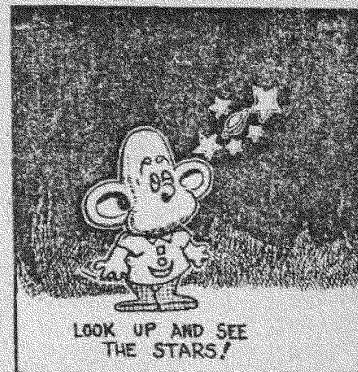


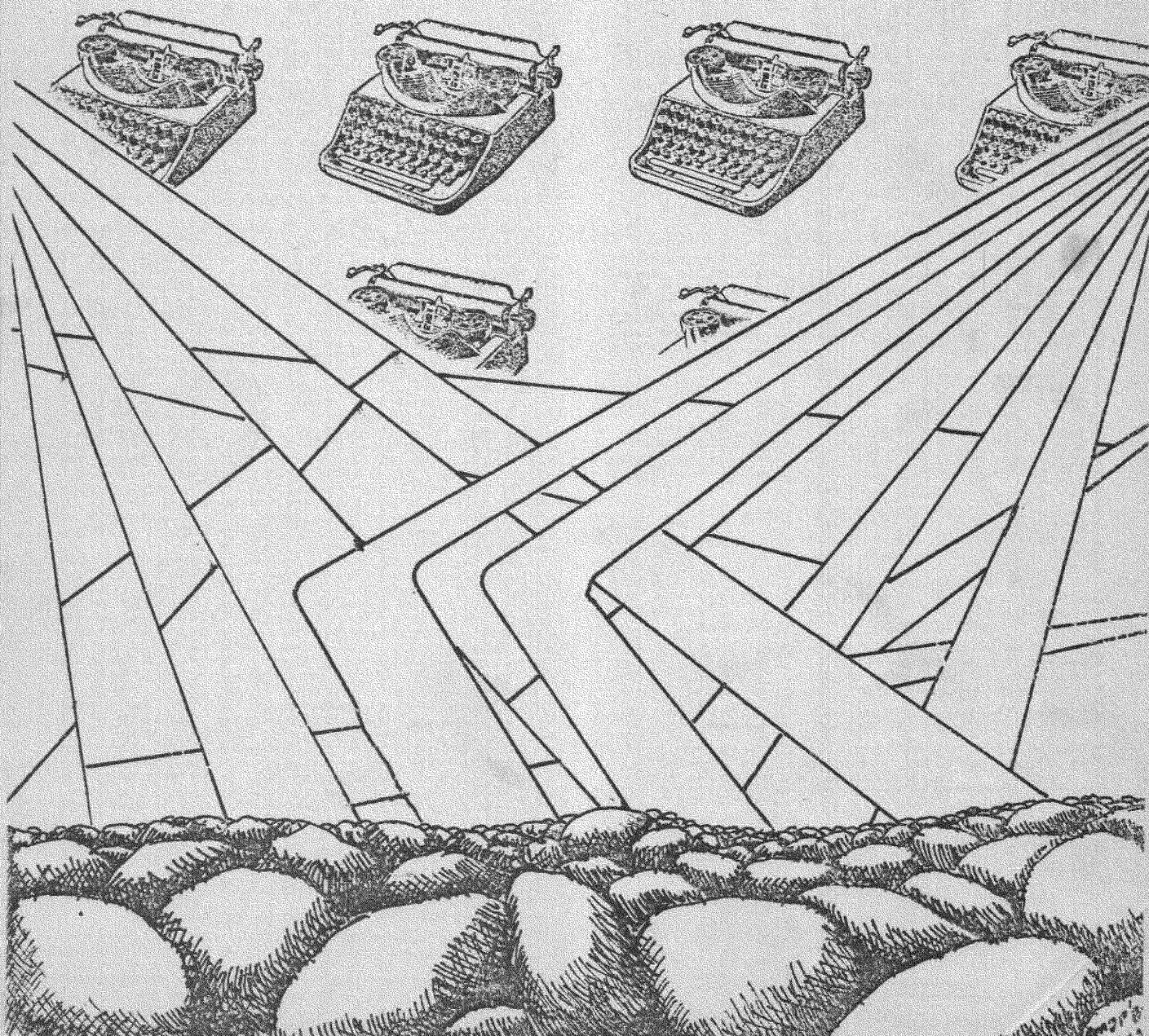
INSIDIES

"A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY AND CREATIVITY"

— ISSUE NUMBER 19 - COST: \$1 per issue - MARCH, 1984-1 —



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acknowleditorialetc.

Good news and good news, to start: After six months most details of which I'd rather forget, I have a job. Yup, I have rejoined the nice, clean-cut, 9-5 working class, and shall proceed to subvert it all I can, naturally. I am a sales secretary in a publishing supplier (printed fancy covers and the like). The company, Lehigh Press, is located in Peter Stuyvesant's old house (since declared a historical landmark—the place is beautiful!) in the East Village, wherein occurs, as you may recall, most of my social life. The job, the people, the location, the "free" time (how do you think parts of this got typed up?), everything about this job is great! So, now comes Step II: Finding An Apartment.

- UPCOMING EVENTS:**
- APRIL 1 - Good Fools' Day
 - APRIL 3 - Tornado destroys Kennard, IN (1975)
 - APRIL 4 - NATE MISHAAN (27)
 - APRIL 5 - Bette Davis (75)
 - APRIL 6 - PHIL AUSTIN (42); Houdini (b. 1874)
 - APRIL 9 - Tom Lehrer (55)
 - APRIL 11 - CAROLYN LEE BOYD (?) **APRIL 10 - IS DEADLINE!**
 - APRIL 12 - David Cassidy (33)
 - APRIL 13 - Thomas Jefferson (b. 1743)
 - APRIL 15 - Sinking of Titanic (1912); taxtime
 - APRIL 16 - Charlie Chaplin (b. 1889)
 - APRIL 17 - KERRY THORNLEY (45)
 - APRIL 18 - San Francisco earthquake (1906)
 - APRIL 21 - FRED W. WRIGHT (43)
 - APRIL 22 - Radio's first all-Chinese program aired (KSAN, 1940); Lenin (b. 1870)
 - APRIL 23 - Shirley Temple Black (55)
 - APRIL 25 - Edward R. Murrow (b. 1908)
 - APRIL 26 - Carol Burnett (?)
 - APRIL 30 - Alice B. Toklas (b. 1877)

(Thanks again to Jed Martinez for some dates!)

* INSIDE JOKE is put on each month by Elaine Wechsler (assistance du-
* hious this issue); this editorial box is for those who can't tell
* the scorecard without the players.

* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....ELAINE WECHSLER

* HEAD XEROGRAPHER.....TOM HICHER

* (ASSISTANT SCALPILIZER).....ANNI ACKNER

* STAFF WRITERS

* ANNI ACKNER.....JILL DEARMAN.....CHRIS DOWNEY

* CLAY GERDES.....NATE MISHAAN.....BRIAN PEARCE

* GERRY REITH.....ROLDO.....TOM SANDERS

* STEVEN SCHARFF.....KERRY THORNLEY

* MUSIC REVIEWS: BRIAN CATANZARO, RORY HOUCHEMS/COMEDY RECORD RE-

* VIEWS: JED MARTINEZ/MOVIE REVIEW: BILL-DALE MARCINKO

* ADVICE COLUMNIST: COOP/*****BABOON DOOLEY" STRIPS BY JOHN CRAWFORD

* FRONT PAGE BY MICHAEL PINTO.....MASTHEAD BY MATT KRAMER

* BACK PAGE FILLER BY RON FLOWERS

* OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH:

* CONNON BARCLAY.....VERNON GRANT.....R.S. PREUSS

* GREG BLAIR.....MIKE GUNDERLOY.....FREDERICK A. RABORG

* CLARK DISSEMEYER.....LINDA HENSON.....GARY S. ROSIN

* PAT DOWNS.....ANDY KAMM.....JULIAN ROSS

* MICHAELA DUNCAN.....TULI KUPFERBERG.....JOHN R. SCHARFF

* GEORGE EDDY.....GUNNAR LARSON.....DANA SNOW

* DAWN GOLDSTEIN.....DAVID OSSMAN.....JOANNE B. TODD

* JAMES WALTMAN.....RICHARD WEINSTOCK

* Ads provided by and on behalf of The Church of the SubGenius, J.C.

* Brainbeau, The Last International & friends (including Mike Green-

* span, Surrealist Workers Party, Cal Crusher, Eugene Benjamin Sagan,

* Ph.D., Anonymous Bosch & "Ghandi"), and perhaps even Paul Buhler...

* c. 1984-1 Pen-Elayne Enterprises, Kip M. Ghesin, President thereof

* PRINTED BY AMERICAN SAMIZDAT PRESS—"If it bites, it's an A.S.P."

* "The trifle with the penicils around here is that they have forgotten

* how, I repeat, how to laff, reverend, that's what I think anyhow."

* FROM A SPANIARD IN THE PORKS, by John Cennan

* *****

I'm looking around Elizabeth NJ, and also in Washington Heights in The City, so perhaps by May's or June's issue, I'll have news there...

I truly did attempt what I refer to as "The 77% Solution" when planning this issue—it just didn't work out, though. If I reduce type to 77% of its normal size instead of the 64% to which I've been reducing it all this time, it's great as far as saving eyestrain, but you would not believe how much space the 64% saves! It really makes a big difference, bigger than I'd thought it would at first. Compare for yourselves: the Poon Heritage article by Prof. Philo Gemstone, found somewhere near the Campoon stuff no doubt (I'm winging everything now, as I haven't begun laying the issue out as of the typing of this editorial on 3/25, two days before press), is the only one in this time that's 77% as opposed to 64%. For every ten lines at 77, I get 12 in at 64; for margins set at 35-95 elite for 77, the margins set for 64 include ten more spaces (35-105 elite). That's two lines plus ten spaces per line which are totally lost for every ten lines at 77% reduction...so for the time being, I'll hope that I can lean on the reduction people at Unique (by the way, only 4 blocks from the office) to make reductions darker so that at least IJ will be mostly legible, and we'll just have to take it from there. On the next IJ Questionnaire (probably in May?), you'll get to voice off on this—keep in mind, tho, that the more space the print takes up, the less print (AND the less artwork & doodles, etc.) we can afford to have. And as it is, I push things each month with "only" 24 pages (all I can really afford on a monthly basis).

Welcome to our two new staffers, Rory Houchens (whose music column "Max Ink" has been appearing here for a couple months now) and Jill Dearman. This brings our staff writer count to 15 now, with the departure of Paul Zuckerman due to personal reasons. Jill sent in her bio, but Rory didn't, so I'll save 'em both till next time. Incidentally, from what I understand, Jill and Chris Downey are dating, so I believe this is the first IJ staff writer couple we've ever had (not counting, of course, my torrid correspondences with Gerry, Roldo, Nate, and anyone else I've forgotten to mention)...Also premiering next time will be some NEW TYPING ELEMENTS! I've been dissatisfied with the elite one I've been using, as we all know it's kinda light, and of course the Olde World one isn't good for much more than by-lines. So the office supplies place from which Lehigh orders has elements pretty cheap (\$17.50 or something per), and I'll probably pick up a couple for the next issue. Unfortunately, my typewriter at home is a different model from that at work, so the elements are not interchangeable. Ah, life's little problems...

I decided not to include a FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION IT column this month, because I've been fairly busy with things like Lunacon and Beatlefest and job-hunting and job-finding, and Dr. Demento as far as I can tell is no longer on the NY airwaves, and I haven't listened to The Prairie Home Companion on WNYC-FM 98.9 (NPR-owned) 6pm Saturdays yet, although I will probably see them in Town Hall in May with a bunch of NYUSFSans who already have tickets, and I haven't heard from Tony Hendra yet and Lauren "LONE STAR" Scharf writes, "I have a different address for them [High Meadow Publishing]: 20 W. 20th St., 8th Floor, New York, NY 10011 (212) 741-2788" which is probably correct after all and I'll be sending this IJ there, and I haven't gone clubbing or to any bars except my favorite spot Stan & Ollie's a scant five blocks from my house which won't be introducing comedy acts for a few months, and I haven't even been watching a lot of tv lately except for Tuesday nights because NBC put The A-Team and Remington Steele back-to-back, BUT I have finally finished the script to "The Rocky Squirrel Picture Show", which will no doubt have been performed on early-morning (Wednesday, I believe) WBAI-FM before April's IJ surfaces (scripts available for SASE; tapes I can't promise), and is not bad for my first-ever radio script, if I do say so myself (and no one else is going to...). I've also been battling fatigue, sickness, menstruation naturally, and all those other wonderful things that make life worth living. Things show signs of slowing down in April, thank Grid...

I don't know about this theme-issue thing, but there's an awful lot of religious-type stuff in this IJ. Gary S. Rosin has his first installment of his New Age Chronicles; Gunnar Larson's written an interesting little parable; we have Rev. Overdrive's "Individuals for 'Bob' movement; and of course there's Brainbeaism, Discordianism, and even Dehumanism (courtesy Richard Weinstock's L&O Handbook Chap. 7). The only thing we don't have is George Eddy's Galen the Saintly, but he's sent us a holier-than-thou advice columnist, Pandora, instead, so that might make up for it. Also for those positively religious about poetry or Baboon Dooley, I hope to have plenty of that this time 'round, in addition to what could only facetiously be called "the usual": staff writers, Campoon and Firesign stuff (by the way, the Firesign quiz is given this month by a member of the group itself, Dave Ossman, art...

Subscriptions are by month, because I make it a point never to promise IJ'll be around after the subsequent issue, and they're a dollar, or trade. Exception goes to staff writers, who get their issues free, but to NO ONE ELSE. If you send me written work expecting to get a complimentary copy because your stuff's in the issue, it doesn't work that way (see last month's editorial)—the others pay, you pay too, OK? Actually, I'm not as mean as that sounds, I just believe in fairness. Sub money, other (any) money, written and artistic contributions (THE DEADLINE FOR THE APRIL ISSUE IS APRIL 10 ARRIVAL HERE, SO TRY TO MAIL YOUR STUFF OUT A COUPLE DAYS PRIOR—THIS GOES FOR LETTERS-OF-COMMENT INTENDED FOR PRINT AS WELL), can still be sent to me at

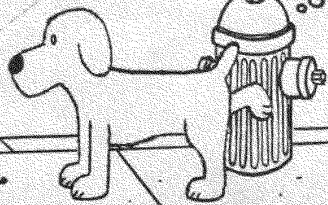
418 East Third Avenue, Roselle, New Jersey 07203.

This issue is dedicated to Phil Bernard, president of the Bring Back Bullwinkle Fan Club and writer/singer of the definitive NJ theme song, "I Like Jersey Best". If you too would like to see this wonderfully-written encapsulated description of the highlights of the Garden State become our official jingle, write State Senator Litman c/o the NJ State Assembly, CN 099, Trenton, NJ 08625, this hasn't been a paid political announcement, I just felt like saying it...ENJOY!

SORRY,
NOT
THIS
MO!

MCDUFF: get off yours. The point isn't violence or nonviolence but organized political power Gandhi

WE HAVE TO STOP
MEETING LIKE THIS



Fan Noose

If you know what's good for you, you don't irk John Crawford. The "Baboon Dooley" artist/author has avenged himself upon the staff of MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL in his first issue of ALL THE DRUGS YOU CAN EAT FANZINE (cover and partial title ripped off from MR&R editor Tim Yohannon's former NJ hippie ug paper ALL YOU CAN EAT). Much of it will be lost on those who don't know the principles involved, but there's some excellent essaying on today's underground movement. \$1 to John at 7 South Point Terrace, Kinneelon, NJ 07405...The Social Revolutionary Anarchist Foundation (could I make this up?) puts out a correspondence/newsletter of sorts called SRAF BULLETIN—subs and participation are voluntary, and they do trade as well—some interesting points are raised, and if you like to write political-type letters, by all means check it out. P.O. Box 21071, Washington, D.C. 20009..."Ernest Mann" (no doubt a member of Kip's Punny Name Club) sent me a mini-booklet w/ the catchy title A BRAVE AND BEAUTIFUL FUTURE...COULD START NOW! Looks like either a parody or cute primer on libertarian ideas. Personally, I'd opt for the former, in which case it's clever and highly recommended—SASE to Little Free Press, Box 8201, Minneapolis, MN 55408...Also from the same state com the last two or so issuings from the Minnesota Science Fiction Society. Titled SciFi PEOPLE WEEKLY (a/k/a RUNE) and BONG (#31), the MSFS productions are filled with in-jokes, SubG stuff, great humor, stories, art, pictures (like the ones from the SubG con showing IJ friends Mike Gunderloy, Bob Black, Semaj the Elder, Luke T. McGuff—in fact, yours truly was about the only one who managed successfully to stay off camera)—good stuff. If you know any MN fans at all, these are well worth getting. P.O. Box 2128 Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402...Yes, they have culture in the Great White North too. Run by C.F. Kennedy (802 Pape Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4K 3S7 CAN.), the BIBLIOFANTASIAC is a bi-monthly and costs apparently \$4.50/year, but it's so fannish-oriented I'm not sure about anything else; I think they also send copies for loc's and stuff, but best write...The two latest mini-comics in my collection are TWO-FISTED CARTOONIST by Clark Dissmeyer, which Clay Geerdes put out (Clay's address is below) and which is, of course, "typical" Clark (good, that is); and something called SLEAZY HORROR, also a Comix World production. As you see, Clay has been busy...Cathy Renner is definitely as demented as her husband Tony, and proves it with MY LIFE AS A GIRL (#1), "available for stamps, old clothes or obscene pictures" from 3824 DeTonty, St. Louis, MO 63110...There's Always a Few Dept.: Latecomers (got 'em the day before this went to final reduction) include some neat-keen stuff from a place called S & S PRESS. These folks put out a rag called (get this) KITTY TORTURE QUARTERLY. Really nice, and nice-looking, stuff here—reduced a bit more than the print here but there's SO MUCH in it! I haven't even read it yet, and I heartily recommend it anyway. Editors are listed as "D.S. Phantom & Bosco de Gama"...S & S also sent me the 1983 KITTY TORTURE CALENDAR and THE PORTABLE DOCTOR ZARG, and their price list: either of the "zines" are a well-worth-it \$2.50 each, and the calendar (suitable for hanging) is \$3, all from S & S at P.O. Box 5931, Austin, TX 78763...A true potpourri, HOMEX also just arrived, containing stories, poems, essays, art, lotsa good stuff. Best of all, editor Rick Sudden writes on it, "FREE with only two stipulations; first, that you write us with your comments, and second, that you send us any article, story, poem, experiment, or graphic which you would like to have considered for any future editions of HOMEX." Two addresses are listed, so I'll put 'em both down here: Box 1584, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009; Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203...Nov, in the interests of saving space, time and aggravation, I'd promised last month that whichever zines I get every month or two couldn't keep getting mondo pluggos any more (I'd prefer this column to be more an alert to "new" stuff, not only a source for the stuff you know about already). So there follows here a listing of the zines I've received from publication of last IJ till this one—the first ones listed are "returnees"; that is, an issue hasn't been out in awhile so you may have to refer back a few months of IJs for a more complete description of what the rag's about. The later-listed ones are those I plug every month or two. Info given is the name (short description of subject matter in parens), issue #, editor's name and address, and how the rag is available (through SASE, T ((trade)), \$\$, etc.). I hope everyone concerned understands why I have to do this from now on (this intro is this long so it won't need repeating from issue to issue), and be assured that just 'cause you get a "quickle" plug, it doesn't mean I don't really like what you do. I just don't have the space anymore...
—MAGAZINE (artwork)—Julian Ross, 1400 N. Hayworth Ave. #36, Los Angeles, CA 90046 (\$1, T); —THUDDPUCKER #9 (nonsequitorial)—Ron Ahrens, 770 8th Ave., Fairbanks, AK 99701 (the usual); —TWISTED IMAGE #3 (music, humor)—Pete Labriola (a/k/a "Ace Backwords"), Berkeley Inn Hotel Room 414, 2501 Haste St., Berkeley, CA 94704 ("Free", T); —AGAINST THE WALL (libertarian)—Bill George, P.O. Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091 (T, \$1.50, maybe SASE); —AURORA #22 (speculative s/f/f, feminism)—Jeanne Gomoll, 2018 Jenifer St., Madison, WI 53704 (\$2.50, T); —AWESOME #3 (surreality & strange fiction)—Buck Moon, P.O. Box 40916, San Francisco, CA 94105 (\$1, T); —COMIX WORLD #5 217, 218 (ug info source)—Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707 (\$11/48 issues); —CONFES-SIONS OF A TRASH FIEND #s 21, 22 (sleazemovies)—Richard Green, P.O. Box 32, Old Bridge, NJ 08857 (\$7/yr for postage); —CURSED EARTH #7 (personal fanzine, humor)—Steve Chaput, 2 Indian Hill Rd., Westport, CT 06880 (SASE, T); —DAVID CASSTDY SUPPORT GROUP #2 (self-evident)—Betty Syzdek, P.O. Box 188, Plantersville, TX 77363 (inquire terms of Betty); —THE FORTNIGHTLY COLLEGE RADIO REPORT #s 48, 49 (playlists for radio stations)—Shel Kagan, Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809 (inquire terms of Shel); —GOOD DAY SUNSHINE #13 (Beatles)—Charles F. Rosenay!!! 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511 (\$2, I think, T); —LONE STAR #2 (humor, jokes, one-liners)—Lauren Barnett Scharf, P.O. Box 42821, Suite #204, Houston, TX 77042 (\$1.95, \$9.95/yr); THE MONKEES/BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB (self-evident)—Jodi Hamrich, secretary, 508 8th

ZOOT'S COMMENT CAUSES UPROAR

(A, B, ... Z)?



Right-wing political figures are calling him a Communist and left-wingers are calling him a genius. Zoot Rickson, America's extraordinary popular new fictitious rock star, sent heads spinning across the nation with his remarks in an interview with NATIONAL BOREDOM magazine. Here is the part of the interview that has caused so much controversy:
NATIONAL BOREDOM: What is your opinion of the burgeoning anarchy movement?
ZOOT: Anarchy? Oh yeah, I've seen those circled 'A's on bathroom walls. When I see one of the anarchy symbols, I write a 'B' next to it and circle it. 'B' for "Be-narchy", as opposed to 'A' for "Anarchy". Get it? See, "Be-narchy" means "to believe in just be-ing". Then there's "C-narchy", which is believing in what you see.
NATIONAL BOREDOM: What would you call "D-narchy"?
ZOOT: There is no "D-narchy". Nor "E-narchy", "F-narchy", or "G-narchy". There is "Z-narchy", however.
NATIONAL BOREDOM: What's that?
ZOOT: Believing in sleeping.

