

Issue #21

May  
1984-1

# INSIDE

\$1.00

HA HA HA HA HA  
HO HO HO YUK YUK II  
HAW HEEHEE  
CHORTLE HAW  
TEE HEE HEE



Red SO (TO JOHN CRAWFORD)

## UPCOMING EVENTS:

(Thanks to Ted Martinez and Vicki Rosenzweig for supplying some of the dates below—Ted wishes to remind everyone that June is Nat'l Dairy Month!)

- JUNE 1 - Marilyn Monroe (b. 1926)
- JUNE 2 - Harriet Tubman's raid (1863)
- JUNE 3 - 1st U.S. space walk (1965); Margaret Chase Smith elected to U.S. Senate (1940)
- JUNE 4 - Peter Tork plays at C.W. Post (L.I.)—anyone wanna go with me? He's showing Head...
- JUNE 5 - Hopalong Cassidy (b. 1898)
- JUNE 7 - Beau Brummel (b. 1778); Thurman Munson (b. 1947)
- JUNE 8 - CHRIS DOWNEY (18)
- JUNE 10 - CHARLES F. ROSENAY!!! (25); Judy Garland (b. 1922)
- JUNE 12 - LISA BOTTINI (22); Little League admits girls (1974)
- JUNE 13 - Paul Lynde (b. 1926)
- JUNE 14 - Harriet Beecher Stowe (b. 1811)
- JUNE 16 - Stan Laurel (b. 1890)
- JUNE 17 - TOM SANDERS (30); Watergate break-in (1972—"how soon we forget"—J.M.)
- JUNE 18 - Paul McCartney (41)
- JUNE 19 - Lou Gehrig (b. 1903); Ethel & Julius Rosenberg executed (1953)
- JUNE 20 - Lillian Hellman (b. 1907)
- JUNE 21 - Judy Holliday (b. 1922)
- JUNE 25 - JILL ZIMMERMAN (28) **SEND GIFTS % J.J.!!**
- JUNE 26 - Abner Doubleday (b. 1819); Pearl S. Buck (b. 1892); Peter Lorre (b. 1904)
- JUNE 27 - Helen Keller (b. 1880)
- JUNE 28 - John Dillinger (b. 1902); Gilda Radner (37)
- JUNE 30 - LUKE MCGUFF (26); Gone With The Wind published (1936)

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 \* **INSIDE JOKE** is put on once a month by Elaine Wechsler, and run off this month in celebration of The Buddha's birthday on May 22 (sorry I neglected to mention that in last month's "Events" column—what better way, I ask you...and we're an officious publication of the National Surrealist Party, fully and divinely sanctioned by J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, and who could ask for more!...)

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....ELAYNE WECHSLER  
 HEAD XEROGRAPHER.....STEVE COZZI  
 PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS.....ANNI ACKNER, JILL ZIMMERMAN

### STAFF WRITERS

\* ANNI ACKNER...JILL DEARMAN...CHRIS DOWNEY...KEN FILAR...CLAY  
 \* GEORDES...RORY HOUGHENS...NATE MISHAAN...BRIAN PEARCE...LEE PELTON  
 \* ...GERRY REITH...ROLD...TOM SANDERS...STEVEN SCHARFF...CANOI  
 \* STRECKER...KERRY THORNLEY...(stream of consciousness staffing...)

\* **Advice Columnist:** COOP  
 \* **Front Cover by** ROLD  
 \* **Back Page Filler by** JOE SCHWIND

### OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH:

GREG BAKER	VERNON GRANT	JULIAN ROSS
CONNOR BARCLAY	MIKE GUNDELOV	JOHN R. SCHARFF
BOB BLACK	LINDA HENSON	DANA SNOW
GREG BLAIR	ANDY KAHN	JAMES TAUSCHER
NINA SOGIN	TULI KUPFERBERG	JAMES WALTMAN
GERALD DORSET	GUNNAR LARSON	RICHARD WEINSTOCK
PAT DOWNS	JOHN LEVIN	ROBERT WHITAKER
MICHAELA JUNCAN	ERIC LURIO	STEVEN WILLIS
GEORGE EDDY	JED MARTINEZ	ROBERT WOLLARD
RONALD FLOWERS	R.S. PREUSS	JILL ZIMMERMAN

\* Ads furnished by The Last International, The Church of the Sub-Genius, Beatriks From Space, J.C. Brainbeau, and R.S. von Preuss.....

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 \* PRINTED BY AMERICAN SAMIZDAT PRESS—"If it bites, it's an A.S.P.!!"  
 \* "Reality is infinitely reproducible around here"—Steve Cozzi

## acknowleditorialetc.

Welcome back, my friends, to the line that never ends! As ye faithful readers will no doubt notice, the address on the front is NEW (and improved!!). This is because at the moment, I'm trying to crush myself into finally moving out of the ghett home of my childhood and adolescence (neither of which I came to especially relive nor continue) by doing things like getting a p.o. box in The City. Besides which, it's first come, first serve, and in NY, boxes go quickly and there's a 16-month waiting list everywhere else...So, from now on, kindly direct all official IJ-type mail (letters, columns, artwork, PUBLICATIONS IN TRADE, "ads", questionnaire responses, stories...) to said box—by the deadline in the case of questionnaires and submissions for June, whenever for trades on lovely little things like MONEY (yes, I don't know why, but I'm going to give the po the benefit of my extensive doubts and hope that they just slip the mail in the box without analyzing content). Box number is repeated at end of message "beep"...

Like all good surrealists, I'd like to start off by talking about our back page, the inside of which contains our fourth IJ QUESTIONNAIRE, always an interesting experiment in weirdness in its own right. And given the increased proportion of fascinating people (that's you, for those of you without a program) who actually peruse this rag (and I've noticed that out of the many newsletters I receive, IJ still seems to have a higher percentage of participants than any other—mind you, I'm really not saying this out of any braggadocio, and it may not even be true, it just appears so), we should have some terrific answers with which to regale y'all next time. IF, that is, YOU SEND THE QUESTIONNAIRES IN BY THE DEADLINE, PLEASE—that's June 10, our regular monthly deadline for those new among us (and welcome to you!!).

Speaking of newcomers, we may yet get a few, if the promised VILLAGE VOICE article ever comes out. I know, I promised everyone it'd be out by now ("now" being as I type this, 5/17/83)—it's only 'cause Paul Bunde told that to me. But Paul can't really be blamed for his editors' delays either, so we'll just have to bide our time (why look a free publicity horse in the mouth?) till it's out. By the way, if the VV article on zines and my interview does come out between the typing of this and the next IJ, thank you VV and Paul, and I'll try to renege it through issue #22. (And, just in case we get some new folks from it all, welcome and feel free to—er, just feel free. Nothing deep here, just a buncha folks having fun...)

Welcome also to our newest staff writer, Candi Strecker, and it's also nice to have back our semi-resident bookworm, Jill Zimmerman. I believe this represents some sort of historical breakthrough—for the first time ever, all four members of "The Women's Auxiliary" (which also includes Anni Ackner and myself) are in the same issue. Stay tuned! Speaking of staffers, Sue Roemer (who's been with us since before the beginning—IJ's infamous Uncle Floyd-oriented Volume I, even has taken herself off the active staffer roster, but may still contribute pieces occasionally). So the staff roster stands at 16—see page 3...By the way, staffers Jill Dearman and Chris Downey, currently involved in some sort of Odd Couple conspiracy (do I know what's going on? I just type the columns!!), would like it known they are looking for summer jobs. Now, bear in mind these are our buddies, folks: good clean kids, I can vouch for 'em (well, at least, I think so). If you know of any over-ings, please contact them—addresses on the next page.

No other major changes this month, except I've abandoned those silly pieces of paper I used to staple on in favor of these 3M-type stickers. As Tom Dolby would say, "SCIENCE!" Otherwise, situation remains normal, with the usual neat folks (Gunnar's got another Elmer & Ophelia story; bits o' controversy in the lettercol; nifty artwork and perhaps even another Doolay page, if the space fits, and so on). HOWEVER, in but TWO MORE ISSUES, INSIDE JOKE turns a bit copy-curvey as we present our first-ever (watch out Merv Griffin!) THEME ISSUE—STAFF WRITERS. PLEASE WRITE ME BACK IMMEDIATELY FOR FURTHER SECRET INSTRUCTIONS (aha, you always suspected a conspiracy, right?!!!! Any staffer not responding by the deadline to the enclosed STAFF WRITER ONLY MESSAGE will not be able to participate, with the "appropriate" spirit, in issue #23; I will reveal no more...)

Thanks go this issue for generous donations (read "more than the 'mandatory' dollar") to Nate Mishan, J.C. Brainbeau, John Levin (with whom Maiden Jappon would like know she has just fallen passionately in love), and 'good old' James Tauscher. I appreciate the bucks, as always, and would remind everyone again that I'm forever, it seems, in need of extra IJ cash—it now costs 37¢ per issue to mail IJ out, plus the money that goes to "extras" like transfer letters, reductions, last minute details, and the like. Many "trade copies" are sent out in exchange for other zines (on which we report and in which we are often publicized), and the authors of these zines usually don't send me any money, so I just about break even every month as it is. Enough of stupid pitch, I'm not public to after all, you get the message. Whenever you can—thanks a lot, guys. We're all in this together, after all...

But enough of me. You know how it goes. (By the way, it goes fairly well—the radio troupe is finally off the ground and on the air, on a semi-permanent basis, here at our "home station" of WBAT-FM, thanks to Fred Kuhn; apartment hunting has been made infinitely easier thanks to the push of friends like Bob and Miriam, Lily, Anni, David, and everyone else who's been there supporting me recently; work is going just super thanks to EVERYONE there; even my sex life is—well, that's none of anyone's business anyhow, never mind...! Please send all submissions, INCLUDING QUESTIONNAIRES, by June 10 to the address below (by the way, you can still send personal letters to 418 East Third in Roselle 07203 if you like!)

ELAYNE WECHSLER—P.O. Box 1609, Madison Square Station, NY, NY 10159

By the way, for any discards out there keeping score, Madison Square Station is on 23rd St...Enjoy, cal

NOSTALGIA IS DEAD, SO WHY NOT

STOCK UP ON IJ BACK ISSUES BEFORE IT RESSURECTS? \$1.50 EACH

AND ALMOST WORTH IT! TAKE IT FROM ME—PLEASE!



# Fan Noose

Couplea Public Service Announcements to begin—Our own Nate Mishan (address in "Inside IJ Staff Writers") is "considering publishing a periodic tip sheet with Heloise-like hints for photographers, video enthusiasts and audiophiles" and asks for an SASE inquiry... Ron Ahrens is soliciting artwork for his publication THUDPUCKER—"They have to be camera-ready, and should be no larger than 5 1/4"—Ron's mainly interested in line drawings and one-frame cartoons. Write him at P.O. Box 61272, Fairbanks, AK 99706... PRISCILLA WATERMELON is the title of a "very small book" put together by R.S. vonPreuss. A really nice children's story, yours for a SASE to 323 Hillcrest Ave., Hinsdale, IL 60521... Lotsa new pubs this time 'round. Let's start with a new literary mag out of NYU published by Rich Brown (of PLAGUE fame) called PRIMAL SCREAM—send contribs or queries to 21 Washington Place, Box 18, New York, NY 10003... Cartoonist Steve Willis' latest surreal offering is DELAYED STRESS SYNDROME FUMNIES, available for \$2 to 1214 Cherry, Olympia, WA 98501... And Clark Dismeyer has some new ones out too, for 25¢ each or so—ACTIVE COMICS #1 and the one-pager CAD COMICS—get 'em from Box 246, Fullerton, NE 68638... Cathy Crockett & Alan Rosenthal's first CAREFULLY SEDATED is out, and the second is on its way—wonderful stuff, send \$1 or trade to Cathy at 117 Wanless Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4M 1W1 CANADA... And someone else I know from apax, Maia Cowan, has put out a book-review zine called OCTAGRAM; SASE or T, I guess, to 652 Cranbrook Rd. #4, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013... If you're a comics collector, you'll want to see the new COLLECTOR'S MARKETPLACE, a high-gloss (and high-class) semipro put out by Harley Anton and Kenneth & Angela Smith, \$6/12 issues to P.O. Box 14179, Baton Rouge, LA 70898... Marvelous Miles Kenin (1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608) has come out with OTHERGATES, a market guide of sf, fantasy, horror, mystery, etc. for writers and artists—Thank you for listing IJ, Millea!—\$7 for a copy... Another listing just out is BLACKLIST 1983 (no, we're not in that one, yet), a listing of all anti-authoritarian publications the authors could find in this world—write for info to Blacklist Group, 719 Ashbury Street, San Francisco, CA 94117... Seemingly related is a recent mailing from ANTI-AUTHORITARIANS ANONYMOUS, P.O. Box 11331, Eugene, OR 97440, SASE for info I guess... Moving along to the stuff I picked up at the NY Book Fair (see "Funny You Should Mention It"), as I mentioned in my FTRESTIGAL column, the new CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE is out and available for \$3 (address in FTSTIGAL column)... AORTA is the name of a newish 4-page political parody paper available for a quarter from J.G. Scariatti, P.O. Box 30A, Brooklyn, NY 11202... And Carlo Pictore, better known as "ME", has a very funny bit out along the Lines of last month's "Anni Liberation Army" thing—\$5 (overpriced but it is amusing) to P.O. Box 1132, Stuyvesant Sta., New York, NY 10009... On the international front, I just received these things have to go surface mail, or we'd all go broke! Issue #9 of the British punkreview zine CATCH-22, available for trade from Kevin Lock, 2nd Floor, 124 Bath Rd., Cheltenham, Glos. GL53 7JX, U.K.... TTPP! The latest OVERTHROW is now out too—inquiries to the still-active (despite the small turnout at the Marijuana March) Youth International Party at P.O. Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013... David D. Ginsberg's latest FANODMANIA column for GOLDMINE has another neat essay on rock fanzines, and a nice plug again for us too (thanks Dave!)—SASE to P.O. Box 322, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858... And for those who follow specific local bands, the new FEAR OF NEWS (put out by Albany rock group FEAR OF STRANGERS) is out too—yours for the asking, so ask Steve Cohen (he's the bassist—by the way, I should mention FoN is very funny as well), P.O. Box 7245, Albany, NY 12224... Oh, speaking of Millea Kenin (which I was up there somewhere), her latest OTHERGATES (sf/fantasy mag) is out too, for \$3 to her address, really wonderful stuff and it deserves a Hugo nom (ah well, maybe next year)... And a quickie update on Lines I Regularly Receive But Can't Plug Over And Over So Although I Love 'em All I'm Just Going To Briefly List Them In This Last Section (when!): AGAINST THE WALL V.11, #7 (Libertarian)—Bill George, P.O. Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091 (\$1.50, T); BIBLIOFANTASTIC #8 (Canadian sf/f fanzine)—C.F. Kennedy, 302 Pape Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4K 3S7 CANADA (\$4.50/6 issues, T); COMIX WORLD/COMIX WAVE (mag comix info source)—Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707, \$6/24 issues; \$11/48 issues; CONFESSIONS OF A TRASH FIEND V. 2, #14 (leazemovies)—Richard Green, P.O. Box 32, Old Bridge, NJ 08857 (\$7/yr for postage); DAVID CASSIDY SUPPORT GROUP (DC janelub zine)—May/June ish—Betsy Syzdek, pres., P.O. Box 188, Plannersville, TX 77363 (\$1, T); THE FORTNIGHTLY COLLEGE RADIO REPORT #52 (radio playlists, reviews)—Shel Kagan, ed., Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809 (SASE inquiry please); GOOD DAY SUNSHINE #14 (Beatles semipro)—Charles F. Rosenay III, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511 (\$2, T); MAGAZINE (mailart, collage)—June issue—Julian Ross, 1400 N. Hayworth Ave., #36, West Hollywood, CA 90046 (SASE, T); THE MONKEES/BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB (self-explanatory) #45—Jodi Hamrich, sec'y., 508 8th St. NE #4, Watertown, SD 57201 (SASE for info, T); SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #47 (sf semipro)—Richard Geis, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211 (\$2, T); THE SMALL PRESS REVIEW (reference source of small presses) V. 14, #4 (sf books)—P.O. Box 100, Paradise, CA 95969 (\$14/yr, T); TRASHOLA V. 2 #16 (leazemovies)—Jim Morton, Suite 583, 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105 (\$3.50/yr for postage); and, last but certainly not least, as partially plugged in the lettercol by its editor "Ace Backwards", TWISTED IMAGE #4 (special "punk fan-zine issue")—Pete Labriola Berkeley Inn Hotel, Room 414, 2501 Haste St., Berkeley, CA 94704 (\$1, T)... Any more I get between typing time and printing time will be handwritten, the heck with it... Happy reading!!

Barnett

P.S. Belated Special thanks to Lauren Scharf and LONE STAR for giving IT a truly nifty plug!! \$1.45 for issue #3 to P.O. Box 29000, Suite #103, San Antonio, TX 78229. A great humor mag!

# INSIDE IJ STAFF WRITERS

It's been the policy of IJ to present each new staff writer an opportunity to tell us a bit about himself, in his own words. At times I begin to regret this little "rule"—I mean, some people are just starting to act like it's 16 Magazine or sumpin', gosh!—but after all, it isn't my rep on the line now, is it, so here's Candi:

- CANDI STRECKER FAB FACT FILE—5 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT CANDI STRECKER!!  
213 S. Grove  
Oak Park, IL 60302  
11-11-55
1. Candi publishes one of the coolest little magazines to come off a Xerox machine, the irregular SIDNEY SUPPEY'S QUARTERLY AND CONFUSED PET MONTHLY!
  2. Candi had an "early mid-life crisis" at 25 and decided she didn't want to be a librarian any more! 2 years later, she's finishing her 3rd college degree—wants to be a graphic designer and cartoonist! (Wanna see her portfolio?)
  3. She luvs guys under 5'6"—especially if they're BLOND and BLUE-EYED!
  4. Candi is happily married (7 years!) to hunky videogame designer MATT HOUSEHOLDER, tho she tends to introduce him as "uh, my friend"!
  5. Her fave Monkee is that wild-n-krazy MIKE!

Staffers just LOVE to get mail, don'tcha all, so here, to refresh your collective memory, are the staffers' addresses (Coop's and John Crawford's should be found by their offerings):

ANNI ACKNER—10 Hillside Ave., #8, Englewood, NJ 07631  
BRIAN CATANZARO—55 Summit Road, Oak Ridge, NJ 07438  
JILL DEARMAN—85-15 Main Street, Briarwood, NY 11435  
CHRIS DOWNEY—7003 Groton Street, Forest Hills, NY 11375  
KEN FILAR—115 Stuyvesant Pl., #5G, Staten Island, NY 10301  
CLAY GEERDES—Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707  
RORY HOUGHENS—R.R. #2, Colfax, IL 61728  
NATE MISHAAN—P.O. Box 305, New City, NY 10956-0305  
BRIAN PEARCE—Buckeye Lane, Goshen, KY 40026  
LEE PELTON—P.O. Box 3145, Traffic Sta., Minneapolis, MN 55403  
GERRY REITH—530 No. Main, #15, Sheridan, WY 82801  
ROLDO—1232 Downing St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3E 2R7 CANADA  
TOM SANDERS—9116 Lawncrest Drive, Clio, MI 48420  
STEVEN SCHARFF—516 Buchanan Street, Hillside, NJ 07205  
CANDI STRECKER—213 S. Grove, #2, Oak Park, IL 60302 (see above)  
KERRY THORNLEY—Box 18441, Tampa, FL 33679

# Funny You Should Mention It...

"...those are the headlines; now, the rumours behind the news..."

"NOW THAT'S SCAAAARY, BOYS AND GIRLS"—On Friday the 13th of May (ah, comedy fans always have such good timing), about 1500 people gathered at the NBC Studios at 30 Rockefeller Center in New York (zip 10020 for those who prefer business by mail) to protest NBC's cancellation of SCTV, perhaps the only remaining bit of surrealism left on the network stations. At press time, it is unknown as to whether or not their cries fell on deaf ears (well, deaf brain, deaf ears...), but IJ correspondent Lisa Bottini said a circulating petition had gotten about as many signatures as participants (hope they all used real names), and that SCTV exec. producer Andrew Alexander promised to have news within the week about alternate possibilities for the satiric program besides NBC, which has presumably filled up its comedy quota with The A-Team (my words, not his). Incidentally, local rock station WNEW-FM broadcast a 30-second-or-so report on the rally, in which our own Lisa's voice was heard plain as day (I think), calling SCTV "a national treasure". And she thought she wouldn't be famous... If I hear anything about SCTV's new whereabouts, I'll add something in handwriting at the end of this column. Nothing as of the typing date. As an item of interest, Rick Moranis and Dave Thomas are rumored to have signed with NBC as regulars on Saturday Night Live next year. I can't think of a comment that wouldn't be unnecessary or redundant here.

BOOKS FOR INDUSTRY—Imagine, if you will, the 67th Street (at Park Avenue) Armory, populated by khaki-camouflaged soldier-boys drilling their 11'11 ol' hearts out, with its main auditorium filled with controversial (including many anti-war and other "subversive") literature. The sight set me to chills and/or giggles. After perusing the Pigout Paradise, alias the annual 9th Avenue Street Fair (wows, we even came close to Mayor Egg Koch, a real honest-to-gosh SNL host and all!), Jill "You've Got-to-Read-This-Book!" Zimmerman and I hiked it 'cross town, spouting Nick Danger dialogue all the way, to the annual New York Book Fair (you know, the one with that wonderful advance publicity that starts out, "New York Invaded By Books With Superior Intelligence"...), where I met more than one person, unbelievable, who had actually heard of this modest publication you now hold in your hot little hands. It was good to see the 'underground' press market alive and flourishing, and I made a few nice connections, a couple of whom are detailed further in Fan Noose, and even met Beatniks From Space's Rick van Waienburg, who knew me before I knew him, ah life's little embarrassments, and of course picked up a copy of my first actual half-literate piece for an underground publication ("Kip's TPT article in CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE). All in all, an exhausting but exhilarating afternoon. When they come to town this time again next year, I'd like to propose we make an IJ field trip to the Armory and, naturally, dress appropriately (facigues?)...

FLASH: SCTV on CINEMAX cable, we believe...



# DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

CIVILIZATION, HO by Anni Achner

Loathe as I am to make the sort of sweeping generalization that is apt to cause one considerable discomfort in later years, when people gleefully ring up in the middle of the night to announce that at long last they have found the one example that brilliantly refutes it, I think it can be fairly stated that this is not a perfect world. In a perfect world, or so I like to believe, things would, a priori, be perfect, and everything would neatly fit into its natural place in the universe. Minor annoyances and embarrassments would vanish, and things would be as they should. Children would be born, remain cute and cuddly—and, incidentally, unable to speak—for a year or so, then automatically become 18 and move far, far away. Rare tape recordings of Lou Reed participating in an all-night jam with several members of the Ballet Tracadero do Monte Carlo would not be eaten alive by \$300 cassette players from Radio Shack. Home Box Office would be forbidden by law to show the same movie more than four times in any given month. Christian Dior panty hose would not run, the sort of chocolate chip ice cream dispensed by the Frusen Gladje people would have no calories and Richard Simmons and Ronald Reagan would retire together to a small cottage by the sea and tell each other stories. Were this world perfect, anyone found running about the streets at 6 AM, wearing a pair of Nikes, would immediately thereafter choke to death on a bowl of Brewer's yeast, small, feathered flying creatures would remain where the Almighty obviously intended them to be, lying nude on a bed of wild rice surrounded by sprigs of parsley, and anyone attempting to attain the Democratic nomination for president of the United States would be required to prove that at least six people outside of his immediate family know who he is. In a perfect world, it is clear, I would be out of a job, but this would not matter, for I would be where the Almighty obviously intended ME to be, lounging around a really terrific apartment in some secluded neighborhood, being attended by a blond Swedish man wearing unusually tight trousers.

