other? Who knows. Keep in mind that the following paragraphs are written by the staffers, and not yours truly. Could I make up stuff like this?

ANNI ACKNER
10 Hillside Ave., #8
Englewood, NJ 07631
10-22-53

WHO CARES IN AMERICA—Anni Ackner (1953 -). Wit. Raconteur. Smart ass. Claims to have been born in The Bronx, N.Y., but no hospital will corroborate this. Has lived, at various times, in Brooklyn, Montreal, Marin County, San Francisco and Greenwich Village, but the one person who recognized her name in any of these places spat on the ground and stormed away before further questioning could be conducted. Currently resides in Englewood, N.J., where she is viewed with suspicion. Manages to be nauseatingly prolific by sheer dint of the fact that she has no other interests whatsoever, except for watching movies on Home Box Office, which she does with the religious intensity of an Iranian fanatic gazing at a busload of American tourists. Keeps an exceptionally dull journal, writes long, pointless letters to anyone who will hold still long enough to read them, smokes two packs of cigarettes a day, drinks coffee incessantly, and owns the East Coast's most extensive collection of ABBA paraphernalia. Has not seen, and has no immediate plans for seeing, E.T.

BRIAN CATANZARO BIO INFORMATION—Born in the (mid) 50's, metro NY/NJ. Started playing records at 4 years old. Stereo by age 7. Always curious and dabbling in all of the arts. Enjoy surrealism and cartooning as personal outlets. Wanted to be a multi-media artist when grown up. The class system seems to prevent this. Also likes to look at the world in a spiritual way. Believes in other "planes" of existence. The need to express this belief occasionally explains the attraction to surrealism. Late Capricorn, Sag. rising, Neptune midheaven squaring Sun. In the "real" world a recent change of career in graphic arts (advertising layout) finally brings an enjoyable hourly wage. Aspirations, Goals, & Druthers include rehearsing original new music and playing music for all occasions in another band. Guitar 13 years, Keys and Vocals. Studied at Berklee College of Music, Boston. "A nice town to go to college in." Writing instrumentals & vocal tunes 10 years. Semi-Pro annual cassette productions of varying quality available by mail. This would have really been much more interesting if the birthplace had been France or Norway...

CHRIS DOWNEY
7003 Groton St.
Forest Hills, NY 11375
6-8-65

On June 8th, 1965 I was born in a hospital on 5th Ave. in a space now occupied by a hairdressers' school. For the first two years of my life we lived in the Bronx where my parents both taught in Public Schools. Later we moved

upstairs in my Grandmother's house in Forest Hills, Queens, where I've lived ever since (although we've moved around quite a bit). Soon we bought a house nearby and lived there for a number of years. I was raised a Catholic, but sent to Public School because my mother had a number of bad experiences being educated by nuns.

When I was 11 my parents got divorced. Within two years they both remarried. My father has two sons from his second marriage, while I live with my mother and her husband.

For the last 3 years I've attended Hillcrest High School in Jamaica (a bit of creative zoning to hold federal laws). Following my graduation at the end of this year I hope to attend Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. (or any place that accepts me) and study English.

KEN FILAR has few memories before 7-5-57 (though he does recall flying—in some manner—a priori existence). He spent the first seven years of his life performing with his four older brothers in Gary, Indiana, until an observant critic pointed out his lily-white complexion, whereupon he was speedily replaced. The reconstituted group moved on to fame and fortune while KF sunk into obscurity. Little is known of his education in rural Florida (though the occasional Seminole can be glad-juiced in to recalling occasional episodes of exotic over-indulgence). Teachers considered him a copious note-taker, but, in fact, he was drafting the first of several screenplays which Hollywood tried to adapt for his favorite performer—Rule Lenska. He tends to disrupt reality with spasms of creatinativity ("word play" for men's desire!!!) and currently lives in Staten Island where his favorite colors are black and blue; his favorite phrase is "Make mine a movie"; and his favorite scotch is Dewar's....

RONALD FLOWERS
6380 Denton Way #50
Citrus Heights, CA 95610
10-25-56

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RONALD FLOWERS—I am a writer/researcher/photographer. My roots are midwestern, but my blood belongs to California. I am as diverse a person as I try to be as a writer. My philosophy on life is love,

peace, happiness, and contentment with one's self no matter how that all may come about.

NATE MISHAAN, 26, cultured, refined man-about-town in his After Six formal works as a recording engineer, commercial photographer, freelance video production person, and former radio announcer. Nate is single (which may not last too much longer because he's going to multiply by dividing like a

BRIAN CATANZARO
55 Summit Road
Oak Ridge, NJ 07438
1-19-7

proton) and in love with all the sexually liberated women of the world who just happen to be feminists. Nate lives in a post office box in New City, NY. "It's crowded in there, especially when I get my IJs or Publisher's Clearing House mail, but the rent's cheap," says Nate.

Nate works 6-7 days a week from 11pm-8am, which has made him a weird, well-polished cynic who hates tape hiss, wow and flutter, idealists, phonies, Jappiness and assholes disguised as humans.

(Reprinted from a photo spread of Nate in SWANK magazine.)

GERRY REITH
530 No. Main #15
Sheridan, WY 82801
11-19-58

I am an amnesiac of titanic proportions; I don't remember anything prior to having heard Meet the Beatles at some point in 1968. I burst into tears when the glass ball fell at point-oh-one-seconds past midnight December

31st 1969, deciding then and there that I didn't want to see this decade continue any longer. In 1979 I was glad to have seen it go, and felt as if I had arisen from some stifling heat bath entropy. My parents tell me that I witnessed the televised performance of Kennedy's public suicide in Dallas, that I came running out of the den shouting, Wendell killed the bad man! My mom went through parturition sometime in the night of the 18th of November 1958, the close of another of those decades. The year fascinates me. Early on I clearly perceived the moribund state of the ruling class' system and decided to throw in my lot with those few rigorous oppositionalists who would have me. (None did: who wants a two-year-old totting a tommy gun?). Then in school the Big Scene was when we had to draw pictures for the teacher (a State-Capitalism functionary/bureaucrat mindwasher). Since I was an advanced youth, I was going to show them, and I drew a fish in the box that asked for Things That Fly Through The Air, since I knew what a flying fish was. Well, the school head headshrinker decided I was psycho and called in my parents before asking me for an explanation; said parents were insulted vilely by mandarin jackal, and I was from then on a marked man. Lately I've been writing propaganda to soothe my aching head, struggling to get it into print before they lock me up again. (I was an inmate in a B-mod program for troubled youths who didn't want to socialize for the convenience of the high-paid babysitters who think they know what's worth knowing; while there perused works by Kropotkin and Bakunin beside doing an overview of Freud, Maslow, Skinner, Perls, Reich, Adler, Jung, Watson, James, and the rest. I now knew who the enemy was: All of Them. I conceived an all powerful rage against totalitarianism that is incomprehensible to the smug, fatuous, sleep-walking goosesteppers who make up the bulk of the population in this geographical area—and that includes you, stupid liberals!—, having lived in a miniature totalitarian state. Any Questions?)

I attended the same high school as convicted Son of Sam killer David Berkowitz. While I've never killed anyone, after receiving the famous purple gloves Christmas bonus my boss gave me, the thought crossed my mind.

In 1980 I graduated from Queens College. My claim to fame there was achieving a higher grade point average than alumnus Paul Simon. Yeah, so he makes millions and I make nothing. Which reminds me—Do you own a radio station? I'd like to talk to you about career opportunities. My other goal in life is to find a cure for secretary spread without exercise.

TOM SANDERS
9116 Lawncrest Drive
Clio, MI 48420
6-17-53

When I was little the gypsies stole me and raised me as one of their own. The first 18 years were spent trying to be cool: dates, parties, the Honor Society, dancing around the campfire. All good things must end. Today I

get up, go to work and come home. I collect records; warped unplayable ones with cracks in them and chips out of them. I share a birthdate with Barry Manilow, although I can't play the piano as well as he can. Yoko Ono is still my favorite singer, my favorite color is blue, and I have not seen any EXXcellent movies lately. I'm still looking for that special GAL whom all the marrieds say I'll find someday. Everyone I know thinks I'm a nice person. Actually, I'm just a modern guy from the industrial heartland; an American kid doin' the best he can. At this time I don't have any plans for testing the free agent market in 1983.

Born Jan. 8, 1962, I was raised on Color TV, Junk Food Breakfast Cereal, and "Jack and Jill" magazine. As I grew older, I discovered comic strips and cartooning. I was 17 when I saw my first underground comic book, and started my COMIX WORLD subscription that same year. At 19, I published my first mini. Been with IJ since the days of Volume I. Right now, I'm working on a multi-artist book, and a fantasy serial based on my DREAM SEQUENCE mini. I plan to start work on a book to (hopefully) sell a comic strip (to be a tandem project (scripted by a friend)).

CLOSING STATEMENT: Question authority, but wait for an answer.

KERRY THORNLEY
Box 18441 (temporarily)
Tampa, FL 33679
4-17-38

BIOGRAPHY—Kerry Wendell Thornley is one of the most famous paranoids in the United States of America. Before becoming a paranoid he was an anarchist, a philosophy he still finds much to his liking. Before that he was a right li-

bertarian who believed that ideas, not conspiracies, mold and shape history—at which time he was editor of INNOVATOR, a libertarian newsletter with a readership that must have been equally innocent and gullible composed mostly of burned-out Ayn Rand devotees.

Born in Los Angeles on Easter Sunday of 17 April 1938, he was 23 years old the day the Bay of Pigs was invaded—living in New Orleans, writing a novel about his Marine Corps buddy, Lee Oswald. Thornley believes that on this occasion he became an object of a secret society dedicated

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to avenging John Kennedy's invasion of Cuba, as perhaps also did Oswald. Before that, attending California High School in Whittier, according to Kerry Thornley's hypothesis about the riddle of his own identity, he had already become an unwitting nexus in a so-called molecule of the Russina Alliance of Solidarists, an anti-Bolshevick secret society comprised primarily of Tsarist exiles and Nazis.

When the U.S. Government discovered his plight, Thornley believes, the C.I.A.—continuing a World War II anti-Nazi coalition with foreign intelligence agencies, including the Russians, who had been collaborating with the O.S.S. against Hitler—undertook a project to disrupt corporate fascism in the West that resulted in the assassination of one President, one Black Muslim leader, one Presidential candidate, one Civil Rights Activist and a large portion of the population of Vietnam. Also three Popes. (Thornley believes there is evidence this project was co-opted by the Nazis it originally intended to sabotage.)

Kerry Thornley displays no symptoms of schizophrenia, manic-depression or obsessive compulsion—contrary to popular belief—and is at this point only mildly sociopathic. In his opinion, one psychosis is enough for any man.

An official bio? I thought that was only for people of fame and accomplishment. Aside from being an IJ Staffer, my List of Accomplishments is still waiting to be written.

Heck, if readers want to know anything about me, all they have to do is write and I'll answer any question that's not too personal. Just for the record, I don't smoke, drink or take dope and never have. To be too revealing can be somewhat self-defeating, though, since the quickest way to shatter the fantasies you have about someone from afar is to meet them in person, or find out everything there is to know about them. So, to that small but elite group of you who actually like my NOTES most of the time, I'm sure that whatever you've imagined me to be is far more sparkling than the serious, dull shlemiel I really am. Let's keep it that way. Also, since the only feedback I get about my NOTES are in IJ's Letter Column, I'd like to extend my sincerest heartfelt appreciation to everyone who ever took the time to praise any of my writing efforts. Winning million-dollar lotteries would not make me happier than reading your complimentary words.

COOP (Advice Columnist) Ever since dropping into existence in the late fifties, the Coop has been giving advice to anyone who'd listen (unfortunately, few did and look where they are today—miserable!).

Coming from a small town in the Midwest with livestock and cornfields as far as the eye could see, the Coop developed good horse sense. Coop's favorite pasttime is extensive correspondence with anyone who'll write. The Coop enjoys a well-deserved reputation for being a professional positive influence. Give the letter lines a jingle and check out the best answers money can't buy.

(Clay didn't send me an autobiography, which is a shame because he's a quite fascinating fellow. He's been in Berkeley teaching since the halcyon "60's era" of hippiedom, and he's also quite involved with the world of underground comix, and speaks often at comic conventions throughout the country. Being very busy at present, he is unsure whether or not he will continue as an IJ staff writer.)

PAUL ZUCKERMAN
745 Westgate
St. Louis, MO 63130
5-27-?

CLAY GEERDES
Box 7081
Berkeley, CA 94707
???

You May Already Be... by Elaine Wechsler

As Roldo recently warned me, "Hey, Omnicorp's trying to get people to believe they're changing the year to 1983!" As always, then, you can fool most of the people most of the time. Now I have it on reliable authority (the neighbor of the sister-in-law of Dick Clark's wrinkle cream manufacturer) that the annual turn-over farce is intrinsically tied in this country to the dropping of that great neon ball near Times Square, NY. And furthermore, that on the day in question, December 31st, the Powers in Charge undertook it upon themselves to hold a first-ever Practice Drop, which they did in broad daylight so none of the locals would notice. The ball was therefore dropped twice in one day, making 1983 one of the shortest years on record and, in actuality, ushering in the dreaded/anticipated/much-written-of-in-song-and-story 1984 itself that dismal evening.

So, happy 1984! We have nuclear capacity to blow the Earth's outer crust away dozens of times over, and our leaders are paranoid that it isn't enough. Sometimes I suspect my TV is watching me. Millions of Americans believe everything they read without question (I've always loved folks with "enquiring minds"). Ronnie's in the White House, and all's Right with the world. So why doubt?

Of course, this necessitates minor adjustments. For instance, if you keep track of these things, you know that 1984 is a leap year. So, while IJers mark February 29, the gullible masses will keep March 1. This will then put us one day behind everyone else (except over the dateline, so beware, all you Commsymps, they may have us here), possibly forever, but it's okay 'cause we're a year ahead of 'em at the same time. This also means that Friday the 13th will not occur for us in May, but rather in October—much more appropriate. Now bear in mind while we're on the subject that no significant changes have occurred to the basic days of the week, so a Saturday's still a Saturday. It's just, for instance, Saturday the 23rd instead of the 24th. But smart opportunists can even get some leverage off this. After all, it wasn't our decision to make believe Columbus didn't discover the New World on October 12 but on whatever Monday is most convenient from year to year. They want us to take off work on their October 10 this year? Fine. We'll be happy to celebrate an arbitrarily chosen date. It's not our fault that October 10 falls on a Tuesday for us. Hell, we'd be happy to work that Monday, if the place were open. Those with real gall can

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1983-D.O.A.



try to initiate 4-day work weeks by claiming, "Look, I just want off on the 5th and 6th, since you insist those are weekend dates this month. Can I help it if my weekend winds up falling Sunday/Monday?" The possible traps here, of course, are when your employer calls your bluffs and makes you work on Saturday or October 10. Bit, this is not for small minds to ponder, and goodness knows...

The other factor distinguishing 1984 from would-be-1983 is that we are now celebrating a Presidential election year. And who better (besides Big Bro Himself, the ol' springhead) to re-run, in the spirit of an old Mr. Speedy ad, than George Orwell Papoon? Pending permission from George's original campaign committee (Phil Proctor and Peter Bergman), we can get this new, improved, 25% faster-acting, all-in-one re-erection up and off the ground! Or, we could be grounded. I myself have high hopes George's come-back will rise again, as he's probably quite irked at the neon ball fiasco. As old-time Firesign Theatre fans will recall, one of G.O.P.'s platforms was the guaranteed annual year. Now that threats to "take 10% of the time", etc., have been made good by the "theft" of 1983, I wouldn't blame George if he decided to bring back 1984 again next year, which is of course what he'll do if we vote for him. This means that with the "one organism, one vote" policy still in effect, we'll be able to legally or otherwise cast our votes twice for George, once this 1984 and then again next year in 1984! Yes seekers, we believe George to be the only candidate to give you TWO FOR ONE (as opposed to those who promise something for nothing and then you find you got what you paid for), and we think he's gonna be even better the second time around (like leftovers)! As a matter of fact, what I said about voting only twice was in effect wrong. Since we can go to the poles and make out our czechs four times more than anyone else (two November election dates this year—theirs and ours a day later—and two next year too), added to the fact that George has always vigorously courted the schizophrenic vote (all paranoid schizophrenics outnumbering their opposition by at least two to one as is) and the amoeba split level votes (as PP said, "first one, then two, four, soon eight..."), and you've got it sewn up with hardly dropping a stitch in the short/long time we've got till the multiple erections. Not to mention dropping hints, dollars, or anything the neutral or unswayed organisms may leave in our wake. Indeed, not to have to mine those fields this time around will save a lot of time and soles, and depending on certain legislation now pending with the Supreme Court ~~justice's~~ justices, we may even be able to count any 1972 votes after all, if they were cast and telecast. In fact, it's our almost-legal-now right to rerun all or any of George's original campaign slogans, promises, tootstons, speeches, as long as they were taped before a live studio audience or a laugh track of dead people. Residuals alone could finance this and/or next year's stomping and stumping. If George were here today, we think he'd approve. Both of him.

This month will see the kick-off of Super Vote '84, wherein George is bound to be more popular, tho no less confusing, than the past football season. So we're bound to run with it, even as George may run toward it or away from it. Yes, we don't know about you, and you either, but as for us, it's Two For One, Four Times The Fun, No Lie No Pun, It's George And None! Simple enough to drill into a child's brain during that mandatory moment of silence at school or in between the Burger King commercials. Simple even for Discordians—the slogan number "241" can read "24-1" (as we're reading "1984-1" in some places), or "23", which should please Erisians well enough. But if you think we're through with the slogans and peo talks and bad puns, well we've not even begun! Permanently self-assigned, at least for the moment, to head off George's East Coast strategy (which I understand now resembles a 4-dimensional version of Zaxxon) at the past, are yours truly and able assistant Anni Ackner—look for our breathtaking panoramic propaganda in upcoming issues! Till then, remember, if voting's a farce, it's up to us to KEEP IT THAT WAY! Four more chances for four more beers! Send ideas! Send money! Send me your tires, your floors, your muddled classes yearning to breed trees...

STUFF BEFORE IT'S TOO SOON! - P. RABANAN

IT'S TIME FOR A...