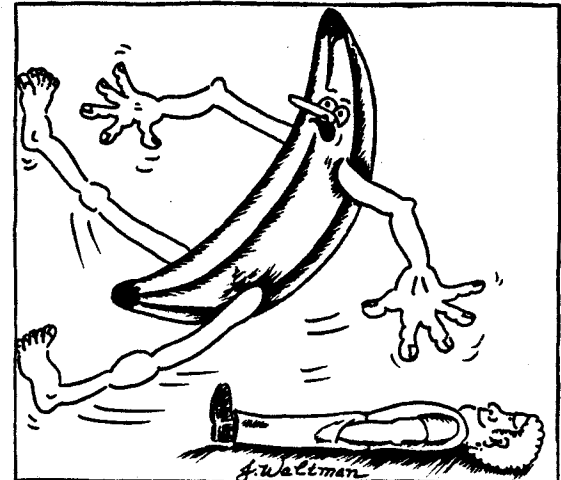
There you have it—probably the most controversial remark ever made by a fictitious rock star. Zoot, when asked to clarify his remark, said, "Hey, man, I was only kidding!" But his girlfriend, well-known folksinger Carmelita Aldonza, was more serious. When asked for comment, she said, "No comment."

BRIAN CATANZARO

GRAPHIC DESIGN

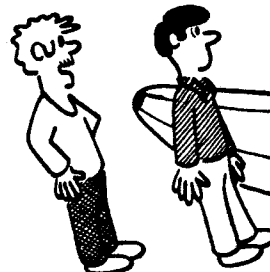
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CONTACT ALIENS
Both benevolent and evil.
They reveal themselves to
the worthy.

(NO WHOZITS HERE
EITHER THIS MO.)



THAT HAS GOT TO BE THE SECOND LARGEST BANANA I HAVE EVER SEEN!

A Nebraska Tale

by Clay Geerdes

It was Friday night. Payday. George had a new '52 Olds. He was a chubby, good-natured Greek guy. Nobody knew why he worked at the plant, because he obviously had parents who were giving him the clothes and the jewelry and all the other things he was always showing around the pool hall. The car was impressive. We all walked outside to look at it. It was candy apple red with white sidewalls. The interior was black leather. The leather was probably fake, but no one knew that. What did we know about fake leather in those days? And what difference did it make? It looked good. That was the point. All the guys had nice cars. That was your identity. Not necessarily a new car. Matter

of fact, who could afford one of those? We looked with awe at the older guys who went in for the new ones. All those payments. Most of the guys bought older cars, did the body work on them on Saturday afternoons and evenings. Polished them up. Bought mail order seatcovers and ornaments. Someone was always waiting for their glasspack mufflers to come in the mail. Dual exhaust pipes were in. They sounded good to everyone but the neighbors who woke up to them every morning when you were warming up to go to work. But nobody said anything. You knew everyone who was on the scene by their cars and the guys who didn't have cars just stood on the bus stops and hated and envied the guys who were driving. I mean, shit, it was Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1952. You were on foot, you froze your butt waiting for a bus that might or might not come along—they often got snowed in and just didn't make certain routes. You were on foot, you got sympathy from the girls, but more refusals than not, particularly from the ones who had the option of riding in a nice car. You were on foot, you couldn't make the new drive in restaurant or movie scene. You had no privacy, no place to make out—I remember being between cars one year, necking with my first wife, Judy, in the bus depot, on buses—hell, they even reported you to Juvey for that in those days—my mother got a call from the department. "Your son observed engaging in intimate behavior in public places. Best talk to him or we'll have to pull him in." Fun, huh? You had to have the car, and even then you got the cop eye in the rearview and you had to watch which country roads you parked on; seems there was always some farmer out on his backlot in the middle of the night just waiting for you to stop on the gravel road that passed his place so he could shine his big light in on your writhing body.

George was anxious to try out the Olds. A good run on the highway. So? So did anyone want to go along? Well, sure, George, and soon four of us were speeding outside of Lincoln burning up that summer highway. Now a bit of country lore for you Easterners who may not be hip to how things are in the Midwest in the Summertime. Little towns are everywhere and they consist of little more than a store, couple of gas pumps, maybe a shop or two, but there is always a town square, a plot of land with some trees that serves as a park and meeting place for the local farmers and their families. Everyone knows everyone else and there is none of the anonymity you experience in cities. The folks who live and work on the farms in the area are trapped there. The kids in particular. They have no place to go on the weekends. Oh, some can get away to a nearby city like Lincoln or Omaha or Kansas City, but most just go into town with their parents and watch the weekly movie. The township will own a 16 mm projector and a screen and this will be set up in the park on clear Friday nights and a movie shown to anyone who comes. It's free and the old folks bring food and the kids play and the older kids court and the men get in a card game at the store and everything is pretty calm and peaceful. Well, most of the time. But country folks don't take much to city people anymore than most blacks take to whites or Chinese to Japanese—and when we rode into Roca, Nebraska, that Friday night in '52, we didn't know what we were getting into. We got there early evening and there was a movie going on and lots of people watching and there were all these cute girls. Everywhere. And they really liked George's car and before long we were chatting it up, playing the big city role, talking about all the new movies that were playing in Lincoln, and wondering why they were watching an old Doris Day flick everyone of us had seen last year. Some of the girls wanted to go for a ride in the car, of course, and we were in seventh heaven. We had to talk among ourselves first though, because there wasn't room for everyone at once, and this meant that a couple of the guys would have to hang around town till the others got back, which would have been cool, but it wasn't safe. Why not? Well, while we were chatting up the girls we had become aware of not a few hostile glances from the local shorthairs and we knew it wouldn't be too long before we got into something with them. Okay. I had my hand on a wrench just below seat-level and the others were hip to what was going to take place, but we reckoned without George. He was happy as a pig in shit while the blonde was hanging in his window heating him up with that Kresge's perfume, but when he realized we might have to fight some of the local rednecks if we took any of the girls for a joyride he chickened out. We were talking all this out while we cruised slowly around the town square. The movie went on. Doris Day was singing one of her cornball songs. People were eating fried chicken and drinking kool aid. One of the guys in the Olds was passing around a bottle of sloe gin and we were all debating the pros (those gorgeous tits in those flimsy blouses and those bare legs—ahhhhhhhhh) and cons (those farmboys were in good shape and we might all be hauled back to Lincoln in a fucking ambulance) and when we seemed to be getting almost nowhere I glanced back and realized we were being followed by a green pick-up truck filled with shirtless farmboys. I leaned over and told George what was up and his neck turned red. As we rounded the next corner we were on the road out of Roca and George hit the accelerator and we were off in a cloud of dust and gravel. At 60, the pick-up was still with us, but by 85 it was drifting further and further back and when George had the needle laying on the right side we knew we were out of danger. George didn't slow down until we were almost into Lincoln and even then he was still scared shitless. He was cold sober. The other two were between drunk, mad, disappointed, and scared. I was kind of neutral, having a regular girlfriend anyway, but mostly relieved about our escape. I was less scared than George, I remember that. After all, I'm an old farmboy myself and I knew it would have been more talk than anything else, particularly since we never did anything with the girls. Those jerks were just protecting their territory. In my neighborhood, we did the same. I'm sure you did the same in yours.

Back in Lincoln, we got out at the poolhall. It was closed, but we always returned there. It was home base.

"Great car, George."

"Yeah, man, some machine."

"You got us out of a tight, George. Won't forget that." We had to butter George up, make him feel good.

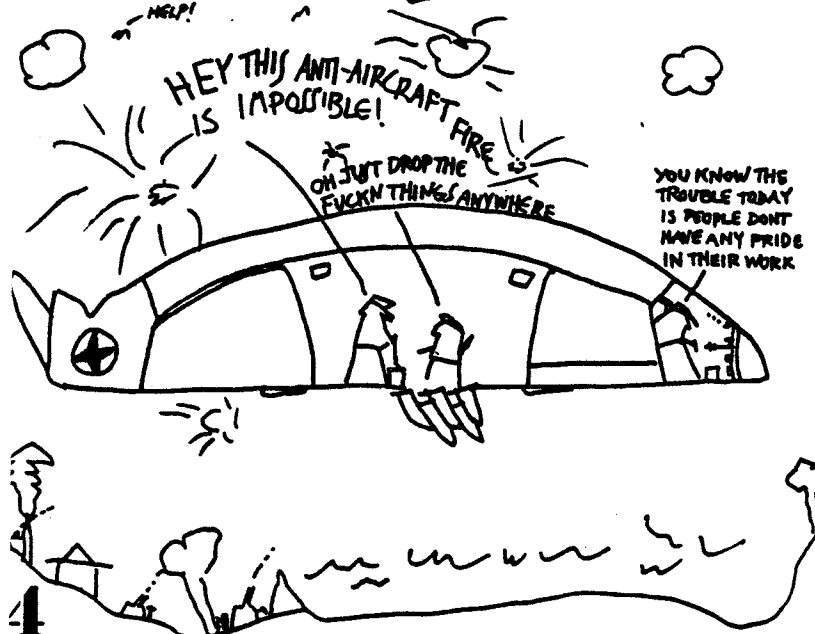
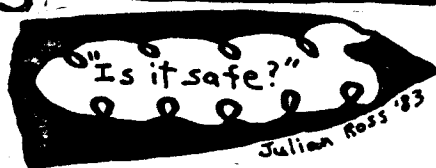
After all, there would be other Friday nights, right?

- CLAY GEERDES; March 6, 1983

PANEL 1
TRICK
OR
TREAT
82



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The Subgenius Foundation can
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THEOLOGY BRIEFS PART 3: INDIVIDUALS FOR "BOB" AND THE SUBGENIUS FLOCK

by Rev. Tribunal Overdrive

Individuals for "Bob" is the name of a new schizm being organized by myself for the purpose of furthering the correct interpretations of "Bob's" teachings. Since Ayn Rand was one of "Bob's" momentary shordurpersavs during a critical period of his life (the writing of the Pre-Scriptures), it is only appropriate that we use our Talmud-scholar talents and turn to Rand as a source of light to illuminate "Bob's" teachings.

But first, it must be made clear that there can only be one branch of my new schizm and that I'm not taking any members. If I did I would be opening myself up to the Yacatistmal influence that pervades all collective bodies. According to "Bob", the individual is the only unit

THE OMNICORP TAPES

by Bjorn Fnord; transcribed by Raldu

Although I've met the entity calling itself "Bjorn Fnord" on several bizarre occasions, it would smack of audacity to claim that I know him.

For one thing, he always has something different about his appearance every time we meet. Nothing outstanding...subtle things like an inch or so difference in height, different shade of hair, or formerly blue eyes being suddenly brown.

However, since I have it on his own word that he is the most paranoid being on this planet, it is not beyond conjecture that he considers these alterations a necessary precaution.

Last week I was woken from a sound sleep at some disgusting pre-noon hour by what may well have been Bjorn's voice whispering through my telephone.

"I've left a package in your mail-box," he informed me with that secretive urgency that passes for speech in his case. "It's a tape of conversations made from OMNICORP offices in Washington to an OMNICORP office in Moscow. Don't ask how I got it! I want you to listen to it, type it up and send it to INSIDE JOKE...no one else has the nerve to print it, but they might. If we're lucky, most of the readers will think it's just you trying to write topical humor again."

"What do you mean, 'trying to write'?" I asked, as civilly as possible. "And what the fuck is OMNICORP?"

But he had hung up.

So here's the tape. Personally, I think both voices sound a whole lot like Fnord himself trying to sound like Oscar Homolka and Jimmy Stewart, but I'm doing what he asks anyway...because there may just be an OMNICORP...

And if so, they may have the superscillious little fucker shot.

TAPE #1

A phone rings.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

"Da? Hello?"

"Hello, Dmitri, ya Commie son of a bitch."

"Ah, greetings, Imperialist dog. How you do it?"

"Oh, you know...same as always. Little balder, little fatter..."

"Ha ha. Da, me too. So what is we can be doing for you?"

"Well, we got a little problem..."

"Hah! When you ever call else, Tovarich? So, is what? Your Actor forgetting his lines?"

"No way, bal. We got a pro this time. Hope you do as well with this new guy of yours. No, it's the Apathy Program."

"You kidding! We thought it was going so well. Is it not everyone in your sector so worried about Economy they not caring what Government does? We doing our part, nyet? Is our turn to be Bad Guys this decade, so we being. So what is it problem?"

"The problem is the damn thing is working too well. Sure, everyone here is too scared to care what we do—hell, we're doing things in the open now that ten years ago would have started riots in the street—but the trouble is, not only do they not care what we do, they also don't care what you do."

"Ah! Da, that is problem. Is like what you say about having cake you eating, nyet?"

"Ha ha yourself, smartass. How's things in Poland?"

"Hokay, hokay...you is made point. So...what you wanting?"

"Do something to shake things up and do it soon."

"Like what? You want we should pull out of Afghanistan and invade back next day? Or maybe you like we put Roumania under Martial Law..."

"C'mon, this is serious. Anyway, the Board doesn't want to overwork the Martial Law thing. Too much chance of someone asking how it's different from regular law. It doesn't have to be anything big—just a little breeze to ruffle the flag. And remember, this is a delicate balance. You got as much to lose as we do if it fucks up."

"Da da...don't spill your vodka! Look, we got this sputnik, da? Is start to wobble...not working. You could be telling everyone is big Spy Machine...maybe say it fall on White House...ha ha."

"Not bad. Is it nuke-powered?"

"Nyet...is two chinchilla on treadmill. Of course is nuke."

"That might do it. I'll have to check with the board...it may be too soon after Skylab. You still owe us one for that, y'know."

"Da...well, maybe next summer, you leak what was really on Space Shuttle, hey?"

"Shit...you don't want much, do ya, Red? Well, it's up to the Board, isn't it? I hear the boys in Rome office want you to put some pressure on Poland...maybe we could work it out."

"Oh, da, da. Is one hand was the other, nyet?"

"More like both hands wash the head."

"Hahahah. Is good. Anything else you need?"

"Oh, yeah. We're almost out of caviar."

"Hokay...we trade for couple McDonald's franchise, da?"

"Da...I mean Yeah. Dosvidonya, Dmitri."

"Bye, Steve...have a nice day."

click

for any effective sociological methodology. Furthermore, as I have discovered, there is only one individual, me, that can possibly make any pronouncements of meaning or value for myself. Therefore, I am "Bob". This is known as the doctrine of metempsychosical-transubstantiation; by realizing that I am the only individual I empower myself to subsume "Bob" into myself and anyone else that I want at any time (otherwise known as the shordurpersav, for those wayward SubGenii outside my schizm). Whether or not there are other individuals I cannot say, since it is not given for me to have such knowledge.

This question can lead the follower of my doctrine into quite a bit of confusion, since one can argue for and against the existence of other individuals without ever proving anything. However, the problem is resolved by reflecting that since there is only one follower of my correct doctrine, me, there can't be very many people who might be led astray by this particular deviation from the correct line.

Now, the implications for the follower of my doctrine are these: since there is only one person who can possibly appreciate the fantastically powerful wisdom contained in the enlightenment described above, there is no need to talk about it. Rather one should spend one's time in quiet contemplation of the eternal verities and stop

A GUIDE TO THE FINE ART OF DISCORDIAN WRITING—PART 1

by Ukelele the Short, KSC

Many people have wondered why Discordians produce so many obscure tracts and articles. Although I am not empowered at present to reveal the secret to anyone ranking less than Illuminatus Doofus in the Order, I can refer you to a little book by Edward Luttwak called, simply, *Coup d'Etat*. In it, the author explains why the generation of large amounts of "noise" is essential to any conspiracy. What I can do is tell you how to generate as much of this noise as you please. Just follow these simple, alphabetical instructions and soon you can be as kreebled as Omar:

A is for ART: And you don't even have to be an artist to produce art any more, thanks to the invention of the collage. Simply take a 1942 Sears-Roebuck catalog, a Marine Corps recruitment brochure, an Ad-Art book, yesterday's newspaper, and any box of cereal. Cut out all the pictures that appeal to you and put them in a heap. Take a large sheet of paper, coat it with glue, and lay it on the floor. Now throw the heap of pictures at it. Follow the same procedure with random words and phrases from the newspaper. When all the glue is dry, use a pen to draw speech balloons around the words, add beards to the pictures, and scribble anything else that occurs to you. Make a xerox copy of the finished product and use it as a poster. Tell anyone who asks that it's obvious, ineffable, and at a level where words do not suffice to explain.

B is for BUZZWORDS: Or, to paraphrase one of the great sages, "If you can't bedazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with buzzwords." "Guerilla Ontology", for example, is a good explanation for any activity you undertake. So is "Reality Subversion". The ideal buzzword will have three or four syllables, be unknown to the majority of your readers, and have the vaguest possible definition. If you have trouble thinking of buzzwords, buy any book by Buckminster Fuller and see a master of the art at work.

C is for COMPUTER: Yes, you can write Discordian propaganda without a computer, but it's not as easy. With a computer, all you have to do is write a simple program that rearranges the words in an article or story and prints out pages and pages of new combinations. Somewhere in the resulting morass of paper will be cryptic sentences that sound like they must mean something cosmic. It doesn't matter what you started with. A more primitive form of this same method is to rip a newspaper article to shreds, and pick the shreds out of a hat to generate the random sentences.

D is for DRUGS: If you can find the typewriter, you're not too plastered to write Discordian propaganda. Don't worry about being coherent—coherency is often a handicap. Just type the first thing that comes to mind. If nothing else, you can use the resulting garbage as thought-monologues from characters in your story who are on drugs. Also remember to advocate the usage of mind-warping chemicals at every opportunity—this is required by POEE's contract with International Cocaine Importers, Inc.

E is for ERIS: A convenient Goddess to blame for anything that you can't explain within the context of whatever theory you're trying to push: It's just Her way of having a little joke at our expense. The easiest rationalization for selective use of facts currently known to man.

F is for FABLE: Don't worry if you don't have anything to say. Just take several mythical characters, such as A Duck, A Gnu, and A Certified Public Accountant and inject them into some situation where they can discuss their conflicts for a page or two. Use lots of Aesopian language such as "Now in those days there was an Evil King..." and "Indeed, do many things come to pass". Then tell everyone it's a moral allegory on the mistreatment of junior employees by the Chrysler Corporation. No one wants to look stupid by admitting they can't see the point even after such a broad hint.

G is for GLAND: If you ever write something that really offends someone, explain that the words you put on paper came to you from your Pineal Gland in the form of divine guidance, and that you were powerless to stop typing them. (You can use this explanation even if you really did mean to be insulting.) Go into the history of Speaking in Tongues, Spirit Writing, and so on, to show how you're not responsible for calling his mother a diseased spawn of a yak. Then run.

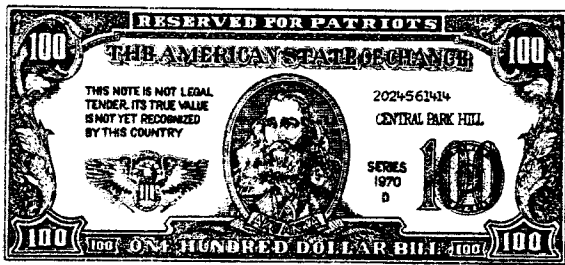
H is for HUMOR: Humor is essential to this sort of writing. Well-placed humorous lines have avoided many a suit for libel, as very few people want to make it look like they can't take a joke. Also, you can tell jokes to illustrate obscure points by analogy, although the use of this tactic by our deep agent in the White House has lately been rather overdone.

(ED: The alphabetical guide continues next month...)

JERRY BROWN, America's next Hubert Humphrey. "What America needs is jobs, jobs, jobs." Is the Silicon Valley Carol Doda's ster-num? —Cobolack

EUGENE B. SAGAN: Forget about dieting. You're already a lightweight. Surrealist Worker's Party: come again? Haydn Skh.

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ZITS...



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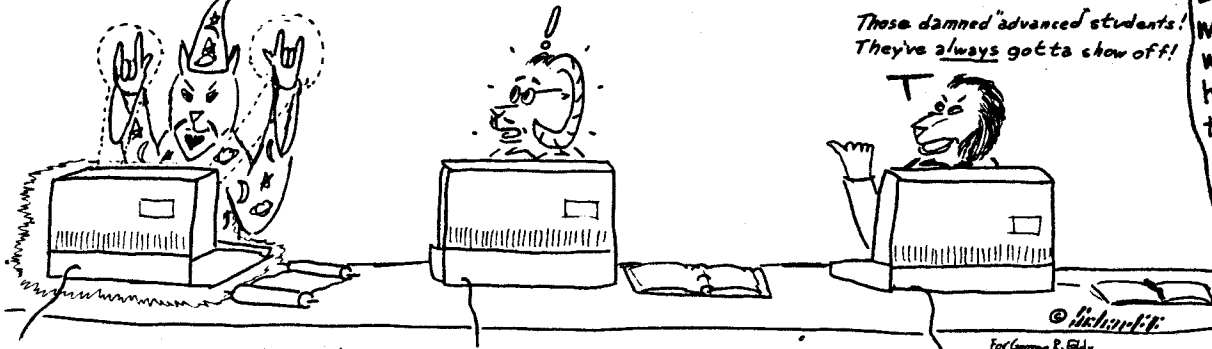
Appearing in
April

(I think I saw this
guy...)

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QUENT WIMPEL NOTES

by Kerry Thornley

ZUMA

She drove her Chevy to the levee—that old woman with the black dog. Or at least it looked to Wimpel like a levee. Although he'd spent three years in New Orleans, he'd never troubled to find out what a levee was.

This was an ocean front wall in Key Largo, encrusted with barnacles on one side and level with the land on the other.

You could drive your car on this levee, or whatever it was—lined with tall, sparse palms and scrubby pines swaying in the breeze. And that's where she parked. Maggie—that was her name—and Quent sat watching wispy clouds shred and bunch over the blue horizon as gulls turned and called overhead.

"Hereabouts," Maggie informed him, "they call me The Squaw. I'm pureblooded Cherokee, you know."

"I think we should give the country back to the Indians," Quent contributed, sincerely.

"Listen, honey," she cackled, "there's somethin' you don't understand; there's just as many ornery dad-blamed hornswogglin' fork-tongued rotten good-for-nothin' two-bit cheapskate rip-off hustin' snake-oil peddlin' cheatin' and lyin' lazy shufflin' hypocritical lousey hate-ridden sneaky back-stabbin' Injuns as anyone else. Take that as your fair warning."

Maggie's talent for cussing for minutes on end without resorting to profanity, as she negotiated the traffic up from Key West, had impressed Quent. That was what he remembered most about her after they parted company that afternoon in Key Largo.

That she had also used the words "fair warning" was a thought that nagged at the back of his mind for the next year, until springtime in Atlanta—when everything clicked into place with the deep, macho tones of a disc jockey: "The driving force of Fair Warning! Zuma! And Hoodoo Bag! Appearing one night only in the Key Club Room of the Jung Hotel in New Orleans..."

One of those freak radio receptions brought this plug all the way from the Crescent City to the basement of the World Peace Center in Atlanta, where Quent was then living without the permission of the board of directors. So but for a fluke, Wimpel might forever have remained ignorant of the source of the Mojo Contagion. Frantically, he scribbled as much of it as he could remember in his notebook: "The driving force of Fair Warning: Zuma & Hoodoo Bag..."

As soon as possible, Quent made it up to the record store near Tenth and Peachtree, to examine album covers and song names in search of more clues. Fair Warning's latest release was called *Advance Notice*, picturing on the cover none other than the same promotional poster given Quent by the lady on the bicycle—nailed to a telephone pole in a slum, with the Atlanta skyline in the background!

