

# INSIDE JOKE

A MAGAZINE OF  
COMEDY & CREATIVITY

\$1.00

NO. 23

JULY 1984-1



NUKETHE  
GAY WHALES  
FOR  
JESUS

RAIDO  
-83

3P3C3A2  
Self-Parody 333N3!!!

PLEASE READ PAGE TWO FIRST!

## -UPCOMING EVENTS-

Thanks to John Levin and Jed Martinez for some August dates.  
AUGUST 1 - 2nd Annual LAUGHTER DAY, L.A., featuring "Semi-nars With Seth"

AUGUST 3 - Lenny Bruce dies (1966)

AUGUST 5 - SPENCER PINNEY (29)

AUGUST 6 - Disneyland's Tom Sawyer Island captured by YIPPIES (1970); Lucille Ball (72); Hiroshima Day (1945-?)

AUGUST 7 - Ralph Bunche (b. 1904); Mata Hari (b. 1876)

AUGUST 8 - Rory Calhoun (b. 1923); Esther Williams (b. 1923)

AUGUST 9 - Nixon, kicked around, resigns (1974)

AUGUST 11 - First color telecast of a baseball game—Brooklyn Dodgers v. Boston Braves (1951)

AUGUST 12 - Holy Day of St. Zarathud the Incurable; First US police force established in NYC (1658); Cecil B. DeMille (b. 1881)

AUGUST 13 - SubGenius Revival, Metro Club, 3730 N. Clark, Chicago IL—for more info write M. Flores, 1540 N. LaSalle #505, Chicago, IL 60610—Lotsa good ranters there!; Alfred Hitchcock (b. 1899); Fidel Castro (b. 1927); Bert Lahr (b. 1895); Jefferson Airplane's 1st concert, San Fran (1965)

AUGUST 15 - JULIAN ROSS (40); BOB KITKO (36); BOB SHOTWELL (26); Woodstock opened (1969); Napoleon (b. 1769)

AUGUST 16 - Robert Culp (53); Lawrence of Arabia (b. 1888)

AUGUST 17 - ANDY KAMM (22); Davy Crockett (b. 1786), Monty Woolley (b. 1888); Mae West (b. 1892)

AUGUST 19 - DAR organized (1890), Orville Wright (b. 1871)

AUGUST 20 - Newspaper comic debut of "Li'l Abner" (1934)

AUGUST 21 - DOUG SMITH (30), Count Basie (b. 1904)

AUGUST 23 - Gene Kelly (b. 1912)

AUGUST 26 - Ronny Graham (64), First typewriter patented (1843), SUFFRAGETTE CITY—PASSAGE OF THE 19th (1920)

AUGUST 27 - Confucius (b. 551 B.C.); Martha Raye (67); Tuesday Weld (Yowl)—40

AUGUST 28 - Donald O'Connor (68); civil rights demonstration in Washington D.C. (1963)

AUGUST 29 - Ingrid Bergman (b. 1915); Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr. (b. 1809), John the Baptist loses his head (29 A.D.)

AUGUST 30 - Fred McMurray (75)

AUGUST 31 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #24!!

SEPTEMBER 1 - FREEDOM DAY FOR ELAYNE—NEW IJ HEADQUARTERS!

SEPTEMBER 1 through 5 - World Science Fiction Convention ("Constellation"), Baltimore Convention Center, Maryland (say hello to all the fans for me, I won't make it this time)

SEPTEMBER 2 - MIKE GUNDERLOY (24)

SEPTEMBER 7 - RICHARD GREEN (22)

SEPTEMBER 8-9 - Mazel and Nachas in the New Year...

SEPTEMBER 11 - RONALD AHRENS (29)

SEPTEMBER 12 - PETE LABRIOLA (aka "Ace Backwards") (27)

SEPTEMBER 16 - GREG BLAIR (23)

SEPTEMBER 17-18 - 1983 World SubGenius Party, Baltimore, MD—for info write SEVERN INSTITUTE, 7 Pafel, Annapolis MD 21401

And a very happy belated to NANCY MICHAELIS, 29 on July 29!

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\* INSIDE JOKE: THE SELF-PARODY is being put on by Elayne Wechsler or \*  
\* someone like her, who's going to cut this bit short this issue and \*  
\* bid you to remember the words of James Langdell: "My fingertips \*  
\* are deaf to metaphor..." Please write me & explain that one... \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (mm,mm,goodie).....ELAYNE WECHSLER  
\* ELVES.....ANNI ACKNER, STEVE COZZI, JAMES LANGDELL, JILL ZIMMERMAN  
\*\*\*\*\*

### STAFF WRITERS THIS MONTH

\* ANNI ACKNER, BRIAN CATANZARO, JILL DEAPMAN, MICHAEL DOBBS, KEN  
\* FILAR, CLAY GEERDES, BRIAN PEARCE, LEE PELTON, GERRY REITH, ROLDO,  
\* TOM SANDERS, STEVEN SCHARFF, CANDI STRECKER, and KERRY THORNEY

\* ADVICE COLUMNIST: COOP: "Baboon Dooley"s: JOHN CRAWFORD;  
\* FRONT COVER: ROLDO; BACK COVER: Greg Blair; INSIDES: SEE BELOW

### MORE NAMES, DIFFERENT TYPEFACE

* ACE BACKWORDS	* MIKE GUNDERLOY	* R.S. PREUSS
* GREG BAKER	* ANDY KAMM	* ROBERT RABBIT
* BOB BLACK	* TULI KUPFERBERG	* DAVID ROSENBAUM
* CLARK DISSMEYER	* GUNNAR LARSON	* JULIAN ROSS
* DAN DOHERTY	* JOHN LEVIN	* DANA SNOW
* JAY DOUGHERTY	* JULIE LOGAN	* JUNE SYLVESTER
* GEORGE EDDY	* JED MARTINEZ	* ROBERT WHITAKER
* RONALD FLOWERS	* RANDY MAXSON	* STEVE WILLIS
* VERNON GRANT	* DENNY NORWOOD	* and "KID" & "MAIDEN"

\* Ads furnished by THE LAST INTERNATIONAL, THE SUBGENIUS FOUNDATION,  
\* and J.C. BRAINBEAU...marginals by SWAZ, or me, or someone else....