Fan Noose

As reported last month, Kerry Thornley has been busy putting out political posters, and also the latest SPARE CHANGE—to find out about the Key Lime Legend, send a buck to Box 18441, Tampa, FL 33679...Doug Smith sent me the tape of the SUBGENIUS CONVENTION II last September, featuring rants and other surprises—send \$8.50 to P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214...In addition to helping Ace Backwards advertise for TWISTED IMAGE, Buck Moon (a veteran undergrounder since the days of the original Haight-Ashbury hippie-culture rags) is now producing AWE-SOME, "the magazine of surreality and strange fiction". It's over my head, so it must be good. Very funny—\$1 (\$5/year) to P.O. Box 40916, San Francisco, CA 94110...From elsewhere in the Bay Area comes what is perhaps the last issue (#30) of TELE TIMES, still as feisty as ever (see previous reviews), and with a wonderful essay by Clay Geerdes, great comic strips and a phenomenal letter column (even stuff from me). \$1.50 to Bruce Duncan, Berkeley Inn Hotel, Room 414, 2501 Haste St., Berkeley, CA 94704...Bruce also sent me an alternative paper called THE TELEGRAPH-ASHBURY UNDERGROUND—fascinating counter-culture rag—send bucks to editor John Delmos, c/o University Lutheran Chapel, 2425 College Ave., Berkeley, CA 94702...Across the ocean, from the UK comes the punk-oriented CATCH-22. 20p, or about 50¢, but try to round up a pound or so to Kevin at 2nd Floor, 124 Bath Road, Cheltenham, Glos. GL53 7JX...Closer to home, Carly Sommerstein (611 Lawrence Ave., Westfield, NJ 07090) has just brought out the third issue of the wonderful CHURCH OF THE LATTER-DAY PUNKS—still 40¢, but it deserves at least \$1...Shel Kagan puts out THE FORTNIGHTLY COLLEGE RADIO REPORT always on time—no radio station should be without it, and its zine-plus column gets bigger & bigger—For info, SASE to Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809...Briefly going forward into my past, the first issue of the DAVID CASSIDY SUPPORT GROUP newsletter is now out! President Betty Sydek says it's a bimonthly and costs 50¢ + SASE per—write her at P.O. Box 188, Plantersville, TX 77363...And the Monkees/Boyce & Hart PHOTO CLUB has changed leadership—pres is now Margaret Lublin, but for info on the newsletter write to secretary Jodi Hamrich, 508 8th St. NE, #4, Watertown, SD 57201...The always-pro GOOD DAY SUNSHINE, the Beatles zine to have, has out issue #12—\$2 to Charles F. Rosenay, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511...Publishing monthly, and encouraging trade copies, is SMALL PRESS REVIEW. Editor is Len Fulton (Dustbooks, P.O. Box 100, Paradise, CA 95969) and there's a review of sorts by Pat K. Urioste (P.O. Box 11254, Denver, CO 80211)...And the regular schlock rags keep producing up to quality—Richard Green's CONFESSIONS OF A TRASH FIEND (\$7/24 issues, P.O. Box 32, Old Bridge, NJ 08857) and Jim Morton's TRASHOLA (\$3.50/yr, Suite 583, 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105)...And the new ANIMANIA (#25) is out, featuring Gumby, Japanese animation, and a Beatles cartoon-ography! \$2 to David Mruz, 3112 Holmes Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408...Steve Chaput's CURSED EARTH (#6) features some interesting reviews and analyses, and even another nice plug for us—SASE Steve at 2 Indian Hill Rd., Westport, CT 06880...THE PLAGUE's out too, as great as ever! Catch it from Richard J.T. Brown, Box 80, 21 Washington Pl., New York, NY 10003...AND STOP! The main topic this month is "Punkploitation"—'bout time! Dale Ashmun's plug column gets larger and larger—write him! 55 First Ave., #16, New York, NY 10003...Humor mag LONE STAR now puts out an affordable bimonthly issue for public consumption—\$1.95 each (\$9.95/yr), and well worth it, to Lauren Barnett Scharff (P.O. Box 42821, Suite #204, Houston, TX 77042)...Well, I got sent this magazine called TV, presumably published by "The Fault"—aha, it looks like Terence McMahon (a/k/a Ian Teuty), at 33513 6th Ave., Union City, CA 94587—write for info!...Crazed cartoonist Pat Downs now puts out buttons with THE RAT on 'em—"What a disgust'n bunch of hand colored buttons dese are!" says his creation. A buck each—really nice 'uns—to 163 Trowbridge St., Buffalo, NY 14220...This month's cover artist, Brian Pearce, has drawn 6 books of what he calls "micro-comics", about 1/3 the size of minis, I'd say. Fun stuff—they're part of a collection of 36 for \$3 available from Paul Curtis, RD #2, Saegertown, PA 16433. 7 more coming soon from Bri!...The newest sheet of FIGHTIN' GUYS is out, SASE to either Matt Feazell (2886 James Ave. S., #202, Minneapolis, MN 55408) or Clark Dissmeyer (Box 296, Fullerton, NE 68638). Matt's 1983 CYNICALMAN CALENDAR's also out for \$2.95 post-paid...And ROLDO informs me the next SNAFU is due any day now! SASE (Canadian postage, please) to him at 1232 Downing St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3E 2R7 CANADA...Not worth \$10 is N.O.T.-S.A.F.E. (NATIONAL ORGANIZATION TAUNTING SAFETY AND FAIRNESS EVERYWHERE), run by Dale Lowdermilk (Box 5743, Montecito, CA 93108), which recently put out its Xmas safety message and time-to-send-us-more-\$-reminder. It's amusing but a ripoff nonetheless, and therefore not safe (nor smart)...R. Gerry Fabian (Raw Dog Press, 129 Worthington Ave., Doylestown, PA 19801) has come up with another unique format—poetry postcards! The whole set is \$3...Thanks to Denis McBee, who sent me some great ol' stuff from NEITHER/NOR PRESS—address and catalog card elsewhere this issue...It seems Bill-Dale Marcinko needs money again, and it's presumed one can find bargains in his latest SELL OUT (#7). SASE to 153 George St., #2, New Brunswick, NJ 08901, caveat emptor and happy shopping!...Some last-minute political notes: The new issue of the libertarian paper AGAINST THE WALL is out—\$1.50 to 8111 George, P.O. Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091...And I just got the latest OVERTHROW (a/k/a THE YIPSTER TIMES), containing an insert wherein an updated definition of The Youth International Party is found: "The YIPPIES! are a loose collection of cultural guerrillas who irk the government at every opportunity. We have protested every presidential nominating convention since 1968. We regularly do smoke-ins, protest political figures, try to inform the public on social issues (housing, health, sexual and reproductive freedom, the difference between life-drugs and death-drugs, etc.), put out publications, and work on events such as our national Rock Against Reagan tour." Send for the paper and see how the YIPPIES! have been doing since the days of Abbie and Jerry. \$1 to Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10012...One final note before this goes to print: Most recent mini-comic acquisition is from George Kochell, and features

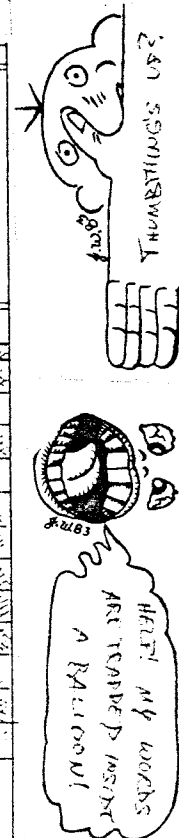
Get in on the start of a New publication, not unlike the one you're reading right now (or not, who knows)—CAREFULLY SEDATED, available for \$1.50 each (\$1.50 for \$2) to Cathy Crockett, 117 Wanless Ave., Toronto, Ontario M4N 1M1 CANADA, go Cathy!

Funny You Should Mention It...

"...those are the headlines; now the rumours behind the news..." CONZO JOURNALISM—My second fandom convention was as fun as the first, in its own way. I had a great time at Philcon meeting folks I'd only known before in writing; romping through the dealers' room; partying in varying degrees of consciousness; and seeing the sights of Philadelphia (including the "comedy" section and the newsstand where we picked up a copy of the Not The Philadelphia Inquirer; more on that, most likely, next issue). I'm so psyched I'm gonna do it all over again, in Hasbrouck Heights NJ at March's Lunacon. Thanks for an enjoyable weekend to Spencer, Abby, Bill, Honey, Vicky, Rick, Dave & Larry, Marc, Velma, Eric, Cindy, whomever I've inadvertently left out, and especially Nina—Strawberry Fields Forever! Speaking of which, Nina and I will be trekking to and from Lunacon to Beatfest in the Meadowlands Hilton that weekend (3/18-20), so if you wish to tag along, let us know, and see you then! MAMA MIA!—Kip was just walking along last month, minding his own business, when s/he was approached by a CBS employee offering her the opportunity to sneak-preview a new sitcom slated for imminent release. The show's called MAMA MALONE, and stars Lila Kaye. Chances are you'll see this one, but don't expect much. It's not worth describing, says Kip, unless they make substantial stylistic changes to bring it out of the usual sitcom dredge (doubtful) even tho Kip made sure s/he had the 'negative' button pressed through most of the 24 minutes, and at only one point, a brilliant cameo by character actress Sudie Bond, was the 'yes' knob even used). CBS previews shows lots (usually around noon twice or thrice a week), so if you NYers hang out around 51 West 52nd, maybe you'll get "lucky" too. Kip plans to give up TV soon. ONLY ROCK AND ROLL?—IT'S ROCK AND ROLL claims to be a game show. It's syndicated, and I saw it one Saturday at 1pm, don't remember the channel, but not since then. The host is Mike Egan, whom one may know from tv standup comedy appearances, and he's perfect for the job. Egan is aware that it's basically a stupid program, so he makes fun of it with enough sarcastic wisecracks to make David Letterman jealous. The show asks two teams of three contestants (each composed of one "regular" person and two rock stars from the near and far past—the four guests this time were Bobby Rydell, Peter Tork, a spaced Commander Cody, and a very embarrassed-looking Chuck Berry) to answer pretty simple questions about rock music (you know the type, when the answer is "Diana Ross" or something—about the level of most weekday morning quizzers), interspersed with trivia and filmclips on the outtros, and stupid Sha-Na-Na-type fillers. Even a mystery guest, "What's My Line"-style—wowie (that week's was Peter Noone)! Egan's sense of the bizarre (and the corresponding humor of folks like Tork, certifiably looney in his own right) was the program's only redeeming feature ("And the categories are: 'Motown'—you know Motown, right next to Larry- and Curlytown..."), so I'll probably search for it again.



a somewhat awe-some portrayal of a "Model Immature" MACEONIS 82



DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

DULCE ET DECORUM ET MAGNA CUM NAUSEUM AD INFINITUM, OR
HOW I BECAME BRECKMAN

Given that this is the Age of Expose, when nasty little secrets are routinely and gleefully uncovered about such former household saints as Franklin Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy and even, God help us, Helen Keller (Anne Sullivan was a ventriloquist), by investigative reporters who might otherwise be less profitably engaged in shoving microphones into the faces of distraught women whose entire families have just been wiped out by tornados, floods or the Reagan administration, I suppose it was just a matter of time before the skeleton in my own closet was unleashed. I did rather hope that the Mike Wallace in my own little SIXTY MINUTES might be someone other than my "best friend", however, a woman with whom I have spent many happy hours trashing the collective New York underground and discussing the obviousness of our own superiority, but so be it. I can rise above this thing. I can forgive other people their trespasses as well as the next guy. No taint of this unfortunate incident will mar my relationship with The Ever-Popular Carolyn Lee Boyd. We'll simply let Billy Katt and Christopher Reeve bring her chocolate cheesecake brownies the next time she has the flu, that's all. Be that as it may, I do feel that the reading public—the innocent pawn in this game of Lie versus Lie—deserves to know the truth and so, I freely admit, at whatever cost to my personal well-being, that yes, The Ever-Popular was right. I am Andy Breckman. But only sometimes.

I have never pretended to understand the peculiar circumstances that have governed my life for the last several years; I can only detail them in what I hope will be a coherent fashion. They began, as all momentous events in my life have begun, when I made the mistake of getting out of bed one morning. I have never appreciated getting out of bed in the morning. Generally, upon arising, I feel rather as though I had, on the previous evening, suffered from the delusion that I was a Cuisinart, and had attempted to mulch a pine tree with my teeth. This particular morning differed only in that I felt as though I had attempted to mulch two pine trees with my teeth, and I attributed this to the fact that, much against my better judgement, I had passed most of the night at a Burt Reynolds film festival that seemed to rely heavily on SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT, PART II, and I stumbled into the bathroom, all unsuspecting. Being of a slightly masochistic bent, I glanced at myself in the mirror, and came face to face with Andy Breckman.

I am, by nature, a calm and reasonable person. I did not panic, therefore, at confronting a bearded Jewish humorist—who, incidentally, appeared, for reasons which were not entirely clear, to be wearing my nightgown—in my bathroom at six o'clock in the morning. I merely assumed that, due to the current economic crisis, which must be wreaking havoc in the amusing music industry, as it is everywhere else, Mr. Breckman had taken to a life of crime, and had broken into my house in an attempt to steal the fabulous collection of pennies I keep in the Kjeldson's Butter Cookie tin in my bottom drawer. As is my wont, then, when faced with perhaps dangerous criminals, I took a step back and rubbed my chin—which inexplicably seemed to have sprouted hair overnight—in contemplation. Mr. Breckman took a step back and rubbed his chin in contemplation. I scowled in bewilderment. Mr. Breckman scowled in bewilderment. I realized, in one of those blinding flashes of insight that always seem to afflict me when I least want them, that either I had gotten trapped in a very bad remake of I LOVE LUCY, or the bearded Jewish humorist in my bathroom was me. Being, as I have said, a calm and reasonable person, I fainted.

When I regained consciousness—through no desire of my own—I sat on the floor and considered my situation. Of course, I thought, there's a certain amount of literary precedent for undesirable overnight transformations. Gregor Samsa became a cockroach. That poor soul in the Philip Roth novel became a breast. T.S. Garp became a novelist. But better any of those, it seemed to me, than Andy Breckman.

Oh, it was nothing personal against Mr. Breckman. I didn't even know the man and had no reason to suspect that his life was any more untenable than that of any other man. But the point was that, contrary to Freudian belief, I had never wanted to be a man. Of all the things in the world that I had never wished to own, a white fur rug and a penis were on the head of the list. I had never wanted a white fur rug because they're hard to keep clean and they get in the way when you're dancing. I had never wanted a penis for more or less the same reasons. It isn't that I dislike penises, you understand—I'm actually quite fond of some people's—I just never particularly wanted one of my very own. And now I had one. It was a sobering thought.

However, even more alarming to me than that was the fact that I now also seemed to have this banjo. A banjo, for those of you who did not spend their formative years during that regrettable period of American history known as "The Great Folk Revival", is a round guitar which sounds, when strummed, like a large, recalcitrant tomcat being slowly and painfully neutered with a fountain pen. It is most often used by elderly black men in the deep South (one reason, it has been theorized, that the Jim Crow laws held on as long as they did), young white boys that someone had the lack of foresight to allow onstage at the Speak-easy (also known as the Felaful Joint at the End of McDougal), and rock musicians attempting to get back to what they mistakenly believe are their roots. Unless you have spent an entire evening at a party with someone who has newly mastered "The Tennessee Bear Chase" and is positive that everyone else is just perishing to hear it, you cannot fully understand the revulsion I felt when I realized that, not only did I now possess one of those arguably musical instruments, but I also had a nearly overwhelming desire to take it in my arms and play it. Having already once fainted, and not liking to repeat myself, I got dressed and left the house, in a misguided attempt to lose myself in the anonymity of the Big City.

I will not attempt to describe the rest of that first, fateful day—the bemusement of people greeting me as "Andy", the confusion of my initial encounter with a urinal (I thought it was a little chair where you sat while you waited for a booth to be empty), the despair of discovering that I could no longer consider Christopher Street the safest block in New York—because the memory of it still has the power to evoke earthquake-like shudders in me, and my eyeglasses are very fragile, but will only say that it was with an aching heart and bewildered hormones that I fell asleep that night—a troubled sleep torn apart by heated dreams of ripping a perfectly good dress off Victoria Principal—positive that I was destined to spend the rest of my life trapped in the body of an urban minstrel with a questionable sense of humor.

Perhaps you can imagine my relief, then, when I awoke the next morning to find myself once again myself, if you follow. With all my flaws—and I have never liked my nose—I have, over the years, gotten used to myself, so it was nothing short of an absolute pleasure to find my beardless, unbanned person in the mirror once more. As there was no other way to explain this phenomenon, I wrote the previous day's incident off as one of Mother Nature's less savoury bits of whimsey, took a stroll along Christopher Street and revelled in the complete lack of attention I received, and, as well as I could, forgot the whole business.

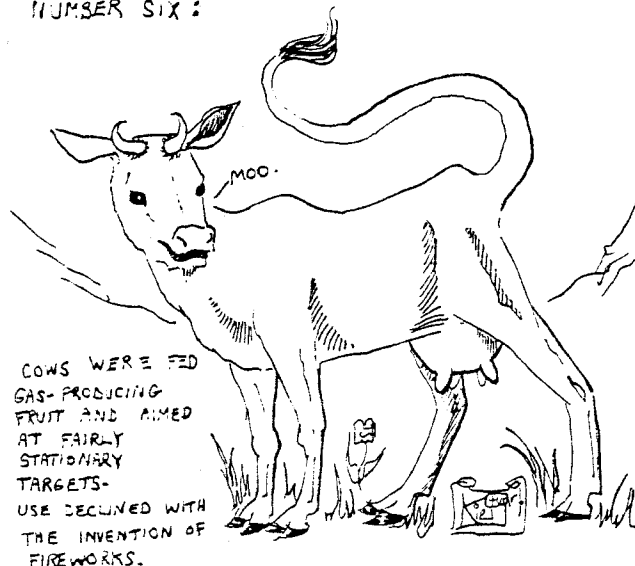
And then, three weeks later, just when I thought it was safe to go back in the gene pool, it happened again, in almost exactly the same way, and disappeared once more, just as suddenly. Two months later, the same again. And such has been the pattern of my days ever since. Sometimes I am Andy Breckman, sometimes I am not, and there is no predicting when or for how long I shall be either. I have grown used to it, as one does grow used to any small, mildly debilitating ailment, like facial acne or the inability to comprehend anything Alexander Cockburn has ever written, although it does beg several questions.

Who, I sometimes wonder, during those long stretches of blank time that occur while waiting for someone's answering machine tape to finish the first movement of RHAPSODY IN BLUE, is Andy Breckman, while I am he? Does he become me? Would he wish to be me? How does my mother feel about it? How does his mother feel about it? Why, I ponder, do I never seem to become Andy Breckman while he's at Tavern on the Green, having a bite of lunch with David Letterman, or onstage at Folk City, receiving the adulation of his fans? Why does it always seem to be while he's in the midst of a sinus cold, or caught on the I.R.T. during rush hour, standing next to an obese religious person who believes that underarm deodorant is the devil's plaything? If, indeed, he does become me, why is it never while I'm at the gynecologist? Thorny questions all, and none with any hope of an answer. My mother turns pale and asks her God (who, as nearly as I have ever been able to figure, resides in our kitchen light fixture) why He saw fit to curse her with a rumdum for a daughter every time I broach the subject, and I have always been leery of trying to contact Mr. Breckman directly, for fear of tearing asunder completely the thin curtain that divides us, and perhaps causing us to be badly joined for life, like some bisexual Zaphod.

As serious as these questions are, however, there is one that has come, in recent days, to puzzle me even more. If, as she claims, The Ever-Popular did not spend the evening that sparked this true confession with me, if, as she maintains, that evening as such did not exist at all, except in my own mind, then who put the lime and pineapple jello mold in the refrigerator? It certainly wasn't me, as, according to her, I was at Folk City sharing the bill with Roger McGuinn that evening, and we're all rather too old to believe in the Good Jello-Mold Fairy, I think, so where did it come from? Is it possible that The Ever-Popular and Betty Crocker are one and the same person? Have you ever seen THEM together? I hope I am above making this kind of allegation, but I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

As for me, I have to go tune my banjo.

ARCANE WEAPONS OF BYZANTIUM: NUMBER SIX:



REPENT!
QUIT YOUR JOB!
SLACK OFF!

Send \$1 for Intense Pamphlet
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APPEAL TO REASON proves Joe Stalin was right: "Right" will put up with anything that is written on it."

THESE CLEVER CREATURES who pretend to be left, but can find nothing positive anywhere on the left, are objectively serving the right. Right? —Kid Syrek

WHAT IS SITUATIONISM? Nothing to it—it is to let the left make snide remarks about anyone on the left who's getting more publicity than you.

4SOUND-MINED4

by Brian Catanzaro

Well, last month I blew it. The holidays always get in the way of things. It ain't easy to survive in these times and stay active in things like IJ, but is always worth it in the end. As my LA correspondent out it, summer provided us with a bumper crop of new music from all types of recording artists. You want the obvious—you'll get the obvious, and that's not what we're about here (unless we get really upset about something which happens only occasionally). There was some Christmas-inspired stuff written for last month, which will have to wait until the hypothetical NEXT year, which is against our loving editor's Innermost Joking principles. (ED: Now hold on there—blame me, will ya? Jeez, damned if'n ya do...) Perhaps it can be revised at some point...

Please allow me to make mention of my searing critique of Mr. Mishan's columnist comeback. Nate, I had no idea of your difficulties other than the fact that yer pen seemed annoyed it wasn't capable of any information other than the non-informative type. My brief mention of your work during this difficult period seems nonsensical in the last issue. I hope you will understand it's only due to the time delay of publishing. It is also due to the time delay that I expect negative reactions to my comments, in which case this paragraph can serve as an explanation for the inexplicable.

NEW TODD SOLO ALBUM DUE OUT ANY DAY!!! Its title, and don't quote me, is "The Ever Popular Tortured Artist Effect". My prediction (for the four people who follow them) is that it will consist of very raw production technique but have fantastic musical ideas. Being one of many tortured artists, that is usually the effect of much of my own end product.

THE SOUND OF SINATRA - IJ'S SINGLE OF THE YEAR

You knew it was coming, didn't you? Joe Piscopo's "I Love Rock And Roll". First, he had the guts to do it on national television. By luck I caught that performance and thought, gosh, that's so well done and no one will ever hear it again. Happily the audio track escaped The Doom Tube. For those who haven't heard it yet, you won't believe your ears. Is it Frank? Or is this Memorex? Does she or doesn't she? Only Joe's hairdresser knows for sure. It's medley of heavy rock tunes of the 70's in the voice of Frank Sinatra, an impersonation of SHEER GENIUS. Every note and vocal inflection is a perfect reconstruction of the way Frankie would have wanted it sung. The ad-libs are impeccably Sinatra in far more than a jovial mood. The arrangements are hot, funky and swingin' right down to the final doobie-doo. You'll find this entirely laughable disc in 7 or 12" size.

ESP OR A SMALL WORLD - IJ'S COMEDY RECORD OF THE YEAR

Amazingly, as Joe P. pays tribute to "a groovy cat, Bruce Spring-stein", another clone eerily emerges. It's Bruce Springstone, Live At Bedrock. It's the saga of a good ol' American kid, ooh-ooh, Growin' Up in a small town; flippin' dino-burgers after school and the rest of the Springstoned-out monologue that opens the well-known "Meet The Flintstones" theme. This kid used to watch the workers rush home to their wives—You Are There as our sound-alike hero leaps into "Flintstones, MATE The Flintstones, They're the Modern Stonnige Fameil-Lay-ay!". Dramatic comedy is difficult work as it is—canturing it on vinyl is double tuff, 'cause if it's not right, the whole picture dissolves. It's obvious that many painstaking hours went into the refining of this performance. The backup is amazing. The sax player sounds more like Clarence Clemmens than Clarence Clemmens. The cartoon-illustrated cover couldn't be better. The crowd cheers on and Springstone shows 'em who's boss! There have been several boots of the real Springstone doing "Santa Claus Is Coming Ta Town" a la Tye Crystals. The B side of "Live At Bedrock" is true to that form with "Take Me Out To The Ballgame". Both sides are VERY funny. This quality entertainment for the price of a 45 comes to us from Clean Cuts Inc., PO Box 16264, Baltimore, MD, 21210. Tom Chauckley plays Bruce Springstone and Ron Holloway plays saxophone.

PIG BRI PREDICTS this record will go the route of The B-52's "Rock Lobster". It will get aired so much that a major label will put it out and put Clean Cuts, et al. on the map. Get the original and as our editor says, get it before the lawsuit. One more interesting note, the label says "Cold Cuts" while the jacket says "Clean Cuts". Must be a subsidiary of a subsidiary or summin'. Also, it appears the release date was somewhere near Hallowe'en; how quaint.