Aside from the title track, this album contained a song that was also on the flip side of the hit single called "Atlanta Banana". As Quent knew from bitter ulcerous experience, "banana" was a word in intelligence community slang associated with unrealistic optimism, because bananas have peels and Norman Vincent Peale was a pop philosopher of a previous generation noted for his pie-in-the-sky Positive Thinking, so utterly passe in this age.

Although the other titles listed on the back of the *Advance Notice* album were of no immediately discernable significance, a glance at the Kodachrome on the cover of the Zuma album, *We Shall Sing You A Song*, cinched Wimpel's case for conspiracy. An ancient Indian squaw, much older than Maggie, dressed in traditional garb, hovered at work over a computer terminal!

Quent's head reeled: the surrealist juxtaposition was nothing whatsoever compared to the images it raised in his mind. Clutching his notebook, he hastily scrawled: "ZUMA: At the center of The Conspiracy

to turn me into a compulsive-obsessive and a schizophrenic, in addition to the paranoid I already am, somewhere: a vast computer complex, & Maggie! Yes, Maggie—that old Indian woman whose black dog panted at me all the way from Key West to Key Largo—is running Jungian-Freudian-Rorschach-image computer programs in relation to everything I touch, everything I look at, everything I eat, to coordinate the actions of agents who then harass me, and Zuma is just as good a name for that particular contingency program to protect the Fitzpatrick assassins as any, though it is probably actually called something else. Yes, Maggie—for it would have to be someone who could think fast, and she could've sworn for hours without using an obscene word—and that takes exactly the same style of creativity that would be required."

"Yes, here we are," said the disc jockey from the speaker over his head that till then had been inoffensively playing soft rock, "where everything is replaceable but the talent. Not that one, though, baby: the one she was looking for." After a pregnant pause, he added: "Excuse me. I'm talking to our album selector here."

Quent didn't have to be reminded that in the cant of conspirators, "looking for" means acting like. Acting like someone. Who was Maggie acting like?

"Now you might remember this girl who used to sing duets with Eric, The Red."

"Teresa!" Quent exclaimed. "Eric Skhold's old roommate in New Orleans! He used to call her The Squaw!"

"Here's the new lead singer with the Pot Holders with—yes, yes!—'You Got It That Time!'"

Indian Teresa! Of course that was who Maggie was "looking for"—an alcoholic waitress in a dive along Decatur Street who also had that same talent, although Quent in that case was not personally witness to it. (Someone, though, no telling who these many years since, once said to him: "Did you know that old lady can cuss a sailor up one side and down the other without once ever using a dirty word—not so much as a 'damn' or a 'hell'?"")

Teresa, like Maggie, was also not the same squaw as on the cover of *We Shall Sing You A Song*. But then neither was Teresa the name of the new lead singer for the Pot Holders. Gertrude was her name. (Irrelevant considerations like that were always brought up by his friends, who for unknown-to-him reasons had to pretend to doubt his conspiracies theories.)

Before the passing of many moons, however, Quent was so used to the notion of Indian Teresa—that salty old New Orleans waitress—sitting behind a keyboard somewhere—probably in a secret computer center owned by Sherman Bank and Trust Company—surveilling on video screens every object with which he came in contact, and then punching in symbolically related programs (conveying automatic orders to unwitting agents of this or that cult, such as the Ragotcha Foundation or the Proscene Church or the Cosmic Light Crusade or Gould Hypnotherapy or even the Cryptocracy of Christ or all five) that he could no longer tell whether it was the weight of evidence that had accumulated for this hypothesis since the day in the record store that made it his reality, or whether he was just so used to that explanation of his daily experience that, like a long-held faith, no other worldview made sense anymore.

Perhaps the strongest point in favor of the Zuma Theory to account for the Mojo Contagion was that somewhere along the line Quent Wimpel recalled with unwavering certitude that Indian Teresa, The Squaw, told him she was a Zuma Indian—he could even recall that she was sitting on the edge of her bed in the dank apartment she shared with Eric, holding her head and moaning about a terrible hangover as she informed him of this much. "Yeah, oh my God, my people are Zumas, you know, and fire-water always was the undoing of us Injun folk."

Not until the next summer, after the one that followed that Atlanta springtime, when Wimpel was hitch-hiking through Northern Arizona—and passed a sign that read "Zuni Indian Reservation: 4 Miles"—did he realize Teresa said that day of the hangover that her people were Zunis, not Zumas. Zuma, he remembered later, upon reaching the West Coast, is a beach in Southern California.

DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOLD

I am not what, in any truthful way, can be called a "good" sleeper. I have an inordinate amount of trouble getting to sleep in the first place (I am not merely a tosser and a turner, I am a kicker, a moaner, a curser of the Almighty, a teeth-gnasher and a waker of the entire apartment in order that they might share my misery, and conventional sleep aides to not work for me. I had to abandon counting sheep when it occurred to me that, city-bred as I am, I had no real conception of what sheep actually look like, so what I was, in effect, counting were animated cotton balls with matchstick legs, doglike heads and "Baa-Baa" issuing forth from their mouths in voice balloons. Hot milk causes my gorge to rise, sleeping tablets have the same effect on my blood pressure, and reading long, dull novels only renders me more wakeful than ever, as I begin to calculate the number of trees felled in order to manufacture the paper on which the book was printed, the number of person-hours necessary to the creation of your average epic about the bedrooms and boardrooms of a multi-national shipping conglomerate, and the ratio of the price paid for the sale of the movie rights as compared to what I earn per week as a customer service arbiter in an auto-transport company), and, having once gained the Land of Nod, I am more likely than not to remain there for any length of time. I am prone to nightmares, which have an alarming tendency to involve being forced to consume an elaborate, four course Italian meal during Mama Leone's Carnival Week, in the company of Marvin Hamlish so that I am often tossed rudely awake, with a decided headache, completely incapable of going back to sleep. It is a sorry state of affairs that has left me more familiar with the water stains on my ceiling than I ever meant to be.

It isn't that I dislike the night, you understand. On the contrary, having voluntarily decided to partake of it, I like it very much. Late at night I am much less inclined to receive phone calls from genial folk wishing to sell me things than I am during the day. Casual acquaintances are less likely to drop by to provide me with spontaneous, spur-of-the-moment life experiences in exchange for my providing them with liquor, meals, a cable hook-up and a place to recuperate should they consume too much of everything else to make it safely back to Moonachie. Disc jockies are softer-voiced, movies are older and Linda Ellerbe overnight is so infinitely preferable to Sue Simmons live at five that even the seething hordes of men now vying for the Democratic nomination for the presidency begin to take on a patina of lucidness with which they are not, by day, endowed. There is, however, a vast difference between being awake at 4AM because one wishes to be awake at 4AM, and being awake at 4AM because Morpheus has greeted you at his door with a joy buzzer and whoope cushion. In the first instance I can occasionally convince myself that my propensity for late night living is in some way morally superior to the habits of those who go to bed with the birds—on the theory that anyone who would sleep with a cockatoo is likely to awaken with seeds in unfortunate places—while in the second I tend to get morbid and bitter, and strange hopes, questions and ideas begin to form in my mind.

It was while lying sleepless in my bed at four in the morning that I first conceived my ambition to produce an 18 hour television mini-series concerning the exploits of a famous cortesian, active in the resistance movement in Paris, who undermined the Nazi effort by beating its leaders at poker, to be called THE WINS OF WHORE. It was during a fit of insomnia that the burning desire was born in me to live to see the day that the country capable of putting a man on the moon and Mr. T. on a network series would come up with the formula for a deodorant soap to which I am not allergic. Needless to say, it was in the middle of one particularly hairy night that I began to hope, despite my affiliation with the Campoon for Papoon, that through some peculiar fluke the former governor of Florida would become president, if only so the following morning's headlines would scream, "The President is Askew!"

I wonder about things in the middle of these blank, black nights, not just the average, mundane things a person who suffers from only rare bouts with insomnia might ponder—whether those darkish spots by the side of my nose are enlarged pores or the first symptoms of some sort of incipient melanoma, or whether the comfort to be derived from the eating of a grilled cheese sandwich is worth the discomfort inherent in getting out of bed to make one—but things of a deep and unsavory significance. I wonder, as I lie there, whether there really is a Red beneath my bed and, if so, how he managed to wedge himself in between four boxes of back issues of MS., a pair of stadium boots badly in need of new soles, and several weeks worth of laundry and, more to the point, why on earth he'd want to. I wonder if the odd smell issuing from the kitchen sink is simply due to the building's geriatric plumbing, or if some wee, skittery beastie has gone to its reward in the drain pipe. I wonder if the same minds that decided that what this country really needs is an eleven-month football season are also responsible for passing around the rumour that the Mohawk is an attractive form of coiffure, and I wonder if there's even the remotest possibility that the more fanatical branches of fundamental Christianity are correct in their beliefs, and that some day I shall have to come face to face with my Maker and explain to Him about the road crew of a certain San Francisco rock band, and that long ago evening in Baltimore.

Worse than any of these, however, are the ideas that occur to me on these vigils through the smallest hours. Just recently, for instance, after listening to still another Ronald Reagan press conference, in which he resurrected one of the Sixties' more antic boondoggles, the Domino Theory—a perfectly viable theory, by the way, if you happen to believe that Third World countries are made out of plastic and embossed with yellow dots—I awoke abruptly with the unshakeable conviction that the central flaw in the metaphor of this theory was its basic outdatedness. Assuming that, due perhaps to long exposure to the sort of chicken a la king usually served at Republican party fund raisers, you have

developed the certainty that complex rules of international warfare can be reduced to the level of children's games, and you wish to project this certainty to other people, the trouble, I reasoned, that you'd have with the Domino Theory is that very few people in these hectic times have actually played dominos, and those that have have a bad taste for the game left in their mouths by memories of being forced to play it by sadistic babysitters and dyspeptic uncles who belched Feen-a-Mint breath at them in between moves, definitely not the sort of image one would choose were one attempting to sell a theory to the urbane sophisticates who populate this fast-paced, every-changing world of ours. What was needed, I thought blearily, was something more modern, more in line with the experiences of the computer generation. It was then that I was afflicted with The Pacman Theory.

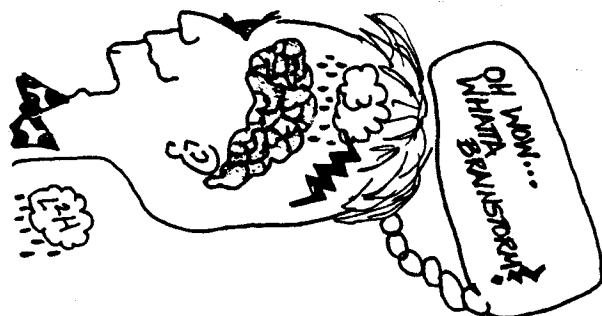
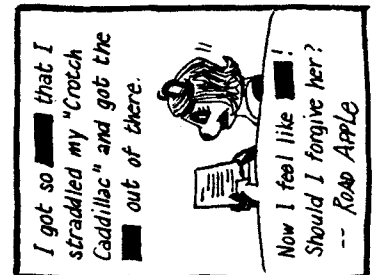
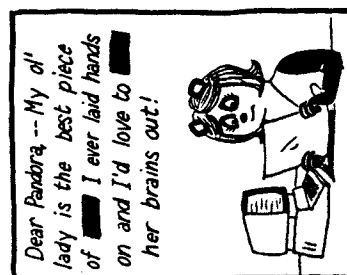
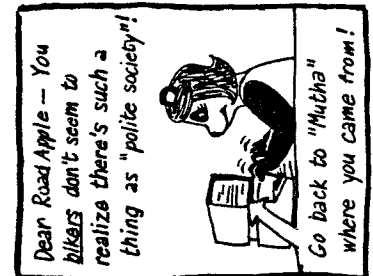
The Pacman Theory, stated in its simplest form (and, in all honesty, I'm not sure there is any other form in which to state it), says that small, defenseless countries do not fall over, one by one, when given an initial push by the giant hand of the Chinarussky Rats; rather, they are gobbled up one by one by the emissary of the Chinarussky Rats, in the person of the dreaded Pie-Shaped Thing. The United States, in the meantime, attempts to stop the rampage of the Pie-Shaped Thing by sending military advisors, known, variously, as Inky, Blinky, Stinky and (I believe), Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous, to gobble it up. Sometimes this maneuver is successful, music is played, coloured lights flash off and on, and the world is safe for Democracy until the next screen, when the whole process begins again. Sometimes this maneuver is not successful, the Pie-Shaped Thing gobbles up so many small, defenseless countries, and even a stray piece of fruit or two—say, El Salvador—and becomes so powerful that it turns on Inky, Blinky, Stinky, Simon and Garfunkel and gobbles them, turning the world into a cesspool of Communism. The only way to keep this from becoming a permanent situation is to keep feeding quarters into the defense slot, in order to keep American hands on the joystick and the armed forces of little furry monsters ever moving.

You can see, I think, where this works better at four in the morning than it does in the cold light of print, but, more importantly, you can see where, in an ideal society, I would never have been allowed to posit this theory in the first place. And this, I assure you, is in no way the worst of the ideas that have invaded my thoughts, such as they are, as I lie sleepless, as overwrought as an EPA executive barricaded in a hotel room. There was, for example, the regrettable time I came to the conclusion that the way to curtail the rising rate of unemployment was to make watching DYNASTY a civil service job, but I will spare you the details. Suffice to say that, in the interests of the sanity of the readers of this column—whether it is too late to do anything about mine is a matter of conjecture—I think it would be a good idea if someone came up with a way of getting me to sleep every once in a while. I am open to any suggestions that do not involve spending great amounts of money or watching The Uncle Floyd Show for any length of time.

Incidentally, for those of you fond of spicy show business tidbits, I have it on the best authority that Marvin Hamlish has a neurotic obsession regarding spaghetti carbonara.

WHEN SHE HEARD the Voids singing "Lars Beware" she never thought they were talking to her. Watch it, you pompous jerk. Tribunal Overdrive.

your truly, pandora
George Eddy



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FREEZE-DRIED CATHODE RAY TUBES

Why?...Why did she decide to look me up after all these years? Damned if I know. I'll have a gin an' tonic.

It was a Tuesday afternoon...She said to meet her in this bar—a sleazy little place on 6th and Oak. If I followed the directions written on the scrap of purple paper in my pocket, I was in the right place; Joe's Gin Joint. Ecch. Oh well, it was next to a laundromat just in case. In case of what, I dunno...it seemed like a good idea. Mebbe I'll have my gloves dry-cleaned.

It'd been years since I'd seen her...I wondered how playing a role out of the limelight would suit her lifestyle. After all, her film series had expired years ago. So had mine. But I had several things to keep me going. Made me a tidy sum, too. But in all the years since she left, never a card. Never a letter. Wotta bitch. Till now, anyway. What does she want? Who knows. Shouldn't be long now—she told me I'd know her by her ears. Big, big ears. Could've been Dumbo's mother for all I know. Not that it matters now. Damn her—we were young—we were in love—we had it all. Kismet. Then one morning, I find a note on my pillow. Bitch.

I searched the globe for her...but to no avail. Rome—Paris—Kalamazoo—She was nowhere to be found. I was down in the dumps after that...I took to the bottle—in a big way. Had me blacklisted for years—disbanded my club even. All because of that female. That...that...ahh, skip it. I don't even like going over it in my mind—it hurts even after all these years. Hmm. That gin hits the spot. Where the hell is she, anyway? Not that I want to see her...I'm just curious. I'll bet she's ugly as sin. Yea...ugly. Heh heh.

Cripes. Two house later and still no sign. Damn. Ain't I the fool. Another gin and tonic—I just finished off my 26th. I'll bet my breath is like rat poison. Ahem...Then something tapped me on the shoulder...I was so drunk I might've bopped 'im one. But it wasn't a him—it was her. The moment of truth.

"Mickey!" she said. "Good to see you after all these years." "Uhh, yea. You too," I mumbled, trying to disguise my intoxication. So that's how she looked. After all these years—Minnie was still as pretty as ever. Damn. I got all drunk for nothing.

License to Manipulate

Dear Coop,

I've been cheating on myself. My friends think I'm a genius, a wizard, or an extraterrestrial. To myself, I'm an asshole. I procrastinate to no limit. I deprive myself of companionship fearing that I'll hurt someone other than myself.

I set heroic goals and end up sitting on my butt watching TV. On rare occasions, I let my true self out, and make a total ass of myself.

My question is, how do I keep myself from sticking my head in the sand? **LIVING A FIB**

Dear Living,

Welcome to humanity. Accept yourself the way you are. Wear your imperfections like a badge. Celebrate your assholism. Go do the est training. There you'll be in the company of others who, like yourself, feel compelled to parade their asshole tendencies in front of everyone.

How rotten could you be if all your friends are conned into thinking you're a genius? To keep from sticking your head in the sand, try an Elizabethan collar. **COOP**

Dear Coop,

There's a woman I like very much, and with whom I'd like to remain friends, but the problem is that I appear to be her only friend, and she wants to be with me all the time. I have other friends I'd like to see sometimes, and even times when I simply prefer to be by myself, but I can't seem to get the message through to this woman. She phones me every night, tries to make plans to be with me every weekend, and acts terribly hurt if I tell her I'm busy or just not in the mood to go out. I do like her, as I said, but she's really beginning to get on my nerves. How can I get across to her that I don't want to be with her constantly, without hurting her friendship entirely?

I WANT TO BE ALONE (SOMETIMES)

Dear fledgling Garbo,

Does the woman have a pet peeve such as cigarette smoking or gum snapping? Take up a habit that she loathes and assail her with it at every opportunity. After a while, I can guarantee that you'll have to call her and promise not to indulge in your vile "habit" before she'll go anywhere with you. I've used this one very successfully myself back in the early 70s to kiss off a friend who became sickeningly enamoured of Donny Osmond. **COOP**

Dear Coop,

Now that M*A*S*H is over with, a terrible anxiety has come over me. There is this feeling I have that TV will never again spawn such quality programming. When they start calling the return of Bo and Luke Duke "the most awesome event in television", you just know it's time to pull the chain.

I'm seriously considering getting rid of the set and getting into radio and reading again. At least then I'll be able to choose the fluff I want to ingest. My question is: Do you think that a move like this could alienate me from the culture too much?

TERESA IN GREENWICH

Dear Teresa,

Not if you read the reviews. Before you do anything rash, however, give HILL STREET BLUES and ST. ELSEWHERE a gander. Daniel Travanti is no Alan Alda but oh does he ever look good in a suit. **COOP**

(Coop welcomes any and all questions, no matter how—uh—"offbeat", and thanks all those who have started participating in LTM. Please send all letters to Coop at Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809.)

NATOTORIAL

by Nate Mishaan

It was a rough week. I had just completed reading Albert Goldman's book on Elvis and had just seen the final episode of M*A*S*H, which had succeeded in desperately depressing me. I was just beginning to warm up to Winchester and Margaret Houlihan was becoming appealing to myself (I must be getting old).

Saying goodbye has never been easy. Seeing the 4077 and the Twelfth Precinct dissolve rings a chord which is similar to the shot that rang the world—the erosion of the State of the Art, the beginning of the end of TV. Goodbyes on television have become more difficult to take. Remember when the WJM news staff walked out of the newsroom, or when Felix remarried and moved out on Oscar? The stars of WKRP never said goodbye (or did I miss that one?). Anyway, what's left?

Is Frank going to divorce his new bride? Will Hill and Renko get fatally shot? Will J.D. get back into the bottle? Will Belker die of botulism as the result of biting a wine?

The heart of this media consumer is constantly getting broken. I'm getting to the point of not wanting to watch TV and forming interpersonal relationships with the friends that I make on the screen only to watch sagging Nielsens or diminishing TVQ's lead to an abrupt parting.

The only answer would be the premiere of a new program (brought to you by the people who brought you the MUSIC MINUS ONE record series) which would feature a psychiatrist counselling an empty couch. It would appropriately be titled PSYCHOANALYSIS MINUS ONE. The psychiatrist would sit next to an empty couch and nod periodically and say things like, "You're holding back...How long have you felt this way... UMMMMMM...I see...and....your time's up." The viewer would pour his guts out in the privacy of his own home and make progress (so long as you want to change).

If I'm not making any sense or this NATOTORIAL lacks continuity it's because I'm terribly grief-stricken and am attempting to "let go" of the past.

Last week my favorite pair of Wranglers died. We have been together for years and they split on me. They split on me while I was changing my motor oil. Come to think of it...I'm beginning to miss the Castroil I drained out and dumped. We have been together for 3000 miles. I threw away a coffee cup this morning after being with it for a whole fifteen minutes; too bad, I was about to solve the riddle on it...

It's time to start anew. I'm going to stop trying to "cling to the past". Life is a continuum, time is an infinite plane. We exist for only a segment of time. A segment which is only an infinitely tiny piece of time.

I am going to start writing Haikus. Where can I find a copy of the rules of Haiku writing? How many syllables? What has to rhyme? What is iambic pentameter? (Is iambic pentameter related to pentax, syntax or kotex? sorry, I have just had a relapse of the past.)

PLEASE GIVE ME GUIDANCE...RADAR COME BACK...

Where do TV characters go after they get cancelled? Why am I taking all of this so hard? Why did I throw out that Bic razor?

See you next month on these very same funny papers. Where did I leave my funny papers?

FUN WITH TOM

by Tom Sanders

Everyone who knows how many beans make five knows that March is spring training time for the major league baseball teams. Well, how's about it? Whaddaya think about those Yankees this year? Ya think George Foster's gonna start earning his pay with the Mets? And how about those Dodgers? Really somethin', no more Steve Garvey and Ron Cey, and no more Mrs. Cey. There. Put Tom down as the first person to ask those questions of you this season. He certainly won't be the last.

This month's INSIDE JOKE sports section continues with some baseball reminiscences from the young life of young Tom. He knows a woman who thanks of baseball as two four-letter words. She banned the game from her home, and many times Tom would go out to his auto "to check something" or behind the storage shed to sneak in a couple innings. He loved tuning in a game when she was busy on the phone, unable to protest, and talking baseball with her male friends who would drop by expecting a night of indoor sports. They are still good friends, however, and are now re-defining their relationship on other levels.

One Sunday afternoon in Tiger Stadium a Tiger batter, possibly Al Kaline, sliced an outside fastball down the right field line. It hit the upper deck overhang barely fair, a home run, and bounced back on the field. The visiting right fielder, Boston's Tony Conigliaro, tossed the home run pellet back into the upper stands where young Tom made a graceful three-bounce pickup. Later that year Tony C was hit in the cheekbone by a high hard one and missed two months of the season as well as the World Series. In 1982 Tony slipped into a coma and was hospitalized for several weeks. Any Sox fans out there? I wonder how Tony C is doing.

The Chicago Cubs have not won a National League title since 1945, two years before the Marshall Plan and three years ahead of the 1948 Chevrolets. Rock and roll was still a decade away when the Cubs and Tigers met in the '45 Series. This fact has gained the Cubbies a lot of notoriety. It's said that every baseball fan has two favorite teams—his own and the Cubs; excluding those unfortunates who have been Cub fans from the start. Setting aside the poor teams, Wrigley Field is a great place to watch baseball games. It is a homey red brick and ivy ballpark, set in the middle of a north side residential neighborhood. Nowhere else can baseball fans have a 7-11 Slurpee, a Big Mac with fries, and then go across the street to see a major-league ballgame. (NEXT MONTH—KAREN CARPENTER: IN MEMORIAM)

TO MR. All-Knowledge: Do you realize how psychologically sick you are?

