



THE NAT'L
SURREALIST
PARTY (EAST
COAST DERISION),
PROPERLY & DIVINELY
SANCTIONED BY ALL
MUTANTS INVOLVED
PRESENTS...



"A NEWSLETTER
OF COMEDY AND
CREATIVITY" (If it's
written, it must
be true...)

Issue #22

COST: \$1.00

June, 1984-1

JINN AND CATATONIC

Jani stared, dreamy-eyed, at her poster catalog. She'd have to straighten that one of these days; she'd acquired at least 3 more rarities from the June 12 No Nukes Anniversary rally, and if she weren't careful she'd start duplicating purchases. Maybe this weekend, yeah. If Singood didn't give her OT on Friday—even at time-&-a-half, overtime was starting to drain...

"Starting to drain...feel the strain..." =rip= and out came the paper in disgust. She threw it, crumpled, at the circular file in a decided effort to miss the can. The sheet obliged and landed, uncrumpling as if in relief, right by the catalog mess.

Maybe I should start fixing it now, she thought for the twenty-third time that evening. As she contemplated the amount of organization needed to set the materials up for revamping the file with the least amount possible of time and effort expended, she absent-mindedly began rubbing her newly-received sand-sculpture-inside-the-Coke-bottle (an impulse gift from a former lover who'd just been dumped on by his latest). Suddenly the room started to fill with smoke.

Panicking, she checked the roaches in the ashtrays. She sniffed near the wires obscuring the outlet. She glanced briefly at her clothes, recalling recently-read material on the self-flammable, and it was then she noticed the Coke bottle, still in her hand. An ugly blue smoke, much resembling a hue found in film undergoing nitrate decomposition, was winding out of the bottle, and beginning to take on a shape. With a stifled whimper, she dropped the bottle and grabbed her can of Raid with which to crush any emerging insects.

The shape had other ideas, though, and formed itself into a quite human appearance (she again glanced suspiciously at the roaches in the ashtrays), which then proceeded to sit down Indian-style opposite her, bow slightly, resonate in perfect American, "Greetings—I am the Jinn of the bottle", and smile smugly at its self-witty pun-jab.

Go for it, Jani, her demented sense of humor ordered. You know Bernie, he picks up lots of weird things in sleazy shops. Answer it, you don't know where it's been.

"Am I to assume that by this strange twist of Eris I've been granted three wishes?" she queried in complete surprise at her calm exterior demeanor.

"Uh, actually, no. Can't do that kind of magic anymore. Too much dioxin and shit in the air. It inhibits the particles, you know."

"No, but I should have suspected. So, what do I win? An inflatable Smurf? A trip to the Falklands? A couple grams? Or do you declare yourself in gratitude to be my lifelong slave?"

Macho-ing himself up to hold back a wince at her last remark, the Jinn politely replied, "Sorry, none of the above. However, you are allowed the answer to one ultimate question. The only stipulation is, the question must be of a personal nature. No 'how did the universe begin' sort of stuff, we're forbidden to give that kind of info away."

"I like it, I like it. Interesting deal, it has promise. Then what, you vanish?"

"Oh, yeah, gotta scout around for a new place. Maybe on the East Side. I can still work a few puny tricks in self-interest, I think..."

"Okay then, let's see now...alright, got it. It's a toughie, but I'll try to set it up for you. Okay—For a few months now, I've been really tired. I mean, comatose, dig? I have so much to do, so little spare time, and consequently, nothing winds up getting accomplished at all. What do I do now? I don't want to take any speedy drugs anymore, I despise coffee, and when I sleep more I'm only more exhausted. What's the answer, what's my next step to be, why can't I get anything done??"

"You ask too many questions," answered the Jinn, and vanished.

Seething with unexpected disappointment, Janie was about to commence a threatening advance toward the now-empty bottle, when the Jinn's final words dawned on her. Breaking the bottle would probably be the last thing she would never carry through, as she gingerly placed it on her "shelf of honor". And as a slight grin appeared and a soft "touché" whispered from her lips, she distinctly heard a fading voice add,

"See you in the funny papers..." *ew*

UPCOMING EVENTS

[Thanks again to Jed Martinez for furnishing some of these]
 (from now on, I think I'm going to reduce this and the poetry page 77%, okay? I think we're still pretty readable here...)
 JULY 1-3 - BOZOTrip (see FIRESIGNALS)
 JULY 2-4 - YIPPIE activities in Washington, D.C., including James Watt Memorial Smoke-In March on Independence Day—for more info call (212) 533-5027/28
 JULY 1 - James Cagney (b. 1904)
 JULY 2 - Dan Rowan (61)
 JULY 2 - Dr. Frank Holt unsuccessfully attempts to assassinate J.P. Morgan (1915)
 JULY 3 - George M. Cohan (b. 1878 on—well, almost...)
 JULY 4 - Ann Landers & Abigail "Dear Abby" Van Buren (65)
 JULY 5 - KEN FILAR (26), P.T. Barnum (b. every minute, 1810)
 JULY 6 - OLIVIA JASEN (?)
 JULY 7 - Ringo Starr (43)
 JULY 10 - David Brinkley (63), Arlo Guthrie (36)
 JULY 12 - Milton Berle (75), Joey Faye (b. 1910), Buckminster Fuller (b. 1895)
 JULY 14 - Ingmar Bergman (b. 1918), Woody Guthrie (b. 1912), Jerry Rubin (45), Terry-Thomas (b. 1911)
 JULY 14 - SubGenius Revival and Book Launching, 8pm, Dance-teria (30 W. 21st St., NYC, [212] 620-6515)—GOP may show!!
 JULY 16 - 1st atomic bomb detonated, Alamogordo, NM (1945)
 JULY 17 - SUE ROSNER (25), Phyllis Diller (66), Donald Sutherland (39)
 JULY 18 - Red Skelton (70), Disneyland opens (1955)
 JULY 21 - Ernest Hemingway (b. 1899), Washington does not cross the Delaware (1772)
 JULY 22 - Marshall McLuhan (b. 1911?)
 JULY 26 - ROLDO (35?), Mick Jagger? (?), Gracie Allen (b. 1906), Aldous Huxley (B. 1894), G.B. Shaw (b. 1856)
 JULY 27 - PHIL PROCTOR (43), ALIZON OSSMAN HARRIS (24), Joe E. Brown (b. 1892)
 (And coming AUGUST 5-7, the 5th Annual Monkees Convention, Hartford, CT—for further info call Maggie McManus at [609] 888-4564 or write 2770 S. Broad St., Trenton, NJ 08610...)

 * **INSIDE JOKE** is put on once a month by Elayne Wechsler, this time with lots of help from and thanks to Jill Zimmerman for typing, reductions and layout assistance (see, she deserves an overkill issue...), and in gratitude also to all who deserve it as usual, all the Natural Surrealists out there, remember, as Peter Cook said, "You fill me with inertia..."

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

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JILL DEARMAN	RORY HOUGHENS	STEVEN SCHARFF
MICHAEL DOBBS	NATE MISHAAN	CANDI STRECKER
CHRIS DOWNEY	BRIAN PEARCE	KERRY THORNEY
KEN FILAR	LEE PELTON	JILL ZIMMERMAN
	GERRY REITH	

ADVICE COLUMNIST: COOP.....BABOON DOOLEY STRIPS: JOHN CRAWFORD
 MASTHEAD BY EUGENE CALDWELL.....BACK PAGE FILLER BY GREG BAKER

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH:

WILLIAM BICKEL	VERNON GRANT	ROBERT PAUL REYES
BOB BLACK	ANDY KAHN	JULIAN ROSS
GREG BLAIR	TULLI KUPFERBERG	T.L. SCHOCK
CLARK DISSMEYER	GUNMAR LARSON	JUNE SYLVESTER
PAT DOWNS	JOHN LEVIN	JAMES WALTHAM
MICHAELA DUNCAN	JED MARTINEZ	ROBERT WHITAKER
GEORGE EDDY	RANDY MAXSON	STEVE WILLIS
AMANDA EDIS-KESSLER	DENNY NORWOOD	ROBERT WOLLARD
	R.S. PREUSS	

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 * PRINTED BY AMERICAN SAMIZDAT PRESS—"If it bites, it's an A.S.P.!"
 * See you in Self-Parody, and "Smoke in good health!" (S. Cozzi)...

WHOOZITS by Elayne - IN "WHOOZITSAYS WERE ILLEGIBLE?"

① PROF. VON WHOOZITS, IF YOU PLEASE...

IA, VELL, IT HASS COME TO OUR ATTENSHIN...

② ...ZAT MANY OFF YOU OUT DERE SAY YOU CANT READ US HIER...

③ ...DIS, OFF COURSE, ISS TOTALLY ABSURD-

④ HOW CAN YOU RREAD US VEN...

EXTRA PANEL...VE NEVER SAY ANY-SING?

ACKNOWLEDITORIALETC.

Welcome to issue #22, side one. Sure feels good to write again—we haven't had a story-cover, as regulars know, in four months (due in no small part to Greg Blair's brilliance with the cover for #20), and I'm back in the straddle again, I think. Trouble is, I'm starting to talk this way now, too—funny what radio'll do to you—and my brain often seems to be getting a-head of itself. Also, I'm not entirely sure who I am, anymore. Well, that's not exactly true. In fact, that's silly. I'm me, and that's that. What I mean is, I don't know as whom I'm writing anymore. I'm deep in the throes of a Multiple Identity crisis, so won't you please all send money? I mean, look, first the Village Voice article comes out on June 1st, totally nullifying all the explanations I gave about what exactly IJ is (if anything) in issue #20, all but obsolete by the VV article as issue #21 had come out by then, featuring almost NO explanation, so there's at least 20 people out there (the number so far who have responded to us as a direct result of that article, and we weren't even trying, that time) walking around with a copy of IJ—in some cases, a BAD copy, as I actually RAN OUT for the first time in awhile and had to make new xeroxes from masters at work on a semi-inferior machine—wondering what it is. Very few of those people will return for more, in all likelihood. Especially after what Buhle said about me, half of which was UNTRUE and half of which was NOBODY'S DAMN BUSINESS, but are we angry? Not me—I don't even read the Voice! However, "Kid" Sieve does—just for the entertainment section, mind you—and voices her "rebuttal" elsewhere in these pages.

Right, back to the MI crisis. Then there's been the TTF overkill, dripping with evidence throughout this issue, which has to be (in my opinion) one of the most schizophrenic INSIDE JOKES that's ever come out. Half the stuff in this issue is possibly below the "usual" par, and the other half is so brilliant I can't even begin to scratch its surface. Er, in my opinion. Which is, of course, not necessarily in accordance with any of the opinions expressed herein. All writes revert, in these fast-food fascist times, to righters, right? What else? Well, there's been the angst at trying to explain to people that even though I have acquired a post office box in New York, I STILL LIVE IN NEW JERSEY, you bozos, so for all those who need to reach me for personal reasons, I am, AS I SAID LAST ISSUE (don't you cards ever read this page?), still at 418 East Third in Roselle, phone number listed 'n all. Sheesh. But, uh, if you know of any vacancies...Then there's the turmoil of anticipation at meeting someone you've only heretofore known through his work, as Dave Ossman's plans to visit NY solidify, and then there's work, which is seeping slowly to above 8 hours a day, and then there's the radio stuff, and SWAZ, and all those questionnaires piling up saying "READ ME, READ ME" and Landy, I jes' can't take it any more, Miz Seash! I mean, I know that most of you still haven't returned those questionnaires, even though you meant to, and IT'S OKAY, YOU CAN STILL RETURN THEM—in fact, I urge you strongly to do so, to make yourself count in the Poles (just as John Paul is now doing) as I make my final tallies of YOUR ANSWERS next month, as IJ presents its first THEME ISSUE!! Yes, dear friends, and what is that theme, you may ask? How about... (drumroll)...SELF-PARODY!!!!...uh, no? Well, sorry, the correct answer is, SELF-PARODY. Staff writers are already hard at work on what I'd assumed would be one of the easiest themes for IJ to pull off (being as that's what we are, anyway), and now here's YOUR chance! Now, of course, the whole issue won't be self-parody, we'll have our usual features like FIRESIGNAL and FAN NOOSE and BACK PAGE FILLER etc., but we'd like to have an undercurrent, if that's possible. Send letters-of-comment (factual or fictional), artwork (full page max), stories, satire, other writings (2000 words max), questionnaires not already returned, subscription money (for now, subs stay at \$1 per month per issue, no advances during the MI crisis), poetry, bad poetry, worse poetry, collages (we already have our front and back covers for this one, tho), Campoon news (if you're a Coordinator, you should consider this in the realm of political duty), and, naturally, donations, ALL BY THE TENTH OF JULY PLEASE, to the post office box found on the front/back of IJ and the bottom of this column. —ank you!

Welcome, as you will see on the next page, to our two newest IJ acquisitions, MICHAEL DOBBS and JILL ZIMMERMAN—welcome back, in Jilly's case—and that brings our staffer total to a whopping and almost-unmanageable 18 (don't ever feel bad about missing a column, staffers, JUST LET ME KNOW ON THE MONTHS WHEN YOU WON'T BE WRITING, BY THE DEADLINE PLEASE), which I consider a positive sign (while not a Discordian one), as "18" in Hebrew is the sign for life. Conclusions drawn and ready! Good feelings here, lots of vitality as we face another month.

In this issue, then—oh heck, why spoil it? However, I must warn you, we will have an ongoing diatribe-of-sorts in the margins, and no matter HOW many people admonish against it, I will NOT give up my marginal doodle-dads nor my annoyingly cutely disorganized habit of putting things sideways or upside-down! Shucks, folks, it's not real heavy, why don'tcha just turn the paper around, sheesh again...gal's gotta stand up for principles sometime, eh?...

This issue has been brought to you by Jedd Pitt the much-needed and timely donations of Nate Mishaan, Bob Dugwyler, Robert Wollard, John Levin, Steve Willis, Alan Rosenthal, J.C. Brainbeau and R.S. Preuss; thanks also go to DO, SWAZ, and all the folks at Lehigh (hi Neil, hi Nancy, hi Karen, hi Carolyn—ok, I'll stop) for their understanding, friendship and support. Here's to another one! Oh, and I'm at:

P.O. Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, New York 10159

Remember, questionnaires, Self-Parody, BOZOS at the Courtyard Playhouse, cartoons Mondays at the Thalia, and summer's in the air! Ciao!

IN THESE MARGINALS THIS MONTH - SWAZ PRESENTS: WARNING SIGNALS OF OBSESSION (WSO) :

Fan Noose

New stuff received this month includes mostly the political and comics, so let's start off with political cartoons—done by one of the best in the business, Tull Kupferberg, who has just released a whole bunch of captioned drawings such as have appeared in these pages in a collection entitled **WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU TOO?** Only \$1 to Vanity Press, 160 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10013...Harry Onickel's latest mini is **INTELLECTUALLY STIMULATING COMICS**, reaching into the very bowels of the singles scene and ripping it apart—No price listed, so send at least a SASE to Harry at 909 Princeton, Berkley, MI 48072... "From off the streets of Minneapolis comes...REAL HEP! COMICS", it says, and issue #1 (\$1.75 to SteelDragon Press, Box 7253, Powderhorn Station, Minneapolis, MN 55407) includes some nice stuff by IJ subber Matt Feazell, among others. Editor Will Shetterly and publisher Emma Bull are also looking for artists outside the MN area—send xeroxes and a SASE—and they'll pay a \$2 per page advance upon acceptance...And a truly original and brilliant comic series, **ZEEK THE GEEK AND OTHER ODDITIES** (some of which are reprinted elsewhere in this issue), is available for \$2 from creator Randy Maxson, 10 Milk St., Box 1459, Boston, MA 02138...A fiction mag grows in Brooklyn—Unknown whether this is a one-time thing, but editor Jerry Weinberger sent me a really nifty issue of something called **GRINNING IDIOT** (SASE query to P.O. Box 1577, Brooklyn, NY 11202), containing artwork, poetry, essays, and a bizarrely hilarious piece you have to read to believe called "The Weird Sex Lives of Jewish-American Novelists"...If you're a Bay Area resident and have questions about resources, networking, and just plain day-to-day survival, **THE ANSWER MAN NEWSLETTER** may be for you! Issue #2 just out—\$2 to editor Gary Warne, P.O. Box 11263, San Francisco, CA 94101...THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER, sent me by apa-friend John T. Harlee, tackles local absurdities with just the right combination of sarcasm and sense—37¢ SASE or trade to Rt. 10, Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501...Loompanics Unlimited (P.O. Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368) just came out with its new catalog, and among the offerings is **THE RIGHT TO BE GREEDY: THESES ON THE PRACTICAL NECESSITY OF DEMANDING EVERYTHING**. Unread as yet, but it seems to be a handbook either on survival or egotism, with a preface by IJ contributor Bob Black, who should know. The price is in the catalog...June also seems to mark the latest appearance of quarterly or intermittent publications: The new **ANIMANIA** (32¢), run by David Mruz (\$2 to 3112 Holmes Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408), focuses in on the International Tournee of Animation and has an interview with Grim Natwick...Mike Gunderloy's newest **FACTSHEET FIVE** contains more wonderful plugs (Thanks again, Mike!), the winner of the last FF contest (uh, ahem...), AND the first column by new regular FF staffer ANNI ACKNER! **WELL WORTH THE 40¢ SASE** or 50¢ coin to 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155...IJ staffer Kerry Thornley's latest (#4) **SPARE CHANGE** gives us another nice mention and discusses Kerry's book/non-book plans, Folk White, and other current projects—available for SASE to Box 18441, Tampa, FL 33679...#4 of **THE CHURCH OF THE LATTER-DAY PUNKS** is also out, from the brilliant mind of Carly Sommerstein (\$ friends)—40¢ to 611 Lawrence Ave., Westfield, NJ 07090...Issues 2, 3&4 (V. II) of **WALLPAPER** also found their way here, the last including a likewise nifty plugola—This is a great 4-page humor rag, and worth much more than 25¢ per to Ken Fowler, P.O. Box 3324, Trenton, NJ 08619...Couch Potatoes, arise! TV Tuber Alles! The newest **TUBER'S VOICE** (#4) is out! Mandatory vidkid reading, this issue contains Survey #3 and much more—rush \$1.25 to Robert Armstrong, Rt. 1, Box 327, Dixon, CA 95260...And Buck Moon's latest **AWESOME** (#4—hey, what is it with this issue # this month, folks?), tackles Religion And Politics, fashion, and the underground press, including li'l ol' us again (thanks ever so once more, Buck!). Truly a mag of 'surreality and strange fiction', by one of the experts at it—\$1 to P.O. Box 40916, San Francisco, CA 94140...Before we get to monthlies, I just wanted to confess my overwhelming surprise and gratitude to all the other mutants out there plugging IJ away; it's comforting to know there are so many of us still alive (as opposed to existant)! Oh, and speaking of Other Mutants, the Subgenius plugzine of the same name, plus the next 2 **STARK FISTS**, are all laid out and ready to print, as soon as Doug Smith (a/k/a Ivan Stang) raises \$1000 for printing costs. Ivan requests all Subgs to please be patient, remain calm, **DON'T TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES—FISTS** is on the way! Now, to the rest: **AGAINST THE WALL** V. II, #8 (Libertarian)—B111 George, P.O. Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091 (\$1.50, T); **CONFESSIONS OF A TRASH FIEND** V. 2, #s 3&4 (sleaze-movies)—Richard Green, P.O. Box 32, Old Bridge, NJ 08857 (\$7/yr for postage); **CONTACT** #33 (singles)—John Fremont, P.O. Box 500, Mendocino, CA 95460 (\$14.95/yr); **TRASHOLA** V. 2, #17 (sleazemovies)—Jim Morton, Suite 583, 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105 (\$3.50/yr for postage); **MONKEE BUSINESS FANZINE** #25 (Monkee fan club—by the way, these look better and better as time goes on)—Maggie McManus, 2770 South Broad St., Trenton, NJ 08610 (\$4.50/yr). Oh, all of these mags will probably trade, depending on what you're offering. See ya nexttime!

INSIDE IJ STAFF WRITERS

A fond and garbled WELCOME to our two newest staffers, Michael Dobbs and Jill Zimmerman! Well, actually, they've both been in these pages before, Mike as a contributor every now and then and a friend from David Mruz' **ANIMANIA**, and Jill (for those of you who go that far back) as a former (now returnee) staffer during the beginning to middle of '82, around issue 10 or so I guess. As is IJ's policy to allow new staffers to explain themselves, here are their short autobiographies:

MICHAEL DOBBS
24 Hampden St.
Indian Orchard, MA 01151
5-29-54

I'm the son of a career Air Force officer and spent my youth careening all over the country. Settling in western Massachusetts, I've actively sought a career in the media and abject poverty. Currently, I'm a talk show host and all-around type at WREB in Holyoke, MA. Before this adventure into electronics, I was a newspaper reporter and editor. A movie maniac, I'm the authorized biographer of Max Fleischer, the pioneer animator. I'm married to a young woman from Glasgow, Scotland and have three cats.

What can you say about a 28-year-old girl that lives? Jill's schtick is vanity. A raging bohemian at heart, she disguises herself as a normal person with assorted products of that LSD trip known as American Consumerism. But fear not, this is all a device to keep the cops away. Jill is a longstanding Firesign Theatre fanatic and SWAZ founding member, who has been known to mentally re-create the entire Nick Danger episode in order to get to sleep. Her favorite rock male voice is Phil Collins; her favorite rock male body is Glenn Tillbrook. Jill's creative energies are often dissipated in her work as an editorial assistant at Simon & Schuster, where she regularly sells out—writing promotional copy for catalogue and flap, peppered liberally with words like "profound", "penetrating", "compelling" and "fascinating". She's currently editing a book on feminist approaches to Judaism.

JILL ZIMMERMAN
1307-11 Harding Ave., #3D
Linden, NJ 07036
6-25-55

Politically confused and culturally schizophrenic, she describes herself as a liberal pragmatist, questioning feminist, and skeptical Jew.

ADDENDUM: Staffer GERRY REITH has a new address:
154 Coffeen Ave., #3, Sheridan, WY 82801...Congratulations, Gerry!

Other staffer addresses in IJ #21...speaking of which, IJ back issues are on sale now and always—only \$1.50 per back issue!



WHAT SIGN ARE YOU?

Reprint from "ZEKE THE GEEK AND OTHER ODDITIES".

Only the broad-minded need apply.
The SubGenius Foundation
P.O. Box 14906
Denver, Texas 75214

they BLINDED me with VIDEO

by CANDI STRECKER

PART II. GREAT MOMENTS IN LITERAL-MINDEDNESS

Before I get down to the serious business of ripping today's video art to shreds, I'd better clarify just what it is that makes a video good or bad in my eyes. As I try to play video critic, I'm perpetually faced with the difficulty of separating the visual aspect—the part I'm supposed to be examining—from the music, about which I have strong pre-existing opinions. It's hard for me to give a video a fair chance if it's by a group I despise; in turn, if I like a group, I go to great lengths to excuse any flaws in their videos. These biases show up in my selection of hot current videos, below. But I have noticed that my personal taste is more likely to over-ride my ability to coolly criticize when I try to separate the "great" from the merely "good". When it comes to picking BAD videos, I feel very little ambiguity. Here-with, some of the qualities in videos that make me wince, groan, and gag:

First, one can write off almost all videos that consist of a real or simulated live performance. It's time to bury the 60's Mystique of the Live Performance, once and for all; almost all bands, live, look quite alike, and it's only the drugs one ingests when concert-going that make one think differently. Concert-videos, with their clichéd spotlight shots and close-ups of guitarists' flashing fingers, only make this clearer. To be blunt, concert-videos are boring. Why do they exist? For starters, they're the cheapest kind to make. But the real reason is probably that some bands' lyrics are so bereft of wit, or even content, that they defy visualization. All one really can do is point a camera at the sweating singer as he screeches "rock-an'-rowalll!" (My exceptions to this rule are some new videos of The Who, filmed in the silvery black-and-white of art photography, that so scrupulously avoid the camera angles and special effects that the videos absolutely reek of class and integrity—as, of course, do The Who.)

Next on my list of no-nos: macho poses and sexual clichés. And let me emphasize that it's not so much the sexism that annoys me as it is the clichéd-ness, the endless parading of high heels, fishnet stockings and pouting lipstick-kissed mouths. I've got nothing against attractive, even compelling, faces; of course a visual medium demands them. But stylizing women to such an extent that they become fetish objects doesn't make them striking—it makes them bludgeoning. I henceforth decree that only songs about Vogue models and Playboy centerfold girls may employ Vogue models and Playboy centerfold girls in their videos. If a song is about men and women, then show men and women (and, sometimes, armadillos). Videos breaking this rule will be subject to my withering sarcasm.

Finally, there's the problem of stupefying literalness. When translating a song's lyrics into visual images, there's an unfortunate tendency to do so as literally as possible. The word "time" is accompanied by a shot of a clock-face; "heart" by a heart-shaped necklace (or, worse, a throbbing aorta); "beauty" by another damn pouting model. The end result of this laziness (or failure of imagination) is just an expensive video rebus. The videos that impress me are the ones in which the words are brought to life without relying on such deadly, obvious representation. Of course, some videos go to the other extreme, with vague, bizarre imagery that tells one nothing about the song, or about anything else for that matter. Sometimes a little cleverness goes a long way.

The following is my "best dressed list" of videos in current play on MTV that display wit and style, videos that intrigue, entertain and satisfy:

David Bowie, "Let's Dance": This one's got it all: a great song, a theme as well as a plot, striking visual symbols, plus Bowie looking better than ever as he plays guitar in the Outback while wearing white Mickey-Mouse gloves. There's not a wasted frame of film here; the overall effect is consistent and chilling.

Randy Newman, "I Love L.A.": Seeing this video is like flipping rapidly through a big pile of garish color-photo postcards. Mindless fun and serious irony hand-in-hand.

Billy Joel, "Allentown": My dislike for Billy Joel is almost boundless, but this video won me over. Something about the staged dance at the end, sort of a colossally corny Bicentennial pageant—a guy twirling a fire baton, for Chrissakes!—absolutely takes my breath away.