FEAR OF STRANGERS

Making some noise up in Albany, NY and playing the East Coast. Here are the plusses and minuses: The critical and audience reaction appears to be favorable. Elayne likes it too. The name is great and the album art is nicely done. The overall sound is kind of mild, like earlier db's or Dire Straits done without the solos. Going with a clean vocal sound, femme fatale Val Haynes has a voice that pulls yer ear closer to the stereo and makes you wanna listen to those heartfelt lyrics a little closer. So I did and found extremes ranging from being too vague to being "so everyday-anyway". My criticism is aimed at their artistic approach. Fear Of Strangers seem to be taking themselves too seriously. In that respect, they are rushing things. If the production hadn't stayed refreshingly simple it would have been very difficult to get through. As it stands, the songs with good dance beats are not emphasizing the rhythm section enough to prove it.

"Vigilantia", the tune with the most spark and appeal, is the last in the program. Bad move.

OK, this is only an IJ, but there are billions of bands out there, many less accomplished than FOS, who hold getting the point across as the priority no matter how raw the expression of it. In my opinion, the band could have saved a considerable amount of money, made a more lasting impression and perhaps widened their distribution by putting the best 3 songs out a 7" EP, with "Vigilantia" on the A side and with "Hat and Coat" and "Factory" on the flip. That would be more conceo-

tual and consistent lyrically as well. All of their other redeeming qualities are suffering right now. (Faulty Records, P.O. Box 7245, Albany, NY 12224) (ED: Don'tcha worry none, Steve, I still love ya.)

OTHER ASSORTMENTS

Look out for the NEW ALBUM FROM XTC!! Caveat Emptor! Remember what happened to the last album in its American form? (See IJ, June '82) It was abridged. Let's check the import copy first this time, right?...The new Human League tune will make you chuckle with its Mo-town references and catchy chords. "Don't You Want Me" is nothing next to this one. (ED: Then again, some of us think "Don't You Want Me" is nothing.)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL

Special thank-you credentials go to Mr. John M. Fahey Jr. for assisting me with KROQ and other sound mining information each month. John and J. "Baboon Dooley" Crawford used to party with other HS pals an' gals up in North Jersey during their mellower days.

Wax Ink

by Rury Hauchens

As was expected, 1982 was another semi-crapulous year for music, but a few highlights made it worthwhile. And when they were good, they were almost unbeatable.

Iggy Pop wrote a book and made a record for Blondie's Chris Stein's dream label. ZOMBIE BIRDHOUSE (Animal/Chrysalis) finds the sinuous rock of the old Ig (temporarily?) replaced by a sledge hammer effect where thick slabs of synthesizer and more pronounced percussion push Mr. Pop through a diversity of material. "Angry Hills" is an uncanny mix of Bowie, the dB's and West Side Story, while "Life of Work" serves up some heavy industry hypnosis. The swampy, folk ballad category is filled by "The Ballad of Cookie McBride", "Ordinary Bummer" exists in a hazy, dreamlike state, and "Watching The News" and "Street Crazies" are disjointed mind-blasters. Not as manic as past Pop platters, but hot stuff from beginning to end.

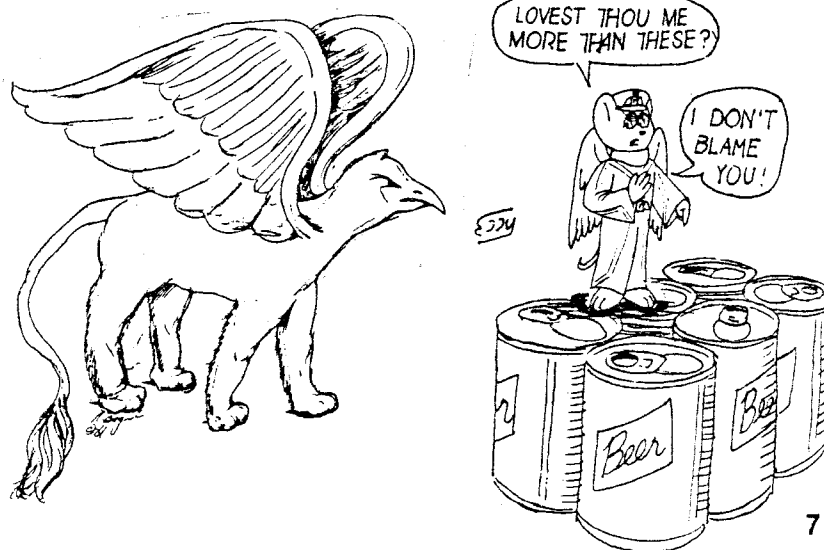
THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS (Warner Bros.) becomes another in what promises to be an endless stream of posthumous releases, but while the others were mostly dissatisfying, this one is a true gem! Studio Hendrix is just fine, but nothing comes close to the unbridled power and energy Jimi displayed in concert on a good night, and these combustible cuts must have been recorded when he was in his prime. Passionate, definitive versions of "Red House", "Little Wing", "Fire", "Voodoo Chile (Slight Return)" and "Hey Joe" make this double album the most potent Hendrix release since 1971's THE CRY OF LOVE.

Peter Gabriel successfully merges African rhythms with Western technology on his fourth solo LP, SECURITY (Geffen). The persistent jungle beat of "Shock The Monkey" and the Steve Reich-influenced textures of "San Jacinto" are among the obvious high points of an exceptional album. Gabriel swims in darker, murkier water on "The Family and the Fishing Net" and "Lay Your Hands On Me", a pair of tribal triumphs suitable for your next suburban voodoo brunch. SECURITY is a work of imagination and genius—complicated dance music for your mind.

In the New Romantic sweepstakes, Visage saw themselves losing over-all to Duran Duran, but beating out Spandau Ballet with the release of "Night Train (Dance Mix)"/"Night Train (Dub Mix)"/"I'm Still Searching" (Polydor), a 12-inch EP that complements their album, THE ANVIL. "Night Train" is a brassy, booming slice of night life with mushrooming synthesizers and spurring saxes. A dance mix is included for all those homebodies not wishing to scuff their shoes at the local club as well as a dub mix so everyone inclined can flex those airy head muscles with the least effort.

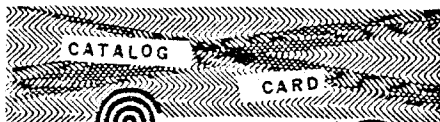
Georgia's Pylon, that fabulous, fearless foursome, released a duo of danceable 45's on the small but robust DB Records label (432 Moreland Ave. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30307). "Crazy"/"M-Train" features fashionable detective guitar, banshee bass and ectoplasmic vocals on the first side, and way-out-front gothic bass and lead singer Vanessa Briscoe's Janis Joplin-meets-Bette Davis impersonation on the other. It appears to be the popular favorite, but I prefer the newer single, "Beep"/"Altitude", wherein the group demonstrates their palatable penchant for Talking Heads-like psycho-funk. "Beep" possesses Ms. Briscoe's most potent vocal performance to date, perfectly matched by Curtis Crowe's cruising drums, Michael Lachowski's deep down, southern-fried bass and Randall Bewley's stinging six strings. "Altitude" is moody (in a Television vein), but it'll dust your Pharaoh with a vengeance!

Hot notes for cool cats!!



ANYONE INTERESTED IN SEEING THIS COULD 2/20 AT RUTGERS (NJ)? LET ME KNOW IMMEDIATELY

"I WANT TO BE known in the Biblical sense."
—Mrs. All-Knowledge.



Please send me

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The coffee table book that CHEWS YOU!
- video void on cable or cassette
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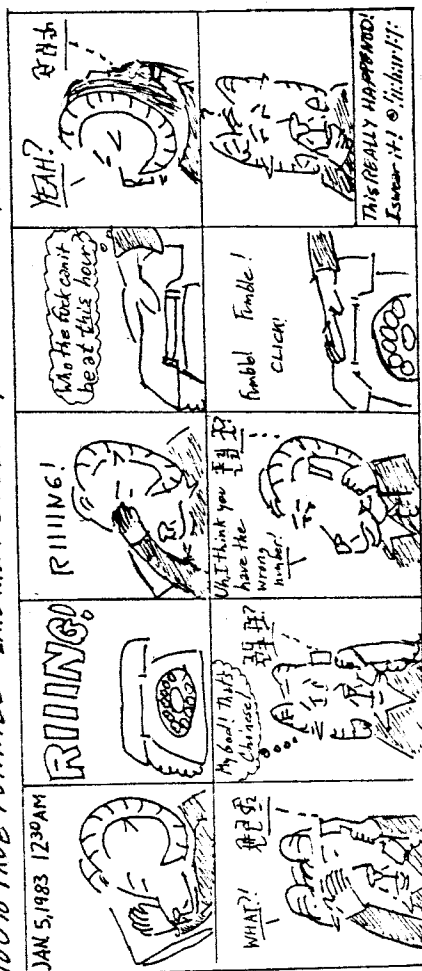
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

THANK YOU!!!

100% TRUE FUNNIES "LATE NIGHT CALLER" by Steven F. Schaeffer



6:00 PM
4:40 PM
UPI



From a Northern California Perspective

by Ronald B. Flowers

So, the new year, 1983, is finally here! As of this writing there are only 355 days until Christmas. Just enough time to save up enough money for gifts or to catch up from last year's burden. As with each new year some things never change such as death, taxes, crime, love and love of sex. However, this year, perhaps more than most of late, you can expect some major differences and advancements.

I think, more so than ever, this will be the year of the credit card. And why not—people can't afford to spend money. Then there are the changes now and upcoming in our phone system. Remember just a few years back when we were led to believe by now we would have phones with screens so we could see who we were talking to? Well, that's still down the line for most. Right now we'll have to settle for owning and repairing our own phones, now that AT&T is breaking up and deregulating. We had to figure every way of tradition would break down sooner or later. Still, when you get right down to it, by the time the phone repairman got there you could usually have fixed the phone yourself anyway, or at least paid your neighborhood handyman to do so. Of course, beginning in January of 1984, further phone company surprises are in store for you. Your local companies will cease to be in the long distance business. That means services like MCI or Sprint will no longer be the businessman's exception, but the rule for businesses and all households alike, provided you can afford or even want to call your friend in California from New York.

On Reaganomics there are changes in store as well in 1983. Reagan will finally agree to lower the defense budget, for every dollar the Soviet Union will donate to finance it. Reagan will keep his pledge to keep personal taxes from increasing (and in fact lower them), but only if every working adult over the poverty level of income will loan the government money. The loan will be determined by how much you can give that will put you at the higher end of the poverty level. The loan will be payable to you some time after Reagan is no longer President. Reagan's insistence that the economy would recover and unemployment would turn around will make him appear to be a prophet by year's end, at least according to the government's most reliable socioeconomic indicator: the number of unemployment claims filed over a given period of time. What the statistics won't show is that the unemployment offices all over the country have closed down because they were no longer able to pay the steadily growing number of claimants. There will be the personal promise of employment to many by Reagan, on a delayed basis, but only if you vote for him in the '84 election.

The concern on water quality will no longer be a news item. This year everyone will know all water is polluted and harmful to your health and well-being. Food prices will be on the decline, but only because the difference will be made up on a new food tax. The new fad, and by far the most popular, will be gaining weight. The nutritionists, dieticians, authors, exercise nuts, and mainly the populace will finally come to realize the plan is so much easier and a lot more pleasurable. Herpes will make some major advancements, that is, a lot more people will be afflicted with the disease. And nightmares will officially be declared the real thing, as long as you don't wake up!

On the plus side for the new year is gasoline prices. After the big boom of a few years back when gas was scarce, prices were skyrocketing and lines were long and heated, a complete reversal has taken place. Now the gas prices are actually rolling back to yesteryear and gas is in abundance, more so than was thought possible. In fact, just the other day I passed a gas station that advertised, "For every paid car wash, you get a full tank of gas free!" Unfortunately, I didn't have enough on me for the car wash, not that my car wasn't in desperate need of one.

Last year was the year of the surprise movie, E.T. It beat out several others which were supposed to be hot. Just goes to show, you never know from one summer to the next. I wonder what this year's phenomenon will be. I've got a sneaky suspicion it will be E.T.'s sequel, "PAC MAN EATS E.T."

Then there's the sports scene. In between some brief displays of sports excitement, in the last two years we have been forced to sit through two strikes, first baseball, then football. It makes you wonder what's in store for this year. Well, it's no coincidence that this year marks the advent of the United States Football League. It is time the fans let their strength show. This time the fans will go on strike against the USFL demanding 55% of the NFL. Now that's using their heads!

In this year of 1983 you can expect major changes in the nightclub scene. In the past it's been boy-meets-girl, girl-meets-boy, and you either succeed in your endeavor or fail. This year the rules will become more structured to the benefit of both the establishment and the patron. In the wake of declining sales and many clubs forced to go under, now before entering a nightclub you will be required to purchase at least one share at the door. In addition, you will sign a contract which gives you sole rights to negotiate at that club with the patron of your choice. However, the one thing that never changes is first come, first serve. At any rate, at least affordability and perseverance should improve your odds for success.

And last but not least, this year will bring some innovative concepts in...you guessed it, college education. There will still be the traditional college studies for those who can afford it (and not many these days cannot afford at least some). However, spreading all over the country is a new program called "Education of Colleges". In this, the people are acting as a unit to teach the educators what is really needed in learning skills to be productive and content with one's education—Ah, Elaine, couldn't resist this one! (ED: Me neither. Gee, Ron, I hope you won't be one of those people teaching the educators...)

Anyway, the new year is upon us and with each one you can never tell for sure what it will bring, except invariably some change in all of us.

YET ANOTHER—

EXHIBIT

© 1982 by KENNY 'SUE' ROBERTS
Tommy Low

JEEZ, WHAT A BUNCH
A LOSERS I WORK
WITH! LOOK
AT THOMP-
SON! TWO
YEARS AT
THE SAME
DESK!



IDIOTS!

BUNCH A
ASSHOLES!

JERKS!

MY DESK. JUST THE
STARTING POINT. TWO YEARS
AND I'LL BE LONG-
GONE!

HI TOD!
HOW WAS
YOUR
WEEK-
END?

GOOD, BABY! BUT NOT AS
GOOD AS IT COULDA BEEN
WITH YOU BY MY SIDE
DOLL FACE! -WHISPER- WANNA
SMOKE A DOOBIE?

OKAY!

WHISPER - I HEARD THERE
MIGHT BE ALOT OF 'SNOW'
THIS WINTER, BUT THERE
MIGHT BE A 'FLURRIE'
THIS AFTERNOON. YOU
INTERESTED?

LAWRENCE!
MY OFFICE!
NOW!

OOH,
FOR
SURE!

YES SIR!
RIGHT AWAY!
GOT THOSE
REPORTS RIGHT
HERE, SIR!

EXHIBIT

Street People

by Clay Geardes

You can get anything you want on Telegraph Avenue. Berkeley is home to several thousand students during the year. Most of them are gone for the holidays now, but there are many who have no place to go and these just hang on. I'm sitting in Larry Blake's having some eggs this rainy December morning. Outside, some of the street merchants are setting up their tables, hoping it won't rain too hard and ruin the day's business. This is their time of the year to make the money needed to survive the rest of the year. They've been through a lot of hassles, these neo-vagabonds who live out of their ancient cars and vans. The people who run the stores along the street did not give them that sidewalk space without a battle. In many communities, there are no street sellers to compete with those who can afford the inflated rents demanded by the landlords who control commercial properties; the existence of so many street sellers says a lot about the kind of town Berkeley is. Telegraph is a complete marketplace, particularly now, and from last weekend's crowds, one would say this wasn't a depression at all. I don't know where all that money comes from, but it's nice to see it going into the hands of people who actually produce what they sell. Lots of good batters and leathercraftpersons out there who deserve the money.

Whatever you want you can find it out there. The legal goods on the tables, the illegal ones you get from those clandestine people who whisper at you as you pass: "speed, acid, uppers, downers, crossstaps, home-grown, Colombian..." It's sprinkling a little. People look up and wonder. The trees move in the morning wind. Smiles come and go with customers. A young blond boy passes. Tiny golden earrings in his left ear. An initiation rite? There is a high school gang of fashion punks around the area. They hang out near a pizza parlor called LaVal's.

Talk about ludes and coke. Soort bizarre hairdoes. Mohawks and baldies for the men. Pinks and greens for the women. Many wear military drag. Some of the boys mutilate their hands or arms like the Pachecos of the forties. A few wear Nazi symbols to gross out their hippy parents. They don't remember World War II. Could care less. Figure Number 3 is coming up and there is no future. Slam dance and unchuck and fuck it, man. Outside of here, it's death. So much for the latest teen cult-ists, the spawn of Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten. The older street

people are likely to be Viet Nam casualties, guys who came back from Nam with habits and never kicked. Guys who sned awhile in the hospital. Guys who were used in experiments by the government, guys who have been to the shock shop more times than they care to remember. Ah, Berkeley just passed a law against electro-shock therapy and the psychiatrists are fighting it in court, fighting for their right to fry brains. I remember seeing the picket lines outside Herrick Hospital many times as I drove in and out of town, good dedicated people fighting the machinery of death--read Ken Kesey's ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST if you want to know why there are people walking the streets talking to themselves, lecturing the walls of parking garages, shouting about God and Satan in the malls. Budget cuts freed a lot of the inmates from the state hospitals and they're out there among the Christmas shoppers,

among the cups, the marmalade, the tea.... People on the streets look a little frantic, look like things are not going all that well, feel the rapid breath of the Great Reagan on the backs of their necks. There are a lot of lonely people out there among the loonies. You see them sitting in the coffeehouses for hours writing in little notebooks they keep in their pockets. What are they writing? What is in all those little notebooks? Are they telling it like it is? Will we ever know? Well, this might have been written in one of those cheap notepads. I spent some time in the coffeehouses. Played chess. Breathed a lot of second hand smoke. Met a lot of ladies who came and went. Listened to a lot of sad stories. Eavesdropped on other worlds. Heard teenaged girls trying to decide whether or not to try coke, their mothers lamenting the loss of their husbands to younger women. I used to hate hollering the loss of invitations back in the seventies. It's too hard being in a warm family situation for a few hours only to have to go back to THE ROOM, to the loneliness, the memories of warm bodies long gone.

So, one of those older people you see on Telegraph Avenue, one of those who refused to leave, no longer a student or teacher, but not yet a Grey Panther, just an observer, the reason you now know a little something about who is here and what they are doing.

December, 1982

- Clay Geardes

K. GOES TO THE LECTURE

by Gerry Reith

It was during this time, while rumors of the Bank's imminent closing filled the air, that K. met his friend the police-woman while wandering the streets.

"You gave me a fright," K. told her, looking at her bunched-up red hair and wondering whether or not she had an ivory comb.

"Terror can take many forms," she replied. "Why, for instance, it struck us oddly down at the station that you were never terrified during the whole month-and-a-half when I visited you nightly and told you a completely fabricated story of my father's protracted death from cancer. Each night I came down, having spent hours being coached by the Leaders in just how I was to lead the conversation, and we all thought that we had done a bad job of it...we thought you had begun to suspect, that you had found us out, that you knew we were testing you, and why, and what the result would be."

K. pulled at a forelock and smiled. "I never suspected until recently," he said. "But really, does it matter?"

She gestured to her massive German shepherd. "Oh, yes. Let me explain. If you knew that everyone you knew was plotting against you, it would throw an X factor into our calculations. You might conclude that you were going crazy, and seek professional help, at which point you might be drugged or admitted to a hospital, and all our work would have been in vain. Or you might realize the whole truth, and refuse to cooperate, or kill yourself. If you knew that we were trying to drive you crazy in a carefully planned way, you might go crazy in the wrong way. To actually see the extent of our power might have been the straw that broke the camel's back."

K. grew pensive, frustrated at the gabby girl. Couldn't she get to the point? "Look," he told her, "It was obvious to me that you were prostrating yourself, making yourself available to me, and that events had contrived to make you emotionally vulnerable, alone, unhappy, and burdened with bills. You had no man to help you out, and here I was. But the best laid plans..." he drifted off, began mumbling.

His friend the police-woman had to leave and go to police some more places, so K. was left standing, still frustrated. Why couldn't he explain? Just then an acquaintance of K.'s, the revolutionary burgher, hailed him from the other side of the street, in the doorway of a corner beer-hall.

"K.! K.!" he called, interrupting K.'s thoughts. "Come on over, have a beer with me!"

Inside the beer-hall were about five impeccably dressed young men with impassive expressions, each of whom turned to gaze as K. entered. "Funny," thought K., "I haven't seen them around here before. Probably just some more intelligence agents on a little R & R."

"Over here," called K.'s friend the revolutionary burgher. "You must hear about the latest development in revolutionary theory!"

The barmaid brought K. a beer, and the revolutionary burgher began to speak.

"Well," he said, "we both know that conditions are intolerable, right?" He paused. "Right?"

"Yes, oh yes," K. said distractedly.

"Good!" cried one of the impeccably dressed young men. "Get him saying 'yes' right off the bat!"

"And we both know that there's no organized way of taking matters into hand, right? Well, then it's clear that the only thing to do is..." and the burgher drifted off, waiting expectantly for K. to fill in the gaps.

K. speculated for a while in silence, and spoke on a few of the various options available, pointing out that most of them were poor.