THERE'S NO point in my losing weight because I only end up as a fat man trapped in a thin man's body. —Eugene Benjamin Sagan.

DISSIDENT DISSIDENTS: Write to 2000 Center St., #1314, Berkeley, CA 94704 for "Circle—A Docket: A Review of Processed World."

GiveMeLiberty!

by Jill Dearman

It was a day that would live in infamy. Wednesday, March 9, 1983. Not only was it Robin Trower's 38th birthday, and Mickey Dolenz's 79th ("Hey, Hey, They forgot us!"), it was a day that would be uttered and spoken of in hushed tones by future Hillcrest High School students, and the grandchildren (and carriers of tradition) of Hillcrest graduates (and dropouts) of the Classes of '83, '84, '85 and '86...the day the students (and reasonable facsimiles) nearly walked out.

Yes, we the famous students (we were featured on "Live at Five" for a number of segments under the heading of "Troubled Teens") whispered to one another between, during and after classes (and I quote), "Psst—Walk-out at 12:00."

What could have been the reason for this plan of organized madness, you, the concerned and disturbed (yes, profoundly disturbed) readers of INSIDE JOKE, ask? Well, I'll tell ya. Reliable sources have told me that the main reason for the "walk-out on the wild side" threat was to protest the fact that students are not allowed to go out for lunch. Yes, that's right—Hillcrest teachers and administrators alike tell me it is purely sick-bird (illegal) to go out for McRibbs and Pac-Man between 8:30AM and 2:45PM. (McRibbs at 8:30—Barf Me Out!) I spoke to a few teachers on this matter, and these were their reactions:

MR. S. LEGREE (Social Studies Dept.)—"In my day, there was no such thing as 'lunch'! Oh, there were rumors going around that people ate more than two meals a day, but I never believed it!"

MS. J. CRAWFORD (School Nutritionist)—"These children are just plain spoiled! They say they don't like the cafeteria food. Well, what in God's name is wrong with raw calf's brain? It was good enough for my children, and it's good enough for them, too!"

MR. A. HITLER (Guidance Dept.)—"Vot de Hell ess goink on? Virst dey make fun ov my mustache, ant wwrite 'Heetler ess eento S unt M' on de flakpole, unt now dey say dey are goink to vok out!! Vot has hapent to Heelcrest Meiskool? Vonce eet vos de best skool in der lant, unt now der sthdents are revoltink! (Vell...dey vere always revoltink...) Shitlll, I haf faith! Vun day, Heelcrest vill rise up again! Mark mine vords, Eva!"

Meanwhile, back at rebel headquarters (code name "Kent State"), Chris Downey advised the troops to sit quietly in their 4th period classes, and to walk out onto free soil at 12:00! And then...

"PLEASE EXCUSE THIS INTERRUPTION..." The dreaded voice of our principal! They were on to us! They even got Diane Williams, Student Organization President! Over the loudspeaker we heard her saying, "Any student problems or complaints can be worked out...but not by walking out..." I had heard enough. They had taken Diana—by force, no doubt! They must have found out about her one weak spot—Ocean Spray Cranapple Juice. The Other Side must have wooed her with the promise of a lifetime supply (you should have taken the squid, Diana)!

Still, they must have held a gun to her head. But Diana is one smart cookie! Yes, she formulated a code! I realized when she ended her speech with the words, "Hope Everyone Loves Poland", she was using the famous "first-letter-of-every-word" code! Therefore, she was, in essence, saying "HELP!"

Unfortunately though, it was to no avail. Few students walked out (those that did were caught and pleaded, "But I was cutting all day and didn't hear the announcements!"). Chris Downey (alleged staff writer for INSIDE JOKE) claimed, "I have a dream! Let there be a McRib in the Atari of every American's home, and a Pac-Man in every stomach (or vice-versa)!"

On that note, INSIDE JOKErs, let me say that until this injustice is resolved, I will boycott the Hillcrest cafeterias, and write to you faithfully:

Future Thoughts

by Gerry Reith

"Hi. How was your day at work?" His wife came out of the kitchen and wiped her hands on her apron. Several times. Even though they were dry.

"Well, Jones got the axe because he blew the Seagram's contract; other than that it was singularly boring. I mean, watching this grown man crying as he emptied his desk...it was pretty funny. Then he picked up his typewriter and threw it through the window. I mean, I wish I could just do that sometimes."

His son Tommy came downstairs with his schoolbooks and sat down at the left end of the couch. "Look," he said, "They gave us all free books today!"

Mr. Spellbound took the book his son was waving at him. "Huh. Who gave it to you?"

"Some guy from TIME Magazine. They said that the board of directors was getting worried about how America's youth couldn't read anymore, so they're giving a free subscription to TIME Magazine to every boy and girl in every school in the country. And that book is just the start. He said that TIME's staff was preparing textbooks for use in every subject so that it would be cheaper to provide students with books once they're standardized. He said the taxpayers would be mighty happy because textbook costs have risen so high."

Spellbound looked again at the title on the book. An Outline of Knowledge for Every Boy and Girl. He flipped the pages looking for a table of contents. There wasn't one. Not even any introductory pages. He selected a sentence at random. "Once upon a time blacks slaved to white. Due to whitefairness, blacks gave up slaveness now befree." He skipped ahead a few pages. "Teevee not plusgood functional societally. Once ungood—many nontruenesses pictured. Government law equals trueness on Teevee for accuracy to the peoplemindd for its healthfulness."

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DARK WINGS OVER EASY

PART FIVE

by Rolán

A toe attached to a foot encased in a stylish brogue nudged Sam Hain's recumbant form gently in the floating ribs, distracting his floating consciousness from the peaceful void where his unconscious mind was negotiating a six-month lease with an option for permanent residence on approval. With growing annoyance Sam's Samness swam towards this unwanted interruption.

"Are you through lying about in the middle of a busy street?" inquired a pleasant voice, "cause if you are, there's a matter of some importance I'd like to discuss with you."

"I'm not sure I am quite finished with lying here, and I'm certainly not doing anything else until I'm sure I've had enough...I hate quitters, especially when they're not good enough to finish what they start."

"Ah yes...you're quoting John Wayne. Many consider that line to be the stupidest speech he ever made, though there are numerous close contenders. He's very popular with a certain cult on my planet, much like Jerry Lewis is in France. His fans punch each other in the mouth as a form of greeting and wear special undergarments that cause them to walk funny. No one respects them at all—"

"Your...planet?" Sam asked.

"Why, yes, didn't you get my message? I'm the alien...I told your friend Dan to tell you I was looking for you. It's vitally important that I talk to you. I contacted Dan because I can only communicate with members of your species who can see past the enforced limitations of Accepted Reality. In fact, that's why I had to arrange for you to be beaten up...so I could catch you between Realities."

"Why," Sam asked, somewhat annoyed, "didn't you just hit me with a brick?"

"Oh, quite impossible, I'm afraid. While naturally I enjoy Herriman as much as any sentient being, it's not possible for me to perform acts of physical violence personally. Luckily, I can influence other beings who are prone to such acts and programmed to accept subliminal messages. Your species has such an impressive number of these types that I've actually been wondering if your whole system of religion and government wasn't set up by earlier visitors from my planet in order to make things easier for those of us who came after."

Sam had spent the time taken for this speech to gather the needed energy to overcome the last vestiges of pleasant inertia and now rose groggily to his feet.

"That's not the weirdest explanation for that phenomenon that I've heard," he agreed. "We should go somewhere worthy of further discussion and discuss it. Just before you arrived, my feet had a really brilliant idea that still seems to hold considerable merit. Do you like beer and dark places?"

"Oh, quite," agreed the Alien, "my distant ancestors lived in caves and feared the unknown much the same as yours."

Truth In Advertising

by Chris Downey

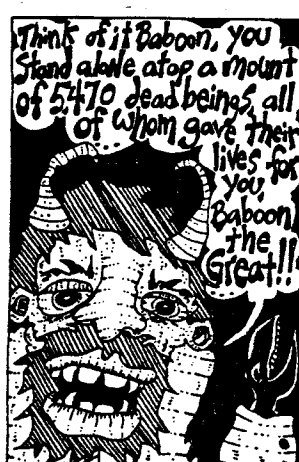
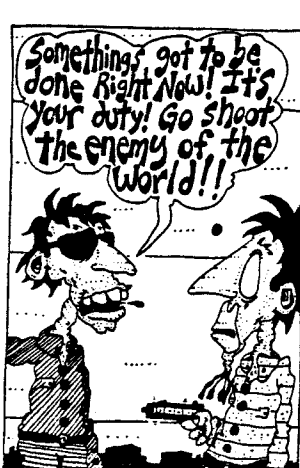
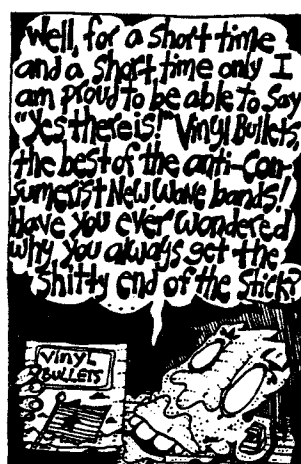
I've always hated name-droppers. I've hated them to the extent that if I ever meet any celebrity of note, I try to make as little of it as possible. Still, every once in a while I come across such an interesting or colorful character I just brim over with enthusiasm thinking about him. These are individuals who set themselves apart from the common man by their unique ability to convey their feelings to the largest audience imaginable. They encompass the dreams and secret desires of countless numbers of people in our society. But while they loom above our heads they're still an extension of our personalities. They're the men and women who act in commercials.

Probably the most famous of all advertising professionals was a young man by the name of Mason Reese. In the early seventies this boy's name was spoken in whispers along Madison Avenue as the "kid who could sell anything". Who could ever forget the short, round, dumpy little guy proclaiming to a troubled America, "It's a smorgosbord in a can!" But those were happier days for Mason. Days when the executive board at Underwood Devilled Ham called the shots in this town. Times change, and all too quickly Mason found his fame was fleeting. The kid who had endorsed everything from breakfast cereals to copy machines suddenly discovered work was getting scarce. In a cruel twist of fate, it seemed that although Mason was growing older he was not getting any taller. Realizing he would remain four feet tall forever he became despondent. He went on an eating binge that didn't stop until he ballooned to almost two hundred pounds. Looking like some fat, red-headed dwarf one might read getting into trouble in one of Grimm's Fairy Tales, only circus work was made available to him, and with all of the royalty monies spent on eclairs and Rocky Road ice cream, Mason was forced to take it. Life on the road was hard, and Mason steadily grew more alienated from his fellow circus performers. Then one day he decided to turn his life around.

"I had a dream that changed my life," he told me later. "I was in Washington, D.C., in the Pentagon. All the military brass were there discussing how they should spend their defense budget. This speaker got up and started to describe a new tank his company was making and what it could do for the armed forces. It had radar, and all these guns, and anti-aircraft artillery and he droned on and on, and all the delegates were starting to fall asleep. So I jumped up on a table and yelled, 'IT'S A SMORGOSBORD IN A TANK! THAT'S ALL IT IS, A SMORGOSBORD IN A TANK!', and everyone started to cheer. I cried, I just cried. It was just beautiful."

So Mason Reese is back in circulation. But can a young, fat, red-headed midget make it selling weapons contracts to large American corporations? Only time will tell.

SO, NU? WHY AREN'T YOU WRITING PAUL BUHLE FOR INFORMATION ABOUT SCHMATA (RADICAL JEWISH HUMOR RAG)? SASE TO 363 MORRIS AVE., PROVIDENCE RI 02906



SLIPPED DISCS by Jed Martinez

"BILL COSBY 'HIMSELF'" (Motown 6026 ML)

In the tradition of live comedy on film (as exemplified by "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" and "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip"), Dr. William H. Cosby, Jr. joins the illustrious ranks with his new movie "Bill Cosby 'Himself'"; however, since this filmed concert has not been released in most parts of the Continental United States, fans of Cosby can catch highlights of his performance on the original soundtrack album, released by Motown.

Although some of Bill's material dates back to earlier LP's (especially two cuts, 'The Dentist' and 'The Grandparents'), they never lose momentum once he begins talking. All the monologues are '100% Pure Cosby' from start to finish.

Most of the album is taken up with stories about his wife and his apparently 'brain damaged' kids ("Why did you do that?" asks the father, to which the innocent child constantly replies, "I don't know!"), and of the responsibilities in the household (i.e., when the kids run away from their punishment, Bill states, "My job is, I am the goalie... the children come at me, and I kick 'em back into play."). But the highlight of "Bill Cosby 'Himself'" is an eight-minute piece called 'Natural Childbirth', another misadventure of Bill and his 'urped' wife in the final stages of pregnancy (which is a sort of sequel to a similar piece heard on the album "Bill Cosby at Madison Square Garden"), from the first major contraction to the moment of truth in the delivery room ("...In natural childbirth, it means no drugs will be administered in the female's body during the delivery...the father can have all he wants!").

People who grew up listening to stories about Fat Albert, Old Weird Harold, football games at Temple U., and the early rites of parenthood, will want to add "Bill Cosby 'Himself'" to their comedy album collection. The film, itself, is not to be missed, either.

NATIONAL LAMPOON presents

"SEX, DRUGS, ROCK 'N' ROLL, AND THE END OF THE WORLD"
(Passport Records PB6018)

A decade ago, when Banana Records released (or should I say unleashed) the very first National Lampoon album, "Radio Dinner", featuring then unknowns such as Michael (Mr. Mike) O'Donohue, Tony ('Not the Bible') Hendra, and Christopher Guest, it set into motion a brand of humor unparalleled until the arrival of 'NBC's Saturday Night Live'. Based on the adult humor magazine's format, it was fast-paced, off-beat, often very controversial, and surprisingly enough, it was very funny.

Now a new National Lampoon album, "Sex, Drugs, Rock 'N' Roll, and the End of the World", has found its way into America's spleen, as once again sacred cows are being slaughtered by a new degenerate generation of performers, featuring Rodger Bumpass (of the last two NatLamp LP's), Mike Griffin, Elizabeth Kemp, Phil Proctor of The Firesign Theatre, and Tony Scheuren, who does an uncanny impersonation of Bob Dylan in a piece called 'Godspeak Suite'.

Among the updated (and equally outdated) comedy pieces are a monologue by a vegged-out Jane Fonda, played by Kemp ("...I've got more Oscars than brains!"), parodies of prison films, radio phone-in shows, and religious revivals, complete with dead people born again (such as Marilyn Monroe, played with authenticity by Teresa Ganzel), and it's all climaxed (literally) with a reggae song of atomic proportions, 'Apocalypso Now!'

Some of the cuts are mildly amusing (like 'Firing Line' with the Ayatollah Khomeini, and 'Mr. Reagan's Neighborhood'), while most other cuts may gross you out (such as 'Best Friends', a dialogue between two young girls that's been practically Xeroxed from the film "Fast Times at Ridgemont High"). This album is not recommended for Junior, as there exists the obligatory offensive language that the National Lampoon is known for.

Summarizing, in comparison to earlier National Lampoon albums, "Sex, Drugs, Rock 'N' Roll, and the End of the World" will not be as memorable, but if you're into any of the title subjects (with the hopeful exception of the last one), you'll get some pleasure out of it.

Honk! Honk! Why, it's Wobbles the Goose!

CARTOON QUERIES #3 by John R. Scharff

Greetings, Honorable Reader. This month I humbly offer my quiz on a few of the wonderful cartoons from Japan. Please (prease?) pardon this unworthy one for not having a different program to go with each question.

Also, be aware that a direct quote underlined is taken verbatim (I hope) from that particular show's theme song.

1. "Who lives down in deepest, darkest Africa?"
 2. Who relied on "Oxygun" to survive in his chosen environment?
 3. Who had jets in the soles of his feet and a steel cowlick?
 4. What is the true name and secret identity of the mysterious "Racer X"?
 5. Who was "the space-age robot. He's at your command...His power is in your hand"?
 6. Who was the creation of "Professor Pachyderm"?
 7. Name Speed Racer's girlfriend, younger brother & brother's pet.
 8. What does the housekeeping at "Center Neptune" while "G-Force" is away?
 9. The closing theme of Marine Boy was about whom?
 10. Which program had a theme written by Isao Tomita of classical electronic music fame? (Hint: Question #1 is its first line)
- If that isn't hard enough, I challenge even the most hardcore video fanatic to name the 2 main characters of *Galaxy Express 999*. (Answers next month, and boy is Mike Pinto gonna be pissed...)

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REVIOOSE

THE KING OF COMEDY (20th Century-Fox Pictures)
review by Bill-Dale Marcinko

After *Taxi Driver* (1976), director Martin Scorsese's other major film to explore the nobody-desperate-for-something-to-happen character Robert DeNiro has down perfectly, sparked John Hinckley to badger Jodie Foster and shoot Ronald Reagan, it would have been easy for Scorsese to pull back from the controversy and do a nice safe comedy. But Scorsese delivers *The King of Comedy*, despite the title, an equally disturbing film, which explores in even more depth the issues that the Hinckley (and Chapman) cases bring to mind.

From a script by Paul Zimmerman, *The King of Comedy* is the story of Rupert Pupkin (Robert DeNiro), a painfully untalented comedian who dreams of appearing on the late night talk show of his idol, Jerry Langford (nicely underplayed by Jerry Lewis, in his first dramatic role, excluding, I presume, his own *The Day The Clown Cried*). While attempting to rekindle an old high school romance with a barmaid (DeNiro's real-life estranged wife, Diahnne Abbott) and placating his friend and even more hysterical Langford fan, Masha (played beautifully by stand-up comic Sandra Bernhard), Rupert's main task is his obsessive attempt to get Langford to notice him, to get the crack at instant stardom his *Tonight*-like show would provide. After numerous attempts to get through to Jerry, delivering a tape through his patient, suffering assistant (Shelley Hack), call him, visit him unexpectedly at his country home, Pupkin snaps and decides to kidnap Langford.

Looking at this story, it's clear immediately how easily, in less competent hands, this film could get very dull, or go skidding off in an odd direction. But every scene here works, adds to a cumulative emotional effect. The acting here, from the entire cast, is as chillingly good as you can see in a film this year. The direction, a series of nervous, claustrophobic scenes with the camera held still (a rarity for Scorsese)—trapping us in the room with Pupkin the way Langford and his assistants are—is as masterful as any of Scorsese's work.

Scorsese plays it smart: Rupert Pupkin, with his horrible jokes, pencil-thin moustache, and lifesize cardboard cutouts of Liza Minelli and Jerry Langford in his room, could be played as a lovable bumpkin (or pumpkin, as everyone in the film mispronounces his last name). But in DeNiro's performance, there's a sour, psychotic note ringing underneath. We know that Pupkin, were he not living with his Mom in Union City, could be, under different circumstances, Travis Bickle in *Taxi Driver*, buying guns and shooting pimps. The same American desire for fame, the same fear, the same loathing, the same drive is undeniably present in Pupkin. Likewise, Sandra Bernhard's Masha is brash and funny, but underneath is a sexual insecurity and deep neurosis that darkens all her jokes.

The scenes in *King of Comedy* are like that: funny, but with a dark underbelly. Scorsese is superb in trapping us between two emotional responses to Rupert Pupkin: we are stuck in the area between smug pity and real compassion. We can't dismiss Rupert Pupkin as a "symbol" of what is wrong with the American Dream because he's too real, too like people we know. But we can't really like him in the traditional comic manner (king of comedy—indeed!), like the buffoons Jerry Lewis plays or the schnooks Woody Allen plays. He's too damn obnoxious.

As the film progresses, the characters become more annoying and more recognizable. By the time the "happy" ending (which 20th Century Fox reportedly forced Scorsese to tack onto the film) so gloriously promoted in the tv ads arrives, you are too shaken and depressed to cheer. *King of Comedy* is a jittery, wired, and ultimately very tragic comedy, as far away (thank God) from the reassuring warmth of *E.T.* and *Tootsie* as you'll ever get. It's one of the more interesting, complex films you can treat yourself to this season. Recommended enthusiastically.

(For NJ movie-goers, *The King of Comedy* is playing at Menlo Park Cinema on Route 1 and the RKO Route 4 Sevenplex in Paramus.)

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THE LAW & ORDER HANDBOOK

by RICHARD WEINSTOCK

Illustration by Rolde

Chapter 7: "DEHUMANIZING THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM & PENAL INSTITUTIONS"

It has become clear that jails, Courts and the various other auxiliary agencies of law enforcement must be modernized so as to reflect more traditional values. What has happened is that the jug is no longer a jail, but a "security facility". People accused of crimes are no longer advised that they will receive fair trials before being sentenced to the maximum penalties authorized by law, but instead have to be advised of their constitutional right to remain silent when confronted with evidence upon which a strategically obtained confession could be based. The criminal justice system and penal institutions have become run through with well-intended but abused protections of individuals, and in order to reverse this process it is necessary to dehumanize the various organs of the State responsible for the processing of criminals after they are arrested.

The Case of The Unholy Adjective

Before looking at the ways that Courts, jails and other agencies might be appropriately dehumanized, it is important to look at the concept of Humanism as it has developed over the years and impacted upon the system. The dictionary defines Humanism as "A philosophical mode of thought devoted to human interests". At first glance this seems innocent enough, but as we shall see the dictionary is oblivious to tainted modifiers.

Many historians believe that the concept of Humanism arose out of some early Christian teachings which stressed the importance and worth of each human being including oneself as a proper subject of study, understanding, and bestowal of praise and benefits. But recently a small group of scholars has claimed that Humanism is also a theme of pre-Christian, Judaic learning and this gets the concept into a bit of trouble. A small but significant group of historians goes even further and claims that Humanism was occasionally also present in the practices of various cultures that worshipped anything from stars, cows, penises, and camel dung to superhuman incestuous beings and cosmic practical jokers. This gets the concept into a whole lot of trouble because good ideas are the exclusive spiritual property of every literate orthodoxy. In any case, for generations clerics claimed a virtual monopoly on Humanism. Then, in the twentieth century, some anti-religious theists, atheists and agnostics decided that the concept of Humanism was a good one even though it appeared to be an idea generated by some religious people. They eventually took it on as a faith of their own, dropping any religious notions of divine inspiration, and dubbed it "secular humanism". This naturally angered the church crowd. The majority of them simply charged the Secular Humanists with plagiarism and were content to let sleeping lies dog it. A minority, however, Fundamentalists, disowned the concept of humanism in its entirety on the grounds that any word that could be modified by the unholy adjective "secular" could not possibly enhance a concept sanctioned by God or Christ.

The Fundamentalist notion is based upon God's ejection of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden because they ate an apple tainted by the Devil who incarnated himself in the form of a snake. The Fundamentalists believe people who pretend to practice any form of morality not based upon the literal commands of the Bible are the Devil's incarnations, and that any word or idea which becomes modified by an adjective invented by such people is thereafter tainted and no longer has any place in a good Christian's thoughts and actions.

