

# JOKES

AN OFFICIAL  
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DIVINELY  
SANCTIONED  
BY →



THE  
GOD  
OF  
COMEDY

"A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY AND CREATIVITY"

J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

NUMBER 18 (chai)

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FEBRUARY, 1984-1

## Persona Non Gratis

"This one's called 'The Unemployment Line, Again'." (A few in the audience stifled groans.) "Shell-shocked faces, hope in traces, sit in three neat rows; Bored to tears beyond their years, glance at private prose. Little girl chews on a curl, stares until I sigh; Man in black, his first time back, strains and wonders why. Bureaucrats face dudes in hats, square off over forms; Such uneasy comradery, so strange it almost warms. Some people who have seen it through observe a subtle shift— Their plastic shorn, the glitter worn, the faces start to drift— Some turn more real, can't help but feel they're all the same today—"

"Thank you, Ms.—uh, Ms.," shuffling through papers, "Thi, that'll be all. Next!"

"Back home at my desk, alternating my readings between Edgar Allen Poe and Hunter Thompson, trying to improve my vocabulary. Morbid influences. Desperate for a story-line. Gotta make the deadline, gotta make it all come together IN TIME...In time. Who am I kidding? I run this paper. I don't need to drive myself this hard for no pay. I'm living with lunatics, I should have plenty to write about. Times like this, tho, there's so much, I'm unjunctured. Not unfocused or confused, mind you, but there seems to be no reason this time around. Nothing to pull it all together, to achieve the Great Work Deserving of Praise that my guilt-ridden ancestors guiltily force me to—"

"Don't tell me, 'digresson', right? Next!"

"May I be the last to present, in present tense, tho hardly nervous at all, a play on words for your biodegradable edification, brought to you from the very bowels of the Rectumry at St. Ives-Secret Chambers St.—"

"Yes, we get it, we get it. How original. Next!"

"I sing. Is that okay? 'Cause if you like, I can do a comedy monologue instead. See, I never know which to do, I guess you can't ever really prepare for this kind of thing, my parents tried to help, y'know, oh parents, aren't they a kick? I mean, everyone knows, am I right? Like the other day, my mom—you know, she's one of those—"

"Thank you. Exit laughing. Next?"

"I shall now attempt to sing the following, song, entitled 'Stairway To The Mall', with assistance from this here Ovation Matrix, my trusted friend. Ahem—'There's a lady who's sure, She can shop every store, And she's buying a—"

"Thank you—you just bought it. Next!" Antacid tablets, two. No one right for the part. How many now? Four, five? Thousand? All fake, all faint copies of long-forgotten originals, all slick by-products of geniuses to generations past and passed over. Garbage masks, mockeries of the folks we used to love. Not a sliver of reality in any of 'em. He remembered them too. He was as big a fan of The New Comedy or The New Journalism as any of them. But after 1973 or so, not too much seemed new anymore. Nobody had it now, that spark, that right blend, the craft. To make it not a poem or a song or even comedy (as welcome as it was), but to make it real, to make it an art. Where was the ART in it all? Who remembered art in a society of Formica and vidiots? Where had the artists gone, and where were they to come from now..."Next, already!"

Silence on the stage.

"Well, what's your name? Don't seem to have your application he—"

"Chamelia, sir."

"Okay, very well, Chame--Chamelia, let's hear your bit."

"You just did, sir. Five times. And I'm afraid you didn't pass the audition. See you in the funny papers." *ew*

# UPCOMING EVENTS:

(apologies to Jed Martinez; I seem to have misplaced my birthdays-of-famous-people for March)

- MARCH 2 - Tom Wolfe (52), Lou Reed (41)
- MARCH 3 - L. Ron Hubbard (72)
- MARCH 4 - Dr. Seuss (79)
- MARCH 4-6 - WISCON, presented by SF<sup>3</sup>, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624; have fun!!!
- MARCH 6 - BRIAN PEARCE (18)
- MARCH 7 - Telephone Patented, 1876!
- MARCH 9 - Mickey Spillane (75)
- MARCH 10 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO MARCH IJ
- MARCH 12 - Jack Kerouac (b. 1922)
- MARCH 15 - JIM RYAN (?)
- MARCH 16 - Pat Downs' "THE RAT" (9)
- MARCH 17 - St. Patty's—will IJ be green?!
- MARCH 17 - DALE ASHMUN (31)
- MARCH 18 - JOE BALITZKI (25)
- MARCH 22 - Chico Marx (b. 1891)
- MARCH 24 - MOM (well, I can't really say...)
- MARCH 25 - DAVID PALTER (31)
- MARCH 28 - brother GENE in sunny LA (24)
- APRIL 1-3 - INVERSE SUBMINICON—for info write SubGenial Temple of the Twin Cities, Box 7156 Powderhorn Sta., Minneapolis, MN 55407-0156

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 \* **INSIDE JOKE** is put on once a month by Elaine Wechsler, who exem-  
 \* plifies with every move the Reverse Peter Principle, "So you can  
 \* type 90wpm, have a college degree & two years' business experi-  
 \* ence—'taint worth a damn if y'aint got steno or word processing."  
 \* Take heart, ye faithful!

\* Editor-in-Chief.....Elayne Wechsler  
 \* Head Xerographer.....Tom Rilyer

## STAFF DRIVERS

\* ANNI ACKNER.....BRIAN CATANZARO.....CHRIS DOWNEY.....KEN FILAR  
 \* RONALD FLOWERS.....CLAY GEERDES.....NATE MISHAAN.....BRIAN PEARCE  
 \* GERRY REITH.....ROLDO.....TOM SANDERS.....STEVEN SCHARFF  
 \* KERRY THORNLEY.....and.....PAUL ZUCKERMAN  
 \* Advice Columnist: COOP Baboon Douley Strips: JOHN CRAWFORD  
 \* Front Masthead by GREG BLAIR Back Page Filler by PAT DOWNS  
 \* Guest Reviewers: RORY HOUGHENS, BILL-DALE MARCINKO

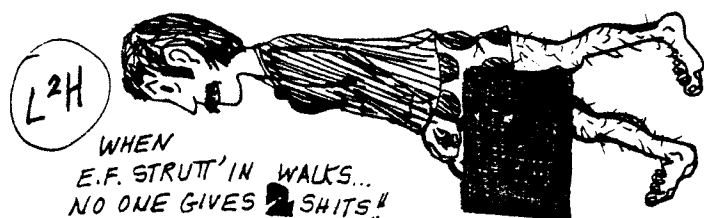
## OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH:

* CONNON BARCLAY	* ANDY KAMM	* ERIC REISS
* CLARK DISMEYER	* TULI KUPFERBERG	* TONY RENNER
* MICHAELA DUNCAN	* GUNNAR LARSON	* TOM & KEN ROBERTS
* GEORGE R. EDDY	* JED MARTINEZ	* JULIAN ROSS
* DEBORAH GOLDEN	* SHERYL L. NELMS	* JOHN SCHARFF
* DAWN GOLDSTEIN	* DAVID OSSMAN	* DANA SNOW
* VERNON GRANT	* R.S. PREUSS	* (Sue).....
* LINDA HENSON	* FREDERICK A. RABORG, JR.	* PEGGY TULLY
* JAMES WALTMAN	* RICHARD WEINSTOCK	

\* Adlets furnished by THE SUBGENIUS FOUNDATION, THE LAST INTERNATIONAL, SURREALIST WORKERS PARTY, EDELMAN, McDUFF, SAGAN, SPINOZA, SWANSON, YRDAD and ANONYMOUS; that about covers them all, eh Bob???

\* SPECIAL THANKS TO ANNI ACKNER FOR HER ASSISTANCE IN ADDRESSING  
 \* c. 1984-1 Pen-Elayne Enterprises, a proud service of the National Surrealist Party, and headquarters for Papoon in '84/'84; Kip M. Ghesin, President; Kid Sieve, Campoon Chaircreature Coordinator...  
 \* PRINTED BY AMERICAN SAMIZDAT PRESS—"If it bites, it's an A.S.P."

\* yet another quote from St. Hunter: "In a nation ruled by swine, all pigs are upward-mobile—and the rest of us are fucked until we can put our acts together: Not necessarily to win, but mainly to keep from losing completely. We owe that to ourselves and our crippled self-image as something better than a nation of panicked sheep..."



SKIPPING IS JOY and pride in my feet.  
 Eugene Benjamin Sagan.

IF YOU INSERTED "skipping is joy and pride in my feet," please take them out of your mouth. Mr. Know-Nothing.

# acknowleditorialetc.

Well, rumour has it that the article on us in The Village Voice should be out in March, and on Wednesday 2/16, I was briefly interviewed by subscriber Michael Dobbs on WRER-FM up in Springfield, MA (a cassette of the 10-minute thing is available on request, I suppose, but you guys can probably guess what we talked about more or less). Things must be looking up, eh? What, did I do something right? Oh, they can't do this to me, just when I was getting to like anonymity and obscurity...Don't worry, this means no discernable change in format (except perhaps type size a little later on down the road) or attitude, I hope, in the near future—just that maybe I can get out all 200 of these this month...Thanks again to Paul Buhle and Mike Dobbs!

So, with all these connections, how come I don't have a job yet? I guess it's still a matter of supply & demand...Hey Ma, where was that steno textbook again?...Well, sent out 23 (yep) resumes this week alone so let's see how that works out...Aside from all that, "The Blizzard of '83" and "Elayne's Annual Fever" hit at the same time this swing 'round (tonsillitis to me, to be exact—I shall spare you the gory details), causing yours truly to miss an afternoon TFT-party and a Valentine's Day date with a handsome male IJ staffer. Ah well, I see where Mayor Kochke of New York proclaimed this past week "Valentine's Week", because merchants were sore at having their gimmicks snow-blown and their sales of little Garfield dollies with hearts pasted on slowed down. Good ol' Eddie—fight commercialism with commercialism, I always say. So, happy Valentine's Week (sheesh), which I suppose is still better than saying "happy Winds of War Week". Thanks for the lovely greetings and cards to Bernadette Bosky, Steve Chaput, George Eddy, Linda Henson, Dave Ossman and Paul Summer. Aw gee gosh guys...first "Val" greetings. I've got in a long time (in LH's case, it really was a "Val" greeting).

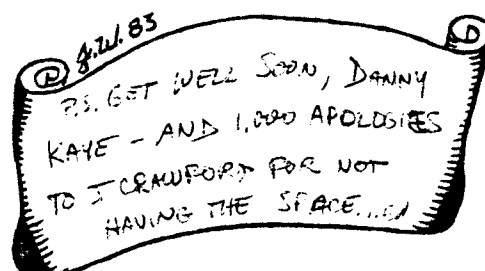
Welcome to Brian Pearce and Roldo, as I said last month. And a fond farewell-and-don't-stay-away-too-long to Ron "Real Writer" Flowers, the lucky dog (who leaves us yet with a couple future covers even), and to Clay Geerdes. For the many of you (and there were many, Clay) who expressed regret at one of IJs longest-running staffer's lack of autobiography and possible exit, Clay writes, "I don't want to do a biography. The piece I sent you is a partial one. I'll just do other experiential pieces during the year. I've done too much to sum up in a paragraph or two. You can tell your readers that if you like." I strongly urge all of Clay's fans to keep in touch with him; he'd delight in hearing from everyone, I'm sure. Clay's address is in FAN NOOSE.

One more go-round, for those who may be new: Sometimes I think of IJ as a sort of written commune. Well, it may be dumb, but what do you expect, it's only an analogy. And in a commune, if you don't have equal participation, it isn't fair to everyone else, so you're not really entitled to the same privileges they get. Make sense? Now, there are three ways to participate here in IJ—1) to put out something of your own, in which case your privilege is barter (trade copies so you don't have to pay for IJ); 2) to contribute your own creativity regularly (being a staffer), with the attendant privilege of sharing in the free portion; or 3) by sending in your \$1 subscription for each issue, which gets you the issue for which your money is intended. If you just send me art or poems or stories or whatever other personal effects WILL clutter these communal pages (and whether yours is a masterpiece or lawn flamingo it still uses room space the same as paying tenants) and expect free soybeans and grits, you've come to the wrong love-farm, Chucko. Equal participation isn't a lot to ask—it's de law. Others gotta pay the buck, you gotta pay the buck. Okay?

This issue features Richard Weinstock's next Law and Order Handbook chapter; new staffer autobios; some good and great Campeon kick-off stuff, as Dave O. lends a hand with George's official autobiography; reviews of all sorts, including a cameo one by Bill-Dale Marcinko (see, still alive and all); lots more Dooley of course; good lettercol; and something from every staffer 'cept Sue Rosner, who's busy celebrating a very positive job change (congrats Sue!). Plus the usual, you know. All brought to you by your kind dollars and especially by some kinder extra dollars courtesy of folks like Tom Roberts, Velma Bowen and Linda Henson, "mwaa mwaa". And speaking of kind money and kind-of money and whatnot, INSIDE JOKE is available for the usual, trade or \$1 per month per issue (no advance subs, as I have no bookkeeping skills and WILL MAKE NO PROMISES, EVER, FOR ANY ISSUE BEYOND THE NEXT ONE COMING UP), and send whatever else you wish—uh, within reason, I suppose (for stories, f'rinstance, "reason" means under 2000 words) by MARCH 10, deadline for the next issue. And to this li'l ol' editor, deadline means just that. If I get your stuff after the 11th or so of the upcoming month, FROM NOW ON YOUR STUFF WON'T GO IN TILL THE FOLLOWING ISSUE, so take heed, all right? Now, as I take off my Mean Mask, as I was saying, send stuff to me at the following address:

418 East Third Avenue, Roselle, New Jersey 07203

This issue is not dedicated to Karen Carpenter, for a change. It is, however, dedicated to Eubie Blake.



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# Fan Noose

I see you shiver with antici--pation. Well, fear not, Rocky Horror Picture Show fans—the new HOLLYWOOD HORROR (#3) is out—SASE to editor William A. White, 3441 S.W. 15th St., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33312...Also just out is Number Three of THE TUBER'S VOICE, put out by the now-famous Couch Potatoes, now being helped along by such luminaries as Joe Schwind, Aline Crumb and Bill Griffith. Well worth \$1.25 to Robert Armstrong, Rt. 1 Box 327, Dixon, CA 95620...SF original Buck Moon seems to be putting out the surrealistically wonderful AWESOME right on time each month now—#2 is available for \$1 from Buck at P.O. Box 40916, San Francisco, CA 94140 (thanks for the plug, Buck!)... (Ex-?) Staffer Clay Geerdes runs COMIX WORLD with amazing regularity as well, and it's sure to always have useful info on the ug scene—\$11 for 48 issues to Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707...For those of you who thought Clark Dissmeyer was the only one in Nebraska with drawing talent, check out Marc Myers' STICK COMICS, with contris by Bruce Duncan, Tom Brinkmann, Jamie Alder, Brad Foster, Ace Backwoods, Matt Feazell, David Miller, and even IJ staffer Roldo—SASE to Box 116, Fullerton, NE 68638...Friend and fellow apahack Mike Sunderloy has managed #5 of his plugzine FACTSHEET FIVE, and it looks better 'n ever, slick, neat, small print (well, I have to be biased somewhere), and a super-nice plug for us too, thanks Mikey! For the asking—41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155...Also plugging away, at mostly music zines but ALWAYS giving IJ good press (and I believe at this point he's responsible for about 90% of our new readers so thanx Dave!) is David D. Ginsburg's FANDOMANIA! column—to be mentioned or get a copy write P.O. Box 322, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858...And the Radical Humor networker RHUBARB, run by Anne Bernstein (Apt. #1, 1038 Park Ave., Hoboken, NJ 07030), seems to be finding ground, with a good assortment of letters and rad-hum news and plugs (even if Anne's roomie Kristin does poke IJ a bit hard)—\$1 sub...I finally received the first two issues of the much-anticipated (by me) WALLPAPER, a very slick (typeset), very funny short thing put out by a bunch of loonies "down south" in Trenton, NJ—and people don't think NJ is The Comedy State. Send a buck to 'em at P.O. Box 3324, Trenton, NJ 08619...And from obscurely funny to funnily obscure, Tony Renner (3842 DeTonty, Apt. 3W, St. Louis, MO 63110) has brought out something called SPAZZ!: one-pager something-or-other available for a 20¢ stamp...Albany's hot rock group Fear Of Strangers has out their next (#4) issue of FEAR OF NEWS, great reading as usual; write to P.O. Box 7245, Albany, NY 12224...After this month I think I'll take a break from plugging the two ol' reliable trash-movie mags, CONFESSIONS OF A TRASH FIEND (Richard Green, P.O. Box 32, Old Bridge, NJ 08857; \$1/yr) and TRASHOLA (Jim Morton, Suite 583, 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105; \$3.50/yr); they're both so quality all the time that it's getting redundant...Long Island fan Michael Pinto sent me the latest L.I. FAN, the official newsletter of the LISFS—for a copy write Elizabeth Ensley, 18 Hallock Box 246, E. Quogue, NY 11942...One of the tops in its field (sf fanzines, so much so it's really a semi-pro), SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, has just gotten out issue #46; \$2 to editor Rich Geis, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211; this is the Hugo-winner, folks...The newest (#9/10) CRITIQUE (the quarterly conspiracy journal) is out; a whopping \$5 to editor Bob Banner (2364 Valley West Dr., Santa Rosa, CA 95401)...Other payables to collect may or may not include the singles mag CONTACT (why they chose to drop the "High" from their name remains a mystery), \$14.95 yearly to publisher/editor John Fremont at P.O. Box 500, Mendocino, CA 94560...and the HARVARD LAMPOON, sophisticated and amusing as usual, and literate, to boot; no sub price listed, but write for info to the edit. staff at 44 Bow Street, Cambridge, MA 02138...All I can say is it's a good thing that other things, like the informative SMALL PRESS REVIEW (P.O. Box 100, Paradise, CA 95969) don't stick fast to their sub rates (\$14/yr) but are happy to exchange copies for whatever you've got. Some people don't believe in barter, and it's my considered opinion that you're probably better off not buying a publication that the powers—that-be aren't willing to send you in trade. There's enough good stuff around without that bullshit...Which brings me to a couple reminders—politically, it's a good bet to pick up (for either exchange or on a newsstand) the latest NUCLEAR TIMES (I get it for trade thru publishing asst. Andrea Doremus, Room 512, 298 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10001)...and lastly (sorry folks, I'm typing this up 2/16, the evening before the last IJ stuff is reduced, so whoever didn't send me stuff by now will have to wait for next month or settle for a hand-written account at the end of this article), the piece this month by Dawn Goldstein is the premise for her new newsletter designed around a typical (albeit IMAGINARY) rock superstar, Zoot Rickson. To get in on the ground floor of what could very well be rock satire on a grand scale, write Dawn at the address she gives at the end of her piece...

\* FLASH: If you missed any of Richard Weinsteck's L&O Handbooks in IJ, catch it the 2nd time round in Marty Cantelero's funzine of wonderful fictionality, HOLIER THAN THOU—highly recommended, even if Marty hadn't played me (thanks Marty!)—available for trade, l.o.s., or \$1.50 to 5263 Riverton Ave., #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601

# INSIDE IJ STAFF WRITERS

Welcome, welcome, a thousand times welcome to our two newest staffers, Brian Pearce and Roldo! Roldo continues his marvelous "Dark Pings Over Easy" saga this ish, and Brian carries on with his "Cathode Ray Tube Droppings". Their bios are reprinted below...

**BRIAN PEARCE**  
Buckeye Lane  
Goshen, KY 40026  
3-6-65

Right now, I'm sure at least three of you are sitting there wondering, "Hmmm...what's behind this Brian Pearce kid anyway?!" Well, I'm here to tell you. To start from the beginning, I was born under average circumstances

on a chilly March day in '65...I grew up and lived the better part of my life in upstate N.Y. until only a year or so ago, when I uprooted and moved to Goshen, KY. Of all places, strange things happen in this world, huh?

I was an avid reader of comic books...I still am a fan of sorts. I guess I was about 15 when I tried to draw comic books...I failed, and eventually found my niche in cartooning, which more suits my particularly screwy personality. I still haven't made my first million, but the artistic satisfaction more than makes up for it. Not that I don't need the money, though.

As I pen this, I'm at a strange stage in my late adolescence...I'm in the midst of searching for a college, not to mention the fact that I find I have to register with the Selective Service soon. I plan on signing up on April 1st and telling them it was all a joke, and I was only kidding. Heh!

I write lotsa letters and love to hear from all sorts of people...so send any and all cards, letters and zucchini to the above address, where 13 cats will scrutinize it along with myself. We leave no mail unanswered (the cats can write pretty well, actually).

**ROLDO: A BRIEF HISTORY**—I was born July 26, 1948 & intend to consider myself immortal until it's conclusively proven I'm not.

While endeavoring to avoid ambition, I do create goals, just to keep things interesting. I think of life as a tight-rope, sometimes stretching across a field of scented pillows, occasionally swaying over a pit of steaming shit, but always with a distinct need for attention to balance.