Martha and the Muffins, "Danseparc": This video looks like no other I've ever seen, a very refreshing quality after one has watched several hours of MTV's macho-rockers and costume-punxes. Watch for it.

Donald Fagen, "New Frontiers": The storyline footage is clever in itself, but a dozen bits of animation have also been worked into this video—each one in a different pure-1960 graphic style. Even if you're not an animation-nut (like me), you should be able to appreciate the work and talent that went into those fleeting seconds.

Michael Jackson, "Beat It": The Warriors and West Side Story, compressed into three minutes...and damn, can Little Michael dance!!

Thomas Dolby, "She Blinded Me With Science": Infatuation overrules reason when Mr. Dolby rolls up his pants-leg and looks into the camera with his big smoky eyes. Hey, a gal can't be objective all the time...

Leon Redbone, "This Bud's For You": Yeah, I know it's a commercial, but it meets all my criteria for a great video—in fact, it's better than most of the real videos on MTV.

EDITOR'S ADDENDUM: My vote for Vid of the Month

4. (YEAR?)—Stevie Nicks "Stand Back"—Gorgeous!

License to Manipulate

Dear Readers,

Here is an informal survey devised to throw in the face of an unruly loudmouth at a bar who said that being able to speak well was more important than being able to write well. I've taken the liberty of cleaning up the quote since it was ungrammatical and slurred. Return your answers to the address below on a separate piece of paper (don't destroy your IJ).

1. Do you feel that writers are better educated than the rest of the public at large?
2. Do you find bits of your writing vocabulary edging into your speaking vocabulary or vice versa?
3. Do you cringe at bad grammar and mispronunciation on TV by those who should know better?
4. Do you contribute a lot of conversation when you're with a group or do you attempt to extricate yourself from it?
5. If you had to deliver bad news to someone, would you prefer to do it orally or in writing?
6. Ditto with good news.
7. Do you consider yourself a writer and a talker?

Thanks a lot. Anonymity is requested.

Dear Coop,

My friend is suffering from Munchausen's disease. She's had half a dozen surgeries in three years and the last one contributed to her recent stroke. It sounds remarkably similar to that case on TRAPPER JOHN, M.D. and I'm worried about her. She's only 30 and has fewer parts than an oven stuffer roaster. How can I tell her tactfully that she may be a Munchausen? If she continues at the present rate, she'll end her life as a quarter of a person.

WHOLLY CONCERNED PERSON WITH HALF A FRIEND

Dear Whole,

Take your friend an anatomy book and point out to her that there are limited organs in a human body. Explain to her that they are not like hair in that they do not grow back if she doesn't like the cut. If she refuses to listen, send her half a greeting card on festive occasions. She needs professional help which you could suggest if it hasn't been suggested before. How do doctors let these types slip through their procedures? Keep tilting at your windmill if you like. Good luck.

COOP

(Keep Coop occupied before she goes stir crazy—send your queries and problems to her at P.O. Box 714, Bristol, RI 02809!)

Screwed-up suburbanite with sex, drug, or social problems? The SexGasm Foundation may not "help" much, but it will make you proud to be insane...

Be ready for strong language.

Self-Help through scoffing, mockery, and the Cauting Out of False Prophecy. The score-charge for strange people. \$1 for morbid but hilarious and thought-provoking memo booklet. Nothing like it anywhere.

Nototorial

by Nate Mishan

"WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS?" Periodically I read a periodical entitled "Variety", which has been considered the Bible of the entertainment industry. In the particular "Variety" I recently read, two of the big three networks announced their fall 1983 lineup. As a service to youse, I'm gonna share what I read with you:

NBC has decided to dump "Little House" (HOORAY!!!), "Love, Sidney" (it really didn't get a fair chance), "A New Beginning" (never saw it, and am probably a better person for it), and—brace yourself—"Taxi" is being cancelled. Also gone are "Quincy" (Klugman was getting bored with it and is probably going to devote most of his time to Broadway and developing rubber cement-flavored popcorn), "Fame" (boy, am I glad!), and "CHIPS" (ditto!). "Hill Street Blues" will be back.

Don't be surprised if "The Tonight Show" will be losing Carson and/or undergoing some type of format change. These are my predictions based on recent announcements of some NBC affiliates dropping the show from their local lineups. I predict that "Uncle Floyd" will be replacing Carson. (ED.: Well, there goes the neighborhood...)

Hard Rock, a/k/a ABC, is dropping "Laverne & Shirley" (actually, they're just putting Laverne out of work; whatever became of Shirley?), "Too Close For Comfort" (YIPPIE!), "Tales of the Gold Monkey". "The Greatest American Hero" (I keep forgetting, was that the Blimpies #2 or 3?), "The New Odd Couple", "Joanie Loves Asparagus" (she's probably pregnant and Chachi is refusing to pay for the abortion), "The Quest", "High Performance", "Ryan's Four", "Condom" (poor McLean Stevenson—serves him right, I hear that he's hard to work with), "Amanda's", "At Ease", "Baby Makes Five", and "The Renegades".

All in all, I wouldn't be wrong if I might venture to say that it wasn't too good a season for ABC.

There wasn't anything written about CBS's lineup but I did hear that "Cagney & Lacey" is biting the bullet. I hope to see more revivals like "U.N.C.L.E." and "Beaver"—just wishful thinking on my part...

For all practical purposes, the tv season has ended, and I must say that it's definitely a relief. Finally I don't have to rush in the bathroom during commercials and rush through my refrigerator. Now I can get back into the darkroom and studio. Actually, I may be back with the old tube if I get a home computer and if I get some time to play with 3/4-inch video.

Some late-breaking, disappointing news: NBC has cancelled "SCTV" but Cinemax may be picking it up (ED.: See IJ #21). If this is so, we'll have to pay for our pleasure and/or move to an area that offers Cinemax in their cable system's offerings. On the topic of moving, I may be doing so but not to an area of my liking. The company I work for is talking about moving the operation out to Westbury. I hate commuting more than I hate Long Island, THEREFORE, I need to ask for your help during this traumatic period. I would appreciate it if any Long Islanders reading this would kindly talk up Long Island and give me some tips on my becoming a Lon Guylander.

See you next month. Who knows, maybe even at the Valley Stream Mall.

Any army is like a card table with
JUST TWO LEGS.
LACKING CHANCE-SELECTED WINNERS

WSO: HIS CHEST HAIRS MAKE YOU CREAM IN YOUR TEARS

DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

THAT IJ WOMAN! by Anni Ackner

Recently, my mother entered the hospital for a smallish operation, about which, when questioned, she will say nothing, but only smiles mysteriously, and which has caused her, of late, to assume poses that fall somewhere in between Bette Davis in the last frames of DARK VICTORY and that of a white Persian cat that has just discovered a perfectly good black velvet pillow. We were, of course, properly worried about her before the procedure (though worrying about my mother is more or less analogous to worrying about the earth's gravitational pull, or any other inexplicable natural force), and no doubt over-solicitous (culminating in my father's attempt to assist her to the bathroom, a rash act of kindness that was rewarded by her pitching a jar of Vaseline at his head, and screaming "Murderers and thieves! Murderers and thieves!" quite loudly for several minutes afterwards), but once it was over, and we were certain that all was well and my mother would live to cause more and greater bewilderment in the lives of her family and friends, a kind of ennui set in. Oh, we were terribly pleased that my mother was becoming herself again, and felt immensely reassured when she threw the nursing staff into an uproar one evening by absent-mindedly braiding her in-house telephone line together with her IV tubes but still, sitting night after night in a hospital room the general size and colour of a 1963 Chevy Nova (Englewood Hospital being to that syberatic pleasure palace weekly portrayed on TRAPPER JOHN, M.D. what Richard Nixon is to George Orwell Papoon), particularly when that hospital room is shared by a charming elderly woman with a propensity for merrily strewing rubber gloves here and there, gets to be a bit wearing. As, for reasons which are much too arcane and embarrassing to go into here, it was normally my lot to keep my mother company of an evening, the brunt of this enervation fell to me and, as my mother and I don't have all that much to say to each other even under the best of circumstances—conversing with my mother being the verbal equivalent of attempting to do a triple acrostic after ingesting three or four state-of-the-art Quaaludes—we were soon rendered virtually speechless, and frantic for a way to pass the rarified hospital time. Television quickly lost its appeal when re-runs of M*A*S*H began hitting much too close to home, neither of us are card players, and an attempt at a crossword puzzle failed miserably following a furious argument as to whether we could safely use James Watt as a nine-letter word for "questionable taste". Eventually, bereft of every other conceivable option, we hit upon the idea of reading aloud to each other, and it was thus that I discovered That Cosmo Girl!

Strange as it may seem to those of my acquaintances who apparently make a sort of side career out of reading every magazine available to the American public, I had never before encountered That Cosmo Girl! I'd seen COSMOPOLITAN on the stands, naturally, but had never bought it because—and this is one of those Painful Admissions I only utter because I know that we are all Friends here—I was unnerved by the cover girls, who always had their eyeliner on straight. I can never get my eyeliner on straight and, while part of me insists that anyone who can is at least a mutant, and maybe an extra-terrestrial, possessing a third, well-hidden eye and several extra fingers, another, equally vocal part informs me haughtily that people with straight eyeliner are Grownups, the kind who are born knowing which fork is used for the cucumbers vinigrette and how to get the price tags off garments without using their teeth, the kind, in short, who wouldn't have anything to do with the likes of me. More often than not, this second voice won out, and I had acted accordingly; however, in the hospital, I was left with very little choice in the matter, as my mother and I soon exhausted the possibilities of the daily menu (we worked out "FF Scrambled Eggs" without too much trouble, although "zero dressing" had us stumped for awhile, and we never did unravel the meaning of the asterisks that appeared next to some of the listings. My mother thought they probably had something to do with the relative edibleness of one dish over another, but we couldn't prove it conclusively, as neither of us could choke down enough of anything to make a fair comparison), TV GUIDE, the labels on various bottles of pills (my mother's, her roommate's, and a few I just kind of removed from a medicine cart that happened to be standing around out in the hall), and a copy of GREEN that I carry around on the theory that I might someday need to know something about David Lee Roth, which left us only with several issues of COSMOPOLITAN that my father had purchased for my mother in the mistaken belief that, because there was a woman of sorts on the cover, it must be, a priori, a "woman's magazine".

That Cosmo Girl! (my mother and I learned) is a fabulous creature, like the unicorn or griffin, that inhabits a mythical land called The City, and dwells in domiciles known as Adorable Apartments, which are festooned with teeny-tiny pillows, whimsical woodsy prints and oodles of orchids regularly delivered by any one of a number of Ardent Admirers. That Cosmo Girl! is given to intimate tete a tates for two, colourful collections of memorable memorabilia, titillating trips to places like Iberia, tautology, alliteration and a certain amount of sleeping around. That Cosmo Girl! adores men, her career, Godiva Chocolates, glittering evenings On The Town and reading Her Magazine. She worries about men, her career, cellulite (a direct result of adoring Godiva Chocolates), bags under her eyes caused by Glittering evenings On The Town, and she takes her worries to the various advice columnists that fill in the gaps between Coty and Givency ads on the pages of Her Magazine. She Reads the New Books, Goes to the Movie, refrains from sleeping around with her boss unless absolutely necessary and performs various ritualistic acts rumoured to improve the contours of her Beautiful Bosom. She is upwardly mobile, work-oriented and an Panoramic Pain in the Posterior who ultimately sent my mother and me drag-racing my mother's wheelchair down the corridor to the visitors' lounge, where we found a barely used copy of RUNNER'S WORLD, which kept us pleasantly occupied looking at blond men in little blue silk shorts, until the time of her release.

Now I told you that story so I could tell you this one:

Once upon a time, not too long ago, an article appeared in THE VILLAGE VOICE which purported to detail the rising phenomena of what we in the biz like to call "the zene". This article noodled along mad-deningly for awhile, as VILLAGE VOICE articles do, fetching up a half-truth here, cutting loose with an out-of-context statement there, until, in the middle of a section dedicated to what we in the biz like to call "IJ", it came forth with the following Remark—"Talented women writers come across like hungrier, feminist versions of Fran Leibowitz." Well, I must admit that I took this a tad personally, and perhaps even over-reacted just a smidgen. I might even, not to put too fine a point on it, have thrown the merest whisper of what we in the biz like to call a "shit hemorrhage". Aside from the fact that being compared to Fran Leibowitz is my very favourite thing in the world, next to being required by law to view repeated showings of THE TERRY FOX STORY, I did even so slightly resent the implication that all women writers on the IJ staff work in precisely the same way. It reminded me of something, though I didn't quite understand what. It struck a most unpleasant chord in me, like that of the opening of Aerosmith's version of COME TOGETHER. It made me cringe. It made me tingle. It made me think—later that night, as I lay in my bed, attempting to concentrate on a truly superior episode of the old Bob Newhart Show—though I shuddered to admit it, even to myself, of That Cosmo Girl!

Could they be right? I wondered, as Emily threw a surprise party for Bob that the poor man obviously did not want. Are all women who are involved with a given publication really, basically, the same? Can we categorize ourselves in this fashion? Even more terrifying, are all women connected with any publication sisters under the skin? Of course, on the surface, no two creatures could be less alike than That Cosmo Girl! and the sort of woman who writes for IJ, but the essence of them, the Zen of them, of all of us, was it the same? What, after all, did That Cosmo Girl! have that That IJ Woman! didn't? They have columnists. They have columnists. They have a movie critic. They have a movie critic. They have a book reviewer. They have a book reviewer. The only thing, in fact, that separates Them from Us, I was forced to admit, was The Quiz.

Well yes, certainly, we have quizzes. We have Firesign Theatre quizzes and Readership Questionnaires and cartoon trivia and fact sheets on THE ODD COUPLE, and all manner of quizzes designed to test how much one knows. Ah, but That Cosmo Girl!'s Quiz is designed not to measure knowledge of facts, but knowledge of Self, of Being, of That Cosmo Girl-Hood! It is a subtle difference, I felt, roughly akin to the nuance of thought which separates your northeastern Democratic presidential candidate from your midwestern Democratic presidential candidate.

And so, in line with a cherished belief of mine which ways, in effect, 'When in doubt, give in', I have formulated THE INSIDE JOKE QUIZ.

ARE YOU THAT IJ WOMAN?

Answer each question A, B, C, or D, depending on which comes closest to your true feelings. Do not skip any questions and do not spend too much time on your answers, as the quiz is designed to gauge your initial, gut-level response.

1) If one night you returned home to find a huge insect with several extended legs and hideous orange wings perched upon your bedroom door, you would immediately:

- a) Telephone your boyfriend for help; b) Beat it to death with a shoe; c) Christen it Meeskita, Goddess of Ugly, and form a new religion; d) Drop it into boiling water and make tea.

2) As a young girl, you wished your name were:

- a) Linda; b) Terri; c) Eris; d) Karl Gustav of Sweden

3) The one television programme you would never ever miss is:

- a) MERV GRIFFIN; b) HILL STREET BLUES; c) SQUARE PEGS; d) CELEBRITY BOWLING.

4) You normally sleep in:

- a) Striped flannel pajamas; b) Baby doll nighties; c) The nude; d) Someone else's apartment.

5) When faced with a naked man you

- a) Run screaming into the night; b) Either throw him out or begin to flirt, depending on how well you know him and how cute he is; c) Feel relieved, because at least he isn't carrying any concealed weapons; d) Tie festive ribbons around his most upstanding feature and begin to dance.

6) Your favourite Beatle is:

- a) George; b) Ringo; c) John; d) South American killer.

7) Given a choice, you would most like to receive:

- a) A teddy bear from John Davidson; b) An engagement ring from Tom Selleck; c) A new routine from Robin Williams; d) A hickey from Mr. T.

8) 23 is:

- a) The age you wish you were; b) The age you're glad you're not; c) A Discordian number; d) The amount of pins that can pierce the head of an angel.

9) In a bar, you order:

- a) Dubonnet; b) Almaden white; c) Anything someone else will pay for; d) The entire clientele to stand up and do calisthenics.

10) Your favorite poet is:

- a) Rod McKuen; b) Edna St. Vincent Millay; c) Maiden Jappan; d) Bella Abzug.

SCORING

Give yourself 10 points for every a answer you chose, 5 for every b, 2 for every c, and 0 for every d.

IF YOUR TOTAL WAS:

Above 100 - You are either a pathological liar or very very bad at addition. Not only are you not That IJ Woman!, it is probably not politic to invite you to lunch. You have a peculiar propensity for men named "Smooth".

50 to 100 - Sorry, there isn't really much hope of your ever becoming That IJ Woman! as you are a perfectly normal American female in every respect. Throw this magazine away immediately and purchase a vibrator.

20 to 50 - Well, you aren't quite That IJ Woman! yet, but you definitely have potential, if you're willing to work at it. Learn to sit up all night in sleazy dives drinking terrible things and discussing the Church of the SubGenius with a man who claims to be the only living issue of Emperor Norton. Take up smoking. Practice sneering at small

I, Anni Ackner, claim
this blank space in the name of
Ting Ha - Gustav of Sweden and
de Herby Christen - Little Stockholm

In fact, there is
a strong possibility that you may be me. If you are me, would you
please call my mother? Her stitches are bothering her, and she would
enjoy having someone to read to her.

Englewood, NJ 07631.

children and making them cry. Adopt seven or eight cats, join the Li-
bertarians, dispatch a fleet of yellow taxis to the Village Voice of-
fice or save yourself all this fuss and bother and simply send away for
that informative booklet SEX TIPS FOR THAT IJ WOMAN!, by Anni Ackner,
available for \$1 from Comby Press c/o A. Ackner, 10 Hillside Ave. #8.

Life in the Fan Lane

by Lee Pelton

Like most social organisms, sf fandom has its own class structure. It has its big names and little names, complete with its own nomenclature. How high or low one rises within this structure is more or less an individual's choice.

Most fans start out as neos. As the name implies, neos are folks new to fandom and are unaware of the finer points of fannish social etiquette. Often these neos commit blundering faux pas doing what they have observed to be correct fannish behavior. Most of these goofs are merely enthusiastic blunders and are explained by more elder fen that such behavior is not really accepted, but a few are true fannish character flaws which signal the doom of any of this ilk to achieve social success within fandom. These people are called fuggheads, nerds, bo-zos, terminal neos, etc.. As in most closely-knit groups, judgement of newcomers is instantaneous and often harsh. I'd guess at random that only 20% of everyone exposed to fandom gets accepted by fandom. I, in fact, may be estimating high but there are fringe-fandoms around that I do not know a hell of a lot about that number in the hundreds of thousands within their membership rolls. These fringes include Star Trek, Battlestar Galactica, Darkover, Star Wars, and the Dragonriders of Pern fandoms.

So, knowing that there is a social ladder to climb in fandom, what levels are there? Well, from neo one moves on to fan. It is a good, generic, all-purpose identifier that mostly lets one fan spot another fan. No secret handshakes or such although an East Coast fan named Ro Lutz-Nagey can tell stories about the Secret Grip of Fandom but that is/totally/another story! An active fan (actifan) can drop a few names or mention a few conventions and if another fan is within earshot a comraderie is established quickly. It may only last 2 minutes but you can at least know you are not alone in mundania. Next on the ladder is to become a Well-Known Fan (WKF). This is a stage where other fans with as much experience as you within fandom recognize your name and may even know why your name is 'important' within fandom. Getting to this stage you must have published a good fanzine, been guest of honor at a convention, had some high official standing at a large con or worldcon, be a recognized artistic talent, or have a tremendous reputation as regards to your sexual talents. From there it is a relatively short jump to Big-Name Fan (BNF). This is the pinnacle of the social heights within fandom and it is assumed by the lesser lights that

you must be one of the Secret Masters of Fandom. Sounds rather Maso-nic, doesn't it? Well, it's fun to be a fan when you get to be in the upper strata. Unfortunately side effects are that fandom shrinks for you because your social circle is markedly smaller, and more than a few BNFs are competent folk who are still, all in all, fuggheads. Still, it is a rush to be recognized and talked about. Something analogous to being a movie star, complete with gossip column viciousness to contend with from those who have failed in the quest to excel above the rest of fandom-at-large. Fandom is always an inherently petty universe and many fans who spend large portions of their lives within its sphere soon become Old and Tired fans, who are mostly bored with the bickering and jostling for supremacy within fandom, the continual striving for acceptance and egoboo. Some of these fans, in fact fans in all of the aforementioned categories, turn the corner and enter Ghodhood. How? Simple. They sell a story/novel and become one of the lords and masters of fandom, a Pro. Without the fiction from the pro science fiction writer, fandom would cease to exist, having had its reason to be ripped out from underneath it like an old rug. I still find it odd that I know a few fans since when they entered fandom and even a few who came in the same time I did who are now Pros. When I talked to my first Pro I tripped and stumbled over my tongue and was a true neo in every facet of my behavior. Now, meeting a Pro doesn't phase me at all. In fact, I know from personal observation these Pros are sometimes monumental jerks who deserve to be South American military advisors, complete with all the perils that job entails, in hopes they wouldn't make it back. I've even been a dedicatee on the page so designated for a recent release called JHERG by Steve Brust, a local whose first-attended Minn-STF meeting was held at my apartment about 4 years ago.

I call myself a WKF with delusions of BNFdom and Prodom. In some circles, I suspect I am an employ qualified person for BNFdom, while in other forums I suspect I wouldn't make the first cut. Being anything within fandom is largely a matter of locale and personnel. If you try hard and don't step on too many toes you can succeed. If you step on a lot of toes and still keep trying, expect the worst. If you deliberately set out to conquer fandom with all-our war tactics, you win the Bill Bridget Award for excellence in assholeism. This award is named after the most recent contender to become a BNF through stupidity. This is not a method that will win fans and influence opinions (at least influence positively said opinions).

This column has been short due to a switch in job responsibilities but I hope to get back to snuff next time out. Ciao!

Haircut

by Clay Geerdes

It was probably every other Saturday though it seems more often. My Dad would take me to the barbershop to get my hair cut. I would wait for the barber to put the board across the arms of the big chair, then I would climb up and sit on the board. The barber would usually talk to my Dad while he was chopping off my locks. I watched the clumps of hair hit the cloth tied around my neck; actually, it was more like a sheet—big, white with thin white or blue stripes, coarse. I hated it. I hated getting my hair cut. I hated the feel of hair down my neck. I still shiver thinking about it. I was always happy when it was snowing or raining out and he would say, "well, the weather's too bad today. We'll have to wait for next Saturday for that haircut." Broke my heart to hear that, yeah! Oh, it was always Saturday because that's the day folks did everything, all the errands, the shopping, getting the roast for Sunday, the staples for the following week. Everyone worked the rest of the week and everything was closed on Sundays. At least, it was in that Methodist suburb I grew up in. You couldn't get a candy bar on Sunday. You weren't even supposed to be thinking about one of those monster Baby Ruths (they were a dime and took a couple of days to finish); you were supposed to be thinking about church (yawn).

After the war—oh, when I was a kid, it was always before or after the war, that's how you located things. The war was the big one you just heard about in WINDS OF WAR, but to us it was less glamorous. My Dad was no Navy bigwig with presidential pull. Just a working man with a small Midwestern business. He and my grandfather bought old houses and buildings, tore them down and resold the fixtures and lumber. Never made them rich, but it was a good living before the war. After the war the business died. In the rush to redevelop and get in on all that peacetime money (vets coming home to buy houses and cars and tv sets), none of Dad's old clients were taking the time to have buildings torn down—they were just bulldozing everything out of the way and getting the new ones up. My Dad could have gotten into that, invested in a bulldozer, etc., but he took sick in the late forties and the new fast-wreck companies just drove him out of business.

But this is about haircuts. After the war, I got two bits from my mother and went over to University Place where Charley Deeter would cut all my hair off and send me back home. That operation was called a "fuzz cut" where we lived; "crew cuts" came in the fifties. They were also called "butch" cuts, probably because you looked like someone had tried to butcher you when you got out the door, but today "butch" refers more to a heavy lesbian playing out a male role than it does to a haircut, so you don't hear the word much. I remember interviewing a lesbian on Union Street in San Francisco back in the Summer of '70 or '71 and she was femme, not butch (dressed in dresses, wore make-up, like that), but she kept going on about how butch some of her friends were in their Pendletons and Mackinaws and jumpsuits and I would keep flashing back to Charley Deeter's barber chair every time she said "butch". Butch was a common boy's nickname when I was in elementary school. So I had a tough time dealing with phrases like "Oh, she's so butch, she has to armwrestle every jock she meets."

My hair was long and short, short and long, for years. I would get tired of it one way and go the other route for awhile, then switch back. When I hit the barber chair in Navy boot camp in San Diego, the barber just passed on me. Those sadistic bastards got their jollies off the pachucos and the playboys, the guys with the pompadours and the widow's peaks, dudes who looked like they had seen all the Elvis Presley movies. I can still see some of those guys marching along with their bald heads, guys in some of the more advanced companies singing

out, "R and Os, R and Os". You first get in the Navy, you go to Receiving and Outfitting where you lose your hair and get some of the worst-fitting clothes you'll ever wear. For the first three weeks, you're ridiculed as an "R and O". Needless to say, the first thing most of the guys do when they get the chance is to grow their hair out. Who wants to go on the beach looking like a boot? Short hair equals boot. On the other hand, you have to have fairly short hair to wear those dumb white hats. Got too much hair, the hat doesn't fit, and you're always getting hassled by the Shore Patrol. "Square that hat, sailor!" Yeah, "stuff it in yer tight ass, jarhead!" A jarhead is a Marine. Sailors and Marines frequently dislike each other. Why? Who knows. Competition is promoted in the services as it is in sports, because it's believed to build character. I don't know if it does or not.