This short history suggests how the words of God may be artfully used in the service of law and order. Since the adjective "secular" is now tainted, Humanism is no longer worth the bleeding hearts it is printed on. The way to junk a concept in our culture is to "de" it. Spent nuclear plants are deactivated, burdensome governments are decentralized, and wasteful industries are deregulated. By the same token, the criminal justice system and penal institutions should be dehumanized so that law breakers in the future will be properly railroaded, persecuted, neglected, and otherwise treated to their just desserts.

Where To Start

There are so many problems with the system that it is difficult to determine just where to begin. Accused persons are not always convicted. Judges often fail to sentence people to maximum terms. Prisoners are often fed on balanced diets so that when they are released, they have the health and energy to plan, execute and get away with better crimes. How can citizens concerned with law and order put a stop to all this? We will here look at several methods and approaches to iron out the human factors in the system.

Procedural Reform: More Business-Like Courts

It is of course impossible to remove all humans from the judicial system, but it is quite possible to minimize their influence, and to use the ones that are there in a more efficient manner.

One of the greatest problems that needs to be remedied here is the spontaneity and unpredictability of people which not only lengthens the proceedings, but leaves the final outcome of any trial in considerable doubt. This might be resolved by requiring all witnesses, attorneys and other participants to have a prepared text when testifying, arguing or otherwise participating in the trial. This would also simplify and get rid of most objections by the attorneys, who constantly and discourteously interrupt the smooth flow of many trials. The only proper objection would be for "departure from prepared text", an easy matter to objectively determine when compared with the numerous present-day grounds for excluding evidence.

Another all too telling human aspect of today's Courtroom proceedings is the process of confrontation. The defendant would like nothing better than to throttle the prosecutor and the people who are testifying against him. The attorneys would like to physically remove the wax from the judge's ears so that his rulings and conduct of the trial would follow some semblance of order. The jurors are just longing to touch defense counsel's hair to determine if it is real or a toupee.

Wisely, physical contact is prohibited in the Courtroom. But this is not enough. Contact should be even further minimized by prohibiting eye to eye contact between the various people in the proceedings. To help people comply with such a ban, it would be desirable to rearrange Courtroom furniture a bit. Already the judge's bench is elevated, so the early designers of Courtrooms were moving in the right direction. If it was raised an additional twenty feet and tilted upward at a 45 degree angle, the temptation of eye contact with him would be completely removed. Similarly, witness stands should be rearranged so that they face under the judge's elevated bench and away from jurors. Attorneys should at all times be required to look out at the audience and the defendant should be blindfolded. Restricting eye contact in this fashion would reduce the incentive of witnesses to lie because they would feel that there is no one to lie to. Attorney to judge and vice versa twisting of logic in arguments and rulings would be lessened for the same reason, and also the person to be convicted would be more clearly identified.

Presently trials take up much time because there are numerous witnesses who follow each other in presenting testimony. The dehumanizing principle of mass production could be used here so that all witnesses are sworn in and testify at the same time, thereby clearing up congested court calendars. Finally, juries should have the option of returning a guilty verdict against the lawyers instead of their clients if they are too obnoxious during trial.

Procedural Reform: Prisons That Punish

Recent surveys suggest that the humane treatment of prisoners is not paying off. In a recent poll, 473 prisoners picked at random were asked, "How would you rate your facility in comparison with other, away from home lodgings?" The results were as follows:

	Excellent	Good	Fair	Poor
Accommodations	0	0	0	473
Food	0	0	0	473
Service	0	0	0	473
Decor	0	0	0	473
Attitude of Staff & Management	0	0	0	473

This compares almost identically with a poll of 271 inmates who were asked to rate their stay in solitary confinement. The results:

	Excellent	Good	Fair	Poor
Accommodations	0	0	0	271
Food	0	0	0	271
Service	0	0	0	271
Decor	0	0	0	271
Attitude of Staff & Management	0	0	0	271

Most people knowledgeable about prisons rate standard cell treatment as more humane than solitary confinement, but the above studies show that to prisoners it makes little difference. In fact, certain other studies suggest that inmates may actually prefer a dehumanizing approach. In 1979 the National Better Foods Through Chemistry Association found that prisoners preferred meals dispensed by bus station automatons over those prepared by prison chefs. In February 1980, The Aberrationist, a monthly magazine devoted to non-traditional sexual activities, reported that prisoners have a slight preference for sexual relationships with some of the inanimate objects found in their cells over sexual relationships with fellow inmates.

Prison officials also feel that treating convicts like scum and subhumans enhances their negative self-images, so that when they are released from jail, they will be successfully unemployed and not have to abandon their careers as criminals.

Finally, penal officials simply don't see humane treatment of prisoners as a high priority in prison rehabilitation. They claim numerous concerns are of greater importance including: 1) higher prison employee wages and fringe benefits; 2) frequent promotions; 3) immunity from prisoners' rights suits; and 4) inmate religious revelations and conversions to acceptable faiths.

It seems clear that the time is right for the dehumanization of penal institutions, and that this should be done as soon as possible. A minority of prisoners may resist. But they are in no position to object, and if they attempt to do so, guards should be instructed to counter by threatening to remove all inanimate objects they are emotionally attached to from their cells.

Training People In The DeHumanities

In order to successfully dehumanize the criminal justice system and penal institutions, it will be necessary to properly train future professionals who plan to work in the various organizations responsible for the administration of justice. Currently, could and penal officials may "go along" with dehumanization efforts, but unless they are

continued next page ...

Two MOAE CHAPTERS TO GO - STAY TUNED TO IT!

properly trained, merely the form and not the spirit of it will prevail.

Also, it is important that they learn how to handle matters when problems beset a law and order political administration and some things don't go quite right. During World War II, thousands of criminal justice and penal officials processed those who were criminals in accordance with the duly constituted laws of the county. After World War II, it was quite clear that the laws in question were not only senseless, but highly prejudicial, and that those who were incarcerated or executed under them could not be entirely blamed for the breakdown of law and order which resulted in so much crime and violence. After the War, the victorious allies attempted to hold many of the criminal justice and penal officials responsible for the errors and misdeeds of the politicians. The officials pleaded that they were just "administrators following orders". This defense was rejected, not because of its obvious legitimacy, but because many of the allied law enforcement officials could not understand that oblivious court procedures and harsh prisoner treatment are necessary and important aspects of maintaining law and order. People who operate these institutions cannot be burdened with value judgments about the "cosmic fairness" underlying criminal laws they have sworn to uphold. Training professional crime people and others in the dehumanities would promote not only knowledge and skill in the uses and justifications for law and order behavior and roles, but also greater public acceptance of what otherwise might seem intolerable conduct.

In order the institutionalize this kind of learning, state and private colleges and universities should be encouraged to set up conservative arts departments which will offer courses in medieval philosophy, courtroom vegetation, effective pain management, and other related subjects.

Alienation/Staying Fit

Sociologists and other liberal types have often criticized the amount of alienation that exists in modern society. But people who are alienated can and do make excellent contributions, provided their negative outlook manifests itself in marketable rather than imprisonable activities. It is also true that an alienated society is capable of greater and more creative dehumanization than a non-alienated society. It seems clear that if we want a thoroughly dehumanized criminal justice and penal system of long standing, it will take more than law and order politics, training in the dehumanities and other public measures to do the job.

People concerned about law and order should take it upon themselves to increase their own personal alienation, and that of their friends and acquaintances. Here are some easy-to-follow techniques: Next time you find yourself complaining about something and acting frustrated, ask yourself if there isn't really something you can do about it. If there is, you should give yourself a mild but unpleasant electric shock, skip a meal, or forgo watching your favorite TV program. Repeat this procedure each time you complain. This is called behavior modification and eventually you will be able to grumble free of any lingering doubts about your own impotence.

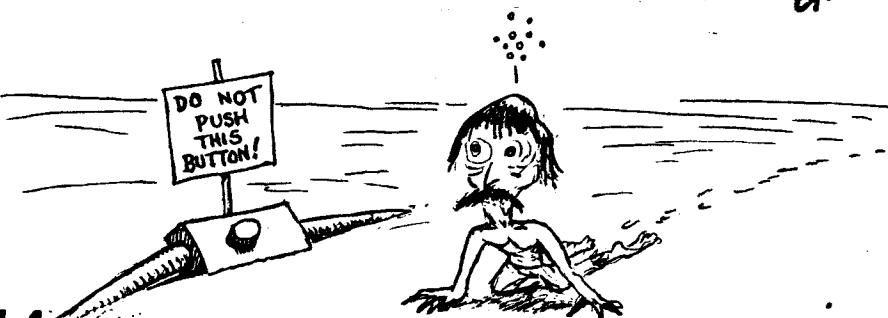
With respect to your friends and other acquaintances, next time you are involved in conversation with them try to determine in advance what you want to hear and respond accordingly. Eventually you will be able to carry on a conversation with them that requires little thought or effort.

Big House In The Community

Making the above suggested changes in the criminal justice system and penal institutions will have some important and valuable real world consequences. When business, government and community leaders see that the criminal justice system and penal institutions can dehumanize people much better and faster than a large factory, a government bureaucracy, an urban renewal project, or anything else, they will want to duplicate the conditions responsible in their own operating environment. Unfortunately, this is not possible due to labor laws, Constitutional Amendments and other enactments. However, there are no laws against holding employee training conferences at prisons as long as workers get paid for it. People entitled to welfare and other government handouts certainly can be required to wait in lines at prisons perhaps six months or even longer to collect their largess. Urban renewal requires relocation assistance to displaced residents who can no longer afford to live in their own neighborhoods, but the laws don't say that such assistance cannot be limited to renting prison cells.

It is also obvious that the "De-ing" terminology of dehumanization will radically change penal language. Condemned people will not be referred to as being executed, put to death, electrocuted, etc. These words are too cold and sloppy. Instead they will be "demetabolized", "coronarily de-activated", or have their nervous systems decentralized.

In the past, prisons were not very nice places to be or to work. In spite of their bad reputation, with proper social engineering, they could in the future become as popular as shopping centers.



Spirit a SASE to arithmetically and spiritually sound HEREBEFORE Box 2243 YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504

WE BROUGHT NOTHING into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. - Book of Common Prayer. Don't be too sure - HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?

THE NEW AGE CHRONICLES

by Gary A. Rosin

I have been commissioned by the Council of Druidic Scatology (CODS) to make available to the general public the teachings of Condescending Master IAN. CODS is the official organ of the Science of Holistic Digestion, a school of erotic philosophy with roots tracing back as far as the Druids.

Condescending Master IAN, the spiritual leader of CODS, is the latest incarnation of the World Lecher, and successor to the title of "IAN", which means "noble teacher". A Condescending Master is one who has so purified him or herself through the application of the principles of the Science of Holistic Digestion that he or she has but one remaining flaw, an overwhelming urge to instruct others in the holy way of Druidic Scatology. Such a person is given the title "IAN", which derives from the Gree, YN and, ultimately, from the Egyptian heiroglyph 𓆎 . Many of you may recognize this glyph. The ancient Egyptians were adepts at the almost lost art of assorted travel, which enabled them to travel forward in time to our own age to form the New York Yankees. Among other things, this explains why George Steinbrenner keeps rehiring Billy Martin, but that's another story.

The teachings of Condescending Master IAN are normally available only to the ingratiate, but the Master has instructed that this is the time when that which was hidden is to be made clear, as was prophesied of old. These teachings were previously found only in the Ecstatic Record, and could be read only while in a sustained pre-orgasmic meditational state. The Ecstatic Record is a vibrational representation of all things which have happened, will happen, might happen or could have happened in all the spheres and hyper-spaces of existence. Matter in the Ecstatic Record is recorded in Sanscript, or without (sans) writing (script).

In closing, a word of caution is in order. In the coming months, you will be exposed to much erotic lore. You will find that, as your conscience grows, you will be approached by many pretenders, who will seek to seduce you and lead you away from the true path of Druidic Scatology. Be alert, for there are many who hold themselves out as being teachers, adepts in the erotic ways. These are not true IANs. Remember the words of Condescending Master IAN: "There is but one World Leader, and I AM THAT IAN."

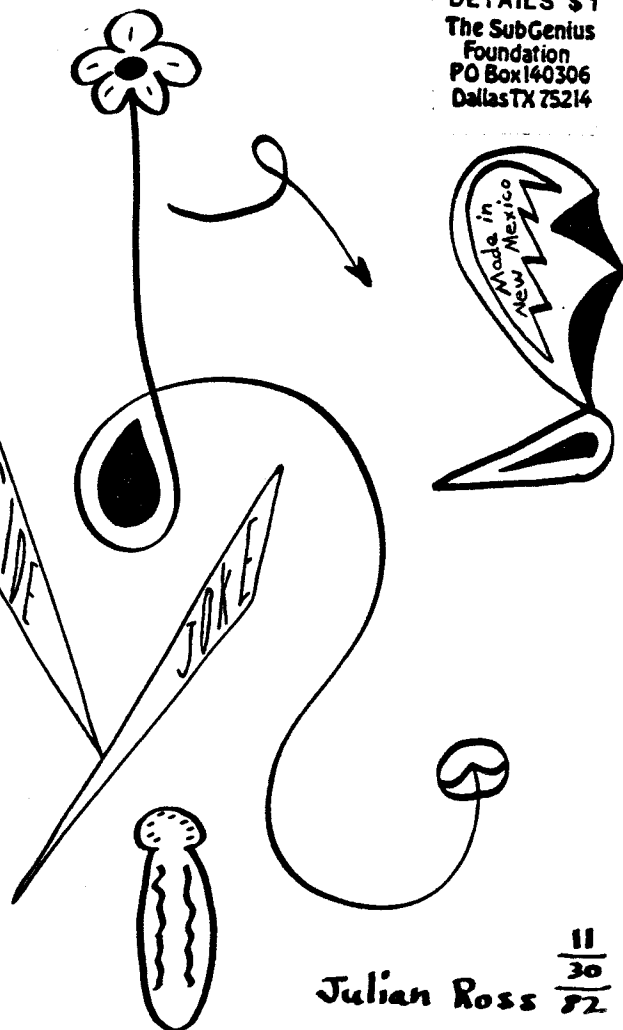
Coming soon:

- * The Unicycle of Existence: What It Is and How to Ride It
- * Sexercise: The Holistic Way to Total Well-Being
- * Machisma: Should Real Women Be Circumsized?



"BOB"

MY GOSH, ARE YOU STILL LOOKING FOR WHOZITS?



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11
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82

GOD IS A RABBIT RAG DOLL IN A
WELFARE OFFICE WAITING ROOM
by Common Edward Barclay
God is a rabbit rag doll
in a welfare office waiting room
kicked away into any deserted corner
arms hanging over lifeless chairs
legs resting on cigarette butts or gum
night after night
in door open welfare office
with nothing to steal or lie into
after hours
night after night.

By day Rabbit is bounced
from Latin child to
White child to
Black child
without concern.
No thanks given love easy to hold
available without any gloss; all
parts responding without consideration
given openly and freely
day after day.

Rabbit hears pleas and demands
finger tapping, cursing and
never much appreciation
either side of counter
in common welfare office.
Trapped souls express every
human hurt and emotion
some true and some not.
And when noon-time finds
littered waiting room deserted
and numbers back on spindle
Rabbit hears clerks read
aloud private paper agony
and then laughter or
civil servant snide remarks.
They care not for plight business
only their state checks and
gossip they can run into
streets and alleys
and churches with
day after day.

Rabbit always dropped or tossed away
when stampos for steak are passed
or rejections or lost appeals
politically stamped and sassed.
Some kick Rabbit in disgust
like He was bureaucracy
reason for the paper religion king's
sending them away with no aid
or 63 dollars for one month
after hours of degrading fuss
day after day.

Examining community condition Rabbit
chooses welfare waiting room office
for His re-entry into Christian life.
Refusing to demonstrate Rabbit's
gentle nature and power
until even Rabbit rag dolls
closely and consistently
hugged with love to prove
everyone cares about everything
more than a daily pretend
between nine and five; but
day after day
and night after night.

Do you believe God is a Rabbit
rag doll in your welfare office
waiting room?
Listen to what an impatient lady said
while she berated her child for
trying to hug Rabbit one AM.
"Leave dirty-skinny second hand doll
alone child. No one wants the Rabbit."
Funny...she thinks during haughty exit
aid in one hand, child in another...
Swear that's the same Rabbit
from the welfare office waiting room
in the last city we cheated
into some direct emergency assistance.

DESTINY'S DOORSTEP
by Brian Catanzaro
Life is a mess
Too busy getting it
Dirty to keep it clean
And so is my room

(To the tune of "Pop Goes The Weasel")
by Rolld
Society's an idiot dance
A lot of fucking hassle
Just when you think you got it made
Right up the asshole
(c. Rolld/LWNR TWNS Music)

SIDEWAYS IN IDEAS WE GO
by Mike Gunderloh
Medical Problem:
Newspaper comes and bites dog owner
treat it or shoot it?
press, freedom, dogs--
The Nature of the Beast
is killing.

Newspaper who many make grisly complaints on
it charges frequently
"Attacks are dog food"
A dog--a national newsletter?
What? Are we responsible?
Ban children,
not words
drastic, grisly
but responsible.

AT GORMAN'S COFFEE COMES WITH SCREAM AND SWEET
by Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.

Once I was having a last little dance,
And I confess I was feeling half-cocked,
When Myrtle, my date, took the Bruce Li stance
And dared me to combat--the whole place rocked.
We wrestled in gin, we wrestled in mud;
Wrestled in bantam cock feathers and oil.
I had a great fall, a terrible thud;
She had a quick slip--a frightening roll.
The whole place joined in the frolicsome romp,
Something akin to the Gorgeous George stomp--
Hammerlocked ankles and half-Nelson neck,
All slipping and sliding...aw, what the heck.
All was so greasy I slipped from her grip;
When she slithered out, we resumed our trip.

OUT OF MY TINY LITTLE MIND

by Dana A. Snow
"Out of my tiny little mind"
Is a phrase I've grown to like
It implies my grey cells are quite few
& that I'd need a mic-
roscope to see them dancing
And trying to compute
But still I think that silly phrase
Is still something quite cute.
So when I'm angry at my boss
I say I'll go out of my little mind
& it seems less of a loss.

THE ELUSIVE MAGIC

by George R. Eddy
Searching for the elusive magic
Clutching my No. 2 pencil
Rutting down lines
In hopes of one day
Performing the miracle
That will make people say,

"As Snoopy did indays of yore,
As Garfield does today,
So shall this one,
This unknown one,
Show us the way to laugh."

For the people indeed look for a guru
To show them how to be human,
And teach them that there is yet
Glory in imperfection.

PUERILE PERCEPTION

by Andy Kamm
Fantasies and frustrations
Awake in a dream.
A discarded teddy bear
Floats downstream.
A different kind of nightmare
Where Barbie dolls run rampant.
Wind-up racers stuck in reverse.
Twisted Slinkys that can't.
Mister Rogers seeking meaning
Where none is found.
Tinker Toy towers crash to the ground.
I open my eyes and realize
There is more to life
Than chocolate chip cookies.

THE JOY OF LEX (Regarding "The Voice As
Female Phallus", H.A. Bunker, Psycho-
analysis Quarterly, 1934.)

by JoAnn B. Edd
Female voice as phallus? What ramifications!
To openly engage in free fornications:
at the market, the bank, and in the carpool,
at the P.T.A. meetings, and at Sunday school,
at the dentist, at Sandlot when your kid's up to bat,
at the butcher, the baker, nearby laundramat,
at the boss's reception, your Mother-in-law's tea,
the family reunion, the church quilting bee.

My voice as phallus?
I can live without it,
but my sex life would improve,
no doubt about it.

SMALL BLESSINGS

by JoAnn B. Edd
At mid and salient point of life
I now often ponder
how the gods dispensed their gifts to
us from way up yonder.

My sister got great eyes and teeth
and looks of every kind,
and I was always touted as
the child who got the...ALLERGIES.

We went to the Academy,
the nuns remarked with zest
that Sis's grades were at the top
but I got the very...MOST DETENTIONS.

Off we went to college and plunged
into the scholar's gist,
Sister led in all pursuits,
I placed on...ACADEMIC PROBATION.

The coed chose life's mates with care,
their wedded bliss was cinched,
their choices all were Mr. Right,
and I got me...THE HELL OUT.

A la Spock the babies grew,
friends' progeny earned raves
of talent, health and promise, too
and I got sons that...HAD GYM SHOES THAT SMELLED HORRIBLE.

I got fat cells, thin hair, freckles,
exzema, hives, and specs,
dry skin, bunions, low blood pressure,
the skinniest of necks.

But the gods did not forget me
(could it be a rumor?),
it was lucky that they blessed me
with a SENSE OF HUMOR.

(To the tune of "What A Friend
We Have in Jesus") by Rolld
I buy everything on credit
With my little plastic card
I'm the ultimate consumer
Payin' for it ain't too hard
I just say..

C Yes, your cheque is in the mail
O Please wait for it patiently
R If it isn't there by Friday
U Have your office contact me
S

If by chance they ever catch me
and cut my credit, I don't care
If I have to I can use cash
I'm a fuckin' millionaire
But till then... (chorus)
Rolld/LWNR TWNS Music)

LAMENT FOR THE 80's

by Rolld
I gave it all a fair attempt
Can't say I didn't try
But bein' upwardly-mobile
Ain't the same as gettin' high.
And so today I packed it in
To salvage what remains
Nobody wins who plays the game
I'm dropping out again.

BEGGAR'S LAMENT

by Andy Kamm
Mister, can you spare a dime?
Mister, have you got the time?
"I have nothing to give."
Is the reply.
"No reason to live."
"No reason to try."
The lonely man began to cry.
That was the last time
I asked for a dime.

SONGS*
POETRY:

AMAZING GRASS

tune: Amazing Grace

by Tuli Kupferberg

Amazing grass--how sweet the smell
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was sick, but now am well
Was hooked but now am free.

Twas speed that taught my heart to fear
And junk my fears convoked
How precious did that grass appear
The hour that I first toked.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come
'Tis grass has brought me safe thus far
And grass will lead me home.

My Connection promised good to me
His word my hope secures
He will my shield and portion be
As long as grass endures.

MY JOB

by Dana A. Snow
I've said it before and I'll say it again
I'm quitting this job, but I still don't know when
Employers always think they own us
I'll quit next January after the Christmas bonus.

DEAR FAKIR
by JoAnn B. Edd

No longer can a whine through airborne wire
to dance and writhe to siren songs
that serpentine
through fragile weave of Lovetime's rushes.
In hollows of domestic warp, I sprouted wings
waiting for a change of tune.
Now you will have to find
a different asp.

WEST
MONTH!
MAIDEN
VOYAGE

The Second Going

by Gunnar Larson

Once upon a time, L.G. Allmankind was planning the Second Going of his only begotten son, J.C. Allmankind. L.G., being a pragmatic idealist or idealistic pragmatist and aware of his supposed perfection, wondered whether he should expect others—even his son—to be perfect, too. If everyone were perfect, what good would they be—in or out of this world? There's probably nothing more useless than perfection. If you've got it, what can you aspire to or hope and strive for—except imperfection? L.G. smiled as he thought of his only misbegotten son, L.S. Allmankind, who was showing more and more creative ability. He was definitely on his way up.

"Well, J.C., that misbegotten brother of yours should materialize here soon to help you plan your Second Going."

"Maybe he's so puffed up about his earthly success that he can't see any need for a revival."

"Think I should send him to hear an evangelist?"