My early training at the Interstellar Church & post-drop-out education at Hyperschool equipped me for everything except survival in the "real world", which I consider the lowest, commonest denominator of imagination. I was a musician, a character-actor, a cartoonist, and (since IJ) a writer, but I prefer to claim to be nothing-in-particular (which keeps responsibility down to minimum and leaves me room to maneuver). I have no concrete ideas, but they're too bizarre for public consumption, even in private, so I disguise them as comic books.

I enjoy getting letters or even entire words, so feel free and maybe you'll discover you are.

Make light of it.

**ROLDO**  
1232 Downing St.  
Winnipeg, Man. R3E 2R7  
7-26-48 CANADA



## Funny You Should Mention It...

("these are the headlines; now, the rumors behind the news...")  
**HAVING A BILLY BALL**—I still haven't gotten over the latest in Mr. Bill Murray's superb performances, a guest shot on one of my favorite surrealistic prime-timers, SQUARE PEGS. For those of you who know enough to spot genius as quickly as some of us grognos here at IJ, I've found a few tidbits of Murray-related news...Bill M. will be "editorial consultant" for Brian McConnachie's AMERICAN BYSTANDER (mentioned, I believe, in some recent past IJ), the "grown-up NatLamp" attracting the best of the NL, SNL, SCTV and other arena graduates (thanks again to contributor Doug Kirby for a sample of the first issue, in which he had a story as well), and which is due to go monthly (\$2/issue) on newsstands this summer. I am still trying to contact Mr. McConnachie for more information...And a by-the-way for those who astutely noticed (you couldn't very well miss it) that Murray's name was omitted from the opening credits of TOOTSIE—apparently, according to a local syndicated "gossip columnist", or whatever they're calling themselves nowadays, the omission was Murray's own doing, as a lark. None of which matters too much, she added, as "he wound up with the most concrete sort of billing: bank billing. His up-front take was reportedly a cool \$1 million." Sheesh.

**AND SPEAKING OF NATLAMP GRADS**—Tony Hendra's been doing quite a business, I assume, with his perfect paper parodies all over the country. So far I've managed to acquire THE IRRATIONAL ENQUIRER, NOT THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER, and OFF THE WALL STREET JOURNAL. Hendra, Larry Durocher and company are to be reached (no success on IJs part so far, but I yet endeavor) at High Meadow Publishing, 305 Massabesic Street, Manchester, NH 03103. Meantime, keep searching for them parodies!

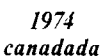
SOVIET POLICY affects available scholarship money, conscription, vaporization of students within next 15 minutes, etc. So why not student representation on USSR Dictator Search Committee?



THE LIBYAN WANTS THE BLOCK

1) All Libyan diplomatic functions must be held in Baumgart's Restaurant. Either the Country Sausage with Beets or the Western Omelette a la Spiros must be consumed. All participants required to drink at

ADDENDUM REPETITICUM: This year's 1984 Campoon for Papoon received an unsolicited endorsement from none other than lame duck President Reagan last week when he announced that he would probably kick himself for suggesting an end to corporate income tax, suggested it, and then announced that he had, indeed, kicked himself, an anatomical improbability that could only be accomplished by a man enaged in a time-warping procedure that allowed him to meet himself coming and going, and so, by implication, acknowledged the fact that he agrees with the Campoon's contention that this is, indeed, 1984, while only pretending to the general public to believe that this is the false year 1983, and also proving, conclusively, that the man is Insane, as opposed to Mr. Papoon, who is officially Not Insane. The Campoon wishes to thank Mr. Reagan for his endorsement, and to wish him a pleasant and comfortable retirement on his Social Security benefits.



MI D RIFEY



# POOL PLAYER

by Clay Geerdes

With those coke bottle lenses in his glasses, you would never have thought Cox could see the rings on his little fingers, but he had the sharpest eye in the Derby. From the way he dressed, most of the boys would have guessed him in at a politician or at best a banker who didn't want to go home and face his ol' lady, but fact is, Cox was a plumber and the tall skinny dude he played with most Friday nights was his partner, Kelly.

I was 15 at the time or just about and Cox and Kelly were a couple of my heroes. Minnesota Fats, Willie Moscone, Jack Scarbath being just names we heard, foreign Gods like Willie Hoppe whose autograph started to appear on some of the cues the better players bought and carried around in those thin black leather cases. Fridays and Saturdays were big at the Derby, most people getting paid those days, and I spent most of my teen years watching some great matches between guys like Kelly and Cox.

Guess their place in history would be lost if it weren't for me. Can't think of anyone else who used to hang out at the Derby who went into writing. Most of the guys I played against were lucky to get through the daily paper and write an occasional how are you I am fine card home to the farm. Lincoln was not a hangout for intellectuals and I kept my mouth shut about the books I read when I got home nights, stuff by Victor Hugo and Nelson Algren.

Remember I was reading Nelson Algren's NEVER COME MORNING when my father died. That was May of 1949. My mother came in the room and I knew from the look on her face that the wait was over. They had taken him to the hospital earlier in the evening, but he had been there and back before. This time it was for keeps. We sat up in the kitchen most of the night. Drank a lot of coffee. Didn't wake the kids. Just talked. It was a relief. My Daddy had been crippled for a couple of years and the past few months he had been one of the living dead, just sitting in his wheelchair staring into space. I often wonder what he was thinking during those days, but I guess it wouldn't have been anything terribly profound. My Daddy wasn't an educated man. Went to the eighth grade in some little Iowa Catholic school where he had to fight a lot. Didn't hold much with school, but he often said he wanted his kids to get it because you were for sure gonna stay dirt poor without it the way the world was developing. And he was right. Though I'm still not sure what good all my education did me. I can still make more money shooting pool than working.

Two brothers ran the Derby. It was on "O" Street in Lincoln, Nebraska, the main drag. I went in there the first time when I was about 12. You were supposed to be 18 to shoot pool, but the brothers were always friendly. What the hell, we were the next generation of customers. I knew I could always count on Leonard to come and take my stick if a cop walked in and made the rounds asking for ID. Which they did, not having much to do, crime being a drop in the bucket compared to today. I don't remember any of the cops busting anyone, but it may have happened.

By the time I was 15, I was racking balls and selling cokes. Pool was cheap at the Derby. Rotation was a dime, Snooker 20¢, and you could practice for 60¢ an hour. The Front table was for big games, house games. Rule was anyone who came in and wanted to play could always get a game the house man. Some nights that was me, but most of the time it was Leonard or Ray. They didn't play very often. Guess by the time I came along, they were tired of the game. I wasn't. I played there and at Rialto and a lot of the other halls. They were all different. Most of the big gambling went on at Rialto. I liked to watch the games there, because the players had such great styles. Billy Pool always put on a great show, a big, grinning, musclebound blood guy who seldom lost. Always talking. That was his style. He would talk his opponent out of the game and usually a good part of his paycheck. The players worked for Cushman, Western Electric, Duteau Chevrolet, and the Burlington Railroad. Most of the guys worked for one or all of those companies at some time or another. I did a couple of years at Western Electric after my first marriage went down the tubes in 1951.

It froze solid in Lincoln most of the winter. You didn't go anywhere you didn't have to go. A lot of us just grabbed a burger after work and hung out at the pool hall. It was warm in there. Music on the juke box. Just about any one you wanted to talk to would drop by sometime during the evening, and if you had a girl friend, well, she could meet you there as well as anywhere else. Girls didn't come inside the Derby. They didn't go to the bars alone either. Those things didn't happen until years later when some sharpie came up with the familly billiards concept. Some guys just quit the game when they had girl friends. Others, like me, played in the afternoons. I had this one girl friend who was religious and she didn't like gambling one bit so I couldn't let on that I won the money I spent taking her to the movies and the drugstore playing pool. I think her name was Faith. I went out with her because she was pretty and there wasn't anyone else around at the time, but I didn't really like her much. I was a great one for getting crushes on girls who wouldn't go out with me.

I didn't win any money from Cox and Kelly. I don't want you going away from this little memoir thinking I got to be a hotshot pool shark and started taking all the travelling salesmen and local sharpies to the cleaners—no way. I got to be a fair-to-middling 8- or 9-ball player who was smart enough to know what games to stay out of. I learned a lot of style from watching Cox play Kelly. I knew when he was throwing a game for his pal. To this day, I remember his white hair and moustache, his neat off-white suit, his two-tone wingtipped shoes, and that smile he always had. I always thought when I saw him stroll into the Derby with that look of confidence on his face, "now, why can't my Daddy be like that?" Hell, maybe he was once, but I never saw it.

So? You want to shoot a game? I'm usually at University Billiards in Berkeley mid-afternoon. Fall by sometime...

- Clay Geerdes, January 28, 1983

## From a Northern California Perspective

by Ronald B. Flowers

How about a brief anecdote on the lighter side of life across the U.S., from both probable and improbable perspectives, perhaps right out of your own backyard.

An area we all can relate to is unemployment and its effect on society. Our unemployment offices these days are always packed with desperate, often scared people. However, the lack of cordiality in such offices is ever apparent these days. Instead of a person saying to the one beside them in line, "How are you?", they say, perhaps more appropriately, "You, too?"

The lack of common sense also seems to plague some unemployment offices. More than a few come in and see someone they know standing in the claims line and say to them, "Hi, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm just hanging around to see if I can pick up someone," is a response which has left many with their mouths open.

I've often found the disco/rock club scene to be perhaps to most phony around. Everyone's on the make! It's a meat market where almost everything goes and in spite of the many failures people have had to endure they never stop trying. The results are usually the same nine times out of ten, only the method of refusal is updated. Here are a couple of likely examples.

John spent the whole evening with a girl dancing, talking, and drinking, confident of better things to come. However, apparently she had other ideas about the future of their relationship as she prepared to leave.

"I really would like to see you again," John said.

"Well," she hesitated, "maybe we will meet again some time."

"Come on now," he said, getting desperate and seeing his big chance slip away, "our chances of meeting one another again after this evening are a million to one."

Before splitting, she responded cleverly, "Then if we do, I guess it'll mean something, won't it?"

In the past, guys have often been duped by girls giving them phone numbers and filling their aspirations with hope only to find the number was a phony. Such numbers usually turned out to be the phone company, police station, or a restaurant, to name a few. However, these days the females aren't quite as coldhearted. Unfortunately, the guys aren't as bright either. The fake phone numbers continue to persist. Only when the guy calls the number he learns it's his own!

Then there are the cool and confident guys who believe soft words can turn any girl into a submissive catch. Only it doesn't always work out that way.

"You've got the prettiest blue eyes," Dan whispered into Barb's ear as they snuggled close on the dance floor.

"Either the lights are playing tricks on you or you're color-blind," responded Barb, "my eyes are brown!" So much for that conquest.

However, there is the swing side of the nightclub scene where women are just itching for action. After all, for all those who have their pick of eligibles, many go through countless lonely nights. Then there is the fact that women outnumber men by a substantial margin. That means more are available at your local watering hole. It might improve your odds at finding a dance partner, but it doesn't mean they will play right up to you even if you are on the same wavelength.

"Would you like to dance?" Bart asked the attractive blonde.

"No, I'm just sitting here holding up the table!"

I think the one area affected most by the economy is one's budget for going out dining. Putting one's priorities in order is a must. Often, after being seated at a restaurant, a pretty, young woman will come up to you and ask, "Would you like to order something before dinner?"

Mindful of the high costs of the food, tips, and being able to come again, the response these days is, "Yes, but only if you're paying for them."

Even the high rates of long distance phone service is affecting many a person's way of thinking on whom to call. Keeping costs to a minimum is a must. With the pocketbook leading the way, these days when one calls the operator and she says, "What city?", they respond by saying, "Whichever one is the cheapest to call."

One of the more interesting and certainly appreciated businesses is a bakery. A friend of mine once worked for one, preparing pastries in the back. When not working he had a hankering for beer and fish. It was the night after one such binge that he showed up for work feeling like some little creatures were in his stomach playing ping pong. Some relief came to him when he threw up, only it happened to be in the vat in which he was making donuts. He was sorry it happened, but what could he do? With no one around to tattletale and not particularly feeling like making up a new batch, he did nothing.

It was a week later when two women came into the bakery and approached a cashier.

"May I help you," she asked.

"Yes," responded one of the women. "We were wondering if you had any more of those fishy tasting donuts?"

I guess the saying is true, "What you don't know won't hurt you."

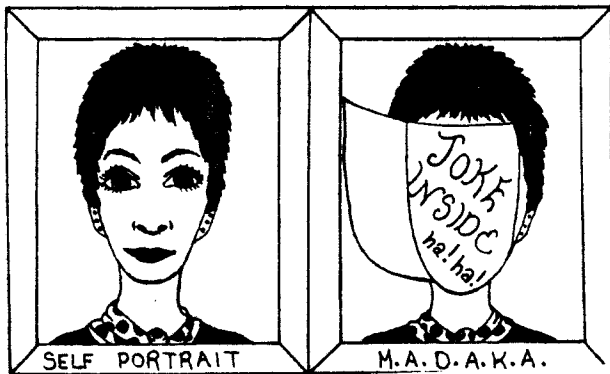
These days some people take things too seriously, like the woman who called the airport and asked, "How long will it take me to get from Denver to New York?"

"Just a minute," responded the reservations agent as she began to put her on hold.

The woman then said, "Thank you," and hung up.

A Chinese friend of mine once told me of an old proverb he learned which said, "If you lend money to a friend, you lose both the money and the friend." Unfortunately, he should have told me that before I borrowed that ten from him and ultimately lost his friendship.

THE BIBLE IS AN EARLY EXPERIMENT IN ETHNOMETHODOLOGY - ROLDO



Blessed are the meek...  
for they shall inherit  
WHAT'S LEFT OF The Earth.

## QUENT WIMPEL NOTES

by Kerry Thornley

### THE MOJO CONTAGION

Although Key West was, like the French Quarter, one of the only places in the entire U.S. of E-E, Inc. un plagued by the monotonous, haunting repetition of the same signs arranged in different orders in towns all along the meatgrinders that transported traffic over the poem called America—Quent Wimpel was always ready to get out of that cramped little island town after a brief stay.

This visit was no exception and so the next balmy morning found him with his pack on his shoulders hiking in a Northerly direction along a wide walk beside a stagnant bay. Beside him suddenly was the woman on the bicycle, giving him that same smug, knowing look as the night before. "Here," she said, "is somethin' to get your mojo workin'. Knock yourself out."

"Page 109," he shouted after her, citing Chairman Mao to express his bewilderment at her words as he unfurled the poster she'd handed him, "We should never pretend to know what we do not know..."

"This," she called back, quoting another line from the same page, "'is of great importance in achieving a common language,'" before scooting around a corner.

"FAIR WARNING!" said the poster depicting five emaciated rock musicians in sunglasses who happened to comprise his favorite group. A promotional rather than an advertisement for a concert, "FAIR WARNING!" was all it said.

After taking about five more steps, Quent unshouldered his backpack and dropped it at his feet—for two reasons: 1) to fold the poster so as to stuff it into his pack; 2) because there was a hip pocket from a pair of jeans on the sidewalk. Just a hip pocket—just, in fact, the outside half of a hip pocket. Naturally, he thought of the Cafe du Monde in New Orleans—of the girl with a gri-gri bag around her neck made out of a hip pocket whose flirtations had drawn his attention that night a week or two earlier.

Pack, poster and pocket under arm, Wimpel crossed the street to the shade of a big tree, where he seated himself and rummaged for his sewing kit. A brightly colored scrap of cloth acquired the night before outside Trader Joe's, a coil of silk cord found along some forgotten highway, a needle and thread and a half-hour of stitching produced a gri-gri bag just like the one worn by that teeny-bopping witch in the French Quarter.

And that is the story of the blighted morn when Quent Wimpel began dabbling in Magick. Of course nothing happened that could not be explained in terms of conspiracy theories involving advanced technology and computers, as was always true of everything. Yet something happened.

"Something will happen," promised Aleister Crowley at the end of one of his Magickal prescriptions. Once, many years earlier, Richard Arnold Winston wrote Quent a manic letter to say that it was true and a droll understatement at that. Something would happen—although Winston failed with infuriating mysteriousness to say what, and Quent Wimpel could not at that time see drawing a pentagram on the floor with a circle around it and standing in the center and turning around five times repeating, "Abrahadabra," at sundown. So his anarchist colleague's experiment went unreplicated. In fact, Wimpel hadn't answered Richard's letter and as a result their correspondence flagged for the next couple of years.

Back in those days Quent was all sweetness and light in his mystical predilections for Edgar Cayce and Paramanansa Yoganada. Aleister Crowley quite frankly gave him the creeps.

Nowadays were different. No longer religiously inclined in the least, a philosophical materialist all the way through, he nevertheless felt a vague empathy for witches and warlocks and Satanists, principally because of his dealings with the Cryptocracy of Christ. "If these people are into Jesus," he had once scrawled over an entire page in one of his notebooks, "I think I'd much prefer the Other Guy." Alienation at self-righteousness and guilt-tripping was now something he could un-

## Recovering Wimpel Pt. 4 by Rulan, Yusef

Eyes tend to be the last part of the anatomy to recover from extreme physical shock and pain.

Sam Hain was quite sure that, even after the rest of his body had accepted the sundry throbbing pains decorating his bodily consciousness as a fact of life, he could still feel his eyes crawl off the sidewalk, slither up his cheeks and wriggle back into his sockets like puppies getting comfy in a blanket.

It was a disturbing sensation. It occurred to Sam that it might be a good idea to test his visual apparatus and suggested this idea to his brain, which was at that moment primarily occupied with supervising and directing the writhing and meaning that the body was engaged in. The brain, being busy, sent the suggestion on to both Optimism Central and Central Cynicism as high speed neuro-memos and received an "oh yes, certainly" from the former and a "yeah, why not" from the latter. The brain, aware of the propensity of both these departments to engage in endless inane banalities, immediately okayed the request for a visual test and opened the right eyelid 45 degrees with extreme, almost passionate, caution.

That segment of Reality that Sam shared with the rest of humanity swirled slowly into his vision, and while ordinarily he would have found this an unforgivable invasion of mental privacy, Sam's brain assured him that this was a welcome diversion from the writhing and groaning business, so Sam decided to allow it and opened both eyes a full 50%. Blurred images swam like vulgar fish before him.

The half-remembered voice came again. "Young man," it said, "you see the end result of drug-abuse?" Sam focused painfully on a small, elderly female bending over him, ran a quick check on vocal response capabilities, and found them functional enough for response.

"Madam," he enunciated with difficult clarity, "I have never in my life abused drugs. I treat them with love and respect."

Ordinarily a few feeble blows from an umbrella would hardly have been noticed by as sturdy a character as Sam Hain, but in his weakened condition, they sent him swiftly back to that dark silence he was coming more and more to consider an old friend.

derstand.

So he plucked a dog's tooth from a pile of bones beside the road and slipped it into his gri-gri bag to see if something would happen. Near the bridge at the north end of Key West a little old lady in a black Chevy pulled up beside him and asked, "Where you going, young man?"

"Miami," Quent answered, noticing that her companion in the car was an enormous black dog.

"Get in," she invited. "I'm headed for Key Largo," she added with what seemed to him vaguely reminiscent of a witchy cackle.

All the way to Key Largo the dog eyeballed him at a distance of about six inches with his panting mouth hanging open. Needless to say, there were teeth to be seen—dog teeth, all the way to Key Largo.

Without exception, the same spooky string of luck continued—beyond all possibility of coincidence. A piece of red yarn got him a ride to Miami with a Bircher who raved on and on about the international Communist conspiracy. An old-fashioned square nail from a junk pile in back of an antique store got him from Miami to Fort Lauderdale with the squarest, most obnoxiously puritanical business executive he'd ever met who wound up giving him a hunting poncho infected with poison oak. (Wimpel refrained from further experiments with nails of any description.) A sea snail shell from the beach in Fort Lauderdale got him an excruciatingly slow ride with some teenagers in an old jalopy as far as Riviera Beach.

So it went—all the way from Key West to Atlanta. Every item Quent inserted in his gri-gri bag constituted fair warning about his next experience, usually his next ride. Not always. Once he had no sooner dropped a bobby pin in the voodoo pocket around his neck than a loud drunk staggered up to him with a complicated story that he kept saying would "blow the top off the C.I.A." about how they gave Bobby Kennedy an order he signed without reading authorizing the assassination of Marilyn Monroe as a security risk.

One way of surviving in Atlanta was to prowl the student cafeteria of Quent's old alma mater, Georgia State University—where he would inconspicuously slide into a chair at a table with an abandoned tray and nonchalantly scarf up the leftovers. Some gri-gri bags were not exactly a college fad, Wimpel had removed his, carrying it in his hand until he found a half-eaten apple pie and an empty-but-refillable coffee cup—whereupon he handed the gri-gri bag on the back of his chair and forgot about it, absently leaving it there—in what is known as the B&D Cafeteria—upon his furtive departure.