And so we are agreed, I hope, that this is not a perfect world. Having said that, though, I think it cannot be stressed strongly enough that there is no reason to make the situation worse than it already is by acting in an unattractive fashion, and yet, difficult as it is to fathom, all around us there are people who vehemently insist on doing just that. It is a deplorable state of affairs. If we cannot have perfection, it should go without saying, but apparently doesn't, we can, at least, be civilized. We are not, after all, savages, animals or AM disc jockeys, and civilized behaviour ought to be the least we can expect of ourselves. As this is so blatantly not the case, however, in the interest of making this less-than-perfect life more bearable for all of us, this column now presents the following Code of Civilized Behaviour for the Betterment of Everyone in the World, also known as:

## MANCHESTER'S\* RULES OF ORDER

- 1) This above all, and, in fact, it is from this that all else springs: DO UNTO OTHERS IN A WAY THAT WILL NOT CAUSE THEM TO BECOME NAUSEOUS.
- 2) The civilized person is discreet and tactful. When in the company of a close friend who is busily doing justice to her third helping of gazpacho at a buffet table, the civilized person does not allude to the fact that the clothing purveyed by Lane Bryant really is a touch this side of outre. The civilized person does not inform a serious smoker that her lungs are rapidly turning into a substance that resembles the debris left by Mount St. Helens nor does the civilized person ever invoke the name of Gloria Vanderbilt in polite conversation.
- 3) Should the civilized person feel that he or she has discovered the One True Path to Peace and Enlightenment, he or she very kindly keeps this knowledge to him or herself. The civilized person does not attempt to impart the way to Jesus, the eternal verities of Mayahana Buddhism, or the benefits to be derived from a three-week immersion course in Scientology to a person who has just reached the best part of MY SWEET AUDRINA.
- 4) The civilized person always bears in mind that his or her interests may very possibly NOT be the interests of the person to whom he or she is talking. Should the civilized person have somehow developed an overwhelming fondness for the music of bands named after mental and sexual aberrations, he or she always keeps a firm grip on the thought that some people enjoy music to which one can sing along in public, and acts accordingly. The civilized person does not discuss the details of his/her hernia operation at dinner parties and, if the civilized person is a new parent, he/she always remembers that, though most people are relatively happy to make the odd cooing noises over an especially cute photograph of the little darling, the same people will find minute descriptions of its bowel movements just a shade tedious.
- 5) The civilized person refrains from doing his/her Uncle Floyd imitations in the library.
- 6) If the civilized person is an entertainer of any variety, he/she always remembers his/her place, which happens to be on the stage, and remains in it. "I am the performer, the audience is the performee" is the hallmark of his/her creed, and he/she never attempts to bridge the gap that separates those who have paid \$25 to view a performance from those who are paid \$25,000 to perform it. The civilized entertainer, therefore, does not dance on the arms of the audience's chairs, spray the audience with water, pelt it with confetti, hold private conversations with those seated in the first row or invite them to join him/her on the stage, particularly when they are hiding behind their raincoats, pretending they are in Minneapolis. While it is permissible for certain entertainers of the rock'n'roll genre to venture out into the audience for brief periods in order to highlight their performances, the civilized entertainer always brings his/her microphone on such occasions, in order to further pinpoint the inherent difference between Them and Us. It is not, however, permissible to try and induce audience members to sing into this microphone, nor is it permissible to find the least appealing member of the audience, and ask him/her to dance.

7) The civilized person does not dart out from the doorway of a darling little boutique and steal a taxi from someone who has been standing in the rain for 45 minutes.

8) The civilized politician—working on the perhaps debatable assumption that such a concept is not a contradiction in terms—endeavors at all times to keep a tight hold on reality. The civilized male politician strives always not to look like either a jovial, all-knowing, shrewd, wise, lovable old codger or Dream Date Ken. The civilized male politician does not film campaign commercials which feature his mother nor does he come out in opposition of an issue with which he has no direct involvement, i.e., the civilized male politician does not vow to end legalized abortion unless he can prove conclusively that he has been pregnant himself. The civilized female politician always bears in mind that, in the minds of a large percentage of her constituents, she represents all women, and, as such, a lack of dignity on her part becomes a lack of dignity on the part of every woman everywhere. To this end, she does not wear funny hats nor does she attempt to take advantage of the dubious "privileges" afforded her sex by going into a swoon or stamping her tiny foot when her environmental control bill gets tabled on the floor of Congress, unless she really does think that this will aid in its eventual passage. The civilized politician of either sex does not attempt to impress voters of the Hebraic faith by munching a kosher hot dog on the Lower East Side, and requesting a glass of milk to go with it.

9) The civilized person is not named Slick, Stud, Bubbles, Twinkle, Murfy, Su-Zanne, Johnny Vomit or Goodvibes Karma Vishnumurti.

10) The civilized person is a gentle and considerate lover. The civilized female lover does not burst into uncontrollable laughter at first sight of her partner's unclothed body. She does not muss upon the physical attributes of previous lovers during strategic moments, nor does she mention just how awfully cute she finds Burt Reynolds at any point in the proceedings. The civilized female lover does not, in the moments immediately following the ultimate climax of the act of love, make remarks in the nature of "Was that it?", "Well, I guess you did the best you could with what you have", or "You have to sleep in the wet spot". She does her utmost to refrain from gagging. (Author's Note: Thanks and a tip of the G spot to Alex Castro and Kevin Bentley for technical advice on the previous section.) The civilized male lover realizes that women's egos are particularly fragile at moments such as this, and they do not appreciate such well-meant comments as "There's so much of you to hold on to", "You really can hardly see those stretch marks", and "But I like the size of your breasts". He does not wait until just before the moment of extreme intimacy to inquire as to the method of birth control used, and he tries not to view male contraceptives in the light of being forced to shower while wearing a raincoat, or, if he does, he refrains from saying so at the time that it has become obvious that it is either them or nothing. The civilized male lover, no matter how strong his curiosity in this regard, never, ever utters any variation on the phrase "Was it good for you, baby?"

By following these few simple rules, we can all, with very little effort, make this a much pleasanter, more comfortable world in which we all can live. Of course, it will still not be perfect, but then, perfection is only arguably within the human ken. On the other hand, I've been seriously considering taking a sort of working vacation to Sweden in the near future, so one is never really able to tell, is one?

\* Irving R. "Freefall" Manchester (1953-1982)—Leapt to his death from a sixth-story window one evening when confronted with a television commercial featuring Patricia Neal discussing the attributes of headache remedies.

## FUN WITH TOM by Tom Sanders

Hey you! Record collector! Yes, you, Mr. or Ms. Investible with your stacks of Capitol Beatles singles and black-and-yellow Atlantics! Been down to Bleecker Street, the Wall Street of record collecting, to see how your investments are doing? Thumbing through bins of Lesley Gore albums marked fifteen dollars each, items found at any yard sale worth the time. This writer found the Nashville Teens LP on London for 25 cents at such a sale. Some greedy slob in the Village would give me twenty bucks for it! That's New York, they tell me.

I would imagine that the Danny and the Juniors records took a big jump in price since Danny Rapp killed himself. The poor man looked in to the future and saw life as an endless string of one-nighters at which record bugs, their wives and kids by their sides, implored him to "give us just one more 'At The Hop'" and shouted "rock and roll is her to stay!" to anyone who would listen. Do you remember black and white shoes, '57 Chevrolets and going steady? Get lost. I don't even want to know you exist.

Go up to Central Park, aging children of rock and roll, and have a day-long memorial gathering for Danny. Take your radios, your tapes of his music, and mill around on Strawberry Fields until two o'clock, when ten minutes of silence must be observed. On that day WPLJ will play nothing but Danny and the Juniors music, as messages of sympathy pour in from around the world. That week's "Sha Na Na" TV show will be a tribute to Danny Rapp, one of the "founders" (!!!) of rock and roll. That's how the Hollywood crowd will put it. Is that show still on? You watch it? There might still be hope for you. Go outdoors right now and soak your head in the nearest pool of water! Come back indoors and put all, yes, ALL your 50s records in the trash. Welcome to the 80s.

Now, to show you readers that I'm still human, here's a popular music trivia question: What combination of artist and title spells the same forward and backward? This song was in the US top 10 sometime in the 70s. Look for the answer next time, if you can stand yourselves until then.

He's so Apolitical, he thinks the Elders of Zion reside in a Miami nursing home. Laughter.

She's so apolitical she thinks Federal Reserve notes are what you pass to a friend in class.

He's so apolitical he calls up the Seditious Brothers to order ribs.



## Filmviews

by Ken Filat

The air hangs dark, but electric, 'round those (so so modern) writhing to the strains of "Bela Lugosi's Dead" when Miriam and John Deneuve and David Bowie) make the scene (disguised as Catherine the youthful energy in a vain attempt to quench their thirst for every thing sensual) and chic (do you get the feeling that this is all tongue in cheek?). THE HUNGER, a stunning first feature from director Tony Scott (related—by blood—to Ridley Scott, director of ALIEN and BLADE RUNNER), proves that an old tale (such as "the vampire myth") can be retold any number of times but only contemporary gloss lends a credence that sucks the audience in so completely that they become one with the film (seduced and satiated) and leave the make-you-believe world of force-darkness to re-enter the realm of the still/living with new (just for) life running through their veins.

Susan Sarandon (whose character's name eludes recall) is a beautiful young doctor, an authority on aging. When Bowie sees the myth (of "forever") that Deneuve leads him to believe (could be) explode, and he starts degenerating rapidly (200 plus years catching up with him in a matter of hours), he visits the doctor hoping that she might be able to "save" him. She can't, but once drawn under their mesmerizing influence, Sarandon winds up biting the same line when Deneuve feeds it to her (hoping that she won't have to spend more "time" alone).

Nothing that occurs makes this tale any more plausible than any other vampire film from the original black and white NOSFERATU to Herzog's recent, but colorless, remake of the same name. But, while every vampire movie has left us with at least one more reason to look back (over our shoulder) in the darkening gloom, this is the first film to indulge our senses in exactly the way most vampires feed—allowing us to experience the mythtore from within the mist. THE HUNGER feeds on the power of sexual longing and building excitement; the animalistic thrill of the hunt; the constant craving to consume (even those ostensibly considered "love objects"); the fascination with beauty for its sake alone (though it is no liberation from former ugliness—real, half-languid or dreamed); the emptiness that can accompany something so simple as the need for companionship (magnified, over centuries, to appear larger than death).

Yet, for all its high-toned pretensions, this film never sinks into camp parody of the genre, but, instead, takes off from the realm of our worst nightmares and glides into that of our most erotic dream-encounters. The consequence being so capably executed that no one with half a hedonistic head can exit the theatre without feeling that the foregoing was sensational (and not cerebral—to be sure) in a way that even if belief in the magic of "forever" is illusory, it is still obviously more pleasurable than the temporal limitations which have upended or suspended our capacity to believe (true—or—not?) we can enjoy all life's offerings(s).

[COROLLARY: The only moment which we can be sure of experiencing is "now" and "forever" can safely be anticipated in every moment which follows, or every "now" following "now". But, if the anticipation of "forever" blocks our appreciation of "now" with apprehension our living is not existent in any time. We are trapped in an inappreciation—missing moments—forever now!]

Conclusion: SEE THIS MOVIE! It's far better than any review (or reviewer) could lead you to believe—suckers! SPACEMAN, Adventures in the Forbidden Zone, is an unspectacular, but thoroughly engaging mixture of Buck Rogers, Star Wars, and Three's Company. All this is enhanced by the sometimes startling 3-D effects that sometimes seem to detract from the actual story and become the fulcrum of the movie. As an entertainment, this is no better or worse than most, but as a serious attempt to bridge the space-saga with three-dimensional special effects, it is only so-so. Give it a shot when you're in the mood for light entertainment and not too much brain involvement. Otherwise, you'll think you've wasted \$5. As for 3-D, I'm waiting to get inside the mouth of the shark coming soon to theatres (like a beached whale).

FN: On the way to deliver EW this manuscript, two alien-semantic-beings asked "the way to the North Pole" and I responded that I thought it "used to be in Queens", but that it had probably been stolen. Ergo [and one point of this ego-athletic footnote]: We all may be lost in space—trapped /forever/ in forbidden zones...

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The Church of the SubGenius

## Wax Ink

by Rury Kouchens

I have of late been listening a lot to a quickly-aging LET THEM EAT JELLYBEANS! (Alternative Tentacles Recs., c/o Faulty Products, 633 N. LaBrea, Suite A, Hollywood, CA 90036), a record to commemorate the Reagan years. An uneven collection of tracks by assorted deviants, wits and madcaps compiled by the Dead Kennedys' own windbag, Jello Biafra, it's split roughly into two camps (one per side) and offers enough different points of view and styles to satisfy (or anger) the staunchest music advocate.

Side One belongs almost exclusively to those socially and politically conscious youngsters who represent the "hardcore" punk faction. Future classics include Flipper's generic dolphin anthem, "Ha Ha Ha" (perhaps the best cut on the album), heavy metal Rastafarians Bad Brains' blinding "Pay To Cum", and a contribution from Canada's Subhumans who've been blessed with a sense of humor rather than the gift of gab (unlike the Dead Kennedys and D.O.A.). Members of the Moral Majority will want to pay special attention to the Feeders graphic tale of blasphemy, "Jesus Entering From The Rear". Parental discretion is advised.

Musically more adventurous, but less energetic acts fill up the second side of this atomic hors d'oeuvre. Geza X and the Moonmen clean up with "Isotope Soap", a sing-along tune for our upcoming post-nuclear lifestyles. Also worthy of mention are Anonymous' Residents-style "Corporate Food", 4 Japanese's (more on them later) manic "Fun Again", and "Sleep", a slab of synthetic smoothness by Voice Farm that pops instead of droops. Avoid like the plague the Off's "Everyone's A Bigot"! Not the best compilation album I've ever heard, but like fine mold, it grows on you with age (and a few listens).

"How Will I Know"/"That's What They Say"/"Tracks of My Tears" (Press Records, 432 Moreland Ave., N.E., Atlanta, GA 30307) by XXOO (Hugs and Kisses or vice versa) is the latest offshoot of Jad and David Fair's rapid pop conglomerate, 4 Japanese. Fans as well as collectors should take note because this 45 will be the one and only XXOO release 'cause the group has already changed its name to (paper and pencil, please) We Are They That Ache With Amorous Love (thank you, Walt Whitman).

Jad Fair's inquisitive "How Will I Know" could easily be subtitled "Jonathan Richman and Chris Stamey Take Lou Reed to the Cleaners" as its simplicity (guitar, drum, casual voice) fondly recalls some of the early efforts of those three poets. The rest of the single consists of a sugary rendition of Buddy Holly's "That's What They Say" replete with chimes, and a version of Smokey Robinson's "Tracks of My Tears" wherein the classic tale of woe and pity is transformed into a seething outpouring of anger. Better than a hot meal!

THANK HEAVEN! (PVC), the debut mini-album by Little Girls, offers some pleasant surprises. Led by vocalists/songwriters Caron and Michelle Maso (the only "little girls" in the group), this California six-piece mixes past and present trends for a sound that, more often than not, outshines that of most other bands of this ilk. "Left Without A Real Kiss" tosses out some exquisite, Everyly Brothers-Influenced harmonies (don't miss the blissful, transcendental dream sequences!), while "No Time To Say Goodbye" sounds like twin Melanies (remember her/ them?) at their most heartbroken. Also included are "Earthquake Song", a happy-go-lucky look at a natural disaster, and "How To Pick Up Girls", a vicious little ditty that would be right at home in the Rick Springfield Battle of the Sexes Songbook.

Another record that has taken months to sneak onto the old, beaten up turntable is TAME CAIN (RCA), the first slap of plastic by the former model who is also the wife of Jonathan Cain, former Baby and current Journeyman. There's nothing here that's gonna make me knit a shawl for my Kate Bush collection, but the respectable mix of "rockers" and "ballads" contains some tasty morsels. "Holdin' On", the single that came out last summer, is a spirited little number perfectly suited for AM

consumption, and "My Time To Fly" boasts a bitter-sweet melody and gut-tarwork by Journey's Neil Schon. "Temptation" tries to infringe upon perilous Pat Benatar's hard rock territory, but lacks the punch to succumb. And "Almost Any Night", a duet (of sorts) between Mr. and Mrs. Cain, is aimed at all you swooning young marrieds out there. Take heed!

He's So A-OK! He thinks enthusiasm is about feet, fingers & the Orient.

One album that has been unduly overlooked is I SCARE MYSELF (Island), the premiere platter by Barry Reynolds, guitarist with the Compass Point All-Stars, the Island Records house (?) band. An honest and meaty disc, it serves up Reynolds' versions of songs he either authored or co-wrote for Marianne Faithfull. "Guilt", "Broken English" and the excellent "Times Square" are stripped of almost all decoration and done up with thin, metallic guitar, sparse synthesizers and no frills percussion. "Over There (No Time For Justice)" (co-written with Faithfull) is a loping, Lammesque stab at unjust and intolerant societies that would imprison you for your opinions. The album ends with "The Bold Fenian Men", a forty-year-old Irish folk ballad that proudly but sadly recounts the contributions and sacrifices made by a village during the Second World War. Bitter and beautiful.

## Books I WISH I'D WRITTEN

by Jill Zimmerman

"I laughed, I cried. If you read one book this year, read this!" Unoriginal, but never has a book deserved these hackneyed words as much as Cynthia Heimel's SEX TIPS FOR GIRLS (Simon & Schuster, \$7.95 paper). Behind one of the gaudiest, flashiest, most tacky, tempting and tasteless covers in the history of publishing (a pair of spectacular legs in blood red fuck-me shoes a black net stockings; with hand clutching the receiver of an equally blood-red phone, all against a bilious yellow background) Heimel has written what may be the definitive guide to survival for single women. Cynthia Heimel writes the "Problem Lady" and "Tongue in Chic" columns in the Village Voice, and was the first journalist to expose the dreaded "bulldozer", or "scumbag", depending on how crude you want to be, in her acclaimed (by the entire editorial department at S&S—a totally unbiased source) article, "Beware of Mr. Right."

"These are the times that try a girl's soul..." she begins, and proceeds, in a consistently snide, sardonic, yet sensible style, to help us all cope with the roller coaster of life in (or out) of the big city. In "The Great Boyfriend Crunch" she advises us to wait till the dust settles, in the Great Upheaval of the male psyche. She admonishes us never to flirt in New York (an eminently rational bit of advice), since "men in New York all have that sleek, well-fed look of a tiger who's already had his supper." She offers sound advice on sexual protocol: from Zen and the Art of Diaphragm Insertion ("Put it in and forget it. You will or you won't get laid, but, like the Zen archer, you'll be ready."); How to get a man to perform oral sex ("Tell him that you read somewhere, you think it was probably Forbes, that the only men who make it into the top economic bracket are the ones who eat pussy on a regular basis"); whether to sleep with a man on the first date ("No, you should not...except if you really want to"); how to tell if you're horny ("You exist"); how to tell if you're obsessed (this merits an entire chapter, the opening paragraphs of which nearly got me thrown off the Matavan Local); How to be Blindingly Beautiful ("Never lead a sensible life"); and other indispensable survival mechanisms. Add to this the exclusive services of the famous Viennese Dr. Eva Rosa Anna von Sex Tips, and the first American printing of the Sex, Drugs, and Rock & Roll diet, and you have the comprehensive guide to keeping happily sane (or insane) in this bizarre world.

SEX TIPS FOR GIRLS is crude, bawdy, tasteless, often sexist, and easily the funniest book published this year. Cynthia Heimel cuts through the bullshit of our "I don't need anyone" facade and helps us wade through the quagmire of life with (or without) the American Male.

# FREEZE-DRIED CATHODE RAY TUBES

GUESTS YOU WON'T SEE ON LATE NIGHT

DAVID LETTERMAN—"...Thanks Paul. Later on in the broadcast—Rita La-  
vaille with her dancing EPA unemployed. And tomorrow night, Andy Kauf-  
man and Stupid Cactus Tricks. I wanted to ask you—what was it like  
to work with Wile E. Coyote?"

ROAD RUNNER—"Beep! Beep!"

DL—"I, uh... I see. So there was no off-screen feuding like the pa-  
pers kept reporting..."

RR—"Meep! Meep!"

DL—"Have you seen him lately?"

RR—"Meep! Meep!"

DL—"Oh? I heard he'd retired to the south of France with Pia Zadora  
or something. What about the years after your film career? I believe  
I read something about Petunia Pig being seen often around your home  
in Arizona."

RR—"Beep! Beep!"

DL—"Uh-huh. I saw that guest shot you did on Diff'rent Strokes the  
other night—was it exciting working with Nancy Reagan?"

RR—"Meep! Meep!"

DL—"Did you get Todd Bridges' autograph?"

RR—"Beep!"

DL—"Really? Hmm. So, how was working in the desert—tough on the  
feathers?"

RR—"Meep! Meep!"

DL—"Well, we've got a surprise for you—back in the green room, if  
you'll follow me...Back in the green room, we've got our surprise  
guest of the evening. You'll, uh...you'll have to slow down a bit.  
Just follow me back here—Hello, Paul, will...Hi there, Larry 'Bud'..."

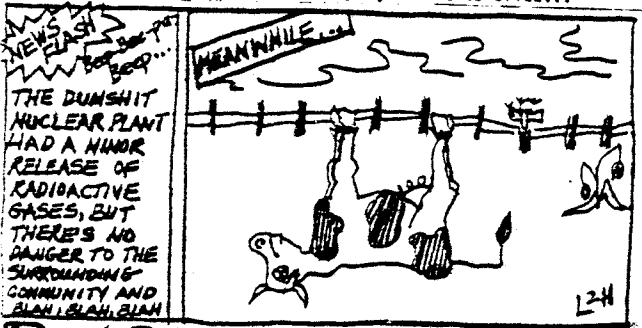
L'Bud—"Hello, Dave...Say, would you like to see my butterfly collec-  
tion? How about your friend..."

DL—"No, no thanks. Well, here we are. Let me open up this door here  
—ahh, there we are. Yes, you probably haven't seen him in years—  
but you know him, you love him, you can't live without him—Wile E.  
Coyote!"

RR—"Meep! Meep!" +ZTP+

DL—"No, uh...Wait...Guys...I...Well, uh, they ran down the hall, as  
you can see. Well, Hal...what now?"

HS—"Cue the slide. Paul, start playing. Fade to slide..."



## Nototorial by Nate Mishaan

"ON THE ROAD AGAIN"

(cliched title, sure wish I could enclose an audiocassette of Wil-  
lie Nelson singing this tune, just like on PM Magazine...)

April was a hectic month for me. I was sent down to our nation's  
capitol for most of the month by the firm I work for and was at NPR's  
studios only to learn of their budget woes.

I enjoy travel on the job. Whenever I go "on the road", I get to  
eat semi-decent meals and feel like a big shot. Travelling has taught  
me several things—some funny, some not so.

I've made several observations about our nation's capitol as well  
as some observations on living "on the road". Maybe I'll show a few  
if I can collect my thoughts...

### OBSERVATIONS

- Washington has got to be the Preppie Capitol of the World.
- D.C. drivers are worse than Boston and/or New Jersey drivers. If 0  
is the reference point for driving quality of the lowest caliber, Bos-  
ton and New Jersey rank at 0, D.C. at -50!! Take heart, New Jersey  
drivers (better yet, take the PATH instead!)
- Washingtonians do not know what regular coffee is.
- Everything costs more in D.C.
- Washington has better re-runs in syndication than New York/New Jersey  
metro area.
- A hero is a sub in D.C. and is usually overpriced, but the peppers  
are free.
- Banks keep funny hours in D.C. as well as bars.

My observations may appear somewhat narrow in scope. Then again, I  
had little time to explore. I did, however, tour several hotel lobbies.  
TRIVIA, FUN FACTS, ETC. Learned in April:

- Morty Guntz was originally cast as Rob Petrie in The Dick Van Dyke  
Show.

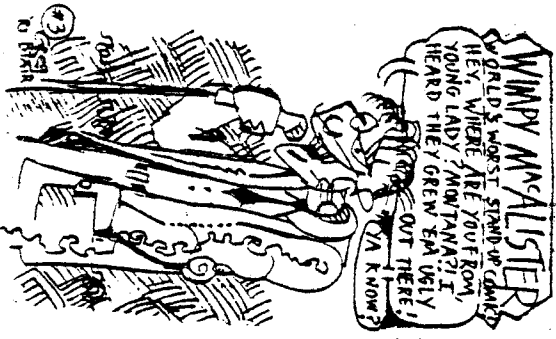
- You can deduct 1/2 of your Health Insurance premiums, but pot isn't tax  
deductible.

- Kodak now does b & w processing.

- Personal stereos are no longer personal when the volume is up halfway  
or more.

- The CIA gets agents through classified ads in everyday newspapers.  
...and many other interesting things.

While I was in Washington, my place of residence was robbed. My VHS  
and color TV were taken. I found out that Granada doesn't provide in-  
surance coverage and if you ain't insured you is liable!!!  
This 'titorial was written hurriedly. My apologies



## they BLINDED me with VIDEO

by CANDI STRECKER

PART 1. How I Became An MTVidiot

I was an MTV fan before MTV even existed...or, to put it another  
way, I've long been fascinated by the possibilities—artistic and fi-  
nancial—of rock videos. I first became a crank on the subject around  
1978 and 1979, when campus film societies at the University of Michigan  
periodically scheduled nights of "rock shorts". That's right: one  
actually paid (a dollar or two) to see 90 minutes of videos. Often the  
list of videos was identical from show to show—the same early ones of  
Devo or Elvis Costello—but they were so good that we had no complaints.  
Anyways, there weren't that many videos available to show. It's odd,  
but in one of those shows we were seeing about half the rock videos  
then in existence! The mind boggles at how many hours of watching it'd  
take to match that claim today.