By the time I was in graduate school at the University of California in the early sixties, I was wearing my hair short again. All of a sudden there were Beatles, Rolling Stones, and Hippies, and longhair became symbolic. You had short hair, you were obviously an illiterate right-wing fascist below the Mason-Dixon line redneck who just couldn't wait to get into the polling booth and push the button for Barry Goldwater. You had longhair, on the other hand, you were hip, Mellow, with it, New leftist, together, anti-establishment, and wouldn't be seen dead playing any capitalist ego-game. By the end of that decade, and this is no shit, Gene Autry, young business execs were buying hippie wigs at Macy's so they wouldn't look like nerds at those Friday night Condo bashes. Longhair was costly during the college strikes of the sixties; more than one guy got pulled out of a picket line and dragged to the paddy wagon by his longhair. I remember hearing guys sneering at the protest generation and saying, "shit, I was wearing longhair when it didn't even mean anything." There was a song going on at the time (Sonny and Cher, I think): "Are you a boy or a girl?" The most often-repeated cliché was the one about the jock who saw this great-looking girl walking ahead of him on Telegraph Avenue. He cruised up to her and started to lay his best line on her, only to find himself looking into a face framed with sideburns, moustache and beard. True. The biggest beef at the time was that longhair distinguished women from men and that was how it ought to be. Longhaired men were defamed as faggots, particularly by the cops. Many young dormie girls from the valley, on the other hand, became fascinated with the androgynous hippies and often sought them out for a variety fuck. This turn of events resulted in many unhip characters growing their locks long in order to get laid, thus subjecting the real hippies to even greater abuse from the Greeks. You just had to laugh upon hearing a frat boy say to a sorority girl at a joint, "I don't know what you girls see in those hippie faggots." Obviously, if they were interested in the sisters, they weren't faggots, right?

I got my last haircut about 1972. Went into a Berkeley barbershop and had the job done. The guy asked me if I wanted a layer cut and I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, but I figured, why not? When I got my bill, it was \$7.50! Something was going on and I didn't like it. A haircut was worth about a buck and that was that. Since then, I just let it grow out and when it gets a little long, I chop it off myself. I don't need Supercuts to shave my neck. I have long arms, thanks.

Times change. The same guys who were jumping hippies and cutting off their hair back in '66 are now wearing longhair. Cops around Berkeley would have been locked up in their own cells for the way they now look (beards and longhair are okay with the current department even for the street cops in uniform). Takes getting used to. Watching a hippie give you a parking or speeding ticket. — CLAY GEERDES, March 18, 1983

NOW THAT HE'S GOT NOTHING TO LOSE, WHY JERRY BROWN COME OUT OF THE CLOSET?

THEY SAY BHAGWAN HAS HELPED

QUENT WIMPEL NOTES

by Kerry Thornley

QUENT WIMPEL MEETS BIG FOOT

Wimpel's encounter with a Big Foot didn't change his theories about them—although he discarded forever his earlier hypothesis that they were Green Berets in gorilla costumes—but it gave him what was certain to be the most enviable of all hitch-hiking stories. Later the same summer that he failed so miserably to convince Jesse Sump of any of his conspiracy theories, as he traveled toward San Francisco in search of more open-minded audiences for his ideas, Wimpel became stranded long after midnight on a lonely mountain road.

Since his last driver was another freak, with good grass to share, Quent's backpack felt lighter than usual and chances were dismal of getting a ride on this desolate stretch, so he strode along in the darkness entertaining himself with the illusion—an optical and probably somewhat psychedelic illusion—that he was perpetually walking off the side of a cliff. This was because the brim of a cowboy hat he found under a bridge in Winslow, Arizona, on the way out here made a line in front of his eyes, where they met the asphalt in front of him, that looked exactly like the edge of a cliff in the moonlit night. So Quent got into the archetypal Fool of the Tarot character, eternally stepping into thin air, never falling—a game that did weird things to his sense of the passing of time. Consequently, he was not looking very far ahead in the direction he was going.

Had the lumbering critter not grunted Wimpel might have bumped into him, although it was of course startling enough as it was to look up and see a Junior-sized King Kong standing in his way. Involuntarily Wimpel emitted an inarticulate sound of his own that the big monkey seemed to take as a word of greeting—for he held up for Quent to see a large, clear plastic bag of pot with a package of Zig-Zag rolling papers plainly visible amongst the weed. Then, to Quent's further astonishment, the giant creature seated himself on a rock and proceeded to quite skillfully roll himself a number. That was too much!

"Too much," said Quent. "Too much. Man, you're outa sight!" If the Big Foot understood this compliment, he or she gave no sign—but just held up the rolled joint in the light of the moon, until it became obvious that Quent himself was expected to supply the match.

"Oh God," Quent mumbled, slipping off his backpack, "I hope I've got matches!"

Not that he needed to get anymore stoned than he was, but already he was thinking about what a hitch-hiking story this would make, particularly if it didn't end at the beginning with his own failure to produce a light—something the Big Foot might interpret as rejection and slink back into the woods.

So Quent Wimpel rummaged frantically until he found, to his relief, at the very bottom of his pack under his laundry bag, a worn and tattered matchbook that had probably been there since sometime in Louisiana or Oklahoma.

With a flourish he made a flame and held it up as the Big Foot touched it with the tip of the number and puffed, holding up his other hand—or paw—just like a human, to shield the fire from the slight breeze. Thereupon Quent seated himself on the ground—for the boulder wasn't big enough for both of them—and they passed the joint back and forth in a ceremony that was by now about half a century old and more common than ever: getting high together.

As for Quent's theories about Big Foots, they were—like all the rest of his notions—conspiracy theories. These monsters had not been prowling the Pacific Northwest since Indian times, although Indian legends probably had supplied the C.I.A.-K.G.B. conspiracy also responsible for flying saucers and weather manipulation with the idea. Of his own theory he was particularly convinced ever since reading an article by a Russian zoologist in an old issue of *Pursuit* magazine called "Why Kill A Gentle Giant?"—arguing that scientists should not attempt to bag a Sasquatch for research purposes by shooting one. Since when had Marxists of any kind—and this professor was with an official government institute in Moscow or Leningrad—been squeamish about killing anyone in what they regarded as the name of science, be it zoology or scientific revolution? No, there was a reason the Communists didn't want anyone killing Big Feet—and Quent figured he could guess as to what it was.

"Dig," he said to his companion, making shoveling motions with his hands. "Back in the mountains," Quent pointed. "They dig. Make tunnels into ground." Wimpel held up both hands in a circular configuration. "They make tunnels, dig tunnels down along fault line. Then make earthquakes." Quent shook himself back and forth. "They keep you near excavations." Wimpel made a little pile of dirt between his shoes. "Then campers and hikers"—he stood up and grabbed a stick and tried to look like a hiker—"when they come near—they send you to distract them, to lure them away. No?" A visual method of describing distraction eluded him, however, and the communication was not entirely a success.

Or maybe the Big Foot was just trying to say he didn't want to talk about it, for he looked away from Quent and waved his hand in the air at him—back and forth—as if to ward off any discussion of what may have, after all, been a sensitive matter involving security about which no speaking was authorized.

"People say I look like Karl Marx," Wimpel said feebly, attempting conciliation. Then without thinking he interlocked his fingers in the secret sign for dialectical materialism—the merging of thesis and antithesis—that he had developed in his communications with The Conspiracy.

Making a click with his tongue to indicate understanding, the Big Foot then signaled to Quent in the same code system that he would rather discuss Hegel than Marx. And so that's what happened the rest of the night, until the first rays of dawn—they walked along the road together, occasionally pausing to share another joint, discussing Hegel in Quent Wimpel's sign language.

With the lighting of the sky they also came upon the first signs of civilization—a little mountain town nestled in a hollow—and Big Foot waved farewell to Quent and slipped off silently into the vast forest.

IF THIS WERE ONE OF MY (VERY) SHORT STORIES...

If this were one of my (very) short stories, I would start out with a short, clever title that would come to me from out of the blue.

I'd start off the story by telling something from the point of view of the main character (but referring to it in the third person). The "something" would be either a topic, a concept, or a description. This would have direct reference to something that would occur later in the story.

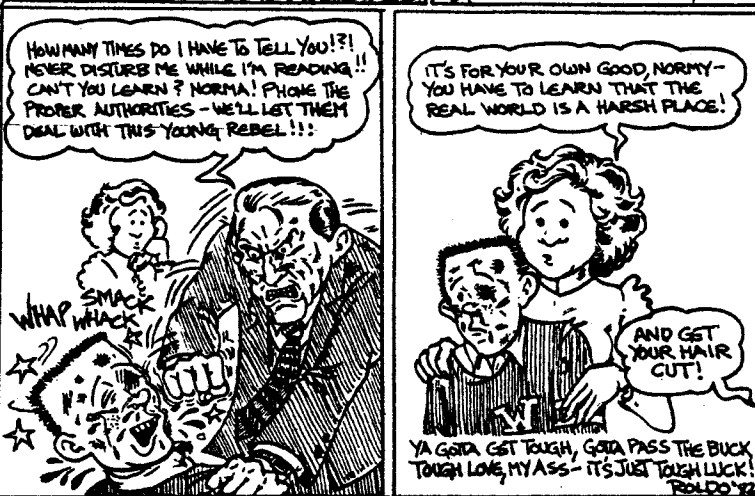
Around this time, something else would work its way into the plot. Some unusual twist or random element that would make the story more interesting. This would be described in depth, and would play an important role later.

This part would deal with "the calm before the storm", or, an open space in the story to give the reader a "breather" before the plot thickens.

At this time, the first and second somethings would combine, making the "climax" that makes reading (and, on my part, writing) the story worthwhile. This would be designed to be either a witty observation, or some philosophical statement (that drives me to scour the letters section of the next issue to see if anyone thought enough of it to comment).

Finally, a clever remark or topical statement, maybe even a "Twilight Zone" style sentence-and-a-half to end the story; and then, well, you read it, what do you think?

NORMAN "NORMY" NORMAN "TOUGH SUCKS" A TALE OF THE TIMES



So Quent's whole day was filled with anticipation of his arrival in the San Francisco Bay Area, where he would gather with other travelers and street people and relate what certainly must be the greatest hitch-hiking story of all time.

In Earth Peoples' Park in Berkeley, in the evening of the next day, he found just such a collection of wanderers and runaways—and at the first lull in the conversation, Wimpel said, "Like, you'll never guess what happened to me the other day..." What followed was a much longer story than is related here because, although he did not exaggerate, he missed no opportunity to weave in all his conspiracy theories. "So, you see, I figure they take gorillas and give them pituitary injections so that they grow into giants. And at the base of their skulls are concealed what they call subcutaneous brainwave generators—thought control devices—so that the big guy I was talking to was actually being controlled by a Russian scientist in a laboratory under the ground. Because, you see, that's what the Big Foots are for—to distract hikers from excavation sites. These Russians are burrowing along the San Andreas Fault, mining it with explosives, so as to artificially create earthquakes—"

At that point Wimpel was interrupted by another, an old Berkeley street character named Zap, who looked like an Indian holy man with lots of wild, bunched-up hair and had a way with women unrivaled since the days of Neal Cassidy: "Hell, that's nothing—a Big Foot with his own stash who liked to rap about Hegel. I met a female Big Foot last summer and we fucked."

All ears turned to Zap.

Wimpel wasn't even noticed as he wandered off toward Telegraph Avenue before Zap had finished telling his story. There were still a couple of blank pages in his notebook, "Pearls Before Swine", and if he could hustle up another nickel Quent could afford coffee.

by Steven Scharr

Rocking the White House

by Jill Dearman

Since Ronald Reagan was elected president in 1980, one question has plagued political observers, rock fans, and average Joes—"What if Ronald Reagan and Mick Jagger traded places?" Could America really accept a vulgar English sex object as President? And (except for nationality and age) are the two men really so different? And could a shoe-polish-topped, ancient Californian really belt out a rousing version of "Honky Tonk Woman" in stuffed football pants and a blue leather jacket? Well, I will attempt to answer these questions and more in this flimsy premise of an article.

TIME: Friday, November 13, 1981

PLACE: Madison Square Garden, NY

SCENE: It is the Rolling Stones' closing night performance at the Garden. My sister Penny and I are in the 17th row, tense and very excited. We are surrounded by various low-lives. Without warning, the amplified AOR music stops, and "Taking the A Train" begins. We know that the Rolling Stones will hit the stage within a couple of minutes. The lights dim, and "A Train" ends. Finally! We hear the opening chords of the Stones' classic "Under My Thumb". Each musician comes on—Charlie, Bill, Ron, Keith, and finally...Ronnie Reagan!

The crowd goes wild! Ronnie smiles and stalks the stage, then after much anticipation from the unruly fans, he grabs the microphone, parts those famous lips, and...

"Under my thumb...the woman who once had me down. Under my thumb...Nancy...she once pushed me around. It's down to me...oh yeah...no more expensive china for her...down to me...Nancy...is under my thumb..."

...Meanwhile, back in the White House, President Jagger is giving a nationally televised address. The theme is "I Can't Get No Satisfaction From These E.R.A. Chicks". The opening strains of "Hail To The Chief". Off-camera, Rod Stewart, one of the President's Secret Service men, is heard screaming, "Turn that rubbish off! Put on the President's theme!" A few seconds later, "Sympathy for the Devil" is played. Jagger spets up to the podium, clad in black-sequined jumpsuit, white scarf, and black top hat.

"Good evening! Feelin' alright?" he yells, to loud cheers in response, and a drumroll. "Charlie's good tonight. Anyway, this is for all you ladies out there, tonight. No woman...except for Bianca...has any complaints about me. And she's Nicaraguan, so she doesn't count. Now, if—"

"Hey!" a voice from the audience yells. Heads turn, and everyone sees Miss Tina Turner walking down the aisle towards President Mick.

"I'm a real woman, child! You're never gonna hold me down!" Tina yells, in righteous fervor. "Never!" she yells, spraying Jagger with a mouthful of saliva.

"Cool it, Tina," says Jagger, putting his arm around Tina. "Say it, don't spray it." He grabs the mike and yells, "Hit it, boys...Brown Sugar!"

END OF SCENARIO

Well, what conclusions can be made by this eerily realistic possibility of a scenario? First, I must say that I realize this concept is totally ridiculous...I mean, how can an Englishman be elected President of the United States? As for Reagan leading the timeless rock group, it is all too plausible, considering that Jagger is not too far behind Reagan in age, and let's face it—Ron and Mick are about equal in terms of being incredibly hedonistic male chauvanists, and both revel in being members of the super-elite.

Well, that's it for this month. Next month—Richard Pryor and Beverly Sills trade places.

IT'S KITCHENING TO BE CLEVER

FUN WITH TOM

by Tom Sanders

Last month young Tom put it to ya this way: What is the only combination of title and artist that spells the same backwards and forwards? The answer comes from October 1975, and it's "SOS" by the ABBA conglomerate. Aren't you glad you waited? Sorry I can't make the backwards "B" or it would be perfect.

In 1950 a song titled "If I Knew You Were Coming, I'd Have Baked A Cake" spent most of the summer in Billboard's top ten. The Russian propaganda mill, in order to embarrass the West, contended that the song indicated food rationing still existed in Western cities. I kid you not! This was the subject of an AP wire story I found in some old papers. I wonder if the Red squares are still having fun with American popular music...Here are some tunes that may be the subject of a feature story in this Saturday's Pravda entertainment section:

"Fire Lake"—Indicates industrial pollution has caused American rivers and lakes to catch fire.

"Morning Train"—Decadent bourgeois couples pursue materialistic goals at the expense of glorification of the state.

"Hungry Like The Wolf"—Starvation is prevalent in Western cities in spite of reported record harvests.

"Our Lips Are Sealed"—American secret police continue harassment of ordinary citizens to obtain information on alleged subversive elements of society.

"Tainted Love"—Contamination of food and water supplies, particularly in the state of Michigan, have prevented development and preservation of the family structure.

"Dirty Laundry"—Personal hygiene continues to be a problem despite modern laundry products created by capitalist industry.

"De Doo Doo Doo, De Da Da Da"—Public education in the United States is turning out students who are functionally illiterate.

"Maneater"—Food shortages have led to cannibalism in some capitalist nations.

"Billie Jean"—Famous American tennis star breaks sacred vows of marriage by having an extra-marital relationship.

"It's Raining Again"—Shifts in climatic patterns have adversely affected the quality of Western life.

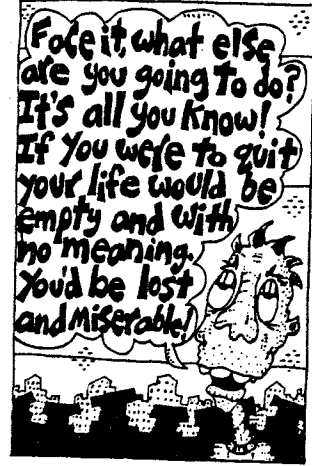
"You Can Do Magic", "Magic Man", "Witchy Woman"—Songs that indicate widespread belief in superstition despite scientific and technological advances.

"Vacation", "Working For The Weekend", "Switchin' To Glide/The Beat Goes On"—Interest in material pursuits has reduced the efficiency of American workers and severely reduced industrial capacity.

And in closing, comrades, the entire Bob & Doug McKenzie album indicates that cultural breakdown and deterioration is not necessarily restricted to the United States.



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NUCLEAR POWER

...it kind of "glows" on you!

NOISES OF THE LAW...

IS NINE-TENTHS OF POSSESSION!

IS NINE-TENTHS OF POSSESSION! - J.R.



WIMPY MACALISTER
WORLD'S WORST STAND-UP COMIC!!

SOUND MINED by Brian Catanzaro

BULLETINS

- New XTC for your collection, an EP called "Great Fire", with 4 instrumentals and 4 vocal comps in a flamboyantly coloured jacket.
- Tune in to Tears For Fears' wonderfully moving new song "Change" from their new album. All the New Music stations are playing it. Note the marimba influence initiated into white dance music via Oingo Boingo. In fact, the Boingo's last album was called "Fear".
- R.E.M. was reported on in this hear column a couple ish's bak. At that time, little known to fellow R.E.M. fans, they were readying their major national album release, out now with the 2 songs from that single on it: "Radio Free Europe" b/w "Sitting Still". So, the sound is improved but the style hasn't suffered a bit; as with some formerly independent artists, the converse tends to be the case. Their reply to my inquiry of the band and the label was a mini-French historical postcard. On the back, in barely legible script, was the brief announcement about a date in the NY area that had already passed and the title of the album, "Murmur". Very mysterious indeed.

MY MISTAKE

The Philadelphia New Music station discussed last time is WFLI-FM or I-92. Figured we'd better straighten that one out before they start breathing down our necks, eh?

HIYA RICK

Last month's IJ was dedicated to "Weird Al" Yankovic, whose latest release (on the Rock 'N' Roll label) is a parody of Toni Basil's "Mickey", which reached the #1 slot at one point. Parody is the easiest and most common form of novelty record. For those interested, his last big hit was "Another One Rides The Bus". Like some recently-unearthed rerun, Al's version of "Ricky" waxes Desilu, as Lucy and Ricky put their relationship to song in a love/hate husband vs. wife perspective. I've heard better Rickys. My friend Scott does about the best I've heard. The Ricky highlights are when he complains to that mischievous redhead "you burn a hole right through" his shirt and how "Frod a Nethel" ate all the pretzels. It's wacky, it's fun, I won't give it all away, but it's easily worth buying. Get 'em while they're still in print, I always say. As mentioned before, there have been better Ricky impersonas. Check your local SNL reruns circa '80/'81. The Lucy theme was also redone by some obscure jazz ensemble on some obscure label c. '75. I'll have to ask Scott to look it up for me. I can recall a time when Frank Zappa used the theme during apiece; "Tinseltown Rebellion" has a bit of it and perhaps Joe's Garage Pt II. Check yer local Zappophile.

I can't help wondering, will there be a sequel to the comeback featuring the voice characterizations of Viv Vance and Ed Fawcett? I think you wood huf to call it "Return Of Da Merzeez!"

COLLECTORS BEWARE! MORE OF THE SAME

The same Tom Dolby material has been released for the third time in one year. This has got to be a record within the industry. "She Blinded Me With Science" and "One of Our Submarines Is Missing" have been issued twice (3 times if you consider the edited import single), and this is the 3rd U.S. printing for a couple of the other cuts. "The Golden Age of Wireless", as an album, has been rereleased with a different cover and program, including tunes from the hit EP of a couple of months back and excluding some great songs! Who's to say they won't turn up on his next record as well? We can forgive them. His music is so meticulously crafted, what better way of biding time than increasing sales? The new cover is a graphic excerpt from its original packaging, a mock-up magazine cover which headlines Mr. D and his creations. It is quietly colorful whereas the original is commercially quite conservative. No lyrics on the back this time; perhaps on the inner sleeve.

It is continuously fascinating to watch as American industry somehow manages to dehumanize pop art, particularly that of European creators.

WHY YOU SHOULD KILL FOR SLACK by Robert Rabbit

Actually, I don't think you should kill for slack, but I do think you should do the next best thing, which is to join The Conspiracy, and here's why:

The Conspiracy isn't really all that bad, you know. I mean, it doesn't really care what you do most of the time—it doesn't care what decisions you make or what relationships you have—it's just that for reasons of pure and simple economic survival, The Conspiracy requires ownership of those decisions and relationships.

Take the case of the railroads, for example. Think of how great it was when they finally drove that great old golden spike! Think of the new vistas of opportunity for experience, of new ways to live—think of what the railroad did for the expansion of the human mind!

Then The Conspiracy destroyed the railroads. All those neat little stations that once connected us in a fun and smog-free network were left to decay or turned into boutiques and ice cream parlours...but only because The Conspiracy thought you wanted it that way! Now that it knows better, it's giving you back your railroads, and in a new, modern, controlled way. So you see, The Conspiracy isn't some railroad-eating monster, it simply wants to own what you want...and it wants to cooperate with you.

Certainly no one advocates doing away with The Conspiracy: that would be like trying to blow away the air or piss away the ocean. But there are those who advocate demanding more Slack from it, and this is a grave error—Slack is what prevents The Conspiracy from working at all! You can't ask The Conspiracy for Slack—you have to cut yourself your own Slack! Remember, The Conspiracy needs you! And in most cases it's willing you to live any number of selected lives tailored just for you and involving only the slightest of modifications.

And so this request goes out to all Campooners old and new to get George barking on the stick because, see, left on his own, George couldn't care less about The Conspiracy—his pockets go both ways so they can't be picked. Everything pales before the dazzling face (which none of us has seen and which all of us sees every day) of that greatest of all true-hearted Americans...So, ready now? One, two, three, write! Write George and tell him, uh...uh... shit, I forgot!

Wax Ink

by Rory Houchens

How's everything, pardners? Well, let's mosey through some music. The first time I sampled Standard of Living's SIX SONGS (\$5 from Vinyl Records, 3757 Lincoln Ave., Oakland, CA 94602), the effect was minimal at best, but subsequent listenings have been something like being run over by nuclear-powered neon caterpillars! This subtly sincere debut by the California quartet mixes pop and roll energy with creative electronics for one of the most lobe-pleasing releases in recent memory. Besides the two covers, a slow "Dancing in The Street" with loping synthesizers and Colleen Hinks' dreamy vocals, and a faithful, hazy rendition of the Beatles' "She Loves You" updated for the electronic age, the catchiest cut is "So Hard", an adrenalin-fueled tune propelled by static pops, bass burps, and artificial horn blasts.

The three remaining tracks all rely upon unruly, kinetic noise that has been tamed and sculpted into mind-spinning foundations on which the group sprinkles various ingredients: buried voice, frantic percussion, nervous guitars, fast-talking vocals, etc. Audio pizza to go!

New Order's latest foot-long 45, "Blue Monday"/"The Beach" (Rough Trade, 326 Sixth St., San Francisco, CA 94103), features two slightly different versions of the same song, but boasting an array of electronic percussion, a smattering of synthesized horns and quick-to-fade gray rainbows. Quite a way from Joy Division, and as a prelude to their forthcoming albu, it ought to have more than a few fans drooling in anticipation.

The Boston-based New Models happily touch upon a number of musical bases on SIGHT AND SOUND (PVC). "Listen" is a piece of foggy, anti-melodic atmospheric much like Rush on a good day, while "Stranger in Disguise" and "Say What" smack of the bold, bright strokes painted by BeBop Deluxe as they neared the end. "Looking For A Reason" is overtly Cars-influenced in both composition and delivery, and gives guitarist Casey Lindstrom the chance to demonstrate his considerable string skills, from crisp, slashed chords to floating lead lines. If SIGHT AND SOUND is any indication, New Models will be one of 1983's hottest groups.

HOTEL FOR WOMEN (Jimboco/City Beat/PVC), a razor-sharp slab of plastic by the Nails, resurrects the group's "big hit", "88 Lines About 44 Women", and adds to it three newer tracks, each with enough venom to break bones. For the uninitiated, "88 Lines" consists of forty-four biting couplets about as many females that categorize and characterize with the burning intensity of early Lou Reed. Devastating, to say the least! "Hotel For Women" is a bubbling reggae as Roxy Music might do it with stuttering organ and careening sax churning up a thick broth, and "Ask The Dust" is an angry blast of pure energy; seething vocals and an unstoppable beat signal vinyl meltdown. Hopefully the Nails will soon hammer out a whole album of rock and roll necessities!

After "Tainted Love" made them household words, Soft Cell have finally released another full platter of synthetic pornography. THE ART OF FALLING APART (Sire) finds the boys still wallowing in zombie-fied gothicism, but don't despair, some hope is peeking through thanks to a pair of exceptional tunes: "Where The Heart Is" has one of the brightest melodies this side of Stevie Nicks, no matter if it is about family turmoil; and "Numbers", whose time-warped, fish-and-chips pseudo-funk will almost have you up and doing the somnambulist boogie! But beware: some copies come with an additional 12-inch 45 featuring a Jimi Hendrix medley which you should put away (untouched) for your grandchildren, and overexposure to Marc Almond's reptilian twittering can cause painful and unsightly blisters.

See you at the next roundup, cowpokes!

WSO - You listed To "Follow You, Follow Me"
2RX in one Day

IF KANGAS knew how to play word golf, he could reach Kangas in one move. Then maybe we could get some peace and freedom in about...