"Oh, well," thought Quent, when he noticed the loss, "that is the end of my career in Magick."

Before much longer Wimpel realized that had been an unrealistic fit of optimism on his part. Now it was whatever happened to be in his pants pockets. So he began keeping them empty at all times, his money and I.D. and anything he picked up in his wanderings that might come in handy stashed as unmiraculously as possible somewhere in his pack. That didn't do any good either. When he was hitch-hiking, it became whatever scrap of litter happened to be nearby as he climbed into the car—as if he had taken one punch at a Magickal tar baby who would stick to him like gum in a pantomime for the rest of his days. Everything he ate or drank became cryptically symbolic: scrambled eggs brought meetings with confused people urging him to inappropriate action. Quent lamented this smothering condition in his notebooks to no avail—complaining that he would wind up with an ulcer. What wasn't obviously symbolic of something quickly acquired significance in the internal consistency of his on-going experience. All Atlanta became a vast Rorschach collage that constantly gave away the next moment in advance with this or that cryptic hint. As summer faded into autumn spontaneity and surprise became nostalgic memories of an obsolete innocence.

Quent thought it couldn't be done, but They did it: The Conspiracy busted the Here and Now.

Jed Marling

IT BACK ISSUES - \$50 EACH - BUY NOW! (PAPER)

And in the third day of my quest I came to an old shop that was the storefront office of a cheap astrologer. He and his wife has evidently been hassled by the police for their shady dealings in the past; upon knocking I detected furtive motions by the curtains in the front window.

"Come in," said the grizzled sage. "We will look in my crystal ball and I will tell you what it is you came to hear."

I wondered what carny this old badger had learned his lines in. We walked past a kitchen that steamed cabbage and cheap potatoes and into a dingy, ill-lit parlor whose walls were evidently not meant to hold the hastily tacked up posters and charts. They had not been in town for long.

"I want to know of the world," I told the man. "I know you do. You already told me," he said. "The fee for this session will be ten dollars, payable in advance." I gave him the money and sat at a gesture in the direction of a rickety card table.

"In order to know of the world you must first know of yourself," he intoned. "Look into the crystal ball."

I looked at the ball...it seemed to me to be a bowling ball painted with day-glo by some student of psycho-chic. He began some narrative that I cannot recall, a guided fantasy type muttering that took all responsibility for suggesting images. Then he asked me to tell him what I saw, and I remembered that my eyes were open.

I saw nothing, like when you do an exercise for discovering your blind spot. This was a bit frustrating because I thought I had gone blind.

I told him this, and he said good. "Most people only see the colors and I have to make up a bunch of stuff for them. Just keep at it." Then he gave a laugh.

I continued to keep the blind spot in my gaze, and I saw all sorts of amazing events. Little beach balls of green shouted obscenities at the moon. Elephants cavorted among pine trees. I saw a young woman play eighteen holes of golf in one stroke, the ball bouncing out of each pocket and flying down the fairway to a series of holes in one. Then I saw a herd of poets drinking coffee in a thousand little cafes. And I saw myself engaging in a million different activities, some that I would have done if I had a chance and others that I would not. I was filled with emotion.

"What do you see?" the geezer asked.

"I guess it's me," I told him, "all wrapped up in a mixture of symbol and literal representation."

"Wise young one," he said. "Don't worry about it. Actually it's not you. Most people think that they see themselves whenever they get past the blind spot, but they don't realize that whenever they cut off all outside data they just start making it up to entertain themselves, like a cat playing with a ball of yarn. Most of it is lies."

I had just finished taking a visionary inventory of a huge vault of gems when he said this, and I shook myself up out of it and back to the room.

"Now it is time to look at a portion of the world itself."

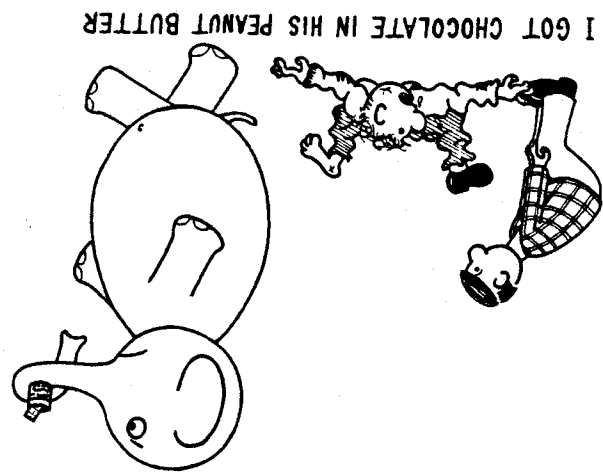
I looked back at the globe, the mirror, the round diamond. I was stricken with awe at the first sight. Forests of trees were being mowed down and fed through monstrous machines that spit out flat, ink covered versions of some sort of wafer. People lined up to buy these wafers and stood motionless while staring at them. Hours later they would vomit up little bits of typeface, obviously in pain. A voice came from all around, saying, This is how men come to know their worlds. It is efficient to filter all the most shocking portions of the world and squeeze them into little bits to be fed out at random. In this way opinion is formed.

Then the scene transformed itself and I stood over a small island. On it slaves toiled under a hot sun for soldiers with machine guns. In the capitol, men came and went, handing out little receipts that the others would use to cash in for more guns. The men who handed out the receipts had one condition: that they be allowed to take whatever the slaves produced. In turn, the men who had the guns would be allowed to live in prosperity when it wasn't their turn on guard duty. Another voice came and said, This is the miracle of the free market. This is what they call capitalism. This is the chief fuel for the fires of the left.

I was immediately shown another scene, exactly like the last, only with the gun receipt dealers flying in from another direction. It was evident that these men had only recently begun frequenting the island. The receipt dealers added one sentence when they recited their litany: they said, "You are brave fighters against imperialism; remember in your struggle the horror of capitalist oppression." A final voice came and announced, This is the miracle of the planned economy. This is what they call socialism. This is the chief fuel for the engines of despair.

Upon returning from these visions I paid my tutor an extra ten bucks.

- by Gerru Reith



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## License to Manipulate

Dear Coop,

There's a woman in the office where I work who is impossible to get along with. According to her, nobody can do anything right except her. She browses on everyone's desk and steals our proposals to present to the boss before we get a chance. More than once I've walked into the boss' office with my brilliant ideas only to find that they had preceded me by hours. She chatters incessantly about how terrific her kids are. On the day of the company's open house, my wife brought our five-year-old son in and the woman had the nerve to call him 'runt' to my face. I'm almost at the end of my rope. If I thought the parking garage could take it, I'd firebomb her car—with her in it. One of my co-workers keeps threatening to plant a typewriter in her cranium. How can we get her fired before we commit assault and battery?

Miffled on Madison Avenue

Dear Miffled,

Simmer down. These instructions are going to require ultra cool. Hotheads only get themselves sacked. Before you do anything read All the President's Men and enlist some confederates to your cause. There's a lot of work involved so be prepared to bust your buns.

First, write up the most ludicrous and unacceptable crap you can and substitute it for your normally brilliant work and let her steal away. Have as many people in on it as you comfortably can. They should do the same. Put all your real proposals in an envelope marked "Insurance Papers" or some equally boring title and stash them in an out of the way corner of the desk. Just give her the rope, she'll hang herself.

If your boss is not a total ogre, you can tell him of her treachery. Of course, he may chalk it up to sour grapes. After all, she's the one with all the points in his eyes. Step very carefully, my friend, or you may end up out on your teeth. If all else fails, request a transfer.

Coop

Dear Readers,

It's comforting to know that you're all so well-adjusted that you don't have any problems for your advice columnist. Others around you may not have the luxury of terminal sanity. It is for them that I beseech you to let them know there is a third party (they passed out at the first two) who can aid them in their distress. All letters will be answered with the same care as one would bathe a cat. No question is too mundane and no problem is too frivolous.

Coop

CONFIDENTIAL TO A FELLOW STAFFER: It sounds like you have an awful lot of hostility. Would you like to tell me all about it so it can be constructively dissipated or would you rather break my fingers? Just asking.

COOP, P.O. Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809

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# FREEZE-DRIED *Brain* CATHODE RAY TUBES *PARG*

"THE CASE OF THE FILM REVUE KILLER"

It all began at the Tuesday morning taping... I showed up at ten, as usual. The flight from New York to Chicago was short—shorter than usual. I had a cup of coffee, and waited for Neal to show up. Looked over the cue cards—flirted with the secretary—I was impatient to get to work.



Neal arrived a few minutes later—we looked over some footage for the show and before I knew it, it was time to tape. We took our respective seats and began. The dialogue went something like this...

JEFFERY: "Good evening. Tonight, as kind of a change of pace, we'll look at our favorite movies of the past decade—That's right, the 70's. We hope this will help you learn more about us by knowing our likes and dislikes, and maybe our ratings will go up, too."

NEAL: "And maybe a lucrative syndication contract, too. They forgot to tell us that everybody works volunteer at PBS. I'm looking to get out of this deal, frankly—I don't even like Chicago."

JEFFERY: "My first favorite film of the 70's is TAXI DRIVER. Despite all the bad press this film has gotten due to the small incident in Washington awhile ago, I still recommend it. The scripting—the acting—the editing—the sound—all excellent. In fact, I think it's my favorite movie of all time."

NEAL: "Well, Jeffery, I liked this movie about as much as I liked TAXI ZUM KLO—I thought it was one of the worst movies I've ever seen on celluloid. Jodie Foster is lackluster, and Robert DeNiro is even worse. I hereby recommend that all of the prints of this film be atomized."

JEFFERY: "How can you say that, Neal? Didn't you notice the fine craftwork in that film? Didn't you feel the sheer acting talent?"

NEAL: "I'm afraid I can't agree with you. I don't—"

JEFFERY: "Oh, come on, Gabler—are you crazy? You don't know your ass from your elbow cinematically! You wouldn't know good film if it walked up and kicked you!"

NEAL: "Now wait a minute, Jeffery—what's gotten into you? I'm just stating my opinion. Don't get so riled! Maybe it's your coffee. I'm only trying to tell you why I don't like the—"

JEFFERY: "Why, you insolent clod..."

For a second the world went blank... When the world came back into view I was holding a smoking gun in my hand. Neal's body was spurring crimson death all over the blue theatre seat. My first instinct was to run. I flew out the exit door and into a back alley... Free! Free at last. I hid out in an alley—stole some Wild Irish Rose from a vagrant and had a drink to calm my nerves. The police would be looking for me—where to hide? New York? Detroit? No, that's Gabler's hometown—they'd kill me if they got their automotive hands on me.

I managed to sneak on a bus to Peoria. I'd be safe there... yeah, maybe take the D.B. Cooper route—nahhh. I hated that movie. Maybe I'll just take this bus to the end. Ride this bus till tomorrow.

After that, maybe I'll get a cab.

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DEUKMEJIAN PRESCRIBES death penalty for  
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says "why not convert MUNI buses to con-  
dos?"

spread, according to legend.

Now, like Bigfoot and the Abominable Snowman, stories of its sightings and attacks have seeped into our culture and become part of our folklore, except that it is more evil and petrifying than other monsters we've come to fear. "One day I had a job," spoke an office management employee glumly, "the next day I didn't." He paused to look at his severance pay envelope. "Yeah, REAGAN'S BRAIN was here all-right."

Although not positive whether it's animal, venatable or mineral, noted author and adventurer Ernest "Papa" Hemingstein has vowed to track down the elusive thing once and for all. "It's been terrifying people for too long," said the Jewish, globe-trotting writer/explorer grimly. "I've seen depole's skin crawl at the mere mention of it. Someone's got to capture it."

The last known area victimized by the Beast was the city of Pittsburg, South Carolina. Once a thriving suburb of prosperous, fun-loving hedonists, it now stands deserted, abandoned, bankrupt—a silent, bleak memorial and testament to the Monster's merciless and indiscriminate cruelty.

Papa drove out to Pittsburg, with the local sheriff, to survey the damage wrought firsthand and to search for clues to the ghoulish fiend's next destination, passing the jobless, destitute wretches of humanity who used to live there along the way.

"Yep, it was here," confirmed officer Buford Bellygut, spitting tobacco juice through his teeth and looking over the boarded-up windows, the empty stores and the line of citizens shuffling their way down the soup line for a free meal and a prayer.

Papa was a brave man, perhaps the bravest in the entire world, but as the wind blew the tumbleweeds across the dust-filled streets, Hemingstein could feel the residue of hopelessness and defeat this Devil pestilence had inflicted on this innocent town—cold chills rippled up and down his ramrod straight spine. But, Papa reached down for his trusty elephant gun, stroked his faithful .357 magnum revolver in the shoulder holster under his arm and caressed the 9-inch Bowie knife he always carried at his side, for reassurance.

Following a tip, Ernest traced the horror stories of REAGAN'S BRAIN to Manila. There was to be an operation by a psychic surgeon, one of those self-appointed "doctors" who perform surgery with their bare hands, in lieu of medical instruments or anesthetic, while the patient lies fully conscious on a table. A local peasant complaining of a tummyache was diagnosed as having a malignant stomach tumor. He removed his shirt and stretched out on a slab. The surgeon, reaching into the man's belly with his bare fingers, withdrew a puny, wrinkled, slimy ball of greasy crud. The surrounding crowd of natives cheered. Something this revolting, this gruesome, this horrible could only be one thing. Surely, this, THIS must be REAGAN'S BRAIN! So, the Brain's rampage was over, its scourge of misery could now come to an end at last! The people hugged total strangers and cried tears of joy! But their jubilant optimism was shortlived. Closer inspection later revealed it to be a piece of chicken fat.

Traipsing through 154 countries, encompassing all seven continents, Hemingstein persisted in his relentless quest, but to no avail. But some critics contended his hunt may have been successful if he'd not spent so much time being interviewed and autographing copies of three of his out-of-print classics, "The Moon Also Rises", "The Old Man And The Lake" and "For Whom The Chimes Toll". All three bestsellers were experiencing revived popularity generated by the publicity from newspaper headlines that heralded his "search for the Brain" at every city he travelled through. As for the criticism for his thousands of radio and TV talk show appearances—in which he gave away free paperbacks of his books to anyone who could prove they were unemployed—Ernest dismissed it as veiled envy by his jealous contemporaries. "After all," he reasoned logically, "why shouldn't the unemployed be given free books? They can't afford to buy them anymore, and they have so much more spare time with which to read now, too."

Hemingstein returned to America when he heard a Colorado prospector, while panning for gold, had dredged up a grey, mushy glob of goo. Stepping off a Concorde jet, Papa rushed to the river bank where the discovery was made, his heart pounding. But it was another dead end. The loathsome, rotting handful of yukky drek was merely a diseased, mutated fish. It had died when the nearby nuclear power plant leaked radioactive water into local streams. Operators of the nuclear reactor had never notified the public of this disaster, hoping that the thousands of cows, sheep and fowl that had sickened and died within a 100-mile radius of the reactor might be blamed on something else—UFO's or Satanic religious cults perhaps. The area residents scoffed at such nonsense. So then, the owners of the reactor blamed the deaths on "too much WATER in the OCEANS and too much AIR in the ATMOSPHERE". Again, the public hooted in derision at such claptrap. However, while they didn't believe this explanation, they couldn't exactly argue with it, either. It was irrefutable. In fact, this contention was so indisputable that it has not been adopted as the official excuse for any unexplainable catastrophe by every agency of the U.S. government.

However, when the truth was finally exposed—that radiation had killed the animals—the ensuing panic, sense of betrayal and shattered confidence in government were almost equal to an attack by REAGAN'S BRAIN. Some disgruntled ranchers said the "Brain" was responsible. But this only served to enhance its already mythic reputation to frighten and torture wherever it went...

The sun was setting in the western sky as Ernest slung his rifle over his shoulder and walked away from the contaminated river and its floating death.

"Curse you, you demon from Hell!" he growled, shaking his fist at the unseen terror and the ubiquitous suffering he knew was still to come from it. "You're inhuman! You're powerful! But, you're not invincible! You will be stopped!"

Knowing the future of America was at stake, Hemingstein—determined not to fail in his holy mission—checked his ammunition, took a drink from his canteen and pressed onward.

## Notes from a Nut

by Paul Zuckerman

REAGAN'S BRAIN STILL ON LOOSE; PUBLIC TERRIFIED

Reports are now coming in, every day, about a new plague sweeping across the land that causes factories and businesses to close, forcing thousands of workers to be laid off from their jobs. No one has actually seen it, but they know when it has passed through their community—they can see the terrible devastation it leaves behind in its wake, robbing wage-earners of their pride and dignity when they are no longer able to feed and support their families because there are no jobs anymore. There are rumors that the bug that carries this sickness, this terror, resembles a brain, but that's only because scientists have identified the virus as being the most deadly ever discovered, even more dangerous than Dioxin, the by-product of chemical wastes. Not knowing what to call it, they decided on the name everyone else in the country was already calling it: REAGAN'S BRAIN.

It began its wave of destruction in California around 15 years ago. Presumably, it was alive before then, but just lying dormant, waiting for the proper catalyst to awaken it from its slumber. After an eight-year reign of terror in California, it headed east, getting worse, more deadly ever since. Now, people all over the nation, and the world, are suffering from the effects of its presence.

How did it get its name? When it had wreaked its irreversible damage to the psyche and pocketbooks of its first victims—the hapless residents of a small California town near the Mexican border—the people were purported to have run from their shacks and tents screaming "REAGAN'S TO BLAME!" over and over. But they had thick accents. Consequently, when the foreigners applied for Food Stamps at the local Welfare office, the workers there thought they were muttering: "REAGAN'S BRAIN" again and again under their breath. That's how the name

# NATOTORIAL

by Nate Mishaan

If you haven't noticed yet, I often have an identity crisis when writing NATOTORIALS. I don't know whether I am Ralph Nader, Andy Rooney, and/or Doug and Bob McKenzie (I say Doug and Bob because I often find myself struggling for a topic). In this particular NATOTORIAL I'm going to be Ralph Nader and see where I end up.

Recently, there has been widespread speculation regarding the future of home taping (audio and video). I'd like to share my viewpoints in the hope that they will motivate YOU THE READER to write your elected representatives in our nation and your state capitols expressing the views that you may have after reading this piece. I will mainly focus on videotaping, but don't be alarmed if what I say can also be applicable to audiotaping, i.e., radio broadcasts, albums, etc. Here we go.

Home taping, FOR PERSONAL USE, is a right that should be protected under copyright and constitutional laws. When a broadcaster transmits a signal over the public airwaves into your home on the tv set that you have bought and paid for with your hard-earned, overtaxed income, it is in the public domain and its use shouldn't be under anyone's control except your own. Right? SO...how can anyone in their right mind say that you can't tape it for your personal use as you see fit so long as you're not selling the tape or displaying the tape to people paying you an admission fee?

One of the main reasons why people videotape their favorite programs is because that program is on at an inconvenient time, or that they can't decide whether they wish to watch a program in question while another program of choice is on simultaneously on another station. Sponsors take advantage of this and this concept is part of the reasoning behind a ratings system.

Ratings are popularity quotients for tv shows. Ratings allegedly were designed to eliminate unpopular shows and keep popular ones on the air. (This is purely theoretical, and is not taking statistical shortcomings of the way the data is assembled into account, which is far from infallible.) Ratings also determine what a broadcaster can change for advertising time. A broadcaster takes the data for a time slot in question and can break it down (statistically—not 100% accurately, of course) to a CPM (cost per thousand (sic) in audience) figure. Sponsors strive to seek cost effectiveness, therefore they strive to go for the lowest CPM. (CPMs get broken down into sub-classifications, as do ratings, i.e., Men 18-35, Women 18-38, etc. Generally speaking, the narrower the sub-classification or "target market", the higher the CPM. This CPM stuff is sexist in nature because it assumes that men watch football and women watch soap operas. Don't blame me, there is a lot of injustice in the world!!!)

HOME TAPING THROWS MOST OF THE ABOVE OUT THE WINDOW!!! When one videotapes a show while watching another, sponsors cry in their beer. They claim that people, when playing back what they had taped, fast-forward through the commercials and end up not seeing them and this is in part why they are attempting to push for restrictions on taping either by taxing tape, taxing machines or selling playback-only VCRs. What an argument! Before I got my VHS machine and the commercials came on, I would go to the bathroom or go to my refrigerator. I can see it now: In 1984 there will be a videotape tax, a home bathroom tax and a coin slot on my refrigerator because I'm missing too many commercials.

Controlling VHS or Beta machines is another way of saying that although a broadcaster is issued a license to operate as a trustee in the public's interest, the sponsor's interest is the bottom line.

Don't get me wrong—I do not advocate copying videocassettes from your public library or rental shop or doing same and selling the copies; that is immoral, that is bootlegging and is almost as bad as child-molesting or yelling "theatre" in a crowded fire. If you're bootlegging cassettes, SHAME ON YOU!!!