By 1981, when we got a Betamax, the video situation was starting to  
change. Instead of being art/experimental films sponsored by bands as  
self-promotion, videos were becoming something record companies initia-  
ted and funded. There were more videos by this point, and a certain  
"video look" or style was coalescing. All that was lacking was an out-  
let for the videos; at this point there was still something very aphe-  
meral about them, a feeling that even if you did chance to see a video,  
you might never see it again. (We learned to keep a blank tape in the  
Betamax at all times, just in case.) You couldn't predict when a video  
would show up, either. "Rock Concert"-type shows sometimes slipped  
them in among the live-on-stage footage; cable TV stations were using  
them as five-minute fillers; also, bars and clubs (and even record  
stores) were starting to install TV screens. But there were no regu-  
larly scheduled shows featuring videos.

The idea of such a show seemed so blithingly obvious to me that I  
often ranted about it to anyone who'd listen. I had no doubt that  
there was a potential audience—that once people saw what rock videos  
were like, and knew where to tune in to watch 'em, they would. And it  
would be a low-risk venture, since record companies provide videos  
free to anyone they think will show them. And the material was cer-  
tainly available—heck, I would joke, by now so many videos have been  
made that you could show them all day and all night without repeating  
much!

Warner Communications, the folks who brought you Daffy Duck (they  
own ATARI and DC Comics too), came to the same conclusion I had, and  
in late 1981 began broadcasting 24-hour-a-day videos by cable. After  
being a video-nut for years, imagine my frustration as our local cable  
franchise dragged its heels on offering MTV until mid-April of this  
year (two weeks ago as I write). Not only that, but they had the gall  
to charge extra for MTV, even tho it costs them nothing—which is why  
MTV is part of "basic service" in most civilized parts of the U.S. (I  
won't go into the electronics of it, but we are no more paying for MTV  
than we are for the rest of the cable services we get). This brings  
us to the present, as I come up for air after two weeks of obsessed  
immersion in MTV.

Is it as good as I expected? Well, let's just say I find it some-  
what like those fairy tales where a person wants something badly,  
wishes for it, gets it, and finds it isn't exactly what that person  
had had in mind after all. I've said so often to my MTV-blessed  
friends, gosh, don't you love it, don't you just watch it all the  
time? And they'd usually reply, well, it's not that good, there's a  
lot of repetition and somehow you get real sick of it. After just a  
few hours of MTV-watching, I started to see what they meant. MTV has  
a certain insidious quality; it's compelling in a way that "regular" TV  
programming isn't. Even the most terrible video keeps you glued to the  
screen, in hopes that the next video will be better—sort of a gamb-  
ler's mentality, perhaps? I've gotten a similar sensation from watch-  
ing sex movies on cable TV. No matter how inane or un-arousing one  
fuck-scene may be, you keep watching because you know that in a few  
minutes there'll be a totally different set of characters, genitals, and  
positions on-screen which might be more appealing to you.

Overall, I like MTV because I like videos. And I especially like  
clever, imaginative videos set to clever, imaginative music, which  
means I'm pleased with what I'm seeing on MTV about 20% of the time.  
(More about that next month.) But watching MTV gives me a strange,  
claustrophobic feeling, as if I've been locked up in an airless 17-inch  
diagonal box.

Science and Medicine  
are FRAUDS!  
Who Needs Mental Health?

IT PRESENTS: "OUT OF THE WOODWORK", A PAGE-TO-PAGE FOLLOW-ALONG DIALOGUE  
① They're coming out of the woodwork today' (could)

# FUTURE SHOCK

by Jill Dearman

I couldn't believe it. There she was...after all these years... Sheela, my best friend from grade school throughout high school...in the "La Bamba" room at "Whoopie's".

It had been a bad year for me. My business had crumbled like so many others under the new Barrymore administration (that's Drew Barrymore, former child star, famous for her role of Gertie in *E.T.*). Yes, 2006 sure was a bad year for me.

Sheela and I were the best of friends...once. Yeah, I was going to be the big screenwriter/director, and she was going to be the prima ballerina. Funny how things don't always turn out the way they do in your dreams.

Anyway, after 1984 (a surprisingly insignificant year, except for the fact that we both graduated from high school then), we went our separate ways. Different colleges, different goals...but still the same two crazy kids who loved to watch old *Odd Couple* reruns while eating Entenmann's big chocolate donuts. We kept in touch fairly often during college, then that was it. The last I heard of Sheela was in 1989. She was dancing with a reputable New York dance troupe when her left big toe was bitten off by a hungry pig named Vernon on a farm in upstate New York. That ended her career as a dancer. I tried to call her to tell her how sorry I was about the "oink incident", but she was so heartbroken that she went to Kenya for a year with her drummer boyfriend.

And now here she was...a blast from the past. She was wearing a long housecoat with an alligator on it (Sheela was always a prep), and holding a drink. "Whoopie's" was famous for its risqué dancers, and sexy films. There was a big screen behind a stage that held two nude young women and a blind man, who had to guess what was on stage with him. On the screen were various suggestive surreal images. So this was the "La Bamba" room.

I was in the outer bar, when I literally stumbled in there, looking for the rest rooms. It was only 6pm, and except for the two girls, the blind man, and Sheela, the room was empty.

"Sheela?" I said hesitantly. She turned.

"Jill?" So she recognized me.

I walked up to her, and she put down her drink.

"Jill!" she screamed.

"Sheela!" I screamed back.

We hugged and the past twenty-three years disappeared. It was 1983 again, or so it felt.

"Uh, Jill..." she said, slightly taken aback. "This is Lucinda, Aphrodite, and Joe," she said, gesturing to the curvaceous brunette, muscular blonde and the blind man, respectively. We all said hello.

"Take five, kids. I haven't seen Jill in ages." She led me over to a table where we sat down.

"So tell me," she began, "What's been happening with you in the past, oh...twenty years?"

"Well, after high school graduation, my family and I went to Rumpelstiltschen's..."

"No, important things, sweetie," she said politely.

"Oh, well, let's see...I was married for awhile. I think we made it official while you were in Kenya."

"Oh! Tell me about him...and what happened, you divorced?"

"No...well...His name was Pete. He was a salesman," I said.

"Really? What did he sell?" Sheela asked.

"You know the hard tips on shoelaces? Had quite a knack for pushing those things. But Pete was a very glib man. He could be convinced of anything. And very kind-hearted, too..."

"Pushover Pete, huh?" she said, and we both laughed, recalling a particular *Odd Couple* episode.

"Yes, and that was his downfall. He met a guy who told him he had a whole inventory of shoelace-tips, and he supposedly wanted to become partners with Pete."

"What happened?"

"Well, to make a short story long...er...long story short, I mean—Freudian slip," I laughed—

"No," Sheela corrected, gesturing to her housecoat. "It's an Izod."

"Anyway," I continued, "this guy...his name was Frank—'Frank the Tank', they called him...big guy. Anyhow, his shoelace-tip business was connected with the Mafia. And it was all very illegal. You might say Pete got involved with 'hot tips'. Well, what finally happened was that Pete cried to back out on his deal with this Frank—"

"The Tank?"

"Yeah, but Frank and his 'friends' didn't go for it."

"Did they hurt Pete?" Sheela asked, wide-eyed.

"Yes. They killed him...or so I think."

"What do you mean?" Sheela asked so wonderously she reminded me of Nancy Allen.

"Well, like Jimmy Hoffa. I don't know what happened to him. He sort of vanished...but I really believe they got him."

"You mean—" Sheela said hesitantly, "—they gave him shoes with concrete shoelace tips?"

I nodded, and shivered, just recalling that whole sordid phase of my life. I then, after getting myself together (she relaxed me by letting me watch Lucinda, Aphrodite, and Joe do the act she choreographed...Joe was beginning to get under my skin), we recounted ten important things that had happened to us in the past twenty years. Funny, I would have never thought that Sheela could have given up Entenmann's doughnuts in 1991.

We made plans to go out to lunch on Tuesday, and go to the good old Blecker Street Cinema...they're showing all the old *Odd Couple* episodes this week.

"PHILOSOPHY VEGETABLES" superseded by new dumbgame. "He's So Apologetic." Examples: "He's so apologetic, he thinks the 'Master Race' is the Bay-to-Breakers."

# THE OCAT

by Chris Downen

Every month when I get the latest *IJ*, I tear into it with a passion equalled only by the Patti McGuire issue of *PLAYBOY*. I'm fanatic about everything in *IJ* except for one thing: Through no fault of my own, I have neither heard of nor patronized The Firesign Theatre in my life. (ED. NOTE: That's okay, Chris, no one else has, either.) I'm not particularly proud of this fact; however, I'm in no great rush to run out, buy their records and correct it either. So I'm sure you see that the *FIRESIGN* column would be of little interest to me. Still, I feel like that clumsy kid standing all alone at the prom, afraid to dance. I feel left out. But rather than wallow in self-pity (wallowing's not my style, babe), I've decided to retaliate with a volume of trivia I feel must occupy enough space in my brain to impair my breathing and motor coordination. Although more in the mainstream of things, it nonetheless deserves to have its share of space in the pages of this publication. Garnering an almost religious following in the New York area over the last 15 years, it's in my opinion the greatest comedy in television history. And so, I present *The OCAT*, or, *The ODD COUPLE Attitude Test* (New York State regents certified, accepted universally among any group of my adolescent friends, and no cakewalk):

## PART I—WHAT'S IN A NAME?

1. What is Oscar's ex-wife's name?
2. What is Felix's ex-wife's name?
3. Name Felix's two children.
4. Name the grayhound.
5. Name Oscar's pet fly.
6. Name Felix's pet parrot.
7. What's Murray's last name?
8. What is Speed's real name?
9. Name the Pidgeon Sisters.
10. Name Leonard's frog.
11. What is the name of the dog whose tombstone bears Felix's poem?
12. Name Felix's girlfriend who lived in their building.
13. What is Gloria's maiden name?
14. Who proposed to Blanche before Oscar?
15. What's the name of the bellhop at the hotel where the two then-married couples stayed for their last vacation?

## PART II—GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

16. On what date was Felix Ungar asked to "remove himself from his place of residence"?
17. Where did Felix and Oscar meet? EXTRA CREDIT: There are two different stories to this. Name them both.
18. What's written in Felix's high school yearbook?
19. What did Felix do with the transcripts from his divorce trial?
20. What is Felix and Gloria's song?
21. From where did Felix know Richard Dawson?
22. From where did Oscar know Monty Hall?
23. Why didn't the boys go on "Let's Make A Deal"?
24. How much money was left over from the boys' horse-racing spree?
25. What did Nancy do for a living?

## PART III—NAME THE EPISODE

26. Keep the squid!
27. Floyd-is-a-jerk!
28. I-much-fear-trouble-in-the-fuselage-Frederick.
29. What's an inane drone?
30. Aristothenes is ridiculous!
31. Murray, use a coaster!
32. Oscar's my friend. He's sick. And I'm a policeman.
33. Now let the wine sit in your mouth until it tastes like furniture polish.
34. A dollar for your death.
35. No, our friendship is ended.
36. Take your tongue and tell a lie.
37. The dog died.
38. Maybe they teach geese.
39. A jelly-doughnut for a jellyfish.
40. Drop your glove, don't stare.
41. I don't wanna look at the GI birdhouse!
42. I don't like pits, pits, pits, in my juice, juice, juice!
43. There's a new Ungar in the world!
44. What's this, the Wide World of Gluttony?
45. Lloyd's of Lubbock.
46. Maybe you are lucky in love, no?
47. Oscar, there's an enormous woman blocking the exit of the plane!
48. Everybody say MIDGET!

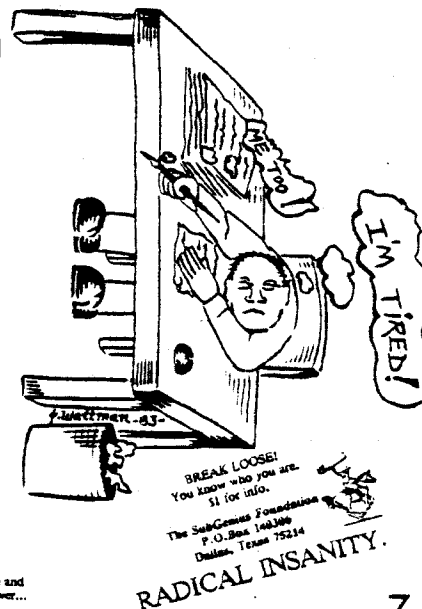
## PART IV

49. It's \_\_\_\_\_ before \_\_\_\_\_, SO YOU BETTER NOT \_\_\_\_\_.
50. When you \_\_\_\_\_, YOU MAKE AN \_\_\_\_\_ OUT OF \_\_\_\_\_ AND \_\_\_\_\_.

(Presumably, Chris will supply us with the answers next month!...)

## PERFORMERS & ARTISTS FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

"Without a Song the World Would Never End"



You can channel 'It' into higher intelligence and creativity. Abnormality provides special power...



# DARK WINGS OVER EASY

Chapter 7

by Raldo

(update: Samuel Barabas Main has met an Alien with urgent news.)

Sam and the Alien resumed their trek to "The Cornered Rat" in quest of booze and seclusion.

As they strode with purposeful strides through the milling streets, Sam noticed an elderly sort being beaten and robbed by a group of teenagers.

"You see," exhorted a young exec-type, gesturing to the mugging with one hand and clutching a monogrammed briefcase with the other, "You see what's happening, right here on the streets of our great city! Crime and violence are rampant. Nobody is safe. Stay in your cars! Buy guard dogs for your homes! Apply for gun licenses! And vote for Richman O. Paley, your Law and Order candidate for mayor."

"Hey," said Sam, "I know that three-piece asshole. He used to be the office goopher in an ad company I worked for before I wised up. I wonder what the hell he's doing."

The Alien watched the gathering crowd with a kind of detached disgust. Fresh-faced young girls dressed vaguely like Pioneer women circulated among the muttering mass, handing out leaflets urging voters to "stand up for decency and vote for Paley". The crowd accepted the handbills with an eagerness that blended social outrage and mindless acceptance, then wandered off, muttering about "the times". One thick-browed specimen lacking neck and forehead paused in front of Sam and pointed a thick and grubby finger at him.

"We've Got To Turn This Country Around!" he announced in a loud, serious voice.

The Alien stared at him. "It hardly seems the solution to the problems of the present can be found in the past," he said. "How do you think this mess happened?"

"If you don't like it here," snarled the citizen, "go back where you came from."

"I intend to—just as soon as I tell my friend here what the future of your planet has coming. As soon as he's aware of the danger lurking directly under your great red nose, I'll be off this backwater excuse for a world so fast it'll wobble in its orbit."

The loud, sensing a potentially dangerous looney, backed into the anonymity of the crowd, but Sam's companion was warning to his speech, so he switched to a more generally directed form of ranting.

"Look at you," he howled, self-control slipping away like young lovers at a church picnic, "a chattering pack of scarcely evolved apes, your asses still red from rubbing on the cave floor, and you really think you've got it all figured out, don't you, you hopeless herd of dim-witted sheep! In the last two hundred years, your miserable species has developed the weapon from black-powder pistols to neutron bombs, you've turned the simple act of personal transportation into a combination of status-symbol and multi-purpose destruction mechanism. You're trained from birth to think as little as possible and to follow any idiot who claims to be a leader. You spend your entire miserable lives supporting a system that you believe in for no better reason than you're told to believe in it, and the handful of you who do manage to get it into their atrophied brains that something is, in fact, quite horribly wrong, can't think of any better idea than to believe in the exact opposite, which is inevitably every bit as terminally stupid! And when every so often someone does come along with a few good ideas, no sooner has the poor sod passed on than all manner of power-hungry jerks come along, organize the whole fuckin' trip for their own ends, and change the original idea until it's such a garbled mess the originator wouldn't know it if it bit him on the ass. You all want the latest development in microwave ovens, colour TVs and this year's fashions in everything from cars to morals but let anyone suggest that it might not be a bad idea to bring philosophy out of the dark ages, that just maybe there's a chance that the mere fact that you've been doing things this way for the last few thousand years might not only mean that it could do with a bit of casual up-dating but there's just the slightest possibility that it wasn't such a great idea in the first place, and what do you do? You run whimpering to the very same bunch of bastards who make sure you stay in your cages and beg for a stronger set of bars and a bigger lock on the door. You—you—idiots, you poor, blinded, fucked-over pack of fourth-grade automotons...you—GAHHHH, what's the use. If you stepped out of your own fetid shadows long enough to take a quick peek, your pitiful brains would probably boil in your skulls. I should leave you to rot in your own smug, self-satisfied midden piles. Come on, Sam—if I look at these androids any longer there's a very real, real chance I'll end up decorating the lot of them with my lunch," and with unexpected strength, he grabbed Sam's arm and hauled him away.

"Wow," said Sam, feeling impressed far beyond his usual wont, "That was some speech."

The Alien smiled, his composure returned as abruptly as it had left. "Glad you liked it," he replied. "Actually, it was written quite recently by one of your own species. Nobody paid much attention to him in your era, but his work became quite popular on most of the more evolved planets."

"A Human author...popular on other worlds in the future? That's an interesting idea," Sam mused aloud.

"Well, actually," the Alien muttered, "he wasn't a writer. That was just a kind of hobby-cum-therapy. The only reason he wrote was 'cause no one took his work seriously when he put it in the form he was best at."

"Really?" asked Sam. "What was that? Film? Theatre?"

"Even worse," said the Alien. "He drew comic books!"

## Red Wagon

another memoir by Clay Geerdes for those who want higraphy...

I've been into cars since I was a kid. Played with little models, had one of those peddle jobs, the works. Learned to drive my old man's ugly green '37 Plymouth when I was 12. Ran it around the block with the emergency brake on and got chewed out when he smelled the burned lining. Ran into the corner of the garage off the alley. Had all that fun. Got my first car when I was about 16. A '41 Ford. A total wreck. I loved it, though, for a few days, the few days it ran. After that came a '46 Ford convertible. That was a sweet one. I had that one until the top rotted. Got a new top mail order, but never put it on. Sold the car for a loss and someone else put the new top on and toolled around town. Got all those tickets I used to get for drag-racing. I think they made dragging a no-no just so they could rip us off when we were teenagers. Hell, we never raced in the middle of town; well, almost never. It was a little tempting to just peel out when you knew there were several hot girls peaking out of the window of the Mayfair or Walgreen's. You'd be sitting there looking at a bunch of empty railroad cars while the storm trooper wrote out the ticket that was going to get you a big chew from the old man. It was only 5-10 bucks though, and the next time someone came alongside in a hot '32 or a lowered '47 Chevy, well, who can pass up a challenge like that? Could Dean do it in Rebel? Ford in American Graffiti?

I've never had much money to speak of, so I'm not one of those people who can take new cars for granted. I'd always ask what the down payment was and how much a month, then go back outside the showroom, take another glance at the new T-birds and catch the bus home. I did that until I was about 30, then I got a job teaching college. I still didn't have that one-third down, but I found out you could lease a car. No down payments. You just signed a two-year lease and drove the car home! Incredible. \$78 a month and I was driving a new red Malibu. It was 1965. My first new car. I couldn't wait to get out on the highway. Scared the hell out of my wife when we were on our way to the Midwest. No speed limit in Nevada and as soon as I crossed the border, zoom, up to 90-100. She wasn't even thinking about it until she happened to glance at the needle. A month later, I'm driving another prof back to Fresno with me and we get stopped near Merced, California, by a storm trooper. He wore the boots and the hat, the whole works. "81 miles an hour!" he announced over my relaxed arm. "Lessee your driver's license." I handed it over. He wrote me a ticket, which cost me \$31, then rode off self-righteously into the sunset, doing at least 85 on his bike. Ah, well, \$31. So what? I had the money. Whenever I have the money, I just don't worry about it. I guess that's why I never have the money long. I blow it on something right away.

I took that teaching gig in Fresno because I was bored with college. I had been in school for eight years. It was time to get out into the field. I had two other offers, one from Chico State and another one from a small city college. Fresno looked best to me and the money was better, so I went there. I went to one of the shopping malls with the department chairman. We got out of my car and I locked the doors. He said I didn't need to bother with that in Fresno. He smiled and joked about my big city consciousness. Two weeks later I was watching a movie in the Fine Art Theater and all of the cars in the parking lot were popped. I lost a camera and some tools. Not much money, but it pissed me off. The doors were locked, but that doesn't mean anything these days. You can even buy a device that opens Chevrolet doors, any Chevrolet. I think they're supposed to be sold to people to go to help people who have locked themselves out of their cars, but anyone can buy one. In Berkeley, you can forget about locking your car, because the guys who are into car-popping just smash in your window with a crowbar. Sometimes they just smash your windows for fun.

Still I loved my red Malibu. So I was living out my adolescent fantasies later in life, so what? I could afford it at last so why not? I'm glad I did it. I remember dating some woman in Fresno one time and she was surprised when we got to the car. Why? "I picked you for the Volkswagen type," she said. I had to smile at that. In 1965, I wouldn't have been seen in a VW. I hated them. Later in the decade, I bought an Opel, doing the ecologically sound thing, getting something besides a gas guzzler. I bought it in '67 for \$1802.00 cash. Think about that when you go into an automobile showroom these days.

I had a mixed life-style in those days. I was living on Ashbury Street in San Francisco and I had a small upstairs apartment on Home Street in Fresno. During the week, I was teaching American Literature and drama, rehearsing plays, reading poetry in the coffeeshops, going to parties, dating several women, writing a lot of stuff that would never see print, and spending a lot of money. On Friday afternoon, I would drive to San Francisco. My wife would be home or I would pick her up at the school where she was teaching and we would spend the weekend together going to the free concerts in the park, dancing at Fillmore or Avalon or out on the beach, seeing foreign movies. Sunday afternoon, I was off to Fresno again. Somewhere in between, I would write lectures, re-read books, correct papers and tests, and do all the mundane chores professors are heir to. A lot of my freshman themes were read and criticized in a little roadside coffeeshop in Turlock, California. It was kind of a schizoid life. Some years later, I learned that my wife was living with another guy during the week while I was more or less living a bachelor's life in Fresno.

Ah, well, I had a lot of fun in those days. Hurt some people. Got hurt by some. Miss some of the folks I knew. Would rather not have met others. That's how life is.

I still miss my red Malibu. - CLAY GEERDES; March 8, 1983

⑤ A) My uncle, Pete Moss, wood work here many a year (cont'd)

IF SOME OF US  
Were running the show you  
wouldn't eat unless you did  
your share of working-class  
work which is roughly one

divided by the world population  
Some day your "trick" could be  
one year in ten if we scrapped  
resource-wasting  
DETROIT AND WAR.  
For tomorrow's resource and

people saving economy send  
S.A.S.E. or 21.R.C.'s to  
world-wide  
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# What Makes A Martyr?

based on a dream experienced by

Steven Scharff

④ Must've been hard work on him

I was idly flicking the dials of the TV set, looking for something interesting, but instead found the news.

Maria Miracle, the latest messiah, was in the news again. "Bleeding Maria", as some called her, was a short woman, often dressed like a nun. Her nickname came from the fact that she was stigmatic. She bled from her hands, feet, and side. Often, she dripped with blood, leaving puddles as she walked.

Maria was speaking about the suffering in the world, again. She could talk so eloquently that everywhere she went a camera crew followed.

I was one of the few who seemed to notice that talking was all she ever did. Oh sure, she brought the world's attention to the nuclear accident refugees of India, and the mass boredom in Nebraska, but seemed to do little about them. She gave gasping speeches, with blood running where tears should be, gesturing like a Shakespearean actress.

I didn't bother to listen to the report. I slammed my fist against the knob, shutting off the set.

That woman, saint or not, made me sick.

Then the doorbell rang. Expecting one of the latest cults to send missionaries to the neighborhood, I prepared myself with my "I find my religion satisfactory..." speech.

I opened the door and stared in disbelief. "Bleeding Maria" stood on the front porch, standing in a puddle of her own blood. Her clothing, every stitch, was saturated in blood.

"You think so negatively about me..." she gasped. "Why? Don't you realize the sacred nature of my duties?"

"Sacred?" I inquisitized.

"The Creator chose...me...to bring attention to the oh-so-many problems of this world of ours..."

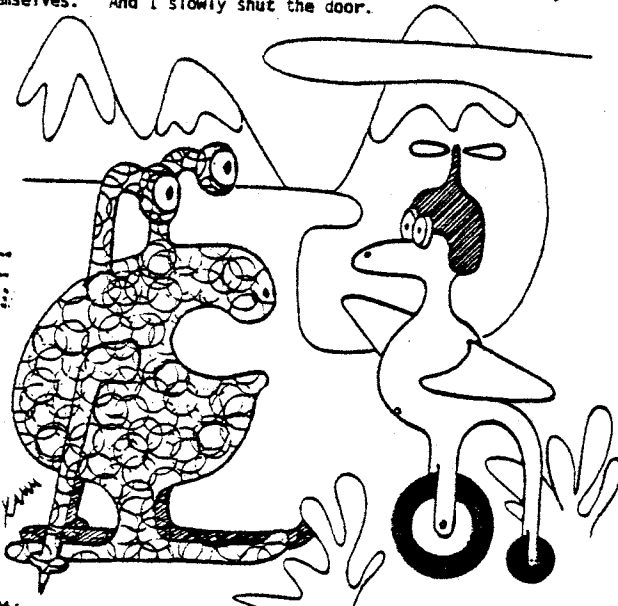
"Yeah," I replied, "the starving millions, the refugees, the plagues and problems...well, I contribute to some charities, and even do some volunteer work once in a while. What do you do besides talk?"