64-ounce beers in the twilight zone

by Chris Downey

If there's one thing I like about the New York Mets it's that they are consistent. When they lose, the lose big, and for a long time. It was right around my birthday when my friend G.B. and I decided to head over to Shea Stadium to see the Mets play the Giants. Since I fully expect the Mets to lose on any and all occasions, my defeatism makes me a rather easy-to-please fan, if an unenthusiastic one. So it was under these pleasant circumstances that I found myself face-to-face with the spectre of my past.

We arrived slightly late with the first inning already underway. Making our usual routine checks for ushers in the lower decks, we resigned ourselves to the General Admission section designated on our tickets. As the game went into the middle innings with the score tied 2-2, I started to get a little restless and bored, so I looked around. Sitting in my rown to the far right was an emaciated man with a long beard, wearing a "No Nukes" shirt. He looked like he'd just crawled out from under the Us Festival or the Jerry Garcia Lookalike Contest, I couldn't decide which. To my left was a fairly obese young boy with a clarinet who played spurts of out-of-tune bugle calls and was either a child prodigy, practicing long hours every day to become a great musician, or just a complete asshole. My money was on the latter. Behind me was a Spanish couple with an infant who let out an unending and torturous scream throughout the second half of the game, and in front of me were two guys about twelve years old who were maniacally giggling at the fat boy with the horn. I saw nothing unusual in this, and, as a matter of fact, I found it quite natural, since it was my immediate reaction to laugh myself, but I managed to hold back for reasons of propriety. But there was something vaguely familiar about these two boys that I could not put my finger on.

The kid in the curly hair had a fast, nervous laugh, but a loud one. He was wearing a long-sleeved polo shirt with awkward stripes of orange and green forming no regular pattern I could see. He couldn't bring himself to actually look at the fat kid, but just the thought of him sitting there playing a reed wind instrument set him off the edge into the land of hysterics. To his right was his friend, who was bent over in his chair like a jack knife, and was mumbling the remarks that was fueling his friend's laughter. I nudged G.B. with my left elbow.

"Do these guys remind you of anyone?" I asked.

"No, not really, why?"

"Never mind, it wasn't important."

He went back to his yearbook and I got up to go to the concession stand. After five minutes I reached the stand with the counterman's back to me.

"Could I have two sixty-four ounce beers, plea—" I started to say, but before I could get the words out of my mouth, the man turned around and I found myself face-to-face with a writer I've idolized for years even though he's now dead. It was Rod Serling, creator of TV's The Twilight Zone, drawing my beers. I was in a state of shock.

"Rod, what are you doing here?" I said. "You're dead, aren't you? And if you're not, then why are you slinging hash for the Mets? Don't you see any royalties? Where's your black suit? And what about Vic Morrow and those two Vietnamese kids? Did they owe you money or something?"

But he didn't acknowledge me in the least. Instead, he looked past me, out of the stadium, toward New Jersey. I guess he thought the camera was there, I don't know.

"Subject: Chris Downey. Age: 18-2 days and counting. Not just an ordinary birthday, but a milestone in our culture. The age where a

young man becomes a legal adult. And along with it come a few questions. Among them, 'where am I', and 'how far have I come'. Chris is going to learn about that and more, when he blows out his candles in, The Twilight Zone."

Then he was gone. I shook myself out of the trance I was in and rushed back to my seat. When I returned, I saw a lot of people getting up and moving toward the exits.

"What's going on?" I asked G.B.

"While you were gone, the Giants scored 13 runs. You ready to hit it?"

"Yeah, in a minute," I answered. I saw the two guys in front of us getting ready to leave, so I called out to them.

"Hey, Chris," I yelled.

The boy with the poor posture turned around and looked at me. I'd only get one chance at this, I thought.

"Wear your braces every day. Don't bet fifty dollars on Denver in the Superbowl. Buy some new pants that fit better. Ask Laura Leone to the ninth grade prom. Tell Mr. Peshkin to stop pinching Dawn Stevenson in the ass or you'll report him to the principal. But whatever you do, don't go out with Jane Eisenberg!"

He turned back, but I wasn't sure he retained anything. Quickly, I grabbed G.B.'s arm.

"Hurry," I said, "Tell that curly-haired kid not to give Christine a chocolate bar on the 7th grade trip. And to go out on Saturday nights instead of playing computerized baseball and watching Love Boat. Tell him to learn to eat with a knife and fork. Tell him not to open a pressurized aerosol can of steel polish with a can opener. And, for God's sake, tell him not to follow Diane Gurses into the ladies' lounge when she goes to the bathroom after the movie."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" he asked me.

But it was too late. They were gone. But even if history can't be changed, I felt good about the whole thing. After all, it's not everyone who gets a shot at a second chance, and I had mine. But second chances are all too common, in, The Twilight Zone.

(Answers to last month's OCAT)

1. Blanche 2. Gloria 3. Leonard and Edna 4. Golden Earring 5. Sol 6. Albert 7. Greshler (-2 points if you said "Slaughter"—that's MTM, you know) 8. Homer 9. Gwendolyn and Cicely Pidgeon 10. Maximillian 11. Spot Moscovitz 12. (ED: Chris forgot to give the answer for this one.) 13. Flynn 14. Cecil Pange 15. Ramon 16. November 13th 17. They met while on jury duty and on the flashback Roaring Twenties episode it was revealed they met as children. 18. He was voted the boy most likely to interrupt. 19. He had them bound. 20. "Just One More Chance". 21. The Army (USO). 22. They were college roommates. 23. To replace Felix's bed. 24. Five dollars, for socks (this is my favorite episode of all). 25. She was a doctor. 26. Let's Make A Deal. 27. Felix moves to Buffalo with his brother. 28. Fear of Flying episode. 29. Howard Cosell and Oscar go at it. 30. Password episode. 31. Felix yells this over national TV on Richard Dawson's Talent Scouts show. 32. Oscar has an ulcer and can't go to Vegas. Murray explains himself to Felix. 33. The boys trade places after a session of group therapy. 34. White in the Army, Felix prevents Oscar from being with Blanche on their wedding night. 35. Japanese restaurant episode. 36. Felix must lie to a visiting Chinese wrestler or Oscar loses his job. 37. "Why don't you go see the dog races?" Oscar asks Felix on their Caribbean vacation. 38. Two burglars read the word 'honk' scratched in a blackboard. 39. Harvey the wimp won't marry Sheila, his girlfriend. 40. Midgets, Midgets, Midgets. 41. The boys go on a retreat with the monks. 42. Oscar hits Felix while sleepwalking. 43. Edna is born. 44. Pizza-Eating contest. 45. Oscar's insurance company. 46. The Opera Club has Monte Carlo night. 47. Fear of Flying (my second favorite). 48. Midgets. 49. Tail, bail, fail. 50. Assume, Ass, You, Me.

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Books I WISH I'D WRITTEN by Jill Zimmerman

It's been over a year since my "Stephen King Retrospective" appeared in these revered pages. Since that time, King has branched off into somewhat different directions -- an informal study of the horror genre (Danse Macabre) and Different Seasons, a collection of short stories, some of which departed from his standard horror formula, and which was met with wide acclaim. Now, in Christine (published by Viking), King's back and Plymouth's got him.

Christine is a broken-down hulk of a 1958 Fury which is purchased from an ornery old war veteran by one Arnie Cunningham, the archetypal high-school wimp. Everything's going against this poor slob--plagued with acne, he's often not-so-affectionately known as "Pizza-Face." He's the guy that serves as punching bag for the psyches of those trying to come to terms with their adolescent doubts and frustrations. The restoration of this classic car does wonders for his self image and his life. He begins to rebel against his knee-jerk liberal parents (depicted by King's deft hand with just the right mix of affection and derision as yogurt-eating trendies, trying desperately to be "hip"), snares the prettiest girl in school, loses his acne, and becomes able to fight back against his tormentors. But is this merely an outgrowth of the accomplishment of rebuilding the car? Nay, as all King aficionados will attest. Once again, King takes the mundane and twists it into the realm of diabolical terror. For Christine has a personality of her own--that of a fiercely loyal, possessive and jealous woman whose warped perception of "protecting" her owner extends beyond fidelity into obsession (She must be a Cancer with Cancer rising). Arnie is not the restorer of her former glory--Christine is gifted with the ability to regenerate herself. This

is a necessary gift to her survival, for she is so pathologically "devoted" to her new owner that she will stop at nothing to protect him from what she imagines to be threats to him (and to herself)--even murder. The hapless Arnie Cunningham unwittingly relives the life scenarios of the car's previous owner, one Roland LeBay, of whom it has been said "if he drank boiling water, that son-of-a-bitch would piss ice cubes", until he becomes a new incarnation of LeBay.

With the unabashedly commercial, yet riveting style which has become his trademark, King builds on these plot elements to an inevitable, yet nonetheless harrowing climax. His narrator, Dennis Guilder is a wry commentator on "high-school madness" as well as on the "reality" of dealing with the impossibility of a diabolical automobile.

King is unquestionably a master in making the skin crawl, but his not insignificant ability is rather narrow in its versatility, or lack thereof. The twisting of mundanity that causes readers of The Stand to panic every time they sneeze seems to have reached its limit. It was evident in Cujo, and even more so in Christine, that King is running out of material. After all, possessed dogs and haunted cars are not exactly original ideas. Like a great actor with a terrible script, King does an admirable job with a flimsy premise. He still keeps the reader riveted to his seat, grooving and glassy-eyed over each page. But to the perceptive reader, King's work seems to have become assembly-line fiction.

King is the author you hate to love. He's incredibly prolific, blatantly commercial, with an unerring sense of what makes a bestselling horror story. His confidence in his marketability resulted in his accepting a mere \$1.00 advance on royalties for the writing of this novel. Since his books always generate huge income, he felt that the money could be put to better use in giving a first-time author a chance. An admirable gesture indeed, but one wonders if King isn't getting a bit too cocky, and that this will be his downfall, as he slips into formula-fiction complacency.

Get ahead of yourself. Follow Dobbs to sea, girls, brain surgery, \$\$\$, all that neat stuff plus the weirdest 'religion' you'll ever get a whiff of.



MANIFESTO NOTES, 1

by Gerry Keith

Beginnings are not analytical; reflections are, and reflections come after the fact. To open by proposing to start at the beginning, then, would be pointless, in the first place because it would be impossible, and in the second because to do anything other than to open with the abstract would be to compromise one's goal of starting with the beginning. One cannot ever start at the beginning, but every start is the beginning; one cannot avoid starting at the beginning.

An emotion, then.

I despise senior citizens. I hold an immutable, deep, and abiding mistrust and suspicion of them in general. I work at a motel, answering phones and the like. Early one morning I got a call from one room, it was one ancient lady with quavering voice asking directions to the hospital.

Alarmed and eager to help, I asked, "Oh! Do you need an ambulance?" The response was irritated and vague, impossible to interpret. "No, no."

"Can I get you a cab, then?" My worry was not the less real because it was cultivated for my job's sake.

Again the irritation. "I don't want a cab!" the old bitch said, and hung up. I heard nothing more.

Until a few weeks ago, probably three months after the incident. I was passing the desk on my way to have a cup of coffee, it was the change of shift, all my workmates were there and my bosses. "Hey, Gerry," called Tim, the senior clerk.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Do you remember a call from someone asking directions to the hospital? Early in the morning?"

The context was always a few days when someone asked me if I recalled this or that event at work; I cannot think of a situation where there has been a longer period. No connection.

"No," I asked, "Why?"

"Well, we got a postcard from someone who says they stayed here and they called in the morning asking directions to the hospital and they said the desk clerk told them they had to get an ambulance."

"Ah," I said, not knowing what was appropriate. No connection, no guilt, what's the point. I didn't do it. In fact I felt relieved, since it was clear that they had been discussing the matter and had come to the consensus that while none of them was culpable, a Crime had been committed.

Sharon giggled. "At the bottom they wrote 'Would you please fire that desk clerk!'; it was an old lady in AARP."

Still nothing. "Where's the card," I asked, interested, curious, involved but not involved, feeling that there was a point being made to me by those assembled judges but not getting the point. Most blameless am I.

"It's in the office, that's where it belongs," says one boss, a friend who suddenly has a gruff demeanor. What, I think, is this? All eyes are upon me for the tribunal, I didn't do anything, what's it all about, why, Brent, are you so gruff, do you think I intended to tear up Exhibit A or something? This mention of job-loss has me all upset.

"No," I say, "I don't recall anything like that..." And I didn't! But there is nothing I can say!

Minutes later the event dawns on me, minutes too late to go back and say, yes, I recall having spoken about the hospital with an old lady; because it will sound like I am adjusting the truth to both admit involvement and exculpate myself at the same time. Sneaky, and their clusion? Why doesn't he admit to it, then? and perhaps promise not to do it again?

My friends, eyeing me! Work is a formal matter, yes, I know better than all of you assembled: none of you has spent your last dollar, not once in your entire easy lives; not one of you has been on the road with nothing, and with no one to call upon for aid. Above all the gravity of the situation is clear to me, yes! AARP complaints can mean bad business, and that too can threaten me directly. You fools!

But the real object of my ire was the lying elder. The invidious worm of a stupid old shit who would do something like that! What, me-nopause? What, a bad day at the races? And take it out on someone a thousand miles away because you have a moment's power and influence? Your uncreative brain being too sterile with age to come up with cleverer, local persecutions, you must confine yourself to half-real events? Oh, painful death upon you! Cut off your blood money Social Security checks: I rage to think my FICA payments go out to stuff the debased mouths of these walking intestinal tracts, I would let you starve in the streets without a moment's fleeting sense of shame, guilt, compassion. I hate you, and I will never forgive.

And so was I implicated, charged with an offense I didn't commit but which I can never disprove; my trial was conducted in secret without my presence, the verdict handed down from on high with no appeals possible. All in the lies and calumny of someone I will never see again; all in the devolved mind of a scumbrained bag of bones that lived longer than was just. I offer up Kafka, who can take it with a grain of salt and a knowing, cynical smile. But as for me, I cannot brook being under the power of nameless, absurd enemies. Enemies, fine, but honest ones. The matter weighs heavily, I cannot ever forget. Telling it to this, the powerless court of public opinion, consoles, and it gives power to another project. Done.

Is professional wrestling real? Is the Church of the SubGenius really a church? Is Ronald Reagan really as beloved a leader as his troop of information lords indicate? All these answers and more are going to be revealed in today's edition of...

TALK SHOW HOST CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

First of all, I want to stress that the majority of talk show hosts in America do have a chin. Despite Larry King's lack of a bony structure under his mouth and his national prominence as a talk host, most of the talk folks I know do have chins. This is an important point to us radio folk as the public has the misconception that most folks in radio look like geeks...that's why they're in radio. Every time a guy like Larry King gets on television with his no-chin fact or Paul Harvey with his elongated forehead, Mom and Dad America watching the tube in their twin recliners nod to each other. I would like to say that everyone I know working in radio can cause members of the opposite sex to begin twitching with sexual excitement.

I've been a talk jock for a year now, coming to radio from newspapers. I'll never go back to newspapers. I worked for papers for years and never got the recognition I've received in the past year. And I love it...I can't live without it...Fame, I'm going to live forever...

Excuse me, Irene Cara just took over my typewriter.

Now, to answer some of the questions I posed...yeah, sure why not, and nope.

One thing that is ignored by the various sport talk shows here in western Massachusetts is professional wrestling. Even our own sports guy here at the station has the misconception that wrestling is not a legitimate sport such as baseball, football and soccer. Therefore, I've tried in my own little way to educate my listeners that the Sport of Kings is indeed the King of Sports.

My twisted crusade started a number of years ago when I was the Lifestyles Page editor for a local newspaper, and I did a short piece on wrestling. I was fascinated by it! Pro wrestling is nothing more than a sophisticated morality play for the 20th century. There's good guys and bad guys, and you can never tell when they might switch attitudes. Sometimes the good guys win and sometimes the bad guys win and often the authorities are unfair. That's life, isn't it?

Wrestling boils down the attitudes governing pro sports to the most elemental forms. Team sports cloak themselves in statistics and analysis. But all sports are really based on a struggle of "them versus us". Wrestling revels in this struggle.

To those who question the "reality" of what happens in the ring, all I can say is "that's entertainment". Sure some of it's showmanship but according to the wrestlers I've spoken to (all but one were true gentlemen) there is great risk for injuries and no wrestler does it for love of the sport (another very honest attitude) but strictly for the cash.

I love the sport even though I recently had an unpleasant experience with Bob Backlund, the heavyweight champ of the WWF...But that's another story.

Now, I recently had a religious experience on the air with the Rev. Ivan Stang of the First Church of the SubGenius. Now my last name really is Dobbs and I was intrigued by a faith that worships the word of a guy named J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, who is undoubtedly related to me in some obscure way.

The interview with Stang was one of the great cosmic happenings of my pitiable little life. I REALIZED JUST HOW FUTILE MY LIFE WAS WITHOUT SLACK AND THAT I COULD NEVER ACHIEVE SLACK WITHOUT SENDING OFF MONEY TO THE SUBGENIUS CHURCH. PRAISE "BOB"! JUST TYPING THIS I SO WORKED INTO A FEVER THAT I CAN ONLY CURE BY A MASSIVE DOSE OF SLACK! EXCUSE ME A MOMENT!

Hello, I was gone for a little while but now I'm back.

Finally, let's address a really serious question...is Ronald Reagan truly loved? Naaaaaaah...Every day I listen to people tell me just how badly things are going in this nation of ours and I'm convinced that while many neo-Fascists actually do think that Mr. Reagan is doing a fine job, the majority of people do not. The problem is, though, those folks don't like the Democrats either. This is why I can easily see why so many people want to support George Papoon for President in 1984. Hopefully, Papoon will link up somehow with John Anderson...a dream ticket for me, the sublime and the ridiculous...(ED. HERE: Well, I wouldn't go so far as to call John Anderson "ridiculous", but be that as it may, George informs us there is a place in his Future Cabinet for Mr. Anderson, "whose stories," says George, "I have always liked, especially the one about the ugly duck. Some of my biggest supporters have been waterfowl...")

Well, next time on TALK SHOW HOST CONFIDENTIAL, if indeed there is a next time, we'll take a probing look into home party schemes, movie publicity and non-human radio...Until then, that's thirty.

THANKSH, MORT - (JUST DON'T PEEK 'TIL WE GET OUTSIDE, YOU SLOB!
YOU'RE A REAL PAL... I CLEANED THE SHAG RUG ONLY THIS MORNING...



QUESTION:
If our workers and robots could double production in 1983 wouldn't that INCREASE UNEMPLOYMENT?

INCAPABLE
EVEN AGE WORK FORCE PLAN
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504

(except that we wouldn't be living if that's a plus)
Send SASE to unemployment-ending, resource-saving.

ANSWER:
Not if we do something radical. For a solution we should have adopted in the 19th century

Well, we're experiencing a lot of technical difficulties lately, as you may well survive by the lack of even the merest title above. With the imminent arrival or departure of Mr. George Leroy Tirebiter himself you can bet we've been in a virtual flurry of frenzy to finish our overkill lessons before that Big Ball drops once again. What am I talking about? How do I make the typewriter do this? Sorry you asked? Well, don't be, I love you at times like these... See what I mean? If any of you out there have ever done, or plan to do, what we're doing right now, please don't. And if you must, make it in small quantities. This stuff'll rip your brains out. But enough about our award-winning home life. What you been doin' lately, pardners?

The following is NO letter, it's real! Real far away, on the outskirts and in seams of the great State of Being, Washington (neither AC nor DC, but Out West, where men are men and trees are Votes for George) someone wrote us. Well, not us, exactly, but hix. You know, hix.

"Dear Kip:

I happen to know that you know who George Antrobus is. Why won't you admit that he loved dinosaurs as much as he did the end of the world?

Can you deny that the President of these United States might really be named Schickelgruber? After all, who gonna Seconda Wohlda Wah, you so smah?!

And while I'm at it, doesn't Chuck "E." Cheese have relatives in Sumatra? What dirty Chinese laundry is Papoon hiding among the Indians? Not only this, but I'm holding Betty Jo Bialovski in the aviary with the trees, and what a sap she has! She's ready to talk! And I think I know to whom!

To sum it all up: what are my demands? You have until the 38th of Cuneogonda to meet them, or else I'll tip off the Jack Anderson/George Bush gang, both of whom are top-secret billion-dollar androids tied directly into the CIA's central computer database.

Synsurreally, Nick 'The Nick'
P.S. Don't forget, Art's brother-in-law is watching, and NOBODY knows HIZ name!"

Well, you can just imagine the confury with which George took this. And to answer any above allegations not already self-explanatory nor redundant, let us just say: That's "as we know it", Nick; Yes, in fact NSP Mice-Presidential candidate Chuck admits to having originally come from Sumatra, where he and George Papoon had first met during George's years stationed there under CIA auspices; George still has, in fact, a sort of access code to those central database you mentions, nicknamed "Walter" by some of our more fun-loving boys; and you can do what you like, but the trees aren't talking, chuckle! Not to you nor anyone on your list, and, who's listening? We, the pupil! We see all! We nose more! And we'll sniff you out, Nick, we'll getcha this time, till next time, as always, Yours truly, The National Surrealist Party.

Well, that took care of him. Our New York Coordinary, in the meantime, reports a further development among the zips and the bozos in our immediate area and time-frame: It seems that there is a legal battle ensuing as to whether clones of registered NSP voters can, in themselves, be considered viable voters without actually having to undergo the registration process once more. Outcome is dubious; keep us, by all means, posted and plastered along the nearest wall.

Aside from accompanying certain unnamed parties to the amazing adventure in technical stimulation written up by Jill elsewhere in this issue, George Papoon hasn't been doing too much this month, preferring instead to lie back on his sweltering hammock, watch the other candidates blunder their way through the inner tube and into the minds of gullible viewers LIKE YOU, and work on his epic anti-war saga, "Peace by Piece", which will no doubt chronicle the histrionics of Campeon '84/'84 from the moment of conception, when the year 1983 was lifted from us by a CERTAIN political party under orders from a CERTAIN administration, all the way to the end, which can never be too far away! The book proposal will soon be in readiness to be hawked to major publishing companies all over. "I am nothing if not solicitous," ex-claimed Papoon in one of our more lucid non-conversations, "and if I solicit the hell out of this, it should gross more, and probably gross out more, than its contemporary, THE BOOK OF THE SUB-GENIUS—which will receive a premier showing, with George himself somewhere in attendance, at Danceteria in New York on July 14th—"by election time!"

But so far, the biggest CHEERY O goes to Robert Wollard, alias Robert Rabbit, alias Who The Hell Is This Guy Anyway?, of Channel City, California, who put together an amazing collection of THE BEST AND WORST OF CAMPOON '76 all in one little box! Yes, here now, for the first time since last time, the biggest hits and misses of that great surreal group that's been called the Devil Dogs of Modern Comedy (ah, you know, the layers and layers of meaning all wrapped around each other and filled with MORE SUGAR than you can imagine), PLUS their zany and off-the-mark fans! Have fun sorting the wheat from the chaff, and don't forget to RETURN IT ALL, before midnight tonight! Actually, the truly not-insane nonsense made itself more and more apparent as we sifted through the ultra-attractive Mounds of Junk to find the TRULY VALUABLE and PRICELESS! Among the gems are the original TOTLER newsletters, the original MIXVILLE ROCKET and FIREIGN SUN-DUCK, tapes of Campeon '76 featuring Ossman and Austin, the astounding and mind-boggling tape of FIREIGN ON DAVID SUSSKIND (interspersed, incidentally, with JACK POET and CARNATION commercials), and much, much more! It'll take me years to wade through all these goodies, but you've just read about them in MINUTES! So let's have a resounding School of Applause in gratitude to ROBERT WOLLARD, the man who "just couldn't throw it all away", for knowing what to keep! Thanks for everything, Robert!!

Well, I see by the little time-bomb on the wall that we haven't met our quota yet—that's Shoes for Industry, friends—so we'd like to leave you with the commercially successful words of Chuck E. Cheese himself, as seen by millions all across this county line, "You can SMILE, AMERICA" (NOTE: THIS IS A REAL ADVERTISEMENT NOW RUNNING ON THE LOCAL TUBE—YES, CHUCK HAS FOUND HIS WAY INTO THE LIVING ROOMS OF THE MASSES, AND FROM HERE IT'S CERTAINLY A SHORT STEP BEFORE WE DO TOO), and if you think this was a sure-real article, you ain't seen nothing!

Yes! Stay tuned!

I. OBSESSION

Whether it's a "good" movie or not, Jim McBride's (remake [no, let's call it an "update"] of) BREATHLESS will probably be seen by more people (at least here in the states) than have ever seen Godard's original version (at least here in the states). [No doubt I'll be booed by critics (and critical film aficionados) but keep in mind that these are the same morons who are hoola-hoopla-ing RETURN OF THE JEDI and realize that there's no accounting for some taste.]

Reviewers often point out where writers/directors/producers beg/borrow/steal from their predecessors—and whether or not it's a conscious or unconscious cop matters less than whether or not it's effective—effectively disallowing the viewer's suspension of his/her "sense of reality".

Godard's BREATHLESS is a stylish story of Jean-Paul Belmondo's [never wholly explained—or quite believable] obsession with Jean Seberg. The film has long been revered for its innovative use of camera angels [sic] and editing obliques [sic]—so that this French nightmare/fairy tale exists within a jittering syncopation—entirely a product of the late 50's from which it jumped.

This updated BREATHLESS, then, no less a product of the time which gave birth to it, is a jittery syncopation of Richard Gere's [never wholly explained—or quite believable] obsession with Valerie Kaprisky. It's polished in a high style which, though contrary to Godard's roughage, is no less effective given the starluster of this film's Los Angeles as opposed to the earlier film's metamorphosing Paris.