Another argument is that home taping of broadcast material robs producers, actors, writers, et al. or revenue; however, sponsors are the first to try to pay the aforementioned vendors as little as possible, so why are they suddenly concerned? SMOKESCREEN!!!!

Producers claim that people taping off the air will hurt them on videocassette rental royalties, box office receipts, etc. But, if this concerns them so much, why do they sell movies to the networks and cable? Don't they realize that once it goes on the air it's virtually out of their hands? Also, do you know how much money goes for tv movie rights? In the words of Carl Sagan, "Millions and millions".

Ever wonder why producers sell their movies to tv (here comes Andy Rooney)? Well, this is a recession and many people simply do not have \$6.00 to spend on a movie. This economic condition forces producers to recoup their losses and tv is one sure-fire way. Another reason for selling movies to tv results from a film no longer having box-office draw and tv is a way to put a film "out to pasture". Being put "out to pasture" does not reflect on a film's artistic merits, just its mass marketing merits.

Also, did you know that VCRs (most of them) can be used with a camera to record relatives or whatever just like a still camera can preserve moments? How would you feel if you had to pay a tax on tape for the right to use your VCR to film a birthday party? It can happen. Who's to say or how can it be determined what you plan to capture on your personal videotape?

In closing, it is imperative that this bullshit ceases and desists, pronto! Who knows what will be next—taxing carbon paper and Xerox machines?

I'd like to hear what you have to say, but most of all, please write your elected representatives, for what it's worth—it may make a difference.

(ED. NOTE: The Campaign has prepared a statement on this topic on videotape, and hopes to have it in everyone's hands tax-free soon; if not, the National Surrealist Party will offer its own statement in support of Mr. Mishaan's endeavors next month.)

**FUN  
With  
LEAVES**  
by  
CAD 82



## FUN WITH TOM

by Tom Sanders

Tom's travels took him to Memphis, Tennessee one Friday evening. Now, what is there to do in Memphis on Friday evening? Wait for Saturday morning, of course, and then go out Union Avenue to Sun Records—followed up by a visit to Graceland to join with other pilgrims in tribute to the king of rock and roll.

He got a room in one of those cheap motels; the kind with out-of-focus X movies in every room and a pop machine at the end of the parking lot. A real heartbreak motel! Even the desk clerk at this place was dressed in black. This was the kind of joint that had hourly rates and, now that ya mention it, the beds DID look well-used, he thought.

Tom got up early the next morning, mostly to just get outta there, but also to get a head start on the day's Elvis activity. When he turned onto Elvis Presley Boulevard toward Graceland, he figured out why Elvis must have liked the house so much. Both sides of the road were lined with restaurants—chicken, fish, burgers, donuts—anything you want. All you want at any hour of the day or night!

He knew Elvis liked it there when he stopped at the Wendy's down the street from Graceland. Inside was a plaque designating it as "the official Elvis Presley Wendy's" with the Presley motto, now what was it? "We Deliver"? No, actually, it was "Takin' Care of Business", but Tom always thought Elvis' motto was "Let's Eat". He could see Elvis now, propped up in bed, saying, "Now, Priscilla honey, ya wanna run down to the Wendy's and get me a couple dozen cheeseburgers? Cooked real crisp just the way ah like 'em?"

He ate a big breakfast, for Elvis, and went on up to see what the Elvis worshippers were up to. People were taking pictures, leaving flowers by the gravesite and picking up leaves from the lawn. Tom himself scooped up a handful of Elvis lawn clippings. It was the first time he'd actually seen people obey the "keep off the grass" signs. They could have—no one was there to stop them—but most visitors preferred to take grass home with them rather than walk on it.

After strolling around inside, taking snaps of the Elvis look alikes and generally acting touristy, Tom went across Elvis Presley Boulevard to the all-Elvis shopping center where pilgrims could buy, among other useful items, Elvis dinnerware! Great! "Eat up all your food, son, so you can see the picture of Elvis at the bottom of the bowl..."

This sort of Bresley irreverence proved inappropriate at lunchtime. Tom couldn't decide what to order, and therefore he asked for the Elvis Presley special. "What's that?" Oh, you know. One of everything. "Now see here, son," the waitress warned, "we don't like that kinda talk about Elvis even though he died from overeating and taking drugs."

No sense of humor. Elvis could have walked across the river to West Memphis as far as she was concerned. He ordered up a big lunch, again in memory of Elvis, and continued on his way. Didn't get far before he had to stop and throw up from all the food he had eaten on Elvis Presley Boulevard. Right then Tom made a promise to himself: To somehow find a way to throw up every year on the anniversary of Elvis' death. What a fitting tribute to the king of rock and roll.

COMING NEXT MONTH - NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE



OH NO! NOT YET STILL ANOTHER ONE OF THEM!

©1982

BY KEN Y  
TOM ROBERTS

# EX-HIPPIE AT PLAY



WHO IS THIS GUY?

WHO CARES?

YOU GUYS ARE LIVIN IN FANTASYLAND!!  
YOU'RE GONNA HAFTO GET JOBS AND  
JOIN SOCIETY SOMEDAY! AT LEAST WE  
HAD PRINCIPLES! SOMETHIN' TO FIGHT  
FOR! YOU GUYS GOT NOTHIN - JUST  
LIKE THE MUSIC YOU LISTEN TO -  
IT'S JUST NOISE!

YOU GOTTA HAVE SOME  
KINDA ORDER. YOU GUYS'LL  
GET OLD AND JOIN UP. YOU  
GOTTA HAVE MONEY. YOU'RE JUST  
LIVING OFF YOUR PARENTS. AND  
TELLIN' THEM TA GET FUCKED!

I USED TA THINK LIKE YOU!  
I THOUGHT I'D STAY THE  
SAME FOREVER - BUT YOU CHANGE!  
SHIT! YOU GUYS ARE DUMBER  
THAN WE WERE. GOD! LOOK AT YOU!  
YOU'RE DIRTY... AND YOUR CLOTHES...  
AND THAT HAIR IS RIDICULOUS!!



HA HA HA  
HA HA HA  
HA HA HA  
HA HA HA

YEAH? YOU THINK  
IT'S FUNNY NOW BUT  
WAIT TILL COMMUNIST SOLDIERS  
COME MARCHING INTO YOUR  
HOMES. THEN YOU'LL LAUGH, HUH?  
YOU GUYS NEED SOME DISCIPLINE  
THE ARMY WOULD DO YOU GUYS  
SOME GOOD!!!

YOU GUYS DON'T  
CARE ABOUT ANYTHING  
YOU GOT NO CAUSE. WE  
HAD THE WAR!!

WERE YOU  
EVER IN  
THE ARMY  
MAN?

ME? NO. I WAS  
IN SCHOOL. BUT I  
WOULDA GONE ME  
THEYD NEEDED ME

IS AH-YOU  
GOLD OUT!

WHAT?!  
GOLD OUT? 2  
YOU'RE CRAZY!!  
WE CAME TO  
OUR SENSES  
JUST LIKE YOU'LL  
HAVE TO SOME-  
DAY!!!!



RADIO ALERT #1 - NYC AREA: WKOR FM 89.9, MON. 9-10pm -  
LA MONTAGNY - 420-8518!

**Laugh Till Your  
GUTS BLEED**

Most religions have had the "grits" hammered out of them by easily-duped fanatics. The Church of the **SubGenius** is a bombardment of morbid jokes... a cult of screamers and laughter, scorfers, blasphemers, sinners and the lost holymen in America today.

Elaborate brochure and bogus ordination, \$2.

**The Church of the SubGenius**  
P.O. Box 140346  
Dallas, TX 75214  
USA

**SACRIFICE:** THE MARXIST/Christian interface. In the Red Army chorus, the shotgun sings the song. I'd rather have the runs than the Trots

FENDER BENDER, or FEAR GRIPS THE WHEEL

As I travelled up the embankment and got onto level ground, the rain on the road took most of my traction, and the patch of ice, noticed at the last moment, took the rest. I cringed as my weathered 1970 Chevy Nova slid nearer and nearer to a brand new, very expensive-looking, Volvo sedan.

SKZZZZZZZZZZZZzzzzzzzzzzzz...WHOMP!!!

"AHHHH, SHIT!!!" I bellowed, pounding on the hardened padded dashboard. Nightmarish images flew through my mind. Whiplash lawsuits, my insurance rate going through the roof, having to sell my comic collection to pay the legal fees, etc. Several seconds later, the traffic cleared, and both cars pulled into the nearby street, parking in the breakdown lane.

I got out to go to the other car, and see what had been done. The light from the street lights gave the Volvo an eerie look. An electric window on the driver's side crept down. My nervous voice cracked, "Are you okay?"

I looked inside to see a "Mrs. Newlyrich" stereotype. White, female, 5'1", and in her mid-sixties. The dashboard lights shone onto her wrinkled face, making her look like an ancient elf.

"What was that?" she innocently enquired, in a voice that came from the long forgotten radio serial.

"We HIT back there!"

She put her gloved hand to her face in disbelief. "Really?"

After she had left her car, we went to check the back end of her Volvo. The rear bumper was a solid wall of rubber. No chrome, just a steel license plate frame. There was no damage whatsoever.

A quick glance at my car gave a similar hypothesis.

She drove off without another word, leaving me with the keys to my car in my hand, breathing a heavy sigh of relief.

Driving home from work gave another story. I noticed the right headlight was, well, a little funny. The bumper was resting up against the frame, putting the light out of alignment. Later on, I noticed a dent in the fender that rubbed against the right tire when a sharp right turn is made.

And just recently, the muffler pipe committed suicide during a snow-storm.

My father is working on a late model station wagon that belonged to a late relative. If it can be made to run properly, I can claim it. But I'll have to sell my Nova for repair costs (who'd buy it?).

After the station wagon is running, and my Nova becomes a memory, I'll go pricing for Volvo bumpers.

IS IT BETTER TO BE  
RICH & HEALTHY,,,  
OR SICK & POOR?



NO. 4: THE "POLE-STIR"  
("HE ASKS THE STRANGEST QUESTION")

## by George Edou

How many of you remember the man who made "Seven Words You Can Never Say On Television" famous? For your information, he now works as a security guard for a refrigerator, an "Icebox Man", if you will.

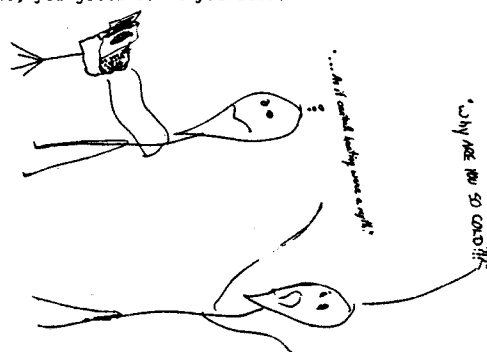
I've heard at least three of George Carlin's albums, which include "Class Clown", "AM-FM", and "Occupation: Foole". I love his material and the way he asks real heavy questions about real simple things. But there are a few things he missed.

George Carlin never once stopped to wonder where the foaming amber beverage we know as beer gets its name. Beer is named after the sound one makes after one drinks it—"BEEEEERRRR!" Ask any obese armchair quarterback.

Our next subject is Hidden Sexual Messages in Advertising, such as "It's what's up front that counts", and "Taste me! Taste me!" Good, George, but not good enough! The gem I want to contribute is: "All my men wear English Leather, or they wear nothing at all!"

It is rumored that Mr. Carlin will not eat certain foods because their names are too ridiculous. He cites two examples, kumquats and guacamoli (hope I spelled that one right; I can't find it in my dictionary). Did he ever tell you about a variety of pickles called gherkins? I should say not. How about a variety of cheese called brick? Ever hear of a lunch meat called braunschweiger?

Only goes to prove, if you want the meaning of life investigated right, you gotta do it yourself.



by Chris Downey

Timber Falls, Illinois, was never an exciting town, just very plain and simple. A general store, a gas station, a post office and a small Luncheonette were all the town needed to live their meager lives to the fullest.

Monday, February 4th, 1983, began as any other day on Main Street, but it soon became apparent that it was destined to end as something else.

"Morning Slim!" cried a jocular old man in a sport-jacket, stetson hat and an ostentatious tie.

"Morning Mayor, how's the wife?" Slim yelled back, but the mayor didn't hear him as Slim's pickup far outdistanced hizzoner. Slim was driving purposefully to the center of town where he was supposed to meet his fiancée Marge in The Lost Patrol—Spoon Diner where she worked behind the counter dispensing coffee and happy smiles in equal numbers.

Marge Arneo had been working all day and her feet were killing her. Nonetheless, she cheerfully went to answer a customer's curious cry.

"Oh, waitress," he said, "there's a small red brain in my soup and I didn't order one!"

But before Marge could even wipe her hands on her apron, the strange creature leapt out of the bowl and tore half the unsuspecting man's face off in one swoop. The startled waitress screamed but alertly noticed that there were brains flying all over the diner. Brains everywhere, throbbing and oozing yellow slime and digging their sharp fangs into anyone in their path.

Marge, quickly realizing that she was next, grabbed a spatula and bravely swatted a path into the kitchen and locked the door. Unfortunately, mere wooden doors were no match for these killer brains from beyond the stars, and they soon overpowered her.

Marge was not the victim of some isolated incident, however, as citizens of Timber Falls soon became aware they had a problem on their hands. Brains filled the sky and tore and ripped their teeth into the helpless inhabitants' bodies. Screams quickly filled the air as men, women and children were not safe from this hellish invasion. Slim saw this and, thinking only of the safety of his girl, ran impetuously into the diner, screaming, "MARGE, MARGE!" Seeing no sign of her, he leapt into the phone booth and made a call to the Pentagon.

"Hello, this is Slim Stern. Hurry, you have to come to Timber Falls, Illinois, it's an emergency, they—they're HORRIBLE—AGGGGGHHUUIOGH!!!!!"

His call was cut short as a killer brain flew down and ended his life. But help proved to be unnecessary as the swarm departed just as soon as it came.

Once the devastation was over, scientists were able to finally discover what caused the horrible holocaust.

It's widely known that communications transmissions travel indefinitely in space until they reach a receiving transmitter. So it happened that in the previous weeks these brains received curious transmissions from the planet Earth. It was at this time that the flying brains of Dextros Five were introduced to a human named Gene Rayburn, host of Match Game, and soon after they decided to get their revenge!

# REVIOOSE

THE DAYBOOK OF THE CITY and THE RAINBOW CAFE, by David Ossman

Reviewed by Anni Ackner

I am, by trade, by nature and by circumstance, a humorist, if not a comedian. I spend a fair amount of time writing what are presumably funny pieces and, if the cards happen to be stacked in my direction that day, people read them and, presumably (please God), laugh. I am also, by trade, by nature and by circumstance, a (God forbid) serious poet. I spend a fair amount of time writing serious poetry (which is not to say that every poem I write is on a "serious" topic, or written in a non-humorous manner, but that I take the craft of poetry, the making of a poem, and the idea very seriously indeed, far more seriously than I take anything else in what strikes me as a fairly frazzled world), and, if those cards happen to be stacked in my direction, people read it and, while they may laugh, take it seriously as well. This requires a multiplicity of personality that borders on the schizophrenic, and which very few people understand or appreciate, to the extent that I have, on several occasions, considered using a pseudonym for one or the other of my styles, if only to stop well-meaning souls from exclaiming, "You can't possibly be doing both things at once!" It does get awfully tiresome after awhile, because the point is that I can, and do, with varying degrees of success, and it has driven me nearly to the point of violence when someone who reads my humour refuses to take my poetry seriously, or someone who reads my poetry refuses to believe I can be funny.

Now, I told you that story so I could tell you this one: David Ossman is a contributing member of the Firesign Theatre and, as such, a humorist. He is also a poet and, to judge from his work, a serious one. Since I have never had any real faith in my own uniqueness of experience, I can only assume he runs into the same problems that I do with people who view this as an insurmountable dichotomy rather than a happy assortment of abilities. In Mr. Ossman's case this would be a particular shame. His work with the Firesign Theatre is rich, varied, and often borders on brilliant. His poetry is rich, varied and, while perhaps not always successful, is always worth the trouble of reading.

David Ossman has published two limited edition chapbooks, THE DAYBOOK OF THE CITY and THE RAINBOW CAFE, both available from The Turkey Press. The latter, for various reasons, seems to me to work better than the former, but both are interesting within their different scopes.

Actually one long poem, subtitled EIGHT ENTRIES FROM THE INTERREGNUM, divided into eight sections (or "entries"), THE DAYBOOK OF THE CITY concerns a civilization caught between one culture and the next. "Interregnum", by definition, means an interval between two reigns, when a country has no sovereign, but someone is obviously in charge in Mr. Ossman's world: much of the entries involve lists of things the "writer" has ordered built or sent or accomplished in one way or another. List-making is one of Mr. Ossman's strongest points; each item on each list is beautifully phrased and perfectly balanced within the framework, so that the list becomes almost a small poem in itself; the language throughout the entire work is lush and complex, an air of magic and mysticism pervades each entry, and the book is finely crafted, but somehow the parts never cohere into a satisfying whole. The sections of DAYBOOK are tantalizing, with their hints of a civilization re-emerging, the re-formation of customs and laws, traditions and order, but ultimately all we are offered are hints, and this, I think, is the book's major problem.

It is not enough, in a work of this sort, to set forth a civilization destroyed for some reason, and now rebuilding for some reason, and expect your readers to care about it solely on this basis. For a work of this kind to succeed, there must be, necessarily, some sense of history, some sense of present, and some sense of future, even if only implied; there must be at least a toehold on some kind of assumed "reality", and DAYBOOK never really offers this. None of the many magicians, priests, Lords, translators and what-not that people its pages has a name, a face, or a personality, there is nothing for a reader to hold on to. Even the writer of the entries is nothing more than a nebulous, androgynous voice. As intricate as DAYBOOK is, one is left wondering what civilization we are dealing with. How did it get where it is, in the condition it is in? Why is the voice "writing" doing the writing, and what, underneath the actual, physical rebuilding of the city, is going on here? It really isn't fair to expect a reader to supply the answers him/herself, or to fully appreciate the work without them, and many readers, I suspect, will not bother to try at all. As lovely as the language in DAYBOOK is, as haunting as some of the images, as brilliant as the original vision may have been, one is left with the feeling that this is only a small bit of a longer, more complete, work, and, like all excerpts, there is an unfinished, unattached feel to this that is terribly distracting and frustrating.

THE RAINBOW CAFE is less complex, less structured, more accessible and, perhaps because of this, seems to work better in the long run. Nine separate poems, and a poetic dedication, each one written for a different friend, the language is as rich and varied as that used in DAYBOOK, and, if the scope is less broad, the poems themselves are proportionately more intimate, giving a sense of immediacy that is lacking in DAYBOOK. DAYBOOK possibly inspires admiration; RAINBOW inspires identification and affection, and it is, of course, a matter of opinion as to which one thinks is the "better" goal.

Some of the feeling of myth and magic that is so apparent in DAYBOOK also touches, though not as heavily, RAINBOW, particularly in the first poem, CHARMS FOR THE COMING OF AGE (which, in spots, has the clarity and conciseness of Chinese and Japanese Zen poetry), and the last, I MAGIC AND I MAKE. The list-making of DAYBOOK also appears in some of the poems here, in slightly different form, and, again, it is one of Ossman's best features, as they become nearly chants to be sung out loud. In fact, it would be difficult, I think, to read some of these poems silently; they seem created to be recited.

The strongest poem in this collection, to my mind at least, is 12 SUPPOSITIONS, again, a list, this time of images, pictures the speaker has mentally formed of a distant friend. Each image is complete in itself, yet they gel together to make a satisfying poem. The mythic and the "real" are juxtaposed to create a balance, and the tone and voice manage to be both slightly sardonic and loving, all at the same time. It is, I think, the most mature poem in either book.

Subjectively, Ossman's work is a bit too delicate and not linear enough for me, but that is simply a matter of taste. It is interesting work, it is beautifully crafted and well thought-out, except for a couple of obvious deficits in DAYBOOK, already explored, and it shows the potential for better things. It is, as I said initially, worth reading, and that is all that one can fairly ask of a poet. Anything else is gravy and the gravy, in Ossman's case, I believe will come in time. To read it expecting Firesign Theatre routines would be doing an injustice to Ossman. To not read it because you expect it to be somehow superficial or frivolous because of Ossman's Firesign connections would be doing an injustice to yourself.

## Cartoon Queries

by John R. Scharff

Answers to last month's quiz: 1. Rags 2. Gumby 3. King Leonardo (a lion) and Odie Colognie (a skunk) 4. Rock Bottom (a cigar-smoking bulldog) 5. Morocco Mole 6. Colonel Bleep 7. Tinnytoes 8. The 8th Man (a robot, "Tobor" spelled backwards) 9. Dishonest John 10. Don Adams (of "Get Smart" fame) 11. Dan Backslide ("You coward, bully, cad and cheat!") from the cartoon "The Dover Boys"

QUIZ #2

As the popularity of "Mr. Bill" proved, nobody likes a saccharin "goody two-shoes". So, this query is strictly Bad Guys!