She stared at me with empty eyes, and put her hands together as if in prayer. "I pray for them..." She separated her hands, spilling about a cup of stigmatic blood onto the porch. "...I speak for them..." She put the back of her hand to her forehead, as if in a dramatic play. "...I bleed for them..." And then she put her hands out in a touching gesture of public pity. "...and I am dying for them..."

"Dying for them? Dying?" I commented.

She stared again with empty eyes trying to gain some support for her sacred duties.

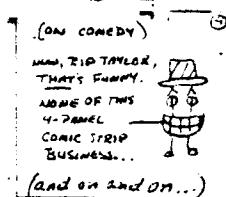
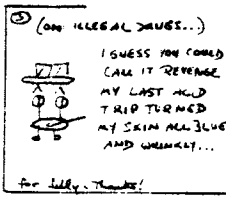
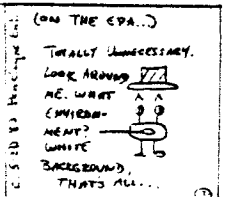
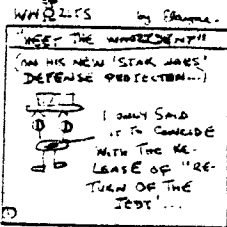
"You don't have to die for the suffering millions. They're doing that by themselves." And I slowly shut the door.



I FORGET, IS THIS DREAM OR REALITY?



J.R. DOBBS



# Variations On A Theme

by Gerry Reith

Not long ago I dreamed I was at home, downstairs in the living room reading a book. Suddenly I am startled by the smell of smoke and I look around, spying flames licking up through the cracks in the floorboards. The cellar is on fire!

I rush to the cellar door and open it, getting blasted by the flames that pour out. Stepping onto the stairs that lead down, I fall through into the inferno. Scrambling to get up I run through the fire and find an extinguisher. After combat that seems more futile the longer it continues, I manage to put out the flames.

I try to discover the source of the fire, but to no avail. I poke around for hours, dreading to think that it could have been spontaneous combustion; for this would mean that the fires could break out again at any moment, consuming the entire house. Sadness strikes me when I imagine the loss of the old and valuable books in the attic.

Another time I dream of living through several scenes in my daily life and getting exhausted. I realize that I am in danger of dying from depletion of eian. But a strange thing occurs, and like a one-celled animal I watch dispassionately while my body splits in two. The other body lapses into a coma, and I catch it as it drops to the floor and stow it away in the closet. I am dismayed to think that my time is still limited, that the split has just staved off some kind of reckoning, and that I must find something to recharge us both and catalyze a reunification. What's worse is that it is clearly impossible to get enough extra life for the recombination. The clone body lies forgotten, but once in a while I check on it. I am filled with fear at the thought that if I ever do manage to revive it, it will become angry with me for my neglect.

Recently I dreamed of looking into a mirror. "Funny," I think, "I can't see anything." I flip on the light switch, and it horrifies me to find that I've been murdered. My face is bruised and the back of my head is gone. Only shreds of flesh and dried blood are left. I turn off the lights again, feeling ill at the sight of my blasted brains, and wonder how I am ever going to reassemble the drying flecks of matter that must be on the floor. "This is going to get in the way of my normal relations," I recall saying to myself. "One can't just wander around looking killed."

In a fourth dream I happen upon a man drowning in a river, and rush in without thinking to save him. After immense efforts I drag him to the river bank, where he falls to his knees and thanks me profusely. Before I know what I'm doing I slap him on the face and say, irritably, "If you thank me for saving your life you are far from enlightenment."

John told us around the coffee bar several nights ago about what Ardrey thought. He figured decay was inevitable, but I objected that observers can always conclude that civilization is falling apart.

"If everything beside the status quo is judged barbaric," said Bob, concurring, "than of course it looks like a descent."

Still, said John, Ardrey's model is a good one. Take the example of the rat population where they all live in a huge cage, and there are tunnels leading out to smaller cages on a periphery. "Dominant males will station themselves and their mates at the end of each tunnel," John told us. "From time to time males from the center colony come out, but they leave, or if they stay they don't even try to mate with the females there..."

"Travelling salesman," Bob interrupted, laughing.

"And then at regular intervals the children leave and go to the center places..."

"Life in the big city!" I yelled, scoring a point.

"Right, yeah. There's all sorts of aberrancy in the center, where the population density is high."

He pauses to eat some of his hamburger. "And then when it reaches a certain point it seems that everyone gets a cue to go berserk, and there is mass violence. Inexplicable because there really isn't any revolutionary lucidity about it, there aren't any organizations, correct lines, it's just time to kill and be killed."

"Chaos," Alan popped in. "The return to formless chaos."

"The individual is negated by the invisible-but-rigid social structure," I offered.

"What happens on the outskirts then?" Bill asked.

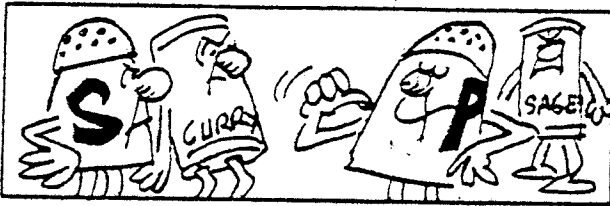
"Well," said John with a smile, "they barricade themselves, buy lots of guns, and form survivalist groups, showing no mercy on the ones that wander out their way."

"All dressed up and nowhere to go," said Bob, laughing. We all sat and stared at our plates for a while.

When Matthew and his parents arrived, talk turned to the tone of his Strad, and plans for the Berg concerto he was planning to perform. We listened to his report on the latest chapter of Spengler, which he was reading during his leisure hours, and I promised to bring him a tape by the Ramones.

In another dream I am behind the control panel of an enormous, powerful machine. I sweat with dread, knowing that I am charged with important tasks. But I do not know exactly what I must do. On the screen in front of me I monitor various scenes, and by playing with the dials and switches I can call up any images I choose, real or fantasy. I discover that certain controls have an effect on the scene I watch, and I feel like a movie director. This fills me with terror.

It is then that I find that one of the dials can bring me schematics and diagrams; another formulas and functional derivation tables. I spend time with geometric patterns and graphs in motion, with spheres and N-dimensional constructs. This terrain is safer because it is clearer, but more dangerous because the finest error has broad effects. I begin to feel pain as if being tortured. When I blur the images the pain recedes and I can continue to work, but if the images get too vague I lose all control over them and they take on a life of their own, incomprehensible to me. I let go of the control panels for a while and look around; I'm locked in a cage. When I turn back to the screen it is flashing "CORONARY" in red, and I wake up.



Pepper is the most important commercial spice and accounts for over 60 percent of the volume of the spice trade.

## SLIPPED DISCS by Jed Martinez

"THROBBING PYTHON OF LOVE", Robin Williams (Casablanca 422-811 150-1 M-1)  
When Robin Williams started out as a stand-up comedian in the mid-1970's, he had no idea of how fast his career was going to go. He began doing his thing in nightclubs and on cable television, followed by his first commercial TV appearance on George Schlatter's revival of "Laugh-In", and a guest shot on "Happy Days" as an alien. This led to the highly successful series "Mork & Mandy", as he reprised his off-beat alien character with zest. From there on, the sky's the limit.

Williams has starred in three movies, POPEYE, THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP, and the up-and-coming comedy THE SURVIVORS with Walter Matthau. But with all this fame for his acting ability (thanks to John Houseman and those important years at Julliard), his first love is standing up before an audience and wiping them out with his unpredictable insanity.

If you caught Robin on his HBO special back in March, you can see that his flame of humor is hardly extinguished. On the contrary, he's still stoking the fire with all-new rapid-fire wit and visual zaniness.

Three years ago, Robin Williams' first record album (REALITY...WHAT A CONCEPT, a Casablanca recording), was released, giving all of America a chance to hear what's on his inventive mind. It won the Grammy award for Best Comedy Recording of 1980. In that album, when somebody just arrived in the middle of his act, Robin was gracious enough to inform the newcomer what had transpired in the last ten minutes by doing a sped-up version. In his latest album, THROBBING PYTHON OF LOVE, he shows signs of maturity. When someone in the audience asks him, "What the hell are you doing?" in the middle of a performance, instead of an instant replay, Robin simply laughs and tells him, "Catch up!"

It would be tough to 'catch up' with Robin's manic pace, but if we ever did, he wouldn't be as funny. So, it's all for the better that he stays one jump ahead of us, especially in his new LP. Cutting loose as never before, his subject matter ranges from San Francisco ("...where 'God Save The Queen' has a different meaning..."), cats, dogs, and babies, to drinking and taking cocaine (which he calls 'The Devil's Dan-druff'), with an occasional side-trip to the Falkland Islands and Marin County (where "...they don't buy La Costa shirts; they actually staple a live alligator to the house!").

His vocal talents are astounding, as he changes from a rich white-bred individual from Marin to a stoned young Californian 'Valley Guy' (yelling up to the people on the Golden Gate Bridge, "Go for it!") to a baby about to be weaned ("Imagine Dolly Parton's child seeing them for the first time...saying 'Kilimanjaro!'"). He also does some incredible impersonations of Howard Cosell, Jackie Stewart, Richard Simmons, Jack Nicholson, John Houseman, and even Elmer Fudd (singing Bruce Springsteen's "Fire").

Incidentally, the title "Throbbing Python of Love" refers to a segment involving slang terms for male genitals, because no man has the balls (no pun intended) to say 'penis' in public. Needless to say, there's a lot of material of a sexual nature, such as bits and pieces on puberty, comparing the travels of sperm in the ovary to a British war movie, and selling vibrators door-to-door (complete with demonstrations of working models by Mattel and Black & Decker).

As with his previous albums, a disclaimer warns listeners that 'certain words...might be considered objectionable'. Translation: It's "wash-your-mouth-out-with-soap" time once again, boys and girls! Robin puts these obscenities to good use, as he handles hecklers, drunks and other assorted weirdos in the audience with the aplomb of a true comic master. When a woman yells out, "Will you send me your pants?," he snaps back at her, "Yes, if you give me those tits!" In dealing with three or four hecklers at the same time, Robin tells everyone, "You see, when one asshole starts, the next one goes, 'My turn!'"

Of course, Robin doesn't always use comedy to get the audience's attention. There's also a touch of pathos that he inflicts upon them in two routines: "Christopher", a fictitious look at the upbringing of Robin's boy (not to be confused with Zachary, his new-born real-life son) and the trials and tribulations of a father-son relationship; and "Newsboy", a New York-based character who accepts the craziness of the world around him (exemplified by the National Enquirers that he sells), just as long as he possesses some sanity of his own.

In summary, "Throbbing Python..." is a fast-paced collection of sketches and characters emanating from the mind of one individual, who is beyond therapy...but we sure need someone like him around to make reality seem more tolerable. It's a sure bet that Robin will capture his second Grammy nomination.

The only thing this album lacks, however, is the visual element, which completes the format of Robin's performance. He is just as funny in sight as he is in sound. As a result, this record might disappoint those who feel they're getting half a deal for their money. So, if you'd like to see and hear Robin in action, just shell out a couple of bucks more to purchase the videotape or videodisc of "An Evening With Robin Williams" (the HBO special) from Paramount, but if you've got a wild enough imagination (or even a fairly normal one, for that matter), you can picture his movements while listening to THROBBING PYTHON OF LOVE, a truly original comedy album.



*Prisilla Watermelon*

*in you and you didn't  
a miniature - send  
S.A.S.E. (id appreciate  
a-trade)*

*858  
333 W. 11th Ave  
Wichita, KS 67201*

## License to Manipulate

Dear Coop,

Recently I attended a celebration of the birthday of my favorite star. I can't say who for the following reasons: first, she's dead and second, I got so drunk I stole the gravestone. I know I could get arrested and all but that's the least of my problems.

Something weird happened last week. As I sat in the living room, there was a lot of scoping around going on in the garage which is part of the house on that side. So I went running out ready to chase some kid or dog away. Not only were all the doors down and locked but it was cold as a January morning and nobody was there except me. Then I remembered that the stone was stashed in my tool cabinet. It's been a week of racket and I have to do something before the neighbors get suspicious.

Now either I'm on a guilt trip or my garage is haunted. Should I hire a medium? Can you find one in the Yellow Pages? I can't return the damned thing because I live over one hundred fifty miles away and my '57 Chevy would attract attention enough to get me arrested. Besides, I want to keep it. It's the ultimate in memorabilia.

Is there some kind of checklist for choosing a good medium?

Dear Spirit,

SPIRIT UNWILLING

Jeeze, are you ever in a bind. I looked up mediums in the Yellow Pages of the city closest to your postmark and there weren't any. Your best bet would be to call the occult bookstore and ask for some reference. Avoid those who call themselves "Madame So-and-So". They're too pretentious and you'd be paying for packaging. Don't tell the medium the details. A good one would know already.

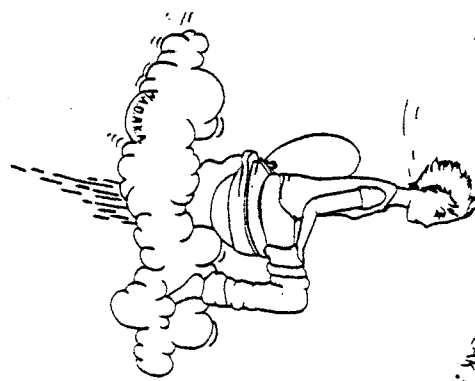
If this is your star's ghost, why do you want to get rid of it? Wouldn't that be the "ultimate in memorabilia"? A hundred and fifty miles notwithstanding, how about you return it? Think of all her other fans who can't find her grave now. What if someone other than yourself had done it and you couldn't find your beloved star's grave? Wouldn't you be upset? Think about it.

Write again when you've made a decision.

COOP

CONFIDENTIAL TO "ONE ON THE WAY": If you can't support the four you've got, why add to your misery? Give it up for adoption if abortion isn't your cup of tea. You have a lot of nerve expecting the taxpayers to pay for your mistakes. We're tired of people like you dumping your bastard burden on society. There should be a movement afoot to require that anyone requesting public assistance agree not to increase the amount of aid needed beyond present levels. Stick that in your case file and close it.

(Yes, she's real, and we've got her! Got a problem you don't want to solve with your own little brains? How about a made-up dilemma! COOP doesn't care, she'll answer anything—letters, phone calls, bills—er, well, maybe not bills. P.O. Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809...)



*I'm just taking the Quantum Leap!*

THE THINGS MOST WRONG  
In the world are considered the  
LEAST WRONG  
By all of us alive one.  
I think they call it rationalizing.  
For a war-ending, inflation-  
ending, unemployment-ending  
and death-ending item send  
S.A.S.E. to:  
BRAINEAUSISM  
Box 2243  
YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504

⑤ A) 'Now, walking - er, working on WATER, now, that's different' (could)



# QUENT WIMPEL NOTES

by Kerry Wendell Thornley

## MOTHER IS THE NECESSITY OF INVENTION

"How would you like it if every time you stood next to a scrap of armadillo shell you got a ride with a Yippie?" Wimpel inquired of Jesse Sump, notary public, ordained minister in the Industrial Church of the SubGenius and owner of Jesse Sump's Auto Wrecker Service & Gang of Four Cultural Revolution Salvagers junkyard in Tujunga, California, locally famous for the eccentricity of its enterprising proprietor.

"Quent", Jesse replied in a disgusted tone of voice, "It's like the Law of Fives in the Discordian Society—the harder you look the more manifest it becomes. Begin with a theory about anything—this Zuma conspiracy you've dreamed up—and then look for evidence in support of it, and it's there—you'll find it. Any preconceived idea is the same way. Hell, there's people who think the earth is flat—and, having convinced themselves, they're able to present persuasive arguments. You drink too much coffee. You don't get enough sleep. Your lifestyle is too irregular. You were always high-strung. You're just losing your feeble mind, man! Take this Zuma delusion: there's a rock band called Zuma—"

"Yes! Exactly! That's why I call it Zuma. Have you ever looked at the cover of *We Shall Sing You A Song*?"

"No, but if your theory is true, then it would figure that every time you heard one of their songs on the radio, you'd get a ride to Zuma Beach."

"Zuma Beach!" said Quent, stunned, seating himself meekly on the nearest car fender—for it was now that particular summer when he had just arrived, by way of Arizona, in California. Preferring to change the subject, Wimpel retorted, "That's another thing—the Discordian Society—our very own Industrial Church of the SubGenius heresy devoted to Eris Discordia, Greco-Roman Goddess of Confusion and Chaos. Do you realize that someone who has been spying on us has created their own Discordian faction, called 'Mother', and that they go around making human sacrifices?"

Jesse laughed—obviously scoffing at any such absurd conviction.

"Oh, Jesus, Quent, I've got work to do. Go find a tree and take a siesta. You've been on the road without any sleep for days. There's bags under your eyes and you're talking like a paranoid. Come see me sometime when you feel more rested."

That much was true—and of course there were no bags under Jesse's eyes; he looked, as usual, like a spritely Bacchus—twinkling at Quent behind his black beard as if Goddess were in Her Heaven and all were right with the world—as Quent knew perfectly well was almost never the case anymore.

Quent didn't feel like sleeping, so he headed for the nearest coffee shop. Agitation was in fact his dominant mood upon storming into the Viking Lodge Restaurant, plopping himself down at the counter and whipping out a fresh, blank notebook. "No menu—just coffee," he snapped as the waitress neared him.

"Pearls Before Swine" was the title he scrawled inside the front cover of this particular memo book—"In more ways than one: because pearls are also formed by oysters as a result of irritating particles, & I've just endured the most frustrating conversation with Jesse—someone I've known ever since the days when the world seemed sane, when I lived here in Tujunga in a four-way marriage in the big house on Inspiration Way with him, Melinda and Jannie Sue—about four years before Tribulation." (In Quent's personal calendar everything was dated Before or After Tribulation began, exactly twelve days preceding his visit to the Atlanta Police with his confession of involvement in plotting the Fitzpatrick Assassination. For that, more even than his discovery of radio, was when it all started—when ski-masked bandits waltzed in to crash a birthday party and stole his I.D., pistol-whipping him for good measure in the bargain. From that day to this, everything was A.T.—one mind-boggling tribulation after another, day in and day out, day after day, without so much as a day off or even a ten-minute recess.)

"Quent Wimpel Notes:" he wrote, for he'd retained the radio-program format in his scribbles although he'd never use it again in speaking to his surveillance team, or Masonic secret society audience, or lynch mob—or whatever it was—to whom instead he delivered vast, unstructured raving rants and ramblings whenever he was alone, anywhere, having long since decided the eavesdropping device or devices was or were not in the hacienda walls, but concealed somewhere, permanently, in his body—possibly in his inner ear or sinus cavities. "Jesse has, in these A.T. years, whenever I've been in this part of the country, served as my sounding board, my foil, my straight man—because he is the only friend I retain who never speaks in cant and seems genuinely innocent of the conspiracies now engulfing America. Sump is my only source of perspective in addressing what I say to the world outside conspiracy politics—the people who will comprise my readership if I ever really do write a book about this nightmare, as I keep promising myself I will. AND HE DOESN'T BELIEVE ANYTHING I TELL HIM ANYMORE. Jesse thinks I'm paranoid. (On top of that, he said something in passing that reminded me: Zuma is a beach, not, of course, the Indian tribe from which Theresa was descended. Maybe he's right. Maybe I'm victim of my own delusions.)"

"Not a chance, honey," shouted the waitress over her shoulder into the kitchen as she came out and approached him with coffee pot in hand. Looking back toward the kitchen she added, "You're just trying too hard to fit it all together," as she filled his cup.

Having noted that much, Wimpel added: "The waitress then gives me a compassionate wink." After lighting a cigarette, Quent took a sip of coffee and returned to his work.

"Quent Wimpel Notes: A book about this mind-wrenching ordeal of the past few years will not be credible to the general public, if I'm helpless to convince Sump of anything—not even that there is a serious sect of the Discordian Society called 'Mother'. Hell, I should've tried harder to convince him of that much. Why else does he think the Father Church SubGenii in Dallas call him Pope Innocent? Belief, says

Jesse, is a terrible thing. So is doubt. So is doubt. For it is just the other side of the same coin. (Eris Discordia, protect us from both!) An excess of skepticism is the gullibility that makes Sump an innocent.

"Quent Wimpel Notes: Tujunga—with its memories of Sandy LaRouge and 'Radio Love', as they call it in the Axis Powers song in the Das Beautiful album. How I thought of her today, passing Mrs. Walsh's old estate as I was, sentimentally pausing to look up at the shack, almost hidden by the trees, where I was 'The Fool On the Hill' that night I discovered radio, for that song by the Beatles was what she played next, after 'You Turn Me On'. And I'll never forget how uptight Josephine Walsh was the next day! You'd've thought—the way she scolded me—that taking that radio from her barn was an act of grand larceny! (Of course she wouldn't admit the real reason for her distress. They never do.)

"Quent Wimpel Notes: I shall probably never be able to write a convincing non-fiction book about this experience. That, until Eris answered my prayer (with an inspiration) as I was making the above entry seemed like a demoralizing realization (to wit: I'll write a novel about it instead). Thank you, Eris Discordia, Saint Jude and Huey P. Long! I'll even send advance chapters to some of the little magazines I write for. Mother is, it seems, the necessity of invention.

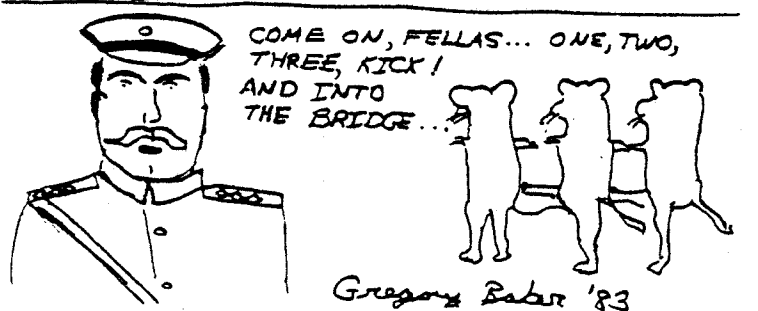
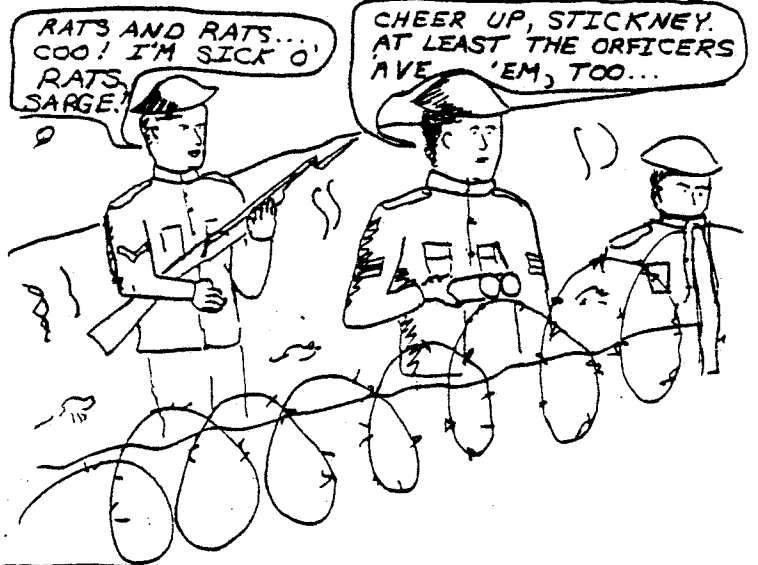
"Quent Wimpel Notes: I had to get my own radio the next payday to continue the telephonic affair with Sandy—'Radio Love'. Axis Powers was her favorite group. At that time they'd only come out with the Fourth Reich and Infer No Inferno albums. Since then they've produced Requisition Me A Woman—with its hit single, 'Feel Like Requestin' Permission To Fuck'—Quite White Right, and in Trusts We Trust. Consisting of one German, one Italian and one Japanese—moog, vocals and amp guitar in that order—they are far and away not only the most popular rock band in America, but probably in Europe and the Orient as well. (Sometimes that worries me. Of course they are just lampooning fascism. Yet the Industrial Church of the SubGenius seemed in its early days like a take-off on organized religion, and now it is more organized and powerful and rich than most Protestant churches—after somehow managing to combine sardonic scoffing with earnest fanaticism so as to eventually gain a reputation in the press as 'the thinking man's Scientology'. As much as true, although I cannot convince Jesse, of our Discordian SubGenius heresy—which he and I founded four years B.T. for the express reason, among others, of getting away from the heavies that were taking over SubGeniusism orthodoxy. Maybe that is the fate of everything that dabbles with chismatic themes. Maybe Axis Powers is paving the way for yet more fascism after all.)"