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\* ANONYMOUS QUOTE: "MASTURBATION—THE ULTIMATE MONOGAMY"—someone...  
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CORRECTION NOTE: Apologies to Phil Proctor for inadvertently missing the correct key last month; PP's 43rd birthday is, of course, July 28, not 27 as mistakenly typed; gotta watch my calendar more carefully next time while typing...

## ACKNOWLEDITORIALETC.

Anything incapable of parodying itself is doomed to eternal boredom and lifelessness. The most melancholy moods in which I've ever trapped myself occur when I start taking myself too seriously. This issue has become for me a sort of study in contrasts, vacillating between our theme and becoming more serious than it's ever been. Besides giving you all a friendly caveat lector, tho, I won't spoil things by giving away which is which. In my highly subjective humble opinion, however, there's lots of quality in this month's issue, from the staffers' brilliant contri to the record-breaking lettercolumn, so sit back (unless you're laying down his which case why don't you have anything better to do than read this), enjoy—and remember, the nature of the issue being what it is, you may not "get" a lot of things unless you've been with us awhile ("My goodness, they're finally living up to their name!"), so don't sweat it...

OKAY, NOW THE IMPORTANT STUFF: THERE WILL BE NO AUGUST INSIDE JOKE THIS YEAR. Issue #24, our next one, will be coming out sometime in late September. The deadline for all submissions, as you see on the calendar opposite, will be expanded this once to AUGUST 31ST. This break is not so much an exercise in nostalgia (oldtime readers will recall that our last month off was August '82) as a much-needed stock-taking move as I CHANGE MY ENTIRE LIFE and IJ's Secret World Headquarters to boot. By the time the next issue comes out, I will have relocated to the wilds of Brooklyn (well, it's neither the East Village nor Washington Heights, but it will be Home). I'm not giving out the address yet, as it's not necessary—I will be checking the IJ Secret Post Office Box every other day at least, so that will become our official mailing address. The phone number won't be set before the next issue either, and as I've gotten Warning The First from my place of employ, I would implore all who wish to get in touch to either use the ol' phone in Roselle (which will be operative until the end of August), or just write the P.O. Box. More next issue about this...

Speaking of all of this, I will also be switching from the bank I've —er, banked at since childhood, so when you write checks to me from now on, PLEASE DON'T MAKE THE CHECKS OUT TO "INSIDE JOKE". There is no such legally bankable entity as "Inside Joke". Please make them out to me, Elayne Wechsler, okay? Thanks, it'll save lots of trouble...And sincere thanks to those who helped out monetarily with this issue (if I don't miss my guess, this is probably a longer-than-usual-size one, but I figure it'll tide us all over till September), as I need all the contri I can get while worrying about financing the Big Move—Appreciation to Paul Buhle, Michael T. Calvert, Vernon Grant, John W. Levin, Jackie Peschack, Dana A. Snow and Robert Wollard. Also personal gratitude to Dave, Doug, Kevin, Neil, James, Karen, Barbara, Carolyn, NVD, Chuck E. Cheese, Tom Gedwillo, Steve, and always always always SWAZ for all the friendship and support and love this past month...

And some surprising and quite unexpected news regarding IJ's future: I got a letter from a writer (for gasp etc.) ROLLING STONE. Michael Goldberg says "I'm currently working on a story for Rolling Stone about alternative magazines, newspapers, newsletters and fanzines. I would like to be able to include your publication in my story." All I can say is, if I go, we all go together. Nothing can stop us now! From here, it's right on through to HARPER'S BIZARRE!!...

This issue of INSIDE JOKE is dedicated in memory of Buckminster Fuller and Eddy Foy Jr....

Please send all submissions for issue #24 (written contri of no more than 2000 words, artwork a page or less, spot illos, comic strips, satire, parody, letters of comment, events, even \$\$\$—but please remember, again, checks should be made to me, not to IJ) by the deadline, AUGUST 31ST, to the following address:

INSIDE JOKE, P.O. Box 1609, Madison Square Station, NY, NY 10159.

This issue is dedicated to Buckminster Fuller and Eddy Foy, Jr.

P.S. Last month we had to make some extra IJs after we ran out of the original 200. Some of the type on the extras was a little off—namely Anni's article, which sort of slants off into oblivion. If you got one of these "IJ Plusses", and would like to see what Anni's column last month actually said, let me know and I'll rerex another copy of that page for you. Sorry about the inconvenience, everyone...

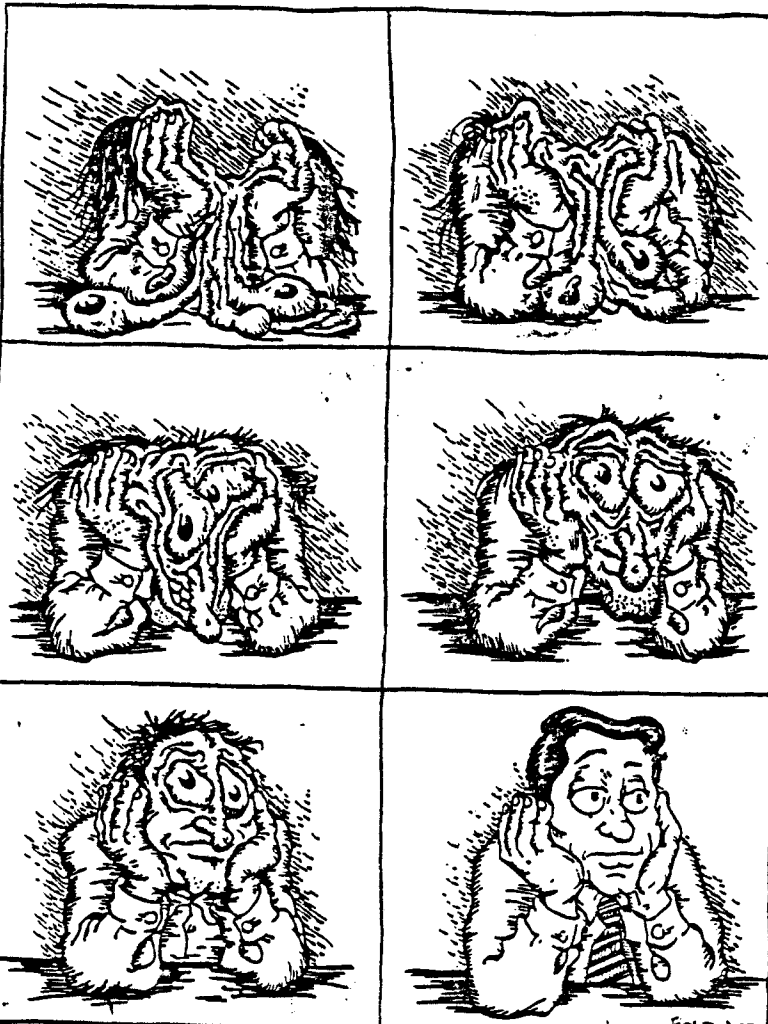


THOSE WITH KNOWLEDGE of why the "Express" has resumed suppression of Last International address from adults, send explanation to 55 Sutter #487, S.F. 94104.