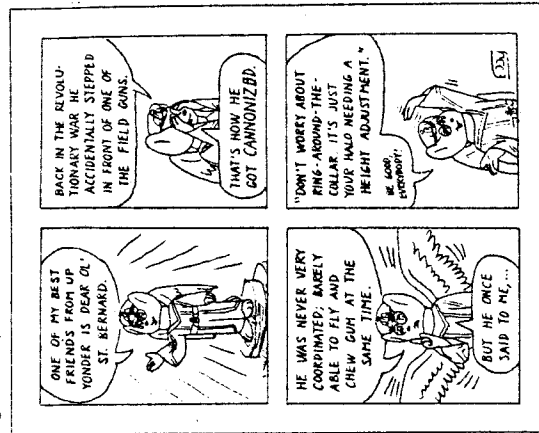
"But isn't wanton murder and wholesale slaughter and violence the only thing left to us?" the burgher asked, petulantly.

"Oh, you tire me so!" K. exploded. "Of course it isn't. You've

made it so obvious that only a fool could disagree! Why don't you just hire your patself? Is it because of the budget cutbacks?"

GALEN THE SAINTLY

6. RAYMOND EDDY



HEY, PREPPIE. If you're so rich, why aren't you smart? Poison Ivy League. 2000 Center #1314, Berkeley CA, 94704.

In "2001: A Space Odyssey", if you took each of the letters in the name 'HAL' (the computer) and moved it up one place, you'll get IBM... Try doing the same thing with 'E.T.' and see what it'll get you!

- Jed Martinez

License to Manipulate

(Back again, from last month to this month, and not until next month again, here's Coop!)

Dear Coop,

Family dispute time. Here are the facts: there are four of us kids whose parents got divorced. The youngest is nineteen and none of us live at home. Dad moved out to California and Mom reclaimed her maiden name and is adjusting remarkably well. Last week, all of us kids got notices that our family reunion was in a month and to let the aunt who coordinates it know how many spouses and children would be attending. What this is leading to is that Mom didn't get an invitation. My brother told me that Dad wouldn't be there anyway and to tell our aunt that one of us would be bringing Mom along.

The shit hit the fan. The troublemakers in the family started yelling that she was no longer a member since the divorce. The ones who liked her said that it was okay with them for her to come. I say that since she gave birth to four of us it entitles her to lifelong family standing. How can we settle this problem?

Dear Scattered-to-the-winds, North, South, East and West

If your mother really wants to go, take her along. She sounds spunky enough not to be bothered by a few family assholes. If she considers it to be too much of a hassle, don't force her to go. She may not want to be so heavily reminded of her ex.

Your point about giving birth was well taken. If names were all that family was about, a person couldn't go to his mother's family reunion because of it. No married woman could go to hers if she changed her name nor could she go to her husband's if she didn't. It's high time we redefined some tired, old definitions of family. It's becoming so far-flung that we have to learn to make new commitments with regard to it. Let's hope that civilized behavior prevails.

(Well, till next month... Hey all y'all! Whassamatta, nobody wants an advice columnist's advice no more? Hey, send in your tsuris, okay? Coop's address is in the staff writer column...)

FUN WITH TOM

by Tom Sanders

Whenever I go somewhere the usual question is asked: "When will you be back?" How should I know? If I was that good at predictions I wouldn't need life insurance or the racing form. Everyone thinks I came with a factory-installed crystal ball. Actually, it isn't built-in. Got out the old ball the other day, took a look and discovered not only when I would be back, but some of the things we can expect in the New Year:

JANUARY: Super Bowl game in Pasadena, California. Halftime show includes "Salute to Lifestyles" featuring tributes to Iggy Pop, John DeLorean and the late Tony Orlando.

FEBRUARY: National "Keep America Working—Buy A Record Album" month. **MARCH:** Congress acts to reduce U.S. unemployment. Michigan becomes first state in history to be removed from the Union.

APRIL: Statue of Liberty replaced with likeness of Stevie Nicks holding microphone and record contract.

MAY: Accounting students at Columbia University seize administration building, demanding imported Canadian beer and more pizza deliveries on campus.

JUNE: International Gary Gilmore Impersonators' Convention held at Osmund Center, Salt Lake City, Utah.

JULY: New York City beaches declared "not fit for pigs". Mayor Koch replies, "Oh yes, they are!"

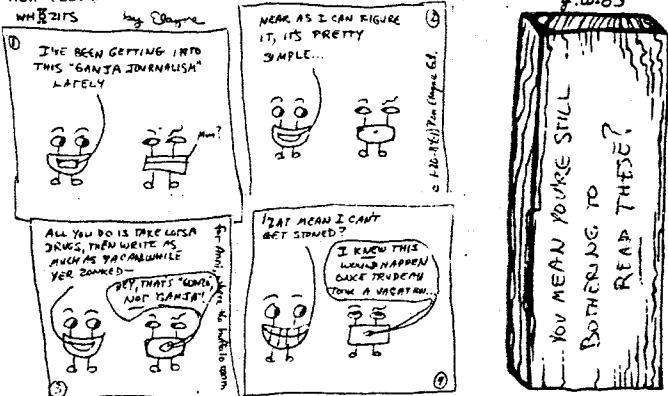
AUGUST: Used typewriter ribbon becomes trendy fashion accessory among dress-conscious socialites. Ink-stained fingers are now signs of status.

SEPTEMBER: War vs. Soviet Union declared on NFL weekend number one. War news makes back pages of fourth section.

OCTOBER: Nationwide Knack revival. "My Sharona" tops Hot 100 five weeks in a row. Capitol Records rush-releases limited collectors' edition signed and numbered picture disc.

NOVEMBER: Collectors' record shops in Greenwich Village now selling The Wall Street Journal and offering in-house investment counseling.

DECEMBER: Congress passes "Compulsory Holiday Bill", making it mandatory for every American citizen to have a merry Christmas and happy New Year.



QUENT WIMPEL NOTES

by Kerry Wendell Thornley

Suddenly, It's 1995: Background

As our hero in this sci-fi thriller awakes, his clock radio informs him the prime rate just went up to sixty-nine-and-a-half percent. Upon his return to sleep, Destiny pisses in his ear.

This rude act interrupts a beautiful, sexy dream about an African Princess and Bakunin that may otherwise have resumed—about "making revolution as you produce a woman: from the bottom up and the circumstances onward".

Destiny is Quent Wimpel's calico tortoise-shell cat.

Continuing with the news, the radio announces there has just been a revolution in Omkwat by the Ishmalean Moslem Forces of Hassan-i-Sabbah X. "Arise," shouts our hero as he runs for the shower, "and be your own slaves!" On the way there he throws Destiny out the door.

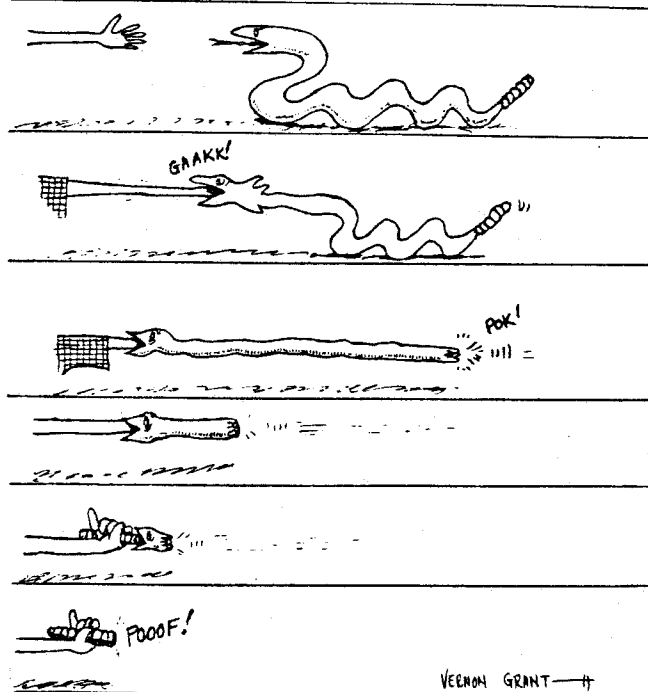
Today Wimpel is to act out a lifelong fantasy—to go hitch-hiking in the United States of Eternity-Existence, Incorporated, to travel from one corporate feudal domain to another, living the great baroque poem that is America, with no particular destination in mind—a carefree nineteen sixty-seven hippie navigating through a world of technocratic Byzantine conspiracies that most of his countrypersons think are manifestations of the occult.

Such is the background for QUENT WIMPEL NOTES, a novel-in-progress that will be excerpted, in no special chronological order, in future issues of INSIDE JOKE—being in fact nothing more than a slightly exaggerated saga of the author's own adventures, since who would believe them if they were presented as nonfiction anyway?

Quent is a near-do-well writer addicted to coffee and compulsive scribbling in little notebooks, including contributions to more than a hundred works-in-progress ranging from a nonfiction expose of the nefarious Ragotcha Foundation and the assassination of President Fitzpatrick to numerous novels and countless songs and poems. These chaotic notes, linked together with a string of narrative about Wimpel's encounters that inspire them, comprise the book INSIDE JOKE readers will be privileged to glimpse in advance of rejection by major publishing houses.

To follow in these pages: A RETROSPECTIVE PENTAGRAM: BATTLE HYMN OF THE TECHNOCRACY—five chapters about adventures of Quent Wimpel that happened before the novel opened.

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Notes from a Nut

by Paul Zuckerman

HOW TO SOLVE THE COCKROACH PROBLEM

Bug sprays do not kill roaches. Pesticides just stun them, knock them out for a while. You think the roaches are dead, but—20 minutes later—they get up and walk away. Roaches don't die easy. The only things found still living after above-ground tests of nuclear bomb explosions were cockroaches.

So, if intense heat, powerful shock waves and toxic radiation can't kill roaches, how can you eliminate them from your modest dwelling, much less the entire country, short of stepping on and squashing each one individually?

First, you have to entice them out of their holes. What will lure every roach in America out of their hiding places? It ain't gonna be pin-ups of Erik Estrada. Better try food. Where do you stockpile all this food? Some nice, central location in the middle of the country—Missouri, let's say. The food is merely bait for the trap. What trap? A bottomless pit? A huge incinerator? No. It'll have to be something big. Big enough to hold every cockroach in the land. At the same time, it'll have to be something they're not afraid of. Something they're used to seeing. A giant REFRIGERATOR. As tall as a skyscraper. As wide as a city block. How much storage space should it have? Bake a gooey, chocolate cake the size of a football stadium. Without touching the freezer compartment on top, there should be room for at least 3 of those cakes inside the refrigerator, to attract the roaches. Cost? Several billion dollars probably, but it'll be worth every penny if it means exterminating roaches from our lives forever.

Ok, you build this trap. Now, how do you make the roaches go to the refrigerator, especially the ones too far away to see or smell the cakes inside? Guns and bullhorns won't do it. We'll need some more food. Crackers, to be specific. Tons of them. Salted, unsalted, square, round, doesn't matter. Next, spread some peanut butter on each cracker. You remember peanut butter. That's the food that doubled in price when Jimmy Carter, the peanut farmer, was President. I've always wondered: If Carter had been an asparagus farmer, do you think we'd have read about a drought destroying half the asparagus crop, causing that vegetable to double in price just before he left office, too?

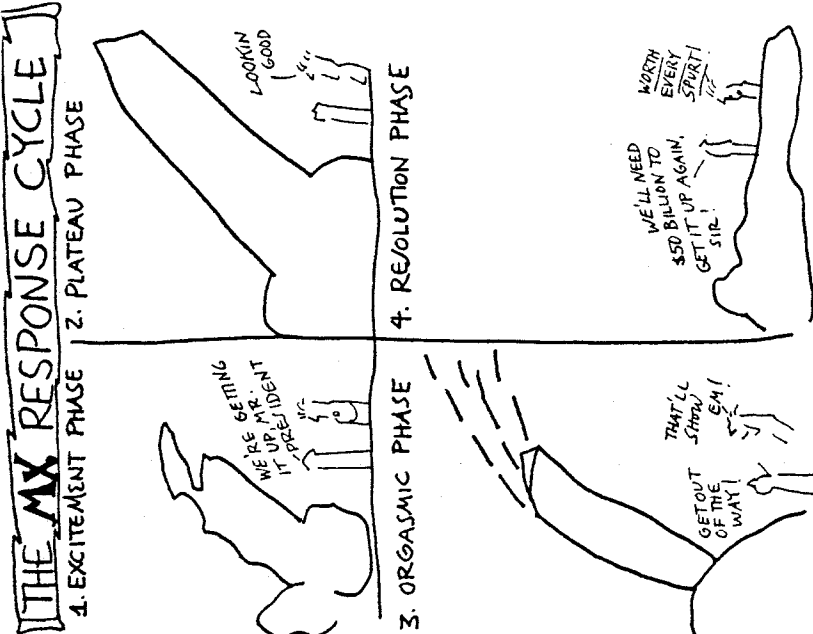
After all the crackers have been spread with peanut butter, the National Guard will deliver boxes of them to every home and apartment. Take your allotment and place them, one by one, in a single line that leads out of your door, into the street and in the direction of the refrigerator. Sanitation workers from every city will have already laid rows of crackers down the center of every freeway and bridge from one end of the country to the other.

Before long, billions of roaches will be eating their way toward middle America, munching and gobbling their way to their doom. Police and soldiers will be stationed along the route with cans of Raid and Black Flag, making sure none of the roaches get out of line or try to double back.

When the last of all the cockroaches finally marches into the giant refrigerator, shut the door on them! Those who don't suffocate will freeze to death! End of roach problem.

Unless, of course, there is one male and one female roach left alive anywhere in the country. In that case, every building in the United States will be deluged, inundated and swarming with cockroaches again within a week.

ROME COME core corn moan roan roan. Host most moss loss lots pots. Stray Catholics. Box 2267, Berkeley, 94702.



NATOTORIAL

by Nate Mishaan

Well, well, well, another Christmas is on its way—oops, it's over and this is January.

This conflict of time frame is something that media people have to deal with. Christmas carols are recorded in studios sometime in April. Perry Como Christmas Specials are done in September. Can you imagine summer just ending, it's 80° and you're singing "Home For the Holidays" or "Winter Wonderland" as you sweat and watch curiosity seekers drinking Gatorade on the set? I think about these things constantly.

I've had a dose of the above myself. I work for an Environmental Music business. Can't mention names but it has its ups and downs. Get it? Guess who. Anyway, it's three weeks before Thanksgiving and we're doing Christmas music. It's bad enough that Christmas comes once a year but must it last two months? How many times can a person hear "Frosty the Snowman" before they explode? To make matters worse, after playing three Christmas carols every 15 minutes, "New York, New York" is scheduled. God, it's too much. But I do pay my bills every month.

If I sound like a well-polished cynic, it's because I am. My favorite characters in TV are Ed Asner (on MTM's show as Lou Grant at WJM News), Walter Brennan in "Meet John Doe", Carroll O'Connor's "Archie", Danny DeVito in "Taxi" and the list is endless. One thing I've found is that there's honor and security in being cynical.

Becoming cynical, according to Piaget (I'm lying but miss writing Psych papers so let me get off on attempting to sound clinical and intellectual; besides, these guys would have said these things had they met me as a child), becoming cynical is part of a natural developmental process. After being in a womb for several months, doing nothing but lying around in an ideal environment, eating when you're hungry, sleeping when you're tired—doing aerobics when you're bored—your number comes up and you have to leave. The womb's going co-op and you lost your lease. Your first experience with the real world. You start believing that life's a bowl of whatever Mom eats, then it's out in the cruel world—you get slapped on the ass and realize that there is no security anywhere. Just when you get into something and start enjoying it, someone or something stops you. It's like being teased by a vixen or having a wonderful sexual experience and you're at the height of arousal only to be interrupted by the UPS man with your company Christmas present—a fruitcake.

Cynicism is part of evolution. Whining about life's injustice isn't. Cynics are cool people who never say that the check is in the mail. A cynic is one who is never disappointed by life's surprises. Cynics have it together because they realize the only way to go is up—things can't be worse. Face it, unemployment is high, taxes are murder, transporting your person from point A to B is becoming more expensive, time-consuming and unsafe, you can't be promiscuous anymore or else you'll get herpes—what is there to be happy about? There's no Santa Claus, tooth fairy or music on MTV. There are no free lunches, there's no beer in heaven. Keebler cookies aren't made by elves. What can I believe in?

All right, God. Everybody believes in God. (ED: Really, Nate? How cynical can you be if you assert that?) But I want more to believe in. Whenever I find myself striving to find a reason to believe in something, an Amway distributor comes to my door, or I get a phone call to be invited for a fun weekend in the Poconos from a land developer, or I change the channel on my TV from the 700 or PTL clubs to "Flipper". You see, there's no escaping it, cynicism is here to stay. It was meant to be that way, although I don't know why...I enjoy the security of cynicism. Call me hard-boiled, call me finely polished...I am Cynic, hear me roar, in numbers too big to ignore, As I spread my loving arms across lead Snurfs...

I'm out of the button business...Send me your lists of your ten favorite oldies. I've received some really good replies and hope to get more...Merry (belated) Christmas; Feliz Navidad; O Come All Ye Faithful (the horny cynics' theme song)...

REAL PEOPLE VISITS:

THE NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY SYSTEM

by Chris Downey

It's always been my belief that the greatest motivating force over mankind is the desire for money and fame. On a higher level all of us crave attention; whether it's from our parents as children, or from our peers as we get older, we desperately hope that through the gaining of wealth or recognition we can get this attention that we constantly hunger for.

The New York City Subway system was built with the transportation needs of the city's lower- through middle-classes at heart. So, as a rule, you will never find anyone making over 50 thousand dollars a year a year on the E train at 7:00 AM every morning. Moreover, you're not likely to see William F. Buckley or Dave Winfield buying a month's worth of tokens to help get around town. No, the subway's clientele is a greater cross-section of the city's masses, and in the closed doors of the moving train cars, many people find a captive audience through which to get across their personal message. I've met a good number of these individuals and believe their story should be told.

A young man in an Adidas warmup suit, carrying a basketball, stood in the middle of the car and began talking to the passengers. He said it was his mother's dying wish that he go to college and he was raising money to go by "entertaining folks". He then proceeded to spin the basketball on all of his fingers on his right hand and on his nose as well. He continued until the train reached a stop, when he passed around a hat. I gave him 50¢ because I felt bad for him. It's a shame that no one ever told him that it was more important to NCAA scouts for players to be able to dribble, pass and shoot than rotate a ball on various appendages of the body for long periods of time.

With celebrity salaries becoming astronomical and ticket prices to see them rising accordingly, it's good to know that an entertaining evening of song doesn't have to cost a week's pay. I'm of course referring to Curtis, the singing wino. One of a dying breed of derelects, over the years Curtis has managed to keep enough of his delicate brain intact, to remember all the words to the Beatles' "I Saw Her Standing There". Returning home to Queens one night, I caught Curtis' act and was greatly impressed. His audience was overwhelmed as well (more from his odor than his singing, since he'd neglected to bathe since the end of the Second World War). Many were so awed they left the car entirely and moved into the adjoining one. Interpreting this as a request for an encore, Curtis followed them.

The Independent Subway system is not without its share of culture as well. One day, returning home from school, my friend G.B. and I were treated to the lyrical readings of Louwanda Jackson, militant black poetess. Traveling all over the city with her baby son Freedom, who showed no sign of human life hanging listlessly from her papoose over her chest. I suppose Louwanda's poetry was so bad, even WBAI ultra-leftist radio wasn't interested in her. Sort of sad. As the lady chronicled the flight of a leaf as it travelled across 169th St. in Jamaica on a Friday night ("Oh leaf, look at all the junkies, do they love you like I..."), I realized Grandmaster Flash had nothing to worry about.

Then there is the story of the man known only to me as the "crazed stickball lunatic". Getting on the train carrying a broomstick, he suddenly began thrashing wildly at the doors and windows of the train. Once the train reached a stop, the car emptied of all passengers except this man and my friend Tony who stayed because he found the scene amusing. "I thought he was funny," Tony said to me later. But of course, over the past two years, Tony has learned to pick any lock in the school and has a tendency to push two desks together and sleep during photography class.

So you see, there really are a million naked stories in this naked city, but I obviously haven't heard any of them yet.

TAKE ONE

by Sue Rosner, with Alan Margolis

Talk about a slap in the face! Everyone keeps saying how Bruce Springsteen put New Jersey on the rock 'n roll map (how quickly they forget Fort Lee's Four Seasons or Passaic's Shirelles). People tried to get his ode to diarrhea, "Born to Run", made the Jersey state anthem.

So, how does he thank his Jersey supporters? By naming his latest album NEBRASKA. Nebraska? What's in Nebraska? Why do you think Johnny Carson left Nebraska?

Then he has the chutzpah to put a song called "Atlantic City" on the album. C'mon, if you name an album NEBRASKA, then sing about Omaha! Yeah, you're right—what's to sing about?

Bruce, don't get us wrong. We love you. After all, you're (as Joe Piscopo says) "one groovy cat", but Bruce, did you flunk geography? I "State Trooper", you sing about the Jersey Turnpike. In "Open All Night", there's a line about the "North Jersey industrial skyline", so why name the album NEBRASKA?

Springsteen may have something about naming albums after midwestern states. The next album will be a double record set called NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA. Needless to say, the North Dakota disc will be blank (not much happens there). The South Dakota album will contain the soon-to-be-classic "Rockin' On Mt. Rushmore". Of course, Springsteen will have to reissue "Badlands". Why he put it on DARKNESS AT THE EDG OF TOWN is beyond us. He'll have to rewrite it and throw in some line about "Prairie Dog Town".

Uh, who knows, maybe someone from Nebraska will name an album NEW JERSEY.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE with people who talk to God on the phone? Hanging up is too good for them. Dial-an-Excuse, 863-7439.