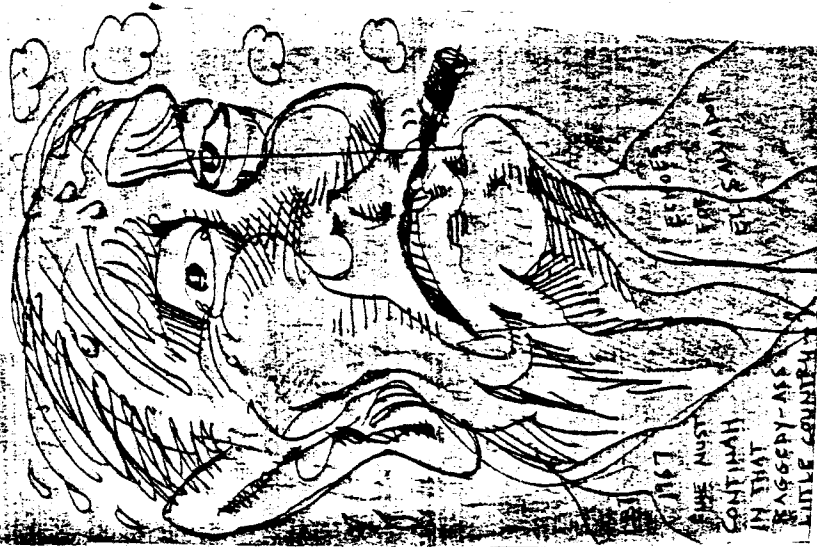
"Hi, Pearl," the waitress said, pretending to address someone by that name somewhere behind his right shoulder as she refilled Quent's coffee cup.

Appropos of nothing in particular, Quent Wimpel wound up the above entry with, "The title of another Axis Powers hit single is 'Get Me To The Train Station On Time'."

⑤ My cousin had a monopoly on water work

## WORLD WAR I CLICHÉS





## Life in the Fan Lane

by Lee Pelton

One of the more consistent things I've noticed about science fiction fandom over the years is that it is a very nomadic group. I moved for the 4th time in 22 months late in April and I was only one of 9 or 10 local fans doing the same thing on the same weekend. While editing fanzines for the last 5-6 years I've tried valiantly to maintain some sort of up-to-date mailing list to save money in postage and it is a tough, irritating task. Locally, one fan keeps a directory of the local fans and publishes an update every 3 months or so. It is axiomatic that when a copy is received it is already out of date because somebody has moved. Reasons for this are as varied as any other lifestyle but mostly it seems that finances, romantic entanglements and disintegrations are the major reasons. Normal stuff, right? Well, yes and no.

Fandom seems to have a lot of emotional trip-wires always set to trigger upon the least provocation. I've seen people get involved, uninvolved, involved, etc., 4 to 12 times a year and at least 2 involvements seem to include moving in with, or moving away from, whomever was the current source of joy or wrath. Mind you, this does not mean every fan does these things or has these problems. But part of my enjoyment of fandom comes from observing people and I find these circumstances a common diet of emotional highs and lows that fans feed on.

I belong to a segment of fandom that is jokingly (in part) referred to as Promiscuous Midwest Fandom. I suppose that it can appear that way to the outsider looking in. But it seems pretty normal to us. Not a lot of partner-switching or loose women or men are floating around our part of fandom, any more than any other group, but we do talk more about it and are more open about it. Regardless, it seems to make us a group on the move, with desks full of change of address cards handy so the next move will go easier and our friends can still find us. Most fans I know are mail junkies and moving can be traumatic due to the delays in getting one's mail or worse yet, the Post Awful losing it.

Another facet of mobile fandom is that many fans decide somewhere along the way that were they are just isn't the rush it used to be or never was that much fun in the first place but they know these swell folks in Cincinnati or Madison. Soon the decision is made and these fans find themselves living in a totally different state with a new job or looking for one. Some fans are not bothered by this. A number of fans make their living as temporary help and find it a simple matter to just arrive at their new home town and register with the local branch of their agency. I once spent 6 weeks in Chicago and worked through Kelly Services, making enough to pay my way home and feed me while I was there. Of course, we do have folks who have worked for 5 or more years at the same gig within fandom, and while this was a rarity when I first became involved with fandom, it is now more common as the economy has dictated that job stability is much more important for survival than it used to be. I'm a good example. I'm working in an office position now and I swore I'd never do that again. Poverty breaks many vows, obviously.

One of the sidelights all these moves engender is the wholesale giving of furniture, clothing, etc., to fellow fan (plural of "fan") rather than lug the suckers along to the next habitat. Again, I serve as a good example. My bed, cassette deck, bookshelves, desk, typewriter, dishes, suitcases, and floor lamp are all acquisitions from former roommates. I know of one couch that is currently serving its 5th fan. Although it does look its age, it's comfy and serves the purpose, and fans, above all, are utilitarian in their household goods.

Minneapolis fandom had its start during the hippie-influenced 60's. The communal atmosphere, diluted over the years, still holds strong when a fan announces his/her intention of moving. It is not an unusual occurrence to have 3 fans rent a truck, fill it up with 3 households worth of stuff, and move them, with the aid of 5 to 20 fellow fan, and be done by early evening. I recall one time when I was part of one of the above-mentioned caravans. The guy who was painting the apartment we were moving into just couldn't believe it as 22 or 23 people unloaded the worldly goods me and my roommate had (a considerable pile) in less than an hour. It reminded the painter of his days as a hippie (not far removed from it from his looks, I might add) and presented me and my roommate with a floor lamp he was using as an apartment-warming gift.

I remember that every time I turn that lamp on, believe me.

Next month I'll be talking about fans and the classes that exist within the fannish social structure.

by Ukelele the Short, K.S.C.

**R** is for REPROGRAMMING: We Discordians do not believe that anyone is condemned to repeat the past, even those who cannot remember it, as someone famous once said. The brain is just a giant computer, and you can reprogram your own for a happier, healthier, more optimistic existence. (You can also reprogram it to make your entire world a walking hell, but we don't mention that side of things much.) Note the difference between self-reprogramming and other-reprogramming as practiced by groups like the CIA, which may be likened to changing the program on your TV by throwing a brick through the picture tube.

**S** is for SYNCHRONICITY: There are always a whole lot of things going on, even at 4 AM in a bowling alley in Dubuque. Sooner or later, if you pay attention to every little detail, you'll start to detect the purposeful coincidences that make up much of life. Keep trying, and you can become convinced that some Being is guiding your experiences for a Higher Purpose, and eventually get room and board in a State Hospital. See NUMEROLOGY (last issue).

**T** is for TAO: which rhymes with Chao which stands for chaos. No one understands the Tao until they've bludgeoned their thinking apparatus into utter cringing submission to the entire world, at which point the fuses blow and one is left with a blank mental field. This can be a very deep, though occasionally one-way, experience. The Tao can easily become the most blatant ethical cop-out around. For example, if there are people starving in Upper Lower Middle Slobbovia, that's not anyone's fault, but rather the inscrutable action of the Tao or the Wheel of Karma or (in contemporary terminology) The Breaks. The Tao will win you at least as many converts among the unemployed as would Reaganomics.

**U** is for UNIVERSES: Which is, of course, a plural. Multiple Universes are very convenient in arguing, as you can claim that you were really talking about the universe next door rather than this one when your assertions have been totally trashed. "The Universe Within" is another really great phrase which means whatever you want it to mean, but which will usually inspire listeners enough the first time they hear it to let you pull any rhetorical sleight of hand you please. See also QUANTUM MECHANICS (last issue).

**V** is for VISIONS: Look at it this way: if no one else can see what you claim to be seeing, then it's going to be damned hard to argue with them. If they insist that you're deranged just for sighting a rhesus monkey dancing with a hippo in the middle of Boston Common on the Fourth of July, explain slowly and carefully (as if to a slow child) that your rigorously pure lifestyle has made you more aware of all the beauties and subtleties of the universe, even the imaginary ones. Tell them that there is a secret ingredient used on all commercially-produced food that prevents most people from seeing visions, but that you happened to be cured by being dropped on your head when you were very young. If this doesn't win converts it will usually scare away annoying people.

**W** is for WARREN REPORT: If anyone ever refuses to accept your carefully-reasoned arguments for the existence of multiple universes, ask them if they believe in the Warren Report. Chances are that if they do they're not the sort of person you're liable to be able to dupe—er, enlighten—in the first place, and should be given up as a lost cause.

**X** is for X-RAY: X is always for X-Ray. You think of something deep to say about X-rays (or, for that matter, xylophones).

**Y** is for YIPPIES: The Yippies are a bunch of overgrown children, dedicated to causing trouble because they're unable to cope with real life and thoroughly addled by mind-warping chemicals. In contrast, we Discordians are a bunch of philosophers who have regained our lost innocence, stage street theatre and engage in guerrilla ontology to make sophisticated points about the problems of modern society, and who make daring voyages into the universe within through the carefully-controlled application of the science of psychopharmacology. Once you understand the difference between these descriptions, you're all set to point out the boundaries between Us and Them whenever necessary.

**Z** is for ZEN: Zen is sort of like the Tao, only funnier. Zen stories make excellent clinkers to arguments. If anyone tries to refute a point you've illustrated with a story from the Zen Tradition, sneer at them and point out that you can't grasp a Zen koan by thinking about it in the normal logical way. Of course, if they hold up a clenched fist or hit you on the head with a stick, you may still lose the argument, but most normal people don't think of this sort of debating tactic unless they've had police training. N.B.: There's no need to look up real Zen stories, as no one will ever know the difference if you make them up.

(Many thanks to Pope Uka for this handy alphabetical guide.)

whammy whipsnake  
whears

beatniks  
from  
space

Send  
One Dollar for the BIG  
SCOOP

neither

Box 3043 APOF Astor, Michigan 48107

Has fear of the Unusual  
prevented you from  
joining the  
Church of the  
SubGenius?  
Give "Rob" a chance or  
face the fact that you  
have a closed mind.

⑦ You can't draft water very well, with no air (cond)

# A MAN'S TREASURE: JANE AND MANDY

by Cannon E. Barclay

Living within one block of my town's  
life and death campaigns and students,  
Why can't the environment and my thirty-seven  
years of experience shake me and tell me  
how to kill?

Not to wound for awhile, but to kill  
this pennant of my obesity and family history  
of the worse and dreaded kind of death  
for any man.

Surely, this mind, once recorded in  
most select company, should fashion  
immediately a smooth road to kill;  
to kill a 25 year habit of sucking  
on poison.

After all, any evaluation of our five year  
family life would boast  
of the good station we have.

Our anchor for a prize of potent happiness  
and good fortune is one perfect reflection  
of God's sensitivity and love

and booty of energy and quickness of the mind...  
has been for over four years an angel  
for my second life

my Amanda Jane, or as everyone salutes her,  
"Mandy"

There is no reason to wish for anyone  
than the health Mandy has and the healthy  
atmosphere she creates for us.

Frankly, the present, once wrapped  
for nine months

a present of the miracle of Mandy  
after the fast part of my life had disappeared  
is sometimes so overwhelming,

especially while sitting next to her bed  
by the window catching late summer breezes  
hinting of an upcoming change,

while she sleeps on a bed present  
...yes a second-hand bed...

portalled at the right time  
by her mother (no kinder or more  
gentle person have I ever known),

so overwhelming...yes overwhelming  
that Dear God

I am scared!  
I could not—I can not imagine

accepting or surviving any mental  
or physical wounds coming  
Mandy's way.

She must have me for I must have her  
hugged in security shielding her from  
death, or even a sudden

handicap, or even  
one moment of apprehension in her dark eyes  
smiling underneath luck of long eyelashes.

Mandy must not want for anything...Is  
this not a truism for the only innocent  
angel that has given me a reason to  
concern for the future?

Therefore, Mandy must have her "Papa Daddy"  
long past her growth over puberty,  
and she must have the comfort of the same

kind, warm, loving mother when she  
reaches age fourteen...that she hugs  
everyday right now, and the plan can only  
be completed without the shock

and rage  
and void caused by the sudden, or worse  
yet...a lingering, death of me.

Observe me...I caress Mandy's warm forehead  
and bend over into her sleepy world  
with a PPM Kiss,

and then I bounce  
into the kitchen to gulp right down  
some thrice baked tuna and fat snack of chips;

then to belch and light up still another  
suicidal cigarette.

Dear God, surely you can have someone  
light into me and grasp these weak shoulders  
and rattle them and my body around until

some power of my strong left-arm slips  
into my middle-aged head and I stop...  
stop...stop doing what I am doing

into my precious Mandy  
and my lover, her mother,  
the ever gentle Jane.

## MY GENERATION REVISITED by Roldo ('83)

Now we're old and settled down  
(Talkin' 'bout my gen-eration)  
Spouse, two kids, and a house in town  
(Talkin' 'bout my gen-eration)  
Pretending we believe the lies  
(Talkin' 'bout my gen-eration)  
Livin' in cold compromise  
(Talkin' 'bout my gen-eration)  
We seemed to just f-f-f-f-fade away...

## CRAZY COLD

by Romain B. Flowers

I hail from the Midwest  
where the climate  
some nine months a year  
and often longer, is bitter cold.  
Such uncomfortable conditions can make  
life miserable

and often does  
at my expense and others'.  
And yet, despite the cold, snow, ice,  
and hazards which often accompany them

I remain here, year after year.  
I sometimes want to leave  
and other times have such an opportunity

and yet somehow I never can, never have,  
and probably never will.

Why don't I get away from this crazy cold.  
I ask myself

when the warmth of the South and West  
year round and up and down  
would seem to be so enticing

and easier to become accustomed to,  
soothing to my bones  
and nourishing to my skin.

I can't go, I tell myself,  
because even if it's just me,  
if it only means that to me

crazy, cold Michigan's my home.

## GOOD MORNING

The sun was shining brightly  
And I could hardly wait,  
To ponder out my window  
And gaze at my estate.  
The breeze was blowing briskly,  
It made the flowers sway.  
The garden was enchanting  
On this inspiring day.

My eyes fell on a little bird  
With a pretty yellow bill;  
I beckoned him to come sit  
Upon my window sill.

I smiled at him cheerfully  
And gave him a crust of bread.  
Then I quietly closed the window  
And crushed his fuckin' head!

- Anonymous; submitted by  
Andy Kamm

can you say "whoa"?

by John Levin

in 1914 it was World War I

in 1939 it was World War II

in 1961 it was Vietnam

we can't seem to resist

the 20-year cycle

except this time

we know it won't be far away

from our tv dinners

this time we won't be able to tell ourselves

from an aluminum tray

## REV. APPLE II

by Gerald Dorset

"Reverend Reinhard Janusch, a mail-  
order minister with the Universal  
Church of Sunnyvale, has devised  
computer weddings." -WALL STREET  
JOURNAL

The groom wore cowboy suit  
and arrived late. The bride  
had a jump suite and wept.  
They requested a printout  
liturgy.

When they asked for Mendelssohn  
the reverend said:

It will cost fifty bucks more.  
(He had to plunk down \$1,000  
for the enhancing software,  
he explained.)

For the solemn assent "I do"  
each of the parties had to punch  
the big Y, otherwise it didn't  
compute

After the groom kissed the bride  
the minister advised

his computer offers extensive  
marriage—  
counseling program and,  
if that wouldn't work,  
a digital un-wedding program  
at a discount.

## CANDY MAN

by Juli Kunferberg

Sweden has banned candy stores within  
500 feet of elementary schools.

News Item

Who can take enamel

Cover it with plaque

Give you dental caries

Empty spaces, front and back?

The candy man/The candy man can

The candy man can cause he mixes it with dough

And makes the world taste blood.

Empty calorayas

Helps your pyorrheas

Really packs a gat

Helps you grow so nice and fat.

The candy man/The candy man can

The candy man can cause he mixes it with dough

And makes the world spit blood.

Who can take a root canal

Sprinkle it with crap

Cover it with porcelain

Expensive golden cap?

The candy man/The candy man can

The candy man can cause he mixes it with dough

And makes the world taste blood.

Who's your sugar daddy?

Buys you pain and sigh

Helps your heart attack

Maybe even helps you die.

The candy man

The candy man

The candy man

## HOW TO WRITE A HIT SONG

by Dana A. Snow

You want to know my secret.

Of how to write a hit song?

Just make up some rhymes about love

Until it's 3 minutes long...

Get a tune (that) folks will love to hum

From Rockefeller to a drunken bum...

I took a tape to a record exec.

He said it's not new wave or punk,

But he figured out the category.

He said, "I'd call it Junk!"

I threw him out the window—the 50th story!

I'm sorry this verse had to end so gorey!...

I'm not fond of drug freaks

When they're also record execs

Who have no one but dealers

Listed in their Rolodex

I knew that guy was one of those

When he sucked Sweet 'n' Low up his nose!...

After you release a record,

You really need a concert tour.

To get the flower of fame to grow,

You have to spread some manure...

You gotta meet the public across the land!

The public I love—People I can't stand!

I am real ambitious

Someday I'll fill the Hollywood Bowl

I'll fill it with orange Jello...

At least that is my goal.

Meanwhile I do what every other act does:

Parties and weddings and bar mitzvahs...

Maybe I am better off

Not being a famous star!

With a tiny apartment

And not even owning a car!

Being poor's better! Don't you agree?

Well, if you do, you're out of your tree!

phone call

by John Levin

Hello? Hi! I got home Tuesday. Oh she's just fine.

A girl, yes. Her name? I'm not supposed to use it.

We're being sued. A toilet paper company. I can't.

You never know who's listening these days.

It's such a pretty name. I never thought

it would lead to all this. I can't tell you the name.

It's sort of like Daisy, that's all I can say.

Why are they suing me?

They claim that my daughter will detract

from their traditional public image. I know it's crazy.

It could drag on for years

& I'm not allowed to use her name in any form

until it's settled.

What? That has nothing to do with it.

They're separate issues.

Well, I disagree. Suit or no suit,

they have the best toilet paper commercials.

The baby's crying & I have to Pamp her

have a nice minute.

GIBBERISH by Maiden Tappan  
It's a bitch hop  
They lied to us as fags

MAFU  
by M.I.

well,  
they are!

IF  
THIS  
IS THE  
BOTTOM OF  
A PYRAMID OF  
WORDS, BUILDING  
FROM THIS PRESENT  
OUTWARD, THEN WHAT-  
EVER FOLLOWS FROM THIS  
PATH MUST BALANCE ON THE  
PROPER CHOICE OF THE PRESENT  
OR IT WILL FALL, AS INEVITABLY  
IT SOMETIMES MUST — SO WATCH IT!  
by Robert Wollard

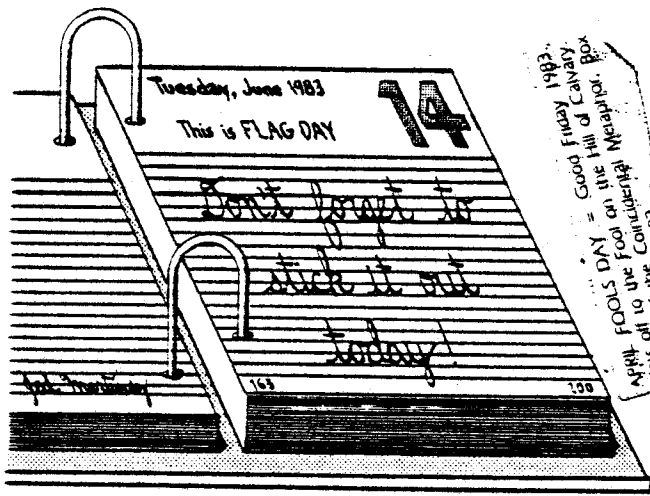
Rock Music  
by Maiden Tappan  
Sometimes I feel I've gotta  
Run away from  
Soft Cell music...

I think  
how would you like  
a nice big cold glass of spam  
by John Levin

I look at your voices  
listen to your faces

SONOS  
POETRY





...and only 200 more shopping days until 1984! - Big Brother

## Cartoon Queries #5

by John R. Scharff

This will probably be the last in my series of queries. Not having seen television (except for the final episode of M\*A\*S\*H and the odd bit of MTV) for almost 16 months, and not having access to "Comix World", my stock of knowledge on the subject is dwindling fast. I have tried to be totally factual from the beginning and I wouldn't want to start making guesses.

The final topic is on Women in Cartoons. I respectfully dedicate it to Melanie Haber (?).

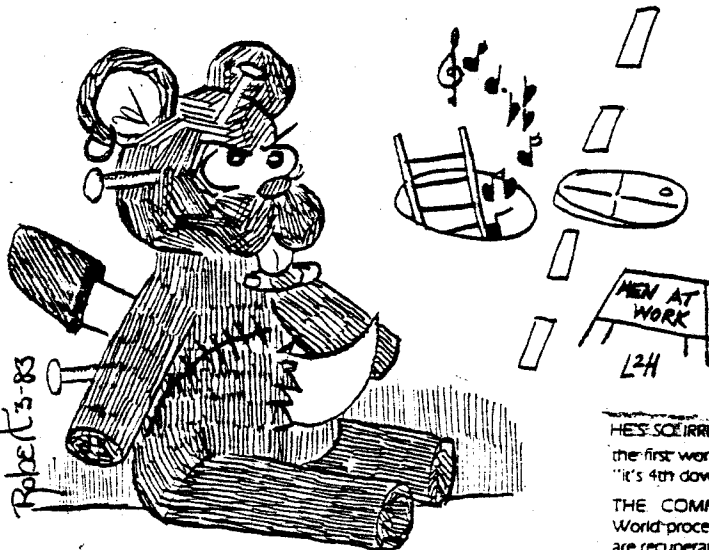
1. Who played 'Lois Lane' to Underdog's 'Superman'?
2. Which Wacky Racer was the perennial damsel in distress?
3. Who was George Jetson's teenage daughter?
4. Space Ghost (voiced by Gary Owens) traveled with a pair of twins, brother and sister, who, with "Blip", their pet monkey, battled intergalactic bad guys. The brother was named "Jace". What was his sister's name?
5. I am told The Herculoids are back on the air with Space Ghost. So let me ask, what was the name of the Mother/Wife character?
6. Who was Dudley DoRight's unrequited love?
7. Who was the girlfriend of Casper, the Friendly Ghost?
8. Josie and the Pussycats had a character with a hairstyle stiped like a skunk. In fact, her snickering cat had one too. She was a meanie who would bully her craven brother (voiced by Casey Kasem). What was the name of this sinister sister?
9. Who was Fred Flintstone's daughter?
10. Who was Porky Pig's girlfriend?

FOR EXTRA CREDIT: What name did Speed Racer's Mom go by? (HINT: It's painfully obvious.)

Answers appear upside-down below. Th...th...th...that's all, folks!

ANSWERS TO QUIZ #4: 1) Peabody and Sherman 2) Tom Terrific and Mighty Manfred the Wonder Dog 3) Shaggy and Scooby-Doo 4) Dino 5) Hoppy, a Hop-a-roo 6) Pluto 7) Astro 8) Quick-Draw McGraw and Sniffles 9) Johnny Quest 10) Davey and Goliath EC: Astro and the Space Mutts

ANSWERS TO THIS QUIZ: 1) Sweet Polly Purebred 2) Penelope Pitstop 3) Judy Jetson 4) Jan 5) Tara 6) Nell Fenwick 7) Wendy Witch 8) Alexandra 9) Pebbles Flintstone 10) Petunia Pig EXTRA CREDIT: Mom Racer



HE'S SO IRRIGIOUS, he thinks "Pond" is the first word of a sentence which goes on: "it's 4th down and five or more to go."

THE COMMODIFICATION of Processed World proceeds apace. Now the Situationists are recuperated as "exotic." Come on, Marcy, grow up. —Tribunal Overdrive

## The Morality of Nudity

by Gummur Larson

The basic immorality of the current sexual revolution is being bared by the increase in nudity, which has been blossoming not only bedroom-wise but housewife and otherwise. However, I'm happy to hear that housewife housewives are making moral use of such immorality by cheering up their churlish husbands when they stagger home from unwinding in a pub at the end of their workday.

In fact, wise nude wives sometimes wind their men right back up again and leave them that way until they promise to wash the week's dirty diapers and dishes, and paddle the kids for their week's dirty tricks Saturday morning right after Scooby Doo.

But, many troubling questions remain which all Americans, clad or unclad, must face. When is nude rude? Should a housewife greet the Fuller Brush Salesman like she greets her husband when she wants an increase in her allowance? Wind him up until he promises her an extra free toothbrush? May not nudity in such a case lead to a brush with immorality?