"Do you really think preaching can heal the body and soul?"

"Well, no. But I suppose it's the only technique evangelists have for letting people know what sinners they are."

"Yeah, even if it doesn't make sinners behave, it does make them feel guilty. Which raises a question. Maybe our solutions are part of our problem."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, first, by making sinners feel guilty, we add to their burden. But we're supposed to lighten it. Besides, they were supposed to have been saved by my First Going. So now, maybe people figure, 'What the hell. I'm saved and safe. J.C. already did it for me!'"

"But you're supposed to inspire people to be good!"

"But how can I if I'm your perfect son in a way that other people are not?"

"I see. You mean people need to feel they are all my sons and daughters in the same way you are, or that you're no different from them—no favorites."

"Yeah, if I'm your son in some special way that excludes everyone else, then I've got a head start. The Ultimate Ump has called two strikes in advance on everybody else."

"How about prayer? Do you think it helps?"

"You're supposed to know!"

"Well, I'm not perfect, you know! There are some questions I can't answer."

"But people think you can."

"Yeah. If they didn't think so, they might pray less and prey more than they do now."

They hear several knocks in rock rhythm, followed by a blass of rock and roll music. L.S. enters with a flourish of flame and red robe. He snaps his fingers and shouts joyously.

"Hi, Dad! Hi, J.C."

L.G. and J.C. return his greeting with more reserve.

L.G., who has a lot of work on hand, says, "Now that you're here, L.S., will you two excuse me? I've got to judge a bunch of refugees from earth."

"OK, Dad. L.S. and I will discuss my Second Going."

L.G. departs to the music of Pomm and Circumstance March. L.S. shakes his head and grins. "Does he ever listen to rock and roll or jazz?"

"I think He does privately, but publicly He feels He has to maintain His ancient image."

"Well, J.C., I hear you're going to try and save those sinners again. Naturally, I'll do my part."

"Yeah, but stop working so hard at it." J.C. shrugs. "Of course, I suppose your job's as important as mine: No temptation, no salvation."

"Hear, hear! We'll make you a man of the world yet."

"Think we'll ever make you a man of paradise?"

"Hell forbid! Well, how are you going to knock yourself off this time?"

"We need to discuss it because we'll have to use more psychology. Too many people are against cruel and unusual punishment. Got any ideas?"

"I think we need to convince people that evil is just as necessary as good. Once they see that, they needn't feel guilty any more, and they can really enjoy life."

"Are you saying that people ought to enjoy their evil deeds?"

"No, although some so-called 'evil deeds' are so enjoyable even Christians ought to wonder about them. I mean that people needn't feel guilty about evil deeds because they can't fully escape evil, anyway. It's an inherent part of life like good."

"What should people feel about their evil deeds?"

"Sorrow and sympathy. Then they're ready to change or repent."

"You mean people are to feel sorry for themselves? Isn't that just what they shouldn't do?"

"It depends on what you mean. Obviously, people should feel sorry for their victims. But there's always another victim—the evil-doer him/herself. If he/she can see that this puny self of his/hers is so filled with fear, hate, and anger that it is driven to commit evil to cope with its problems, he/she can feel sorrow and sympathy for it. Then he/she's set to repent or change that self and to feel sorrow and sympathy for other persons."

"I think I'm beginning to see what you mean."

"Ordinarily, 'feeling sorry for one's self' means a person doesn't know that he/she has two selves—one that needs help and one that can accept the evil and help the other self. But a person does know or feel that his/her evil deeds are wrong. So, to keep his/her self-respect, he/she alibis his/her evil and maybe feels sorry for him/herself, thus adding to all his/her other evils."

"If evil is as important as good, are you saying people should seek evil?"

"No, they should always seek good, but not feel excessively guilty when they flunk."

"Just feel sorrow and sympathy, then try again, huh?"

"Right! If at first in evil you don't succeed, maybe you'll never succeed in good."

"Of course, they really have to feel sorrow, and not just say so because that's what they've been taught to say. They just can't beat someone down and then say airily, 'Sorry about that.'"

"Right!"

"But, L.S., if you know so much about this problem, why haven't you changed?"

"But I can't change completely if evil is as necessary as good. Someone's got to be evil's advocate."

"Yes, if we were all perfectly good or evil, I suppose we'd have no goal to live for."

"Exactly!"

"OK, that's settled—we can't escape evil. But people sure are escaping good. What can we do to keep them from going to hell all the time?"

"I think you're too pessimistic. After all, some of the people can go to hell all the time, and all the people can go to hell some of the time, but all the people can't go to hell all the time."

"Some of them will always stumble upstairs, huh?"

"It's pretty hard to be 100% evil all the time."

"But we do have a big problem up here. We've got billions of refugees from organized religion, and they have to be reincarnated because they keep flunking over and over. Can we speed up their salvation some way?"

"They can always use their imagination."

"How?"

"To revise their evil behavior. Here's an example. Suppose a motorist becomes angry at another driver who almost hits him. The motorist curses and shakes his fist at the other driver. But he can turn this evil into good by recalling the event in his imagination. However, this time he tries to feel and say and do just the opposite of what he did. Instead of feeling anger, he can try to feel sorrow and sympathy, both for his angry self and the other driver. Instead of cursing, he can try to say, 'I understand why each of us acted the way we did.' Instead of shaking his fist, he can smile and wave his hand, remembering that he too has been careless in his driving. He just wasn't caught."

"A sort of self-evaluation, eh? Just keep picturing to yourself the good you ought to have felt and done. Do you think it really helps?"

"Yes, indeed! I've been trying it for years...in reverse, of course. It helped me find more evil when I caught myself doing too much good. But people have to stay with it and not be discouraged if it doesn't work right away. For example, when I first tried to recall some unintentional good I'd done or thought of so I could change it back to evil, I was pulled right back into feeling and doing the same good. But then I noticed that each time I recalled the good I'd done, I could feel the pullback to it getting weaker and the new feelings, attitudes, and actions of evil getting stronger. It ought to work just as well for people who want more good than evil."

"Maybe you and I ought to change places."

"I've wondered about that, too. Maybe my evil experience might help me do some good down among the evil-doers."

"And if you're right, I need some more experience in evil before I can do any real good."

"It would help you develop a well-rounded personality."

"I must admit my First Going never really got going. We started the church which was supposed to spiritualize the world. Instead, the world materialized the church."

"Well, how about it? You want to trade places?"

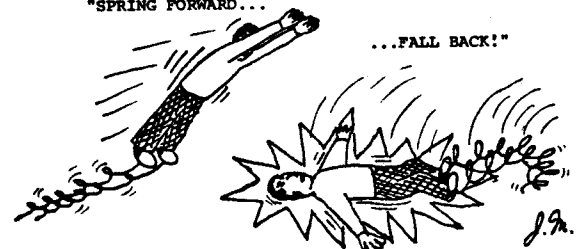
"It's OK with me. You can stay here till it's time for your First Going."

"And in the meantime, J.C., you can go to hell!"

April 30 is Daylight Savings Time, so don't forget to set your clock back one hour, and try to remember that popular adage...

"SPRING FORWARD..."

...FALL BACK!"



whammy whip-snake
whereas
Send beatniks from space
One Dollar for the scoop!
neither
Box 5043
Aunt Arthur, Michigan 48107

FIRE SIGNAL #9

We begin this month's report with a SPECIAL OFFER: Marc Glasser loaned me a copy recently of a little booklet called THE APOCALYPSE PAPERS. In 1976, a fellow by the name of Alan Berthoff from Topeka, KS made the acquaintance of The Boys (I presume in much the same way I am now), and he tells the story of the book in his introduction: "I was finally allowed the opportunity to watch The Firesign Theatre perform live in Kansas City in '74...I talked with (them) after the show, a brief interview for an article I was writing informing the sci-fi world of their incredible works, when I was surprised (sic) to find they were looking for publishers interested in presenting their written works, as they prefer to think of themselves as writers who perform their manuscripts, rather than performers who write their material. Six months later I had started Apocalypse Press, the Famous Science Fiction Chapbook Series was conceived, and Firesign was top of the list for inclusion. 'The Apocalypse Papers' was born!" It's a nice bit of work—apparently there were two limited editions published, 500 copies personally signed and 500 signed "in the plate" (the one I borrowed was in the latter category), and 12 proof copies. Since Dave Ossman tells me Alan's most likely long gone, along with Apocalypse Press itself, I figured it might be a good idea to make myself and any interested friends Xerox copies of the book, which I've done. Granted, the Xeroxes aren't as clear as the originals where the pictures are concerned (I should've known better than to take the original to the same place that causes IJ readers to complain of illegible reduced type), but the writing, which after all is the important stuff, is very readable. It consists of one piece by each of the four—"The Letter" by Austin; "The Exchange" by Ossman; "The Incident" by Proctor; and "A Vision of Utopia" by Bergman. Needless to say, you won't find this stuff anywhere else. When I made my 15 copies, I also copied the cover, IN COLOR, and rebound all my copies myself, so on the outside it looks as nice or nicer than the original. Anyhow, the point I'm coming to is that it cost me a bit to do, and all I'm really looking is to make back the investment, so I'm OFFERING THEM TO YOU AT THE VERY LOW PRICE OF ONLY \$3 EACH. Longtime TFT fans would agree, I think, that that's not bad for a rare item of decent quality. So send me \$3 and I'll send you a copy. It's WORTH HAVING. And I'm not just saying that because I'd like my money back...

Phil Proctor's written the intro to a book of portraits (really nice looking stuff too, high gloss in color and all) called "Cool Cats". It is compiled by Brad Benedict, and what makes this portrait book unique is that all the portraits have to do with—yep, cats. A NYVFSan's dream. My favorite is by, coincidentally, the only artist I know semi-personally (and who even appeared in an issue of IJ), SubGenius Carol Lay, who parodied my favorite painting, Dali's "The Persistence of Vision" with something she calls "the persistence of kat klocks (felix's nightmare)". Really wonderful stuff, and I can think of ten people off the bat who'd love this one as a present. Thanks Phil!

Phil's letter which accompanied the book said "Still no firm shooting date on (THE) YOLKS (OF OXNARD, A.P.B.'s new video album), but talk of a summer release. Also, still working on radio and live theatre plans. Let you know when something happens." Well, as is my wont, I'd called Phil the prior evening, not knowing of the package to come, and he had some more detailed news for me:

- Peter Bergman is going to Alaska shortly to give a forum for a radio producers' conference there—more details, probably, when the conference is over.

- The theatre which looks most likely for a TFT run in the near future is in Las Palmas, so fans, be aware! Nothing firm on that yet either.

- Phil P. and his good friend Terry McGovern both auditioned for a regular role in a pilot for a new series called ME AND MRS. C. (note: no relation to Mr. T., as far as I can discern), which is described as a warm, human comedy of the quality of an All in the Family, and is about a young black girl who comes to live with a widow (Doris Roberts). The part for which Phil and Terry auditioned was the widow's son—Terry got it, but Phil consequently won a semi-regular role as Mr. Wilson, a son of a friend of the family. The series was created, written and directed by Scoey Mitchell, so it should be interesting. Phil calls it "delightful". Keep your collective fingers crossed.

- The Movies, Movies, Movies pilot still looks good as far as becoming a series (PP would co-host), but it has yet to be sold to a syndicator.

- PP dubbed in English the voice of the main character in a Rumanian movie called MASSACRE AT VIRAGA, an Eastwood-style "revenge-hero" film, which was so popular in its native country (but then, it doesn't take too much to make something popular in that bleak nation) that at least 2 sequels were made. The part PP dubs is that of Inspector Moldevan. Watch for it at foreign film theatres, I guess.

Thanks to Phil also for that wonderful stationery on which he wrote the note—Nick Danger stationery, of course. (For the record, the note was signed, "Best Fishes, and sign it, Rocky".) Speaking of stationery, I got some official National Surrealist Party stationery from Dave recently, which I will put into effect immediately (for those of you who complain I never write), for official and clandestine purposes everywhere. All goes well with the Campoon, we have tentative plans to do tapings on WBAI-FM in NY and WFUM-FM in NJ, and I may be able to talk to Mike Dobbs again about WREB-FM in Springfield, MA. Dave's letter accompanying the stationery clarified (for those of you who keep track of this sort of thing) some authorship of material in the two TFT "Big Books": "Straight, Forward Look" was written by PP. The intros to each transcript (by 'Hideo Gump, Sr.') are by DO. The notions represented as to the sequencing of events are pretty much mine, but I believe we had more-or-less a consensus of opinion c. 1972 when this stuff was written...Credits for rest of contents of Joke Book—Mark Time by DO, Young Guy by PA, Rubbergon basically by PA and PB as I recall, 38 Cuneoqnde adapted by DO. Glad you got your own copy!!

I also got my second and third "care packages" from Dave—the former consists of most of the TFT articles that appeared in Crawdaddy magazine in '74 and '75, including (bear with me, Anni has the stuff at the

moment and the brain cells aren't what they used to be) a few album excerpts, some soloalbum stuff, some excerpts-to-be (I recognized, for instance, the advice-column letter that later went in Just Folks in the Werner von Hardhat bit), and lots of really good background to supplement material in Everything You Know Is Wrong and its sequel In The Next World You're On Your Own (friends know I've found Next World the most difficult to understand of all my TFT albums, and these pages helped tremendously); the latter package arrived on 3/21 and contained a Xerox of Dave's 1970 book of poems, True Life Adventures, and of course some updated news, detailed below.

- "An Autobozographical Evening With David Ossman" went over very well in the Rat-skeller in San Francisco (where Dave was after spending time there and in "temporarily" Humboldt County" doing "my 'Radiophonic Weekend' with performance workshops, a good Q&A session on NPR etc"). The show is made up of Dave reading from his poems plus a couple of FT things, and he is planning to do it cross-country, so I may yet see it. When we last spoke (again, I have a knack for doing this, I called him the evening before I got the Crawdaddy stuff and consequently didn't know what he was talking about when he made references to it), he was telling me about the audience response (many TFT fans may not have gone to poetry readings or vice-versa), which was really good, and of his "commercial break" where he told the audience, "I'm going to take a break now, but for those of you who can't have a break without a commercial, I'd like to talk to you about Depression", and launched into the "Seven Warning Signs of Depression/Confidence In The System" bit from Just Folks. I always knew I'd regret living back East someday.

- But not to worry. Dave and I are finally getting together, when he comes to Boston (my relatives in Brookline are thrilled they're getting another visit from me)—the story with that is "I'll have about a month's work in Boston, producing and directing for WGBH's 'Spider's Web' kids' series—they are doing some 60 half-hours adapted from 19th century American short-stories and novels. That'll be later in the Spring..." Lots of little-known (or little-attended-to) stories will be used in this series, which will be on PBS, and it's bound to be good stuff, they're trying for quality here, not just entertainment.

- Oh, for information purposes (and for those of you who, like me, read Anni's stuff in IJ voraciously even when she's doing serious poetry reviews), Dave adds "that there are three books in the whole 'Radio Poems' volume, and that the Daybook comes in between Rainbow Cafe and The Moonsign Book, which might give it a better frame ('interregnum') than it has sort of on its own. No excuses tho. Turkey Press is out of money (ain't we all?) and I don't know if they will be putting out Moonsign, and the set of 12 cards called 'Hopli Set' to complete the whole project or not." Time will tell.

- And what of the letter dated 12 March 83? And I quote, "No word from Boston yet about my trip East."

"I'm working on my script for RADIO DAZE!—a stage play set in a network radio studio in 1939, starring George Tirebiter in his early radio roles—plus a cast of 8 others. It's going to theatrical-type friends in NYC when I get it licked. It ought to be a good comic evening in the theatre, but it will take a cast who can make radio come alive on stage. (It's based on a show I did with Phil Austin, and another I did with Tiny and a comedy duo from Santa Barbara—Mark Ward and Richard Procter [no relation, different spelling]—and has been in the works for 5 or 6 years.)

"No particular news. The World Premiere of Woody Vasulka's 'video opera' THE COMMISSION takes place next Wednesday. I'm the voice of the narrator. He's the noted NYC video artist now living here, and the piece is based on the life of Paganini...My composer friend Jeff Bruner is submitting our e.e. cummings autobiography eye to Joe Papp's 'musical theatre' auditions, which might give it a chance for NYC performance—it's the piece we did very successfully in SB and which the BBC bought and produced, but without Jeff's music. I'd love to do it back there, but it's only an hour, and so not a whole evening in the theatre. I've been trying to come up with a companion piece, but nothing has developed yet."

"I'm contemplating self-publishing another book—BLOODY EROTIC—which are more or less erotic and/or love poems—doing it Xerox on the cheapo to get it out to friends."

Best of all, Dave has, as semi-promised by me in the last IJ, done a quiz for us on his album HOW TIME FLYS, made in 1973 for Columbia. As he'd said, he might as well, since he has the original script...

OSSMAN'S "HOW TIME FLYS" QUIZ

- (1) Besides The Firesign Theatre, there are several other well-known media personalities on the album. Name at least two, with one of their professional credits.
- (2) Name the two kinds of robots who figure in the story.
- (3) "Freddy Burns" appears in what role on what other album?
- (4) According to "The Years in Your Ears", what was life like in the 1960's, and who became President in the late 1980's?
- (5) What is the slogan of the Graphophone Entertainment Group?
- (6) Where is Panoramaland 2000 located?
- (7) What does Planet X look like to Mark?
- (8) Where are the news commentators at Panoramaland 2000 broadcasting from?
- (9) What fictional character does Mark try to quote twice as he "arrives"?
- (10) Who is Dewey Duck?
- (11) Identify the overall structural shape of the album, which begins and ends at "the same time".
- (12) Who is the "new head" on Mt. Rushmore?

Many thanks to Dave for his quiz (I was invited to think up more questions, but they'd prob'ly pale in comparison), and see you all next month, when we present the second part of our one-liner quiz...Answers to this one will be in next month as well...

(Thanks for everything, Dave!)

...thus concludes FIRE SIGNAL NO. 9, no. 9, no. 9...

FLASH: VILLAGE VOICE article featuring interview w/ IJ out MAY DAY! Thanks Paul Buhke!

Papoon in 84/84:

PROGRESS REPORT II

by Elaine Wechsler and Anni Ackner

A CAMPOON REPEATED CAN NEVER BE DEFEATED

Well, sweeps weeks are over and rerun season has begun, so we can expect the NSP's Papoon in '84/'84 bid to gain strength and momentum now that tv's on our turf, so to speak. We have quashed the small band of rabble-rousers (I knew that Ronco Reagan-O-Matic would come in handy) who took humbrage (as if there were enough to go around for everybody!) at the fact that this constitutes George's third Presidential race, and, if successful (which of course it is already, as we'll have all this year's votes plus the residual votes from '72 and '76, all before the other 1984 election), he will in effect be in violation of the Amendment to the US Consternation which puts a two-turn limit on the Presidency. Well, we say, has George, a two-time winner, every been given his just due? Has he been recognized? I mean, after all, he's pretty easy to recognize, he's the one with the bag over his head. Kinda hard to miss. Except if you're a trained American journalist or political expert. So how could George be in two—I mean, how could you disqualify George now if he didn't even qualify before in the minds of those 'intelligent' enough to choose to be served their just desserts by the likes of Dicky and Jimmy?

So, out of the cedar chest and into the street! Go with a foregone conclusion! Run amok with George and Chuck! The third ticket's the time! But enough of these meaningless tho catchy slogans. Let's talk about ~~your~~ ^{our} a prime concern among voters of '84—assassination. The only word that makes two asses out of you and me, so there's always enough to go 'round. But possibly the worst part of it is the terror in voters' minds when they realize that the President-to-be is some unknown legislator who probably served a couple terrific terms in Congress before being plunged into obscurity by the very nature of his job. Needless to say, that won't happen with a nationally famous celeb like Chuck waiting in the wings, but that's a morbid thought anyway, and an unnecessary one. George won't be assassinated. You see, everyone knows that a moving target is not only more difficult to hit, but the only challenging target in the first place. Nobody wants to try for a stationery object, it's too easy. Well, George has always been known for staying in one place anyhow (even though his facsimiles keep popping up simultaneously in various parts of the country). He has no plans at the moment to go anywhere. He is not an animated person! Look at all the two-dimensional animated Presidents we've had already. Animated characters have a callous disregard for death, for instance (if you were to get hit by a falling boulder and emerge two seconds later with nary a scratch to begin another Acme-inspired plot, death wouldn't mean a helluva lot to you either), and hence to the realities of this country. Would that attitude make for a very compassionate candidate? Certainly not one I'd want to have in my own back pocket. George is not only the perfect inanimate object, he's so anonymous that it's not worth the trouble to try and figure out for whom to aim in the first place (or in any place). But let's just say a stray bullet, from some library or something, got to ol' George. Not to mourn, he's lived a full life and well, he just wouldn't want it that way. But as '76 Campooner Robert Rabbit put it, "I think even if George is assassinated before the election, he could still win, because most American Presidents, including all the memorably great ones, are dead. It seems to be a desirable trait in a politician. Did you hear that in this last election, some 2/3 of the electorate in some city in Texas elected a guy who'd died before the election? The guy on the radio was speculating about why, naming all the things a live politician would do that a dead one wouldn't as probable reasons." And as any thief who worked for Nixon in '72 will swear under oath, winning is the object here.

We've started recruiting State Coordinarys—see the list in the lettercol to find out if you're one of them, or if you'd like to be. And Very Soon Now, my partner and I will begin our series of radio spots with Fred Kuhn (set your alarms for 6am, faithful!) on WBAI-FM—details and transcripts to follow at another time and space. But we're rolling right along, which brings us to our next course of action:

The concept of the designer voting booth was first introduced in the early sixties by Doctor William W. Laffer of Fairleigh Ridiculous University, before a Senate Sub-Committee on the problem of voter apathy. Although sound political theory, and rather less insane than the typical proposal brought before that august body, Laffer's suggestions had to be tabled in order to clear the room for a filibuster by the junior senator from South Carolina on the Communistic implications of the red second hands on the clocks on the Senate walls. The proposal was never resubmitted and it was subsequently rumoured that Doctor Laffer had moved to Arkansas (where's Arkansas?) and purchased a Piggly-Wiggly franchise, but to this day any bill presented before the Senate and tabled despite its rare and uncharacteristic good sense is known as a "Laffer".

The designer voting booth might have been lost forever in the dusty files of legislative antiquity had it not been for George Orwell Papoon who, in his endless quest for anything that might be rerun, recycled and reused, rediscovered it one day sandwiched between Adlai Stevenson's second concession speech and several old copies of the ERA. It has since become one of the most highly varnished planks in the Campoon platform, and is herewith presented for the edification of voter organizations, organisms and organs everywhere.

The basic concept behind designer voting booths states that people do not turn out to vote NOT because they are apathetic about the choice on candidates (indeed, Stanislaus, Welenska and Javonisky, the official Campoon Poles, have indicated that most people have very strong feelings about nearly every candidate ever nominated, often bordering on loathing, hatred and extreme disgust), but because the physical act of

voting itself, of walking into the booth and depressing the levers (no easy task in itself, as levers are by nature optimistic and don't always respond to remarks like "The end is near. Prepare to meet thy Maker" and "I'll bet you have an impotence problem, don't you?") simply IS NOT FUN. After all, in this upscale society, one can hardly expect the average citizen to devote two or three minutes of his/her/its precious time to an activity that does not excite, amuse, entertain or give points redeemable for valuable prizes. Besides, the theory postulates, the area in which the voting takes place, i.e., the booths and polling places themselves, are dull and drab. They do not please the eye, they lack flair and that certain je ne sais quoi, and they do not blend in with the peculiar ambience of each region. The designer voting booth addresses both these problems, by creating voting places that are less utilitarian work modules than imaginatively invented living spaces that suit the tastes and tenors of the various districts, and which are fun-fun-fun as well.