# Fan Noose

Some PSAs and such to start things off, so everyone turn to your June 11s and look at last month's column... Please correct the zip code I gave for Randy Maxson to (Boston, MA) 02108; Please add the following inadvertently omitted plugs: The latest mini from Clark Dissmeyer (who did "Bunnies From Hell" last month) is called WITHOUT FIRE and can be had, I guess, for an SASE to Box 296, Fullerton, NE 68638; THE magazine of the anti-nuclear weapons movement, NUCLEAR TIMES, has sent me monthly copies since they started publishing last October, and the reason, dear Andrea Dormus (publishing asst.), I keep forgetting to give you guys your well-deserved plug is because I'm always carrying around the latest issue to read with me on the trains. The July issue focuses in on nuclear protest and the arts. Subs are \$15/year or \$2 (or trade, I think) for a single copy to Room 512, 298 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10001; Also unintentionally omitted last time was Steve Chaput's issue #8 of CURSED EARTH, a "general zine" which continues to give us wonderful press and also has participants like John Crawford and Brian Pearce; \$1 to Steve at 2 Indian Hill Rd., Westport, CT 06880... Bruce Duncan (address in lettercolumn) is looking for a 'partner' to help put out a mag dedicated to "different approaches to sex and sensuality in art & writing". He's also interested in contributors... A mysterious postcard sender named Mark Bloch would like people to sent him stuff for THE LAST MAIL ART SHOW, which he bills as the ultimate (don't they all?). Deadline is 1/9/84, theme is "THE END", and address is P.O. Box 1500, New York, NY 10009... Lauren Barnett Scharf informs me that LONE STAR, her humor pub, "will send a free copy of 'Humor Resources for Writers and Editors' to anyone who can overcome inertia and write us" at P.O. Box 29000, Suite #103, San Antonio, TX 78229... Not yet received (CAVEAT EMPOR, eh) but self-plugged on a recently arrived flyer is DE NADA, which says it's about "the slapstick humor of the intellect". It costs \$1 + SASE and is run by A. Pavletich, 939 N. Vendome St., Los Angeles, CA 90026... Again, a whole packetful of new stuff this month—New TJ contributor Julie Logan runs a nice fan club newsletter for Pee-Wee Herman (alias comic Paul Reubens), THE PEE-Wee PRESS—"To get it, one must join the Pee-Wee Herman Fan Club for a year which is \$5", says Julie. The address is 7610 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90048... This letter was so much fun I'll quote it verbatim from editor T.S. Child—"Dear Mr./Ms. Joke, Ha Ha! I get it—hohohoho... when do I inhale? You can not escape from the ubiquitous reality of THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN. It haunts your dreams; you can't help mentioning it to your friends, you read it over and over. You get a hernia. Your hair turns purple. Everyone likes it so much, you unknowingly start a new trend. It sweeps the country like a tidal wave. You become a leading fashion model. You become disgusted with the opposite sex and realize that homosexuality is the only way to go. Your body is found stabbed 17 times behind a gay bar in New York. And you owe it all to The Monthly... Bulletin." Uh, yuh. SASE to 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704... And tied with that one for this month's Bizarre Award is a masterpiece of the subtle art form ("Art Form? I know his sister, Maiden...") of nonsequiturs, entitled UH-OH!; write for info to JIM WHEAT, 1202 Orlole, Garland, TX 75042... Just about all you want to discover about Jewish humor is written up and analyzed in the latest SHMATE. Guest editor Paul Buhle does a great job in writing about half the mag himself, and the scattered articles on the cloning of Menachem Begin, by Lawrence Bush, are a scream. Paul informs me that "exchange copies for SHMATE issue go to me and not the publisher; but it's \$3.20 worth of issue & postage—send something thick & lumpy!" Please don't send Paul oatmeal, ok? He's at Dorrwar Bookstore, 107 1/2 Hope St., Providence, RI 02906... By the way, Paul also says "I hope to keep taking my slide show 'Comics in American Radicalism', around with the radical art show, running into local types doing 'zines'. We're still taking new art (enclose a SASE), en route from Pittsburgh and awaiting final arrangements on shows in Ankara and the International Humor Museum in Bulgaria." Good luck, Paul!... Speaking, as we were, of "all you want to discover", two very comprehensive mags cover the independent music scene quite well and thoroughly: The now-famous OP, whose "R" issue gave us a nice little plug, thank you John Foster; not sure of the single-issue price, so write the Lost Music Network, P.O. Box 2391, Olympia, WA... And Tony Lombardi's THRILLSEEKER (#2 costs \$1.25 to 12515 Brewster Lane, Bowie, MD 20715) specializes in independent punk & Third-World music but has some of everything, and type just about this size... YES, IT'S HERE AT LAST! After almost a full year of Slack, the new STARK FISH OF REMOVAL is out, highlighting The Book of The Subgenius (\$9.95 from McGraw-Hill—"Buy it—Or Kill Me!"), the '92 convention (featuring pictures of TJ folks Mike Gunderloy, Bob Black, Candi Strecker...), and the long-awaited "Other Mutants" networking listing, including a SUPER plug for TJ and for Campoon '84/'84 ("Bob" will be running for Big Brother)! \$3.50, worth much more, to Doug Smith (aka "Ivan Stang") at Box 140306, Dallas TX 75214... Other SubGs have been actively slacking as well: Bob Dugwyler, our WA Coordinator who, like Doug, worked with Campoon '76, heads the LOCAL CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS (P.O. Box 1185, Richland, WA 99352) and has gathered together his latest, including as his sample from TJ—are you ready?—an old Paul Zuckerman (of all people) entry. The rest of the mag is neat, tho, so send 'em an SASE... Collage wizard Joe Schwind's latest is available for \$2 and it's real colorful and eye-catching—always quality from the KANSAS COLLEGE OF COLLAGE, P.O. Box 8187, Shawnee Mission, KS 66208... Poet R. Gerry Fabian has just brought out ELEMENTAL WOMEN (together with ElysaBeth Nancy Fastlund's THE CITY OF THE DEAD) in a long poem chapbook available for \$1 from Raw Dog Press, 129 Worthington Ave., Doylestown, PA 18901... Prolific Matt Peazell has a whole slew of minis, one-sheets and other comics out. Besides contributing to the MN-based REAL HEP! (#2 out right on time—\$1.25 to editor Will Shetterly at SteelDragon Press, Box 7253, Powderhorn Station, Minneapolis, MN 55407), Matt's done more FIGHTING GUYS, ANTI SOCIAL MAN, NOT AVAILABLE COMICS and MATT COMICS—\$1 for