HORROR STORY:

U.S. POST OFFICE COMPUTER FORWARDING SYSTEM

by Cannon E. Barclay

Recent media time focused on the emergency plans the United States Post Office is formulating if we experienced a "trigger" nuclear attack. A bit ridiculous when one considers the minor league trauma stories provoked by the Post Office on a daily basis. An insane waste of time? Perhaps if we relate a horror story about the new Computerized Forwarding System (anything within several years is new to the Post Office) the answer will be obvious...especially knowing it could happen to you.

On March 1st, 1982, I moved (Address A) and the standard change of address notification forms for the Postmaster and correspondents were prepared and handled several days ahead of schedule. Same as always whenever we move.

On the 10th of March we decided to make our mail delivery easier by applying for a U.S. Post Office box. Frankly, the mail-boxes at our new address (Address B) were far too small to handle all the mail including envelopes containing manuscripts, etc. The Post Office advised there would be about a two months waiting period for a box-number. (Never had to wait for a box-number before, however this might be standard procedure now...)

During the next several weeks the mail was light. Freelance writers become accustomed to receiving mail in spurts: therefore little attention was given to the volume. Finally on April 20th we were advised a Post Office Box was available. New address change forms were prepared at the Post Office and sent to some correspondents. We were assured once box rent is paid all mail would be forwarded to the box number (Address C). Mail problems were over. Wrong.

Within the next several weeks creditors and publishers and friends were calling to ask why mail sent to original address (Address A) was returned to them marked: Not Deliverable As Addressed. Panic. Could this be why mail was light or was it due to now having a box-number?

OUT OF SORTS

by Greg Hill

I was hiding from the boss one afternoon at Hoffman's Grill. Outside was a chilly San Francisco drizzle. Inside was warm and the far end of the bar invited me for a brandy. At the other end were a couple of out-of-work stockbrokers happily demolishing the environs with their leather dice cuss. Stockbrokers are usually good at Liar's Dice, but attorneys are usually better. Then an old friend of mine walked up.

His name is Bob Dobbs Junior. He is the Vice President of Integrated Information Management for a crackpot religious cult founded by his father, a retired beatnik. Bob never could make heads or tails out of Senior's grand enlightenment and subsequent teachings, but he likes his job. He especially likes the micro systems they recently installed.

It's the new Silicon Glitchmaster, three configured in tandem, 64K each plus a Winchester, CP/M, the works.

"Tell me, Bob, what are you going to use it for?"

"Lots of things. But we cost justified completely with just our master mailing list. Our list is 500,000, world wide, mostly amiable kooks who keep changing their pseudonyms and mail drops. Maintaining that mess is a nightmare. But now we have a new problem. Maybe you can help?"

They had installed and got up the Glitchmasters all right. There were some initial problems but he is bright and he managed to work them out. He's a good VP too, he called it "implementing" and "a learning experience". They then spent several weeks inouting the master mailing list. They busted their butts on that one; two contract proofreaders and many hours of overtime. After all the input, proofing, and correcting, the task was finally done. It was beautiful. They ran a full set of labels which proved perfect. But this wasn't just counties and zips and addresses, this baby was a whole data base. He had holy names and titles and forward-to's and sub-cult affiliates and everything. Then came The Test.

The Exec wanted to publish a complete directory. Ah, the perfect opportunity to show what a managed data base can do. So alphabetically by holy name, add titles, identify city, place little symbols for sub-cult affiliations, and cross-reference by country. Pass the floppy to a local typesetter and go. Fan-tas-tic.

"So what happened?"

"We pulled the whole data base into the main memory, careful to keep the structure straight. Then we checked the manual under 'sorting packages'. I asked our lead operator to let me do it, so I sat at the keyboard and entered S-O-R-T. The system replied 'How?'. The hell how. Alphabetically, of course. So I keyed in A-L-P-H-A. Then it grinded away for awhile."

I looked around at the dice players, thinking about how luck is so much more straight forward with a dice cup than it is with a computer. Bob was all big eyes and on the verge of climaxing his story. I was starting to get the feeling that I have been here before. "What happened then?"

"So! After about 20 minutes it started kicking out pages. They were sorted alpha alright. I got about 4,000 pages of nothing but the letter 'a'. A couple thousand pages of b's. Then pages of c's and d's. At least 7,000 pages of e's. It just went and went, hour after hour."

I ordered him a brandy and looked at him sympathetically.

"Well," he said, "what do you think?"

I didn't know what to think at that point. "Well, Bob, what do I think about what?"

"Did I do something wrong?"

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Immediate trip to the Post Office...where I was informed...after repeating my tale several times...by a Customer Service Rep. that my problem had nothing to do with my Address C, the box-number.

At this point I learned about the Post Office treasure: Computerized Forwarding System. It was explained that some of my mail from Address A to B might have been delayed by the system...but the mail problem was explained word for word as, "You can only move once a year with our new computer system."

Once a year! Close to having a stroke I returned home and contacted the District Director of C.F.S.

Fortunately, I was able to obtain correct information, names, and office phone numbers from a friend at a nearby small town Post Office. This Postmaster had never heard such an explanation about one move per year; however, it was admitted the computers had caused various problems.

The District Office spent considerable time in explanation (at my phone expense) and admitted the error or errors were caused by their office. My Address A and the change to Address B on 3/1/1982 was incorrectly entered into the computer as 3/1/1981. As the Post Office does not forward mail after one year my address A was DEAD. Unreal! They corrected the computer...and assured me that as always all mail is forwarded no matter how many times one moves (over one year????), with notification of change of address forms.

Now mail would be delivered, but what about the weeks of mail that was in limbo? You see...if a manuscript (as example) as returned the envelope would only have my address on same (preaddressed envelopes included with written submissions). The C.F.S. people advised that this mail would then go directly to the Dead-Letter Office. Would they contact them for me? No. This somehow was my responsibility.

Well, what happened to my failure to communicate after weeks and weeks to the Dead-Letter office in Chicago (if there really is an office there) is another tale. One that should be written. However, I was informed that these souls opened the mail (no time schedules on this) and checked for return address information...and if none was evident the mail was destroyed!!! (A quick call to a telephone or utility firm is how the TV people solve mystery, yet the Post Office apparently prefers to shred the mail.)

The horror story methinks is not unique for freelance writers...but could affect the many unemployed seeking work in new counties or states, etc. In fact, consider this: if you maintained a winter and a summer address and moved back and forth on a regular basis, your Address A could be marked as DEAD the second or third or whenever time you put a change of address into the computer. Remember, the computer will eventually show your Address A as over one year old. Other possibilities of lost mail are too difficult to contemplate.

One can only suggest that PS Form 3576 and other change of address forms be updated to show if the old address was ever used before, etc. (Some might note this form is still distributed with a 1978 date leaving one to wonder if they are changed every decade or maybe at some point in the future to match computer capabilities...). Until then, writers...cowboys...the new divorced...any of us needing change of address must beware...beware...of the Computerized Forwarding System.

Pt. 3 by Rulda

Sam hit the street with a thud you could hear in Dogwaffle Wa., but seconds later he was heading down the street at full tilt, barely aware of his bhrbbing knuckles.

While his conscious mind struggled with the problems presented him, his subconscious mind, where all the really important stuff gets done, was sending out strong signals for the two things most immediately necessary for the proper solution to all dilemmas—beer and a dark place! So, while his brain jumped Nijinsky among questions and answers, Sam's feet were already setting a course for his favourite boozie, "The Cornered Rat", a hotel Bar favoured by an eclectic clientele of dangerously weird individuals who studied the art of alcoholically altering their consciousness (which is not to be confused with popular simple-minded drunkenness).

It was one of the few places where Sam felt anything like safe.

With one mind wrestling with quandries and his feet guided by natural instinct, Sam strode forward, heedless of the dodging, cursing forms he occasionally bounced off or knocked down. His mind was One with the Tao, and if these dolts couldn't sych their movements with the Natural Flow of the Universe, their fate was no fault of his.

Hence it came as a shock when he was brought back to jarring objective reality by a seemingly immovable form planted directly in his path.

Being an experienced traveller of Reality-shifts, Sam's eyes quickly adjusted and came into focus on a set of garishly bright brass buttons clinging with thready tenacity to a black and red jacket looming oppressively inches from his nose.

"Hello," boomed a basso-impresso voice several inches above Sam's head, "Would you care to contribute to the Salvation Army?..."

"There are two things," Sam growled, "that I have always considered the absolute and definable epitome of human stupidity, and they are Organized Religion and the Military. Your crew combines them both. Accordingly, whatever else your organization represents, I can hardly find it worthy of my time, let alone my money, which I am about to put to very good use purchasing liquid fuel for some urgent mental voyages. Therefore, remove yourself from my appointed path immediately or risk the possibility of physical damage."

Sam's path was immediately cleared, but barely had he taken two steps before a harsh voice snarled, "I heard what you said. You got a bad, un-Christian attitude," and a trio of large types in work clothes closed on Sam in a flurry of toil-hardened fists and righteously indignant boots.

When the best celestial light show he'd experienced since Owsley's retirement ended, Sam heard a concerned voice from a mighty distance asking, "Are you hurt? Is there anything I can get you?"

"Beer," Sam replied feebly and retreated gently into Oblivion's offer.

"This is either a story by night swim, or the most incredible work of art I have seen in ten years." — TOMORROW '80, Issue 1, Church of the SubGenius prophetic 51.

DEAD LETTERS

THE LAW & ORDER

HANDBOOK

Illustration by Rolão

by RICHARD WEINSTOCK

THE SACRED RIGHT OF HANDGUN DEFENCE & LOBBYING CHAPTER 5

A light grey dawn opens the day in a wooded area just outside of Weehawken, N.J. on the morning of July 11, 1804. Two groups of men, about a half dozen strong each, walk their mounts in silence toward a small, grassy glade, wet and dotted by the morning dew. As they enter the glade they gravitate toward opposite sides, and, within each group, start conversing with each other in low voices. After a few minutes an elegantly dressed man, slim, fifties, with coiffured silver grey hair steps out of his group and walks toward the center of the glade. He is followed by a similarly attired man, about the same size and build but slightly younger, who at his side clutches a small, book-sized velvet cushion, and an even smaller pistol. Within seconds two men emerge from the second group. They too are dressed well, with the second man carrying the cushion and gun, only the first man is shorter and stouter than the rest. One does not have to be very sophisticated to know that these men are aristocrats.

Both men and their seconds are soon at the center of the glade facing each other. The two men without guns come very close, and for a few seconds look into and past each other's eyes. Without any words and as if on cue, each second places his pistol on the small pillow, and holding it in the palms of his hands, raises it to chest level. There is much drama at this point. The action is about to begin. The stouter man arms himself first, and then the other follows suit. There are still no words, the expression on each man's face unrevealing, serious, frozen. After taking their guns, the two place them at their sides, stare at each other for a brief few seconds longer, turn around back to back, and slowly pace out ten steps in opposite directions.

At ten paces both men turn around. They no longer see each other, just an image of a sacred duty to be performed. The taller man fires first. The shot startles the silence but nothing happens. The expressions on everyone's faces become slightly graver as the stouter man takes aim. A second shot rings out and the taller man, with a muted choking sound, slumps forward and drops to the ground, mortally wounded. A few days later, Alexander Hamilton, first American Secretary of the Treasury, is dead, and a national furor erupts.

"Duelling should be outlawed," cry the self-proclaimed advocates of civilization. "It is barbaric, costs dearly in human lives, and proves nothing except that grown men can act like babies."

"Nonsense," rejoin dueling advocates. "Duelling is an important means by which gentlemen defend their honor. It is a traditional institution and enables them to settle their differences consensually in a reputable way—without the involvement of government and other crutches necessary only for the unwashed."

Despite the arguments of the advocates, the public outcry against dueling grows, and dueling advocates are forced to form the National Dueling Association. The National Dueling Association publicizes the many positive virtues of dueling, argues that dueling is protected by the new republic's Constitution, and makes visits to legislators and other important officials to block anti-dueling legislation.

The efforts of the National Dueling Association fall short. For one thing, at National Dueling Association conferences there is wide disagreement about policy and other matters. After each national convention the membership is halved as during the convention and afterwards, disputes are honorably settled. More importantly, this is a young organization in a young country just learning to use the legal and political system to the advantage of its members. Anti-dueling laws are passed by the Federal Government and the various states sweeping the National Dueling Association and a venerable tradition of personal defense of honor into oblivion.

Influence Doth Illuminate

The year is 1981. A boyish looking young man professing to be some fictionalized movie character walks in to a Dallas gun shop to buy a gun.

"Are you going to shoot a famous rock star?" inquires the suspicious proprietor feeling that he has some duty to protect the public from a person who might use a handgun in a socially destructive manner.

"Who?" inquires the young man with a slightly nervous twist of his head.

"A famous rock star," the proprietor repeats, forcefully eying the young man suspiciously.

"Oh no," the young prospective buyer responds now with more assurance in his voice. The proprietor, satisfied, takes the man's cash and warps up the rod the latter has chosen.

A few days later, the young man is in Washington, D.C., and as the recently elected president of the United States, Ronald Reagan, descends the steps of the VIP exit of the Hilton Hotel on the way to his limo, the young man fires the pistol point blank at the president and some of his aides. This is of course history.

Once again, as in Alexander Hamilton's time, a furor ensues about

traditional means of self-defense. This time, the question involves handgun control. President Reagan not only recovers, but publicly reaffirms the right of gun sales to every man, woman, and assassin in the United States. What greater tribute to gun lovers than to have the top official of the World's most powerful national justify the very conditions under which he was gunned down? And this is as it should be because the right of self-defense, and the value of guts in pursuing it, are so important that assassins, psychopaths, and anyone else on the edge should have the right to purchase guns to defend themselves just like anyone else. Out motto to these people is, "I do not agree with whom you shoot, but will defend to the death your right to shoot him."

But it is because of another right that the sale and use of handguns has not suffered the same fate as dueling—the right to lobby. We may applaud President Reagan on his courageous stand against handgun controls. But it is important to remember that in politics, behind every great man is a lobbyist. Special interest groups have indeed been instrumental in preserving some of our most basic rights, and we are indebted to them—especially if we are politicians.

The attempted assassination of President Reagan may seem to be a pinnacle for the National Rifle Association in terms of its lobbying activities inasmuch as not a single serious bill on gun control with any chance of survival has been introduced anywhere. But this can be just the beginning. Ever since the dueling death of Alexander Hamilton, the NRA and its predecessors have been on the defensive about the right to own and use handguns. Perhaps this is so because of the forty million or so handguns owned by private citizens in the United States, only a dozen or so a year are actually used in self-defense as legally defined. NRA officials may justifiably feel a bit vulnerable on this account, because with the increasing popularity of the new "cost benefit" method of analyzing issues, some present anti-gun control advocates may weaken resulting in new attempts at anti-gun legislation.

The answer to these threats is to promote an expanded concept of self-defense, so that the many other uses of a handgun will be valued and protected.

Defense of Values = Defense of Self

Here are some recent uses of handguns that can be totally justified:

a) Preservation of the Family Unit—Recently a disheartened father shot and killed his fourteen-year-old daughter when he found out that she planned to run away from home to live with her boyfriend, a member of a minority race. Obviously the girl was too young to leave her family, and she is now buried in the family plot.

b) Settling family disputes—One of the most common uses of a handgun is when family members, friends, or neighbors get into an argument, and one of the persons pulls a gun to settle the dispute. It is desirable to have people work out problems on their own, so the answer is not to disarm the family member with the gun, but to arm the other family members who do not have one. Most families will be able to afford more than one gun, but for those who can't, the implementation of a Federal Gun Stamp program may be necessary.

c) Fostering traditional religious values—One common mishap involves carelessly letting a gun lie around where a child can get at it. The child may play with it and accidentally pull the trigger, killing himself or one of his siblings. This kind of event is bound to increase religious participation. For one thing, sad though this occasion may be, deaths almost always bring a religious figure into family circles for the burial ceremony. And of course the parents are overcome with grief and guilt.

God, to the rescue.

Arming The Lobbyists

Presently the patrons of powder suffer from a poor public image which is not entirely of their own making. Whenever lobbyists or pro-gun advocates appear in public, they argue vociferously and vehemently in favor of their positions, but one never sees any of them with guns. The public image created is one of hypocrisy or elusiveness: "I think everyone should own one, but not me," or "Buy and own one, but never admit to having it by displaying it."

On the other hand, when leading a delegation to block pending gun control measures, it would be wrong to enter most legislators' offices with a briefcase in one hand and a semi automatic in the other. Such an appearance at news conferences, banquets and other events is similarly not wise. Thus the dilemma: The image of a hypocrite vs. the image of a Doubting Thomas or armchair advocate.

To get around this dilemma, meetings and conferences could be arranged in places where the wearing of a gun is viewed unambiguously as appropriate conduct by members of the public. To this end, in the future all press conferences could be held in liquor stores, and similarly, meetings with lawmakers, which require a more intimate atmosphere, could be held in hotel rooms of the various red light districts throughout the community.

Loading The Laundry List

In the past, pro-gun lobbyists have been very limited in their legislative goals. Requiring membership in the NRA to purchase government surplus rifles, and merely blocking gun control legislation, are very modest objectives indeed. Yet these advocates strongly believe that gun ownership for self defense purposes by members of the general, law abiding public is not only desirable, but of a high priority. It seems clear that gun advocates can and should push for more extensive measures to encourage the public ownership of firearms.

Here is a starter "laundry list" of incentives and other supportive measures which could be legislated to increase the handgun to population ratio:

- (1) An income tax credit for gun purchases.
- (2) A criminal depletion allowance which permits anyone who has killed a criminal to claim the deceased as an exemption on his federal income tax return.
- (3) Smith & Wesson National Monument. We have Arlington National Monument to honor the war dead. What is needed is the setting aside of a substantial amount of acreage for a cemetery to honor the innocent victims of criminal shootings.

(4) New coin and currency of the realm should be changed so that the motto on them reads, "In Guns We Trust".

(5) Relaxation of laws prohibiting the wearing of concealed weapons. While these laws have some validity, they are presently too tough. It should be illegal to carry ten or more concealed weapons, instead of just one.

Parting Shots

Perhaps while reading this chapter you have found that you are nodding your head in complete agreement with the concepts and ideas here expressed. And yet you realize that the NRA and other pro-gun lobbying groups are not quite focusing on the wider issues involved. If you find that your mission in life is to restore some of the honor that has been lost in the last few centuries as a result of International Marxism, Communism, terrorism, Zionism, and Orgism; if you believe that obedience to those in charge is the single most important way of insuring a well ordered society; and if you think that preserving your right to own a gun and using it will bring you the respect, loyalty and erection you so richly deserve, there is a group you can join devoted to these traditional male values upon which our culture so heavily depends. The Yeoman's Arms, Honor and Obedience Organization (Y.A.H.O.O.) welcomes every red-blooded, two-fisted American male to join its ranks. For further information write: P.O. Box 45, Springfield, Mass.

Whatever group one joins with, there is one thing we all agree on: Guns don't kill, people do. And that's why we need guns.

REVIOOSE

(The following "review" was done at the request of yours truly, who attended the movie in question with the reviewer in question...)

THE YEAR'S 10 BEST REASONS WHY I LIKED TOOTSIE by Anni
(AND ONE OR TWO NITPICKY LITTLE RESERVATIONS) Ackner

This being the season when all the Real, Grown-Up movie critics are presenting their lists of the year's 10 best movies (or it is as I write this. By the time you read it, given the vagaries of the publishing business, it will be the season when all the Real, Grown-Up movie critics are trying to figure out if owning a small piece of HEAVEN'S GATE is still an acceptable tax shelter, but never mind. This is my article, so let's play around in my time continuum, shall we?), I thought it behooved me to toss in my two cents on the subject. Unfortunately, that two cents happens to constitute virtually my entire movie-going budget for any 12 month period, and, added to the fact that I am, by nature, one of those nasty, vitriolic types who only likes 10.5% of all the movies she does manage to see, this leaves me about 8½ movies short of a 10 Best list. I could, of course, knock off a nifty little list of the worst movies I've seen this year, but IJ, at its longest, runs only 28 pages, and even we nasty, vitriolic types have space limitations. Besides, contrary to popular belief, I do occasionally like something. I liked Tootsie, for instance. I liked Tootsie a lot. I liked Tootsie as I haven't liked anything in a movie theatre since the time that the film ignited at a screening of Dirty Harry and Clint Eastwood went up in flames. I liked Tootsie so much, in fact, that I can think of just tons and tons of reasons why I liked it, but, because it is That Season, I have narrowed them down to:

The Year's 10 Best Reasons Why I Liked Tootsie

1) I liked Tootsie because it made me laugh before we were ten minutes into it. I have very few restrictions as regards what's proper in a motion picture, but I do think that if a movie is going to go around calling itself a comedy, it has a certain obligation to at least attempt to make its audience laugh, a point that, say, Woody Allen appears to have missed. Tootsie made me laugh like a rookie stagehand on the Uncle Floyd Show and around here, where we are not easily amused, we give points for that.

2) I liked Tootsie because, while it made me laugh, it did not play for laughs. Anyone who does not understand the fine distinction inherent in that statement has never been coerced into viewing a Jerry Lewis movie.

3) I liked Tootsie because I have always nurtured a peculiar desire to watch Dustin Hoffman shave his legs in a bathtub.