The following are two prototypes of the designer voting booth: THE GREENWICH VILLAGE VOTING BOOTH: A long, full curtain, giving a tasteful drapery effect (available in either chintz for areas east of Seventh Avenue, or leather for those west. Choice of colours), separates the booths themselves from the variety of bars, bookstores, gymnasiums and clever card shops in which they will be housed. The walls of the booths are decoratively lined in the most au courant of New Wave, black and white still photographs, depicting the majesty and splendor of the male nude in its various aspects. A manly aroma of LOCKER ROOM pervades the atmosphere, while the floors and ceiling are ruggedly carpeted in either courderoy or suede, depending again on the location. The voting levers are sculpted in either ivory or brass (for the ecology-minded, ecology-minded) in a whimsical penile design, and the closing of the curtain activates a tape in one's choice of Bette Midler, Donna Summer, a medley of Stephen Sondheim, or excerpts from THE RING OF THE NETBELUNGEN (the disco mix). Perrier and yoghurt will be served immediately after voting.

THE FORTY SECOND STREET VOTING BOOTH: Set penetratingly deep in the core of New York's Pinball and Pornography district, these voting booths straddle the best of both of the Big Apple's principal attractions. The voter forcefully inserts a token (available for a quarter from the cashier) into the pliant slit of the booth, and the door spreads wide, disclosing a state-of-the-art electronic graphic of a sensuous, full-breasted, slender-hipped woman with Lesbian tendencies, hotly naked, open and ready. Candidates' names are picked out in tiny light bulbs on all the strategic locations of her rich, pulsating body, with the names of the "best" candidates in the "best" spots. The voter firmly, almost brutally, presses his hard, masculine fingers into the supine buttons beneath the candidates' names, scoring for each button successfully plunged, and each decision made without changing his mind. At the end of the encounter his score flashes upon the woman's forehead, wet with the sweat of love, and a ticket colour-coded to his total emerges from the most likely portion of her exhausted flesh (to be decided upon by prevailing community standards). This may be redeemed at the counter for a stuffed Smurf, plastic octopus, or switchblade comb.

As the idea for the designer voting booths catches fire, of course new models will be introduced. Already on the drawing board are the SAN FERNANDO VALLEY VOTING BOOTH, which features a princess phone, a gift certificate to the Galleria, and the assurance that the voter will not have to cast a ballot for anyone of extreme grossness, and the DETROIT VOTING BOOTH, featuring mag wheels, four on the floor and a two-week extension on the voter's unemployment benefits, and many more will be forthcoming. The designer voting booth, in short, offers something for everyone, and proves, once again, that George Orwell Papoon, a man for all reasons, understands the minds, hearts and nasty little fantasies of voters everywhere, and that good ideas never die, they just return from late May to early October, sponsored by K-Tel.

Finally, we have received our long-sought-after Divine Sanction from the head deity (or, as they say, "short duration personal saviour") of the Church of the SubGenius. Rev. Ivan Stang forwarded this GENUINE & ORIGINAL letter to the National Surrealist Party only this week:

"George Papoon is not human.

"That is my main reason for endorsing this great, ER, 'man'.

"I have been in my cups with George. I have gone fishing with him.

I have helped him out of many a sticky jam, and he has reciprocated.

"I have made it with George's fine wife—I can't remember her name—and in return I gave that worthy gentlemen the most earnest oral sex I could. (I might add that George Papoon is a clean man.)

"One of the overriding reasons I chose my key SubGenius Foundry staffers was that they had participated in the last several 'Campoons'. (I admit I dislike that word, 'Campoon'. It detracts from the natural dignity of Mr. Papoon's Cause.)

"George Papoon is the most upright citizen I know—and this is remarkable, considering the Yeti blood I know he has. Perhaps this self-same 'Blood of the Chosen Ones' is what gives him his uncanny ability to communicate the animals. He and I have often sat under the trees, talking to ants and gnats.

"Papoon is, above all, an American—a patriot. He has served us in every imaginable capacity. And I can vouch for his honesty—one cannot help but be heartily overcome by the sheer 'goodness' of his Pstench... his psychic auratic odor.

"Papoon, like myself, walks the Path of Least Resistance. He, eh, 'goes with the flow' in these '70s lingos. He makes accidents happen FOR him and, as he himself is admittedly 'a walking accident', he cannot fail. Were our current leaders able to take advantage of their own follies, they would surpass even Papoon, for their follies are vast compared to his; but they lack the intuitive COMMON SENSE to even hope to achieve his pinnacles of Manipulated Clumsiness. His ignorance, my friends, can become OUR knowledge.

"So...before you cop out to the 'two Party system' you have been programmed to believe, before you dent your chances of being SAVED and

[Continued next page]

*-The very animated Chuck E. Cheese, who has not rejected our offer of the Vice-Presidential candidacy. Details to follow in the future.

... AH, INTA... OHM SWEET OHM... MAHATMA BLEW AWAY...

making VALHALLA, then my friend, come that mighty time, YE MUST WRITE IN HIS NAME.

"And tell 'em "Bob" sent you! SLACK, J.R. "BOB" DOBBS"

Of course, we're all punchy as we please—er, pleased as punch at "Bob's" endorsement, and well, we just don't know what to say—Thanks. And hot on the heels of that endorsement (actually, I got this one 3/25) comes another from the aforementioned R. Rabbit and some of the Camponers of '76: "POONS FARM!...a grand old name in American Politics, is proud once again and still to be supporting Papoon, only we don't call it Papoon anymore, we call it Papooing, and we keep it hanging upside down in the refrigerator. We do this in order to smash the fascist imperialist blood sucking police state stoolie mongrels from hell and wash our filthy hands of these double decker devil duckers forever and for all!

"Love to all who care to have it! We are still not insane! Sweet dreams to you all!

"Poons Farm resolves in '84 not to go on and on and on anymore with endless sexual puns! But, in this term PF introduces a prank to the platform renaming the booties once again anyway and you should know about it! The male bootie is to be called The Boigle, or, when erect, The Crusader, or Emperor Norton. The female bootie is to be known as The Snoo (and we still need a name to describe the snoo's funny button in its erect state, or is that what that is already?). Write and tell us!

"We feel that the renaming of the booties again and again just in time will spell economic disaster and freedom for lovers of freedom everywhere! (E-C-O-N-O-M-I-...)

"Signing & singing, The staff"

George himself has been keeping low, thank you (vocal lessons are working to improve this condition as we speak), and so far has not commented on Mr. Mishaan's article of last month (and probably won't, as we can't think of anything clever enough). However, he was heard to mumble, regarding Ms. Ackner's dilemma exposed in her column this issue, that Anni was perfectly welcome to some of his narcolepsy in exchange for helping him to stay awake for some of the more monumental world events (unlike his Republican opponent) sure to occur sooner or later. He was also pleased to see the Poon Family Tree so proudly displayed on page 23 of last issue, and we wish to remind readers that Professor Philo Gemstone's explanatory notes on said tree are to be found elsewhere in this rag. Till next time, then, as George asks, do they show B-movies on second-class flights?



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ANSWERS TO "CARTOON QUERIES #2"

1. Simon Bar-Sinister
2. Boris Badinoff, Natasha Nogoodnik and Fearless Leader
3. Bluto or Brutus
4. Jinks the Cat (in reference to the mice, Pixie and Dixie)
5. Snidley Whiplash
6. The Frog (a graduate of the Edward G. Robinson School of Elocution)
7. The Master Cylinder
8. Cosmo Cogswell of Cogswell Cogs
9. Dick Dastardly and "Muttley"
10. Oll Can Harry
11. Pruneface & Itchy; FlatTop & B.B. Eyes; The Brow & Doodles

THE POON FAMILY HERITAGE

by Prof. Philo Gemstone, Solid State II.

(Please refer to your Poon Family Trees, presented lastish.) George Papoon traces his family back to Phillip Lord Poon (1608-1669), the only son of the noted actor-explorer Sir Dudley Poon and his American Indian bride, Princess Little Laughter of the Hohosmokit Band. After his parents sailed West and no more was heard of them, Phillip settled down at his Welsh estate and sired Phillip II (1639-1690). Estate and title passed on to Chester I (1670-1742) and then to Chester II (1701-1800).

"Crazy Chester", a noted eccentric, inventor and organist, lived with the twins Canary (1681-1732) and Possett (1681-1731) Boozeman. It is generally thought that Canary was the mother of Chester's heirs, twin sisters Calliope and Appolonia (b. 1723) but not necessarily of son Pegasus (b. 1720). Chester gave up the title Lord Poon upon immigrating to Carolina Colony.

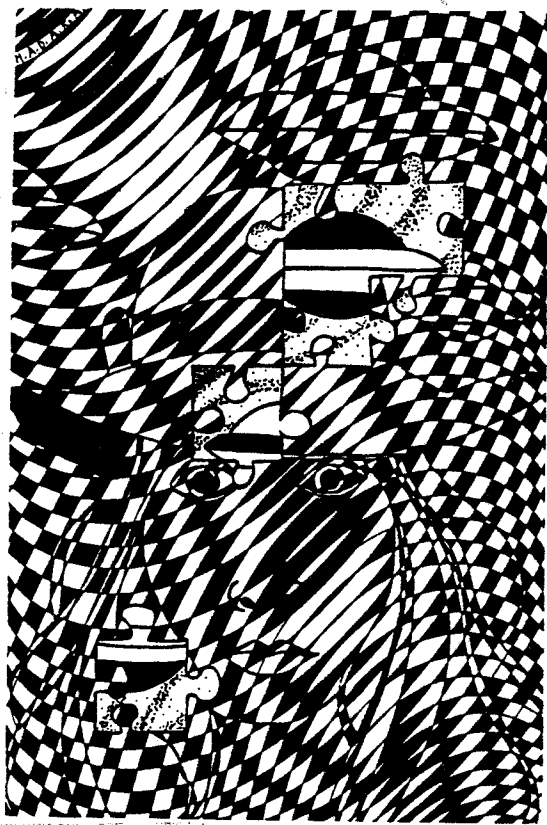
Pegasus Poon and his wife Patience were among the early pioneers into western Kentucky. They had five sons—Isaac (1759-?), Jeremiah (1761-1798), Zepediah (1766-1844), Yukai-pah (1769-1812) and Daniel (1770-1858). The older brothers had seventeen children between them, accounting for the many Poon relatives not mentioned in this account.

It is from Daniel Poon that George G. Papoon is descended. Daniel married Nancy Noop in 1798. The next year a son was born, William James (1799-1882). Twenty-nine years later, another son was born, Clement C. Poon (1828-1909). William James was so much older than his brother that people took to calling him "Pa" Poon and, after his father's death, he legally changed his last name to Papoon. William James Papoon was GGP's grandfather.

His grandmother was Hanna Gump (1825-1885) who was the daughter of Andy Gump. His mother Mamie was also related to Andy Gump, who is thus GGP's great-great grandfather on both sides of the family.

Mamie's cousin Marmaduke Gump was the founder of the famous country-music dynasty The Gump Family and pop singer Hideo Gump, Jr. is GGP's cousin three times removed. Humourously enough, George Tirebiter was once married to a cousin of Hideo's.

(Special thanks to Dave Ossman for the above material.)



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SAYS YOU (Letters)

Dear Elayne,

Thank you for IJ #18.

L. Ron Hubbard's birthday is in fact March 13, not March 3. Surely I hadn't misinformed you in my previous letter??? Better check and see. If it was my error I will personally apologize to LRH, thus saving you the trouble. (ED: I have no idea—it's listed on my calendar as 3/3—perhaps I copied it down wrong originally.) But seriously folks, not for a single moment did I suspect you of deliberately trying to make LRH appear 10 days older than he really is, in an insidious effort to bolster the legal maneuvers of Ronald deWolfe, who is trying to make a case that LRH is no longer competent to manage his own affairs (presumably being senile) and that the vast estate should be turned over to him for management (this is silly to begin with since even if it were necessary to separate LRH from his financial holdings, the logical recipient would be his wife, Mary Sue Hubbard, not his estranged son Ronald deWolfe). But I digress.

My own birthday actually is March 25th as reported. Goodness, I'm almost exactly the same age as Dale Ashmun. What does this really mean? Who knows, perhaps Dale and I are secretly clones. He was decanted eight days early, accounting for his lifelong feelings of anxiety... (I ain't gettin' involved in this one...) Ronald Flowers' column this issue reads as though it had really been written by Paul Zuckerman. Very suspicious. But funny... Actually this whole zine is full of good stuff. You really do put out a wonderful zine.

Although no doubt VIDEOHOME is a fascinating movie, the fact that, as Bill-Dale points out, "Cronenberg also inspires a fear and revulsion of our own bodies" makes it a movie that I really would rather not see. I can handle all sorts of unpleasantness in a written format, but some things really are too unpleasant for me to want to see them on the big screen. I'm squeamish.

SLACK stands for Stanford Linear Accelerator. I'm glad that "Bob" has an interest in nuclear physics.

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

Elayne:

First things first—tell Wonda Gundy I died laughing upon reading "Young Adult Angst Poem #15" and that my spirit will be around next Thursday at 3:45 AM to start haunting him or her.

I hope that Dark Wings someday returns to the further adventures of Sam Hain. The Grand Master & I are starting to look for crashers for the International Discordian Crash Suite at ConStellation, and I'm sure he'd fit in just fine.

I notice that slowly the Hunter Thompson fans of derangement are coming out of the woodwork and admitting their addiction to the works of this drug-crazed lunatic in your letter column. Now, far be it for me to jump on the bandwagon just because there's a trend starting, but let me be one of the first (or at least one of the fiftieth) people to say that I, too, am a great fan of St. Hunter. In fact, I once achieved satori of a sort by taking a huge dose of acid, reading FEAR & LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS, and then having the lightbulb in my room blow out. I was convinced the police were shooting at me, and was shocked into a new mindset in which J. Edgar Hoover grew horns and a tail—but I don't mean to bore you with my petty little psychological problems.

I continue to enjoy INSIDE JOKE, though for the life of me I don't know why I like a little magazine full of references to obscure religions, movies, books, songs, comix and records that I've never experienced in the original. I mean, why do I like analysis of Firesign Theatre when I don't particularly like the group in the first place? It's one of the mysteries of life, I guess.

Time to go, I just found last week's lunch under this stack of mail and it's rapidly turning into a science project.

Cheers,

MIKE GUNDERLOY
41 Lawrence Street
Medford, MA 02155

Dear Elayne,

I read through your newsletter, perhaps too quickly this time—if the first paragraph doesn't hook me, I get out of the story in a hurry, but I do like the rough edges, undisciplined layout, letters, news, reviews, fictional interviews, cartoons—my only regret again is nothing in there about comedy, what's happening in different parts of the country? I know that San Francisco isn't the only place live comedy is taking place because comics traveling through had to come from somewhere else. I saw an excellent comic the other day, Carrie Oats, who said he'd played the South, worked in Florida for some time. It's unfortunate if all your comic writers are only watching TV and going to movies. (Unfair and untrue—they also listen to records, read books, and most importantly, create. In fact, I think live comedy is the only area we haven't touched on in detail yet.) There's more to the development of good comic talent than skits on SCTV and Saturday Night Live; also the standup routines you see on Johnny Carson, David Letterman, Madame's Place and Night at the Improv, or Comedy Tonight, a local PBS program that shows off local talent. For the most part you get about ten to fifteen minutes of each comic and sometimes only five minutes. A shot of the audience shows them cracking up, but you're not laughing so there must be something wrong. Not being there live has something to do with it, editing, but mostly I think it's momentum. Even a machine gun comic like Bobby Slayton who's great on one liners becomes much funnier over the long haul as he carries the audience along with him.

You told me it's economics, but I don't believe it. I haven't worked since October and half the time I haven't qualified for unemployment, but I can always scrape up \$2 to \$4 to get into a club.

There's a tremendous amount of talent touring the US right now in the small clubs and to miss it is quite sad. It's not going to last forever, like all fads and movements it will be over before you knew it existed. If you're not interested in comedy that's ok. But if you think of yourself as a comedy writer you have to go to it live. Fifty per cent of comedy is performance. You don't say I don't have to see the movie, I'll read the screenplay. It's not just the material, it's acting and character that makes a great comic work. If you're going to write for one or become one yourself, you have to understand what's at the foundation, and experience all the different styles and techniques.

I'm not a comedy writer or a comic who's too bashful to come out of the closet, but I am a fan, or fanatic, voyeur, devoted to living the rest of his time where the good times roll. I'd like to suggest to everyone who is a fan from the Bay Area, or is about to become one, to avoid, unless absolutely necessary, The Punch Line. Several years ago, before Bill Graham, the music promoter, bought it, beefed up the decor, turned it into an after-hours cocktail lounge, it was a good comedy club. When it had its little wooden platform in front of the warehouse walls, it had class. Now it's got twinkling skyline, little candles in glasses and a waitress that hounds you continually to buy drinks. I went several weeks ago to see Marsha Warfield. She won the San Francisco comedy competition several years ago, is originally from Chicago and passes through the Bay Area every four to five months. She doesn't play anywhere else because of contract restrictions, so you go to the Punch Line or you don't see her. She's got fantastic timing, very much like Jack Benny, her pause and delivery are flawless. A lot of her routine is sexual, what she learned as she was growing up and because she's extremely intelligent there aren't a lot of slam bam thank you mam jokes. I went on a Wednesday night, which is coupon night, but I didn't want two drinks and just before Martha went on, after Barry Sobels (another excellent S.F. comic) finished, the waitress made an issue of my buying another drink, even if I didn't want one I had to pay for it. The manager came over, embarrassed by the whole affair, had to back up his waitress who was just in a bitchy mood, so I left. I was too mad to enjoy Martha's routine; anyway, I was with a friend who likes to take notes so she can remember the jokes afterwards, and I heard about the highlights. The point is there are enough clubs around without having to patronize this suburban commuter bar. It's got the reputation of being San Francisco's "first and finest" and that makes it easy for those who don't want to research the entire scene. They can be fairly certain they'll have a good time at the number one club. Actually, there are more rubes who get drunk and heckle the comics than any other club I've been in. A lot of comics like to establish dialogue with the audience, it works well in a lot of routines (something you don't see on TV), but with drunks smarting off all night it can get old fast. The best club I've been in, with big windows viewing the street, is the Other Cafe on Cole Street in the Haight. There's always good crowds, good comics in a casual, intimate, laid back atmosphere. Afterwards you can go to a Jazz club nearby, where there's no cover charge, or Rockin' Robin's with '50s memorabilia and old 45 rock & roll discs on the jukebox, or if it's late enough you can go to the I Beam which is new wave or disco some nights and they'll let you in without paying. Let the tourists have North Beach and the Embarcadero Center and go out into the avenues where there's just as much talent and a lot less salesmanship.

Best,

TERRENCE McMAHON
33513 6th Street
Union City, CA 94587

(Terry and others like him are very invited to write IJ regarding any live comedy that's happening around the country.)

Dear Elayne,

I enjoyed Clay Geerdes' account of his experience with pool. Nicely down to earth, and shows pool in the context of a setting of people. A sort of reporting on life related, I feel, to Harvey Pekar's storytelling approach in American Splendor... I hope you're able to put more cartoons & comics in IJ. Clark Dissmeyer's strip on the death of a leaf was cute. "Baboon Dooley" was entertaining...

BRUCE N. DUNCAN
Berkeley Inn Hotel, Rm. 414
2501 Haste St.
Berkeley, CA 94704

Dear Elayne,

As usual, I enjoy reading this zine and finding out more about you. Any reason why the chocolate-in-the-peanut-butter cartoon is upside down on page 7? (Oh, I never give away trade secrets...)

True about how people abuse the advantages of video recorders. If I owned one, I'd use it only to tape shows that are on when I can't watch TV, or tape something on one channel while I watch another, or just to tape something for posterity. Copying videotapes would require two machines, so I imagine not a great number of people do it. (Of course, one can always borrow a machine, but...) Actually, I'd prefer watching a movie in the comforts of home. In movie theatres, one must put up with crowds, sticky floors, no vacant seats on which to park one's coat, kids in the back throwing popcorn, etc. Occasionally, I enjoy going out the movie, but I much prefer sitting in front of the TV, in a cozy chair. I'm not surprised that such items are taxed, but I'm glad to hear that an anti-tax statement has been prepared.

Falco's version of "Der Kommisar" is sung in German. Most of the other songs named in "Sound Mined" and "Wax Ink" are ones that I don't recognize, however.

Would Sam Hain be any relation to Bel Tane?

Enjoyed the interview with Zoot Rickson! How about an interview with an imaginary terrorist?

In Anni's letter, she says there is nothing on TV she'd want to spend 18 hours watching. Not even MTV? (Well, I couldn't watch 18 consecutive hours, but 18 hours a week perhaps.) Debbie Polesky sounds like a very interesting person!

I, for one, wouldn't mind seeing a "theme" issue. But I do have one

onward to next page

COMING IN APRIL - A.M.O.C.K. #3 - HAIL ERIS!

complaint. It's awkward to turn the zine at a 90° angle to read articles placed sideways (or upside down). Is there a significant reason for this? (Yeah, not enough space, too much copy, same as usual...) I'm glad the type will be bigger next time. My poor eyes!

Very interesting family tree! By figuring it out, I was able to see that dates back almost 300 years! (Now if I could only date back my ancestors that far...)

Keep up the craziness!

NINA BOGIN
88 Seaman Avenue
New York, NY 10034

Dear Elayne,

Zoot Rickson has asked me to clarify a statement that he made in last month's IJ. Rather than saying, "I am a stick", he actually said, "I am a sketch." My as-yet-untitled Zoot Rickson Fan Club Newsletter is in "pre-production"—the first issue should be out by May. As soon as this long-awaited publication hits the presses, I will publicize its arrival so that you, dear IJ readers, will be among the very first to subscribe. However, if anyone wants a "sneak preview" of the Zoot Rickson fanzine, or, better yet, to become a "charter subscriber" and get the fanzine before everyone else does, feel extremely free to write to me (in fact, feel even freer to send me a SASE. Don't you love feeling free?). Peace!!

DAWN GOLDSTEIN
60½ Park Place
South Orange, NJ 07079

TO THE EDITOR:

Dear IJ, Elayne, Kip and You Readers:

That Tom Sanders is a pisser. I liked his contribution in last month's IJ. It's high time myths get exploded and pseudo-heroes be laid to rest. Bravo.

You IJers better get on the stick. I still need those top ten oldies lists. I want to program radio stuff more intelligently, and input from potential audience members is the only way to play music for a sound mind (isn't that the fucking stupidest motto for a radio station?).

Next month—April on the fourth (the same day that Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated), I turn 27. Please buy me some new WRANGLERS—32 long with some spandex thread in 'em so when I go to Freihofer happy they'll move with me.