the first and last and 25¢ each mini to Matt at 2886 James Ave. S., #202, Minneapolis, MN 55408... Clayton Park's Galaxy Gang's latest is EMERALD CITY COMICS, really nice stuff for only 25¢ to 3700 Densmore Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103... For an interesting viewpoint on how the ends may or may not justify the means in revolution, staffer Steven Scharff (aka "Art Riot") has put out 4 installments of a one-page strip called THE RATS RETIRE, available for SASE to Box 5004, Hillside, NJ 07205... And another staffer, Kerry Thornley, plugs yet another staffer, Roldo, in his latest WALL-OP, SASE to Box 18441, Tampa, FL 33679... The ever-indescribable THUDPUCKER #10 is out from Ron Ahrens for a SASE to (brrr!) P.O. Box 61272, Fairbanks, AK 99706... And the also-long-awaited GOONZINE #5 is newly out from Goonexpert Dana A. Snow for \$3 (you get lotsa extras) from 7356 Beverly Blvd., #3, Los Angeles, CA 90036... And strictly for the fannish, but good literature nonetheless, is the latest HOLIER THAN THOU "bad taste" fanzine from Marty Cantor, available for \$1.50 or trade or loc (letter-of-comment) to 5263 Riverton Ave. #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601... And so we come at last to the "regulars": BIBLIOfANTASIAC #9 (Canadian \$6)—C.F. Kennedy, 802 Pape Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4K 3S7 (\$4.50/6 issues; make cheques to CHANNEL 53 PRODUCTIONS); COMIX WAVE #4/COMIX WORLD #222 (ug comix reviews)—Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707 (\$11/2 years); CONFESSIONS OF A TRASH FIEND V.2, #s 586 (sleazemovies)—Richard Green, P.O. Box 32, Old Bridge, NJ 08857 (\$7/yr, 24 issues); GOOD DAY SUNSHINE #15 (excellent Beatles mag)—CHARLES F. ROSENAY, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511 (\$2 or trade); THE MONKEES/BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB #46 (self-explanatory)—Jodi Hamrich (sec'y), 508 8th St. NE #4, Watertown, SD 57201 (\$6.25/yr if you join NOW!); The SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER V.III, #2 (also self-explanatory, nuf!)—John T. Harlee, Rt. 10, Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501 (SASE, trade); STOP! (comedy high & lowbrow)—Dale Ashmun, 55 1st Ave. #16, New York, NY 10003 (#7 costs a buck or trade!); The SMALL PRESS REVIEW V.5, #s 6&7 (self-explanatory)—Len Fulton, Dustbooks, P.O. Box 100, Paradise, CA 95969 (trade I guess); TRASHOLA, 2nd Anniv. Issue (sleazemovies)—Jim Morton, Suite 583, 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105 (\$3.50/yr)... LATE-BREAKER: The above-mentioned SHMATE is now available, through the auspices of Paul Buhle, in limited stock from yours truly, so let me know if you want one, first-come-first-serve... Next issue I'll try to look more in depth at my newly-arrived CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE, the one with my article in it (thanks again, Paul B!) and also my latest 'care package' of goodies from AGAINST THE WALL's Bill George... Ta till then... we'll miss you, Frank Reynolds...



**STRAIGHT AGAIN!**  
WELCOME TO THE 90'S, KIDS.....

# Questionnaire Results

by "Kid" Sieve and "Maiden Jappan"