Don't think this reviewer is praising this BREATHLESS. However, don't fall into the mistaken notion that Godard's "original" is the ball-to-end-all either. It was a dazzling beginning, but he's gone downhill from there [where it's almost a tribute if someone else fills your ideas—when you have to keep recycling the same notions over 20+ years on your own, you stop breathing originality and start gasping for air]. Both of these movies could be better, but you're better off seeing both for yourself to find your own preference points—rather like sex, another momentary aberration which has to be experienced in all its forms before savoring what can be most appealing to you alone.

II. FOREPLAY

John Badham's WARGAMES is such a taut and well-made "will we escape the apocalypse and at what price" epic, with such cheerful underpinnings, that you can't help but love it and fear it all in the same instant. Basically, if you don't know already, Matthew Broderick plays a semi-nebbish computer wiz (with full-nebbish parents) who locks into a top-secret Pentagon computer program which plays the possibilities in every tactical encounter from tic tac toe to global thermonuclear war.

Once he discovers the real stakes of the game he's begun, he tries to pull the plug, but this computer doesn't know the meaning of the word "stop". Even though the plot is right out of comic book reality, the grosser implications are horrifying. There's also a sub(liminal) love story wherein Ally Sheedy starts the Kid Wonder's wanderlust in motion, but we have to hope something comes of it before everything comes to nothing.

For the money—this is the most enjoyable movie to come out this summer (so far), if you are able to suspend judgment regarding the logical ramifications of the possible and simply revel in the improbable.

III. FINALE (if there's really such a thing as "the end")

RETURN OF THE JEDI stretches George Lucas' obsession with space technology and heroic fantasy to its "logical" conclusion, and should not be missed by anyone who has seen either of its two predecessors (STAR WARS/THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK). Honestly, there's nothing left to say about this film (that Time hasn't said already).

While BREATHLESS leaves us staggering beneath the possibility for good or evil festering within the individual's obsession and WARGAMES overwhelms us with the damnable potential of a technology we've created to mastermind the things we choose not to think about, RETURN OF THE JEDI offers us hope that someone among us is chosen to pull it all together and lead us out of the abyssal murk we've homed in to. Lucas has oft been praised for his childlike vision, or, rather, his vision of the child (still) harbored within each of us. Here, even more than in the last two films, his now-familiar characters whisk us off on another otherworldly journey beyond reality and into comitose fun and frivolity with just enough existential anguish to allow us re-examination of our own youthful growing pangs. We are left to wonder how we've managed to get this far considering all that we've become and though the end is all sunshine and misty-eyed wonderment, the cynic [all reviewer within this histrionic context] can't help but continue to believe that there are better and more compelling stories to be told. Here's hoping that Lucas (with his unlimited power and capital—these two not always one-and-the-same) will attempt to traverse the distance he's allowed us to believe can be jumped. If only he'd get obsessed with...but that's his problem. Ours is how to delve into what's offered on the slippery screen without becoming suckers for the schlock-mongers and apolotheops who call Hollywood home.

COMING ATTRACTIONS: OCTOPUSSY, SUPERMAN III, MY LUNCH WITH ELAYNE, DAMN YANKEES!! [ED: You talk about that lunch and I'll be sorry...]

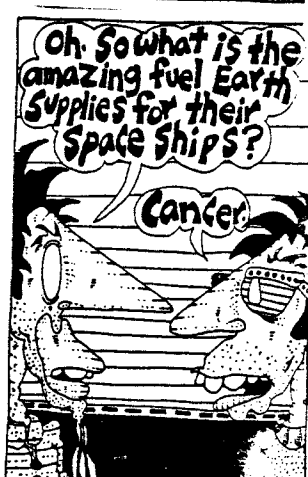
Here I'm moved to digress momentarily regarding the rights and the role of the reviewer versus the rights and role of the viewer. While the main purpose of narrative films (read: movies) has always been to entertain (primarily) and occasionally to educate (secondarily—and more effectively when the message is so tied up in the narrative as to not seem a lesson at all), this requires the viewer to temporarily suspend his/her "sense of reality" and accept the movie as the absolute truth of the moment. However, the reviewer must take this momentary aberrant reality and place it within a larger (albeit limited) historical context—limited simply by the reviewer's own historical context.

Digression, too: Like a James Bond epic (look for OCTOPUSSY soon—the trailer playing in theaters now is better than any two of his last three films) best regarded as pure entertainment and not a serious consideration of the consequence of good and evil escalated to the extreme, WARGAMES is most satisfying when you're left to wonder, wide-eyed, "Is this a game, or is this real?"

WSO: You Don't Think His Corny Lines Are Insincere

I've abandoned the habit of reading reviews (particularly of movies I'm eager to see) because "reviewers" have turned to offering up computer synopses instead of stating where a film falls in its cultural milieu.





Be an ordained High Priest of the Forbidden Sciences... go out in your spare time.
Cynical religion and a Society for Strange People.
The Church of the SubGenius is a parody of the future, uniting superior mutants, renegades, weirdos and sinners in a rampage of bizarre, prophetic yaks. Simultaneously a financial religion and a bombardment of blasphemy.

Mutant Gland People!

The Church of the SubGenius is the pan-religion of the future, uniting superior mutants, renegades, weirdos and sinners in a rampage of bizarre, prophetic yaks. Simultaneously a financial religion and a bombardment of blasphemy.



MAKIN' MOVIES

Those of you out there in Wackyland lucky enough to have your MTV (and eat it, too) may remember the MTV video star contest. I'm quite happy to say that I didn't win, nor did I get a chance to do a video with =sigh= Loverboyd. Gee whiz, shucks, etc. But I did get a chance the other weekend to do a video...with a friend's cute niece (hee hee!) so there we were...semi-talented songwriter, cute video student, guy holding the Visa card and yours truly, looking rather odd in a hat, antique black coat and colorful scarf, holding a moog synthesizer (well, whoever said I don't hold a mean synthesizer?). Four of the most creative minds in northwestern Pennsylvania. Ahh, but we need a camera! 45 minutes later in a shopping center in Erie, we learned lesson one: video equipment doesn't rent cheap. Not even anywhere near inexpensively. In fact, it took a bit of charming to sales clerk to convince her not to put the \$1600 deposit on Paul's Visa (with the \$600 limit), and, all creative maneuvering aside, it still cost 70 bucks to rent the camera and the recorder for a day. That's not pocket change.

Anyhow, if was about eleven in the p.m. that crisp, cool Saturday night we gathered props for the production...a bright light; some fine wine glasses; a jug of cheap wine; a severed hand; the aforementioned moog...everything the hi-class 'while-u-wait' production company needs. Perhaps most fortunate was the fact that the song the performance was based on was written and sung by our lead actor, with previous experience. No rank amateurs here...no sir! After about 15 or 20 minutes of devising a story, we ran through it a few times...by the time we were ready to start that camera rolling it was about 12:00 a.m.

We filmed once, experimentally, and rushed inside to see the results. As the tv flickered away, we found we had a real dark video. Somehow, we had set some such dial or this or that incorrectly, and we couldn't see a thing for the darkness. Horrors! And Valeria looked so darn nice in profile, too. Oh, well...back to the ol' drawing board. Being somewhat after 1:00 a.m., the crew hobbled off to bed. We decided to film (?) later in the morning, closer to dawn...about 4 hours down the line.

When we finally got the cast and crew awake and jacked up full of good ol' caffeine, we sat down and looked over the tape of the morning's production...again. Vowing excitedly (or, as excited as one can get at that hour of the morning) to do ourselves one better, Paul, Valerie, Pete and I headed out. We gathered the props again and cleaned off the mirror (the storyline involved the contents of a wine glass thrown at it). We waited for Valerie to fix her hair (as all teenage girls seem to) and proceeded to make video history. Well, uh...almost.

We tried ways of doing things that, while not all that unusual on television, weren't used too much in Valerie's class at school. We shot a few different versions...one or two with the camera on a tripod, stationary; and a few with the camera following the lead actor (sorta like when David Letterman takes a backstage tour). All manner of interesting angles. After finishing up the long shots, we set up yet again for the tight spots Valerie would edit in later on. I had assumed that Pete singing to his tape would lip synch okay...but I thought that maybe the shot of him playing the keyboards to his piano score might be difficult. Incredibly enough, he pulled it off flawlessly...and we all breathed a heavy sigh. This thing would have something to do with music after all. (Cute scenes of weird-looking guys in scarves will take you only so far.)

Everything came off nicely...right down to the parting shot of wine glasses toasting above the keyboard. I guess we got lucky...nobody walked out, no minor acts of God; nothing major got in the way. =Phew!= So we looked over the footage of the past 3 hours' work...and enjoyed it in its unedited form as best we could. Not having all the necessary facilities to edit the thing right there that weekend, I have yet to see the finished project...and it may be some time before I see a finished version, 'cause I don't have a VCR! Oh, well...it was fun. Everybody ought to try it once or twice—it's theoretically easier than grabbing the Super 8 and shooting a feature film. A song tends to give some sort of a focal point and it also tells you when to turn off the camera (if you don't know what you're doing, you may not want to shoot an epic feature film!).

As is the case with most basement productions, this one probably won't make it to MTV. (And being as the music is a tad softer than, say, Journey or Ozzy Osbourne, it probably wouldn't make the MTV playlist.) But if you live in Mentor, Ohio (or know someone who does), look for it on the public access channel. Thanx!

Remember, I'm the one with the scarf, holding the moog.

EUGENE BERENSON, college student, up for you here. Keep watching your chest when it bleeds. Ned Proctorson, 55 State #487, St. 9104

DARK WINGS OVER EASY

CHAPTER EIGHT

by Roldo

Sam and the Alien resumed the trek to "The Cornered Rat" in quest of booze and seclusion. As they strode with purposeful strides through the milling streets, Sam became increasingly aware why while none of the passing horde was giving the Alien even a first look, he himself was becoming the object of considerable scrutiny. One citizen actually stopped dead in his tracks and gaped openly at Sam as they approached. "Sorry I don't have an 8by10 glossy to give you, asshole," Sam snarled, "but if I wasn't urgently involved in pressing matters, I could just wait here whilst you scamper off home and fetch your trusty Instamatic."

"I beg your pardon?" queried the offending member. "I said, 'Stop staring at me, Maggot-farm, I have a notoriously low tolerance for rude idiots,'" but since Sam and his companion had scarcely paused for this encounter, the caustic reply was delivered over Sam's shoulder which cost it much of its impact, though its satisfaction value was scarcely diminished.

"Amazing," Sam announced, mostly to his new friend, "You come from another world but these dolts choose me to exercise some dim form of mental process on."

"Not so odd," replied the calm voice of the Alien. "Since my own form and appearance would cause me a great deal of difficulty if perceived by your fellow Terrans, I project a mental image that varies slightly to everyone who sees me. What you see, for instance, is whatever your mind will find easiest to deal with...and trust. It's absolutely imperative that you trust me."

"I wish you hadn't told me that," Sam answered, "I'm distrustful by nature, and it doesn't help to know you're in disguise."

"That's precisely why I told you," the Alien explained. "If I hadn't you'd have become even more suspicious eventually, wondering why I look so familiar. Anyway, I need your mind undistracted if you're going to assimilate all I'm about to tell you without going into shock."

"Your planet must have a strange concept of elementary psychology," Sam told him. "First you leave an incomprehensible message with one of the most unstable personalities in existence, then you have me beaten to a pulp to limber my mind for coming revelations, and now you inform me that you're a mirage. Very soothing, thank you."

The Alien stopped suddenly.

"Look," he said, "you're going to have to get used to a lot in a terrific hurry, and it's not my fault that the fastest way to teach new facts to your type of semi-evolved simian is shock, so just make the best of it and above all else, Stop Gripping! You're about to learn a few things that will make every problem you ever considered problematic seem like the Kiddie Fun page of those moronic 'newspapers' your species puts so much faith on. So pull yourself together—you're in no shape to fall apart, and believe me, you're going to."

"Cheerier and cheerier," grumbled Sam. "And have you any advice on how I can get about accomplishing this emotional transformation?"

FIRE SIGNALS

When last I spoke briefly with Phil Proctor, he (and, presumably, the other 2 Firesign Theatre members Austin and Bergman, along with producer Fred Jones) was right in the middle of taping a radio pilot, and really couldn't talk, so no details this month from the California guys. I believe the stage show mentioned in the last couple IJs is going on this month, but again, no firm confirmations of anything. I hope to connect better with Mr. Proctor next month...

David Ossman, on the other hand, has been talking and writing a lot. I'm happy to say. Dave has finished two original plays, based on stories by O. Henry, and done revisions on two other stories ("The Man Without A Country" and Poe's "Gold Bug"), in preparation for producing and directing the four half-hours for the 'young people's' radio series done by WGBH in Boston (and distributed by National Public Radio across the country) THE SPIDER'S WEB. Dave will be in Boston commencing taping the beginning of July, and will almost definitely take a weekend off to come down to NY/NJ to visit with IJers/SHAZ members Anni Achner, Jill Zimmerman and myself, and to view the Greenwich Village-based NY Actors' Ensemble's production of I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS (reviewed below) before it closes on July 10, before returning to Boston, hopping down to Washington DC for a week or so, and then finishing up, once again, in Boston. We'll try to keep y'all up on all of this as soon as we catch up...

California correspondent Dana A. Snow, whose fifth GOONZINE is due in my hot little hands soon (will review, most likely, in July's FAN NOOSE column), reports that when he last spoke to Peter Bergman, the latter mentioned a script-in-progress as a possible P.B.S.A. record in the future. Dana says Peter reported the record "might be with Rhino but they're also going to inquire with MCA Records and other labels, because Rhino has no promotion". Also, the principal photography has apparently been completed on THE VOLKS OF OXNARD, which "will be released by MCA next Xmas". Again, updates from Dana and myself as soon as we hear them... And now, back to NY again, as we take in a play, and

I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS IN THIS THEATRE

(thanks to Jilly for her help with this)

Not being a VILLAGE VOICE reader, as mentioned elsewhere in this IJ, I first heard about the New York Actors' Ensemble production of one of the most popular TFT cult-records from David Ossman, who'd heard about it from Peter Bergman, who'd originally given permission to the people in question, who...but before we all become as confused as me by these trivialities, let us return to the Courtyard Playhouse, located at 39 Grove Street, west of Sheridan Square, on June 17, 1983...

Jill Zimmerman and I arrived early at the theatre in order to chat with the cast and take advantage of the facilities (labelled by the players the "Bozos" and "Bozoettes" rooms). I had a pleasant and lengthy chat with director Steve Zimmer, who explained how the production got started: seems that back in January of last year Steve was handed a copy of the script (taken from the Big Book of Plays) by friend Joshua Abbey, who'd received permission from Bergman to perform the play. Steve hadn't listened to TFT in awhile, and the project went on the back burner, but was pulled out a short time later as ideas formed in Zimmer's head on how to translate the classic to the stage. (According to Dave Ossman, he knows of two other productions of BOZOS that have taken place on stage; one of these could have been the one in California originally viewed by Abbey.) Steve's biggest reservation seemed to be the transition elements of the play, which he felt are the roughest parts to translate from a recording on to a stage. Steve was delighted to learn of the probably imminent attendance of Dave O on the weekend of 7/9-10, and expressed his trepidation that he hoped the production would be up to the same quality as the record. He needn't have worried.

Jill and I made the near-fatal mistake of agreeing to sit through the opening production playing along with BOZOS, a thoroughly pretentious and nauseatingly hilarious interpretive dance/"poetry" piece entitled RIVERTIP. We winced for over 45 minutes as five "dancers" and one very tired-looking blonde "narrator" pretended they were rocks and rapids and I couldn't help thinking of that song from A CHORUS LINE... "every day for a week we tried to feel the wind rush, feel the wind rush..."...really, a total waste of time, but I suppose there's an audience out there even for this stuff, somewhere.

On the other hand, perhaps it further fueled our appreciation for what was to follow, on the "ridiculous-to-sublime" principle. We watched as the stagehands, including Zimmer, redecorated the "set" in large pastel-coloured triangles and other nifty shapes, and set up ten chairs which were to represent the bozobus, as the (according to Steve, regrettably less-than-adequate) sound system piped in the "Four Gobs" bit from FIGHTING CLOWNS, including the "Nuclear War" song. As the song faded, the production began, with seven or eight bozos waiting for the ~~Electrician~~ Future Fair's arrival at a bus stop, discussing life's more esoteric moments ("You know, it's not who you've been, it's WHERE YOU NOSE!", "I think I said that someone before..."), while I nodded at the ingenuity of using this kind of beginning (especially for an audience which may not be that acquainted with the original) in place of the ol' ice cream truck music. Clem (David Taft) walks on the set carrying computer readouts under his arm, and proceeds to wait at the bus stop with the rest of them, when they begin to hear the beginning strains of "Live In The Future! Yes, Live In The Future...". The first thing that crossed my mind was, wait a minute, they've got the inflections all wrong! They're supposed to say it this way...when I suddenly realized that the inflections and altered beginning and other subtle touches were ENTIRELY APPROPRIATE for what Zimmer and the cast were trying to do! They worked perfectly, and because of that fact, captured the essence (to quote Anni, "the Zen") of BOZOS much more effectively than if the actors had just quoted lines verbatim. (I mean, after all, anyone can do that, and has, eh?) That said, we were more than overwhelmed by the first appearance of THE HOLYGRAMS (played more than brilliantly by Alan Cabal, Kate Connelly and Kim Waitman(?)), who beckoned Clem and the bozos on to the bus, where the adventure begins.

Unnecessary to repeat here the plot; a few highlights will suffice: The Dr. Technical "In the beginning, there was this Turtle" lecture was performed by bozos and accompanied by the funniest slide show this side of Loomania, while Clem sat in the audience right in front of us, taking it all in even as we were. Connelly and Cabal surpassed our wild-expectations as Chester Cadaver and Mr. Brown, explaining the New Model Government machine (which was composed of the bozos who'd just given their opinions on the Future), and then it was time to meet the President (focus in on a slide of the Presidential seal, emblazoned with the words "He walks, He talks!"). An interesting side-line here: the part of "Jim" ("Well, Mr. President, it's the bees and spiders again...") was played by a NY-style Vall! And it worked! Clem becomes absolutely maniacal as he makes his first unsuccessful attempt to subvert the computer Dr. Memory, and storms out with a decided "Damn it!" only to run into Barney (Anthony Piazza, who looks spookily exactly like Phil Proctor—yes yes, we know Barney was PA in the original...) again outside the Wall of Science, where bozos are running around playing video games ("oh no, they're cloning, there's 20,000 of those beaners now!") and other oddities. They are then confronted, almost run over in fact, by Mark Time and Chucko, and then Hideo Nuts—oh, nuts, why tell you the whole plot if you know it already? The actors we've mentioned all turn in outstanding performances (also commendable are Alan's Mark Time, Floyd Damme and excellent Clem/Clone, which, when instructed "Flip-flop!", goes into the "Daisy, Daisy..." bit from 2001; Kim(?)'s interpreter-for-the-deaf! who stands alongside Floyd Damme, and Chucko the sidekick; and Donald Viscardi's unforgettably wonderful Sir Sidney Fudd), and the energy level was unbelievable right on thru to the end, when the cast took curtain calls to the background tune of "This Bus Won't Go To War", also from FIGHTING CLOWNS. We were amazed by the infectious enthusiasm displayed by the cast (some of which may, in all fairness and not to sound egocentric, have been due to our presence, as we'd met them all beforehand and they seemed thrilled that at last some hardcore TFT aficionados had shown up; as an aside, Jill returned the following evening and later remarked on how the audience was certainly more sedate and the cast seemed to follow their example), and have heartily recommended this show not only to Dave but to any NY-area TFT fans (and, for that matter, fans of good fun theatre) around. I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS is playing Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights at 9pm, through July 10, at the Courtyard Playhouse (now that they've adverted in VW, it might be a good idea to call ahead for reserves—(212) 620-7188—we, of course, also recommend that you skip entirely RIVERTIP but the problem with that is you might not get optimum seats afterward). The price is \$4 for just BOZOS; \$6 for both shows. Concessions include drinkables and nifty t-shirts (the ts cost only \$5). I plan to institute IJ group trips on the weekend of July 1-3 again, so if anyone out there is interested, please drop me a line or call or hint...WELL WORTH IT!!

I thought the above review would more than make up for the fact that I have no quiz for this month, nor have I yet completed my self-assigned task of checking out record stores for the best comedy record & FT record bargains—wanna do it, Jed?—but I hope to have either of the two above-mentioned items ready for next time. Most likely the quiz, which will be a CUE-QUITZ (DO's quiz will probably not be available till August or September at the earliest). Thanks and kudos again this time to WNEW-FM dj Earl Bailey, the only commercial dj I know of in the NY area who at least plays bits of FT; and till next month, I guess I'll see you all on the funway...

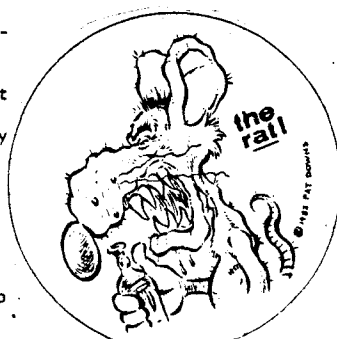
ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUIZ (ALBUM NAMES MAY BE SLIGHTLY ABBREVIATED TO SAVE SPACE): 1. How Can You Be In Two Places... 2. Everything You Know Is Wrong 3. Fighting Clowns 4. In The Next World... 5. Lawyer's Hospital 6. Dear Friends 7. The Giant Rat of Sumatra 8. Don't Crush That Dwarf... 9. Lost Comedie 10. Waiting For The Electrician... 11. How Time Flies 12. Nick Danger/Missing Shoe 13. Not Insane 14. I Think We're All Bozos... 15. Just Folks 16. Lost Comedie 17. Bozos 18. How Can You Be In... 19. Next World 20. Just Folks 21. Not Insane 22. Electrician 23. Giant Rat 24. Dwarf 25. Fighting Clowns 26. Everything You Know... 27. Missing Shoe 28. Dear Friends 29. How Time Flies 30. Lawyer's Hospital

The Courtyard Playhouse 39 Grove St. Box Office 620-7183
Office 620-7185

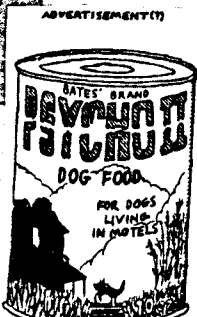
RIVERTIP AND THE 'I'M OK, YOU'RE OK' CORRAL

FR. SAT. SUN. at 8 PM
JUNE 10, 11, 12

Equity Approved; funded, non-profit theatre code production



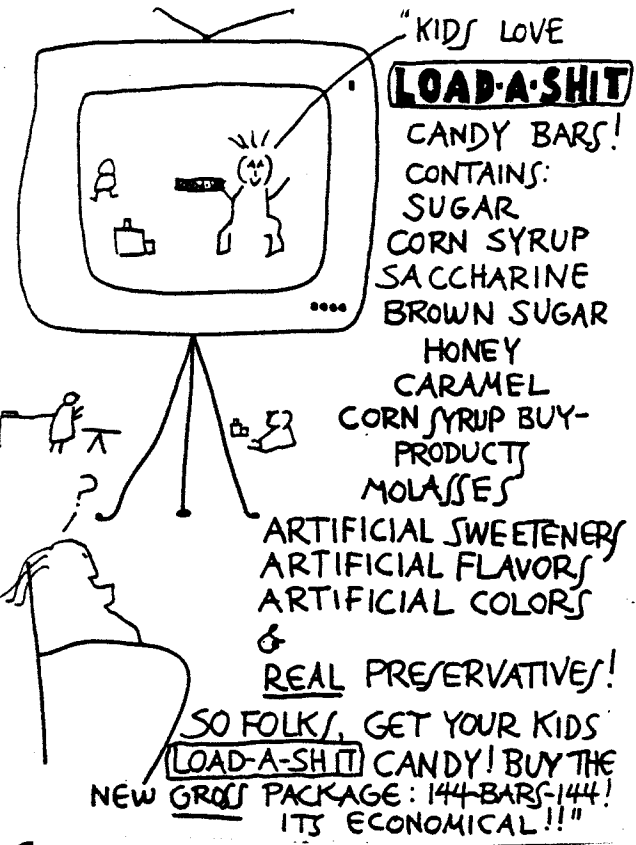
COMING SOON:
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THE 'I'M
OK, YOU'RE
OK'
CORRAL



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Jed Harting

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NEW **GROSS** PACKAGE: 144-BARS-144!
ITS ECONOMICAL!!"

(de)famed in voice and story

By now you've no doubt all heard of LJ's brief stint in the Mecca of the New York Chic Clic, the VILLAGE VOICE. As I understand it from Elayne, the whole fiasco began quite innocently a few months back, when Paul Buhle requested an interview with her. She wasn't so much impressed with where her words would be printed as much as the fact that she was being asked at all. After repeated warnings to Buhle that she could in no way be considered a definitive source of information on zines, fandom, punk, and hardly anything in general for that matter, and Buhle assured her that point was of little consequence in any case as she was the closest thing he had to any source at all, she agreed to forego setting up any job interviews for the following day (this occurred during Elayne's most recent celebrated "blue period" of the six-month unemployment phase) and meet Buhle at the NYC library where he had an office.

Elayne was interviewed in a quaint little teashop in Soho for half an hour. Very few of her pearls of semi-knowledge were to make it in the final version of Buhle's article, but Elayne was even more naive about this than I am about certain things (if that's possible), and passed off Buhle's air of superiority and fairly egocentric offhand remarks to her as probably overanalysis on her part. She handed Paul a number of zines she'd received from fellow editors (to this date, none of which have been returned), and proceeded to try and answer his seemingly off-the-track questions as best she could. Throughout it all, she got the distinct feeling she was being forcibly pigeonholed, she tells me, and could do nothing about it. Again, this dread was chalked up to excessive paranoia, and subsequently forgotten.