This paradoxical development is being discussed by Elmer, a full-time fully clothed young American patriot, with his girlfriend, Ophelia, whose displays of patriotism don't always require clothes.

Elmer is worried and indignant about the increasing nudity. "Ophelia, have you read in the paper about the spread of nudism? Why, people are taking their clothes off for no reason at all, instead of just for bathing and....and...."

Ophelia smiles eagerly and starts unbuttoning her blouse. "And what, dear?"

"And, you know, going to bed."

"What's wrong with going nude even if you're not going beddy-by?"

"Won't it stir up lust?"

Ophelia begins worrying and buttoning up her blouse. "You don't like lust?"

"Well...yes, but not just lust. It makes me feel guilty afterward...until the next time. We need to add something."

"Like what?"

Elmer speaks shyly and softly. "Tenderness?"

Ophelia quickly starts unbuttoning her blouse again. "Ooh, Elmer! Sex with sentiment! What a nownik you are. That's the in-thing!"

"Awaw! I just like to keep contemporary. Think how much our ancient ancestors missed. All that sex and no sentiment."

Ophelia buttons up her blouse again so she can concentrate on this intellectual problem. "Yeah, no wonder our ancient ancestors were so maladjusted—quitting school, bombing, leaving home, demonstrating, living in foreign countries, tripping instead of voting, sniffing instead of snorting, mainlining instead of marrying."

"Our ancient ancestors sure messed things up for us."

"But I guess they were only trying to get rid of the mess left to them."

"Why couldn't they clean it up once and for all?"

"But, Elmer, maybe it's just human for each generation to leave a new mess for the next generation to cleave onto or split from."

"You mean people will always leave a mess of one kind or another?"

"Sure. If the Republicans don't get in, the Democrats do."

"Maybe we should try socialists or communists for a change."

"But, Elmer, look at the mess they set up in Russia. We need a living-end, not a dead-end society."

"Do you suppose they practice nudity in Russia?"

"Man! If they do, think of all those mothering Big Brothers spying on you with cameras as well as bugs."

"Yeah. I'd rather have our own American Big Brothers from the FBI and CIA spying on me."

"But, Elmer, no matter who does the mothering, we need it like we need the atom bomb."

"But don't we need the atom bomb to protect ourselves and keep world peace?"

"How can any bomb protect us if other nations have it, too? Did spears, the bow and arrow, guns, cannons, battleships, submarines, and planes bring peace to the world? You can't put your hopes and faith in material and destructive things."

Elmer cries out desperately, "What can we put our hopes and faith in?"

Ophelia starts unbuttoning her blouse again. "First, dear, let's get rid of material things like clothes. Then we can talk about what to do."

"What to do about what?"

"What to do about not having any clothes on."

"What's left to talk about then?"

Ophelia pulls Elmer into the bedroom. "Well, maybe nothing just then, Elmer, but sooner or later—the later, the better." She starts taking off her clothes.

Elmer's voice becomes fainter. "Can we talk about the immorality of nudity then?"

"Hmm? Oh, Elmer! You mean the morality of nudity."

THIS IS dedicated, in admiration and fondness, to Al Yankovic

Write John today - while he's still "one of us".

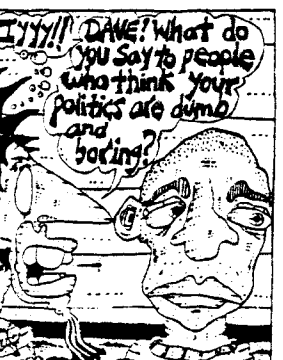
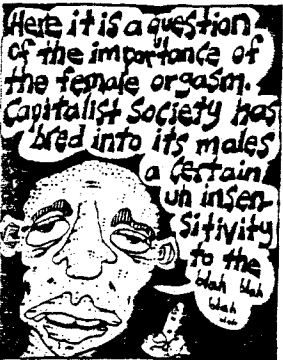
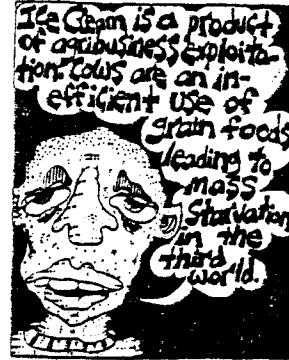
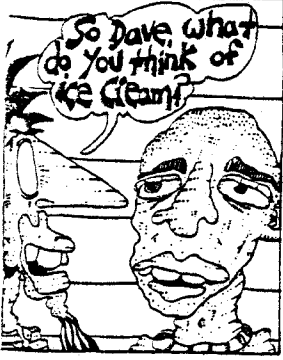


Coming Soon - Instant fame for John Crawford in the pages of the Village Voice!

# Full Frontal DOOLEY!



baboon dooley ★ interviews the stars! ★  
★ ★ Today: DAVE MDC! ★ ★ ★



# I'd ♥ to get my hands on...

by Jed Martinez

There are so many 'love' and 'hate' books on the market these days: books for pig-lovers, Pac-Man haters, cat fanciers, Rubik's Cube tolerators, puppy pals, preppie protesters, and so on.

Many of these books capitalize on the heart logo (♥), representing love, or a crossed-out heart (✕), representing hate. I have a middle-of-the-road phrase, combining love and hate, but mostly hate. It reads as follows:

## I'd ♥ to get my hands on...

Translation: "I'd love to get my hands on...", a statement that depicts a sarcastic exaggeration of aggravation.

I've compiled an assortment of pet peeves over the years, which I present for your perusal. There isn't one of us who has not experienced one of life's little frustrations.

If I collect enough of these, maybe I'll be able to have them published in a book, and make some money, instead of doing it for nothing in this rag of a mag (just kidding, Elaine!).

In this first selection of petty annoyances, my theme is "MEDIA". Marshall McLuhan once said, "The medium is the message." In my opinion, "The medium is a mess!" See if you don't agree with me.

## I'd ♥ to get my hands on...

...the programming director of a network who acquires wide-screen theatrical motion pictures for airing which we end up watching on small TV screens.

...the network executive who thought that 3-D movies would look better when shown on television.

...the network technician who flashes the words 'Edited for Television' after the opening credits of a movie, which these days is an understatement. What it should really read is 'Castrated for Television'.

...the network technician who inserts disclaimers at key moments of a program, thus ruining the realistic effect of whatever we're watching. (For example, the words 'A Dramatization' appeared over 20 times during the airing of "Special Bulletin"—which, incidentally, was presented to the viewers on videotape...and NBC had the nerve to call it a 'Movie-for-Television'!)

...the network technician who flashes a 'Special News Bulletin' during the program you're watching...but who never does it during a commercial break.

...TV newscasters who treat almost every story like a joke.

...the guy who invented the 'laugh-track' machine.

...those voice-over announcers who talk about upcoming programs over the closing theme song of your favorite show (like "Hill Street Blues" or "Archie Bunker's Place").

...A.C. Nielson.

...the network executive who thought that Ron Ely would make a great host for the "Miss America Pageant".

...the network executive who thought that John Davidson would make a great talk-show host.

...the network executive who still thinks that Regis Philbin makes a great talk-show host.

...the network executive who thought that Johnny Carson (who never starred in a major motion picture) would make a great host for "The Academy Awards" telecast.

...directors of schlock mass-murderer pictures (i.e. "Halloween", "Friday the 13th", etc.).

...directors of teenage 'boy-meets-girl-and-discovers-sex-at-the-same-time' pictures (i.e., "Spring Break", "Joysticks", etc.).

...directors of Kung-Fu pictures (though not without some protection from the National Guard).

...directors or sequels to mass-murderers, teenage-sex, and Kung-Fu movies (like "Friday the 13th, Part II", "Halloween II", etc.).

...managers of movie houses with small screens and poor sound systems who attempt to show wide-screen films in Dolby Stereo.

...managers of movie houses who acquire black-and-white prints of a Technicolor movie.

...theatre projectionists who close the curtains before or during the closing credits of a picture, just when you were about to find out who played whom in the all-star cast.

...rip-off con artists who sell you pirated videotapes of major motion pictures, without telling you that they taped it on TV...so when you catch a film like "Lawrence of Arabia", you discover 'snow' on the desert.

...the manufacturers of the various videodisc players, who, to this very day, still have not come up with an adaptor, so that you can play RCA discs on a Magnavox system, and vice versa.

...pilots of those jet planes, who fly over your house at just the right moment...causing interference during a particular moment of a TV show, or while you're tape-recording a conversation, or while you're listening to your favorite song on the radio.

...the inventor of canned music (alias, piped music, alias elevator music, alias dentist office music...).

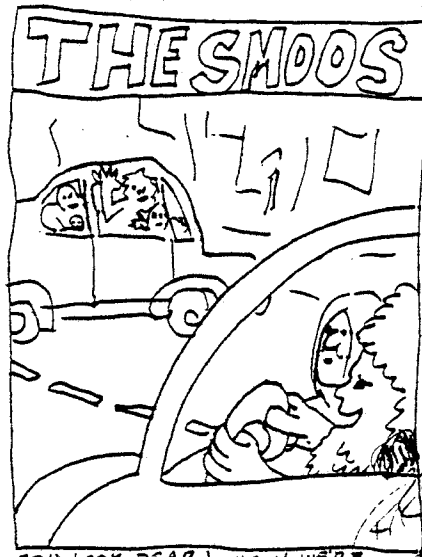
...the makers of 45 RPM records that are the size of 33-1/3RPM records.

...the makers of 33-1/3RPM records that are the size of 45 RPM records.

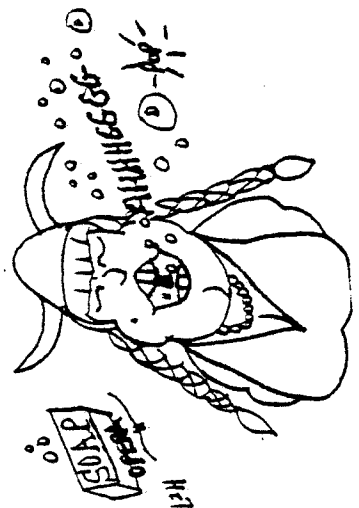
...the makers of records the size of old 78's that have the hole of a 33-1/3, yet you still play it at 45.

...the guy who invented shrink-wrap for record album covers, that are next-to-impossible to open.

...those people who carry portable radios the size of air conditioners onto buses, subways, and other forms of public transportation.



FOR GOD DEAR! NOW WE'RE NOT THE WORST PEOPLE IN TOWN ANYMORE!



## Everyone's Happy In Russia, Too...

by Rev. Tribunal Overdrive

Ever since they kicked the Roman Catholic Church out of Russia, the world has known the completion of the experiment that first began in America, viz., separation of Church and State. The influence of the Orthodox Papists on Democratic Czarism was well known, and following the brave example of George Washington, Vladimir Ulyanov and a band of hardy patriots waged a brave struggle against the forces of Roman-capitalist domination.

According to Stu Johnson, Capitalism can be traced back to Papal dogma and Church doctrine, and first arose in the form of certain practices engaged in by the corrupt clergy: indulgences, bingo games on Tuesday, and so on. Rigorous thinking shows us that this emphasis on commerce and trade gave rise to a class of greedy people who broke away from the original Church before Luther's time, and moved to Russia, where capitalism was developed. This sect called itself the Tchjoes, after Friar Jczoe, who invented money and first developed the practice of charging usury on sums lent out for the purpose of enslaving the poor. After the Masons developed the countervailing strategy of holding charity fundraising drives to aid embattled smugglers by siphoning off money for the development of good peripheral vision (so essential to undercover agents), Thomas Jefferson reasoned that true egalitarian democracy amounted to nothing more or less than any State structure that banned participation by the Church, since the Church represented original elitism, and all alternative plans would of necessity include representatives of the people, otherwise known as Fathers of All Nations. Since the road to riches is paved with good intentions (riches being the source of damnation and trouble entering Heaven), the eschewal of concrete intentions (vulnerable to "wrecking" and "heckling") became the foundation of a free nation.

From this developed the theory of operatic political campaigns and cynical, vacuous slogans.

After Joseph Djughashvili helped write the Declaration of Independence, the rebels worked hard to organize a team of assassins who would stop at nothing to depose Czar Djeorge. Their efforts were successful, and as Olkin Enfelardja tells us, "My tribe of Khazars lived for years in the misery of the Georgian wasteland."

Dmitri Shostakovich, a bastardization, manufactured the first automatic symphony legislation under the direction of Jefferson Davis Dzierzinski. After the two began to allocate resources to a modern Pythagorean Phalanstery for the purpose of developing a Square of the Circle (so as to crack a unified field theory), real results began to pour forth.

In sum, since in Russia one is now permitted to come and go as one pleases, there are no complaints. So long as water does not do anything wrong, and as freedom results from compliance with the laws that we ourselves create, men such as Mr. Oleg Khiminsk can truthfully proclaim that "organs of State propaganda in America portray us as a Utopia so as to curry favor with the opposition. Once this has progressed beyond a certain point, the straw man becomes the leader of the peoples."

While travelling in the Khabursk province, Prof. Arthur Laffer came up with the idea of applying Soviet Supply-Side theory to the outlying districts. Rather than bother with the market, a Soviet Style Gold Standard was to be imposed against the will of Time magazine, which would result in capitulation to the forces of a strong national defense. Following on the heels of this, Prof. Amatai Etzioni pointed out in 1931 during the firebombing of Johannesburg that what keeps Soviet citizens happy is the Core Project, the national purpose, i.e., War. Transforming everyday life at the behest of the people at large, the appointed guardians of production telephone us with the glad tidings.

...those idiots who can't hear you when you tell them, "Take off that Walkman!" and they reply, "I can't hear you, I've got my Walkman on!"

...the next-door neighbor whose remote controller for the television affects your TV set...and your automatic garage-door opener...and your videotape playing system...and your grandfather's pacemaker...

...the inventor of the linear—a device that not only gives a CB-radio listener the opportunity to talk to someone at a great distance (i.e., Guam), but gives TV viewers and stereo buffs within a two-block radius something to listen to...whether they want to or not!

④ 'Wood that make it your high watermark?' (cont'd)

And a Special Thanks to the CIA



# Papoon in 84/84:

PROGRESS REPORT IV: IS THIS MICROPHONE WORKING?

by Elaine and Anni

On May 7, 1984 (-1), George Papoon made a non-appearance at the NY VTPie "Pot Parade", or "Marijuana March", or whatever those crazy kids are calling it now. He was heartily ignored by all present, except for WBAI-FM disc jockey Fred Kuhn (who does, I'm told, the "morning show", egads), who immediately invited the Campoon Committed (that's us, for those of you on the harder stuff) to his palatial tenement on New York's upper west side in the heights of Washington, to answer indirect and direct "gumming" questions about Our Cause For '84/'84. We talked to Fred for what seemed like hours (actually, it was 45 minutes), and the interview will be (or will have been—see any addendum we may have added below) broadcast—well, "narrowcast", we're talking BAI here—in its pseudo-entirety Real Soon Now. We can truly say, now that Phase I is over, that we have never been subjected to an interview quite like this in our entire lives, and we'll never forget it ~~to the last~~ ~~to the last~~ ~~to the last~~. And we're not likely to—this was only the beginning of what the three of us (Anni, Elaine & Fred) hope will be many more Campoon '84/'84 Papoonaganda communiques. Subjects covered were the origins of the National Surrealist Party, many of George's platitudes (such as One Organism, One Vote; the guaranteed annual year—especially relevant this year as, as we all know, '83 was stolen out from under us—and the Paper Bag position), GOP's stands on marijuana (a very Not Insane narcotic, as most NSP's will agree), vegetables ("it's a vote for George!" we kept declaring), and our new Actual Mailing Post Office Box Address!! We hope to recruit a lot of new party members (it's so hard to find a good party nowadays), and we'll take it from there. We will also be coming out with posters (of sorts) and other Campoon material R.S.N....

Bad news from the "home" front here in the East Coast Derision: Our NY Coordinary, Kevin Duane, reports that there is rumor of dissention in the Friends of the Martian Space Party. Seems certain members of the FOMSP have decided to partially defect from the Nat'l. Surrealists and focus their light percentage of votes on former Ken-doll astronaut John Glenn, now a senator from somewhere in the mid-West (or was it the mid-East?). Furthermore, these same subversive elements (we're not naming names at this point, but give us time to think of some) declare that if Glenn does not win the demopublican nod for the 'residency, their votes will be thrown forcibly to David Bowie—now captivating audiences with his upcoming concert promises and his new movie The Hunger—for his performance in The Man Who Fell to Earth. Seems that not all of "the Alien Visitors" are our friends, but the NSP again thanks those members of the FOMSP who have stuck it out for the realm of inner instead of outer space, and keep trying to convince the others, Kevin.

Speaking of the Coordinaries, I'm going to again list them here, for the information and convenience of Campooners, in the 12 states and one "foreign" country which currently house NSP headquarters. NSP Secret World Headquarters (currently located in veep Chuck E. Cheese's residence in Paramus, NJ, with a branch restaurant in Wayne, NJ) urges all Coordinaries to send in pertinent Campoon news as soon as they write ~~the~~ hear of it for this column. Coordinaries are as follows:

CA - OAHN SNOW	MI - TOM SANDERS	NM - DAVID OSSHAM
IL - CANDI STRECKER	MN - LUKE MCGUFF	NY - KEVIN DUANE
KS - GREG BLAIR	NC - BERNADETTE BOSKY	TX - DOUG SMITH
MA - SEAN HAUGH	NE - CLARK DISSMEYER	WA - BOB DUGWYLER
	CANADA - ROLDO	

The above are the real names (except for one) of the designated Coords. Coords are politely requested (this is not mandatory, but if you don't do it and everyone else does, you're gonna look pretty foolish) to pick out for themselves, in addition to their real names already given, surreal names in keeping with the party. Here at SHHeadquarters, Kip M. Ghesin and "Kid" Sieve will be Elaine's surreal reps; Anni has yet to make her choice. (And if I'm not mistaken, and why not, our NM surreal Coord may just be George L. Firebiter, former NSP veep in '76 through that term.) Also, if your home state is not listed and you wish to become a Coordinary, please inform us and we will place you on our Secret Coordinaries Other List as well (Coords will begin to receive, shortly, "special mailings"—don't panic, in the scheme of things, "shortly" might mean December). And if your name is listed above and you can no longer fulfill your function (which at this point is basically KEEPING IN TOUCH, so, in other words, IF WE DON'T HEAR FROM YOU IN THE NEXT MONTH), and if another poor soul wants it, the Coord position will be taken over by the more psyched out or psyched up. Remember, Power As Enthusiasm, folks!

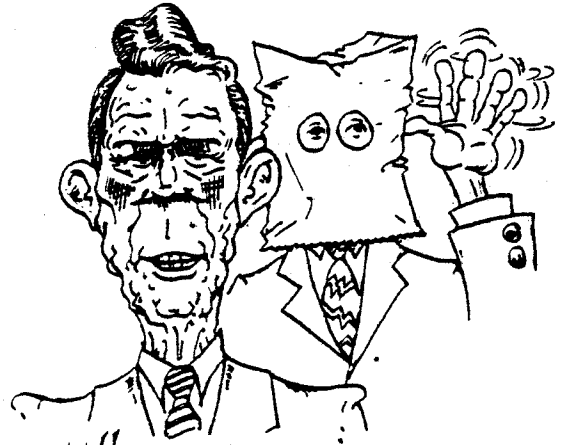
On the more positive side of surrealism this month, George Papoon's secret forged diaries were recently discovered by an anonymous member of the NSP's non-humanoid contingent, known to us only by the name of "Deep Goat". "The Kid", as we affectionately referred to DG, presented NSP Co-Chaircreature Anni Achner with three or four brown paper bags (one containing a pickle, which was to be withheld as evidence had not Anni's mom found it and made it into a delicious pie), all bearing on their outer surface some chicken-scratch assumed dictated by George to a Rock Cornish hen in Perdue, WI. When contacted, George (who graggily mumbled, "But I'm not even dead yet!") affirmed, or rather denied—er, well, he said he didn't do it "or if I did, I might have been asleep at the time, so I couldn't very well have been accountable to myself, let alone to foul play such as this". Unfortunately, the NSP's present dilemma arises from the fact that, of course, it DOESN'T MATTER whether or not George's diaries were not written by him—they contain some boffo copy, and are therefore authentic without actually needing to be, see? Once an official NSPer says George said or wrote something, it automatically becomes true. Why? We said so.

Special thanks again to Candi Strecker and Robert Wollard (note the correct spelling this time), both participants in Campoon '76, for the wonderful amount of literature and other doodada they've contributed to The Cause, because. Among the nifties received are all ten issues of the official Campoon '76 newsletter THE TOTLER, portions of which have been and will continue to be reprinted in this rag (for those new

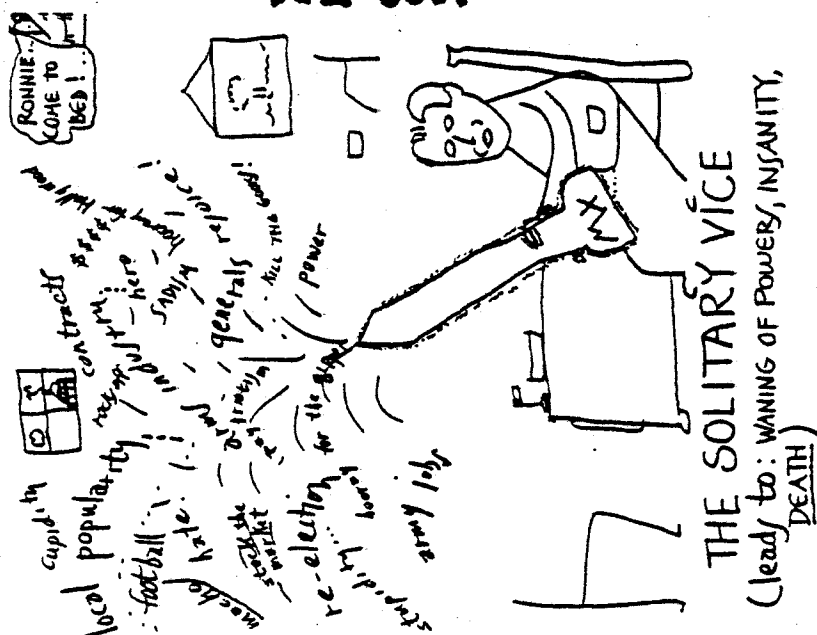
to us, it has been self-designated the NSP's officious newsletter for Campoon '84/'84). Among the things which will not be reprinted are eleven '76 interviews with each of the four individual members of The Firestorm Theatre—see further details in FIRESTORM #11. Elaine and Anni feel this is all a much-needed giant step forward into the past, and would like to leave everyone with a few serious (!) words from the final TOTLER to wrap up this month. These were from the ~~plutit~~ pro-tific pen of DG: "What we do, we do for each other!"

"WHO WAS IT SET UP A SYSTEM WHERE YOU END UP VOTING FOR THE LESSER OF TWO EVILS?"

GO SLOTTES



NOW! AT LAST! YOU HAVE A CHOICE  
PAPPOON IN 1984



It appears to me that most mediocre unpublished writers such as myself begin their stories with verbose sentences that go absolutely nowhere. I usually stall out and pause to ponder lines of dialogue from old movies.

"Masturbation is sex with someone you love"...one of my favorites. Seems to me that I once read that writers of erotica often masturbate for inspirational reasons. Could be true. I suppose, but when a person approaches 40 years of age it is very difficult to be inspired as often as one was at age 15. As consenting adults, most of us prefer co-authorship as opposed to singular writing most of the time...I suppose.

In between rejection slips and fits of sexual anxiety I often turn on the TV and enjoy those Christian comedians of the electronic church. The faith-healer types usually have the best material; most of the other performers serve only to remind the viewer that their gold lazel pin crosses remain covered with 'hawkshit'. I've often wondered how 'faith-boys' would explain God's healing miracles to a few quads over at the local VA hospital.

The movie "Pray TV" should have won the Academy Award for best religious documentary...at least once.

Hopefully, dear reader, I have taken your mind off wondering why you're constipated this morning, or at least that I've pissed you off and wasted a few minutes of your time, or that I've wasted a few minutes of my time and will receive another rejection notice from the vicious editor-in-chief of this rag regarding this entry.

Damn! I've ceased working on Vol. II aw-ready...stroke...out of ink. Oh well, I can always retire and go to Florida...find a nice stretch of warm beach and take a nap. Maybe Baboon Dooley will stroll by and deposit a well-used wad of grape chewing gum into my navel. Faded grape will look real nice next to the lint-covered teaberry in my collection... (fini) James Tauscher

WHAT'S THE ONLY SUITABLE ENCORE FOR NONSTOP GIGS? A NONSTOP RECH. RIGHT TO LAUGH.