IN QUEST OF QUESTIONNAIRES by "Maiden Jappan" (c. 1984-1 J. Majay)  
 'Tis said with questionnaire response That 10% may answer once  
 We sent 200 INSIDE JOKES And answered were by 25 folks!  
 [This makes up 12.5%, For those with mathematical bent.]  
 I shan't go into detail much, except for gen'ral tabs & such:  
 Listing "most-liked features" here, we find that Anni Ackner's  
 dear To five in all; that ties for lead With Crawford's  
 Baboon Dooley creed. Four votes for letters and Fan Noose,  
 And three for art and Firesign views. Two each for Brian, Clay &  
 Kerry, Greg's "Wimpy", and Elayne, and Gerry;  
 Two votes for Poetry, meffinds, and but one vote for other kinds—  
 Steven Scharff and brother John, Law & Order (long since gone),  
 Covers, and Events, Reviews...And now for the less happy news:  
 On "least liked", Poems too the gripe With four votes; three  
 'gainst Firesign hype; Letters gathered neg'tive three, And at least  
 two pan George Eddy. Other pouts were pers'nal taste—One thought  
 George Papoon a waste; Others thought the size too small, Or don't  
 like Natatorial, Discordians, the marginal, Dooley, long reviews—but  
 all In all a good report card, this, Nothing very much amiss.  
 Suggestions for improving things Were noted by Elayne; this brings  
 Us to the point we've tried to make, on special interests & their  
 stake—All who answered, answered 'NO!' To probing on if we should go  
 More specialized; a victory! As we'd planned all along, you see,  
 To show you that we won't give in To tunnel vision, heinous sin!  
 The purpose of our harmless trick Was to make consensus stick—  
 We will not pigeonhole ourselves, nor categories bear on shelves!  
 Suggestions for some future themes, and talking 'bout the 80s dreams  
 I'll leave for "Roomie Dearest" Sieve to filter out and answers give!  
 Uh, thanks, I guess. I get to type now? Okay, well, personally, I'm  
 very pleased. I'm glad the "specialization" question did its job, and  
 I'm quite happy to report on the two most confusing questions in terms  
 of response—the suggestions for future "theme" issues, and Roldo's  
 question of "Epitomize the 80s in 25 words or less". As far as theme  
 issues go, I think we might still have too many NatLamp subbers out  
 there, as at least three or four answered some variation of "sex,  
 drugs & rock 'n roll". I think what Elayne was looking for here was  
 originality, and to my knowledge, everyone does theme issues on s,d,  
 and r&r. But, if we put a twist on it—JS (names initialized to protect  
 the typist) said "Television and Other Drugs", a distinct possi-  
 bility, since other folks suggested TV and TV commercials & the like.  
 There were also the usual predictables like punk, art, all-comics (and  
 Elayne can't even draw!), anarchy (hey, what are we, anyway?)...Some  
 of the more unusual ones were "MAFU" (AA), "Class reunions" (RA),  
 "Writing off writing" (BB), "Post-nuclear paradise" (BB—there were  
 one or two others desiring a nuclear or post-nuclear theme), "Cooking  
 With Speed" (AC), "Paranoia" (AC—others suggested the Illuminati,  
 Discordianism, and even science fiction—but again, we do all that  
 stuff anyway, so to do a theme issue on it would kind of be in the  
 realm of specialization, again; besides which, many staff writers  
 would be lost on those things, not being into them, you gotta remember  
 here, folks, not everyone's interested in these specific topics, you'd  
 do better to suggest GENERAL ones), "The ME Generation" (BC), "Gumby"  
 (SC—hey, I'd go for that one! how 'bout "childhood fixations"?),  
 "bullion", "Velveeta Cheese" (RG—someone else suggested "Food"—how  
 does a "Food" Theme Issue sound, Elayne?), "Large Mammals", "Trout-  
 Farming For Fun & Profit", "What I Like About NY" (those three MG),  
 "Living in the monaural whirl" (RK), "You are what you idolize" (a  
 real intriguing one by PL), "Time of PeE" (DS—guess who), & "Backlog"  
 (an EXCELLENT idea, Elayne, I really think you should get rid of all  
 the old stuff lying around, whaddya say—oh, that was JT). I think  
 I'll just quote some answers to the Question of The 80s verbatim:  
 "I wish that rot/Was eating Watt/Deep in the solar plexus" to the tune  
 of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" (AA), "Laconic" (RA), "That's 25 words  
 too many; that's thr trouble with most of you people, you're not con-  
 cise" (BB), "When does the fun start?" (GB—my personal favorite an-  
 swer), "The 80s are trying (since 1978) to take up where the 60s left  
 off. With Reagan as president, anything seems possible" (NB),  
 "Jonestown/Woodstock → Drugs/Computers" (AC), "I find it impos-  
 sible to say anything coherent in less than 25 words" (MC), "In the  
 World: Period of global economic depression, stemming from Arabs con-  
 trolling production needed for U.S. consumption; Worldwide economic  
 cooperation needed to eliminate 'Junkie Syndrome' among powers...In  
 The U.S.: Non-War Baby Boom now adult; Every wish fulfilled grown up;  
 Uncle Sam, like some estranged parent alimony overdrawn; Brat's whims  
 cutback artifact: Technology; Recycle" (BC, who obviously didn't read  
 the "25 words or less" part), "Reagan, Watt, Weinberger, Haig, Nancy,  
 USA Today, Smurfs, Richard Simmons, Jane Fonda, New York Post, Neo-  
 liberals, Neo-conservatives, Moral Majority, Falwell, Bob Hope spe-  
 cials" (SC), "10 years made up of days one after another, like Wheat  
 Thins" (JC), "100 If taste=0 then go to 200, 200 Print "Throw your  
 literature away. Buy LJ!" (GE), "Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha..."  
 (RG), "The Kinks: 'Young Conservatives'" (MG), "Epitomize the 80s?  
 Hell, I'm still working on the 60s!" (AK), "Either the decade of the  
 living dead, or ten years learning to live in the slow lane without  
 sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll" (RK), "????!! Do punctuation marks  
 count as words? If so I got 17 words so far...Uncertain direction."  
 (PL); "The Decade of shadow and substance...of things and ideas."  
 (BP); "Style over substance; quantity instead of quality; high tech  
 but low intellect; angst—but hope!" (JR), "A decade that lives up  
 to its name. (What does that mean?)" (LS), "I remember the name of  
 John Lennon's murderer." (JS), "Slow cars, expensive gas, computer  
 stores, nuclear threat, cynical youth, commando chic, neo-dadaist  
 rock, racist radio programming, comix resurrection, rightist reli-  
 gion, faded glory" (SS), "Slack/No Slack/Slack/No Slack etc." (DS),  
 "Amen" (JT). What more can we say? Elayne would like to thank all  
 who participated in this, and remember, you can still send in your  
 questionnaires to supply LJ with important info like events and sug-  
 gestions, so don't forget! Thanks again!