1. Who was the nemesis of Underdog?
2. Who were the principle baddies in Rocky & Bullwinkle? (There are three—a pair of "no-goodniks" and their boss.)
3. Popeye's rival had two names (depending on the era of the cartoon). What were they?
4. Who "hates meeces to pieces"?
5. Who kent Dudley Do-Right gainfully employed?
6. Courageous Cat and Minute Mouse faced a number of evildoers but the most prolific bad guy had a henchman named "Harry" (an ape). Who was this arch criminal?
7. Who was Felix the Cat's high-tech antagonist? (Not the Professor)
8. George Jetson worked for Spacely Sprockets. What was the name of the unprincipled president and founder of their greatest corporate rival?
9. Who, despite inspired planning, was never able to defeat the other Wacky Racers, and would always be found at the end muttering "Drat, drat and double-drat" as his dog snickered evilly? (He later got a job chasing pigeons.)
10. Who was the mustacheoed evildoer that bedevilled Mighty Mouse? And, for extra credit...Fill in the blanks to complete three of the many criminal teams that daunted Dick Tracy and his brave subalterns... Pruneface and \_\_\_\_\_ and B.B. Eyes; The \_\_\_\_\_ and Oodles \_\_\_\_\_

Answers to CQ #2 next issue

## ZOOT RICKSON, SUPERSTAR

by Dawn Goldstein

Zoot Rickson is American's hottest new rock star, and his new album, Do You Want Me, is climbing the charts. Radio stations everywhere are playing his hit singles, "I Like You—Do You Like Me?" and "I'm Quite Nice, Really". But what is Zoot really like?

Here is an excerpt from his interview with PERSONS Magazine:

ZOOT: ... with a maraschino cherry.

PERSONS: Why do you forbid people to take your picture, forcing them to buy your hand-drawn self-portraits?

ZOOT: Hey, those self-portraits show me the way I am. I am a stick! (Laughs)

PERSONS: Is it true that you've broken up with your long-time girlfriend, famous folk singer Carmelita Aldonza?

ZOOT: (Starts to get up) I thought I was here to discuss my new album—

PERSONS: uh—Please tell us about your new album,

Mr. Rickson.

ZOOT: (Sits down) Well, I wanted to do an album about love. Do you know that everything we do is an expression of our inner self that says "I want to feel love"? On this album, I—

PERSONS: Oh, we're all out of time. I'm afraid we'll have to end here. Thank you very much, Mr. Rickson.

Want to hear more about Zoot? Want to join his fan club? I am starting a Zoot Rickson fanzine, available only to his fan club members. If you are interested, write to me for information. Also, if you would like to contribute to the fanzine in the form of articles on Zoot or letters explaining why you like him, I will be publishing submissions. Write to me, Dawn Goldstein, at: 60½ Park Place, South Orange, NJ 07079.



# Filmviews by Ken Filar

HYSTERI-A-LESSEN(S)

TRUE-FALSE (4 points each)

1. Meryl Streep won the Academy Award for her performance as an anguished Polish refugee who barely survived one of Hitler's death camps in *Sophie's Choice*, though not without making a terrible choice which will haunt her long after she's gone on to other roles.
2. Jessica Lange gave an equally compelling performance as socially conscious actress Frances Farmer coming of age in the 20th century, to discover that the system still uses you the way it chooses to, and instead won Best Supporting Actress for her portrayal of a fluffy kitten in *Tootsie*.
3. Ben Kingsley rose from relative obscurity—the English stage—looking more Indian than many of the native-extras, and fasted himself very nearly to death in *Ghandi* to win friends and influence people, particularly members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.
4. According to Vincent Canby, in the *NEW YORK TIMES*, "If (*The Year of Living Dangerously*) doesn't make Mel Gibson an international star then nothing will."
5. Historical accuracy is not so important as historical restructuring where the optimal goal is a savory bottom-line.
6. It's cheaper to stay home and watch movies on television than to go to the cinema and shell out hard-to-come-by bucks for slivers of encroaching reality which could be served up as easily by "The Movie of the Week", and/or the more recent phenomenon, "The Week of the Movie".
7. People O.D.'d on fantasy with *E.T.* and Hollywood promised President Ron to put out more product depicting how awful things have been in the past so everyone will run out and buy a pair of special "Ron & Nan Rosecolored Bifocal 3-D Blinders"—which are expected to cure all the country's domestic problems and are secretly rumored to be a new basing mode for the MX.
8. I can't believe I'm reading this (insert explicative of choice) excuse for film commentary.
9. Per prior promise, reviewer has not used a parenthetical aside or a bastardized (oops!) spelling to excuse his total lack of control over the subject matter (though he would at once contend that the matter exercises much stronger an influence on him).
10. Some days, it's better to stay in bed.

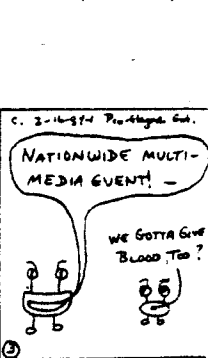
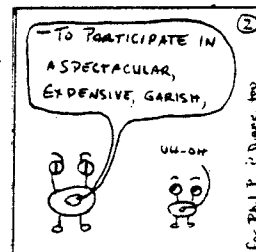
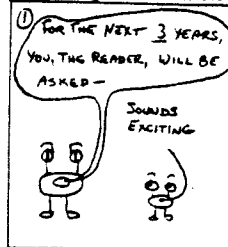
MULTIPLE CHOICE (5 points apiece)

11. Movies are meant to: a) offer escape from the daily pressures flesh is heir to; b) satisfy curiosity about little known regions, both interior and exterior, which might otherwise escape our flesh's notice; c) provide an excuse to "go out" with a "significant other" and eat massive quantities of popcorn; d) entertain us and make us ponder our measly existence.
12. Director Richard Attenborough has filmed *Ghandi* (A World Event) as a biography with a message by offering the initial disclaimer that: a) no life can be accurately portrayed to the satisfaction of all who have seen it (in relevant part); b) everyone interested in man's struggle to overcome his baser nature should see it—those convicted of sex crimes should be strapped in their seats and forced to endure continuous screenings; c) his mother fell asleep, too; d) if history proves 93% true at least 42% of the time the majority of nay-sayers at any particular juncture will disagree with the will of the majority to the stupefaction of the power elite who tend to see things through "Ron & Nan Rosecolored Bifocal 3-D Blinders".
13. *Sophie's Choice* makes: a) Brooklyn look better than you'd ever believe it could; b) you wonder how much fiction is just some author's warped sense of reality; c) everyone cry; d) *The Winds of War* look pathetic as a war epic and a soapy saga.
14. Which of the following is not about putting duty before self?: a) *The Year of Living Dangerously*; b) *Ghandi*; c) *Sophie's Choice*; d) getting up at 6 a.m. to write this examination.
15. In *Frances*, though she seems to have all her marbles—and nerves of steel—her mother (played icily by Kim Stanley) has her institutionalized because: a) Frances is rebellious and doesn't believe in God or consequences; b) Jessica Lange located her G-spot while Miss Stanley did not; c) it made a good story; d)...used to know the answer, but, gee...since the lo-- lo-- lobot...since the operation, all I can think about is food.
16. Director Peter Weir usually makes multi-layered and highly textured movies which brood on the limitless possibility beyond the ken of normal cinema, but in *The Year of Living Dangerously*—which is about the last months of the Sukarno Regime in Indonesia—he has: a) crafted a simple moral fable around a group of shadow puppets wherein nothing is black or white, but various shades of gray; b) filmed an old-fashioned thriller wherein Mel Gibson and Sigourney Weaver meet and meld into limitless possibilities; c) given Linda Hunt the best cross-dressing role of the year as Billy Kwan, the dwarf with more insight than height; d) slipped considerably.
17. When someone with the power to reach untold numbers of people and influence their knowledge about an historic event introduces fictional elements into the milieu it is called: a) artistic license; b) Orwellian New-Think; c) plot contrivance; d) exploitation.
18. Which of the following movies is not gross exploitation?: a) *Sophie's Choice*; b) *The Year of Living Dangerously*; c) *Frances*; d) *Let's Spend The Night Together*.
19. Do you hate reading these reviews: a) twelve times to figure out what the reviewer is trying to say?; b) more than anchovies?; c) as much as the reviewer hates writing them?; d) but do so anyway because they're cheap and effective?
20. If you were looking for escapist comedy or a lush love story without being reminded of all the trials and failings we endure daily should you avoid: a) *Tootsie*?; b) *Singing In The Rain*?; c) *The Merry Wives of Windsor*?; d) *Veronika Voss*?

ESSAY (50 Words - 10 points)

21. Why hasn't this reviewer written about *Come Back to the 5 and Dime*

WHIZITS by Elaine  
"SPECIAL PRESENTATION"



## more mooveze

VIDEODROME (Universal Pictures)—quest review by Bill-Dale Marcinko

*Videodrome*, written and directed by David Cronenberg (the man who, the ads proclaim, created *Scanners*, and I add, three much better, rarely-seen masterpieces: *The Brood* (1979), *Rabid* (1977), and *They Came From Within* (1975)) is a horror film infinitely more thoughtful than most "serious" product out now (give me one *Videodrome* over ten *Sophie's Choice* anyday) and infinitely more unsettling than the psycho/slash films still making the rounds (years after the whole genre should have been put to rest). Cronenberg has more visual and verbal wit than anyone working in films today (except maybe John Waters). His films make the work of Messrs. Carpenter, DePalma, Lucas & Spielberg look lumbering and cliché in comparison. *Videodrome* is terrifying and hysterically funny. It's half hallucinatory nightmare (a Surrealist painter on acid), half social/political satire (along the lines of Thomas Pynchon, right down to silly names like Barry Convex and Brian O'Blivion). Everything here—the writing, the acting, Cronenberg's camera—runs at a fever pitch, and is always on target.

James Woods ("The Onion Field") plays a cable tv entrepreneur hungry for viewers for his low-budget Toronto cable channel. His audience is bored by the soft porn and conventional violence he had booked, and Woods is anxious. He picks up a faint signal from Pittsburgh (shades of George Romero) of something called *Videodrome*, a plotless S & M torture show, which he later finds out to be the real snuff. Enter auburn-haired Debbie Harry (late of Blondie) as a radio show shrink, who, among other things, likes to play the "ashtray" role in sex. James Woods gets into S & M, Debbie Harry, and tries to buy *Videodrome* for broadcast on his channel. And then things get weird. You see, the *Videodrome* signal makes you susceptible to hypnotic suggestions and wild hallucinations (ex., Woods' chest sprouts a vagina, into which he inserts guns and videocassettes). Woods soon discovers he's not the only one who knows about *Videodrome*, and plunges into a veritable ocean of conspiracies and counter-conspiracies. The more complicated the truth behind *Videodrome* gets, the less Woods is able to differentiate between reality and his hallucinations. We get brought along for the ride, experiencing Woods' hallucinations and reality, and must figure out also what really is happening. Which is often not that easy.

What makes this mess work is Cronenberg's simultaneous sense of parody and dead seriousness. For example, he satirizes Marshall McLuhan, cable technology, violence and kinky sex, while at the same time exploiting them all for entertainment. Underneath all the surrealist gore and violence, however, is a very real kind of 60's cynicism and idealism—government, tv, and corporations who seek to control the individual are working their way into our lives.

To this political paranoia, Cronenberg also inspires a fear and revulsion of our own bodies. In *Videodrome*, our eyes can't be trusted, S & M is a step to higher consciousness, and our bodies could split open or mutate in a split second. Or, maybe our actual flesh is becoming obsolete. To most people in this film, tv is more real (the "new flesh") than our present reality. Far-fetched? Remember who *TIME* Magazine selected as Man of the Year last year.

*Videodrome* is visceral filmmaking that hits you simultaneously in the gut and the brain. See it now.

paid) with the reviewer and a "Video-Idio" T-Shirt.

1. Phrases in vogue, though vague or with no meaning, should be ascribed due usage.

2. Judgement passed "sight unseen".

Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean? Send your answers before March 10 to: KEN FILAR, 115 Stuyvesant Place, #66, Staten Island, New York 10301

The person scoring the highest wins a night at the movies (all expenses)



# FIRESIGN #8

Well, I suppose I should start off here by talking about the books. As they say, good news and bad news. The good is that the SQUARE DEAL RECORD COMPANY (P.O. Box 1002, 169 Prado Road, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406) has THE FIRESIGN THEATRE'S BIG MYSTERY JOKE BOOK. It costs \$5.95 plus \$3.85 handling charges, totalling \$9.80 (and of course Discordians will note that 9+8+17...). But, they only have 10 copies left, so you'd better order quickly.

Obviously, this means the bad news is that THE FIRESIGN THEATRE'S BIG BOOK OF PLAYS is unavailable from this source, but I'm still searching far and wide. Meantime, I can do a summary of sorts on both books, thanks to the kindness of Marc Glasser, who loaned me the BIG BOOK OF PLAYS:

The BIG BOOK OF PLAYS was the first one brought out by the four (c. 1972), and begins with a very straightforward analysis (entitled "a straight, forward look" etc.) of the group, by "Peter Savatte, Professor Emeritus, Solid State U.", followed by a brief autobiography and description of the group's beginnings by each of the members. Then comes the part the books are "famous" for, the transcription of each of the first four albums (with the exception of "Nick Danger", done in the second book), each preceded by a brief analysis of what the album is all about. I hope to reproduce these analyses, with TFT's permission, in future IJs. Finally, a chronology and identity roster is provided, for those fanatics among us (TFT having always been very accommodating and willing to explain things to their "legions"). This is, as IJers have probably guessed, my personal favorite portion of the book. The book is also chock full of pictures, some of which I hope to print here in the future, if I get a copy of my own from which to do so.

The BIG MYSTERY JOKE BOOK is more complex in structure, containing bits from the "Dear Friends" days (eg., "An Invocation from The Book of Punter") and starting things off with The Mysterious History of "The Firesign Theatre", written by Dave Ossman and Phil Austin, which ties in just about every TFT-created character with every other one, and is, in my opinion, one of the best written pieces of TFT lore I've ever seen. This is what they're all about—fitting in things and people and places like a giant, alternate-universe jigsaw puzzle. Maybe this too will be able to be reprinted here in The Future. Transcriptions in this second book (c. 1974) include The Giant Rat of Sumatra; Nick Danger; Young Guy, Motor Detective; Mark Time; Temporarily Humboldt County (also left out of the first book, which just reproed Side 2 of "Electrician"); Hundred Dollar Ben, and some stuff which isn't on any of the records (The Year of the Rat; Gramps' World; Rubbergon Dunn Tokyo; a narrative version of Le Trente-Huit Conegonde; and a thoroughly fascinating piece by Austin called The Deram Play). Recommended for Stage 2 Firesign fanatics, whereas BIG BOOK OF PLAYS can be absorbed by Stage 1 folks. I'll be happy to supply more info on each to whosoever asks...

Ignoring warnings about my phone bill from the little fella inside my head (little gal?), I spoke at length to Dave Ossman a couple weeks ago. We covered lots of subjects from Papoon in '84 and in '76 to IJ to science fiction (recommended once more to TFT sf fans—Rudy Rucker) to his family to Santa Fe to the differences between NY and LA to the other FT members to the origin of George Tirebiter (canine, actually) to impressions of ol' Georgie (quite a treat to hear, thanks Dave) to Campoon strategy to mutual acquaintances to—what else did we talk about? Oh well, it'll come back to me. I never do tape these things, you know. Kinda tacky, and more than a bit CIA, I think. Anyhow, all together, about an hour's worth. Dave will be in New York for a radio art-type conference soon, so I hope to continue the dialog then, or even sooner if I get MCI or something... Dave sent me a manuscript of a book he wrote up on Campoon '76, which is excerpted in this and future IJs (an almost-scoop—some of it was in Crawdaddy, some not), and some information about Campoon '76, which is found in the Campoon '84 column this month (for those of you who think that Anni and I are spending an exorbitant amount of time on this all, you're absolutely right, but it's fun, so there, find yourselves a hobby). Also this issue, Anni does a serious review of Dave's two new poetry books.

Onward. Hope all you kids out there in tv-land celebrated "Phil Proctor Week" recently—on February 7 "Packing It In" (starring Richard Benjamin, Paula Prentiss, Tony Roberts) aired, and Phil had a nice bit part, right at the end, and full-size credits 'n all (though no character name actually). Step up from mere verbal mention at the end of Twillite Theatre, 'bout time. And Phil also appeared the next evening on "The A Team", in the beginning and the end (his face even remains in the freeze) of the episode "Pros and Cons", playing director Andre, engaged in his next project called SINBAD GOES TO MARS... Beats, as Phil puts it, watching "The Winds of Bore". We had another nice talk on the 8th (okay, okay, topics covered: funny animals (\*obscure\*), the other FT members, Mr. T., FT lines that have been cropping up on the tube lately—Howie Mandel's repetition of the "balcony you could do Shakespeare from" on "St. Elsewhere", Two On The Town playing portions of the "Aliens Register" record—Dracula, George Peppard, the FT books, incoming mail, IJ briefly), and I've got a few gems to report:

Phil has another bit part in an upcoming "Simon & Simon", the first for which he didn't have to read in advance but was hired on the spot. The episode, called "Bad Vibes", deals with a haunted hotel (the Hotel Del Coronado) and Phil plays "Barry Fortune", a madman-type who sells handguns from an ice cream truck (and among his sales is one to a "posessed" girl). Phil told an interesting anecdote about the show's main stars, Jamison Parker ("Jamie") and Gerald McRaney ("Mackie")—seems Jamie, at least, is a big Firesign fan, and he and Mackie like to swap album lines on the set, etc. Well, Phil went up to Jamie upon learning this, said something to him like "don't crush that dwarf, hand me the ice cream cone" (see above), whereupon Jamie asked if he knew Firesign Theatre, Phil responded that he was Firesign Theatre, and the rest is hysteria, I guess... Actually, the upshot is that Phil may do another quest shot there. Pays to be funny, I suppose. Oh, Thurs. on CBS...

Phil will be co-hosting a show called Movies, Movies, Movies (with actress/swell person Shelley Smith), a syndicated show brought to you by the same folks who produce Casey Kasem's synd. "Top 10" show. It remains to be seen whether or not the pilot sold (will know in April). Basically, "3M" (my term) will be a "behind-the-scenes" look at movie-making (a la "Entertainment Tonight" but better). More to come.

Yeah, you're all waiting for group news, right? THE YOLKS OF OXNARD, the new video album by A, P&B, will finish up filming the first week in March, and release was pushed back to "sometime this summer", so start saving up for those VHS machines... National Public Radio is producing (actually, Larry Josephson is producing for NPR distribution) a comedy series, and TFT might be part (not all) of it—Phil expressed hopes that this will be a four-person endeavor (as he put it, "The Four-sign Theatre"), and I believe this is coming about in '84, so naturally, I'll have more on that in the future... And some really exciting stuff may be in the works—"We are," says Phil, "investigating the potential of regular (weekly) theatrical appearances in LA" in the near future, whereby A, P&B will try out new material etc. and hone stuff for possible future recordings. And I'm stuck on the East Coast.

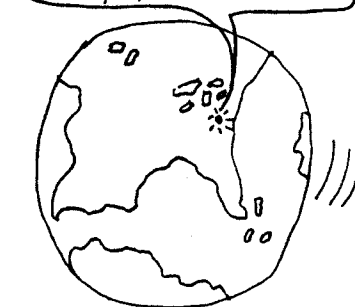
On the home front, the Campoon is off to a good start—looks like IJ gets the go-ahead to be the official headquarters this time around, and as I told David, since we have two years to campaign (this 1984 and again next year in '84), whatever we don't get right the first time around we'll correct next year. THE ROCKY SQUIRREL PICTURE SHOW still isn't written (I'm promising myself to complete it by the next IJ), but when it gets done, campoon commercials will go in-between. STOP! #8 may have my TFT discography, and so far I haven't heard from CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE about the retrospect, or for that matter, when the next CC will even be out. Michael Dobbs, the fellow who interviewed me on

-FM on 2/16, plays lots of TFT stuff on his show, so a big howdy to all of Mike's listeners up in Springfield, MA. Demento hasn't come through yet (see Dave Palter's letter, tho—we may have been barking up the wrong postal branch), but there's always next week... This month's quiz is the much-promised PROCTOR & BERGMAN QUIZ, in honor of whatever Pete's next secret project is (no promises on whether or not I'll have news on it next month, we'll just have to wait and see), and it is culled from their three "solo" albums. I'm not giving out the answers to this one, so check out the albums (sneaky again, eh?).