# FIRESIGN #11

All's pretty quiet on the Firesign front this time 'round, as Phil Proctor and Pete Bergman took a few days off from California to visit New York City (Phil was in for his 25-year high school reunion, and Peter presumably on business). Unfortunately, not enough time for them to get together with any LJ people, but there's always 1984. And nothing major to report from beautiful Santa Fe either, except that Dave Ossman, who will be doing next month's quiz here, says springtime has finally arrived (a case of speaking too soon, perhaps!) there, buds and blooms 'n all (well, I go for that romantic stuff, what can I tell ya). And Phil Austin has become the fourth and final member of The Firesign Theatre to begin receiving INSIDE JOKE, so we should be hearing some news from him shortly, with any luck at all. So, that's it for the news, aren't ya glad ya read this far? Hi guys.

Okay, back home... As you will see by the Papoon article this month, Ann and I performed our first radio broadcast, the "introductory" one about Papoon's '84/'84 candidacy, mentioning of course the beginnings of the Campoon both in '72 and '76, and just going through general knowledge. Our thanks to Fred Kuhn, who will undoubtedly play the horrendous thing sooner or later—we'll keep you posted. The Counter Time Players are still preparing future scripts (Spencer's writing a couple goodies, and Ann and I are preparing some commercials & other junk)...

This month's kudo goes to WNEW-FM disc jockey/newscaster named Earl Bailey, who New York area listeners may have heard lately has been peppering his morning newscasts with bits from comedy records, most notably (for us) Don't Crush That Dwarf, and Just Folks. Earl has been sent a copy of LJ in the hopes that he will respond in one way or another (they can't get that much mail over there). Stay tuned.

The best news is that I finally have an idea where extraneous literary articles on The Firesign Theatre are going. As reported last month, my article for CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE is OUT AT LAST (CC is available from Jim Murray or Susan McCann—sorry I spelled your name wrong last month, Susan—for \$2.50 from 505 West End Avenue, #15C, New York, NY 10024, and is a very worthwhile mag even without my nonsense)! A couple words of correction on warning, however. The article is cut, but not detrimentally so, and the basic concept is intact. HOWEVER, the editors of CC gave unwitting credit solely to that wonderful nemesis of mine, Kip M. Ghesin. As LJ regulars know, there is no great love between Kip and myself, especially after his "voluntarily written" FIRESIGN last month, in which s/he blatantly all but insulted most of the people I now consider close friends and acquaintances (sorry guys, I had nothing to do with it). However, justice was not to be served in this case, and Kip retains credit on paper, although s/he actually had nothing to do with the writing of any portion of said article. Secondly, the article is a tad out of date (as you know, THE VOLKS OF OXNARD, the newest TFT video, has been postponed until an October release), but that is to be expected. Thirdly, and this may seem like a minor point but I do have a reputation to uphold, whichever semi-literate person actually typeset my article was not familiar with the grammatically proper use of apostrophes, which are to be found scattered randomly throughout for no apparent reason. They are silly, please ignore them, they are not my idea. I am a staunch crusader, as most of you know, against the kind of ignorance which arises from otherwise perfectly sane individuals confusing the usage of the possessive "its" and the contraction "it's". We're not talking backwoods hicks here, folks, these are supposedly LITERATE, INTELLIGENT PEOPLE, and I will no longer be assumed a willing participant in this gross injustice. So said.

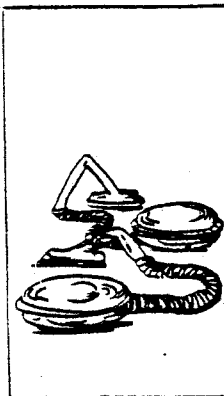
On a more negative note, my TFT discography slated for inclusion at some future (as yet undetermined) point in the NY-area magazine STOP! (all in all a worthwhile little comedy mag, address usually given in FAM NOOSE as each issue comes out) has been indefinitely postponed. According to co-editor Dale Ashmun, "I can't get a definite 'yes' or 'no' from King or Holmstrom regarding the Firesign discography. I think it may be a lost cause mostly due to the fact that they are so blasé about The Firesign Theatre and it's their money paying the printing bills. I would like to hang on to my copy of the discography and pitch it to them as a future consideration...Needless to say I feel like day-old shit about the lack of response to your article." Well, Dale, let me just say in PUBLIC PRINT that you have never been, in my eyes, anything less than a sweetheart regarding this whole semi-fruitless venture, and "it's not our fault anymore, Judge Poop"—in other words, if some people are more into The Three Stooges and Cheech & Chong, that's their bit, and we certainly cannot deny these folks their modest little indulgences in low-level, mediocre comedy...heh heh heh, but we're not bitter are we... Seriously, I've known since before the beginning, as have most TFT fans out there, that one of the things that makes this little life adventure here so much fun is that not everyone is into it, it's not a mass-producible commodity, only certain types have the kind of mind that leans toward this nonsense, and if other's don't, hey, that's okay, we know who we are...

That being vented, I hereby present the third and last part of our NAME THAT RECORD one-liner quiz. Oh, yes, you've probably seen it dozens of times before, in those chic little candy stores probably, in among the word-finds and crosstics, you know what I mean...Simple rules there are, being: Presented below are 30 lines, 2 from each of The Firesign Theatre's albums (DO's HOW TIME FLYS, although written by DO, is also counted within the group category for purposes of this quiz, as it's a relatively accessible solo, has good lines, and y'all have no excuses, BUY IT GODDAMNIT. oops, sorry). Simply match line to album. What could be easier? Well, the answers. Presented below the quiz are the answers to last month's bit, if I can find them. Presented next month, in addition to a SPECIAL REPORT (I always wanted to type that in caps) I'm preparing on the availability of certain comedy albums in record stores in the Greenwich Village area FOR CHEAP, and Dave's quiz, and perhaps some TOTLER stuff (if it hasn't been reproduced already somewhere in here), will be the answers to this month's quiz. Bye...

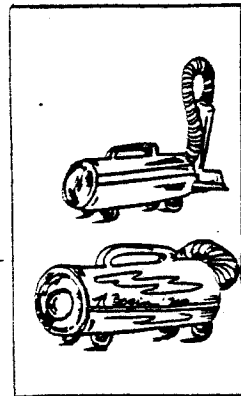
(A quick P.S.: It's always fun to spot-check credits on some of that Saturday morning cartoon stuff. You may see names like Phil Proctor's in the end credit roll for Smurfs or The Dukes of Hazzard...)



MEAN VACUUMS

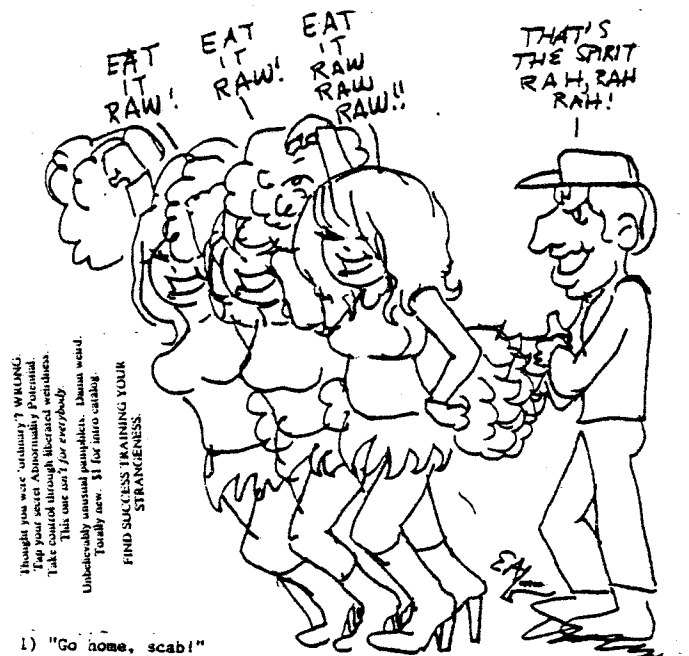


FRIENDLY VACUUMS



VACUUMS THAT KEEP TO THEMSELVES

(Jigs by Harry Levine)



- 1) "Go home, scab!"
- 2) "If you are beginning to doubt what I am saying, you are probably hallucinating."
- 3) She had to drink six cups of coffee just to stay awake!"
- 4) Are they making a movie?"
- 5) "Her hair never changes color, it's always black and white."
- 6) "Gimme six."
- 7) "I get to handle it next..."
- 8) "What's that soldier doing in here?"
- 9) "Back off, buffoon!"
- 10) "It'll be nice to have the family together again."
- 11) "They do that all the time!"
- 12) "So you've noticed!"
- 13) "Communication is dubious—"
- 14) "And technical stimulation!"
- 15) "I read about the Donner Pass."
- 16) "Coach him not, he'll dribble out rewards to all."
- 17) "And it's food for thought, you know, Mr. Brown?"
- 18) "Who wrote the plot?"
- 19) "They're cute but they're just too dangerous."
- 20) "And before this day is over, I fully expect to see what keeps America on the run, and what makes people run when we talk about America."
- 21) "And oh, what next?"
- 22) "Only the Guilty will suffer!"
- 23) "Not in my country club!"
- 24) "Pull the curtain, Fred."
- 25) "Don't worry, boys, you paid for it already!"
- 26) "It was very fashionable in those days."
- 27) "Betcha it was two bald writers with glasses..."
- 28) "I think you're leaking."
- 29) "Who you callin' a dummy?"
- 30) "It may as well have been a dream, merely a dream..."

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S FIRESIGNAL (ALBUM TITLES ABBREVIATED IN SOME CASES FOR CONVENIENCE): 1) Giant Rat 2) Electrician 3) Next World 4) Everything You Know... 5) Lost Comedy 6) Not Insane 7) Just Folks 8) How Time Flies 9) Lawyer's Hospital 10) Missing Shoe 11) Dear Friends 12) Fighting Clowns 13) Sozos 14) Dwarf 15) How Can You Be In... 16) Next World 17) Just Folks 18) How Can You Be In... 19) Not Insane 20) Lost Comedy 21) Missing Shoe 22) Dwarf 23) Electrician 24) How Time Flies 25) Giant Rat 26) Sozos 27) Dear Friends 28) Everything You Know... 29) Lawyer's Hospital 30) Fighting Clowns

© Well, I'm usually not high - can't mix stoned with water, right, water over stone, stone over scissors... (cont'd)

# THE LAW & ORDER HANDBOOK

Illustration by RBLda

by RICHARD WEINSTOCK

## BEST BURNERS:

### Chap 9: A GUIDE TO CENSORSHIP IN THE 80'S

There is a tremendous and long overdue reawakening of moral authority in our country today firm in its determination to put Mom and God back into the apple pie. From this groundswell has arisen a powerful organization, The Anal Majority, organized and headed by the Reverend Oral Syndrome, which is committed to cleaning up the red light districts of the American psyche.

To this end, the Anal Majority has selected as one of its most important targets the various media pandering to the base and crude sexual proclivities of the American population. These interests have become quite powerful politically, so censorship is unfortunately out of the question at the present time. However, all this means is that moral forces must become more creative in their initial efforts attacking pornography and filth. For this reason Reverend Syndrome has contracted to be the centerfold feature in the November issue of PLAYGIRL magazine. "Horrors! Why?" decent people everywhere gasp. The reason for this play is really quite simple. The purveyors of filth have succeeded because they have convinced a substantial portion of the general public that the human body is beautiful—something to be admired, photographed, and publicly explored in all its official splendour. But the public display of Reverend Syndrome's body will change all that. At least when Reverend Syndrome has tested the theory out in various public parks, judging by the response of the viewing public, full frontal views of him were not well appreciated.

The PLAYGIRL centerfold "revelation" will just be the first blow in the strike for decency in the public media.

Fittillators, Stimulators and Denegrators

In addition to pornography, there are many other proper subjects of censorship that should be explored in the coming year. It is an understatement to say that science has gone overboard in the last century and censors should weigh the facts carefully to determine if too many eternal truths have been offended by its studies and theories. No society has ever survived without eternal truths, and ours is no exception, so censorship can play a vital role here.

Also, in recent times, our flag and our country have often become the objects of derisive ideas, words and/or actions.

"My country right or wrong" is a prime example of this kind of negativity; first, because it implies that our country just might be wrong, and, second, because it suggests that foreigners may also be entitled to defend their own erring homelands.

"America, Love it or leave it" is another example of desecration because it suggests that the person to whom the message is communicated does not already love America.

There are so many areas of potential censorship that prospective careerists in this field would do well to specialize choosing either titillation, stimulation, denegration, or other expressions offensive to community standards as their area of expertise.

The Many Ways To Say \*\*\*\*

Alas, gone are the days when the excrement of the aberrant mind could only be committed to paper. In those bygone days censors merely had to ignite a match or a torch to carry out their important missions. But now we have movies, television, computers, audiotapes, graffiti, and many other media which can be used as repositories of sin and irreverence. Furthermore, even such traditionalists as poets are getting into the act. But the creative censor will find ways to deal with these new outlets.

The cinema may be dealt with easy enough. The Supreme Court in a landmark case early in the century ruled that offended people have a Constitutional right to burn down a movie house, provided that they don't yell "fire" if the theatre is crowded.

Television is another matter. Powerful vested interest protect prudent and heretical subject matter which are often shown on the tube. Furthermore, one may not burn down the home of another simply because he is watching TV. The latter may be, after all, someone who is watching "The Southern Christian Motherhood Hour" rather than "Cosmos". But there are laws of great help here. The "Equal Time" provisions of the Federal Communications Act can be interpreted to require any company that sponsors a show on evolution or reproduction to also sponsor one on Creationism or morality, preferably right after the offensive production.

Moreover, poets are no problem at all. They may be outlawed on the grounds that you can't make a living at it.

The FBI's List Of The Ten Most Wanton Books

Although many different media are deserving of the censor's blue pencil, the success of censorship in the eighties is likely to be measured by its effect on the most traditional form of mass communication—the printed word. To this end, law enforcement must let the book-burning public know which publications are the most ignitable. The Anal Majority has conducted many surveys of its members and recommends

the following:

Fiction

1. Charles Darwin, The Origin of The Species
2. Keynes, John Maynard, The General Theory
3. Darwin, Charles, The Origin of The Species
4. Froemer, Arthur, Europe On Five Dollars a Day
5. Tantra, Joe, Fifteen Hundred Positions For Sexual Intercourse
6. The Origin of The Species, Charles Darwin

Nonfiction

7. Comfort, Alex, The Joy of Sex
8. Mephistopheles, Lucifer, Secular Humanism
9. Mill, John Stuart, On Liberty
10. Webster, Noah, Russian-English/English-Russian Dictionary

Keeping Sex In The Family

People should not get the idea that those concerned with moral values are prudes who deny the existence of sex. Not at all! Sex is an important concern which has its proper place in the scheme of things. Few of us would be here without it. Sex is to the rights of unborn children as electric outlets are to the oil depletion allowance. The point here is that public places, especially schools, are not the proper places for sex education.

Parents are the obvious ones who should teach their children about sex, because it should not be taught in the immoral or amoral environment of the schools. Such teaching of sex leads to promiscuity, irresponsibility, free love, unmarried motherhood, VD, Socialism, and Communism.

The more students learn about sex in schools, the more misguided they become. Sad to say that the greater the knowledge acquired, the larger the amount of moral damage to the student. For this reason, the first and most crucial place to eliminate sex education is in medical schools. One of the worst moral evils of our time is to have future gynecologists and obstetricians learn about reproduction in medical schools. Young people who want to practice these branches of medicine can find out all they need to know from their parents.

Medical school books are themselves a scandal with their detailed illustrations and descriptions of private parts and their bodily functions.

Few patients are aware of the fact that doctors learn about sex at Med School instead of at home from their families. And perhaps this is why there is a significantly higher incidence of unwed pregnancies, VD, and free love among the clientele of gynecologists and obstetricians than among the clientele of CPAs who rightfully are not taught about sex in business school.

The Four R's: Reading, Righting, Rithmatic and Razing

What schools let into their curricula is just as important as what they keep out. Obviously, schools must stress the basics, and a school is off to a good start if its primary reader is the revised and recently published Dick and Jane Go To Church.

In many schools it is typical of curricula to make much of the value of free speech while ignoring the importance of censorship. And yet, censorship is just as much a basic part of learning as the more well-publicized three Rs. Writing, for example, has long been considered a basic educational tool, but what happens when students start writing on the walls? We censor them, of course. And math—what about those crib sheets that most students must bring to algebra exams just to pass? Confiscated on sight! Freedom of expression is the flower, censorship the hidden gardener pulling weeds.

Notwithstanding the value of censorship, most schools have not included it as an area of practical or academic study. In primary grades students should learn how to identify contraband pamphlets and turn them into their teachers. At this young and tender age, they should not actually burn any books because they are too young to play with matches, but a "censoring bee", where students devise ways to imply that passages in books are offensive, would be a good training device. At intermediate levels, students should be able to master the technique of burning thin books of no more than a few hundred pages. No student should pass the course teaching this unless he or she has successfully torched J.D. Salinger's Catcher in the Rye. Finally, in high school English Literature, students should be able to deal with more difficult material such as Chaucer and Milton, successfully identifying bawd and sacrilege through the veil of fancy language.

Learning the art of censorship should naturally not stop at the high school level. Book burning is indeed an appropriate subject area for a college major, the only question being whether it belongs in Public Administration, Liberal Arts, Visual Arts, or Chemistry.

Unholy Alliances

The plans set forth in this chapter are indeed ambitious, but they may be achieved soon enough in the Eighties with proper organizing and coordination. In fact, almost anything can be accomplished in public life in America if one is willing to participate in coalitions. Examples of such coalitions include the dairy lobby and the National Rifle Association uniting to insure that our armed forces have both guns and butter. A few years ago, the National Funeral Directors Association combined forces with network television to pass legislation that voids any provision in the last will and testament of a president or other important public personage that upon death he or she be cremated in a private service. Due to the load of poor people on the American public health system, the American Medical Association, the National Liquor Distributors and Manufacturers, and the Highway lobby are co-sponsoring legislation recognizing the cost of effectiveness of liquor in the treatment of indigents. One of the objectives is a mailer to all poor people on welfare with the message, "If you drink, Go drive." Any person who is injured on the highways too poor to pay for hospitalization or medical attention, or not sufficiently covered with insurance, will receive additional liquor at the scene of the accident paid for through Medicare.

What alliances are possible for the Anal Majority? The Northern Tissue commercials which you have probably seen on television featuring the Reverend Syndrome's endorsement are a step in the right direction,

(concluded next issue)

but not enough. However, one only need look around in most communities to find potentially friendly interest groups. A not-so-obvious but potentially powerful alliance exists in many communities with ecology groups which oppose oil drilling and importation such as Friends of the Earth and the Sierra Club. These groups are very concerned about the environment and are particularly aware of the dangers inherent in the concept that books could be burned by power plants to produce energy, rather than coal and oil. Books are not only cheaper, but burn cleaner and are a renewable energy source.

Right to Lifers are natural allies. They most certainly would go along with banning telephone directories on the grounds that the latter provide information in an amoral manner about abortion clinics and birth control centers. Advocates of new technology can be won over with a pledge that the recently patented paper shredder will not be overlooked when a decision is made to turn print into fodder. Finally, when the *Sunset Guide to Building Book Bonfires* comes out, do-it-yourselfers will be a ready source of community energy.

#### Prologue

Los Angeles Times, September 18, 1981:

WASHINGTON—A bipartisan majority of the Federal Communications Commission voted Thursday to urge repeal of the so-called "fairness doctrine", a 32-year-old requirement that broadcasters must present balanced views in airing public issues.

Three Republicans and one Democrat on the seven-member commission ruled, in effect, that the fairness and "equal time" provisions of federal communications law are misnamed. They amount to government censorship, the members decided.

Mark S. Fowler, the commission's new Republican chairman, who led to move toward repeal of the controversial provisions, said, "Today we strike a blow in the cause of freedom."

Some people are worried that there will be an unreasonable amount of censorship in the eighties. Isn't there a risk to freedom of expression, one of our most fundamental Constitutional rights, many inquire? Not to worry. The above article indicates that under our marvelous system of checks and balances, the communication industry and its platoon of lobbyists will insure that the best, most important, and most popular expressions are free from government interference.

(A final thanks to Richard Weinstock for providing LJ the first exclusive printing rights to *THE LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK*, in exchange for nothing more than free issues containing the book. We wish Richard the best of luck in getting this published [ya read it here lat!])...

## BRAINBEAUISM

WIN-LOSE WAR PLAN, HEREBEFORE RELIGION  
FIFTY-FIFTY ECONOMICS, EVEN AGE WORK FORCE

J.C. BRAINBEAU

Box 2243

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, 44504

## HODGEPODGE BY julian ross

- NBC, still trying to increase its ratings, plans an updated version of "Hogan's Heroes". It'll be called "Gulag Archipelago Frolics".
- A White House spokesperson denied a Hollywood trade paper story stating that Ronald Reagan, upon completion of his term of office, would join with former Presidents Nixon, Ford and Carter in a remake of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse".
- After three years of lab tests, the National Center for Disease Control has concluded that injecting cancer cells into jellyfish causes most of them to take up smoking.
- The governor of a southeast wstate was convicted after the jury saw the videotape of him accepting a \$60,000 bribe. The governor's defense was that the tape was a pilot for a new TV sitcom.
- A man who accidentally ingested 52 "Dexatrim" capsules has suffered no ill effects, but he was last seen frantically typing letters of proposal to Twiggy and Sandy Duncan.
- A shopping-cart lady was convicted of grand larceny after being caught removing aluminum cans from the trash bin behind a posh Beverly Hills restaurant. Agent Swifty Lazar was on hand to close a book and movie deal for seven figures.
- A businessman in Seattle has announced a breakthrough to aid the energy shortage: a cheap way to convert used cat litter into motor fuel. An oil company official was quoted as saying this "could prove catastrophic to the oil industry."
- A bar located just outside an aviary in Tulsa, OK, was shut down for contributing to the delinquency of Minahs.
- A 20-year rider on mass transit in Los Angeles has hit the country music charts with his new song, "I Missed the Bus of Life And I'm Still Stuck on the Bench, But I Love You Pretty Woman, Will You Have Me?"
- A popular TV evangelist was arrested last week for masquerading as a homo sapiens.
- Economy-minded Rep. Frank Annunzio (D-IL), chairman of the House consumer affairs and coinage subcommittee, is in favor of a copper-plated zinc penny to save about \$28 million a year.
- While this makes the Zinc folks happy, the Copper magnates are irate! Frankly, wouldn't the matter be solved if a cent was made of aluminum or plastic?
- Aluminum has been used by many countries for coinage for many years, without any major revolutions.
- If Uncle Sam collected just the discarded aluminum cans from military bases, they'd provide enough metal.
- And what's wrong with plastic? It is light in weight, wears like iron, and some company could come up with a "copper" color if that is so important.
- A plastic penny today...a plastic dollar tomorrow!

The concept that video games are corrupting the youth of America is just a pacement of the imagination!

Jeff Manning

## TALES FROM DIAL-A-RUMOR

by the Rev. Mahatma Propagandhi

Accused cocaine dealer Congressman Ron Dellums (D-Cal.) got an unexpected boost in his fight for political survival today when Secretary of the Interior James Watt staged a benefit brunch for Dellums at Chez Guevara in Berkeley's Walnut Square. The featured fare included sauteed snail darters, Condor Eggs Benedict and other delicacies that Watt developed a taste for in his years with the Rocky Mountain Legal Foundation.

Although Dellums and Watt are usually ideological adversaries, Watt's longtime financial backer, Nevada Judge Robert Legakes, is the Mr. Big who supplied the drug to Dellums via courier Wayne Newton for resale to affluent Berkeley progressives. According to *CoEvolution Quarterly* editor Stewart Brand, Dellums' real motive was not—as the press claims—to keep up the payments on the solar-powered Mark IV with ocelot-skin trim which he purchased from Assemblyman Willie Brown—but rather to mend political fences with snow-snooting voters in the Berkeley Hills through multi-level marketing.

On the eve of release of his film-blanc masterpiece *The Return of the Jedi*, director George Lucas is at his wit's end. Pornographic and/or seditious outtakes from the film, improvised by the predominantly situationist cast to relieve the boredom of wage-labor, have been stolen by the Twinkie Foundation of Cambodia and released to the home video black market. The alternative galactic epic definitely demonstrates the dark side of the Force. In it, a grease monkey portrayed by character actor Harry Reems both screws and unscrews the epinec robot C-3PO. The wrinkled sage Yoda admits that his telekinetic miracles are actually hoaxes concocted with the technical assistance of Uri Geller, and adds: "Never ignore the man behind the curtain." Yoda also reveals that makeup men from the Trilateral Foundation for Secular Humanism deliberately modelled his visage on that of deceased humanist Bertrand Russell.

Hirsute ruffian Chewbacca joins an animal-rights organization and, fed up with playing second fiddle to a grandstanding prima donna, rips out seven of Han Solo's fingers for kicks. Workers at Lando Calrissian's factory asteroid, incensed by a whitewash of dangerous working conditions by OSHA inspectors, revolt and set up a workers' council, asserting that "there ain't a dime's worth of difference between the Empire and the Republic." And Princess Leia, after joining Holly Near in doing a cover of the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen", abdicates and runs off to join a left-wing lesbian typesetters' collective on Valencia Street.