## Funny You Should Mention It...

by Kip M. Ghessin

"...those are the headlines; now, the rumours behind the news..."  
**SHOCKING PINKS**—Yeah, I was there. Dammit, if you live in the area and are halfway cool (but not hip—NO HIP WDMPS!) you should have been there too. The place was gak—Danceteria, one of the most obnoxious trendclubs in Manhattan, but the event was the SubGenius Book Wurding Launching and Revival, hosted by Tim and Joan of McGraw-Hill and featuring NYC Pope David Meyer and Dallas' own Ivan Stang. Now, as anyone who knows what's good for 'em and has gotten and read the latest STARK FIST knows, we are (hell, I am) in cahoots with Rev. Ivan, and it did my vain and embittered heart good to see so many singing the praises of "Bob" once more! Of course, the locale and time of day (the good stuff began close to midnight and Friday was, after all, a "school day") drew the usual moronic normal scum, who scurried off in dribs and drabs when they discovered they were in over their heads ("Where's the loud music? What happened to the mindless chatter? We need an atmosphere of non-substance to survive! AAAUGGH..."). Kudos, whatever they are, to an above-and-beyond job by David and Wurding (oops) Ivan, and here's to the Book (BUY IT OR SUFFER THE SCORN OF ALL YOUR FRIENDS AS THEY LEAVE YOU BEHIND IN A CLOUD OF DUST AND MINDLESS CHATTER...!) Remember, \$9.95 from McGraw-Hill and bookstores. Buy it, —OR KILL ME—  
**AIR WARS: RETURN OF THE PETTY**—Remember back when WNBC-AM and WABC-AM in NY were tearing each other limb from limb? Well, two NY FM stations, not to be outdone, are now reviving that ol' mudslinging tradition in all its stupidity and tackiness. What's really annoying is that these stations fail to understand that they're probably approved or disapproved of just about equally, since they play the exact same music and are found a hair's breath from one another on the dial. I'm speaking, of course, of WNEW-FM and WAPP-FM. The former operates out of NYC proper; the latter out of Lake Success (with a somewhat weaker signal but the power and dollars of Doubleday behind it). It started with subtle "hints" dropped by Station A about Station B's practices as opposed to Station A's wonderful policy, then it got into the realm of unsubstantiated rumors and heavy insults, and now it's reached the point where the pots are finally calling the kettles black by name. Now, I like a fight as much as the next depressed malcontent androgynous adolescent, but what the hell are these assholes fighting about? It's starting to detract from enjoying Earl Bailey or Joe Piscopo in the mornings on NEW or Jeff Young and E.J. Crumney on APP or NEW's Saturday Morning 60s or APP's (slightly) fewer commercials or—but why go on? Hey you toads—knock it off! None of your listeners give two shits! Jeezus, you'll end up driving us all back to YNY, for godsake. Grow up, and just play the damn music.  
**TV TUBER ALLES**—Never one to blow her own horn, Elayne has instructed me to publicize her upcoming continuing column in The Tuber's Voice. She has written about something done much better and cleaner by SWAZ member Candi Strecker—MTV. Issue #5 of TV should be out sometime in August. SWAZ is now also officially a Couch Potato Lodge. Is all this necessary for me to report? Come on.  
**"WHO'S CARLA?"**—That paraphrase from a couple TFT albums summons up, for some of us, images of tacky soap operas. Well, now NYers can get 'em on the phone. Heartily recommended, these Dial-A-Soaps (brought to us, amazingly, by Soap Opera Digest, never known for their sense of humor) are so (unintentionally?) HILARIOUS that they outshine not only Dial-A-Joke (which has gotten pretty putrid lately) but even the High Society porno stuff! The acting is awful, the plot thread is almost invisible, and it's a NY dime well spent. If you get bored during the day in NY, give a listen. (212) 976-6363. So bad it's great.



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THERE'S NO GOOD CLOGS, SO WATCH YOUR STEP (BELLS ARE A WARNING SIGN).



# DAIRY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

MOTHER NATURE'S PUN

Of course, I have been fully aware for several years now that I am something of an enigma to many people. How is it, they wonder, that all those millions of carefully wrought words, so much writing, column after column of witty, sophisticated prose can spring from the manual portable typewriter of one lonely woman holed up in a tiny bedroom in a smallish community in suburban New Jersey? How does she do it, given such primitive creative conditions? Where does it all come from? (That they also have been known to ask why, I consider rather less to the point.) It doesn't seem possible, they cry. I can't count how many times I have been subjected to remarks of this nature, and each time I have chosen to counter them only with the mysterious half-smile so well known to my friends and acquaintances, the smile that says, in effect, "If you won't ask me about that, I won't ask you about that long ago evening in Los Angeles with the man who claimed to be the press secretary for the Lakers". I have always felt, to get down to the most basic issues, that the way one wrote was a private matter, and, along with one's religious practices and the things one chooses to do when alone in the bathtub, not to be discussed in a public publication. However, this is a special edition of *IJ* and we are all, I like to believe, all Friends here, and so I have been persuaded, not entirely in line with my better judgement, but nevertheless, to divulge what has heretofore been a well-kept secret.

Fact: It is NOT possible for one lonely woman operating under primitive creative conditions to produce column after column of witty, sophisticated prose. That is to say, one lonely woman, provided she possesses at least a modicum of talent, a certain amount of pigheadedness and the ability to tolerate the kind of social life that would bore an agoraphobic, can achieve this sort of output, but not writing on a manual portable typewriter in Englewood, N.J. This type of amazing—and slightly nauseating—prolificness demands highly specialized conditions, never let anybody tell you it doesn't, and the fact that I have denied the use of these conditions over the course of my career amounts to nothing more than a finely-honed sham on my part, to ensure both my self-image and pride. The manual typewriter is a cover; the tiny bedroom in suburban New Jersey, while it exists, is simply a home-away-from-home, a place I go to escape from writing, not in any sense of the word where the writing itself gets done.

I am now, as I have always been, a City Person, stretching a point and calling Englewood a "City", which is admittedly rather like stretching a point and calling the appointment of Gerald Ford to the office of President of the United States a "historic event", and I could never permanently leave my home in Englewood. I love the bright light, the frantic activity of the rush hour, when easily ten or 15 people push and shove and fight their way down Palisade Avenue, the sounds of the siren and the colour and gaiety of Saturday afternoons in the shopping district, when the butcher, the baker, the macrame plant-holder maker and three different boutiques all selling last year's fashions with precisely the same 78% mark-up display their wares for the strolling throngs of whoever hasn't got enough gas to make it out to the malls. No, I could never leave Englewood forever, and yet the city, with its hustle and bustle, is no place to get any Real writing done. The highly specialized conditions of which I have already spoken cannot possibly exist in such an environment. In order to get any work done at all I have to get away...

Far far from the busyness and noise of Englewood, down a seldom-used section of I-95, past the collapsed bridge, and through an overgrown off-ramp, there sits, at the outskirts of a tiny hamlet, a cluster of weather-beaten buildings on a small plot of land. Secluded in a grove of the variety of telephone poles indigenous to the area, sheltered on the one side by the majestic splendour of an abandoned oil refinery and on the other by a billboard advertising the thrice-weekly Bingo games at St. Bartholomew of the Pestilence Church, it is here that I come to harvest my modest crop of self-righteousness and cynicism. This is where it all begins, and comes to fruition. This is the point of both germination and completion. This is the Dairy of the Rock Fiend.

The first thing one sees, as one meanders off the beaten path and through the barbed fence with its acid-tipped spikes and signs bearing the legends "Caution: Dangling participle next 500 feet" and "Double crossing" is a little stone cottage directly within the gates. This is the home of Sven, who, for want of a better term, is the "hired hand" about the place, as well as a sort of all-purpose watchdog, grounds-keeper and display item. It is Sven's function to gently persuade would-be picnickers that the lady of the house has a rare disease that causes in her an overwhelming physical need to suck the blood of people wearing madras Bermuda shorts, and it might be wise to have their egg salad sandwiches elsewhere; to help with the chores; to shoot on sight any small, feathered singing creature that has the temerity to fly overhead and to wear ridiculously tight trousers—all of which he performs admirably. As his English is limited to such words as he needs to perform his tasks, and my Swedish begins and ends with two or three phrases of a decidedly intimate nature, our conversations achieve a rather more rarefied level than that usually obtained in those between men and women, and he is an ideal companion.