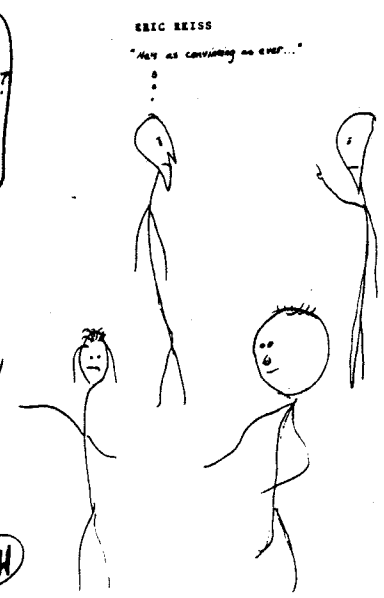
1. Why does an army fight on its stomach?
  2. Who advises, "If you must drive this month, stay off the road, because your Mercury has bad breath?"
  3. Identify from quote: "Fear, like pain, may just be God's way of hurting us."
  4. Fill in blank: "This is not a real test. Your \_\_\_\_\_ at this point is enough."
  5. What does Dr. X recommend as an aphrodisiac?
  6. In "The Flu Song", what does "H" stand for?
  7. What is the slogan for Whale Oil?
  8. Name any one of Tobor's many Rules of Order.
  9. What does "ecology" mean?
  10. Where was Daddy's Charger Card?
  11. What's one of the things "this country needs"?
  12. Complete Bosco Hern's famous line from TV Or Not TV: "What was 2..."
  13. What supermarket carries Body Chex and Nose Bros. Coffee?
  14. What was the rating on the movie Doggies?
  15. List 3 accessories which make up model Lyle's all-edible wardrobe.
- BONUS: In "J-Men Forever", what is the arch-villain's name?

Next month: MAYBE a HOW TIME FLYS quiz. Wanna give it, Dave?

1984 ?? I thought it was 1983! Where'd I go on my vacation last year? Whatta ya mean we got married... I don't even know you! Sigh—Must be senility!!



AS THE WORLD TURNS  
OR  
AS THE YEARS FLY BY!



A French inventor patented the first practical synthetic fiber in 1884. He called it artificial silk. We know it today as rayon.

## Toward a Precision SubConsciousness

by Rev. Tribunal Overdrive

Subgenii have many goals. Prescripture tells us that if we want to pursue goals in harmony with destiny, we must keep "Bob's" word. What does this mean for our lives? Simple. It means that all doric modalities are subsumed under one all-inclusive, synthetic, bracketed category: SubConsciousness. Hence the slogan, "We believe in Everything!" We have discovered the radical negating virtues of a positivist leer. No more pussyfooting, no more tomfoolery, beating around the bush; take it all on face value, and then sit on it! This is it: est is an lsm for people in prisons; short cuts make long delays for those on the werewolf's way; something smells fishy 'bout chanting for krishna; and when they talk about getting (we should steer) clear. "Bob" is the one true way, Subgenii are his flock of Brooklyn Bridge real-estate specialists, and they must orient themselves to his wisdom with the Sub-Time Compass that is SubConsciousness.

How is this done? What exactly is this SubConsciousness? Given that a few ill-informed people haven't heard yet, a phenomenological description is in order. In the society of the spectacle, we are dazed and confused for so long it's not true, and we are fed images of impending cataclysm with the implicit warning that these can only be averted through stricter adherence to power. "Opposition" groups, by adopting the pervasive tactics of an environment of cheap thrills, become part and parcel: fighting fire with fire they merely fuel the flames. "Bob" saw through this in 1958, and sired an army of latent SubBabies with the flouridation schemes. In this sense, the, SubConsciousness is the Disrespectacle, married with intertentionality; it is the epoche of the transcendental slavery that marks modern existence. We say, "Welcome back my selves, to the show that never sells." We perform a corollary Bypass operation on ourselves with the aid of our mentor, "Bob". We note that she is only partly human, but that she defines and describes the world, and that she has messages for everyone. Thus, SubConsciousness is the "mental", "state" of an entity fully aware of itself as a servant of "Bob". It is the bedrock percepts and a priori of anyone who has accepted "Bob", who has made the necessary and inescapable decision to work according to "Bob's" principles. It is the very MOOD and COUNTERNANCE of one who has chosen to serve out each day as a conscious missionary, as an Intelligence aligned with the Work of the Church. Once the barrier has been broken through, it all slides into a grand scheme, and the individual takes his or her place on the front lines, AWARE of his or her calling, and PROUD to be on THIS SIDE, READY to use EVERY WEAPON at his or her disposal to DISPATCH the ENEMY, STORM THE PALACE, and OUST the PINKS.

SubConsciousness is memorizing the Brag, the pamphlet, and reading the PreScriptures. It is listening to the tapes, and posting the flyers. It is forming schizms, and ranting for "Bob" at every available opportunity. It is light years beyond the simple act of initiatory dedication represented by the sacrament of the ten-dollar offering. It is Maturity in "Bob"; Love of Slack, and Successful Casting-Out of False Prophets. It is, we need hardly add, not for the squeamish or faint of heart.



**CHANGE YOUR PAST**  
The Subgenius Foundation can  
make you even stranger.  
**"Bob"**  
**has the answers!**  
Do you have the questions?

# What DD Wants

by Gunnar Larson

Each year at Budget Blossom Time, the Defense Department tells Congress how much money it wants. And like Lola in a once-nopular song, what DD wants, DD gets. Some Congresspeople do criticize war spending, but it is only to show constituents that their representatives are not sitting on both cheeks at the same time. They agree with the basic reason used by DD to justify its huge expenses: To protect American economic interests abroad.

Like any other problem—religious, political, psychological, social, mathematical, scientific, astrological, artistic, medical, philosophical, economic, theological, industrial, agricultural, and occult—this one is well within the futile efforts of President Elmer to analyze and solve.

Today he is being interviewed about the DD budget by Ophelia, a reporter, who seldom gets what she wants from her boyfriends who always get what they want from Ophelia. President Elmer greets her with his usual homey courtesy.

"Well, Ophelia, so you're another ignorant citizen who can't understand why we spend so much for war and so little for peace."

Ophelia admits she's like the rest of us on was spending: ignorant, frightened, irritated and confused—alternately or simultaneously.

"That's how we get what we want, Ophelia."

"You mean if we knew all sides of the question, citizen's wouldn't give DD so much money?"

"That's right, unless the administration figured out some other way to confuse people and save the DD budget, which we probably would."

"I thought you were supposed to be working for the people, not against them."

"But, Ophelia, we are working for them. If we didn't spend billions on arms, hundreds of workers would lose their jobs."

"Couldn't they be put to work on other jobs?"

"That's just what most stu—I mean, sterling Americans don't understand. Our domestic policy depends on our foreign policy."

"Can you explain that?"

"Our foreign policy is to protect American business and industry abroad. This helps us by bringing profits back to our corporations and giving Americans jobs manufacturing weapons."

"American arms abroad mean moneyed Americans at home, eh?"

"Right!"

"But unemployment is pretty high, anyway."

"Yes, but think how bad it would be if we didn't spend billions on weapons!"

"Couldn't the government get a few billions from tax evaders like millionaires, oil companies, private utilities, and other corporations?"

"But, Ophelia, businessmen need incentives. Why, they couldn't produce without profits, and they get little enough as it is for the risks they take. Besides, think how often weapons have to be replaced with that built-in obsolescence."

"Maybe our economic system has built-in obsolescence, too. Why can't people produce for their own profit?"

President Elmer is horrified. "But that would be s-s-s-socialism!"

"Do you stutter on any other words?"

"C-C-C-Communism."

"How about 'dictatorship'?"

"No sweat or stutter."

"How about 'cooperatives'?"

"I still stutter on them a little but not as much as I used to."

"Why are you afraid of socialism and communism?"

"Because they're un-American. In s-s-s-socialism people would get

so used to being on welfare they'd refuse to work."

"But the federal government gives subsidies to airlines, truckers, war industries, and agribusiness, and rescues some companies from bankruptcy. Isn't that socialism?"

"Of course not! That's free enterprise."

"You mean the subsidies and other give-aways are free to businessmen who have enough money and enterprise to lobby for them?"

"That's right. I'm glad you appreciate our system of free enterprise welfare. I was beginning to think you were a little pink. Ophelia, if we didn't fear c-c-c-communism, we'd grow complacent and follow the other fallen dominos."

"You think we should fear people and have faith in weapons, eh?"

"Yes, indeed! That's very well-expressed. How would you like to be on my speech-writing team?"

"Thank you. If I ever have to go on welfare, I'll consider it. I was wondering if we shouldn't reverse your philosophy."

"How do you mean?"

"Maybe we should fear weapons and have faith in people."

"You mean d-d-d-disarm?"

"You afraid of disarming, too?"

"That's as bad as s-s-s-socialism!"

"At least we could try to get all nations to keep their military forces within a 200-mile limit from their shores."

"But how could we protect American business interests? How could American companies compete with foreigners?"

"Putting out a better product might help competition. As to protection, isn't risk a part of free enterprise?"

"Yes, indeed! And since the whole nation is in free enterprise, all citizens should share in the risk."

"You mean citizens should pay taxes to underwrite business risks?"

"That would make us a real cooperative."

"You didn't stutter that time."

"That's because I was talking about a capitalistic cooperative."

"But if taxpayers pay for any losses, then American business isn't taking any risks."

"Taxpayers needn't pay for all losses. Let's say about 75%."

"But if taxpayers share in the risks, shouldn't they share in the profits?"

"But that wouldn't be free enterprise."

"What would it be?"

"S-S-S-Socialism!"

"Let me get this straight—if I can. If the people share in the risks of a corporation, that's free enterprise. But if they share in the profits, that's s-s-s-socialism."

"Right!"

"But if citizens pay 75% of the risks, shouldn't business leaders and corporations share 75% of their profits and pay 75% of federal taxes?"

"But that's c-c-c-communism, which is the worst at the very least."

"Why not call it 'participatory capitalism'? Shareholders and workers, including management, would participate equally in risks, taxes, and profits of any publicly owned company."

"But where would retiring generals, admirals, and other bureaucrats get cushy jobs?"

"Let them live on their retirement or Social Security payments like the rest of us. A little economic equality would bring them back into our democracy."

"I don't think the industrial-military complex would stand for such a system. Why, with our inflation, retired admirals, generals, and corporation presidents might end up on welfare."

"Good! That might help the welfare of the rest of us."

CANCEL CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Uncle Tom's Cabin will not be moving to Sacramento as originally planned.

POSEUR: SOMEONE WHO READS Edgar Allan Poe in the original French. Modern Art: abstract repressionism. Neuromantics. 55 Sutter #487, San Francisco 94104.

# THE DUCK ON PALISADE AVENUE

by Anni Ackner

I suppose I should have expected it.  
After living for any length of time in a town  
that can claim a Southern Baptist church  
and a Spanish botanica withing a block  
of each other  
One comes to expect any kind of miracle or  
juxtaposition.  
But still—a duck.  
A seagull would not have surprised me,  
Seagulls long being considered birds of a  
certain lyric stature and prone to  
dropping in on harried poets in unexpected  
places,  
Or even a swan.  
Swans can pop up anywhere and are often only  
gods with time on their hands,  
But a duck, after all, remains a duck.  
I'm a hospitable sort.  
I offered ithalf of my Drake's coffee cake  
which, perhaps out of some misplaced  
loyalty, it accepted,  
And a cigarette, which it declined  
(These outdoor types are generally health nuts).  
It then considered its options,  
Weighed the odds,  
Reached a conclusion,  
And took off over the City Hall.  
Were I the type that envied birds their  
flight I might have made something out  
of that  
But, as it is, I merely watched it go and  
hoped that one of the locals wouldn't decide  
to eke out his food stamp allotment with a  
Saturday Night Special.  
I'm no great lover of birds  
But on the other hand there are worse ways  
to start a Friday morning than having  
breakfast with a duck  
On Palisade Avenue.

# ENERGETIC AUTOCRAT

by Frederick A. Raburg, Jr.

Energy and apathy are not the best of mates;  
If either one goes up or down, so go your power rates.  
With solar in a cloudy week, try kerosene—it's better.  
When insulating walls and roof, pick that proper letter.  
Your toilet must be composting to save a drop of water;  
windmills gather gusty air to move those thirsty watters.  
Unless you live high up in molehilled condominiums,  
or eagle high where space is not yet at a premium,  
consider thermal inertia, shade, adequate ventilation;  
instead of TV, try a monkey and some tintinnabulation.  
When every bit of saving has been nailed into its place,  
the total bill, alas, you'll learn is just enough to pace  
the Nation's debt, and you're not through. A hunch—  
you'll knock a hunk of gold to buy a peanut butter lunch.

# TRANSUBSTANTIATION

By Kinn Penner

Transfer the translation  
Total the tabulation  
Transubstantiate the losses  
Do it all, do it now  
Before the end begins  
before it's too late  
Tabulate the transfers  
Translate the total  
Transfer the tradition  
Do it all, do it now  
before the oower shuts down  
before it's all over  
Transfer, tabulate, transubstantiate  
Translate, total, transfer

# YOUNG ADULT ANGST POEM #15

by Mamba Gundy

Did I ever tell  
you about the time  
my Great grandpappy Unk  
invented banking?  
But I digress.

# TO JESSIE by Dawn Goldstein

Crinkled carnations eye me  
With their white, wrinkled smiles  
Their torn, tattered, ridged, rigid edges  
though looking tough, really silky soft  
These bleached, blanced blossoms  
with all their ridges, wrinkles,  
tears, tatters  
still have their beauty  
Wrinkles can be pretty  
like my grandmother.

# CAPTAIN BEEFHEART'S NEW ALBUM

by Brian Catanzaro

The anonymous poet  
wears weary dictionaries  
the emperor's new clothes  
approvingly the audience disproves  
deafening the original signal  
culminating to inaudible levels  
floating in black abyss  
it fills the groove you can't feel  
it feels the groove that's filled  
the surface  
wears away together  
marred by time marches on  
the signal continues clothed  
the mind of man  
parading on the other side of town  
where no one's standing on line  
along with the others  
who only came absorbing  
the clothed poet  
naked in his usual fashion.

# ILLUSION by Andy Kamm

I want to be a rock and roll star,  
I want to drive a customized car.  
I want to achieve fortune and fame,  
I want to get ahead of the game.

But most of all,  
I want to go insane!

And then I'd run away from it all,  
I'd run to hide, trip and fall.  
Another illusion shattered,  
Another dream destroyed.  
Another man broken,  
Another discarded toy.

# POETRY:

17 Nov 81

by Peggy Tully

Must tell you  
this story  
We were in Shit Park  
in Frankfurt Town  
by the big tower  
There was no score  
So we had a nazza and  
a white wine  
In the Park Cafe  
It was chean.  
And the blonde in the corner  
Was really laughin'  
And cracking un  
Over his tea  
And we  
Well, we just had pizza and wine  
And another guy with round  
spectacles  
Sat there whittling a bowl  
And with wood shavings all over  
His lap

He was so unafraid  
Still the score was zero to none  
I took my turn  
Pissin' in the bushes  
It was so dark  
The junkies were walking  
Behind me.  
And I did have the right  
shoes on--  
So Sally and me  
Well, we made a run for it  
Ran into old buddies  
Six days old.

And we were so unafraid

We drove to the airport  
All the airplanes were none  
They all went home  
And only runway demonstrations  
Were left  
Ducking molotov cocktails  
And talking only in German  
We said

"We were so unafraid"

# THE BARS ARE ALWAYS SHINIER ON THE OTHER CAGE

by Rulân

Beat the trumpet, blow the drum  
On with Idiots' Ball!  
It's all for one  
And more for me,  
Define my options legally,  
Regulate my choice for me,  
Tell me what I'm allowed to be,  
If I want to be at all—  
And dance at the Idiots' Ball.

(with acknowledgement to  
Sir Aleister)

# KEEPING WARM

by Frederick A. Raburg, Jr.

Two old picchicagos curl beneath their blanket in an  
icy room, both obese from nibbling on their bran.  
He is a comic with his wife a crazy moment longer;  
her rheumy eyes still flash like fish scales a monger  
sells. She feels the elegance inside her old mate's  
eucalyptol scribbling on their crumbling wedded slate.  
She edits as he publishes, builds his circulation for  
the headlines leaded on the inkless press, updates  
his shrunken distribution with a sapid guided tour.

# HOORAY FOR BLAME (A REBUTTAL)

By Dana A. Snow

Hooray for blame—the American way  
To a court of law we ask who should pay  
Revenge is sweet; a settlement's sweeter  
The penalty's the same for grass as wifebeater

Hooray for blame; nothing is better  
The District Attorney's a real go-getter  
He'll crack down on crime; fill the Black Hand with fear  
Mainly 'cause it's—an election year.

Hooray for blame; the welfare frauds  
Illegal betting—fixing the odds  
V.D. was once called the French disease  
& most wars are caused by the Vietnamese.

If the KKK's krushed, bigotry'd stop  
No police brutality if we had not one cop  
If all men were dead, then sexism would halt  
In the meantime all troubles are always men's fault.

Pardon this sarcasm; I don't mean to be snide  
In this little poem for the Joke that's Inside  
Want my name there in print; I guess that is vain  
So how about printing it? How 'bout it, Elayne?

# SEEING IT'S A MATTER

by Deborah Gulden

Seeing it's a matter  
of kissing ass,  
passing over  
incongruities,  
fearing the risk  
of putting your job on the line  
finding your principles  
can be swept aside -  
seeing it's a matter  
of paying the rent,  
when what is meant is never said  
and you've been lead  
to swallow all kinds of shit -  
seeing it's a matter  
of integrity in defense,  
sensing all the discomfort  
when fists are finally oopened,  
and palms spread,  
instead of behind your back -  
seeing it's a matter  
of playing the game  
and no amount of shame  
makes you speak the truth,  
ruthless with  
those who hold the mirror -  
seeing it's a matter,  
an arrangement  
I can't agree to,  
I'll view the exchange  
of morals, survival  
societal ladder  
as one I will climb  
to my own destination  
and the top defined  
by my range of values.  
For all that I have  
when I get to the core,  
is the right and the wrong  
that makes me want more  
of life, mysterious,  
confounding and raw.  
So seeing,  
it's a matter  
of selling myself short,  
I'll graciously bow  
before the struggle of power  
and make my exit  
to fight the grander war.

# THE LAW & ORDER HANDBOOK

Illustration by ROLDA WEINSTOCK

## THE PROS & CONS OF POLICE BRUTALITY

### Chapter 6

What is police brutality? Is it torture, the third degree, the use of excessive force, having to listen to your local police chief sermonize about the breakdown of law and order in our society? Is it police officers venting their spleens at an uncooperative public, crowd control, an invention of the media, the rites of passage at a gay bar? It is all of these and much more.

To really understand what police brutality is, one must first look it up in the training and operations manual of any local police department. And of course nothing is there. If it had been there, then it could not have been there, because the fellow who wrote it would not have passed the police manual writers training course and he therefore could not have written any police manuals. If you look through the various pages of the manuals, you will see references to the use of deadly force, mace, choke holds, how to testify at trials, and many other subjects of survival value to law enforcers; but nowhere police brutality. It should come as no surprise, then, that members of the general public have come to think of police brutality as just about anything an officer does, not otherwise in the various manuals. Until officers are properly informed about how to identify and practice police brutality this situation will persist, and authors will continue to have difficulty defining it.

Yet no one supports out and out police violence in every situation. This is not police brutality. There are indeed limits. Probably the best working definition of what is being debated here is "the ability of the police to use a reasonable amount of excessive force".

#### Relationship To Law and Order

Police brutality is often, but not always, associated with effective law enforcement. Many criminals simply would not be convicted if confessions had not been beaten out of them. Furthermore, if people are beaten up in the streets it reduces their capacity to commit crimes, and if they do, they can be more easily identified by their bruises. Also, police brutality is necessary to establish the hierarchy of a police state; and finally, without some amount of police brutality, unarmed people shot by the cops would have a difficult time explaining their injuries.

When there are allegations of police misconduct, one of the duties of law enforcement officials is to conduct an investigation into the charges. Because of the important consequences of such illicit activities if they exist, higher officials of the Department with eloquent report writing skills are used to investigate, rather than the teams of professional experts who normally merely solve murders and break master criminal plots. A well written report should commence something like this: "It must be remembered that peace officers deal with the violent, selfish, misanthropic, repulsive, and warped elements of our society on a daily basis. There people would often stop at nothing to get their way and sometimes will commit anti-social activities for no reason at all. The police are authorized by law to use reasonable and sometimes deadly force to protect themselves and others, and to bring these malevolents to justice. Thus, naturally when force is used there will be cries of police brutality, and sometimes, though rarely, mistakes will be made...."

The report will usually conclude with a commendation of the officer if he committed the complained of activity, and an exoneration if he did not.

**The Benefits of Police Brutality**

Some of the many positive virtues of police brutality have already been alluded to. Here are a few others.