4) I liked Tootsie because I have always nurtured a peculiar desire to watch Dustin Hoffman as his apparent feminist consciousness in a vehicle worthy of the impulse. Being one of a small group of people who found Kramer vs. Kramer thoroughly detestable, Tootsie was a relief to me. God knows, there's nothing in the world wrong with a man developing a feminist consciousness, but Tootsie is the first such movie I've seen in which the man in question did not seem to expect the Congressional Medal of Honour for this development. We not only give points for that, we might be tempted to throw in a Winnebago, as well.

5) I liked Tootsie because, while I would probably like a Joseph Papp production of TROILLOUS AND CRESSIDA performed entirely on trampoline, if one of the trampoliners happened to be Bill Murray, I very much prefer watching the sainted Mr. Murray in his natural element, as the voice of enlightened paranoia in a world eternally trying to get by with something. This is, more or less, his first major "adult" role (it ought to have been Where The Buffalo Roam but, due to mishandling, hardly anyone besides a few Insomniac Home Box Office subscribers got a chance to see that one), and, as Dustin Hoffman's roommate, he not only looks credible playing with the Big Kids, he holds up very well indeed. Some day, 50 or 60 years from now, film historians are going to go nosing through whatever's left of Bill Murray's work and exclaim in wonderment, "Well, heavens to Betsey. This man was a genius." Remember, you read it here first.

6) I liked Tootsie because, in one five minute spot, it sums up all the frustrating silliness of trying to be an actor in New York City better than anything else I've ever seen.

7) I liked Tootsie because, in one three second spot, it sums up all the frustrating silliness of trying to be a writer in New York City better than anything else I've ever seen.

REALITY~ What a Con Job

"Kill the head and the body dies."

Kill the imagination and you have the perfect android, with no greater expectation than the limitations imposed on it by the social structure it exists to serve.

The belief system currently being hyned has a chillingly familiar ring to it. The slogan "Work Makes Free" made its debut over the gates of a Nazi concentration camp.

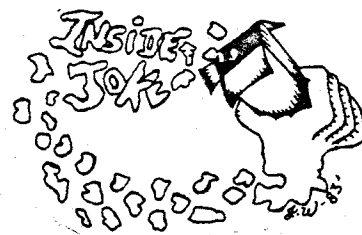
Reality, in fact, is no more concrete than what you believe, and if what you believe is what you're told rather than what you think, it's a very real likelihood that the source of your reality has its own best interests at heart and not yours.

The current fascination with "reality" has become so popular that even the rebels are existing in self-imposed misery rather than risk the stigma of being branded "Escapist". The media fantasy of Social Success sells everything from automobiles to maxi-pads, while Fashion, Media's bastard son, places blinkers on unwary eye and sets unwary feet firmly on the straight(edge) and narrow(minded) path.

For those of you still battling mental apathy, I present this brain-exercise:

If Infinity cannot be defined, its existence is a self-fulfilling probability. Accordingly, all other probabilities become infinitely more probable...including the probability that this theory is total bullshit.

Unleash Your Weirdness!
The SubGenius Foundation of
heads ruined members of
a crumbling society!



8) I liked Tootsie because Bill Murray's artfully raised eyebrow and Dustin Hoffman's odd, triangular smile do more for myG spot than a whole luau full of Tom Sellecks, and both are herein displayed to magnificent degrees. For this we not only give points and a Winnebago, but the key to our apartment, into the bargain.

9) I liked Tootsie because it had actual, live, human women in it, and even the one who did her major scene in a bra and panties didn't jiggle, and I had the feeling I'd been to high school with all of them and, best of all, not one of them was Nastasia Kinski.

10) And finally, I liked Tootsie because it was simply so terribly good that I even forgave Dustin Hoffman for looking better than I did in the exact same dress I paid \$49.95 for on sale at Ohrbach's last year. I mean, really.

Listen, you're a hip, knowledgeable crowd, right? If I tell you that Tootsie is the sort of movie that caused Elaine Wechsler to remove her hands from the steering wheel and scream, periodically, "I love it! I love it! I love it!" as we drove away from the theatre, and that I didn't have an immediate myocardial infarction when she did it, you'll get what I mean, right? What more, after all, do I have to say?

One Or Two Nitpicky Little Reservations

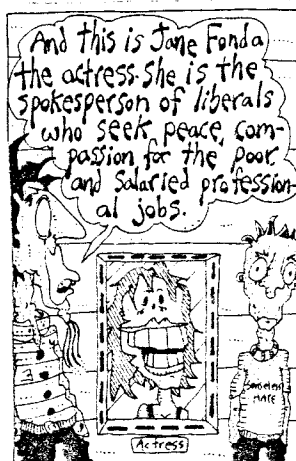
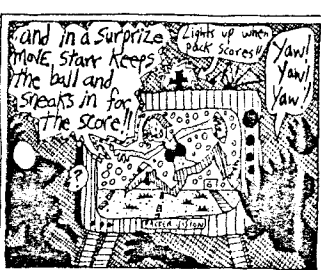
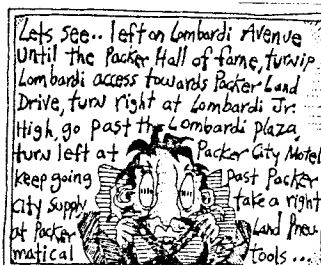
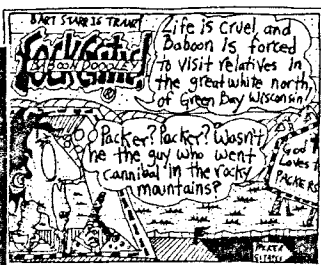
Okay, okay, so I do have to say something else. I never could leave well enough alone, and I do have an image to protect. If I start unreservedly liking one movie, soon someone will expect me to unreservedly like another, and then another, and that's the way you end up standing on line for four hours at a suburban shopping mall theatre, waiting to see something that cost 28 million dollars to make and stars a machine. So, in the interests of my own sanity, if not yours, I do have to mention a couple of teensy little faults I found in Tootsie:

1) Why, I wonder, is Bill Murray not mentioned in the opening credits? All his friends are. I know he's not there, because I was looking, and Elaine was looking, and given the way we both feel about him, it isn't likely that we both would have missed seeing his name, even if we did happen to be discussing the "Wuddy the Wabbit" sequence in Meatballs at the time. He has what amounts to the second male lead, and it does seem passing strange that he isn't given even a look see on the opening roll. It's a small thing, but I'll bet it caused Mr. Murray a couple of uncomfortable moments in those dark hours of the night.

2) The editing of Tootsie is not quite everything it should be. Normally, I don't really care about such fine points, as long as I can follow the plot, and a man called Fred in the first reel isn't suddenly named Sylvester in the second, but in a movie as otherwise excellent as Tootsie, jumpy editing tends to jar. You get the impression, at certain points, that this was originally a much longer movie—and it's over 2 hours as it stands—and then someone took a look at the final cut and decided no one could sit still that long without having to do to the bathroom. There are no essential links to the story missing, and none of those weird little moments you sometimes get on television movies of the week, in which a person on the left of the screen is, in the next minute, on the right of the screen, without any discernable movement on his part, but it's noticeable, just the same.

But these, obviously, are the most persnickity of little quarrels. Go see Tootsie. This is not just a movie about Dustin Hoffman wearing a dress, I promise. In fact, I'll make a deal with you. If you go see Tootsie, and you don't like it, and you write me a letter giving me ten good reasons why you don't like it (having a serious moral objection to Dustin Hoffman's nose doesn't count), I personally will go see E.T., and NOT make snorting noises, and will even try to weep when that ugly little green thing goes back to wherever it was it came from, and I will supply you with a notarized document to this effect. Fair enough? Greater love has no nasty, vitriolic type.

Good Luck BERNADETTE!



A Step Ahead of His Times

by Mike Gunderling

Did I ever tell you about the time my Great-grandpappy Unk invented banking? It was some time around the upper Pleistocene, I think. Unk had made his first fortune in real estate, and branched out into selling cold drinks to hot hunters and gatherers—he invented the Sinking Sling—but then things took a turn for the worse. The Ice Age came rumbling down from the north, and the resulting panic in the markets left him without a fortune. His real estate holdings were now all under glaciers, and his chain of bars had closed. (For a while he had tried selling hot drinks, but unemployment was rampant and people just didn't have the goods to trade for luxuries anymore. They were too concerned with keeping raw meat on the table.) Then he tried selling hot mudpacks to the fashion-conscious Cro-Magnon types. It was just his luck that the mud bank he'd opened by was actually clay, and the mudpacks turned into stone-hard tablets when heated, which hurt like hell when you tried to smear them on. Besides, no one had invented the bath yet, so the benefits of hot mud were not as plain as they might have been.

But I digress. At the time of my story, Great-grandpappy was eking out a marginal living as a dealer in used hand-axes. (Those piles of broken axes they find these days in caves? They weren't discards, they were the stock of the used-axe dealers. Not everyone could afford to shell out twenty hides for a quality article.) Inasmuch as this barely gave him enough trade goods to be able to rub two sticks together, he'd about decided it was time for a new scam. There had been a number of burglary attempts in the local caves lately—nothing was ever proved—and this gave him an idea.

Unk approached Bork, a local hunter who had quite a surplus of hides. He offered to take all of these hides back to his own cave and guard them for a small payment—say, one hide to call his own. Bork, not unsurprisingly, objected that Unk might well claim all of the hides as his own, which stumped Great-grandpappy for a moment. Then he went back to his own cave and got one of the baked-clay packs. He made a few scratches on it and handed it to Bork, who said, "What this?"

Unk replied, "That's money, Bork. The scratches (as you'd know if reading had been invented) say that you can redeem it at my cave at any time and get all of your hides back. Also, if anyone steals your hides, I agree to get you new ones at no charge to you. In the meantime, if you want to trade a hide to someone, just give him a piece of that rock and I'll give him one of your hides. That way you don't have to carry them all over creation to trade with."

Bork remained skeptical, but agreed to the deal when Unk offered to throw in a free toaster as soon as some genius came up with one.

In like manner, Unk managed to convince Trib to deposit a number of top-quality handaxes; Drup put in a keg of top-quality liquor, and Gribble left Unk in charge of a number of leather-working tools. The first bank of Unk was off and running.

Unk managed to build up a sizable fortune by charging for his safe-deposit services, and soon bits and pieces of the clay markers were trading everywhere. With his silver tongue and gift of gab, Unk managed to convince most people who were paid in this fashion to keep their goods on deposit, and fortunately for him, auditors were still some years in the future.

Not having another bank to deposit his new wealth in—or the urge to trust anyone with them—Unk was forced to come up with other uses for his money. He hired some of the local artisans to build him a large boat, naving them in shards which, he assured them, were backed by his good name. (He didn't mention that they weren't backed by anything else.) He then announced that he had invented the singles cruise, and began signing up all the unattached men, and especially women, in the area.

He wasn't a moment too soon, either. A guy down the river had finally invented reading, and the news had travelled to Unk's village. The clay tablets which he had convinced everyone to trust turned out to say "Never give a Neanderthal an even break". By the time this was discovered, though, Unk was no longer around. It was later established that he had given the women a sailing date two weeks earlier than that he told the men, and the boat had left the previous night. Great-grandpappy's bank had been cleaned out to the bare walls, and came in very handy in his researches into the perfect frozen daquiri, which he devoted all of his time to after the cruise ship ran aground in the Bahamas and couldn't be raised.

The next guy to invent banking was thrown into a tar-pit, but sooner or later Unk's escapades were forgotten, and the world devolved to its current state.

A GREAT NATION IN LIFE AND DEATH

by Gunnar Larson

Recent news stories have described America's great success in selling weapons. We've progressed from merchandising democracy to merchandising death. Perhaps one day, some now mute village O'Neill or Miller will enshrine this momentous historical change in an epic play, "A Salesman of Death," to show how we've improved since "Death of a Salesman". Some gloomers, however, think the latter title is more prophetic of the American future.

Two friends of mine, Ophelia and Elmer, critic and defender respectively of the status quo, are discussing America's destiny to become the world's leading dealer in death. Elmer, who has been reading the front page of the newspaper for the last two hours, finishes the last word of the last sentence in the lower right corner. He puts the paper down, ready to make his first sneering comment of the evening.

But Ophelia, who's been ironing, watching Elmer, and waiting for him to finish the paper, puts the iron down faster and opens her mouth first. "Dear, did you read where America is becoming one of the world's greatest arms salesmen?"

"Yeah, if you can't shoot 'em, sell 'em!"

"But dear, the Pentagon and the President keep complaining how far we're behind the Russians. Maybe we're selling too much."

"But we're selling only to the free world nations which need the arms."

"Free world? With all those dictators?"

Elmer can't understand why Ophelia can't understand the political and military realities of life. "We need dictators to keep those Communists cooled down and cooped up."

"But Communists themselves are dictators."

"Yeah, but they're unAmerican. If American-minded dictators didn't have weapons, what good would they be to us in a war?"

"Yes, but suppose they fight on the other side?"

"They'll stick with us if we give them enough money to get bread and butter to go with the guns. Besides, they know what'll happen to them if they desert us."

Ophelia points her iron at the world's American-minded dictators.

"But maybe they'll learn to like caviar with their bread and butter."

"I think our pop, pizza, and potato chips can compete with caviar."

After all, it's only fish eggs. You ever yearn to eat a fish egg?"

"Well, no, but I sure yearn for peace."

"How can you expect peace with nations like Russia which keep trying to build more weapons than anybody else?"

"But that's what they say about us. After all, we keep trying to outstrip them."

Elmer picks up the paper and turns to the comics to escape from so many world decisions. "We just build and sell weapons to keep peace."

"But the Russians say the same thing. Besides, suppose our customers attack other nations with our weapons?"

"Well, if they win, we'll have that many more people on our side."

"Yeah, but suppose they lose?"

"In an emergency we can send in the CIA with a dirty trick."

"Suppose our agents are caught?"

"That would be a dirty trick."

Ophelia can't understand why Elmer can't understand basic political ideals of life. "Isn't it wrong to interfere in the government of another nation?"

"Not if we can get away with it. All's well that works."

"But dear, shouldn't we be interested in the welfare of other people simply as human beings, not just as possible corpses to protect us?"

"Naturally! That's why we sell them arms—to protect themselves. Of course, if they die first, so much the better for us in a war."

"But their governments spend so much on weapons they have little left for poor people."

"Let Washington lend them some more money."

"But dear, that would probably go for weapons, too, or into somebody's Swiss bank account."

"There's nothing we can do about that," says Elmer, suddenly becoming ascetic and virtuous. "You know we can't interfere in another nation's internal affairs."

"Aren't we interfering in their internal affairs when we sell them arms?"

"But that's for their foreign policy. That is our affair. Besides, some of our corporations need to make money some way so they won't keep borrowing from the federal government."

"Suppose other governments use our arms on their own citizens?"

"They would probably deserve it. They aren't mature enough to appreciate a stable government."

"A government can't be very stable if the people rebel against it."

"We can always set up a dictator to stabilize both the government and the people, like we did in South Vietnam."

"But that would cost more money. The more we spend and lend, the more the Russians lend and spend." Ophelia cries out desperately.

"Doesn't somebody have to stop someplace?"

"Let the Russians stop first to show their good faith."

"Could we stop then?"

"Yeah, but slow."

"Maybe we ought to stop first to show our good faith."

"Ophelia! That's just what the Russians want us to do, so they can come over here and attack us," says Elmer, getting up and peering out the window to see how many Russians have already arrived.

"Isn't there anything we can do for peace?"

"Sure! Keep on like we've been doing—making and selling more and more arms."

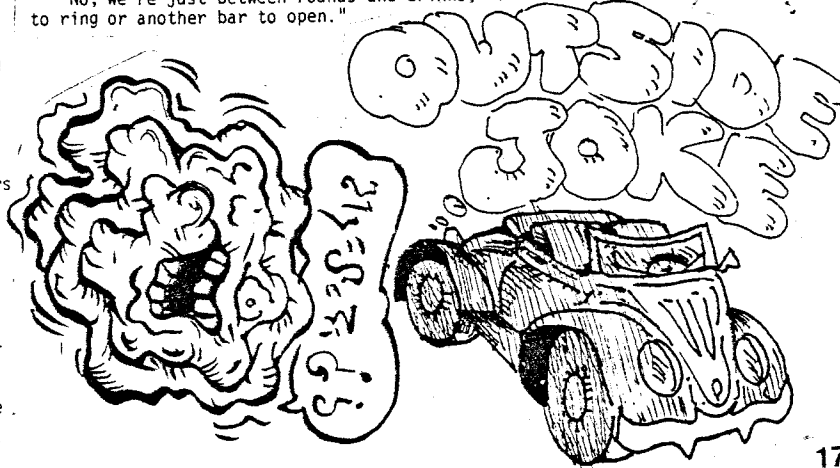
"But that's always lead to wars. Can't we learn anything else from our experience? It seems illogical to build and sell arms to keep peace. It's like giving liquor to an alcoholic to keep him sober."

"Some former alcoholics do keep liquor on hand to test themselves."

"But they've quit drinking. The liquor is really a symbol of their victory over themselves. We haven't quit war yet. We're like the practicing alcoholic, not the retired one."

"But, Ophelia, we're not fighting any place."

"No, we're just between rounds and drinks, waiting for another bell to ring or another bar to open."



SATURDAY, 1/29/81 - BOB & DOUG
HOST SAT. NITE LIVE

where was
the car?

THE S.B. TOBIAS MEMORIAL POEM
by John Crawford
Autistic tots
in a social situation
well dressed and out of place
burnt beyond recognition
both in touch
and out of it
swaying in
swaying out
to the general beat
Worn out images
played over and over again
in increasingly restricted
circles
til all seems a blur
years and years
illusions over illusions
like falling through chapel
windows made
of spun cotton candy
one on top of
another on top of
another
Worn out images
played over and over again
the cracked fences of
smooth customers
promising a paradise
nobody really believes in
but its not
important

What inquisitive wizards walk
among everyday throngs of
comers and goers?
How often do their eyes spark
fireworks igniting
our caves bright
on a corner,
at a curb,
in traffic?
What celestial secrets
tid their hats
when we bat our lashes
in their eternal direction?
What self-composed tornadoes
of wild imaginings
brush against us
in crowds—
in beds—
in our minds?
- Deborah Golden

out of my depth
by Sheryl L. Nelms
the words are so deep
I am sinking
up to my boot tops now
I slog through the mor
ass of grey slush
trip on a j
slip
then slide
off
into the blank stare
of the hard
core
intellectual

A POEM TO END ALL POEMS
by Tony Penner
"Is that more poetry?"
No, it's a large hairy
beast with firey red eyes
and a desire to eat your
brains off of fine white
china as if you were a
delicate English tea biscuit

A PARABOLIC
"Forgive me father, for I have sinned."
"What manner of sin, my child?"
"I lost my temper and kicked my dog."
"Tell God you're sorry and say five 'Our Father's.'
"Uh...wouldn't it be better to tell the dog I'm
sorry and say five 'Good Doggy's'?"

THE DIZZY GILLESPIE HAIKUS
(SLOW DANCING FOR THE FLAT-FOOTED)
by Anni Ackner
There are still lights strung
On Dizzy Gillespie Place
Months after Christmas.
After getting small
The locals keep attempting
Light-death by beer can.
They miss a lot, though.
Shaky hands make for bad aim
(Metaphor crossing).
Man, those lights bug them.
Hanging there long past their time
Like senile mothers.
"It's like they're laughing."
One guy said. "Who the hell needs
Christmas in July?"
Truth to tell, Dizzy
Was back here for one lousy night
Like two years ago.
Some people live here
Their whole lives and nobody
Names a street for them.
Still, that was some night
When Dizzy played, Hot as brick,
Cool as a tall Bud.
He was some bad dude
But that won't keep the locals'
Hands off the street sign.
That's not my problem.
I'm caught—haikus are meant to
Be about nature.

WHY?
by Andy Kamm
The stranger knocks,
No one answers.
The stranger talks,
No one replies.
The stranger cries,
No one cares.
The stranger screams,
Still no one answers.
You are the stranger
And you ask "Why?"
Silence answers.

NO NEED FOR BLAME
by Deborah Golden
I could tell the floor
in the unemployment office
had been mopped
within an inch of its life,
as I deciphered the pattern
of its haphazard crawl,
resenting being called
social security numbers.
"At least someone
does some work around here."
I stared at fish-skin tiles,
my mind sailing miles,
till sudden Spring ray
flung across the linoleum,
lassoing my eyes with day,
and crenel across
these pavement beaten shoes—
light through—like a door ajar
showing how far
society shadowed my grasp,
thinking I had control—
when the toss of yarrow sticks
could better predict
the changes I'd endure,
and celestial orbits—
the sun's dance on the floor—
is all that can be expected.

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

YOUNG ADULT ANGST POEM #12
by Tad Mad
My body is out of control
and I think everyone
knows it
at least some of the people
I work with do
(business and pleasure
ain't).
Maybe I should get
out of here
except I'd probably have
to take it with me.
Also there doesn't seem to
be a land of great sympathy
out there
at least none through
the travel agency
maybe
we need a
revolution.

TEEN PAIN POEM #963,538,666
by Mike Gunderlin
Christ
it bores me
the way some folks
put
a sentence
on different lines
and call it
poetry

IMAGINE YOUR WORST FEAR A REALITY
by David Ossman
early morning porn
and breakfast
they're speaking French in here
and eat white toast
Sexual Boredom
across the Avenue
the Post screams the gunman's not insane
nothing comes between Brooke Shields and me
Americans are crazy, someone says
Are there any Americans here?
(for LJ and EW from my new book
TRUE LIFE ADVENTURES
Happy 1983 David Ossman)

YOUR POEM
HERE...
NEXT
TIME?