Several dozen yards beyond Sven's cottage is the main house, my domain. An unprepossessing 35-room structure, formerly the W.R. "Uncle" Floyd mansion, it was bequeathed to me several years ago, upon the death of Mr. Floyd, in gratitude for my suggestion that it might be politic for him to find a new nickname. As majestic as it is—and it has many times, during Mr. Floyd's tenancy and my own, won the coveted William Randolph Hurst Award bestowed by the Society for the Preservation of Questionable Taste in Architecture—it is far too big for a single person, and I have closed off the majority of the rooms (several of which act as museums, one housing Mr. Floyd's renowned collection of Boer War memorabilia, one devoted to my own, less ambitious accumulation of heavyweight words, and so on), and live in only four: the kit-

chen, presided over by Immaculata, who serves as the cook and, as nearly as I have ever been able to guess, sleeps in the Cuisinart; the living room, in which I often sit, after a hard day's work, by the roaring fire, roasting a few *IJ* contributors; the library, wherein my thousands of books are stored—not the least of which are my highly prized, autographed first editions of the works of Fran Leibowitz, and where I often retire to meditate and ponder the plagiarism laws—and the bedroom, a veritable bower of comfort only slightly spoiled by the fact that the mansion's only bathroom (Mr. Floyd having been haunted to the end of his days by a deep and irrational fear of porcelain fixtures) is enclosed therein, a structural peculiarity that leads to occasional disconcerting moments at 4 AM when Immaculata, who suffers from certain excretory system dysfunctions, attempts the 300-yard dash across my pillow and invariably knocks over the bed table. With the exception of this minor inconvenience, however, I adore my house and look forward to the times when I am safely within its walls, relaxing and puttering and looking forward to the times when I am safely outside its walls.

Still, however much I love the house itself, and enjoy my leisure time there, I can never allow myself to forget that the primary purpose, the essence, the Zen of the Dairy of the Rock Fiend is Work, the creation of articles and stories to serve the needs of the masses and, as such, the hub of the place is its three outer buildings, where the actual business occurs, and which, aided only by Sven, I care for and oversee.

The first is the livestock barn, a faded red building, warm and clean and softly lit, the air gently suffused with the scent of hay made while the sun shone, and manure. Here are kept the ideas, of which I have four (Bessie, Buttercup, Elsie and the bull, Elmer), all a writer really needs as, with practice, the same ideas can be used again and again, and milked for all they are worth, with only occasional infestation from the bull. I am very fond of my ideas, and sometimes simply sit in the barn talking to them, as they twitch their ears and switch away the flies with their tails, and I like to believe that they are fond of me, too, and the small moaning sounds they make at my approach are signs of affection.

A bit beyond the livestock barn is the creamery, the most modern of all the buildings on the farm. Full of the hum and throb of machinery, it is here that the freshly milked cream of the ideas is brought, so that columns may be churned out, cheesy sarcasm created, and editors buttered up. Once upon a time such things were done almost entirely by hand, with the aid of such primitive devices as the ballpoint pen and the manually operated typewriter, but nowadays, with the advent of word processors and electronic typewriters, there is no need for human beings to concern themselves with such mundane facets of the literary process as the manipulation of the fingers in order to form words on a bit of paper, but are now set free to follow such higher pursuits as thinking and plotting. While many scoff at these forms of progress, thinking them unnatural at worst and at best liable to cause laziness and sloppiness on the part of the writers, and while I myself, as has been said, pretend to disdain them as part of the "Image" I have erected, there is no denying that they speed up the business of creation immensely, and make it more cost-efficient and easier for us all. Who does not look forward to the day when electronic devices take over all facets of the process, doing our creating for us, so that we may relax and enjoy our time on this earth without being troubled by the nastiness of imagination?

Finally, the finished product is carried to the last building, the distribution centre, in order to be packaged and sent out to various markets all over the country, a four-pronged assembly-line process, and the only part of the entire business in which outside help is used. The neatly word-processed and computerized manuscripts are first fed onto a conveyor belt near the door of the building, which takes them to the typing pool. Staffed by residents of a nearby Hospice for the Digitally Impaired, all of whom have been specially and carefully trained to make a requisite number of typos and spelling errors on each page, the typing pool recopies the manuscripts on several identical manual portable typewriters, and then puts them back on the conveyor to be passed along to what we familiarly call "The Greek Diner". Here, more residents of the Hospice neatly and efficiently drop small splashes of grease, dollops of ketchup and dribbles of coffee on the pages, to give them that truly authentic "Anni Ackner" look, and send them down the belt to the Rippery, where corners are dog-eared and cigarette holes burned, further increasing the authenticity. Ultimately, the newly distressed manuscript pages arrive at the mailroom, where they are sorted, collated, and slipped into pre-addressed and decorated envelopes, and are now ready to be shipped out to editors and publications in all corners of the United States.

Yes, the literary business is a tiring and painstaking one, one that cannot possibly be managed, to any great extent, by a single person working alone. Were it not for Sven, Immaculata, the people from the Hospice, and the latest in state-of-the-art technological equipment, I freely admit that I could never carry it off. Without these people, as you the reader sleep, there would be no columns, no stylish corresponding work, but we are glad to make the sacrifice for you. At the Dairy of the Rock Fiend, we like to say, no sentence is too long, no parenthetical phrase too confusing, as long as they serve the needs of our customers. At the Dairy of the Rock Fiend, we put our hearts into everything we do.