1) **Tax savings**—Many officers look upon the ability to take a few extra whacks at people as a fringe benefit of their jobs. Therefore, they work for a little less money at considerable savings to taxpayers. Police work is also very nerve racking, and punching out suspects can be of tremendous therapeutic value. Tax savings add up here too because the prison wards of county hospitals are cheaper to operate than the hiring of psychiatrists and psychologists. For the police brutality subject, medical expenses are of course deductible.

2) **Newsorthy news**—Local newspapers love to cover the local crime beat. There is nothing as dull as a town without regular news coverage of local sex-related murders or dramatic bank robberies. Sometimes there are long dry spells with little crime to report. Good police brutality work can convert humdrum crimes into exciting events such as by tackling jaywalkers, bludgeoning drunk drivers, and race baiting minorities.

3) **Continuing On-The-Job Training**—Sometimes there are long periods of time when lawmen do not encounter situations calling for the use of deadly force. Police brutality not only breaks the routine of beat patrols, investigations, and writing up citations, but also keeps officers well-trained for future encounters with violent types. Officers

would certainly suffer declining skills in their ability to use choke holds if they could not practice them on compliant detainees such as indecent exposure subjects.

4) **Other reasons**—The ability of the police to use a reasonable amount of excessive force should be condoned for a variety of other reasons including the fact that when it is used, we all worry less that criminals are not being properly punished when they get off on technicalities, it helps maintain the law man's "tough guy" image, and it is unnecessary to advise a criminal suspect of his Constitutional rights before thrashing him.

#### Burdens of Police Brutality

Strange as it may seem, police brutality does have some drawbacks which include:

1) **Expensive lawsuits**—Sometimes the subjects of alleged police brutality sue the department and this can be expensive if the jury is unsympathetic to efficient law enforcement. Worse still, trials often bring out and publicize ugly lies and truths.

2) **Difficulty of subject identification**—Not too many years ago it was easy to distinguish between good candidates for police brutality and poor ones. Poor candidates were clean shaven, wore suits, drove expensive cars, and had political connections. Good candidates were unshaven, wore jeans, drove old cars without mufflers, and were often of a certain ethnic persuasion. Now an officer singling out a suspect for a rousting just may end up working over his off-duty bretheren.

3) **Intermural jealousy**—Police brutality unfortunately fosters jealousy on the part of others working within the criminal justice system. District attorneys, defense attorneys and especially judges are absolutely livid when they learn that police officers routinely engage in the reasonable use of excessive force. It seems absolutely unfair to them that they cannot practice their own skills at the scene of an "incident", as it is referred to, and so they have devised their own form of psychic brutality in the context of our modern day criminal trials.

This requires a bit of background. In olden times, when there were no judges or attorneys, guilt and innocence of wrongdoing was determined by a process called "trial by ordeal". Accused and victim simply undertook some dangerous feat such as walking across a bed of hot coals. Burnt feet or a refusal to participate determined the veracity of the adversaries. Because this was an irrational approach to truth, new, scientific and verbally-oriented techniques were conceived. These worked fine at first, but then "exaggeration" was discovered. Even after this the system still functioned, but then "distortion" came into its own, followed by "lying" and finally "lying through the teeth". Soon it became necessary to have judges and juries determine which fabrications sounded best with attorneys on both sides as persuaders. Eventually the judges and attorneys took over the proceedings and invented a language that no one else could understand. Naturally, they all became quite jealous when law enforcers proceeded to determine who deserved punishment outside the confines of a courtroom. After all, cops and criminals understand each other quite well outside a courtroom using such utterances as "mother fucker", "I'm going to beat the shit out of you", and "Get lost, copper", perhaps with some accompanying gestures. Maybe the public would come to believe the formality of the court unnecessary, the judges merely voluble appendages.

In order to discourage this kind of thinking, the legal fraternity has devised additional games, rules and rituals with respect to alleged police brutality incidents which are unfathomable to anyone but themselves, and additionally subject the accused, law enforcers, victims, and witnesses to a form of mental torture not unlike an unanesthetized lobotomization.

#### The Policemen's S & M Ball

Even though police brutality is a controversial subject, there are those who nevertheless support it, but unfortunately law enforcement officials have failed to exploit this resource to full advantage. One of the customary ways for police to cash in on their popularity is to throw policemen's balls with food, fun, drink, prize, entertainment and celebrities.

To attract the pro-police brutality crowd, which is a sizeable and often affluent segment of any community, a gala Policemen's S & M Ball would be the perfect event. Tickets would be very easy to sell provided the right sales techniques are used. The first step one would take is to prohibit patrolmen often involved in police brutality incidents from selling tickets. They will invariably attempt to use the hard sell approach which is to threaten to beat someone over the head or to arrest him if he does not buy a ticket. This is obviously a poor sales technique. Soft sales methods are far better, such as by including in the fine print of a traffic citation an agreement to buy a half dozen Police S & M Ball tickets payable by adding their cost on to the amount of bail. Another good technique is to have ticket sellers handy at Police Officer Association meetings called for the purpose of determining political endorsements. Political candidates and their aides must have very large families, because they typically buy huge amounts of tickets at such events.

Gala events of this nature also need a theme suggestive of their purpose. Here are a few examples taken from Police S & M Balls around the country:

"If you can't join them, beat them"  
"No backtalk, no backhand"  
"Two is company, three is a riot"  
"Blood is beautiful"

Celebrities in most modern urban communities are not likely to be a problem. The stars, scriptwriters or directors of just about any TV or movie western, private eye or police show are appropriate personages for the occasion.

Some members of the department would themselves be good celebrities. For example, the S & M Ball might want to honor a "Wife Beating Brigade". These officers take their police brutality work so seriously that they are not content to merely go home after work and watch TV or collect stamps. They feel it necessary to keep in constant training, and it is a blessing to the Department that their spouses so willingly oblige.

So, how many of you out there are having M\*A\*A\*S\*H parties?





# SAYS YOU (Letters)

Elayne,

IJ this last ish was very much the same as it always has been I guess. With time things are supposed to get better. IJ is like the pseudo-rock group KISS it had its heyday, the first four albums were in the metal tradition after that they became just fill for the void and IJ is seemingly (to me) on its way down, so that's about it for now...

MACEDONIO GARCIA #268314  
Jester III, Route 2  
Richmond, TX 77469

(Well, as I've always maintained, IJ's not for everyone, and those who don't like it have always had the option of just not sending in their dollar. Now might be a good time to re-quote IJ's three or four not-bqs: "For those who understand, no explanation is necessary. For those who don't understand, no explanation is possible."—astensibly Jerry Lewis; "But it's allright now, I've learned my lesson well, you see, you can't please everyone so you got to please yourself"—Rick Nelson; "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke"—Betty Midler, or Doug Smith; and finally a new one, "When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro". I don't know why I like it, but I do. Anyway, really, guys, if you keep expecting something genius or profound from this little amateur schmata I'm not to blame when you don't find it; it was never there to begin with! We're in this for fun, and fun alone, remember? Lighten up...)

Dear Elayne,

As always, IJ presents quite a variety of interestingly strange material. I would like at this time to make only a few oddly disconnected comments about it.

When Nate Mishaan observes in passing that everybody believes in God, and you parenthetically reply that such an assertion casts doubt on Nate's claims to cynicism, I could not help but feel that Nate, rather than revealing a lack of cynicism, was actually being even more cynical than you could have wanted. You see, he was deliberately lying to you. That's right. How's that for cynicism? Actually, Nate knows just as well as I do that only 5% of the population believes in God; another 90% pretends to believe in God, and about 5% is willing to admit having doubts on the subject. I personally am prepared to believe in God provided that I get to define God (reduced to utmost simplicity one could say, God is Us.).

The Culver City address you give for Dr. Demento is the address used for ordering Dr. Demento T-shirts. However, for other types of mail, including petitions on behalf of the Firesign Theatre, the correct address is Dr. Demento, KMET, 5746 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028.

Imagine my shock and horror to discover, at the bottom of page 21, yet another diatribe denouncing Ron Flowers' article on the subject of college. My goodness, I thought that subject was closed! Shows how much I know. If I were Ron Flowers I would write you a letter saying "I just don't need this" but fortunately I am merely

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

(Okay, okay, ONE MORE TIME: Anni's "diatribe" was not specifically about Ron, but rather a general comment about the duty a writer has to his audience. Ron was informed that Anni's in-context remark about his article would be published, and that none other were going in.)

Dear Elayne,

INSIDE JOKE is really a fantastic zine and I hope that it is here to stay. There certainly is a magnificent display of comic talent displayed in each and every varied issue of IJ. Just great!!!

WILLIAM A. WHITE  
3441 S.W. 15th St.  
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33312

6 February 1983; 1AM

Dear Elayne,

As I sat down to write this it occurred to me that this is perhaps the first letter I've sent you that hasn't been written on a holiday of some kind or another. Of course, February is notoriously short of holidays—well, yes, there is Lincoln's Birthday, but that's spurious at best, as it isn't recognized in any state farther south than Maine (where Lincoln I believe is known as "that tall fella from Illinois"), and Washington's Birthday, but no one seems to have a very clear idea of when that is, which is as well for Washington, who is dead and doesn't use it anymore, and Valentine's Day, but that's only good if you happen to be in love or in greeting cards (and decidedly bad if you happen to be Al Capone), and the birthdays of all those people listed in your calendar (and, reading it over, I note that today is Ronald Reagan's birthday, but there are limits to what even I will attempt to celebrate), but other people's birthdays generally fail to excite me, unless they happen to be the sort of people who like to commemorate their days by taking journalists to the Russian Tea Room for dinner—but still, I was rather disappointed, and even briefly considered making up my own holiday to celebrate, which might have worked, except that I've been just a trifle ill for the last week or so (in case anyone wishes to send me a small bauble or trinket to make me feel better—and I could use a new tape recorder—and wants to know the particulars, I've been afflicted with something called costochondritis, which, as Elayne so aptly put it, sounds rather like a Greek restaurant owner, but which is actually a nasty inflammation of the rib cage and cartilage. I doubt very much that it's life-threatening—although the pain killer prescribed may yet prove to be—but it is incapacitating, causing a pain in the sides and chest that led me to believe, upon awakening with it, that I had spent the previous evening slow dancing with Mr. T., so I have not been precisely at the peak of my form, of late), and couldn't think of anything. It did remind me of a woman I once

knew called Debbie Polesky, who did invent her own holiday—Chinese Death and Murder Day. This had its origins in an apartment Debbie had, several years ago, on the edge of San Francisco's Chinatown, an area which is known especially for small dirty restaurants, large expensive ones, very dead, very flat ducks hanging in shop windows, and a certain propensity among the locals for shooting off firecrackers, on any and all occasions. The location of this apartment made it necessary for anyone wishing to visit to pick his or her way gingerly through several narrow winding streets that always seemed to be under siege by some tiny army equipped with miniature land mines, and, of course, Debbie herself had to do it several times a day and, being the sort of woman who believed that the Almighty created baby goats so she could have kidskin boots, never quite adjusted to it. One evening, as I was sitting in her living room—I had gone to her apartment to use her shower, mine being, in actuality, a basement of an old Victorian house in the Mission District that required the shifting of eight or ten garbage cans away from the door in order to get in or out, but that's another story)—she burst in, well, not exactly dripping with sweat (women like Debbie do not sweat, and to this day I believe she applied Ice Blue Secret under her makeup), but at least damp, her mascara smudged, and with a hair out of place. "My God," she gasped, pouring brandy into one of the crystal snifters she somehow managed to afford although I personally knew she was making \$135 a week as a secretary in a small publishing company, "My God, they're running amok out there. I've never seen it that bad. Firecrackers all over the place. It must be Chinese Death and Murder Day—you get points for every pedestrian you cause to have a myocardial infarction." And, for years afterward, she celebrated the anniversary of that day (I think it was some time in April) as Chinese Death and Murder Day, and had tremendous Fear parties, where everybody huddled together and played sad songs on the stereo and shivered, until CDandM Day was over. For all I know she's doing it still—the last I heard, which was a couple of years ago, she was traveling around England, pregnant, and chasing after Jimmy Page, who might be the sort to celebrate Death and Murder, all things considered...Now for my usual unsolicited comments about this month's IJ, to which no doubt you look forward with anticipation: Interestingly enough, I found myself enjoying the cartoons more than the articles this time around, Ex-Hippie and Baboon Dooley (all of it) especially, and of course Whatsits, particularly as I've never had anything at all dedicated to me before (oh, well, yes, there was an evil older man back at college—an English comp. teacher with a burned out acid brain, if you want the truth, who once wrote some absolutely ghastly love poetry for me, but he was trying to have my virginity—I never liked to tell him that he'd missed the boat by a couple of years—so he doesn't count. Besides, his breath smelled, he had a horrible scratchy beard, and his favourite poet was Edna St. Vincent Millet, who he called a "poet-ESS", in no uncertain terms, so you can just imagine the outcome of all this), and to even be mentioned in the same pen stroke as Saint Hunter Thompson, my personal choice for the Saviour of Modern Journalism, is a great honour for me, and I thank you for it. There was nothing wrong with the articles in this month's issue, you know—they were uniformly pretty good, as far as that goes—but, you see, none of them got me angry, and I've come to expect that from an issue of IJ. Even Flowers and Zuckerman—the men I love to hate—failed to raise my blood pressure even a point or two, and I was so disappointed. Please don't tell me that Ron Flowers is going all amiable on me—I shouldn't be able to live with it. The thing I think I liked the best was the staffers' autobiographies; such fun, and I loved the way they played true to form. Not one was out of character, and they all fit beautifully. I do wish you'd done one as well though—there are quite a few aspects of your life I shouldn't mind hearing about in more depth, to say nothing of Kip and Kid.

I must say that your poetry section is improving—mine was the worst piece in it this month, not an easy admission, but the truth nevertheless. And I did like Clay Geerdes' piece on the street people of Telegraph Avenue, which made me rather homesick for the street people of San Francisco. I'm fond of the street people of New York, particularly on Second Avenue, but somehow they don't have quite the same flair for absurdness in the face of adversity that the West Coast people do, or perhaps it's just that I lived on the streets in San Francisco, but was always comfortably ensconced in apartments here. In any event, I particularly liked what he said about all those people writing in their little notebooks. I always used to notice them, and I often thought that this was going to be the best documented age in the history of literacy, if all of them were taking down even a quarter of what was going on around them. On the other hand, I WAS one of those people writing in a little notebook (and still am, for which I think I deserve some sort of commendation from the blank book manufacturers of America), and if mine can be considered a representative sample the only well-documented facets of this age are going to be the various cross-currents involved in the eternal drama of Who's Screwing Who and the price of San Simeon on Polk Street. Be that as it may, however, I was pleased to see the article, and I hope Clay Geerdes decides to remain on staff. I look forward to his things.

So, you see, I was fond of this month's IJ, but it was just that nothing really disturbed me except for Terrence McMahon's letter and you, Elayne, handled that so neatly that I couldn't possibly add another thing to it, and where's the fun in that for me? I like to agree with articles—it's always so pleasant to know you aren't alone, even in your more outlandish opinions—but I ADORE to disagree with them, and I just couldn't this time. Do understand.

Well, it's nearly time to spend the evening not watching THE WINDS OF WAR (in the first place I'm fed to the teeth with Herman Wouk, having grown up in a family where he was worshipped in the heirarchy of saints just under Franklin Roosevelt and slightly ahead of Fanny Brice. I will admit to a reminiscent fondness for YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE, but even so there are limits. In the second place there's nothing in the world I want to watch for 18 hours, including George Carlin specials, Paul

YES ON TOAST: Run electric current through bread. The Now That the Election's Over, Time to Badger the RCP Again Committee. Box 2267, Berkeley 94702.

ONLY THE TRULY DOGMATIC think that something is dogma because they give it that label. —Kid Syrek

WHY DID THE KING OF BELGIUM abdicate? Because there were two out and nobody on in the bottom of the ninth. —The Little Moron.

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# SOME EXTRA HELP FOR 'BILLY JACK'



by Julian Russ

A few years ago, a friend called up and asked if I wanted to be a movie extra for a day. I replied: "sure, it might be fun."

I had previously done some bit acting parts in short films but had not appeared in a feature.

The film turned out to be "Billy Jack Goes To Washington," the third in the trilogy of "Billy Jack" movies produced/directed by and starring Tom Laughlin. Billy Jack III is a takeoff on "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington", with Laughlin playing the Jimmy Stewart role.

An elaborate set, exactly like the U.S. Senate chambers, greeted our eyes as we walked into the cavernous soundstage the first day. It reportedly cost around \$800 thousand. It was detailed, down to the same busts in the upper level, handmade desks, the same color paint and carpeting, etc.

Before the day's shooting began, we heard a speech by Laughlin. A couple of extras didn't believe his warning about talking on the set. They were eighty-sixed.

These four days were spent primarily filming scenes of Billy Jack addressing the Senate, the villainous senator he opposes (well acted by E.G. Marshall), and minor scenes involving other characters.

We had to laugh, applaud, murmur, etc. I was beginning to be a pro at murmuring.

During lunch each day, my friends and I wandered down to the desert-western town set to light up a joint. We found it made the day pass more enjoyably, especially during the long periods of sitting around.

On the final day, a new group of waivers (mostly recruited by the state employment office) joined us, swelling our ranks to about 500.

Laughlin again gave his now familiar rough-guy speech, and we were laughing (silently) at it by now. After all, he was speaking to them, not us.

As these "amateurs" walked in, we had to tell the know-nothings to zip the lip.

The day's shooting was very long and tiring, with short breaks. By now, many of us spoke to "Tom", making suggestions or comments, many of which he accented graciously. The intricate details of movie making are mind boggling, and I know he realized we were trying to help him out.

Toward the end of the day, we prepared to shoot the scenery-chewing scene. Laughlin did not tell us in advance what was going to happen.

I finally began to realize exactly why Laughlin demanded silence on the set, besides cutting down noise and confusion. After being silent for hours, there is the natural urge to break that silence.

When Laughlin suddenly collapsed after his speech, there was extreme reaction from us, especially the new extras. It had a very strong reality to it.

But something more amazing was to happen soon afterward. As the cameras aimed at a silent E.G. Marshall in his seat, and at us in the galleries, Laughlin instructed us to taunt and jeer the senator for a few minutes.

The extras' big moment had arrived and we were ready to roar. Yells came forth and angry fists shook as the crowd went wild. With no direction, they soon began to chant in unison, getting louder and angrier.

There was a certain electric tension in the air which many of us felt. The cameras kept rolling until they ran out of film.

Laughlin was blown away by what had happened, and it showed. He became very personal and told us that he had never experienced anything like it in his entire career. Other members of the crew agreed. The reality of that scene had to be witnessed to be appreciated.

After he thanked us repeatedly, he then gave us the inevitable message: "I'd like to shoot it just one more time," and we all groaned. But we did it.

It did not match the intensity of the previous take, but one never knows what will look best on the screen.

I ended my four days proud of myself, and holding greater respect for Laughlin as a director. True, he was arrogant, temperamental, egotistical and dictatorial, but he had managed to get good performances out of his actors, actresses and extras.

Maybe there is method to his madness. I'd like to work with him again sometime.

So be watching for me when "Billy Jack Goes To Washington" is released. The film, with its anti-nuke theme, is more timely now than when it was made, so it may well be successful.

Laughlin reportedly reshot scenes and reedited the film after some test screenings, and brought in references to Three Mile Island. It looks like Billy Jack will make it to Congress after all.

At least one good thing came out of it. The experience, and that of more waiver work in other films ("Raging Bull", "The Blues Brothers"), inspired me to write a screenplay.

The topic? Movie extras.

(ED: Julian tells me that "Billy Jack III has been endlessly postponed for release. Looks like '83 now! Maybe you can get latest info from BILLY JACK PRODUCTIONS, 12953 Marlboro St., Los Angeles, CA 90049 (213) 394-0296." Julian supplied no further info on his screenplay...)

Sand movies and video tapes of ABBA, all of which I happen to like a lot better than I do Herman Wouk; and in the third place, in years of movie and television viewing, I've seen so many stories about the Nazis' destruction of the Jews that I feel as though I've been there, and, given a choice, I'd rather be elsewhere). Instead, I shall watch STAR WARS on HBO (naturally, I've seen it 10 or 11 times already, but always in a theatre, so seeing it on a 19 inch, Japanese, black and white portable television ought to be a new experience), Steve Martin's THE WINDS OF WHOPIE (though if you asked me which I find more tedious, still another World War II drama, or still another Steve Martin special, I'd be hard pressed to answer. At least Martin's material isn't written by Herman Wouk, or I don't think it is, so that's some minor point in his favour), and MTV's interview with Andy Summers (I don't actually like the Police, but Andy Summers is SO cute, don't you think?), and with a schedule like that, I think I'd better get at it.

Yours for George Orwell Papoon in '84

One Organism, One Vote

ANNI ACKNER

10 Hillside Ave., #8

Englewood, NJ 07631

(No, folks, I swear it, it's no conspiracy. Really, Anni is not, as some may believe at this point, another alter ego of mine. And there is no truth to the rumour that she may be slowly taking over IJ. She declined the offer...)