The article was postponed and postponed and finally appeared in the June 1st edition of VV. Elayne wound up being more or less a footnote, which she really didn't mind, as she doesn't even read the VOICE. But the attitude displayed in the article was the same one she'd sensed on that day a few months back. And, of course, it was also the attitude of which the VILLAGE VOICE positively reeks each and every week, the self-satisfied, tunnel-visioned smugness that has earned it the reputation only it can merit. But on to specifics:

Imagine Elayne's employers' surprise when they discovered that she was "chronically between jobs"! Imagine her parents' surprise when they learned by inference that she actually liked living at home! And, as Kip M. Ghesin remarked to me upon skimming said article, "Imagine my surprise to find out that Elayne's 'sizzling with ideas'. I just thought her brain was frying." In a foolish attempt to categorize that which defies categorization (something rampant in Buhle's and other VOICE writings, I gather), Buhle had started off with one piece of private information about Elayne's home life that was absolutely NOBODY'S BUSINESS, and one out-and-out lie. It brought home to all of us here at LJ, once again, the usually unexplainable reasons why we don't read the voice, and why we don't hang around trendies even though Elayne works in the East Village, and why even I sometimes despise ex-60's radicals and tunnel-vision in general. To set the record straight, for those of you who know better anyway—Elayne has never in her life been chronically between jobs. Whence Buhle dreamt up this line of total horseshit only he knows. There was a year-and-a-half period in which she was freshly graduated with no idea where to turn and an intense dislike for the business world (which, in fact, she still harbors, but hides it 8 hours a day out of economic necessity), and during that time she did office temporary work, so if she could be said to be chronical-

ly between jobs at any time in her life, it might have been then; even so, she was working most of that time, just not always at the same place. Nobody with any kind of sense considers a six-month period of unemployment a chronic state, especially when one has just worked for two years straight through at their previous job. Unfortunately, this belies the type of person one is dealing with here. Mr. Buhle, if you get even simple facts like this wrong, how good an interviewer can you be? I put it to you, sir, if you don't listen, if you have your mind made up beforehand, what is the purpose of pretending to reach out to others and find out their viewpoints? Not to mention (which I shall anyway) your damning mention of Elayne's home situation. She mentioned that to you as a purely by-the-way remark, you twit, and had assumed (in fact, insists to me she requested this of you out loud) that bit of irrelevant information would go no further than your conversation. You had no right to print that line, Paul, it was, plain and simple, rude. And while we're at it, let's talk about the award winner for Most Out-of-Context Line in the whole misleading article. You, Paul, wrote further on that a certain LJ contributor mentioned that all true revolutionaries live at home. I sense we're not reading the same magazine here, Paul. (I wonder, in fact, if you'll even bother reading this, my dear; perhaps it's easier on your warped perspective to make yourself believe you read it, but to actually remember it as being different in focus. I can hardly wait to see which remark you quote out of context from here, if you do.) The contributor you misquoted was me, and what I said was along the lines of, in today's world, economics has a direct bearing on whether or not people can afford (both literally and figuratively) to carry on a revolution, and it seems that the only folks with the moolah are the teens and those still living with the folks. You figure it out, readers. Does this mean the only true revolutionaries are those who live with their parents? Jesus Christ, Paul, you have no sense of journalistic responsibility, do you? I really am disappointed. Elayne's just plain hurt.

You must understand, Paul, that the previous paragraph was written in the heat of anger, and does not mean to deter from the fact that Elayne and the rest of us do appreciate and thank you profusely for your mention of LJ in the column, and for your plug. It has gotten us new subscribers (misdled tho they may have been by your tone), and, of course, you were extremely wonderful and kind to even do it in the first place, even if you were getting paid for it. It was a very nice gesture, and we realize you meant well, dear. And we do thank you, as I said. But we would urge you, from now on, to get the facts correct. And, should you choose to write about us again, could Elayne please see a copy of the final draft? One thing a writer must remember is that if s/he is trying to write from an objective perspective (granted,

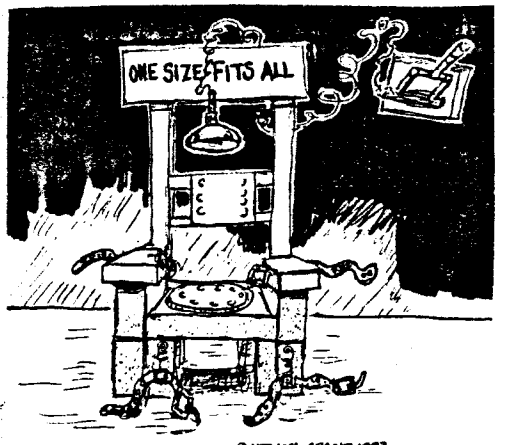
all but impossible in the VILLAGE VOICE), it should be deemed necessary to get the opinions of his subjects. Why you did not do this is beyond us. It is nothing less than irresponsible, and—well, it's just not fair, that's all. To paint a false picture of someone before they've even had time to create a bad reputation on their own! Sheesh. Please don't take any of this personally, Paul (heh heh)—as we say, we understand that the article was well-meant. But if you wish to continue doing things like this, you must open your mind a little more to what's really going on around you. And you must never betray trust.

BY George R. Eddy

wild ratty



Some people believe anything. Don't you?
Boboon Dooley
7 So H Rr
Kinne NJ
07405



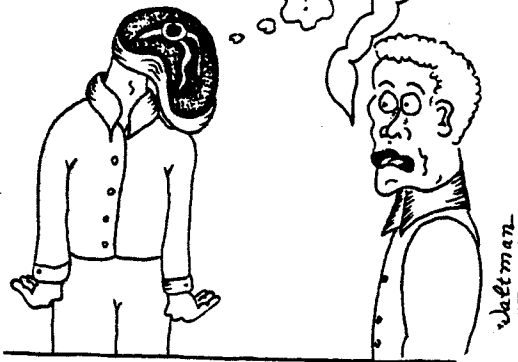
ONE SIZE FITS ALL

NOTHING HERE YOU CAN'T
MAKE UP YOURSELVES

↑ articulate cont'd up there...

ALSO PLEASE FORGIVE PAPER
CREASES- NOBODY'S PERFECT...

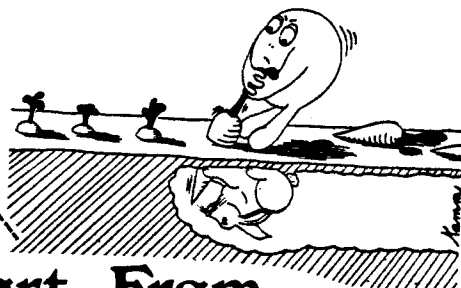
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and over." — OVERWORLD

A Fanatical Attack on
FANATICISM



Report From Wimbledon

by R.S. Preuss

There are some people and things that in one act or circumstance or moment leave an indelible mark on our memories, then seem to just disappear from the present.

Everyone remembers Paul's "grandfather" from "A Hard Day's Night", of course...funniest thing about the film, right? Few people, however, know what 'e's done since then, whether 'e opened up a chain of hamburger shops or head shops (which are like hamburger shops in some ways, except head shops cater to those looking to turn their brains into 'am-burger) or, as some say, has really been writing all of Paul McCartney's songs since the latter's break from the Beatles. And, by the way, 'oo's 'eard from them lately, for that matter?

Well, I happen to know that 'e turned up at Wimbledon again this year, selling umbrellas, 'e was, and making a small fortune as well.

Ah, Wimbledon! The last bastion of "real tennis", where players' names are preceded by an "Mr." or a "Mrs." or a "Miss" and the ball-boys wait to be signalled by players before delivering up the felt-covered little toilet stoppers.

As usual, the toughest competitors this year were the bees, who fought scrappily with players over a few precious inches of turf, and though heavily outplayed (John McEnroe alone beheaded hundreds of them with his racquet-gut), they won a rally here or there with a timely sting, causing some fuss, although the medical staff of the All-England Club was up to the task!

"What seems to be the trouble, guv'nur?"

Player (holding wrist and wincing): "Bee sting."

"Bee sting? Why, 'ow do you know it's a bee sting?"

Player holds up arm revealing five-foot lance with barb protruding through the skin on the opposite side.

"Oh. Well then. Now see 'ere, lad, I'm the physician. Just take a little spin off your serve and 'it yer approaches to 'is backhand."

"Just a spot of that ointment will do just fine, doc."

And of course, the people from Chemlawn were there, doing a fine job keeping the playing surface free from whatever it is ails grass, although they might have overdone it a bit. Kathy Renaldi swears she heard some of those bees coughing as they tried to stab her in the calf, and if you looked closely you might've noticed that the lawn wasn't actually green this year but a subtle Mars violet. But it didn't really seem to affect play all that much; besides, most of the younger players have NEVER SEEN real grass.

And the usual assortment of characters were in attendance, trying for the most part to keep hairdos intact (with the exception of Mr. Ted Tining, of course, the "apparel" designer who actually played tennis about a hundred years ago and reportedly uses Turtle Wax to keep the rain out of his metencephalon). The usual smattering of the royal and the nearly royal, the curious, the enthusiasts, the bored.

The most remarkable character, in my estimation, and according to the attention he receives in telecast reports, remains Mr. Fortesque Wright, the irrepressible net judge at Wimbledon, who has presided, forefinger ever poised on the net cord in order to determine a "let", for as long as anyone cares to remember. His name alone is inspiration to net cord judges and would-bes everywhere. Where do you get a name like Fortesque? Famed for being a sensitive, delicate instrument, his forefinger, it is said, can detect the slightest tremor...a sparrow lighting on a picket fence forty-seven miles away would not go unnoticed by that digit...it's that sensitivity that makes him a popular figure off the court as well despite his advancing years.

It is reported that Mr. Wright has expressed a desire to be buried beneath the playing surface at Center Court when he departs from this world and I'm sure there is no one who would deny this wish. The brave, calculating, relentless manner in which he has gamely performed a rigorous, thankless and exhausting task have earned "Finger" a measure of respect and admiration unparalleled in modern sport.

It is also widely believed among tennis novitiates that Fortesque often dozes off during the course of a match, usually during an unusually long point. Some say it is a unique configuration of the nervous system that allows his finger to remain alert and the vocal chords active to pronounce the famous cry of "let!" at the appropriate moment even as the rest of Mr. Wright is off painting clouds.

We insiders know that Fortesque Wright has, however, actually been dead for some sixteen years...you might have seen the gentleman at net post start to slide off...perhaps in the second set of the women's doubles final...until the body could be repositioned to a quick thinking official...of course, it is once again, in the interest of preserving tradition that the inert form is propped there at the netpost...but they swear, that finger still lives, that it is still Fortesque Wright's voice that cries "let!"...from the beyond.

It occurs to me that this image may best sum up the Lawn Tennis Championships this year...I can give no real response to those who argue that "tradition implies predictability". Perhaps some day, long after the human species has departed this planet, something will carry over. Many have argued that when nature does try again—it might well be with an order such as that of the bees—no doubt, there will be a tournament at Wimbledon even then. Congrats again to the Chemlawn people.

MORE LIES FROM DIAL-A-RUMOR

by the Rev. Mahatma Propaghandi

Frustrated by systematic circumvention of the liquor laws by underage drinkers equipped with foolproof fake ID devised according to instructions in paper-tripping manuals published by Loompanics Unlimited, the California Liquor Control Commission is formulating a questionnaire to be administered to prospective purchasers by bars and liquor stores. Each month a new set of questions will be asked which will—according to sociologists from UC Berkeley's Center for the Study of Law and Society—reliably sort out the under-21's from older tipplers.

However, as a result of a black-bag job carried out in Sacramento by the Twinkie Foundation of Cambodia, the questions for July 1983 have been revealed. In order to get sloshed in California next month, a customer must answer at least two of the following three questions correctly:

1. Who was Joanie Caucus?
2. What does it mean to "tilt"?
3. What is the function of the little red string on a Band-Aid?

Since the Foundation's press release neglected to include the answers to these queries, it is perhaps not surprising that high school guidance counselors throughout the state report that an influx of interested students has revitalized their schools' hitherto somnolent American Studies program.

There's a new videogenic social disease making the rounds, to the dismay of thoughtful observers. Prolonged exposure to video screens of any kind is the cause of the malady, known as Hugh Downs Syndrome; those afflicted are colloquially referred to as Caucasoid idiots. Among the symptoms are chocolate tunnel vision, IQ double-digitalis, and the sincere conviction that Processed World is published by dissident office workers. Serious outbreaks were reported in the wake of the US Festival and following the airing of the TV mini-series "The Winds of War" and "The Thorn Birds". And with covert bankrolling by millionaire computer nerd Steve Wozniak, cybernetic socialists Jerry Brown and Adam Cornford hope to erect on the ruins of the personalities of the victims of this tragic public health catastrophe a new order, the Dictatorship of the Atari.

Now that the Congressional police force has investigated its employers regarding drug charges and declared them pure as the driven snow, the Ron Dellums cocaine syndicate is proceeding to carry out its contractual obligation to supply the drug to the Coca-Cola Company—which, in a related development, has announced plans to return to its original cocaine-based beverage formula. Close personal ties between Dellums and Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young dating back to their salad days together in the Congressional Black Caucus helped grease the wheels on the deal, but what emboldened Coca-Cola executives to act was the recent revision of school lunch program regulations by Agriculture Secretary John Block which reclassified cola as a green vegetable.

Workmen excavating the beds of San Francisco's cable-car tracks have unearthed the remains of a lost civilization which flourished on the site of The City at an as yet uncertain date in the distant past. This mysterious people erected pyramids serving no apparent useful purpose, unless possibly to propitiate alien intruder and intergalactic bad neighbor Jehovah I who—competent students now agree—has been manipulating humanity's biology and history for kicks for countless millennia.

These ancients worked the fertile trilobite banks off the Farallones, and—being good head hunters—practiced rubyfruit horticulture when not warring with their neighbors to the east, the primitive Yonamas who occupied the site of present-day Oakland. UC Berkeley archaeologists—smarting over their expulsion from Ethiopia by its Marxist government under pressure from the Rastafarian International—have shifted their attention to these earliest known San Franciscans, who, since they may have been contemporaneous with the so-called Mound Builders of the Midwest, have been called the Mound Munchers by Prof. J. Desmond Clark.

DIAL-A-RUMOR: (415) 843-7474 . . . the phone-call of the wild.

WSO - You Wish You Looked Better For Him, And You RESEMBLE CATHERINE DENEUVE

BUNNIES FROM HELL!

by Clark Dissmeyer

Allow me to introduce myself. The name is Clem Scours, licensed veterinarian of the state of Nebraska and investigator of all the dark rural legends and horrors that clot the ghastliest, most haunted stretch of land in these United States....the dreaded Great Plains. And it's in the most dreaded spot of all that I make my headquarters--the town of Buttllick, NE, the county seat of Buttllick county.

If you take the old Froggy Crick Road heading east out of Buttllick a mile and a half out from town, you'll come to a gravel road veering off to your right. It's not an actual road, but a driveway that heads up a slope that becomes a hill and then a mountain. The road is treacherous and full of pot-holes, and legends tell of many a pickup that met its doom in trying to scale that barren, monolithic hill on which sits the Cartwright Rabbit Farm.

But I had the sturdiest 4-wheeler in all Buttllick, and no road, no matter how awful could deter me from my appointment with Hymie Skimp, whose slightly tremulous voice had begged me over the phone to come up to the Hill. His voice had been full of fear...of what I couldn't say, so my curiosity was of course piqued.

Two buildings stand atop the hill: the Cartwright home, a luxurious modern house; and the farm itself, which was simply a large sheet-metal structure, maybe 30 yards wide and 50 long. When I drove up I saw the spindly, pale figure of Hymie come out of the shade of the building and amble over to my pickup. I got out and shook his hand.

"On break?" I asked, to which he nodded.

"Well, what's on your mind, Hymie?"

He glanced around furtively, as if afraid he was being watched. At last he stuttered through trembling lips: "W-well, this may seem strange, Dr. Scours, but I'm afraid fer my life. I don't know how to say it..."

He saw the look in my eyes that said: Afraid of what?

"It...it's the rabbits, sir..." He leaned closer to me and glanced over his shoulder. "They're after me because they know I've found out their secret, and they want to shut me up!"

"What is it you know?" I asked. "How do you know?"

"Well, you'll find it hard to believe 'cause you ain't seen what I seen!...Everybody thinks they're just cute fuzzy little bunnies, but I know better. Oh, sure, most bunnies is harmless, but since Miz Toadbrew brought then new rabbits in, things've been happenin'!"

"What kind of things, Hymie?"

"Oh, gawd, you don't want to know! At first, all those rabbits on the farm was normal. But then Miz Toadbrew brought in those new ones, and used 'em for breeders. And now they're all like that! They're smarter, meaner...I shudder to think what else!"

"Well," I said, "How about if you let me see them?"

He had never stopped looking over his shoulder. The guy was obviously rattled. "Alright. But Miz Toadbrew won't like that... she knows my days is numbered now, that I know, and she won't like me bringin' you in, but..."

Hymie's job was to scoop manure out from under the cages, eight hours a day, five days a week. When we opened the door the odor hit us like a collapsing grain silo. Living with that odor every day, maybe that's what unhinged Hymie, I mused...for it seemed to me he certainly must have "mice in the attic"...or "toys in the belfry" or some damn thing.

Inside were cages and cages of rabbits, stacked high, extending in long rows for the full length of the shed. Under each cage was a piece of slanting metal that the little bunny turds dropped into until sliding down into the heaping manure troughs set in the floor below. There must have been five thousand rabbits in that building.

And each completely normal. Timid, jittery, with cute little ears and twitching whiskers. Normal. I told him so.

"It jest looks that way!" he said in frustration. "They always act normal when strangers come around. But you should see them when I'm alone in here. They stick their fuzzy little butts up against the side of the cage and try to pee on me when I go by. One time one of the little monsters peed right into my glove. And that's not the half of it! Sometimes they're as quiet as can be, and just sit around starin' at me, and I can almost hear them say, 'We're gonna get you, Hymie, we're gonna get you...'"

I was ready to ask him if he wasn't exaggerating a little bit, when he suddenly put a finger to his lips to shush me, and pointed at one of the yellowish translucent windows along the nearest wall. "See 'em?" he said. There appeared at the window two small shapes that could be detected by the shadows they cast on the translucent glass. "Wait here," and he was gone out the door.

I waited, watching the shapes at the window. They could have been just debris piled up outside but for the ever so slight movements. Then suddenly they were gone.

"Come quick!" I heard Hymie scream. I was out the door like a bat-out-of-you-know-what and at his side in a second. He pointed down the side of the hill. "Look!"

I looked in time to see two fuzzy shapes bound away through the clumps of dry grass that dotted the side of the hill and disappear.

"They were a-spyin' on us!" he said, his voice trembling. "It's like I told you! They ain't normal bunnies! They're Bunnies From Hell! They're super-smart, and mean, and I hate to think what they're a-plannin' to do!"

"Hymie!" an angry, cracked voice called from the door of the building. We turned and saw a gnarled, stooped evil-looking old woman in overalls and a red plaid flannel shirt. It could only be "Miz Toadbrew."

"Hymie, get back to work this second or I'll dock yer butt a week's pay!" And then she was gone.

Hymie looked at me and shrugged helplessly, his voice now a whisper. "See? It's better I wouldn'ta told you. You don't believe me anyways." He turned and walked back to the door.

Poor boy, I thought. Obviously cracked. But as he opened the door and went resignedly inside, it seemed as though I could hear a thousand barely audible little bunny voices murmur in a sinister chuckle. I shivered. It had to be my imagination.

I got back in my pickup and drove back to town down the insensibly bumpy dirt road. There had to be a simple explanation for all this. Poor Hymie'll have a nervous breakdown before another month. But his ravings had certainly unnerved me. As I drove away I could've sworn I felt a thousand evil bunny eyes staring at my back from behind every clump of grass.

A week passed and I heard no more from Hymie, during which time everything went as usual at my clinic. Little old ladies whose cats had been possessed by the devil, a report of vampire hogs on a farm outside Mole Hollow. The usual. But then a week to the day after I had first visited Hymie, that night I got another phone call from him. This time I couldn't shrug off the terror in his voice. I knew something was wrong up at the Cartwright Rabbit Farm.

"Y'gotta come up, Dr. Scours! Y'gotta! Them rabbits is plannin' somethin' terrible, and plannin' it soon! I'm gonna try an' stop 'em, but I need help! Get up here quick!"

"What are they planning, Hymie? What do you me--" A buzz sounded at the other end of the line. The dial tone. We'd been cut off.

In two minutes I was in my 4-wheeler and headed for the farm. As my truck bounced up the steep pot-holed road, I could see in the dancing headlights slight clouds of smoke hanging dismally in the air above the farm.

As I stepped from the pickup I could see a red-faced Mr. Cartwright storming around in front of the rabbit shed. He stomped over to me and began yelling in my face. "That darn young fool! If I ever get my hands on him..." He ranted on and on.

"What'd he do?" I queried. A trembling finger pointed at the shed from which a little smoke slowly wafted was his only reply. I went in and saw that there was no fire, but the wall on my left near the door was blackened and smoldering. A puddle of dirty water covered the floor and ran in streams to the nearest trough of manure.

I heard someone behind me and turned around. It was Miz Toadbrew, holding three rabbits. "See what he did?" she said, glaring at me. "He almost burned all my poor little babies." I didn't like the way she said that. She stood there staring at me with twisted hate in her eyes...an evil look that seemed to be shared by the bunnies in her arms, who were also staring at me.

I looked around. Every pair of rabbit eyes in the building was fastened malevolently on me.

I got out of there quick, fired up my pickup and took off down the drive. This time, however, even my sturdy 4-wheeler couldn't hack it; something snapped on the underside a short ways from the bottom of the Hill.

I was an hour getting a tow truck out there and the pickup hauled back into town. When everything was said my pickup was in the bodyshop and I had dashed home and found my phone ringing as I walked in. I knew who it was. "Look," I said as soon as I picked it up. "What's going on?"

"Y'gotta believe me, Dr. Scours! I had to do it. After what I found out today, I had to do it!"

"And what did you find out?"

"You remember those rabbits that were spyin' on us that day? Outside the shed?" I said yes. "Well, today when I saw 'em again, and they took off, I followed 'em. I dept on their trail 'till they disappeared in those woods someways north of the hill. I searched around and purty soon I found it...My God...!"

He was definitely cracked. His voice savored miserably.

"The Burrow! Only it was a whole sight bigger'n any burrow I seed before! It was just the normal hutch cleared in some brush, but below that I found...The Tunnels! I hadda find out, so I crept down into it, and... and..."

"And what?"

"Dr. Scours! They's makin' things! Things too horrible to imagine...I shudders when I thinks of it! They's bunnies, but you can't hardly tell 'em from humans, 'cept for them funny whiskers! I don't know what they're plannin', but it's--wait!"

Hymie stopped talking. In the background I could hear a faint but furious scraping sound. Then he screamed.

"What's wrong?" I yelled into the mouthpiece.

"They're comin'! They found me! Y'gotta get out here quick! They're a-scrappin' at the door, they're gonna kill me 'cause I knows too much!" There was a splintering sound. "They've broken in! My God! There's a million of 'em! Those Bunnies From Hell! Those whiskers! Those cute little ears! They---AAAAAIE!!!!"

The line went dead. I stood shocked for a second, then I was out the door. It took 15 minutes to borrow a neighbor's pickup. But Hymie was doomed anyway. I knew that from the trail of chewed-up bits of carrot that led up his sidewalk, from the shattered door, and finally from the still form of Hymie himself that lay gnawed in a thousand places on the floor.

The police investigated, and asked a lot of questions, but no way could I tell them what really happened; so eventually they just chalked it up to some wild beast...and in a way they were right.



"BOB"

YOU CAN'T SPELL HIS NAME BACKWARDS

But there are times when I wish I didn't know the truth... especially when I think of that odd family that's started a ranch just outside of town. All the men in the family have the strangest moustaches. They almost look like the whiskers of a rabbit.

THE ORCHESTRATION OF FOREPLAY,

or *Symphony for Vibrator & Rubber Glove*

by Jill Zimmerman

On June 13, 1983, two SWAZ members were transported through the miracle of the infamous "Culture Warp" machine into a scenario worthy of the tackiest of Real People episodes--the "Sex Aids (no connection with the disease of the same name) Home Party." This soiree, hosted by one Susan P. somewhere in New Jersey brought together 14 women of varying degrees of sexual repression/depression/ expression to ooh, aah, and giggle over a myriad of sexual products distributed by a company called (with appropriate Trojan-box euphemism) "A Touch of Love (designed to enhance self-expression)." But this is hardly a course in modern dance.

The distributor for these products was Chris, whose last name seems to have mysteriously disappeared--a female of the married persuasion, who bore an amazing resemblance to a Brachs' Starlight Mint. During a two-hour period, this representative archetype of suburban mindlessness at its best treated us to a demonstration of an assortment of attire, devices and balms which prove that George Carlin was right--that if you nail together two things that have never been nailed together before, some schmuck will buy it from you. We began with the mundane products for sexual Calvinists--a cornucopia of massage oils, lotions and creams. Some made the skin hot, some made it cold, some made it tingle, one, called "Pleasure Balm," even made it numb, for the benefit of men who tend to be a bit quick on the trigger (overheard: "You don't want to eat lidocaine--it's a chemical!") We all slathered our palms liberally with all scents and flavors--almond, blueberry, strawberry, musk, coconut, peppermint, banana; sniffing and licking our paws like so many canine cokeheads.

After we all succeeded in smelling like a cross between Carmen Miranda and a fruit salad, we moved on to attire: g-strings for her--with hearts, feathers & rhinestones ("You don't wash the feathers") or a \$100 bill, cunningly embroidered over the pubis. For him--animal face g-strings, with your choice of tiger face, elephant face (complete with 6-inch trunk), or Groucho Marx. And for both of you, his & hers tuxedo-front g-strings, for those formal occasions. Then to crotchless panties and push-up bras, mostly purple and/or black, in regular and queen sizes. Then to a selection of lingerie--nightgowns and harem jumpsuits, teddies and bustiers, corselets and baby-dolls, again mostly purple and black (looking much like a fireman's funeral), red and black, or all black, in varying degrees of sheerness and low-cutness, with or without crotchless panties--from the Gay '90s madam look to a little white chiffon and satin number, liberally trimmed in lace, ribbon and pink embroidered flowers, which made your humble narrator look like "Pollyanna Whips Piscataway." All this liberally peppered with witty repartee such as "I'd be like Niagara Falls spilling out of this one." "Yeah? Well I'd trickle out of it like a leaky faucet!"