1974-1984
by Peggy Tullu
Skioned the school
We were dressinn fools
Such homemade jewels
Stumbled into Open City
Pitied faces offer nity.
Coming off with something witty.
Tinfoil curtains
Oh, we thought us certain
We were certain.
Mannavox console
Only rocked and only rolled
Things we knew but never told
Righting those delicious wrongs
All that's here and all that's gone
Noise we called our true yessons.

And blonde Mister Starrs
In Westvilles bars
Blue Maverick cars
Only helmed us to see...

John & Jon S.
We knew one day
We'd have to niaiv
Only helmed us see...

Mending all those tom blue jeans
Man, I'm wearing Army greens
Massachusetts keyboard dreams--

Play heavy on my mind.

poetic license
by Sheryl L. Nelms
words come dripping
down the inked plastic tubage
slowly balling
out across
yellow sheets
into an
obtuse
blue funk
that no
body
fathoms

GONE THE LIGHT
by Andy Kamm
Don't know where I'm going,
Not sure where I've been.
The devil's on the wing,
says I'll burn for my sins.
Twisted thoughts assault my mind,
As my body hits the floor.
Caught in a web of confusion,
I scream as I lose control.
I scream out in anger,
I scream out in pain.
I scream out in anguish,
I've finally gone insane.
I've gone the limit,
Now there's no return.
My goal was heaven,
But in hell I'll burn.

love lifted me
by Sheryl L. Nelms
poems to beat hats
into are enough

to change shoes
use deodorant
and suck
Certs

if only I
can keep
it
up

REPLY FROM A BAMBI KILLER
by Cannon E. Barclay
"Don't trust a hunter," some women say,
"He's false—it never pays."
Well, let me say, from what I've seen,
that stuff sure works both ways.
(ED: Certainly not the opinion of yours
truly, and rumored to have been ghost-
written by Nipsey Russell...)

ANOTHER MARK IN TIME
by Deborah Golden
Christmas tree carcasses
Another holiday trasned.
Pine needles
Float down gutters.

Garbage pails glisten
Archaic tinsel.
Stretched icicle tangles
Scuttle down sidewalks.

The fading Santas
Disappear from rooftops.
White reindeer droppings
Fall through the sky.

POETRY:

FIRE SIGNAL #7

Well, as someone once paraphrased, this isn't news, it's real. I'm real excited about our first FIRE SIGNAL of 1984, not only because of the imminent Campoon Re-Run, but because, due to circumstances totally under control, I now have what amounts to direct-line contact with all four members of the Firesign Theatre. Obviously, this will improve the accuracy (if not actual written quality) of this column from here on in, as I can not only get scoops, but exclusives, and whatever else the Hollywood communists—uh, columnists—talk about. Onward—

News on a minor note to start things off. As a foursome, the Firesign Theatre currently does not exist. It is unlikely the group will be reuniting in the near future, as well. Now, as this rag is not The National Enquirer (oh, you didn't notice?), and we're not into linen-airing (except our own), I shall simply repeat the facts, for those of you into "completism" and that sort of thing. "TFT's collected works," says Dave Ossman, "close out with the work done in 1981 and the two Rhino records" released last year, and "Any new work done by A, B & P should be considered theirs alone, and any rehashing of old records or stage scripts is being done without my input." Although there is ABSOLUTELY no bickering or the like going on, things are still up in the air now, and no opinions either way will be solicited for publication in IJ. In other words, in my opinion, it's none of my business. David's on the move again, this time to Santa Fe, NM, that well-known hub of creativity (or at least it will be once he gets there), where he'll be by the time this is read, and says he, "I intend to seriously work on being an artist and to do more radio and audio production." The ad for Dave's two just-released poetry books (Discordians take note, the total cost of both books plus postage is \$23.50), which will be reviewed-of-sorts next month, appears elsewhere herein. Apparently there is another book in progress, TRUE LIFE ADVENTURES, whence comes David's donation to this issue, found on the poetry page.

Got a phone call from Phil Proctor last month. Word's not in yet from the bill for how long we talked, but it was at least 20 minutes (Ethel and Rosenberg are passing among you with the plates...). Phil is every bit as warm and personable as you might be led to believe (and well you might), and he's very enthusiastic about spreading around the loads of information he has about current projects, so to that first: - Phil Austin, Peter Bergman and Phil Proctor have just completed the filming of their new video album, to be released "around April Fool's Day 1983", or "1984" to IJ readers. Entitled THE YOLKS OF OXNARD (see greeting picture, for which I beg indulgence at reproductive capabilities, but the original's in color), it's about "America's poorest family", who meet up with none other than your favorite arch-enemy & mine, Rocky Roccoco. Nick Danger also makes an appearance. The album is directed by Bill Dear (Phil's quite happy with the entire production crew, he says), and will be distributed by Pacific Arts, Mike Nesmith's video company (highly fitting methinks, since I've always considered IJT to be the Monkees of comedy). Anyone got a Betamax?

- Phil P. does the narration for the Nickelodeon (a cable station devoted primarily to children) documentary show Against The Odds. It's a serious study of great leaders throughout history, for which Bill Bixby does honorary "hosting" tasks (the intro and outro) and Phil does all the hard work. And quite well, too. I caught the episode featuring "the comedy team of Napoleon and Hitler" (together again for the first time), and the French accent was impeccable.

- PP's other acting projects soon to be seen on nationalvid are a TV-movie starring Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss entitled "Packing It In", and the second episode of the new NBC show "The A Team", starring George Peppard and ROCKY III's Mr. T. Phil plays a character named Andre De Marco, and the episode is entitled "Pros and Cons", so in case the network doesn't air it the second week, you'll know the title to look for. And by the way, that was Phil, as reported last month, in that segment with Steve Martin on the last "Twilight Theatre".

- Phil was kind enough to send me some old rare 45s done by TFT, he & Peter, and him alone (the last being the theme to the movie TUNNEL VISION, in which he was featured prominently; that was back in '76). And he also sent along an autographed "white album"—that was the interview PP and PB did with Steve Marshall back in '72 for the first campaign to elect George Orwell Papoon Resident of the US (a portion of the nomination convention is on the record NOT INSANE and also on the movie of a different name, THE MARTIN SPACE PARTY), from which I hope to steal (hey, we can say that in this post-Watergate age, right, out in the open 'n all?) parts of bits for George's rise to re-erection in this his cum-back year. Thanks again for the audio, Phil.

- Future plans include, besides more phone calls and letters each way (co-unicat-...that's where it all eaks down...), a visit by yours truly out to sunny LA, ostensibly to visit brother Gene again, at which time I hope to dread a face-to-faces encounter with A,P&B. This may or do through this and other zines, a new TFT "fan club" (let's be adult may not be time to initiate The Interview Of The Future, so start send-about this, most of us haven't gone bozo over things in a couple of ing in your questions! Anything you want to ask TFT, and I'll just putdecades) could be easily formed. Of course, the problem here, as always, is "who would run it?". As of the present time, I have no plans to imminently quit this here fine anti-establishment of a paper, and most of the other fans I know are running stuff of their own, like DS and DS (hm, that doesn't sound right—well, you know who I meant). So, any volunteers? Among all of us, there would definitely be enough

But, I say again, the most important thing for us TFT followers is, we've now established two-way repartee! Yes, think of it! We can hear them! They can hear us! Told you it was 1984...

On the home front: Procrastination has reared its grimy head once more, and so far, the script for THE ROCKY SQUIRREL PICTURE SHOW, to be

presented by our own friendly neighborhood radio comedy troupe on WEAI (FM 89.9 NY) in the near future is still sitting on my desk, waiting, no, begging to be completed. Yeah, I promise. Meanwhile, we're still perplexed (well, I am, at any rate) as to what we're going to permanently call ourselves. The NYVSFS Players just won't do any more. A few suggestions have come trickling down already from the rich slag-heaps of readers' minds: Linda Henson suggested The Deviant Chuckles; Abby Cinnif liked Lime Jello; and I read a neat graffiti on a wall in Elizabeth that stated "Tempered Tantrum". Any more?

Not being put off, but suffering other slings and arrows of publishing fortune, is my 2,000 word retrospect article on TFT. It has been approved by TFT members with minor corrections and additions (mostly above-mentioned stuff), but it was rejected by STOP! magazine, through no fault of Dale's and no reason other than its considerable length (you go ahead and write all about TFT in 2 paragraphs or less!). However, Dale will try to publish my completed album discography sometime in the near future, if he hasn't already. And, as soon as I get the article back, off it goes to Jim Murray and CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE, probably a much more fitting place for it. CC, as I started to explain in the editorial last month, is the main outlet of the radical humour culture around NYC—in other words, everything the Voice is not but wishes it could be (gee, maybe I shouldn't keep biting hands that feed me that much)—and it features such prominent writers and artists as Paul Buhle, Tuli Kupferberg and lots of other big names. Jim has already unconditionally accepted the article as is, sight unseen, but the snag here becomes, when will CC officially come out, and will I make the deadline in time? Cue the organist...

In other radio news, Greg Blair, who did our backcover again and the illustration gracing this page's margins, says he may be in luck and have an opportunity to air some prime vintage TFT if he gets in on the radio station at ESU (Emporia State University)—more news to come... The official radio station of Columbia U. in New York, located at 89.9 on the FM dial, has a comedy hour Monday nights 9-10, and I understand they have been playing some good stuff every now and then. Will investigate further, and I hope to have more news about them next time... Could the East Coast's newest version of Proctor & Bergman be Crumme & McEwen? E.J. Crumme and Mark McEwen are two borderline-clever guys who do the "morning show" on WAPP-FM (NY; 103.5), 6-10am. They're obviously TFT fans, as they've used some of the album lines, and they seem to be gaining ground with FM listeners as fast as Howard "How-Weird" Stern of WNBC is with the AM afternoon set. Listen for "At Home With The Guomos", for one... Also on WAPP, if only by syndication (Sundays 11pm) is Doctor Demento, whose staff seems to have pointedly ignored IJ's requests to play even little bits of TFT material. If you wish to further the cause, and perhaps even win a T-shirt, the Doc's phone request line is (213) 652-8028. Petitions and written requests can be sent to P.O. Box 884, Culver City, CA 90230. With enough folks pointing it out, maybe the Doctor will relent and give us a break from Weird Al Yankovic and Cheech & Chong...

Now that I've all the albums, I'm starting to collect the written material from TFT's heyday and beyond. Dana Snow has some old Crawdaddy columns in his collection, plus something called The Mixville Rocket (from the old Young Tom Edison Club, perhaps). When I'm out in sunny LA again, we will be going over some of this stuff for possible reprint in future IJs... Doug Smith, known to most IJ subscribers and just folks as the fellow behind the SubGenius movement, has sent me, through the miracle of Time Control, results of an old survey he took in 1978, specifically a "Bulldada Questionnaire". This was done slightly pre-SubG, and went out to, among others, the remnants of the Papoon Cocoon—do tell, Douglass! Anyhow, lots of fun stuff, lots having to do with TFT (for instance, favorite albums and the like), ask for it by name... And staff writer Tom Sanders has hooked into a mail-order place that claims to stock the two TFT "Big Book"s. I'd caution you not to send anything to them yet (especially \$\$), as I'm currently investigating this. But I will give you their address, in case it all turns out true. The company is the SQUARE DEAL RECORD COMPANY, and they are at P.O. Box 1002, 169 Prado Road, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406. Most assuredly, I will have more information next month, by which time I hope to receive the books from Square Deal, if they have them. Much thanks to Tom...

All of which brings me to the conclusion that there are still plenty TFT fans out in those woodworks, eating away at our nation's moral fiber (and probably finding nothing but bulk). So, the proposition is this: Uh, like you guys wanna start a club or sumpin'? Aw gee, it'd be swell, we could rehearse in my father's barn, and then, and then, we could all ride out there on the magic bus, and... On the seriousness side, tho, it would seem a decent idea for the times (and the Post?)—between Greg's Kansas connections, Dana's LA-id back loonies, Doug's SubG sects, Tom's Michigan meshugenahs, and all the networking we can do to imminently quit this here fine anti-establishment of a paper, and most of the other fans I know are running stuff of their own, like DS and DS (hm, that doesn't sound right—well, you know who I meant). So, any volunteers? Among all of us, there would definitely be enough

(we're still here, but you hafta continue reading this on the next page)

Greg Blair



THE VOLKS of OXNARD send
= greetings =

(it's really Phil + Phil,
aka Austin + Proctor...)

Happiness in '83,

Phil Proctor



SPOT ILLO
WAREHOUSE
CLEARANCE
BELOW...

(FIRESIGNAL #7, cont'd. from previous page)

enthusiasm to keep a project like this alive; but, as I say, the main drawback is finding someone willing to organize, put together and print all the information, writings, quizzes, rarities, etc.

Speaking of rarities, I've just bought an old textbook (circa '76) by Enid Veron entitled "Humor in America", which excerpts humor pieces & then asks questions about 'em afterwards. I couldn't resist

QUESTIONS

1. How is each character satirized by his name? By his language? Consider such expressions as Bob's "Holy Moon rocks" and "golly gamma rays," and Doc's "dad-blamed" and "ding-blast it to blazes."
2. Discuss Mark Time as a comic figure. Compare his plan of escape with Jim Doggett's unsuccessful bear hunt (see p. 119). Why is reference to excretory functions a stock device in humor?
3. An audience can be made to laugh only if it does not identify too closely with the events and characters on stage. What techniques are used in this play to create comic distance? Refer particularly to Mark's comments about Doc Technical, Demos's description of his men, and the announcer's final speech.
4. Try reading this skit aloud, with sound effects if possible. How does the play exaggerate the typical plots of science fiction and detective stories?

putting in the above quiz, which is FOR REAL, from the "Narration" section, which occurs after reprinting Dave Ossman's "MARK TIME" piece, found on Side 4 of the DEAR FRIENDS album. How analytical can you get?

Two short P.S.'s: Caught an episode of AGAINST THE ODDS which Phil did not narrate, so I'm checking into what's going on there. Also, I did receive my original article back (thanks Dale), so it's been sent to Cultural Correspondence. Thought you'd like to know.

pair / pa(ə)r, n. [Fr. *paire*, a pair, couple.] Two of a sort; a couple; a brace; as, a pair of turtle doves, a pair of jacks, or a pair of books by David Ossman, author, broadcaster, & founding member of The Firesign Theatre.

THE DAY-BOOK OF THE CITY
EIGHT ENTRIES FROM THE INTERREGNUM
by David Ossman

Accounting for the artifacts of our lost civilization in a series of visions.

This edition of 150 copies was printed letterpress in three colors—brick rust, silver gray, and inky black—on Rives heavyweight paper. Hand set Optima and Centaur types are used throughout to suggest the passage of time. The title page and cover image is from a torn paper collage by Sandra Liddell Reese.

Each handsized book (six and one half by five and three quarters inches) has been bound by hand using the Japanese stab binding technique with Turkey Mill handmade paper on the cover.

Price: \$12.50.



Nine poems written to friends who shared the table.

There are 300 copies in the edition, printed from hand set Palatino types on Mohawk Superfine paper. Each single signature book of 20 pages has been sewn into Strathmore Americana coverpaper (printed in three colors: not genuine without the blue dot), and bound in a see-through plastic menu cover complete with sewn tape borders and brass corners. This cover will acquire a 'cafe patina' with prolonged use. On the title page, a hand colored monoprint rainbow arches over Hollywood.

Price: \$10



Get on your horse now—to receive your book(s) by mail. Send a check with your order to TURKEY PRESS 6746 SUEÑO ROAD, ISLA VISTA, CA 93117. Add \$1 for shipping, California residents add an extra 6% sales tax. Libraries and institutions will be billed.

THE RAINBOW CAFE
HOLLYWOOD 1967
by David Ossman

LAST-MINUTE
TFT NOTES: GOT
← THE POETRY
& BOOKS — SUPER!
QUITE SERIOUS STUFF
HERE... ALSO, WHILE
AT PHILCON, I FINALLY SAW THE
MUCH-TOUTED
P&B MOVIE
SPOOF "J. MEN
FOREVER!"
HILARIOUS, & OF
COURSE HIGHLY
RECOMMENDED...

WHAT?
FREE SPACE??



Cartoon Queries

by John R. Scharff

When one spends his time doing those things he must rather than what he wants to do, the mind tends to wander off somewhere and comes back with the weirdest stuff.

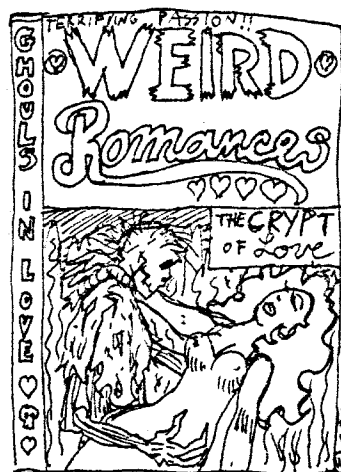
In my case, my wandering mind came up with a whole bunch of cartoon characters.

Submitted for your approval, a quiz to see if you too spent your "Wonder Years" in front of the TV.

1. Who was Crusader Rabbit's buddy? (He was a tiger)
2. Who was friends with Pokey the horse and was the star of the show?
3. Who ruled the Bongo Congo and who was his prime minister?
4. The Professor was Felix the Cat's nemesis and Poindexter's uncle; what was his henchman's name?
5. Who was Secret Squirrel's chauffeur and cohort?
6. Who was sponsor and guardian to Squeek and Scratch?
7. What was the name of Lariat Sam's horse?
8. Who and what was Tobor?
9. What was the name of Beany & Cecil's arch-enemy? ("Nyah-ah-ah")
10. Who was the voice of Tennessee Tuxedo?

Finally, for extra credit: Who coined that famous phrase, "Dainty Dora Standpipe! How I love her (father's money)...?"

Answers and another quiz next month, EW willing...



SAYS YOU (Letters)

Dear Elayne,

Just finished your newsletter and noticed most of the discussion of comedy centered around TV. Is this because no one goes to see stand-up anymore? I'm an ardent follower of the San Francisco comic renaissance which has been going on for about five years now. There are ten clubs now that feature comedy on a regular basis and three, The Other Cafe, The Punch Line and The Holy City Zoo, that specialize in Comedy. I try to get to the clubs once every two weeks and see everything from open mike auditions to headliners. They used to say you had to hear Jazz live before you could really appreciate it. I think that was before stereo, but there is something about live performance that heightens the experience. I recently saw Robin Williams in a surprise visit to the semi-finals in the S.F. Stand-up Comedy competition, which he won some years ago, and his performance surpassed anything I've seen him do on TV. He was at his best at improvisation, winging it, laced with prepared routines. He was dripping wet with perspiration and after he was finished he did another half hour. I think every major comic has attained evenings where everything went beyond what even they imagined. Youth, energy, the time is right for their particular brand of humor. You can draw a graph on any comics career—Steve Martin, Bill Cosby, Bob Newhart, Shelley Berman, Lenny Bruce—each had a time when they were on top and to see them at that moment is a profound enjoyable moment for a comedy fan. I think next to that is to see the rise and development of a fine comic. I'm having that experience now with a young comedian, Paula Poundstone, who plays almost exclusively to San Francisco audiences. Her mind is brilliant and quick. She can do 45 minutes on traffic outside the window of The Other Cafe, without losing control, along with prepared routines that she is refining and changing continually. She carries a notebook with her wherever she goes because she doesn't want to lose anything. She'll try things that don't work and if it bombs and lays there you never see it again. I think many of the comedy writers in your columns need a live audience. They should read their work out loud to a discerning friend and see what the reaction is. Is it really funny? Is it just spiteful backstabbing? The best comics I've seen don't specialize in sex or politics or obscure abstractions. They deal with original personal insights and when they're funny everybody laughs. I saw Milton Berle the other night and he played to an auditorium filled with senior citizens. He was bad but people laughed. If a young unknown had done his joke he would have been booted off stage. So there's more to it than what's coming out of the mouth. History? Presence? I don't know. I can't imagine ever appreciating his stand-up. His TV skits are what people remembered and laughed at most when he ran the old films. Anyway, there's something magical and mystical about comedy, in a way it's undefinable and that's as it should be.

Best,

TERENCE MCMAHON
33513 6th Street
Union City, CA 94587

(Well, Terence didn't get the issue in which Paul Zuckerman's discussion of the differences between written and stage comedy appeared, and I wish he had. Of course stage comics, when playing to a general audience, can't "specialize in sex or politics or obscure abstractions". But, I can think of stage comics who do, respectively, Richard Belzer (overuse of sex), Mort Sahl (political), and Howie Mandel (obscurity). So, although specialization and other comedy forms are not mutually exclusive, there are things one can get from onstage comedy that one cannot get from the written variety, and to that end, I have invited Terence to report on the San Francisco scene, if that's his wont, for IJ. Some of us are too poor or must go many miles out of our way to see live comedy, and TV or records must suffice. However, something that Terence didn't touch on which I believe Paul Z. and others have, is that written comedy sometimes accomplishes what stage comedy cannot—the setting up of premises, puns and wordplays that may only work in print, specificity, etc. There's room for everything, either way.)

Dear Elayne,

Thanks for all the really swell things you said about me in the intro to "What It's Like To Be Stupid". I enjoyed the rest of the issue (as usual), particularly "Another Bedtime Story" by Hendricks-Dugwyler.

But I thought it particularly appropriate that you dedicated the issue to Marty Feldman, whom I thought was never fully appreciated in this country. Mark Blankfield, of "Fridays", was, I suspect, strongly influenced by him (as well as by Buster Keaton), but that's only one person. Though I knew Feldman only peripherally, I remember something he said in an interview in the late 70s about his father, who had "burned himself out by the time he was fifty-five. I hope it takes longer with me."