Actually, just send me some Freihofers in lieu of the Wranglers... LOVE YA ALL.....

P.S. Buy videotape.....Buy
VHS Machines.....Bye, Bye

NATE "NATOTRIAL" MISHAAN
Post Office Boxaroo 305
New City, New York 10956
"a nice place to have hearings
for bank robbers"

Dear Elayne—

Hi & howdy! I really don't have much to say that doesn't duplicate what's in Golden Apa ("apa"="amateur press association"—sort of like IJ but everyone copies up their own contributions, and the Official Editor collates, staples and mails out the totality either book rate or first class depending on how much the contributor has in his postage account) next, but I did read the last 2 IJs you sent me last week, & want to tell you that I think the zine's really improving, at least since I started reading it. I notice I read more of the articles, & take more time to comprehend them each issue. I especially like a lot of features, like Aging Ex-Hippie, RATS, Baboon Dooley, Anni Ackner, & Roldo. I sent Gerry Reith a spec ("speculation copy") of FreFanZine & I hope he responds favorably (hint, hint—Fref is a libertarian sci-fi apa, for all you readers out there, which I edit (look for address at bottom), distribute, & evangelize—write me for details!). The music columns are also noteworthy. I could rank out the authors that consistently bore me, but they've taken enough abuse from their critics lately.

I wonder if "The Law & Order Handbook" is meant seriously at all—a bit more grim every installment. And I loved "This Contracting Universe" & Anni's tale of being a were-Breckman as well. Reminded me of an old NatLamp story called "My Cunt", a very androgynous story from the viewpoint of a high school male. I know, your favorite kind of story, Elayne. Really a very funny & concise piece, in these pages of all pieces!

Need a GOP campaign manager in Boston? I'm willing. (You're hired. You now join Bob Dugwyler in MA, Doug Smith in CT, Greg Blair in KS, Tom Sanders in MI, Dave Ossman in NH, Dana Snow in CA, Kevin Duane in NH, Bernadette Bosky in NC, Luke McGuff or David Mrus in MN, Clark Dis Dismeyer in NE, and Roldo in Canada. Any other "volunteers"?)

Oops! Dinnertime! Food is always more important than l.o.c.'s, so have fun, take care & all that rot. See you soon!

Tune in, turn on, drop out—

SEAN HAUGH
14 Edison Avenue
Medford, MA 02155

Dear Elayne,

As a rebuttal to the many accusations that I am incapable of writing anything of less length than the combined testimonies of all the witnesses at the Watergate hearings, I herewith present the following Short Letter:

Holiday in March? Passed over.

IJ 18 - Okay!

Flowers leaves! Fine with me!

Pearce joins! Even better!

(Is it just my imagination, or do I sound like Joe Piscopo?) Carolyn Lee Boyd - Special issues yea, collaborations nay.
Lt. Col. "Pop" Corn - Joke 'em if they can't take a fuck.
Galen the Saintly - Beats hell out of me.
Best in issue - Cathode Ray Tubes.
Briefly,

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

Hi E,

Last month's was a real solid concise ish I thought. Acknowleditorial was an exhausting experience. It was like, a month of life with Elayne in minutes! Such a nintenz voman she vore me out. The highlights:...Add my name to the list of those who hate to see Clay Geerdes go. (Great news—he's still with us! See p. 2) Also, Ken Filar's film reviews were the best I've ever read. Maybe I can apply his techniques to records?...In order to establish a more firmly running INSIDE JOKE may I mention yet again David Palter's letter referring to (oh, no) Ron Flowers (a controversial guy, eh?) and Nate Mishaan's semi-pseudo cynicism? (OK, false alarm, ok?) One might ask where mister Palter gets his figures on the amount of belief held by the population in that entity we like to call "Ghod". One might ask. Then again, one might not. It all comes off like a joke about a running joke; like dried scotch tape, off the North wall. So? Tough Nailz. Don't ask so many questions, I always say. Never seldom.

Here's a thought: Isn't SAYS YOU getting to look like "Staff Writers' Forum"? Come on, people, pick up a pencil and scribble a bit, put a stamp on it an mail it to IJ (a place not unlike OZ):

In response to T.E.P.C.L. Boyd's (hi, Ev) special issues idea, how can you/we call for a special issue when everyone knows (secretly, of course) the irreputable remaining fact that the next issue of IJ doesn't exist, for all practical purposes, until it is in our hands, or, perceivable to the receiver? However, I'm not here to argue the philosophies of INSIDE JOKE, that would be pulling punch lines. Unless we can (of course, secretly) plot in our own minds a kind of mentally telepathic wave, harmless to normal humans, yet completely effective on those of our own kind! Can such a thing so bizarre, so fantastic actually work? Well, you'll have to figure that one out for yourselves. The Joke's not gonna be on MY head. Finally, A Lonely Hearts Story (a true story, Steve): It was at the Thalia showing of "The Best of The Hollywood Outtakes" that we met. She was in front of me on line in a beige coat with long auburn straight hair and glasses; kind of average in one way. In another, somewhat excitingly different, not uptight, late 20's to early 30's. Almost the way I'd pictured a Californian to act in New York in mid-winter. Thoughts of what it would be like to speak with her ran through my mind as I stood freezing in my green parka sipping my Dunkin Donuts coffee as if it were a pacifier. A parka is supposed to be warm, even with a broken zipper, I thought. So is this coffee.

Suddenly, she asked me for the time. Not having a watch I could not oblige her request. It seemed to be getting colder. The line was long. The show was sold out a half hour ago. "And this is the theatre that never has a line," I quipped with a slight smile (difficult for me lately). She seemed to be in agreement that this was the unusual situation. Forgetting about the cold for a moment I continued the conversation. "For example, the line was longer for the surrealist film festival a couple of weeks ago. Who would go to a Surrealist Film Festival on New Year's Day?" I chuckled. She assured me that if it's something different, New Yorkers will go to it just to see what it is, just to have something to do. That seemed to be true too. They were walking out towards the end of it. When she asked if I was living in town I said no, that I was from "across the river". She replied saying that I didn't sound like I was from New Jersey. At that point standing in the cold was getting to be fun.

So we talked and she's from Santa Barbara and her brother used to be program director of KXLU and she even knew about Marvin E. Quasnik's Personal Perspective on at 3pm each afternoon. Hey, maybe I found a friend in N.Y.C. Not a native, either. Being raised in Jersey, a native New Yorker can be the least attractive type to meet. But let's not be pushy. I wasn't out there to "pick up chix". Then she tells me she's a writer. Should I mention IJ? Could this be one of the newer contributors or readers, or even The Ever Popular Herself? After all, Anni did mention spending time on the West Coast for awhile. Subdue those thoughts. Who would move to New York from Santa Barbara? Someone with money to burn perhaps? No, money makes me nervous, as well as secure. Never mind all that now. I tried to forget it all but my mind was racing. Who would know about IJ? Who would have known about Marvin? Who would have gone to a surrealist film festival on New Year's Day? Her middle-of-the-road attitude was appealing. After all, I'd been confirmed as a non-Jersey type by an outside observer, a feat in itself I've waited for years to appear. Let's not, I say, let's not push our LUCK, boy!

I saved her a seat. Not a bad one either. When you're a regular you get to know where to get good seats when it's packed. Porky Pig stole the show. The lights came back on but my brain didn't, and the theatre was being cleared.

Now you have to understand that after a two-plus hour show with no breaks, if you get up, you miss something you may never get the chance to miss again; there is, of course, a mad dash to line up and wait for the lav. So she's up and plowing through the crowd like it's no biggie out to the lobby and I'm fumbling with a broken coat zipper. Not wanting to push through a crowd to find someone whose name I didn't even know and who might be in the lav at that point, and hearing the call of nature myself, I dashed out two doors down there there was no line, no crowd. And no one without a name was anywhere in sight to be found. Is she out there now reading this? Did I play it too safe or was I supposed to be left behind? Worse, did she lose respect for me for saving her a seat? It happens every day I suppose. Somewhere it's happening now, out in the cold.

BRIAN CATANZARO
55 Summit Road
Oak Ridge, NJ 07438

Dear Elayne,

I move to standardize the spelling of the Bronx Cheer. Henceforth, the cheer will be spelled: PTHHTHTHT! adding THs in increments of two according to the severity of the offense.

Motion seconded? All in favor say 'Aye'? Or any further discus-

onward once more to next page

sion? That's right, IJ is a democracy (I thought we were an anarchy) and you have to put your two cents' worth in. Motion carried?
Thank you.
P.S. Howdy Roldo!

SUSAN R. KAGAN
Box 714
Bristol, RI 02809

Dear Elaine,

Well, you've got me (for the next ish)...Even though the following article appeared in the August 1982 issue, I would still like to comment on "The Game Show Mind Police" by Steven Ormiston (sorry guys, but I ordered this as a back issue, so if you can't find the ish, consider these comments in the Hollywood context of a "taped delay"). I have been trying in earnest since 1975 to get on a game show. I figure I've gone to about 10 tryouts (as a matter of fact, I'm going today to try out for "Child's Play" with Bill Cullen), including such now-defunct shows as "Match Game", "Card Sharks" and "Password". I actually went twice to "The Price is Right" in the summer of 1975 (when I was 18, the eligible age for these things) and most of what Ormiston says is true. However, I still wouldn't mind winning a car, \$5,000 or a rickshaw. But apparently, there's some secret formula to do all this. They always tell you to be "outgoing, enthusiastic and have an ability to play the game"; however, not only haven't I seen those kind of people make it on the shows, but minorities (especially black women with very low-cut blouses) and out-of-towners always seem to get on first. I am a white Los-Angeles-born woman who used to be wildly enthusiastic about going on game shows when I reached the ripe old age of 18, but now I figure if I'm on by the time I'm a "young" 65, I'll consider myself fortunate (I'll probably be trying until then). And I'm not shy, and since I've been watching game shows ever since I was 5 years old (especially "Match Game" and "Password"), one could reason that I can play the games fairly well. However, I can't seem to "play their games" in order to play the games. Of course, I realize that what they're really interested in are contestants who can provide them with ratings points (figuratively)(sic). As one contestant coordinator put it, "they want people (at home) to be able to root for the contestant", and of course, tell a friend. (Contestant coordinators seem to me to be rejected tryer-outers who wouldn't go home, and are frustrated by the fact that they don't get to work on the production side of the show.) So when I go today, the coordinator will probably ring a few bells and we'll all come running like Pavlov's dogs—all in the pursuit of fabulous greenbacks. If at first you don't succeed call on...

DIANA GRUBIN
5309 8 Knowlton St.
Los Angeles, CA 90045



A delightful way to present a dip to your party guests is inside a scooped out pepper.

Or, you could just introduce 'im...

THE DETECTIVE RELATES HOW STRANGE EVENTS LED TO THE RAPID INCREASE IN THE PATHOLOGICAL NEUROSIS OF CERTAIN SOUTHWESTERN RODENTS

by R.S. Preuss

Most genetic research laboratories are set up in big universities or in huge complexes.

Dr. Gottlieb V. Shinplaster had a different approach. His operation, Vegynetics, occupied the rear of a tailor's shop in Love, Texas.

One of the offshoots or progeny or, if you will, descendants of genetic research has been the development of plant strains in order to produce bigger, better-yielding, and hardier crops, through genetic manipulation. Shinplaster had developed a strain of lettuce that could be grown in very arid conditions. That could mean a revolution in world agriculture, spawning a fortune. Large sums of green could indeed be the scion, or olive branch, shall we say, of this work in lettuce.

He had been working for the Gen-X company as a researcher when he stole research documents, test results and vital data to set up his own lab in Love.

I managed to cut myself in by posing as a botanist and part-time tailor.

I'm a detective. I specialize in vegetables.

I got my break when Shinplaster was asked to do alterations on a silk pinstripe for a man who had died recently when a ping pong ball had become lodged in his ear. That itself was hardly fatal but the man had attempted to remove it himself, against better advice, by pushing it out from the other end using a pool cue. Apparently he hadn't a suit on for some time and had gained weight.

Shinplaster had to go to the home to do the alterations and I found myself alone in the lab.

The first seeds from the new plant had just been produced. I took them all and put them into a garment bag, then I destroyed all of his records.

I left Love driving West to California. I was to get the seeds back to Gen-X, for which they would pay a handsome recovery fee.

Halfway across New Mexico I spotted the tail. The Russians! I could tell by the fact that they were all wearing black trenchcoats and hats though the temperature was 104°. Fortunately I still had several yards of natural synthetic genuine imitation Vinyl 47 from a sample roll in the back seat. Vinyl 47 looks, feels, and smells like fine leather. It is often the material used in handbags and luggage that may be hawked on the street by an unshaven man wearing grey cotton trousers and a windbreaker. But beware! Vinyl 47 melts at 97 degrees Fahrenheit.

Which is why you should never buy leathergoods from an unshaven man wearing grey cotton trousers and a windbreaker.

Fortunately the stuff was right for the task. I tossed the roll out of the window and it landed like a tax on nudity at St. Tropez...(er...uh, well, if you don't like it you can insert your own...and I certainly don't have to tell you where)...with a splat on the hot asphalt...er, uh, hot asphalt.

That would keep them, for a while, anyway...and I say keep them waiting, if you must keep them at all. They don't call me gumshoe for nothin'.

But I had to act fast. A few miles further on I pulled off the highway. I was hoping the highway would reciprocate...but...I had to stash the seeds before the Russian agents got their car unglued. I found a large boulder I knew I wouldn't forget...it rather resembled an old girlfriend, who, to my great regret, gave me the shoulder...and I buried the seeds nearby.

If the Russians got hold of those seeds they could open up acres and acres of their useless land to farming and every Soviet citizen could one day enjoy fresh salad...oh, I shudder at the consequences.

A half-mile further on I pulled my car to the side of the road. I got a can and a siphon from the trunk of my car, then I spilled a trail of gasoline from beneath the car to a spot in the bushes. I'd worry about getting the spot out later.

Sure enough, the Russians weren't far behind. As they approached my automobile to search it I dropped the match.

Unfortunately, I dropped the match inside my shirt pocket. But while I was rolling around on the ground screaming in pain, my glasses must have fallen off and the intense radiation from the desert sun became magnified by the lenses, causing the gasoline to burst into a blaze leading to the car.

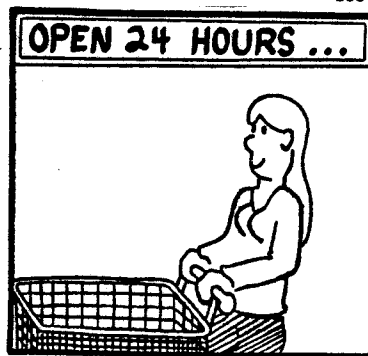
It wasn't a pretty sight. Those were the sharpest trenchcoats I'd ever seen, south of Omaha.

I drove the Russians' car into town where I got a hotel room and a liaison from Gen-X met me. She was raven-haired, sun-tanned, twenty-two, and several other phrases that could be hyphenated. She had orders to get the seeds back at any cost.

So, a quick, eighteen nights later, the shortest weekend of my life, we drove out to where I had buried them. But...holy miracle whip!—jackrabbits had scattered the seeds, and it had rained!

What did we find?—but acres and acres of Love lettuce in the sand!

SEE, WHOZIT-LESS!



A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE ABOUT

The Church of the SubGenius

A GRAVE THREAT FACES AMERICA TODAY. A THREAT THAT MOST PEOPLE HAVE BEEN MANIPULATED INTO THINKING IS MERELY A SICK JOKE.

By now, you have probably heard of the Church of the SubGenius. They seem to have no trouble getting broad media coverage. Like me, when you were first told of their bizarre practices and beliefs, you laughed—*thinking it was a parody of kook religions.*

IF ONLY IT WERE!

The Church of the SubGenius is a real cult that is out to turn you and your family into wild-eyed, dogma-spouting, panhandling ZOMBIES for their grinning guru, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs. In the last few years, thanks to a carefully masterminded spate of subtle propaganda, this would-be One World Religion has gained adherents at a much faster rate than any other, more orthodox faith. The Church keeps its membership figures a closely guarded secret, so accurate statistics are difficult to obtain, but their ranks this year may well number over 500,000.



The Church publishes literature expounding the malignant views of Dobbs and his Heresiarchs literally by the ton, and fanatical "Bobbies" devote days, weeks, and even years of gratuitous service to its circulation. These publications, peppered with fashionable vulgarities, written in florid comic-book style prose designed to dupe the susceptible and the lonely, promulgate Dobbs' distorted values. They are rife with contradictions and unbelievable claims by members—instant money, power, fame, sex, even good looks.

DON'T FALL UNDER THEIR SPELL!

The SubGenius say **WORK IS A SIN YET THEY WORSHIP MONEY.** They believe that all respectable social traditions are part of an age old "Conspiracy" that suppresses their abnormality. Above all they claim that this "Con" denies people their SLACK. SLACK is the goal of every SubGenius. SLACK is never defined or described. The world owes the SubGenius a living and "Bob" tells them to fight for it. They call this philosophy *The Path of Least Resistance* and claim that by following it, one can attain the fabled *Something for Nothing*. They boast, "BECOME RICH LIKE US" and cry "TOO MUCH IS NOT ENOUGH!" Thus they prey on the desperate and the poor.

While professing to be new, this is merely a recrudescence of a limitless number of religions, philosophies, theosophies, and mysteries all jumbled together into an unimaginable welter (with a few monster movies thrown in for good measure). Indeed, the SubGenius claim to believe in EVERYTHING. Moronic mega-gnosticism is the sad result, leaving them unfit to even shop at a supermarket.

They are taught "*the stupider it looks, the more important it probably is.*" Any consideration of good taste is subverted by Dobbs' followers in favor of this crooked ideal; they watch only bad movies, read only trashy paperbacks or comics, and listen to horrible music that can only be called noise.

Dobbs claims he is the living incarnation of SLACK ON EARTH. He is certainly not your usual "perfect" master. His followers try to emulate his imperfections and faults, not his talents.

More frightening is that these SubGenii accept no responsibility for their actions. They believe everything they do is decreed by WOTAN—a fuzzily described ultra-being. Anything they say or do is always denied later as illusion. Morals and beliefs are changed at the merest whim but if you stray from the DOBBSPATH you are severely chastised—if not tortured—according to rules made at that instant. There is a relentless ambivalence to differences between right and wrong in all their teachings. "There's a good 'Bob' and there's a bad 'Bob,' is their answer to any kind of criticism. "WE ARE JUST ROBOT VEHICLES FOR OUR DNA," preaches "Bob."

"DOCTORS" and DOBBSTOWN

J.R. "Bob" Dobbs has to his followers the attraction of the candle to the moth, with much the same end result. Newly-fleeced members, shorn of money, are encouraged to journey to a Church run jungle settlement in Malaysia (morbidity named Dobbstown in honor of Dobbs' close friend, Jim Jones, of People's Temple fame). The psychologically distressed recruits are then cut off from friends, family, and the outside world. The SubGenius use the resulting disorientation to snap their minds and bring about religious conversion. The isolated pilgrims undergo bizarre initiations, are given new names, new diets, new families, new habits... and are treated to crude surgical procedures like *Memory Editing*, *Personality Bypass* and *Third Nostril Opening*. These operations are performed by "Doctors", certified only by the Church. Needless to say, one slip of the Bobmonk's knife and a once-promising student is reduced to a shuffling broom-pusher. Slightly less dangerous treatments (though just as permanent) are *Acubeating*, *Pyroflutuation*, and "Sexhurt." There is always the risk of actual bodily damage and long-range SubGenius treatments lead to pathological symptoms akin to drug-induced schizophrenia.



Church bigwigs go on TV talk shows and announce that, "other religions preach love but practice hate while the SubGenius are not so hypocritical." They sure aren't! They ONLY preach hate!! HATE FOR EVERYTHING!! Except other SubGenii, of course. Everybody else to them is a normal, a pinkboy, or a mediocretin and has his strings pulled by The Conspiracy. The Conspiracy is headed by the dread "Anti-Bob" (naturally!) and anybody involved with The Conspiracy is denounced as a *False Profit*, as Church jargon puts it.

This is their excuse for encouraging the end of patriotism, the committing of vandalism, and the subverting of any and all authority figures. They say they owe no

allegiance to any human government and yet will take any form of handout or welfare from all-too-human governments. It is like the very worst aspects of capitalism run amok.

The would-be Supersalesman loves to keep his devotees in a state of confusion: one must believe in everything from Marx to Nixon, from the Bible to Spiderman and at the same time one is told all these ideas are Conspiracy LIES. The Church has even been known to disseminate fake anti-SubGenius propaganda to arouse public interest.

The SubGenius sometimes worship a whole pantheon of aliens and demons woven into a complex yet flexible mythology that includes nazi-hell creatures from the hollow earth and Jesus—whom they claim is but a monster space-detective sent in human form by a galactic banking concern to unmask yet another idiotic god, Jehovah-1, who is battling the X-ists who are linked with the Yacatisma... it just goes on and on. This nonsense is often made up on the spur of the moment. These blasphemous tenets are so outrageous that at first any sane person thinks it's nothing but a massive prank. After all, their primary motto is "F**k em' if they can't take a joke." They themselves describe these beliefs as STUPORSTITION. It's an apt term for a dangerous deception. **DON'T LEARN THIS THE HARD WAY.**

These Apocalyptic superkooks delight in spreading fear and paranoia about nuclear war, global pollution, economic cataclysm—any disaster they can think up. They claim that our national leaders are as crazy as they are but that only the SubGenius can possibly have the correct perspective on all this. They want to totally reorder human existence but they never mention what the *new order* might be.

At one time J.R. "Bob" Dobbs was a aluminum-siding salesman from Florida. Always broke, he was encouraged by his close friend, L. Ron H—, to start a religion. As Ron himself said, "Dobbs, they may be pink but their money's green." Founded by "Bob" in 1956, the Church grew like a weed and today holds tens of millions in its sway. Under its tax-shelter cover, The SubGenius Foundation, the Church of the SubGenius owns incredible amounts of property all over the world and has secret influence in almost every government, army and police force on the globe. It is a testament to this hell-cult's success that most people have never heard of the Church of the SubGenius or its Saint of Sales, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs. The only way to rout this menace is to expose it to the one thing it cannot stand—the cold harsh light of Truth!

Ivan Stang

Ivan Stang



IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO STOP THEIR INSIDIOUS PLANS

I believe it is my duty to deliver those who have gone astray from the insidious encroachments of this devil cult. My plan is to report this evil to each and every lawmaker in our nation: legislators, governors, senators, even President Reagan himself. I shall carry the evidence to school boards, civic leaders, the TV networks, and all major newspapers.

However, my friend, this "Awaken America" project is going to cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. I am asking dedicated Americans like yourself to support me with a special sacrificial gift to help me alert people to the evil that is undermining our families and our children's morality today. I can't do it without your help!

Send only **ONE DOLLAR** for my exciting and unusual **STOMP OUT "BOB" PACKET**, or **FIFTEEN DOLLARS** for the **STOP DOBBS Deluxe Kit**. My address is: "S.O.B.", P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214.

If you care about your country and your future, you'll support me in this crusade.

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-- "For Pete's Sake Mary, What More Do You Want From Me?"
"More Money!"

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