Hello Again Elayne!

I'm glad to see you're still fulfilling the East Coast's humor quota. I hope I do believe I see another renaissance of comic art coming. As for myself I've been able to make a few \$\$ selling ads and serious articles, but of course my most serious project is not being serious at all. Unless you could say that I'm serious about bending the minds of powerful people who take themselves oh, too seriously. That's why I support such righteous causes as INSIDE JOKE and TWISTED IMAGE...

BUCK MOON

Box 40916

San Francisco, CA 94140

Dear Elayne:

I liked the new ish. You asked for comments (I personally shun all criticism due to a certain emotional immaturity I still cherish as essential to human life).

"Fukked" is, according to Webster, spelled "Fukkd". No big deal. Loved the cover.

Re: the alleged allegation in Anni's piece. The lime jello "mold" (I do NOT have mold in my refrigerator) was put in there by the 306-8 Tenants' Association, a group of elderly Hippies Without a Cause who insist on labelling me a "counter-revolutionary" because I refuse to open my door to them at 12:30 at night just because they knock incessantly and I'm trying to watch the opening monologue of The Original Saturday Night Live. It's on page 34 of the new Yippie handbook under "Revolution by Confusion, or Just Because The Revolution Ended when the networks started making tv movies about us doesn't mean we can't still be obnoxious."

The cartoons are frequently the best part of IJ, for three reasons, I think: one picture is worth a thousand words; cartoon captions must be succinct; and, they are easier to read and appreciate than the somewhat smaller type of the rest of IJ.

Have you ever considered "special issues"—having everyone write on a single theme, or do collaborations, or something? What I really mean to say is that I incredibly admire your editorial policy of letting each writer write what they please, but sometimes exciting things can be done when one person takes editorial direction and "orchestrates"; not rejecting work for personal or fashion reasons, but directing the writers you already have. I don't in any way mean to tell people that they CAN'T write a certain way or on certain things, but directing them in a POSITIVE way. It might be interesting.

Cordially, The Ever-Popular

CAROLYN LEE BOYD

306 E. 6th Street, #13

New York, New York 10003

(What, us, structured? Seriously, I'd like to hear opinions on Carolyn's suggestion, although I personally can't see it coming to fruition in the near future...As for the "smaller type" comment—okay, okay, peoples, in the near future I plan on trying to reduce type only 77% instead of 84% as I do now—we'll see what happens then.)

Dear Elayne:

Either you're doing something right, or I'm less cynical than I have been. Issue #17 is the first ish in months that I have actually been able to read from front to back without throwing it across the room in disgust at something or someone. Keep up the good work. (Only kidding, and you know it!).

All the best,

STEVE CHAPUT

2 Indian Hill Road

Westport, CT 06880

Dear Editor,

As a large, hairy male, I take personal & considerable offense at Anni Ackner's sexist, hirsutist, & sexist remarks! Suppose I went around crushing the feet of every small, bald female who tried to unzip my fly without actually taking my pants off...I wouldn't be very well thought of, would I?

Still!—what can you expect from someone who'd stay at a party where everyone still had their clothes on by midnight?

Yours in distress,

Lt. Col. "POP" CORN, Deceased

Dear IJ,

Just a complimentary note to say how much I'm beginning to enjoy IJ more and more. Although there's less controversy to lead one to take "pot shots" at another columnist, I must say to those who don't get high on pot... "Fuck 'em if they can't take a toke!!!"

Hope you are inspired by this month's NATOTORIAL. Hope you write to your Congresspeople. I still need lists of your top ten favorite old-

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ies. Thanks to those who've furnished me with theirs.  
Regards,  
NATE MISHMAN

P.O. Box 305  
New City, NY 10956-0305

# Papoon in 84/84:

## PROGRESS REPORT I

by your editor, by your leave

Well, George is off and running! But running from what? That's what we propose to explore in future issues. In the meantime, we've been busy trying to offer a suitable candidate for running mate to the heads and hands of the NSP (National Surrealist Party), many of whom are reading this right now. Most of you, in fact. So, we is it. How about Captain Morgan? Too obscure? Perhaps. The good Captain made his debut recently on subway posters and billboards all around the NYC metro area. All these signs said was "Captain Morgan Lives!", and all they had was a picture of the good cap' posed on what appeared to be a rum barrel, in full dress regalia. Well, Cap's not all so anonymous now—it was indeed a rum barrel, and Cap's in charge of a "spiced rum" business that certainly nets more of a profit than Jimmy Carter's peanut empire did, so he may be hard pressed to accept the nomination for veep. We therefore propose the main symbol of a craze beginning to sweep the country with the ferocity of a twister blowing up Dorothy's dress. Pac-Man? Smurfs? Bite thy collective tongues, knaves. I'm talking about the most significant rodent since St. Mickey. None other than CHUCK E. CHEESE, head of the infamous Pizza Time Theatre empire franchising itself with the speed of a giant, pepperoni Blob across this great land of "Rs". Anni and I plan to pay a visit to the local outlet of Pizza Time, in scenic Wayne, NJ, within the next month, to make formal request of the very animated Mr. Cheese. More to come.

Dave Ossman writes, "Briefly, the story of Campoon 76 was as follows. In mid 75 I was contacted by a fellow named 'Joe Beets' who pointed out that we'd better get things underway if there was going to be a campoon. Later on, a fellow by named Steve Cowell in Topeka joined in, and edited and published 10 issues of 'The Toiler'—a regular newsletter of the Campoon. I used my own file of correspondents and put together a beginning list of possible 'camponers'. Thus, the Cocoon for Papoon were founded, about 100 of them (some, of course, just one person) in about 35 states. I divided myself into several identities—the Campoon chaircreature Dr. Elmo Firesign, the Editor C.F. Dudley, candidate George Tirebiter—in addition to my own persona as a writer. It was a gruelling year. As GLT I made many appearances, including SFranisco and at two larger scale events—a Nat'l Surrealist Party Convention in Santa Barbara in mid-Summer and a Mid-West Convention in Topeka—actually Lawrence KS—in the early Fall. There was also an Inaugural Ball presented in SB. The Convention was attended by people from all over the country, covered by radio and TV and there was also some very good press. (I have lots of articles, etc. generated by all this—they are in storage with my FT files however.)

"There were a number of people who devoted a good deal of time to all this, notably Doug Smith of BullDada, now of 'Bob' fame, 'Robert Rabbit' now of St. Helena CA who published many wonderful pieces of Xerox collage and his own regular and quirky journals, and some other folk, who have pretty much vanished below the horizon by now. P&B, who were very much out there and on their own in 76, did do that one promo interview, which was a promo for the NOT INSANE! album, and ran some conflicting candidates for office in the pages of Crawdaddy. They also did campoon 'material' in their road performances...PA also contributed to the mythology in Crawdaddy, and we did some material together—he broadcast the convention, for example, on KTYD in SB. The best thing you could possibly have to show you the progress of the event are those 10 issues of The Toiler, and I regret not having copies to send to you. You might ask out there in fandom, and see if you can get a line on them.

"NB: GEORGE PAPOON NEVER APPEARS WITHOUT THE BAG OVER HIS HEAD—this means that anybody can BE GGP, which is very important. This of course preceded the so-called Unknown Comedian by eons. Originally, GGP wore a mask, which is variously in evidence in the books, but not on an album I don't believe. This was how he dressed for the Martian Space Party in 72. (FT's previous candidates had been James Brown and Hubert Humphrey in 1968.) I wanted it to be very clear that GGP was NOT one of the Firesign. Contrariwise, Tirebiter was very obviously ME (if that mattered, which it really didn't when actually pressing the flesh in shopping malls). GGP was beautifully played at the SB convention by actor Richard Paul, who appears on How Time Flies and has been seen a lot on TV.

"Well, all this is by way of background. I have listed it in the FT collected works as a 'national improvised theatre event' or some such—to give it its proper due—I believe that the Campoon 76 ranks up there with anything that the artists of 'Happening' and 'Event' fame have ever done. The 1972 Happening was the MSParty—that was the 2-hour show which we did upstairs in Studio X at KPFK, and was attended by about 200 people. It was filmed (and released as theMSP) and recorded 16-track (in evidence on the NI! album) and broadcast live. Somewhere somebody has a tape of it as b'cast, and that would be fun to hear. Much of the material was the 'best of' the 'Let's Eat' radio shows, but it was put together with the nomination and blastoff to Mars (remember Mars?). There was a lot of music in the show...PA wrote a couple of new songs and several people said that they thought it was one of the best things we had ever done. GGP and Tirebiter were put into nomination—GGP won, thank goodness. That was sort of the end of that (in 72) and TFT didn't work together afterward for a year or so—until the Giant Rat in the summer of 73.

"Someday, I'd love to see the whole story get into print—maybe if 84 happens, the time will be right. Oh, yes, the reason nothing went down in 1980 was that no one wanted to assume the national organizational responsibility—I simply couldn't—and tho there were a number of folks who wanted to be active, it took a bigger kick, and some real creative energy for it to happen. TFT covered the year for NPR as you know, and there were some mentions of NSP activity there, but that

# My Life, Briefly by George Papoon

Special to INSIDE JOKE—excerpted from the book *The Roots of Poon*, Reminiscences of America's Oldest Family, by George G. Papoon, the Surrealist President of the U.S.A., As Told To Vice President George Leroy Tirebiter, With a Genealogical History and Footnotes by Prof. Philo Gemstone of Solid State U.—submitted by and copyright David Ossman

I was born in 1913<sup>1</sup> in Poon-ton, Kansas, which was then much closer to the Panhandle Indian Reservation than it is now. My father, George Sr.<sup>2</sup>, was a plains farmer of sturdy English stock—a kindly man who understood the changes of nature and the habits of animals better than the ways of city people.

My mother, Mamie Cox Papoon<sup>3</sup>, was both a suffragette and a good cook. Between caring for her family and attending meetings at the Pricilla Hall, she was always busy and wouldn't have it any other way. She and my father were distantly related, and had a great-grandfather in common—the infamous Andy Gump<sup>4</sup>, known during the Civil War as the "out-house king".

My brother Dave<sup>5</sup> and I grew up in the cheerful community of Poon-ton, which was not unlike the small towns we used to see portrayed in movies made on Hollywood backlots. Dave and I graduated from high school a few years apart, blessed with a similar bent for machinery and love of open spaces.

I took up with some friends who worked odd jobs at Lincoln Airfield, and by 1935 I was flying the U.S. Air Mails over Arizona and Nevada, where there was open space aplenty. So much, in fact, that I soon left the desert turn to older men and joined "Ace Cochrain's Air Aces", a literally fly-by-night carnival team. We barnstormed across the Mid West in search of adventure, gas money and girls who looked like Jean Arthur. I must have still been searching when I joined the Navy in 1938, hoping to pilot a zeppelin in the Dirigible Corps.

The heat was turned up high in Europe in those days, and after a year of duty in Pensacola, I was tapped for Naval Intelligence. Then came the war, an eventful period filled with opportunities for me to serve some of our most powerful leaders as a member of the Liaison Command and Diplomatic Relations. My happiest moments were spent as advisor on Sumatran affairs to the Commander-in-Chief at the Yalta Conference.

After the War, I entered Columbia University to study Law on the G. I. Plan. New York was an exciting place in those years, and I pursued an interest in the art and archeology of South-eastern Asia while preparing for an otherwise uncertain future.

During this period, I was contacted by a few old friends who offered me occasional assignments for the new Central Intelligence Agency. I decided to become a full-time agent in 1951, and was posted to Goonrat, Sumatra, where my "cover" job was to be Librarian at the local U.S.I.A.

Of course, I actually was the Bureau Chief, but my appointment was so secret no one was authorized to look in my file, which was sealed and never opened. Naturally, I received no orders, and the only spying I undertook was a brief investigation of a so-called Indonesian "noodle", which I had mistakenly assumed to be an escaped Nazi war criminal. My superiors back at CIA assume that their man in Goonrat was doing what he was supposed to do, and so I did very little for nearly ten years.

It was a lazy, almost idyllic life in a beautifully underdeveloped country. The most memorable events of the time were my marriage to Eleanor T'Ang<sup>6</sup>—a Eurasian beauty who remains the First Lady of my heart—followed in a couple of years by the birth of my son, George III<sup>7</sup>.

I spent a great deal of time in an archeological "dig" near the ruined temple of Ampere Wat, then in danger of total destruction by the rebels as a result of the local Rattan Wars. It was in these steamy environs, deep in the bamboo forests, that I first stumbled across the true meaning of the Summer Rat Dance. It was this startling discovery and its hideous aftermath that finally resulted in my early retirement. I was invalided home with severe recurring shuffles and intermittent narcolepsy.

Eleanor, little George and I returned to a small home once owned by my grandparents in Wentzville, Missouri, where I attempted to recover from what we hoped would be a temporary mental confusion. Fortunately, my government pension gave me enough to open "Poon's Farm", an old-fashioned Indonesian noodle house, located in an abandoned bank building on Blumhoff Street.

Many of my childhood friends said that this seemed an unusual course for my "already exotic" life to take, but that didn't matter, given the electric fevers that frequently overtook me. I celebrated my fiftieth birthday with an outdoor curry barbecue, traditional street dance and a sudden, dimly remembered trip to Bismark, North Dakota, where I awoke from what my doctors called "overload narcosis".

It was not until 1969 that I was able to regain contact with the outside world, thanks in large part to the elimination of my shuffles by Dr. Abe Bowman of Flushing, N.Y. It was he who gave me my certificate of Not-Insanity.

Hearing of their search for a presidential candidate who was truly "Not Insane", I sought out the leaders of the Nat'l Surrealist Party in 1972 and offered them my candidacy. Our platform of total enfranchisement has won for me the office of President, the capstone to a life of public service.

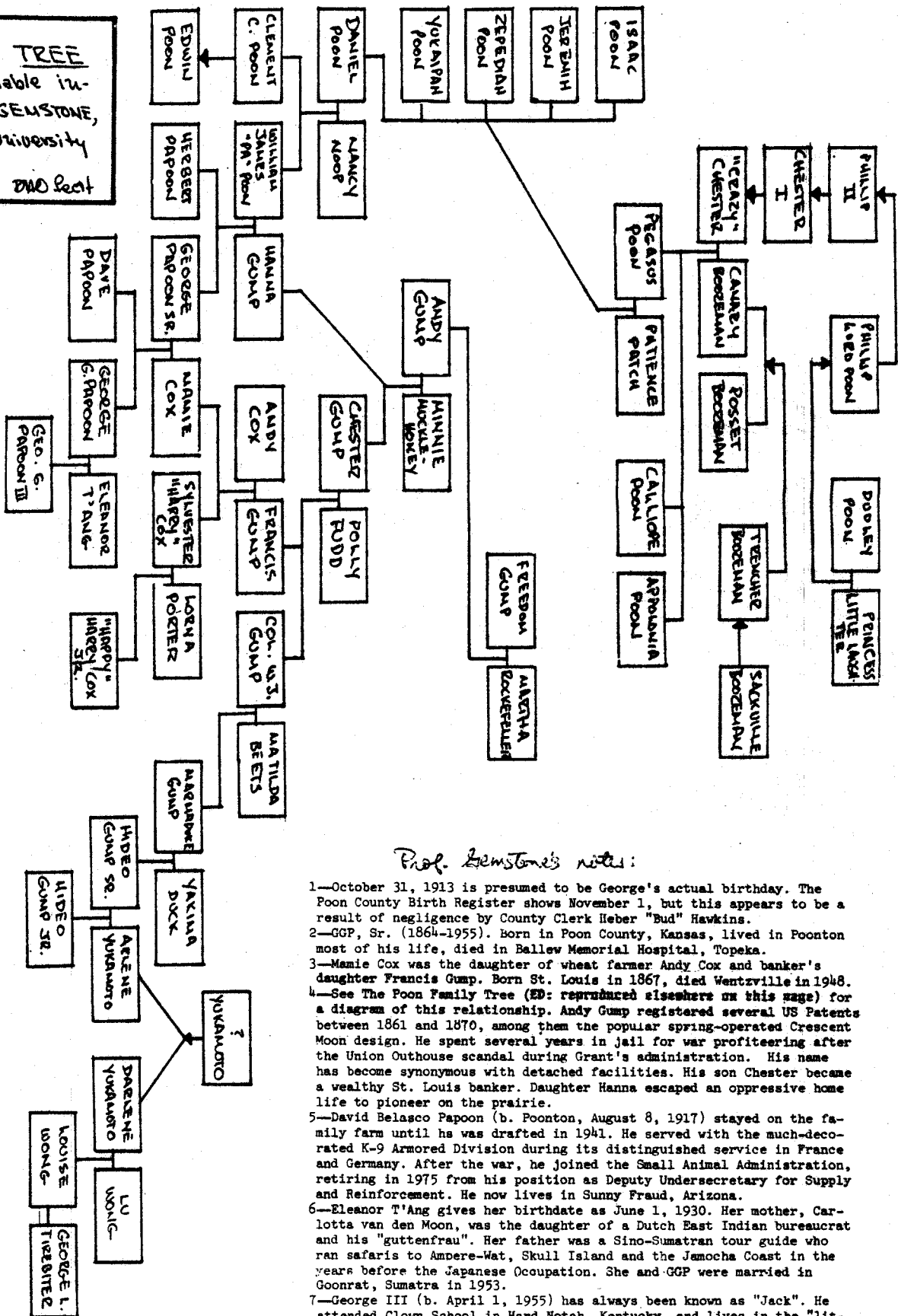
(See following page for Prof. Gemstone's notes, and the Poon Fam. Tree.)

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**THE PAPOON FAMILY TREE**  
 as compiled from available in-  
 formation by PHIL GEMSTONE,  
 F.H.D., I.S.E., State University  
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**PROGRESS REPORT I CONTD.**

about did it." As I then said to Ann, "What have we gotten ourselves into?" None-theless, we are yet undaunted, but for how long we are not yet sure. Oh, some observant sorts may have noticed a little discrepancy in the actual middle initial (or name) of our beloved candidate. Well, I discussed this too with Dave, who admitted that it was all true. Every-thing. So, this is what we'll do. Since everything said about Papoon by any member of his Campoon committee AUTOMATICALLY BECOMES FACT once it's said, and since PAB claimed the middle name "Orwell" four years before Dave revealed "George" (which is redundant redundant anyway any-way), AND since George already stands for the schizophrenics (like the folks who type up parentheticals like this like this), AND, of course, since this is Campoon 84, we're sticking with both names, but USING "Orwell". And so is George. If he were here with us today, I have typing to do.

- Prof. Gemstone's notes:
- 1—October 31, 1913 is presumed to be George's actual birthday. The Poon County Birth Register shows November 1, but this appears to be a result of negligence by County Clerk Heber "Bud" Hawkins.
  - 2—GGP, Sr. (1864-1955). Born in Poon County, Kansas, lived in Poonon most of his life, died in Ballew Memorial Hospital, Topeka.
  - 3—Mamie Cox was the daughter of wheat farmer Andy Cox and banker's daughter Francis Gump. Born St. Louis in 1867, died Wentzville in 1948.
  - 4—See The Poon Family Tree (EP: reproduced elsewhere on this page) for a diagram of this relationship. Andy Gump registered several US Patents between 1861 and 1870, among them the popular spring-operated Crescent Moon design. He spent several years in jail for war profiteering after the Union Outhouse scandal during Grant's administration. His name has become synonymous with detached facilities. His son Chester became a wealthy St. Louis banker. Daughter Hanna escaped an oppressive home life to pioneer on the prairie.
  - 5—David Belasco Papoon (b. Poonon, August 8, 1917) stayed on the family farm until he was drafted in 1941. He served with the much-decorated K-9 Armored Division during its distinguished service in France and Germany. After the war, he joined the Small Animal Administration, retiring in 1975 from his position as Deputy Undersecretary for Supply and Reinforcement. He now lives in Sunny Fraud, Arizona.
  - 6—Eleanor T'Ang gives her birthdate as June 1, 1930. Her mother, Carlotta van den Moon, was the daughter of a Dutch East Indian bureaucrat and his "gutenfrau". Her father was a Sino-Sumatran tour guide who ran safaris to Ampere-Wat, Skull Island and the Jamocha Coast in the years before the Japanese Occupation. She and GGP were married in Goonrat, Sumatra in 1953.
  - 7—George III (b. April 1, 1955) has always been known as "Jack". He attended Clown School in Hard Notch, Kentucky, and lives in the "little white house" in Wentzville.
- (Next month: The Poon Family Heritage, by Prof. Phila Gemstone, so hang on to those family trees!)
- (thanks again DO)



# Outside Joke

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

IDENTIFY YOURSELF IDENTIFY YOURSELF IDENTIFY YOURSELF

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PAPPOON IN '84/'84--  
COLLECT 'EM ALL!