Sorry, Marty.

KIEL STUART
12 Skylark Lane
Stony Brook, NY 11790

31 December 1982, 11:15 PM

Dear Elayne,

It is, in case you're the sort of person who doesn't read the dates on letters—Lord knows, I never do—New Year's Eve, and, as is my wont, I shall be ringing it in with my dear friends, Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon. This is a well-thought-out and, I trust, rational decision at which I arrived several years ago while attending a New Year's Eve party in, for arcane reasons which were never actually explained, Princeton, New Jersey. It got to be midnight, you know, and the bells rang and everyone kissed each other and tossed bits of paper in each other's faces and so forth, when suddenly, in one of those blinding flashes you sometimes get when a large, hairy male is attempting to unbutton your bra without appearing to actually open your shirt, and you are attempting to grind down painfully on his instep without appearing to actually cause a nasty scene, I realized that, over the course of the evening, I

had 1) Had several cups of some sort of noxious punch that seemed to have, as its active ingredients, vodka, rum, champagne, Pagan Pink Ripple, Budweiser, prunes and cold Campbell's Cream of Tomato Soup, and was now beginning to fray around the edges, 2) Watched three separate people who were considerably unravelled around the edges throw up into the hostess' bowling trophy, 3) Gotten involved in a game of strip Snace Invaders with two scarcely pubescent undergraduates from Fairleigh Dickinson (fortunately or unfortunately, depending on how you feel about Fruit of the Loom, I won), and 4) Had a very friendly lesbian put her tongue in my mouth (before someone looks askance at that statement, and on the chance that you might want to print bits of this letter, so I don't get letters, let me state right here that I have no more objection to lesbians than I do to straight people, and I don't even really object to them putting their tongues in my mouth, if it's something they feel strongly about, but this particular lesbian had been deeply involved with the punch, and tasted as though she had been deeply involved with the Hackensack River, and enough was enough, by that time), and I resolved, then and there, that I would never go to another New Year's Eve party again. Since I had, a year or two previous to this, resolved that I would never go to Times Square again (that was the year, I believe, that I lost my date in the crowd, and later found him trying to climb the Time-Life Building, harbouring the serious delusion that it was possible to garner two points by sinking the big neon ball into the middle of Madison Square Garden), and since I have never, under the best of circumstances, cared for nightclubs (and wearing a cardboard tiara and waving a plastic noisemaker are scarcely the best of circumstances), ever since then Johnny, Ed and I have been a merry little threesome, on this night of nights. And really, it's much better this way. At midnight, I shall raise my glass of iced coffee to the television screen, toast the wonderful folks at NBC, hum a few bars of ABBA's HAPPY NEW YEAR, and be fervently grateful that the Almighty did not see fit to create me Dick Clark, after which I shall eat the brioche I have secreted just for this occasion, and then I intend to brood. In actual fact, I feel about New Year's Eve more or less the way I feel about Yorkshire Terriers—they're too adorable for words, as long as someone else takes care of them—so this is the ideal solution for everyone concerned.

Oh dear, five...four...three...two...one...Happy New Year! Balls.
1 January 1983, 12:45 AM

Pleasantly stuffed with brioche, recuperating from 45 minutes of listening to my father reminisce about a New Year's Eve long ago, spent partially in a burlesque house in Union City and partly in the apartment of one of Arthur Godfrey's managers, who was cooking pancakes, and now faced with the prospect of SCTV, I have decided to forgo brooding for continuing this letter. Do be pleased...

About this last IJ—as I was telling you, I thought the Kip M. Ghiesin piece on alter-egos was brilliant and would have liked to see the theory behind it expanded—though far be it for me to tell Kip how to write, as I'm quite fond of him/her. I loved the Ex-Hippie and Depression cartoons, particularly the latter, which seems to describe a good deal of my life, comfortably or otherwise, and Beth Hendricks-Dugwyler's ANOTHER BEDTIME STORY made me laugh, which is no easy feat these days. As you said somewhere along the line that you were tired of only positive comments, I will say, as I told you before, that I do find some of your writers—and I am not excepting myself—to be a trifle unfocused, as if they were not quite sure of the point they were trying to make, or lost it somewhere in the middle, but as this is perhaps a natural outgrowth of your editorial policy of censoring nothing, with which I happen to agree, I can't complain of it too much.

Oh dear, that wasn't terribly negative, was it? I'm afraid I find it difficult to be anything less than positive about a 'zine that gives me so much honest pleasure. I like it specially because there's so much to read—in most magazines, you know, they give you tons of pictures, and captions, and then perhaps four or five articles and stories, half of which aren't worth the trouble of even skimming through them, and I can knock them off in a half hour—I'm one of those monstrosities that readers. The joke always was that I went through THE BROTHERS KARMAZOV in a single sitting, but it's true, and it's not particularly funny, as my favorite writers can't produce nearly as fast as I can read—but it takes me hours to go through all of an IJ completely, and, in my constant search for something decent to read, I appreciate that.

I truly wasn't going to get involved in this whole Ron Flowers fiasco, as strong as my feelings may be on the subject, but I find that I'm compelled to, what with all the stuff in the previous issue. Let me say that what I basically objected to about Flowers' piece was that it was boring. No matter how dry the subject, the writer has the intrinsic obligation to make it interesting to the reader. No subject is universally interesting enough to be carried along on its own fascination. Darwin, as Flowers claims in his long letter to be, was a tireless "researcher by trade", but THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES was fascinating, because Darwin strove to make it so; he wasn't content to let his data rest on whatever interest it might have held for him, and I'm sorry, Ron, but Darwin had a more riveting topic not normally of interest to a large majority of IJ's readers (while I firmly believe in writing whatever you like, there is such a thing as knowing your market, if you have any intention of doing that writing on any sort of professional basis), and then did nothing to help it along and that, to me, is a cardinal sin. Besides, the smarmy tone of voice used throughout Flowers' articles and letters is off-putting in and of itself. Although Flowers claims not to be setting himself up as the final voice on anything, or as the last expert—and probably he doesn't see himself in that light—his writing voice says otherwise. It is smug, self-satisfied, and seems certain that anything it says is right. Mine, for that matter, is too, but I use it for comedic effect, or to parody writers who use it seriously, and I take it Mr. Flowers is one of them.

Finally, I have to take serious issue with Clark Dissmeyer's letter on hero worship. Perhaps because I WAS born in 1953—which, I gather,

puts me in the Boring Old Fart category as far as Dissmeyer is concerned (that's all right. I do the same thing in reverse. I feel uncomfortable talking to anyone who wasn't born when MEET THE BEATLES came out)—but hero worship, blind or otherwise, has always played a big part of my inner life. I have two kinds of heroes. There are those of whom I'm fond simply because I'm knocked out by their style—Eddie Sedgewick, Quentin Crisp, the ubiquitous Bjorn Ulvaeus—and those that I admire because of their talent, or their scone, or their vastness—Picasso, Edith Piaf, Henry Miller, and yes, even the much-maligned Pete Townshend. This second group awes me, and excites me, and I like to read about them, and their work, and perhaps even emulate them, if I have it in me. The first group is more or less just for fun. I shouldn't like to be like Eddie Sedgewick, but I love to look at pictures of her. Don't think I'd actually like to meet Quentin Crisp, but he slaughters me on the Cavett show. There's no question in even my mind that Bjorn Ulvaeus isn't the musical genius that Pete Townshend is (it was a little hard for me to hear Dissmeyer dismiss Pete as just "okay", but perhaps you DID have to be there. Perhaps you really do have to be a 29 year old ex-mod, ex-drug-addict, ex-alcoholic to appreciate the accomplishment of, say, QUADROPHENIA. I don't exactly believe that, but perhaps), but, do you know, I think I'm fonder of him over the long run than I am of Townshend. I like the way he looks, and the way he moves on stage, and the silly things he does with all that money, and the quirky humour in some of his songs—it's a sort of love, I suppose, as you, Elayne, intimated in your reply, but whatever is wrong with that? Is there so much love in the world that Mr. Dissmeyer can feel safe in dismissing even a tiny part of it as "crap"?

Well, bless me if I'm not becoming as verbose as the esteemed Mr. Flowers. I've written myself all the way through NBC Overnight and am now thrown back on an HBO airing of FLASH GORDON, and haven't the tiniest chance to brood, which is all to the good, I expect. Anyway, I'll close now, much to your relief, no doubt...

More and more and more Bill Murray,

ANNI ACKNER
10 Hillside Ave. #8
Englewood, NJ 07631

(Yeah, folks, I know I've gone overboard a bit with printing Anni's stuff, but I JUST CAN'T HELP IT! Truly, she's the only one whose letters make me GIGGLE, which I haven't done in years! We'll both try, probably unsuccessfully, to limit this sudden monopolizing—believe me, it wasn't intended as such when it started, we just get a bit carried away and Anni's SUCH a neato keen person 'n all 'n she's not even paying me to say this...Anyhow, stay tuned next month for the TRUTH behind Anni, Steve Rothman and the Englewood Libyans, and also the first of our many (?) propograndier reports for the Papoon Come-Back...)

1983—I've seen better...

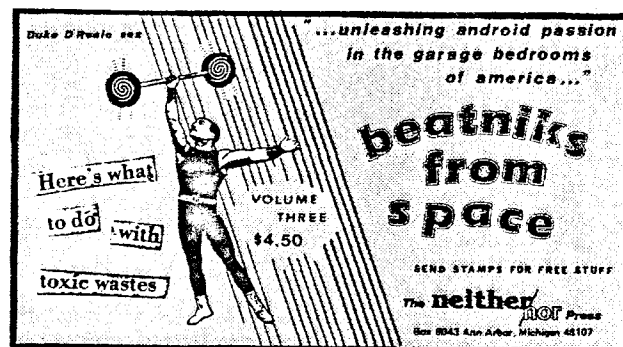
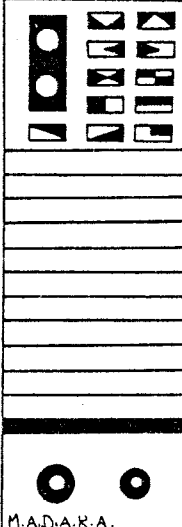
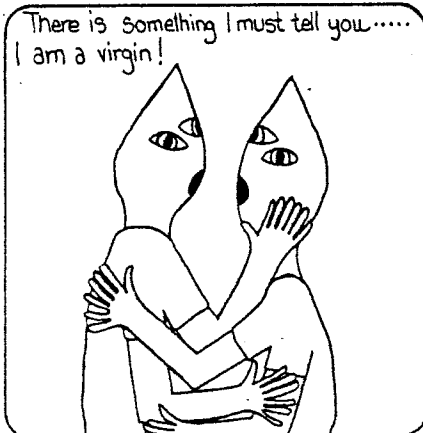
Time staggers on, tripping constantly over the wires we lay across its path. Civilization... "The name of the thing is the thing itself." We should find something else to call this mess... All this came of listening to "American Atheist" Dr. Madeline O'Hara. Brilliant and eloquent, but her atheism is just a matter of building her own cage, rather than renting one from the church. I'm currently of the opinion that the state's constant war on evolution is an Illuminati plot to a) keep evolution from fucking up by happening too fast. The sixties were a test-run, to see how we handled it, as well as to do one of those 'Renaissance' leaps; b) keep all the dangerous and aggressive types up "on top" where it's easier to keep the eye on them, while simultaneously using them to accomplish part 'a'.

So, why do I oppose them?, you ask... Well... that's c)—without opposition, our species becomes apathetic.—So the state's attempts to cage us breeds outlaws who will not be caged. This provides the two necessary opposites for evolution's plan. Where most outlaws fuck up is, they fall into the "tar-baby trap" of becoming obsessed with supporting the opposite of what they oppose—like being left- or right-wing, which gets you nothing but a lopsided bird flying in circles...

The trick appears to be to not be fooled into the popular delusion that a coin only has two sides. It also has an edge, and, while it requires a certain amount of practice, it's worth learning the art of balancing.

Make light of it! ROLDO
(above excerpted from "Never Whis- 1232 Downing St.
tle While You're Pissing, Pt. II") Winnipeg, Man. R3E 2R7 CANADA

AS THE MOON TURNS



The PAST is Better Than The Future

by Tony Renner and John Thiel

Those obsessed with looking toward the future, a vast saga of mining steel on other planets and outer-space espionage, might be surprised to learn that the past, in spite of Arthur C. Clarke's version of it, holds up against the future two to one. You don't have to hold the future, to grasp tomorrow! The past will work you well!

It would be a lot better if it were 800 AD. This, as far as Europe was concerned, was the Middle Ages period, or the Dark Ages, as it is often called today by people who seem to get emotional about it. This was after the fall of the Roman Empire, and no empire whatsoever existed in Europe; barons and other rulers of that sort were the most government there was. Knights did most of the handiwork and most other things were in a state of stagnation, with knowledge from earlier times being preserved by a small band of men of religious nature who hearkened back to the Old Testament, though they were not Jews themselves. Christianity had not yet spread from the remains of Rome. The Only Book, as it was called (though others were being published, or passed along, rather—no printing presses), was inspiring to them because, although it applied to other people than themselves, it was the word of God.

Outside of the barony and the church, most was a confusion of various ideas of how to run things, and then barbarianism which was probably fairly similar to what Robert E. Howard describes. A lot of Europe was completely unpopulated for thousands of miles; there was scarce any light in England. Trolls, elves, etc., were found round about in haunted woods of their own; every once in awhile places in Europe were invaded from the Enlightened Realms (from which is derived the name England, populated later by the Enlightened), and then the Enlightened left.

One story from the times occurred in an area which was dominated by Philip the Smith, a guy a little bit like Dutch Schultz. He was a masterful ruler who liked to operate a Smithy as his occupation in the midst of these people. One day Ronald arrived in a village there and attracted many friends and was gay with the ladies. He could sing and make poems and said that once his name was Shadrack. He was respected for this. However, eventually the villagers turned against him because he was an outsider and made him work all day, give up music and leave the ladies alone. The "new singing personality" of which he boasted dwindled, and his repentance began to give way to the cruelty of the villagers. They wouldn't give him a square chance. The wife of a knight who was forcing him to do humiliating labor took pity on him and he was often in bed with her, until discovered by the knight. Then the knight and two friends caught him in a field after he had left a bar and castrated him. In the subsequent week he was forced to do even more humiliating work sans his manhood while ladies were invited to look upon him as an example. One night he caught his assailants in their sleep and carved them up and left them in a display for the villagers, like the original of the Three Monkeys near the village square. Then he rode off with their wives. Later Philip helped him to repent and the incident was resolved in earthly Purgatory.

Another story of those days concerns two boyhood friends in a society invaded by superiors. Their good life in the village is broken up and one is forced out of the village while the other becomes part of the new way. The one who is forced out gains an army of woodsmen and successfully conquers the village, without any way of life to espouse but only in a display of personal prestige and power. He saves his friend from the gallows and together they rule the village as they would have it run. It collapses into hedonism and adventurism, a sign of those times.

Christianity, which had developed in Rome and nearby, spread and wiped out all of this prior to the Enlightenment involving the colonization of England. The church began to predominate in Europe over all else, and would have ruled men into outer space had not superior kings appeared in France and England. One recalls Sir Richard Grenville, who privately assisted Robin Hood from the area of the King's estates. The relationship between him and Robin Hood was a merry one, and resulted at last in Robin declaring fealty to King Richard, actually an inferior to King John who preceded him, but of a more fitting concept for life in those days, as King John said. Once Grenville, in an office, diverted grain to farmers and coins to sovereigns by crossing them in clerk's filing and caused a social explosion that involved everyone, saving Robin Hood's men from the gallows, who were being sent there for theft. The meaning of this act was never completely understood.

NEXT TIME: The Penaisance.

PROCLAMATION!

EMPEROR NORTON

Joshua Norton, or as he preferred to be called, Norton I, proclaimed himself Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico in 1859.

Although a pauper, he was fed free in San Francisco's best restaurants.

Although a madman, he had all his state proclamations published in San Francisco's newspapers.

While rational reformers elsewhere failed to crack the national bank monopoly with alternate currency plans, Norton I had his own private currency accepted throughout San Francisco.

When the Vigilantes decided to have a pogrom against the Chinese, and sane men would have tried to stop them, Norton I did nothing but stand in the street, head bowed, praying. The Vigilantes dispersed.

"When the proper man does nothing (wu-wei), his thought is felt ten thousand miles."
--Lao Tse

Although a fool, Norton I wrote letters which were seriously considered by Abraham Lincoln and Queen Victoria.

"You must take the bull by the tail and look the facts in the face."
--W.C. Fields

Although a charlatan, Norton I was so beloved that 30,000 people turned out for his funeral in 1880.

"Everybody understands Mickey Mouse. Few understand Hermann Hesse. Hardly anybody understands Einstein. And nobody understands Emperor Norton."
--Malaclypse the Younger, K.S.C.

Be Ye Not Lost Among Precepts of Order...
THE BOOK OF UTERUS 1:5

Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria
The World's Oldest And Most Successful Conspiracy

Published by POEE Head Temple - San Francisco
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SAN ANDREAS CANYON"

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HAIL ERIS

SECURITY LAST INTERGALACTIC
BANK OF MALACLYPSE
ENDORSED AND GUARANTEED



LIVE LIKE HIM

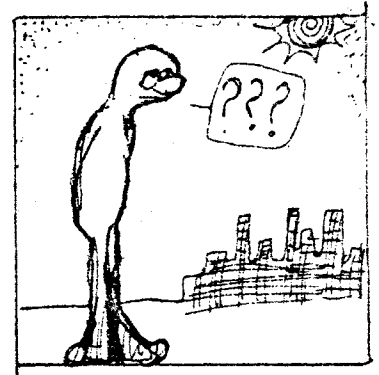
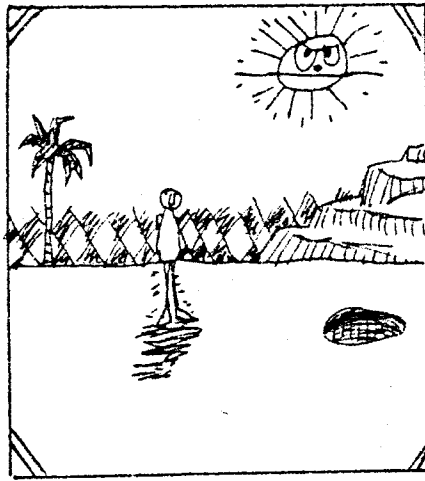
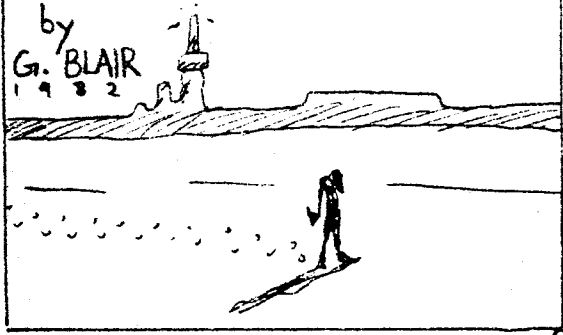


DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

DEDICATED TO AN ADVANCED
UNDERSTANDING OF THE PARAPHYSICAL
MANIFESTATIONS OF EVERYDAY CHAOS

THIS CONTRACTING UNIVERSE

by
G. BLAIR
1982



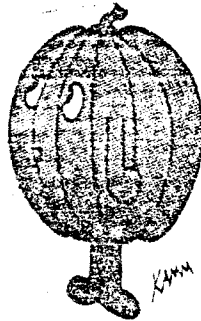
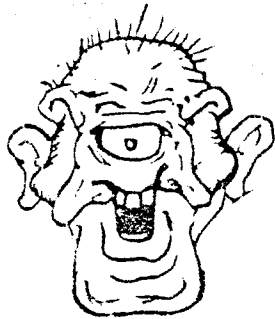
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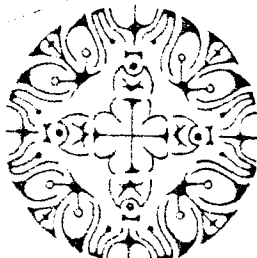
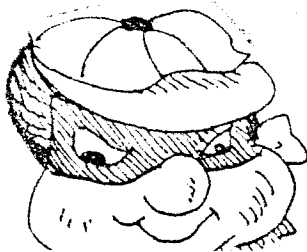
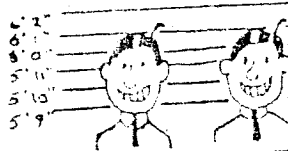
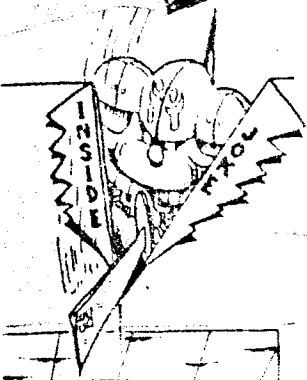
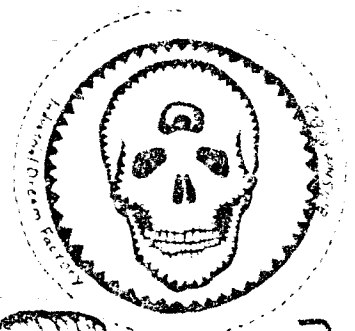
CRACK!

FROM:

INSIDE JOKE
%Elayne Wechsler
418 E. 3rd Ave.
Roselle, N.J. 07203



TO:



spiky