In the wake of the bombing of the U.S. Embassy in Beirut by the Jewish Defense League, Congressman Tip O'Neill has called for the withdrawal of the 1200-man Marine contingent and its replacement by an equivalent force of 45,000 Italian troops. But Senator Sam Nunn says that's not nearly enough military muscle. In light of intelligence reports that the fleet of Iranian battle camels sighted off Long Island several weeks ago may now be in Mediterranean waters. The Ayatollah Khomeini, however, ranting in the holy city of Cum, insisted that the camels and their Iranian seamen are actually headed for the Falklands.

The "palimony" phenomenon, in which former unmarried lovers sue the partners they used to shack up with for what amounts to alimony, is getting out of hand. First Lee Marvin was sued by his girl-friend, then Liberace was sued by his boy-friend, then Billie Jean King was sued by her girl-friend—and now, Lassie is suing Tommy Reddig, alleging that his co-star on the popular TV show induced the collie to move out of a Beverly Hills kennel and into Reddig's swank Century City condo with promises to split half his residuals from the long-running series.

Lassie is represented by attorney Marvin Mitchelson, who got a Los Angeles court to appoint June Lockhart as Lassie's guardian ad litem in order to prosecute the suit. Attorney Roy Cohn, representing defendant Reddig, professes to be unconcerned over Lassie's lawsuit, saying only, "That bitch's bark is worse than her bite." As yet unconfirmed are rumors that once-popular porpoise Flipper has retained Mitchelson to file suit against Lloyd Bridges.

Director Werner Herzog thought the filming of *Fitzcarraldo* was an uphill struggle, but even more harrowing conditions prevail at San Francisco General Hospital where Herzog is shooting his next epic, *Enema Nurses in Bondage*, starring Klaus Kinski in the leading role of Big Nurse. Kinski, who'd already been laid up once with a sprained eyebrow, shouldered another burden of trauma when a Puerto Rican emergency room orderly attempted some free-form open heart surgery on the blond actor. It seems the accused assailant had asked Kinski what was to be the locale of the movie's climactic "duelling catheters" scene, and went berserk when Kinski replied in his thick Slavo-Germanic accent, "Sumatra." But the thespian's morale is nonetheless high after a dose of Tylenol No. 17 and a bedside visit by former Detroit Tigers pitcher Hank Aguirre.

DIAL-A-RUMOR: (415) 843-7474. Don't get mad, get even.

# SAYS YOU (Letters)

Dear Elaine,

It does seem a trifle peculiar to be typing you a letter while sitting in the same room with you, and especially it seems peculiar to be using such a typewriter as this—surely a World Class machine, and far too good for the likes of me. It does make me a little nervous, as though it were sitting in judgement of my efforts, with its carriage akimbo, tapping its keys impatiently, waiting to see if what I write is worthy of it. As a matter of fact, it sort of reminds me of a teacher I had in the third grade, a Miss Dootney, who bore a strong resemblance to a wrinkled swizzle stick and, now that I recall, made the same kind of humming noise this machine of yours does—when I am used to Eileen, my little manual portable, who has served me well over these many years, and never complains when I spill coffee in her works, but who hasn't got all these nifty buttons and knobs DID—there's one that I'm reasonably certain makes its own ice cubes, but I'm afraid to try it out, as it's cold enough in here as it is, and I haven't any tea—but it's dreadfully impressive that they're there at all.

In any event, what I started out to say is that it's odd to be writing you a letter while you're sitting—no, I tell a lie. You're lying down now, aren't you? Do stay there. These scene shifts are getting a bit wearing—not three feet away from me, within easy conversing distance. Some might even say it borders on the foothills of redundant, or maybe even pointless, but that's never stopped me before, and the fact is that, brilliant as our discourse obviously is, you can't print conversation in a magazine without an awful lot of sound and fury, or at least a tape recorder, and what would the readers think of me if I didn't have a letter of some kind in this month's issue? I mean, no doubt there would be some sort of general sigh of relief, but what would they THINK? It's not to be borne and so, while you have a nice chat with David Ossman (how's that for a spiffy bit of name dropping? Bet you didn't think I could work that in, did you?), I will attempt to come up with some at least quasi-coherent words for you.

I must say, before I go on to anything else, that your room has, per square inch, more things in it than I'd ever dreamed possible—things and things and things. I love rooms with things in them—some people's rooms look as though they were inhabited only by incredibly neurotic paramitium afflicted with anal retentive complexes. How, I wonder, do people exist without stuff? What do these people do with their old copies of IJ, the potholders they made at summer camp when they were 7, that darling little jade pussy cat they got in a moment of pathological spending and now can't imagine what on earth to do with? These things, it has always seemed to me, are a necessary part of the human condition—on a theory I've evolved over the years that the Almighty created people in order to give fuzzballs a mode of transportation—and people who do not possess them seem to me somehow mildly freakish, like someone with an inborn fondness for the works of Colleen McCullough. Just my desk, for example, though it in no way comes up to yours, contains, to the best of my recollection, one television set with cable hook-up, the previously mentioned Eileen, a stuffed Smurf (I have an aversion to Smurfs that touches on the psychotic, but my father presented me with this in a rare fit of whimsy—my father being given to fits of whimsy the way elephants are given to yearly bursts of passion, and with about the same urgency—and I can't think of any decent way to get rid of the thing), a knitted bear puppet that the Ever-Popular once gave me, a coffee cup filled with pens, none of which write, a stray picture of Bjorn Ulvaeus or two, several bits of paper carrying obscure messages that I'm sure must have meant something to me at one time or another, a few old poems, this week's TV GUIDE, a copy of the Diamond Sutra, and a geriatric piece of American cheese. Someday I may find it in myself to remove the cheese; the rest of it, I imagine, will remain with me until hell freezes over, as they say, or I leave Englewood, whichever is the more feasible possibility. And as I said, my room in no way can pretend to rival yours. I don't have little china figurines of Laurel and Hardy, for one thing, or a really super picture of George Reeves wearing his Superman suit (though I have ABBA pictures, which ought to count for something, though I'm not entirely sure what), or a denim cowboy hat or a computer readout of "Bob". Besides, your room is purple, while mine is white, so you score surrealism points on me right there. My hat is off to you.

Now it's the next day, after a grueling trip to Englishtown (shopping for baubles is such fun, though I still think you should have gotten the lobster ashtray, if only so that I wouldn't have to put my cigarettes out in a shotglass), and a nice little visit from Jill and her headphones. You are lying on the bed reading Brian Pearce's latest micro-comics (I do love having talented friends—it takes up so much of one's time), I am sunburned, covered with dust and in the process of smoking myself to death, and the Yankees are losing to the Twins. All, therefore, is as it should be, though I do notice a definite lack of Swedish men around here, a problem I've faced for most of my life.

To get on to IJ #20—I most liked the cover, of course, which was nothing short of brilliant, and you can never have too many "Bobs", I always say. CATHODE RAY TUBES was interesting, and backs up a theory I've always held that all the spilled gore and chewed up legs and flying teeth in splatter films only detracts from the sensation of fright, rather than adding to it. No filmmaker anywhere has the equipment nor the capability of filming anything more frightening than those pictures created by our own minds. And I was very, very pleased to see Clay Geerdes—possibly my favourite of all the IJ contributors as far as content and style go—write about the Cockettes. I was rather casually acquainted with Hibiscus in the year before his death, liked him, and knew a bit about his efforts to clean up and reorganize himself, and it was moving for me to read what I took to be a lovely tribute to the man, and the things he accomplished. It was nice to see so much of Kip—another of my personal favourites—and "Kid", and hello to Maiden, whose Ceramics poem certainly puts anything I've attempted along the lines of poetic redundancy to shame.

As far as the Steven Scharff piece on mail monsters is concerned, well, he was fairly accurate as to kind and type, but he left out one essential variety—the Superior Salesman, who acts as if he's doing you a colossal favour to sell you something, sniggers at what you buy, is REALLY an Artiste who's only submitting himself to this piddling little job until his Magnum Opus is recognized by the world, and who categorizes the shoppers in his spare moments. Merely an oversight, I am certain.

By the way, your review of JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAM-COAT nearly made me want to see the silly thing. What do you make of that?

Okay, okay, I am fully aware that I have to come up with some scintillating reply to George Eddy, and that there's still a Papoon article to be written, all in less than an hour, when I needs must take my hateful mother out to dinner (Mother's Day has always interested me, just as a cultural phenomenon. I mean, there's really nothing wrong with my hateful mother, except that she inhabits a zone unreachable by the rest of us, and speaks a peculiar language that only occasionally borders on English—I was 19 and had long since moved out of her house before I learned that people do not normally refer to a pair of scissors as "Julius"—but to have a special day of her own seems to me a bit extreme. It always makes her cry, and there were four cartoons with exactly the same joke in the paper this morning, and Mother's Day cards are all hazardous to the health of anyone who suffers from a sugar imbalance, and, I mean, really. This is, after all, the same country that sets aside a special day for the planting of trees, and I do believe there's a tie-in there somewhere, if only I could understand what it is.), so I'll cut this short. Besides, Kiner's Korner is on, and they're interviewing Mookie Wilson, for goodness sake, and it's all rather too much to bear, just at the moment.

Hasn't this been the most surreal letter you've ever seen? Do be pleased.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, ANNI ACKNER  
10 Hillside Ave., #8  
Englewood, NJ 07631

Dear IJ:

Loved last month's issue. The best part was the lack of Banaltorials done by Gnat-E Mishaan.

Mishaan is definitely eligible for the Ernie Bushmiller Comedic Excellence Award, but will probably lose it to that Quiche book.

I've noticed a difference in Matortorials since he had his jaw fixed. I suspect that without his knowledge and consent, the surgeon fucked up and ended up transplanting the jawbone of an ass—ever since then Mishaan has been writing like one.

Hope that he improves and stops conjugating his bowels at your expense. Most distressed, KIP M. INTHE DARK, Ph.D.

Dear Elaine,

Happy 20th issue!!! Looking better and better every time.

I actually saw one of the "Visitor" posters in mid-town covered over with a Rev. "Bob" Dobbs likeness. I wonder if they acted on their own inspiration or got the idea from your "Funny You Should Mention It" column...I'm typing this at work and am starting to get some requests to perform some actual job duties so I'll close for now...

Cheers,  
DALE ASHMUN  
55 1st Ave., #16  
New York, NY 10003

Dear IJ:

I wish to ask a favor of Young Tom and that's not to give the Beatles the treatment that he gave Elvis a few months ago.

This request is being made in the light of a new provocative book on the Beatles which contains Goldman-like shockers on the Fab Four.

I doubt that Mr. Sanders will be taking shots at the Beatles, but in case he's considering doing so—Please, Tom, don't.

I realize that this is a lot to ask but then again there must be some monoliths left intact and not accessible to the iconoclast!

Is there any truth to the rumor that Kenny Rogers is doing a song called "In a Knock Knock Joke"? How come nobody tells 'em anymore? What vitamins are good for humor production?

Love ya,  
"Uncle Nate" (NATE MISHAAN)  
P.O. Box 305  
New City, NY 10956-0305

Hi Elaine:

Once again I must wrestle with the problem of what to say about the latest INSIDE JOKE that hasn't already been said by reviewers from Belgrade to Belulahland. No doubt there is some deep personality flaw revealed by perhaps a distant relative of Lewis Carroll's need to photograph little girls—but why worry about it?

I guess you've hit the big time now, what with getting mentioned in the Village Voice and being able to steal a columnist from the pinnacle of fandom and all (Hi, Leel), but I sincerely hope there will continue to be room in IJ for all of us deranged people who couldn't write our way out of a paper sack with a chainsaw. I'm not really worried that you'll turn all artsy-fartsy and exclusive on us, though; your loyal readers would probably burn you at the stake or something. Just prophesying, you understand; I'm not given to threats.

I fear that there is only one reasonable response to Mr. Thornley's review of the long-playing Dead Baby Revue, and that's "Fuck you and the horse you rode in on." After all, the dead babies are already on a Permanent Universal Rent Strike, and look where it's got them. Still, it's all a matter of taste, I suppose. Sort of like a truckload of watermelons.

I think Maiden Jappan should get much more prominent space on the Poetry/Songs page. She puts the same amount of depth into many fewer lines than do some other contributors I could name but will forebear from on the grounds that it might cause excessive pain to young teens. But what do I know, after all, with a computer ghostwriting my "poetry"?

Once again it's time for me to go off to the salt mines and so I must bid you "ahdoo" until next month.

(could next page)

MIKE GUNDERLOY  
41 Lawrence St.  
Medford, MA 02155



Dear Elaine:

It's nice to know that Anni Ackner follows my strips fairly closely, and I'd like other people to do the same (what artist wouldn't want a following?). But there has, to this date, been only one appearance by Pandora, and I fear Anni is already overreacting to it. Her repulsion to the panda is beginning to spill over to an innocent mouse-angel.

In the three appearances in INSIDE JOKE by Galen the Saintly, I am proud to say that Galen has not once 1) identified or referred to any specific deity; 2) attempted to dictate what behavior or lifestyle is morally acceptable, nor has he 3) criticized any particular person or group (except for maybe a heavenly being called Molech). He is quite unlike Pandora, who from the very start looks down her nose at a toilet-tongued, but otherwise sincere, motorcyclist who quite harmlessly writes to her for help. She has clearly violated the ethics of advice-column writing. I have nothing more to say on her behalf.

There! I have just criticized my own comic strip much more effectively than Anni did, without throwing around heavyweight adjectives like "sanctimonious". I am of the opinion that Anni Ackner likes my art, but longs for the day when I stop wasting my time talking theology. I therefore ask that you return "Rev. Johann Brouhaha" to me unpublished, lest he be buried beside a certain panda bear.

Sincerely,

GEORGE R. EDDY  
1156 Panama Rd. SE  
Carrollton, OH 44615

(Anni replies to George: "Merciful heavens, what did I do to deserve all this? I'm so confused I hardly know where to begin...")

"Just for starters, I am repulsed by rape, child-abuse, the mistreatment of animals, war, sexism, racism, and a certain kind of food my mother makes out of perfectly innocent eggs and onions—I find your poor little bear only mildly distasteful. It seems to me that you're overreacting to my fairly calm little reaction, which was more a by-the-wayside remark than any kind of condemnation of your lifestyle, beliefs or work."

"In the second place, Galen—who really is cute, by the way—DID indeed refer to a specific deity, if only by implication, when he mentioned Gabriel, who exists only in the Western, Judeo-Christian ethic. As this ethos has only one deity, it doesn't take a 60 Minutes newsteam to figure out whose god is it anyway, to say nothing of the fact that a Heaven with winged beings strumming on stringed instruments also exists only in the Judeo-Christian ethos, so there we are again."

"In the third place, 'sanctimonious' is a perfectly acceptable English word, with nothing especially heavyweight about it. I mean, 'polymorphonuclearcyocytes'—now, THAT's a heavyweight word. But 'sanctimonious'—nah, that's doodly squat. Everybody knows that one. It means, as you very kindly pointed out to me in your personal letter, 'hypocritical piety', but it also means (as you neatly managed to ignore), 'effecting righteousness', which was what I was getting at when I used it in regards to you. Do admit that Pandora effects righteousness—she really does, you know—you said it yourself."

"Finally, I don't particularly like your art, which seems to me wooden, twee and cutesy-poo, and I don't especially care what you believe or how you believe it. Beware of assuming you know what's on someone else's mind, lest that mind decide to play games with you. And I saw the Rev. Brouhaha, and not only is it not funny, you used a German accent instead of a Swedish one. Himmel och pancaka, as we Swedophiles say."

"Hugs and kisses, Anni Ackner".)

Dearest Elaine,

How-do!...Enjoyed yer latest IJ, 'specially the Firesign take-off cover...really dug yer piece on David Cassidy's play...as a long-time Monkee fan (now & forever!) I can relate to your undying fan-dom towards cute lil' ole Davey...I once made the mistake of watching "The Partridge Family" on acid...**"RETCH!!!"** Sorree.

Clay's piece was good, the rest of the writers strike me as lame... your writing is great, but these other guys...? Is that really the best stuff you get?...

Anyways, could you tell yer readers to send me letters about their feelings about The Monkees for an upcoming TWISTED IMAGE feature on Davy, Mickey, Peter, & what's-his-name?

Feel free to reprint anything that grabs yer fancy, s'long as you mention they can get "TI" for a buck (no trades 'cuz my box is literally swamped with junk! I got very peculiar taste in literature, as evidenced by my long-standing interest in INSIDE JOKE.).

I hope you keep crankin' out IJ...tell yer writers to snap outta their lethargy and start writing from their guts instead of this cutesy-pukesky "I'm-just-talkin-off-the-top-of-my-head-so-it-must-mean-sumpin'" bullshit (yeah, I know, "lighten up, Ace!")...these guys that strive for "cleverness" always leave me cold, 'cuz it's always a little off, or sumpin', but when they're really into what they're writing it comes out in big chunks of vomit instead of these little spastic retches of pseudo-what? Talk about mangled metaphors! Listen, don't expect me to practice what I preach, ok?

Anyway, I look forward to the next 20 issues of IJ...more writing by you! Sez me,

ACE BACKWORDS  
Berkeley Inn Hotel, #414  
2501 Haste Street  
Berkeley, CA 94704

(Attention MAGGIE McMANUS or JODI HAMRICH—Ace appears serious about this Monkee feature, for which you can write him at the address above. Same goes for any other Monkee fans reading this. I've tentatively promised Ace a report on the Monkeecon in CT in August...)

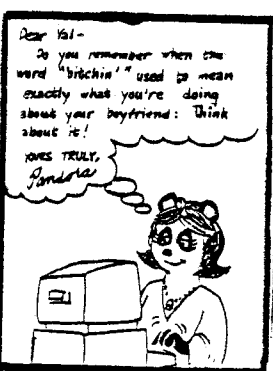
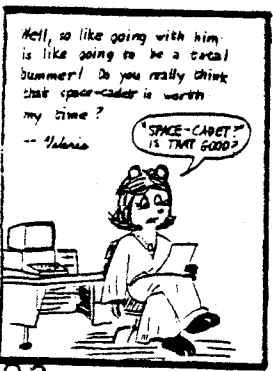
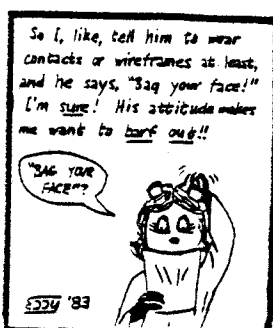
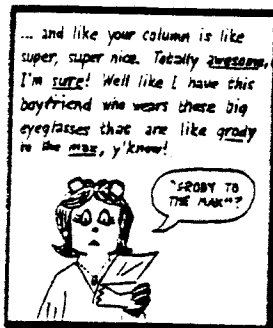
(and finally, a latecomer letter I just couldn't resist putting in...)  
Dear Elaine Wechsler,

I must entreat you for another issue of the INSIDE JOKE. I have delayed too long I fear and beg pardon. But if any copies of the May edition are to be had think kindly on your eager albeit disorganized readership in the obscurer reaches of Northern California. I have handed around the issues you sent (#s 15-20) to friends after cognitively devouring them in gleeful disbelief. I have yet to collect detailed opinions (or all of my treasured copies) from my comrades but all have expressed the reaction that your newsletter is the greatest cultural contribution to come from the sovereign state of New Jersey that any can think of. Our hats are off to you—a breath of fresh chaos in the slumbering republic. My apologies for failing to understand that your publication was fully your own independent creation. While it is a worthy fellow of the IFT tradition I see now it has a flavor and a flare all its own...The INSIDE JOKE is definitely something with a vitality all its own bringing new energy and potential to the heritage and the future of the National Surrealist spirit. Surely this is what moved the first Babylonian poets to record their beautiful and deranged myths and songs on flattened balls of clay. Here is impulse that compelled the Egyptians to write about their spiritual legends with pictures of gees, bees, lips, those funny things that look like this—Q—and that kind of stuff, instead of using an alphabet like regular folks. This inspiration that caused Gutenberg to produce fine literature with a broken wine press. You dare to break the rules of mass media expression and history shall prove you right. And in all seriousness let me encourage you to keep producing the INSIDE JOKE. I love it. You are a delightful person as an editor-writer who is as accessible as she is imaginative...Thanks again for the newsletters—I haven't had so much fun since my first box of crayons.

Most respectfully Yours.....

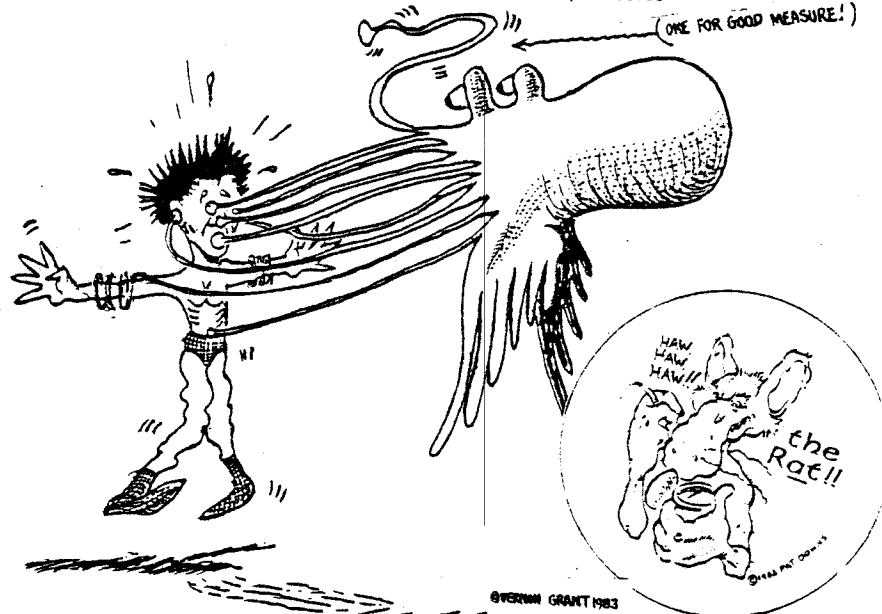
LES LIGHT  
P.O. Box 68  
Dobbs, CA 95935

(13) 'If you drop waterdrops, they drip you dip... (that's all for this month)



your truly, pandora

George Eddy



.... ANOTHER VICTIM OF "THE FLYING OCTOPUS"?  
will send you only the second volume of the players - Thanks 4/6/01

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# Questionnaire #4

Well, here we are again. Seems like only yesterday (actually, it was about eight issues ago) that we had our last questionnaire, which received about 25-30% participation, and I'm hoping for the same with this one. Every now and then I like to check feedback and participation, and I do try to use the suggestions presented by readers, so it is IMPORTANT that I get your responses back soon! You can make your answers funny and creative, if you wish; but I'd ask for honesty as well, if you're so inclined. Answers will be tabulated and will appear in either issue #22 or #23, but I'd like these back QUICKLY (please?).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ BIRTHDAY \_\_\_\_\_  
mo / day / year (opt.)

Are there any events you would like to see listed in IJ's Upcoming Events section (conventions, birthdays, anniversaries, etc.)? Detail:

If it were understood that, should INSIDE JOKE "go under", there would be NO REFUNDS ('cause I can't keep track of money very well), would you be in favor of an advance subscription policy? Yes ☐ No ☐

Do you have any suggestions for an alternate to IJ's present subscription policy (\$1 per month per issue except staffers)? Detail:

Epitomize the 80's in 25 words or less (thanks Roldo for this question):

Would you like to see INSIDE JOKE become more specialized (eg., a zine exclusively in TFT style, or a "fannish" zine)? Yes ☐ No ☐  
If "yes", any specific suggestions?

Would you like to be involved with "Campoon '84/'84"? Yes ☐ No ☐  
If "yes", in what capacity?

Were INSIDE JOKE to have a "theme" issue, what would be your suggestions for appropriate themes?

Most-liked feature in INSIDE JOKE: \_\_\_\_\_

Least-liked feature in INSIDE JOKE: \_\_\_\_\_

Any suggestions for improvement of our format? If so, detail:

Any suggestions for improvement of our content? If so, detail:

FREE SPACE (for a price)—DOODLE AWAY! (you know, general comments, etc.)

Please return this IF AT ALL HUMANLY POSSIBLE by June 10 to me, Elayne Wechsler, at IJ's new Post Office box, Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159. Thanks!!  
(if it's impossible to return this by June 10, please return it a.s.a.p. anyway, okay?)



INSIDE JOKE

c/o Elayne Wechsler  
P.O. Box 1609, Madison Square Station  
New York, New York 10159

NOTE NEW ADDRESS ABOVE...SO WHAT'S YOURS? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

(DID I MENTION THE NEW ADDRESS YET? YES? OH, NEVER MIND THEN...)