But the hit of the fashion segment was the men's underthings--bikinis to titillate even the most hard-core boxer short wearer--black fishnet, black leather-like cire, nylon leopard-skin, etc. ad nauseum. But oh, the panting and frothing, as each woman present put imaginary paper tabs on these items and mentally wrapped them lovingly around the paper-doll image of the lover/sex object of her choice. It was as if Nancy Friday's book MY SECRET GARDEN had come to life.

Thence to the inevitable devices: four types of vibrators--the Prelude 2, which doubles as a "skin massager" (don't let 'em kid you); the uncircumcised "no-frills" model, the 3-way circumcised vibrator, which includes an up-and-down motion on an accordion-like structure; the rectal vibrator (God forbid!); and a mini-vibrator, for those travel emergencies. Then on to more exotic erotica (?). The vibrating cock-ring (one size fits all); "double bullets" (choose your orifice); french ticklers (so heavy they give whole new meaning to the expression "like taking a shower in a rain-coat").

For the grand finale--an assortment of novelty items: candy underwear, the "Flick-my-dick" cigarette lighter, "Lickety Dick" edible condoms, the double-headed dildo (for double your fun), the "Peter Candle" ("Do you light this and then put it inside you?"), sex manuals, and pornographic playing cards.

There's something delightfully sexist-in-reverse about all this--sauce for the goose, as it were. But I couldn't help but feel a desperate searching-for-the-next-thrill attitude in the market for some of these items. The pornographic materials are particularly anti-erotic--the people photographed look more bored than aroused, and items like edible condoms seemed to indicate a frenetic search for something still untried, in a world in which we're all burned out from too much free fucking and fleeting commitments. It seems that some of these items are just additional ways to put emotional distance between ourselves and our partners, substituting tawdry titillation instead. By abetting us in keeping our walls up, instead of knocking them down and allowing ourselves to be human, these novelties propel us faster and faster down the road to complete "high-tech" sex, devoid of all but the mechanics.

"POLL" REVEALS THE TOP

Most influential leaders in the U.S. are:

Billy Graham, Dr. Martin Marty, Dr. Jerry Falwell and Pope John Paul II in that order.

J.C. BRAINBEAU

Is at the bottom of the pack but he has probably GOING FOR HIM.

Send SASE to arithmetically and spiritually sound

HEREBEFORES

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THE TRUE STORY OF OLD GLORY

by Gunnar Larson

From a letter dated June 13, 1776 and just delivered to me by the Post Office, I've discovered that two of my revolutionary ancestors, Elmer and Ophelia (another kind of lib was popular then so Elmer's name always came first), made the first American flag. But their daughter, Betsy the Boss--more revolting than revolutionary--has hogged all the glory of first fashioning Old Glory.

The letter tells in painful detail how Betsy the Boss supervised Elmer and Ophelia as she drove them through all the steps necessary to make a flag. In those days you couldn't just pick a flag out of your box of Cracker Jack. If you wanted a wool flag, you needed to herd and shear sheep. If you wanted a cotton flag, you had to plant and pick cotton; then card, weave, dye, plan, cut, and sew.

Elmer and Ophelia, of course, being more relaxed and sensible, would much rather have tended their flowers, vegetables, and marijuana plants. They figured on maybe finishing the first flag in time for the Tricentennial.

Here is part of a typical day for them. Betsy the Boss tip-toes into their bedroom while they're still asleep. She hammers a gong with all the fury of a fanatic being patriotic for others. Elmer and Ophelia shriek in terror. Elmer fumbles for his musket.

"It's the Tories! They've come by land!"

"It's not the Tories, stupid! It's me--Betsy the Boss. It's four a.m. and we're four hours late."

"Late for what?"

"For fixing a flag for our new country. Here it is June, 1776, and we're a country without a flag. Now, get up and start herding, shearing, planting, picking, carding, weaving, dyeing, planning, cutting and sewing."

"But, Betsy dear, we didn't get to bed until after midnight when Paul rode by with another of his false alarms."

"What are you? Part time patriots? Arise and eat your gruel. We've got another grueling day."

Elmer starts whining. "Gruelling? For you? All you do is eat meat and give us the bones and fat in hot water. Man, is that cruel gruel!"

"You get oats too."

"Yeah, if Paul's horse doesn't eat them first. Then all you do is go horseback riding with Paul."

"Somebody has to watch for the British. Besides, we don't always go horseback riding." Betsy beams shyly like a human being. "We've been harvesting the hay."

"In June? Is that all you've been doing with it?"

"Watch it, Paw! You want more overtime at straight pay? Maw, you keep him in-line or it's back to Borstal for both of you."

"But, Betsy--"

"Betsy what, Maw?"

"Betsy the Boss, Betsy."

"That's better. Now, what were you saying?"

"Well, Betsy the Boss, we're too old for Borstal. They take only juveniles."

"On to the Tower then. They're still taking and topping senior colonial delinquents." Betsy the Boss slams the bedroom door on her way back to the kitchen.

Elmer and Ophelia get up, chase out the sheep, sweep up the droppings, then get dressed. Betsy brings in their gruel.

"Why can't we eat in the kitchen?"

"Because Paul and his horse are eating there."

"Can't we even say hello to them?"

"You'll just get up a three-handed game of pinochle."

"Why don't you learn so we can play four-handed?"

"Not till Old Glory is finished." Betsy the Boss returns to the kitchen to dish out more oats for Paul and his horse.

Elmer and Ophelia start eating and planning what kind of flag they want. Elmer suggests a red number 13 in a small circle of white against a blue background.

"Some people might feel that 13 is unlucky, dear. But I like the color combination."

Elmer whines in irritation. "How can we think creatively on this slop she feeds us?"

"Maybe we should thank our lucky stars we're not at Valley Forge, yet."

"Thank our--? That's it, Ophelia! Stars! One for each colony!"

"Why, that's wonderful, dear."

Betsy the Boss comes back at the sound of such cheerful voices to see what's wrong.

"Why are you two so happy? It can't be the gruel."

"Elmer just got an idea for the flag. A star for each colony."

"Not bad. But you'd better finish it soon, or you'll both be getting stripes across your backs again like you did when you goofed off from your gunpowder job."

"Getting stri--? That's it, Betsy the Boss! Stripes! To match the stars! There's our flag--the Stars and Stripes!"

"What about the color scheme?"

"The stripes on our backs were red and white, so that's what they'll be on the flag. The stars can be white on a blue background for contrast. C'mon, Maw! Let's start sheep herding, shearing, planting--"

"Oh, Elmer! Not that again! Let's be practical. You finish the flag while I harvest the pot. Then we'll teach Betsy the Boss how to play pinochle. Who knows? Maybe some pot and pinochle will make her human again."

AT LAST-- A BREAK FROM ALL THESE STUPID MARGINALS...

A CHRISTIAN
CENTURY MAGAZINE!

Just as it Appears

by William Bickel

Linda's never been away from home before, and she's finding it hard to make friends. So she's latched on to me, and all of a sudden I'm a surrogate sister.

Don't get me wrong. I like being looked up to and all that, but she goes a little too far. She's begun picking up my expressions, for example, and she reads every book she thinks interests me. She's even planning to switch to journalism next semester, so we'll have that much more in common.

"Hey, Dee," she said to me this morning, "you mind if I borrow your blue striped dress tonight? I think I'll go to the mixer in the gym."

Last month, she dieted down to a size nine so she could fit into my clothes.

"Don't you remember?" I asked. "I haven't seen that dress in weeks. I don't know, it just seemed to disappear."

She came out of the closet, holding the dress on a hanger. "Oh, well, I reappeared it for you."

"You found it? Where was it? I was looking—"

"No," she repeated, "I didn't find it. I said I reappeared it."

"You reappeared it."

"That's right," she said, pleased that I understood.

"Listen, Linda, let me ask you a personal question, okay? Were you born in this country?"

"I'm from Greenmeadow, Massachusetts. You know that."

"That's right. But is English your native language?"

"Of course it is. What makes you think it isn't?"

"Oh, nothing. I just never heard that expression before. You 'reappeared' my dress."

"What do you call it?" she asked, obviously willing to use whatever term I preferred.

"You found it."

"But I didn't find it," she insisted. "You lost it somewhere, and I didn't know where, so I reappeared it for you."

"Okay," I said slowly, "I give up. How does one 'reappear' something as opposed to finding it? I lose my pen this morning. How can I reappear it?"

"Don't you know how?" she asked. "It's okay. I'll do it." She opened the desk drawer, reached inside, and pulled out my pen. "Here it is."

I looked the pen over. "I brought this to class this morning, and you weren't there. I know there's a trick here somewhere..."

Linda frowned. "Dee, are you telling me you can't do it too?"

"I lost my left slipper last week," I told her. Actually, it'd ripped while I was home for the spring break, so I left it behind.

She was next to the dresser now, and she opened the top drawer and produced the slipper. It was unripped, as it had been the last time she saw it.

"This isn't a trick, is it?"

"I told you it wasn't."

"Is this...common in Greenmeadow?"

"Well," she said, "I'm the only one I know who can do it, but Greenmeadow is a small place, so I'm sure there are others in the cities."

"There aren't," I assured her. "But I'd love to learn."

"I don't know what I can tell you," Linda said. "I just tell myself that somewhere is where something is, and I look and it's there. This isn't helping you much, is it?"

"But I took physics last fall, and—" I stopped short. If Linda had no idea about the law of conservation of matter, who was I to disillusion her?

"What about it?" she asked.

"Nothing. It was a very interesting course, that's all. My mind was wandering." Which, in fact, it was. This was incredible. If nobody else knew about this, and of course Linda would keep it a secret as long as I asked her to, I could have the scoop of the century. I could sell it to the *Times*, or the *Washington Post*, and make a name for myself before I even graduated. It would be my ticket into Columbia Journalism, or anywhere else I wanted to go. Or maybe right onto a big watch. "Listen, I've got a class. I'll see you later. And by all means, borrow the dress."

"Thanks."

From outside in the hall, I yelled back, jokingly, "Promise me if I get lost on campus, you'll reappear me."

"Oh, but I couldn't," she replied in dead earnest. "Unless I could believe you were in the closet or the desk drawer, there's no way."

"Sure," I said. "Silly me." What a shame, I'd have loved to see what it was like to be reappeared. Would I just disappear from wherever I was? No, since that slipper wasn't ripped, it would be a new Dee Landers that appeared.

I wondered what a theologian would make of that.

Anyway, sitting in my undergrad journalism class, bored as usual, I had plenty of time to think things over. The hell with a scoop, I decided. There's a fortune to be made here. She can reappear money, jewels, anything. And since she's duplicating it, it probably wouldn't even be illegal.

"Ms. Landers," the professor was repeating, "I asked if you've completed your assignment."

"Yes, sir," I said, passing it forward. What made him think a stupid journalism class could possibly matter? While he spent the rest of his life here teaching no-talent college students, Linda and I would have it made. As long as she could keep making things appear just by believing it, there was no limit to what we could do.

Of course, she had to keep believing, but I could see to that. I was thankful she'd never had any interest in science.

But didn't I just mention how interesting I found physics last semester? What if...No problem, I'll turn her off it when I get back to the room. In the meantime, it's a good thing I sold my textbook to the used book store when the course ended. And since she doesn't know that, she'll never find...

"Oh, no," I said out loud. "She wouldn't. She couldn't."

"The rest of us were discussing libel," the professor pointed out.

IN CASE YOU'RE STILL IN THE DARK
We are all headed straight for hell and
need someone to straighten us out.

"Would you be so kind, Ms. Landers, as to tell us what you were discussing?"

"I have to go," I said, running out of the room. "Before she makes the book."

The professor and most of the class, I later found out, reached the conclusion that I'd left in order to cancel a bet on Saturday night's basketball game. I have a feeling I haven't heard the end of this one.

What's really important, though, is that I was right. She would, she could, and she had. Linda was sitting on the beanbag, my physics text in front of her, looking very confused. "Dee," she said, "I don't get it. According to this, there's something called the law of conservation of matter, which makes reappearing impossible."

"They're wrong," I said quickly. "That's only a theory. Science has millions of theories. Like the sun going around the earth."

"I don't know," she said. "It all seems pretty—"

"Linda," I interrupted, "I left my notebook in the classroom. Could you reappear it for me?"

"Sure," she said, reaching under the bed. Her hand came back empty.

"That's funny..."

"It's a very, very important notebook," I told her. "You have no idea how valuable it is."

She got up and tried the desk drawer, then her knapsack, and then, half-heartedly, the shelf in the closet. She obviously didn't expect the notebook to be in any of those places anymore.

She was philosophical about it. So what if she could no longer reappear things? It was a convenience sometimes, but there really wasn't anything practical she could do with it.

I felt like crying.

"And besides, Dee, now I'll have to search for lost things, just like you do."

That was several hours ago, and I still can't believe it. Millions, literally millions, all gone because Linda reappeared my old physics book.

Oh well, maybe I should look at it philosophically too. After all, it wasn't a total loss: I can sell the same book back to the used book store again, and that's still seven-and-a-half dollars more than I had this morning.

SUPERIOR MUTANTS!

Vengeance on the Pink Boys, Mediocreins and normals who brought this crumbling technocracy is condoned by the anti-religion of the future. The Church of the SubGenius is an empire of "unpredictables" on a rampage of strangeness. Indulge your abnormality! Insane priesthood ordination and weird-ass propaganda \$1.

FUTURE TV SHOWS IN CHICAGO? by Julian Ross

THE BLUES BROTHERS movie, which was filmed partly in Chicago and nearby Joliet, showed the possibility of having television shows filmed there as well.

After all, why do the majority of shows have to be filmed in Los Angeles or New York? TV viewers have just about memorized all the buildings, streets and trees there by now.

So here are some ideas for possible shows that could be filmed/taped in and around Chicago.

MEATHEAD'S PLACE—After Archie Bunker's son-in-law saw the success and great times Archie found in running his own business, Michael decided to open up a delicatessen on Michigan Avenue with an old friend. Imagine the fireworks as Archie tells a crude Polish joke out loud while on a visit to the deli. Laugh along as Mike fights City Hall when he loses his business license. Watch Mike go bankrupt when he gives too many free meals to down-on-their-luck old chums.

HOW EXCITING!—This real-life documentary features people from Northeast Illinois with exciting stories to tell. For instance, Mrs. Erasmus Rockaway of Chicago Heights shows photos from her deceased husband's scrapbook about his days working on the Erie Canal. Sam "Golden Voice" Schwartz, now a resident of Evanston, sings his new song "I Left My Heart In Cicero", and Randall McTeague shows the house he built in Park Forest from materials he collected during thirteen years as a Chicago street sweeper. John Doremus hosts.

HIGH POWER—The head of a powerful law firm in the Sears Tower, James Angus Wallingford, wheels and deals his way through political and corporate intrigue each week, always coming out on top of the heap. He is a familiar sight around the city as he walks his pet leopard, Farina. These spine-tingling episodes of greed, lust and power make DALLAS look like an American Legion picnic! Wallingford occasionally travels to Joliet State Prison to meet with his former law partner.

ART'S ART—Newly named director of the Chicago Art Institute, Arthur O'Halloran, bumbles and fumbles along in this zany sitcom about the art world. In one episode, Art stands firm when his best friend, Zelda Myerson, wants to display her unique sculptures made out of old Tidy Bowl containers. But in another show, Art has to give in when the Institute's richest patroness wants him to hold a "Ronald Reagan Film Retrospective". Charles Nelson Reilly is on tap for the lead role.

KINZIE & FRIENDS (TV Movie-of-the-Week)—If you thought CENTENNIAL was great, wait until you see this lavish production about John Kenzie, the "father of Chicago". To be filmed entirely on location, with miniature sets at the Stock Yards, and at a cost of \$3.2 million, you'll learn more than you ever wanted to know about the early days of "My Kind of Town". David Wolper will executive produce, from a teleplay by Gore Vidal. Leslie Nielsen will star.

SKOKIE SKATE EMPORIUM—Johann "Pops" Finnegan retires after thirty years with the Chicago P.D. and opens up a friendly roller skate shop in Skokie. "Pops" becomes a friendly counselor for troubled youth when he's not busy showing off the latest wheels to customers. This serious show gives you the ol' lump in the throat as "Pops" works to clean up juvenile crime and bring peace to the neighborhood. Gene Reynolds (LOU GRANT) produces.

We have just the man. — Send SASE to
the world's ONLY radical,
J.C. BRAINBEAU.

Box 2243 — Youngstown, Ohio, 44504 U.S.A.

THE BOY WHO SKIED FROM SCANDINAVIA
...as sung by Glaudine Lingerie
by Rama Lama

Cold and stiff
And in his grave, yeah!
The boy who skied from Scandinavia
He was so young
He was so hung
Now he's dead...

He asked me out to Colorado
I thought the herk had lots of play dough
He tried to dump me
I had to bump zee kid off...

Why
Did I ever leave Andy?
How
Can I get out of zees one?
Oh...
What if I tell zem:
"He was showing me his favorite gun,
And I fired a few shots just for fun"
(Pow Pow Pow)

Cold and green and gone forever
The boy who skied from Scandinavia
He was the best
Now he's just a mess
On 'z' floor...
He's dead on 'z' floor...
C'est la guerre
Spi-dare

THE OUTSIDER
by Robert Paul Reyes
The Outsider

Is polite strictly
as a matter of expediency
Talks to others
only when it's an absolute necessity
Condescends to love
solely when it's to his benefit
Is willing to trust
only when he has no other recourse
Feels sympathy
for no one not even himself
The Outsider will never die
for that would be terribly redundant

And So It Goes

by Andy Kamm
I look around and am
Frightened by what I see.
The people who follow;
The fools who lead.
The twisted truths
Have become reality.
Monies are taken and
Put to waste.
Weapons are created
In utter distaste.
I hide in myself in an
Attempt at withdrawal.
As I wait for the day
The leaders will fall.
Like the others that sit and
Do nothing at all.
One day it happened
Because nothing was done,
I crawled from the ruins
To see who had won.
Can't believe I could
See what I saw,
The destruction was complete
They destroyed it all.

BAD CHEESE

by Maiden Japan
Wheat
Things! Anything
to kill the taste...

PROMISES PROMISES by June Sylvester
I'll be a fool for you! a moron, no less!
I'll sing and you won't even have to insert a dime,
why, I'll even squeal like a pig with delight!
just ask me and I'll come running home
crying "oui oui oui" or just crying
if that's what you want. I'll be a whore, a door
into another room where things are always happening.
oh let me

in! let me in! I haven't a hair on my
chinny chin chin (I am, in fact, no wolf, but I could
change.

I might even be cute.) if I say the magic word, if I
smile
pleased, pleaded, bleated like a special sheep would
you

let me in? I can do almost anything!
I'll be home for you, a golden hut you may enter any
time.

I'll place a welcome mat wherever you step.
why, I'd bend over backwards for you! you can huff
and puff
and I'll go down. just like that! oh sir, oh mister,
you'll love the flesh and the bone
you'll love the nails and the hand
you'll just love the red lip greeting!

AFTER A DECADE OF CLARK GABLE

by June Sylvester
You come in and out of my life like a favorite
cliche
a drifter, you say, and proud—warn me
can't stay in one place too long, but always
return

an old movie
a song that plays on and on
you float across the surface of my dreams
the romance of the scar on your face
the hard flesh, broken bones
all there for me to forget
and remember

you send me
objects
a shark's jaw
a pair of gloves
enough to let me know where you've been
never an address
you say you hever have one

when I signed for the last package
I thought I saw the postman smile
as if at an old joke

"take my wife, please..."

I wonder if you ever find it hard to recall
my face—if it blurs into another's
not so hard to imagine

since I know how your smile easily
slips into a stranger's
your words—all ones I've heard before
and in your absence I've known
a thousand like you

Songs!

I HAVE HEARD BANKERS
by Robert Paul Reyes
I have heard bankers,
begging in the streets.
I have stepped on politicians,
sleeping in gutters.
I have witnessed lawyers,
pleading their cases before walls.
I have bought nickel candy from preachers,
in every corner of the world.
I have felt the dying pulse of doctors,
imprisoned in sterile white cells.
I have experienced the angst of everyman,
as he walks with his eyes wide open,
not wanting to see anything.

JUMP BAIL
by Robert Paul Reyes
Jump bail
Spin a ball
Leap over the rail.
Harpoon a baby whale.
Grab a tiger by the tail.
Steal your neighbor's mail.
Hit the hammer with the nail.

Kiss Me Softly
by T.L. Schock
Kiss me softly,
Gently with care.
I too have feelings
For the love we share.

Please don't hurt me,
Don't make me cry.
Things will work out
But we'll both have to try.

I love you truly,
And I hope you love me.
But into your heart
You won't let me see.

If you do love me,
Show me how.
Kiss me softly;
Tell me now.

YOU CAN ONLY LOVE GOD
by Robert Paul Reyes
You can't ignore God
with calculated coolness.
You can't dismiss God
with sophisticated sophistry.
You can't replace God
with scientific suppositions.
You can't destroy God
with misplaced malice.
You can only love God,
with a humble heart.

our incestors
by John Levin
here's the question:
if Adam & Eve were the first couple
just where did Cain
pick up his wife?
(& don't tell me it was east of Eden)

THE MOON POEM by June Sylvester
last night I cried myself a moon
river of gold
I lost touch and was left
with just an old song
doo ron ron

in the sticky hand of evening
all the boys and girls
were eating moon berries
and making all that moon drool
while they stared with eyes
big as pies

then under the starless sky
everyone started dancing up a blue moon
all that gold gone

so I prayed to the new moon
sweet gravity pull him to me
oh please do
Ron Ron

but the gold was gone
so I plucked the moon
out of the sky like a bad pea
I left it at your door hoping
you'd know what I mean
oh yeah please
do Ron

UNSEEN
by Robert Paul Reyes
unseen
unnoticed
unchallenged
i slid my way
into your consciousness
where i am as a layer of moss

Poetry!

Sayz-U! (Letters)

Dear Elayne,

Recent edition of IJ was quite good, with gold stars going to Jed Martinez for "I'd Love to Get My Hands On..." and review on Robin Williams' new disc, Jill Zimmerman's book review, Clay Geerdes' "Red Wagon", and the "Priscilla Watermelon" graphic (!)...

A bag of shit goes to Ken Filar (sorry Ken) for his clone-like review of The Hunger...Ken, reach out with your feelings and don't reach out with retreaded opinions of the big city critics...

MIKE DOBBS
24 Hampden Street
Indian Orchard, MA 01151

(As far as we know, Mike is no relation to J.R. "Bob" Dobbs...maybe.) Elayne,

Yeah, sure did get fucked in the Village Voice. Should have known better, too. In my repeated dealings with political 60s types, my experience has always, with no exceptions, been:

- 1) They will censor anything they do not agree with, or that does not fit in with their "theories" or remote preconceived notions;
- 2) They will pigeonhole you into places you would not want to be caught dead in (me, a registered Democrat, being described as a "revolutionary" in the Village Voice! Buhle should pray to his favorite book I do not become unbalanced by the experience);
- 3) They will hang a sign about your neck and proclaim you the heir of a great tradition that began with, or course, them.

I suppose I could go on, but why whine? However, right now, as I see it, the biggest issue in the "underground" (ugh!) is the question of censorship by 60s politicals attempting to impose their viewpoint on people who are light years beyond their archaic crap. The Voice article was a marvelous example of that. I think it's time we dealt with these assholes. They're nothing less than an albatross.

Yours,
JOHN CRAWFORD
7 South Point Terrace
Kinnelon, NJ 07405

(Deal with it, John? And "stoop to their level"? Well, as I've told you and others, I don't buy nor read the Village Voice, for reasons which I'd gladly make clear to anyone who doesn't already know them, and while the free unsolicited publicity was quite nice of them, I've let "Kid" Sieve voice [sorry, bad pun] IJ's "official" opinion elsewhere in this issue.)

ATT: Kip M. Ghesin
RE: IJ #21

At this point I should like to present the following stream of consciousness ramblings on last month's ish...The "World's Worst Comedian", Wimpy McAllister, is one of the funniest things to come out of IJ. I mean, I get immense amusement out of it. Please pass my comments on to Greg Blair...For awhile, the poem page was getting real good, but this time it was only fair. The copy quality was not good. Usually you have the ability to find a real good xerographer—I am sorry you couldn't this time, because it's one of the little things that makes IJ nice... (Actually, most of the poems put in last month were backlog, which is why the copy quality varied and why some may not have been very good. With the backlog gone, that kind of thing shouldn't happen again for a long time.) Also, last time there was a minor mention of space conservation; it's helpful to limit stories when you can. I am trying to shorten my column because there aren't all that many who are interested anyway...but that Anni Ackner, give her a column-inch and forget about it! Just kidding kids. Her style is quite complimentary to IJ as are the other newcomers. But who am I? Sometimes it's therapeutic to write gibberish, ya know? Look at John Lennon.

Thalia report—You prob'ly got the latest flyer by now, but according to the gal on the phone at the theater, cartoons will be on Mondays this summer. (Me again. Anyone interested in going, gimme a call.)

I should like, at this time, to politely request the assistance of Ms. that's Mrs. Chutney, of Paramount Chicken commercial fame, for Campoon '84/'84. With her and Chuck E. at the right hand of G.P., who could go wrong?

Who really cares how old the Brooklyn Fucking Bridge is anyway? It's better left as an enigma. Where did it come from? From the Bridge Hospital, of course. It seems an unusually glamorous life for an adolescent bridge. The psychological ramifications have affected NYC in ways too vast to offer explanations in this article. I mean, when you get to the point of interviewing the great great grandson of the builder, is that pressing an issue? The truth is, New York belongs to immigrants, who expect it all to be that way for them; and global businesses, who perform their secretive wheeling and dealing far above everyone's heads. Next thing you know, there will be articles of expose in the shopping ragz, "BROOKLYN BRIDGE'S NO-SECRET AFFAIR WITH THE HOLLAND TUNNEL"...

BRIAN CATANZARO
55 Summit Road
Oak Ridge, NJ 07438

Dear Elayne,

Surprise! I read the last IJ (#21) cover to cover, and have been going back through all my old ones and reading them too. I loved the Preuss detective story on page 22, only, when the Russians started chasing him, he should've thrown out several pairs of blue jeans. The Commies would've stopped dead and jumped out to try them on. Everybody knows how starved they are for American "culture".

I like most everything in IJ, as far as the mostly original writing goes, but go ZZZZZ over the Firesign stuff. I love TFT, who doesn't (ED: Oh, about half of IJ's readers...), but this derivative stuff doesn't turn me on. Outside of that, my faves are Quent Wimpel Notes, The Law and Order Handbook, Dark Wings Over Easy (in what issues did the first two chapters appear?), all of Steve Scharff's writing, esp. the Mail Anecdotes, and Diary of the Rock Fiend. Variations on a Theme was really terrific! The Morality of Nudity was just so-so. Don't know about this Jill Dearman, seems a little like a typical teen-

ager to me. Tom Petty? Billy Joel? Gimme a break. Don't kids listen to The Dolls or Lou Reed or Iggy Pop anymore? Actually, it's really great now that I'm getting into reading the IJs now, because there are all these bits and pieces I haven't read yet! See, it's like this—I get in and out of reading prose and fiction, or comic books...or whatever, but now is the first time in awhile that I'm reading books and such again, so I'm able to get into the IJs more. What fun! I think yer doing a great job, etc. It's actually my No. 1 favorite publication now...maybe neck and neck with COMIX WORLD...

CLARK DISSMEYER
Box 296
Fullerton, NE 68638

Dear Elayne,

Please convey my apologies to Anni Ackner. I should not have reacted to her comments concerning "Yours Truly, Pandora" as strongly as I did. However, I still have at least two points to get out of the way, and then I'll mellow out. Number 1: Anni Ackner is right. The kind of Heaven I depict in "Galen the Saintly" does smack strongly of Judeo-Christianity. This concept of Heaven is also probably inaccurate. If I wanted to show you the kind of Heaven there really is, you'd probably see a dazzlingly white environment populated by beings of pure white light that may not even be humanoid in appearance. (ED: How do you know, George? You've been there?) Although it may make for an interesting concept worthy of publication in IJ (the thought processes of IJ readers are so above your ordinary people—I admire them), I don't want to have to point to each and every one of them and say they're angels, so I limit myself to the concept of Heaven that everybody is familiar with.

Number 2: One of the toughest things to do in conversing through the printed word is what I call "writing in tongues". I haven't been writing for a long time, but I do know that there are some things about a character's dialect you can tell in the written word and there are things you can't tell by anything less than actually mimicking aloud how the character speaks. As far as quoting a character that speaks in a Swedish dialect, all I know to do is replace w's with v's and that's that. If you or Anni can enlighten me on that subject, I'll really appreciate it.

That's all for now. And I loved Brian Pearce's column this month. Ciao! Sincerely yours,

GEORGE EDDY
1156 Panama Rd. SE
Carrollton, OH 44615

To All Concerned (Yeah, you too!),

I've remained silent long enough, and feel I must comment.

To Anni Ackner: Ten points for pointing out the mail monster that I missed. Being a salesperson, this was easily overlooked. Only a "consumer" would be able to point this one out. My hat's off to ya', Anni!

Let me step in the battle that seems to be going on about Mr. Eddy. To all those concerned: HOLT YOUR AMMO! I don't really know how long George has been drawing Galen and Pandora, but in my opinion, he just has a few editorial "bugs" he needs to work out.

If Galen makes a crack using names of specific, ah, religious figures, I see no reason to consider that pious. If Eddy works out some quirks, he might have something going here.

I speak from experience. My early columns for IJ were nothing but "reviews" and fan-hype, and I took a few verbal bruises in the letters column from folks like Estey and others.

Eddy, your beliefs are personal, but you shouldn't try to propagandize ANYTHING. I would hate to see Galen and Pandora become as propagandic as the ultra-fundamentalist comic strip tracts of Jack T. Chick. Writing a strip isn't easy, and trying to get people to laugh and think at the same time is next to impossible. Think about your audience, and "aim" from their point of view.

And to dear Jed Martinez, who despised the "DRAMATIZATION" supers on Special Bulletin—The network felt that they had to put them up. People are stupid (as it is said on Madison Avenue, "The masses are asses") and must be told everything that is going on, or they will go running into panic like the mindless sheep that they are (most of them—the ones who subscribe to the NATIONAL ENQUIRER, those types).

Well, I see there's someone else who wants to be on the page, so I'll be going. Kepone trucking!

Yours,

STEVEN F. SCHARFF
516 Buchanan Street
Hillside, NJ 07205

Dear Elayne,

I am, at the moment, in the most exquisite agony imaginable, having spent part of Tuesday afternoon climbing in and out of the cab of a two-ton semi truck (at one time, in my mildly checkered past, when I did a fair amount of hitchhiking—a point in my life that owes about equally to Jack Kerouac and Timothy Leary—I spent a proportionate amount of time climbing in and out of the cabs of two-ton semis, but I am older, more staid, and rather less agile these days—even by beloved Kerouac went home to Memere—and it shows, oh, it shows), and, in the process, straining several muscles that I gather are of some importance, which has left me with the sort of pains in my legs and lower back normally associated with baseball players on the skids, overworked lumberjacks, and small women attempting to give birth to large infants. I am just barely managing to sit upright in my desk chair (and you have seen my desk chair, so do appreciate), and to top it all off, I think poor old Eileen is going on the fritz. She seems to be typing on a distinct uphill slant, which is supposed to be a sign of a cheery, optimistic disposition, but which makes ME pessimistic, when I think of repair bills or—oh, surely not that—having to trade her in on a new model. I hesitate to even think it in her presence. There, there, old girl—I'm sure you'll be feeling better soon, and I could never love another typewriter the way I love you, not even an IBM Selectric II with self-correction and a memory bank and the ability to sing I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD when you press the right key. Especially not an IBM Selectric with self-correction and a memory bank and the ability to sing I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD when you press the right key. I can't even bear to think of it. *Cont'd next page*

USO - YOU START SEEING FUNDAMENTAL IDEOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES AS "THINGS YOU HAVE IN COMMON"

cont'd from previous page

As to what I was doing climbing in and out of the cab of a two-ton semi in the first place—well, that is a long story that involves seven used cars being hauled from various points in Florida to the company for which I work, two elderly gentlemen called Sid and Nat who park these cars for me as part of the duties I perform for the company for which I work, an absolutely silent Hispanic boy called Victor who is being trained by Sid and Nat to park cars for me as part of the duties I perform for the company for which I work, a fat truck driver called Louie who hauls the cars from various points in Florida etc., and a fire which broke out in the building across the street from the one which houses the company for which I work, but it's really quite simple. The fire broke out and the firefighters came, clanging and scurrying about the way firefighters do and, in attempting to extinguish the fire (which I gather they managed successfully, as the building is still there), somehow managed also to flood the basement of my building. This, in turn, played havoc with our wiring, causing our lights to go out, our elevators to go off, our phones to cease ringing (which was all right, as far as I was concerned, as when the bell tolls for me it generally means that someone whose car was slated to go to Fort Lauderdale is calling to inquire as to why it went to Sarasota instead, a reasonable question for which I have yet to evolve a reasonable answer) and our office to be evacuated, for fear of the consequences of water pressure meeting electricity. As we were walking cautiously down 14 flights of stairs (about which the only thing I can say is that it was better than walking cautiously up 14 flights of stairs), our way illuminated by cigarette lighters and one very dispirited flashlight that appeared to wish it was elsewhere, it occurred to one of my superiors (of which there are several, none of whom is at any time aware of what the others are doing) that Nat, Sid and Victor were out unloading the cars on Louie's truck and might, given the combined intelligence and foresight of Nat, Sid and Victor, very easily decide, when they realized they could not get back into the building, that the company had gone out of business in their two-hour absence, and therefore take the seven cars, in lieu of back wages, and sell them to a renegade band of demolition derby racers that makes its home in the darkest regions of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. Therefore, in order to prevent this, I was dispatched to 44th Street and Ninth Avenue, to collect the car keys and straighten out the drivers.

Well, to cut this as short as possible, I walked around for an hour or so—and it was a very hot day, and I was wearing a very old pair of cotton Chinese shoes, and I had just walked down fourteen flights of stairs—and finally located the truck, empty except for Louie, who was busily engaged in destroying what looked to be an entire side of beef, raw, with his teeth, parked, for reasons that were never made clear to me, on the corner of 43rd and Twelfth. In answer to my by that time urgent questioning, Louie informed me—wiping his mouth daintily on a stained tarpaulin—that Nat, Sid and Victor had left for 44th and Ninth in the last of the cars, several minutes ago. Realizing that I could never walk fast enough to catch them, and not entirely having my wits about me, I begged a ride from him and that is what I was doing climbing in and out of the cab of a two-ton semi. It is also what I was doing singing old Merle Haggard songs and refusing, politely, swigs out of a bottle of something that smelled suspiciously like the sort of perfume I used to purchase for my mother on her birthday, when I was young and poor, and what I was doing threatening to scream rape if Louie didn't stay on his own side of the bingo card, and, or course, the saddest part of this sad sad story was my realization that I am, perhaps, no longer quite the Zen lunatic I once fancied myself, but simply someone who has to hike her skirt up when she wishes to go on the road. It's a sobering thought.

But don't mind me—birthdays always make me pensive, and today happens to be my sister's (or yesterday was, to be more precise, as I see by the television—which is happily buzzing away NBC OVERNIGHT as though it doesn't know that I have to whimper quite mortifyingly every time I attempt to stand up—that it's now after midnight, and so the 11th), the one to whom I have not spoken in several years although we have, off and on, shared dwellings and are, in fact, sharing an apartment at this moment in time. We accomplish this by allowing small, restricted breaks in our walls of silence—we are permitted to say "Good morning", "Good evening", "Here's my share of the phone bill" and "Will you please turn off that goddamned music it sounds like midnight on St. Marks Place in here", which is usually followed by the brilliant rejoinder "Up yours with Barry Manilow", and so we survive, however nervously. We never have liked each other. She believes that I'm immoral, irreverent, sloppy, noisy, insane, obnoxious, sarcastic and maybe even bisexual (that I am, to some degree or another, perhaps all of these things, has no real bearing on her belief, as she more or less believes the same of anyone who leaves her parents' home before marriage or, barring that, the age of 35) while I believe that she is, as our other sister christened her several years ago, The World's Tightest Asshole. She is, this evening, out with her boyfriend, the only man, as my father once observed, descended on all sides from Joseph McCarthy, and who, in honour of the occasion, sent a dozen carnations of the sort usually handed out by smiling members of exotic religious cults, to her office this afternoon, both he and my sister being members of the school that insists that a present isn't a present unless it's received in front of several envious and hostile co-workers. I can see the two of them now, holding hands in some candlelit restaurant (actually, I can more easily see them in some florescent-lit diner, this area being what it is, but even I will give my sister the benefit of her own fantasies), romantically discussing the shabby state of the world, and how what we REALLY need are more men like George Bush. It staggers the imagination.

But enough of my musings. Let's talk about IJ #21, shall we? My very most favourite thing last time was "The Smoos" cartoon, which pretty well sums up my family's relative position here in Englewood, and which we're thinking of having put on special Christmas cards to be sent, this year, to all the wonderful third and fourth generation townspeople who have been so very generous with their spray paint, elderly eggs and toilet paper since we moved here. Unfortunately, I can't make out, from the scrawl at bottom, the name of the creator of

this small gem, so I can't thank him/her properly—I seem to make out an "R" and an "F" but somehow have a hard time believing that it might be Ron Flowers. If it is, I must say that he's a far better cartoonist than he ever was a writer. I also liked the little thing about the vacuum cleaner, but again, can't make out the artist. What's the matter with you people? Do you prefer to remain anonymous and, if so, whatever for? I can't imagine not signing everything I do, and in the biggest, gaudiest, tackiest letters imaginable. I need all the praise I can get, or, conversely, if someone is going to toss a few bricks in my direction, at least then they have a person instead of a faceless no-goodnik, which ought to give my detractors a moment's pause, though it probably doesn't. ("The Smoos" was by "Robert Rabbit", alias Robert Wollard, and is a continuation of sorts of the strip that appeared in The Toiler, the official rag of Campoon '76. The vacuum cleaners were drawn by Nina Bogin, from an idea of Marty Levine.)

Kudos also to the people to whom I normally give kudos—Brian, Roldo, Clay and those of their ilk. You know who you are—and a teensy Bronx Cheer to Tom Sanders for an essentially easy question that was so badly worded hardly anyone could get it. Once Elaine took it apart for me (no fair to say she got it—she had the answer), I saw immediately that it was ABBA and S.O.S., but having read it literally, i.e., "What combination of artist and title spells the same backwards and forwards?", I wasted an inordinate amount of time trying to see if aberrations like QUEENHUNGARIANRHAPSODY were cleverly hidden palindromes—and me an ABBA fan! A combination, young Tom, means, normally, that two things are combined and, while a combination of ABBA and S.O.S. would be a very bad palindrome, initials don't normally count. Besides, S.O.S. never made the U.S. Top 10, although it was Number 1 in Britain, Australia, Japan and Scandinavia for several weeks. But I nitpick, not a very nice thing for me to do, as I enjoy Tom's columns overall, and I think he made a specially good point in the last one.

All things considered then, the only thing in the last issue that got me really furious, in that good old IJ way, was Ace Backwards' letter. Aside from the fact that I dislike, as probably most people do, being lumped together with everyone else in a group, even a group as rarified as the IJ writers (is Ace, by any chance, really Paul Buhle? Has anyone ever seen them together?), I do think it borders on the specious to assume that we aren't "really into" what we're writing just because it appears that way to Mr. Backwards. Just as a point of reference, and speaking strictly for myself, of course, conservative and repressed as it may seem, I always try to make a habit of not spewing out "big chunks of vomit" in public places. I don't know—I'm just funny that way. But it truly is most awfully unfair to assume that, because of that, I—or anyone else—am not involved in what I write, and that it isn't all I can do to write it. It isn't easy being "cute-sy-pukesy", y'know. It takes a certain amount of energy, at least a little talent, and a damned lot of hard work. Dislike the writing in IJ if you choose—that's certainly your privilege, though how anyone can read the work of Brian Pearce, Roldo, Jill Zimmerman and some of the others and not know they're immensely talented individuals is beyond me—but kindly do not insult the process behind the work, unless you have a way to back it up with some sort of fact.

Well, having rendered myself, once again, sanctimonious (hi George), I do believe that's probably quite enough out of me for one letter. I have decided not to end this letter with my standard "do be pleased", simply because I'm in a precedent-breaking move. Do be appreciative.

I am not Fran Leibowitz,

ANNI ACKNER

10 Hillside Ave., #8
Englewood, NJ 07631

GREETINGS!

I would fill out the questionnaire, but I always have a wicked desire, when faced with questionnaires, to answer all of the questions incorrectly. I do the same thing with phone marketing surveys and television programming samplers, which is probably why they took your favorite show off the air.

Anyway, I always enjoy reading INSIDE JOKE...My favorite stuff in IJ is usually anything Anni Ackner has to say, which is weird because I seldom agree with her point of view. I would have to say that my least favorite features are the fannish ones...Keep up the good work!

JIM MORTON

Suite 583, 109 Minna St.
San Francisco, CA 94105

(Sincere apologies to MIKE GUNDERLOY for my inadvertent omission of a line from his letter last month and his entire letter this month—the latter due to the fact that I misplaced same and haven't been able to find it. Please don't be paranoid, Mikey, I like your letters very much, and am looking forward to one on this issue in July.)



WSO - YOU CONSTANTLY
ASK PEOPLE IF
YOU'RE OBSESSED

Waltman 82

SHE: How CAN YOU TRUST SOMEONE WHO HAS SEX ORGANS OUTSIDE THE BODY?

HE: How CAN YOU TRUST ANYONE WHO HAS TO SQUAT TO PISS?

The Used Tourist Carbohydrates by Rama Lama

Milama didn't have an office ant now. The pet he once tried to train with so much enthusiasm was gone. Ray Milama's office ant was gone because, like the phone, the files, Chesterlynn his pretty sec and the stopped-up biff, his office was gone. Ray Milama was an eye on the street.

It wasn't so much the bills and how he liked to float them down across Union-Square from his cheap suite in the Spumoni Building, marvels of impromptu aerodynamics. It was mainly old man Spumoni's goons who drove down from North Beach one day and made Chesterlynn give them every stitch of clothing she had on (not that much, really) just so Ray would get the message loud and clear: BE OUT BY THURSDAY.

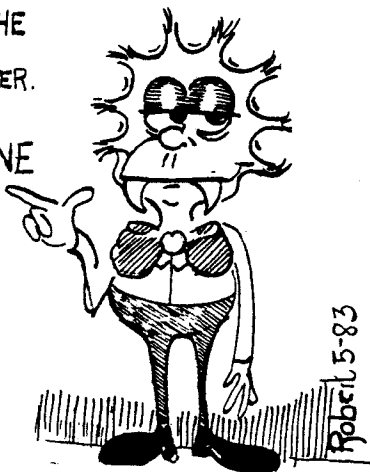
What made things particularly unpleasant at the moment was the fact that Ray Milama, San Francisco Divorce Snoop and Small Change Voyeur didn't have an apartment. That was because he lived in his

THE BOOK OF THE SUB-GENIUS- OUT NOW!



The original tales of Mother Goose—before the nursery rhymes—were moral tales warning of the dangers of curiosity and trespassing.

I AM THE TYPO MONSTER. YOUR FANZINE IS NEXT.



THE COLOR PURPLE by Geri Atrick

I am wandering through a large chartreuse room, not sure whether I'm asleep. The room has no doors, just a window that I'm walking toward. I look through it, and see Bugs Bunny and Scooby Doo cooking Wilma Flintstone in a cauldron, quoting Macbeth as they go. What's up doc, indeed? Now I'm talking to them trying to find out why they should want to stew poor old Mrs. Fred, but I can only speak in rhymes ending in "-ite". Glancing at my shoes, I notice that I have turned into a cartoon character. Was that window a TV screen? What channel am I on? (Is it prime time?) But suddenly a showed of Ayn Rand books falls from the sky, knocking me down, down, down, into a land down under where beer sprouts from waterfalls and millions of Colin Hays and Greg Hams are roaming around vomiting. A short fellow hangs a sign reading "No chundering, the Mgt" on a eucalyptis tree, killing a koala in the process. The koala metamorphoses into Franz Kafka, turns into a cockroach, and proceeds to crawl up Giovanni Gabrieli, who begins to look a lot like Sting. Suddenly we all become spirits, and a disembodied voice is mumbling about bloody revolutions. I then think back to Wilma in the stewpot, and wonder what spices they used, but am interrupted by the ancient mariner, wearing Jonathan Livingston Seagull around his neck. Meanwhile, Beethoven is decomposing, and Mel Brooks is rich. A door appears in the middle of nowhere, and we cross into Narnia, where the Pevensies are being interviewed by Studs Terkel, who plans to use them in his next book. Aslan and I greet Cole Porter, and chance upon a couch where Darth Vader is talking about his childhood ("Everybody hated me.") with Freud, Jung, and Adler taking copious notes. Han Solo is moping about because he was diagnosed as paranoid, and Spock is outraged at being "schizophrenic". A large submarine floats through the sky, and we finally see that Captain Nemo and Hagbard Celine are one and the same. But soft! What light through yonder Golden Apple breaks! Lay on, Machines, and Paul Proteus, no longer a doctor, is shot dead by Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s jasty little Reeks and Wrecks. One of them tosses me a fifty-caliber MX80, and I fulfill my life's ambition and shoot Anita Bryant, Reagan and his droogies, and Bertolt Brecht (for writing The Good Woman of Szechuan, which my high school did an abominable job with). Now I notice my dangling participle, and am punished by three years' hard labor in The Ministry of Love, feeding the rats. Just in time, the Heart of Gold, driven by Zaphod Beeblebrox and Arthur Dent, rescues me, but is blown up by Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz, and I fall thousands of miles and land in bed, at four am, sighing a great sigh of relief.

T.V. NEWSMEN TRY TO HELP.

They tell their unemployed listeners to get busy and acquire new skills. Better yet, say I, is to send a S.A.S.E. to unemployment-ending, year 'round paying EVEN AGE WORKERS OR SCRAP T.V.

Box 2243 — Youngstown, Ohio, 44504

THIS IS DEDICATED TO NORMA SHEARER, WHO WENT TO HEAVEN TO JOIN IRVING THALBERG

office. With Chesterlynn. But of course, she was gone now too, back to San Leandro, spook-driven by the crude tactics of Spumoni's bimbos.

"Hey, Milama."

Ray spun on his heel less from paranoia than hope this voice might offer some direction in the present crisis. It was Billy Sheets whom Ray had known since they flunked out of the San Francisco Police Academy together way back in 1969.

"Hi, Billy."

"How's your eye business, Ray?"

"Spumoni sent over some size twelves to scare the shit out of Chesterlynn."

Ray and Billy stood at the end of Pier 39. It was a place Milama went often to let the sea air smack him in the kisser and wake him up to reality.

"So long, Billy." Milama turned quickly and strode back down the pier toward the street. Sheets probably had a lot more things he wanted to say. His character hadn't even been developed as well as that of Chesterlynn's. She could at least be visualized in terror, forced naked by two wop hoods. Christ, even the hoods had more development. Billy Sheets deserved more. But time was running out on the little meter that determined how much you could type for a quarter at the San Francisco Public Library. And Ray Milama knew what this was. It was a fifty cent story tops.

Milama jaywalked Bay Street brazenly and jumped in his car before realizing it didn't exist. He hadn't driven a car since 1972. His only means of anything (he wouldn't exactly call it 'existing') was spying on old man Spumoni's multitude of illicit molls.

That had worked out fine for years. That and the odd divorce excavation. In San Francisco, sometimes very, very odd. Then came the day Ray observed Les "Swordfish" Marlin grabbing something on the side from one of Spumoni's Latino teenagers out in the Mission.

"Hey, Milama."

"Hey Mother." Ray gave a weak smile to Janet Jones, "Mother" to a motley pack of wharf rats that included Sheets, Marlin and Milama.

"I heard a rumble about your girl getting tied up and gagged with her own panties by some of Spumoni's boys."

Milama couldn't believe how things got twisted around the more they traveled north from Market Street finally arriving at the wharf a mangled melange of mostly pure horseshit.

"They didn't tie her down or anything else. Mother. They just took her clothes and stuffed them down the mail shoot."

"You mean chute."

"That's right, Mother. I mean shoot."

Sometimes Mom Jones could get on your nerves. It was like she could read a transcript of things you were saying and copy edit on you as it went along. He decided to drop her character like a hot potato.

Ray Milama was getting hungry. It was time to scout around for some used tourist carbohydrates. That was mostly what he ate, even during the good times when he was oinking on the poor bastards who tried to fuck old man Spumoni's girlfriends. All he got for that was free rent in that pathetic hole he called orifice and home. Food wasn't part of the deal. And since the day Milama had looked through his binoculars (not an accurate description since they were only uno-, not bi-) and seen Swordfish Marlin stepping into the Dolores Street house of Spumoni's latest mexicunt, nothing was part of the deal. Nothing, because whatever he was, he wasn't about to report the only guy he really owed something to, Les "Swordfish" Marlin.

"Hey, Milama."

It was the little meter on the typewriter at the San Francisco Public Library.

"Yeah, I know, not much time, right?"

"Afraid so," said the little meter.

Everybody was leaning on poor Ray Milama. First Spumoni. Now the little meter.

Milama went deep into a tourist dump near Joe Dimaggio's and came up with a half-eaten San Francisco-style Pretzel with Cheese Whiz. Thank God they put the Cheese Whiz on the fucking things, thought Milama. Even the eight-year-old kids from Omaha, Nebraska can't finish one. A wharf rat would never starve in San Francisco. Plenty of used tourist carbohydrates.

But an eye needed an office. An eye couldn't work off the street. Unless you wanted to practically live by the phone booth at the Hyatt Regency.

He kept thinking about the rumor that had Chesterlynn tied and gagged. It was a stupid misconception, but Ray Milama kept seeing it in his mind's eye: Chesterlynn was a big, strong girl with muscles that popped. She would have been struggling furiously against those cords when Ray got back to the office from being down at the wharf looking for used tourist carbohydrates.

Any minute now the little meter at the San Francisco Public Library would expire, leaving Ray Milama in mid-sentence. The little meter was even more of a copy editor than Mother Jones. He would have liked to drop the character of the little meter like a hot potato, like he did all the others except Chesterlynn, because she looked good tied up. But the shoe was on the other foot. The little meter would be dropping Ray Milama's character like a hot potato. The little meter was big. Bigger than Spumoni.

Ray Milama started to cruise for more bruised and used tourist carbohydrates. Chirardelli hadn't even been touched and the Cannery was full of bloated virgin bins fairly overflowing with unwanted crapola that could make a human body function.

"Hey, Milama."

Ray knew the voice. But he couldn't place it. He didn't want to invent another character that he would have to drop like a hot potato just because the little meter expired. He just wanted to get something to eat so he would have enough energy to think of a scam to get another office.

If those greaseballs had tied Chesterlynn up, Ray wondered if they would have left her lying on her stomach with her wrists tied to her ankles behind her back. Didn't Mom Jones say something about a gag? The little me

BACK

PAGE
FIL

LER Y'KNOW...



INSIDE JOKE

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

Yes, here we are again—translated from alien transmissions and beamed all the way to YOU at:

If this is the back, does that make it a back issue? Or should one work forward, or should one....