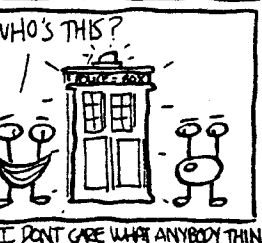
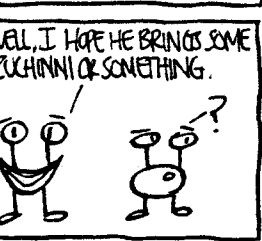
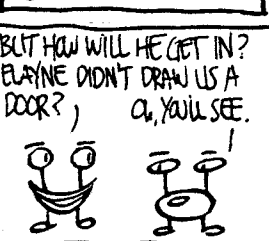
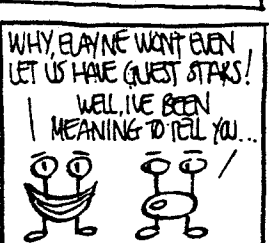
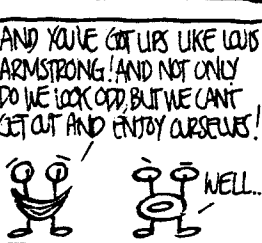
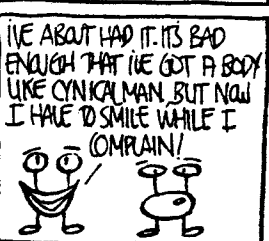
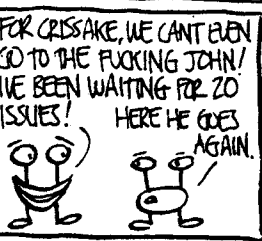
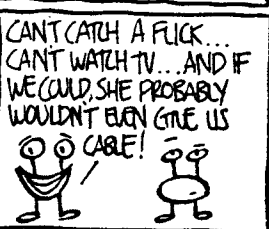
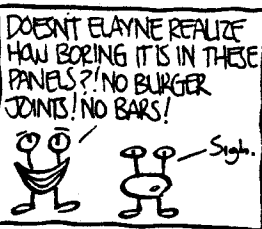
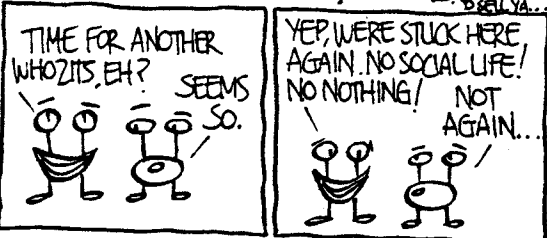
EACH OF YOUR AFTERLIVES BUT  
Not This One Has A Herebefore.  
Arithmetically confusing, isn't it?  
If you want to walk on water, spirit a  
S.A.S.E. to: HEREBEFORE  
Box 2138, Youngstown, Ohio, 44504

KIDD SYREK—is Trotsky Yrda? Ice-pick more  
honestly than you do. (Signed) the Kronstret  
Partridge Family ("Duke" Deukmejian: Meet  
the Turki).

HOLDING TRANGLES BETWEEN YOUR TOES DOESN'T WORK, UNLESS YOU HAVE A LONG REACH

# WHOOZITS EXTENDED PLAY by ELAYNE

AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT HE A BODGE DOLL YA...



Short Chester lived on this farm one summer, and he decided some things were real and some things were not real, and he'd best figure out some foolproof way of telling which was which. Now, he pondered on this for hours, and then days, and then weeks, and finally—just before autumn's chilling torch set slow fire to the trees, Short Chester decided that real things could be blown apart with a shotgun.

## Not to be taken externally; on A Parable Beats A Full House by Roldo

He immediately set to seeing how many of the things around him were definably real. The sink proved real, the table, the refrigerator, stove, the toilet, the picture of the lady he lived with in '71, an entire shelf of canned beans,...in fact, everything was turning out so real, that Short Chester was feeling real comfortable, secure and happy when he thought he saw a truck pull up in the yard; and his old friend, Davey Dime, got out.

Short Chester made sure the door was real, then ran out into the yard.

"Hey, Davey Dime," he shouted, "great to see ya! Just let me make sure you're real by blowing you apart with this shotgun and I'll put on a pot o' coffee."

Ol' Davey, he just smiled and answered, "Shit, Short Chester—that ain't a real shotgun, an' I'd rather have a beer."

MORAL: PEOPLE OUGHT TO FUCK MORE

## Filmviews by Ken Filar

JULY 10, 1983

I awoke, covered with cold sweat, pained and fully aware that two friends helped me consume a case of Molson Golden and a fifth of Cuervo Gold last night (before I passed out—of course—with no thought, then, but alcoholic delirium shook me shoulder to ankle, for so profligately squandering my last week of vacation) and today another INSIDE JOKE headline, overhanging.

There had been foreign films (Russian, Japanese, a pair of Germans (each one boasting more misspelled subtitles—as if translators are allowed to be more slack than native tongues)), but all were of an older strain and doubtless inconsequentially esoteric (or, worse, still (boring), and of no interest to the readers of IJ whose passions tend toward the conventional—no matter how unconventional they pretend to be (in print)). There had even been a domestic feature or two: by far the most impressive being the newly reconstructed version of George Cukor's *A Star Is Born*, but once again, as age ruled out its timeliness (in spite of the fact that the finally recovered missing footage added a great deal to an always fine movie), dissertation here of that movie's relative merits and moralities would only serve to further fuel the glooming reaction most of Ken Filar's [I will, for the moment, (be)come clear—more or less—by referring to myself in the nominative] reviews gather from disgruntled readers/writers off-and-from tease hollow(ed)sic) pages.

However, we digress, for all that has come before to overpower Ken Filar's sense and inspire his vivid comment (commentary/common-territory/come-on-terror/go-mental-merry/geometric-error (and thus, via logarithmic progression)) at once so fragmentary and yet coherently flippant, we still arrive at the conclusion that this young writer must sooner or later come face to face with the very source of his being.

DOWN HOUSE LIGHTS UP CURTAIN TITLES  
MY (FREEWHEELING) LUNCH WITH ELAYNE  
(A nocuous film comedy following the generic tradition that stretches back from Woe D. Alien to Presto Strango and even includes The Three...)

ED (doing body doubles and blocking for EW): Hold it! Hold it just one minute. This is supposed to be...

KF: Supposed territory? Or suppository? You know, those could well be the same thing. If we take time to examine the question from the inside out...

ED/EW: If you'll just give me a minute to explain...  
KF: Mimic! Mimic! Do you want...nay, do ye want me, to repeat after thee...explanatorily...

ED/EW: No, you seem to be a trifle...  
KF (moving his hands in front of himself as if taking aim): Rifle(?) ...BANG!!!!

ED/EW (trying not to let Ken's nonsensical behavior interrupt her train of thought):...a trifle—I said a trifle—confused. This is the INSIDE JOKE self-parody...

KF (as he speaks she perches on the edge of her glass and bobs back and forth like a little drinking bird, leaning over too far and toppling into the glass—of course this is all impossible in real life—but these are the movies, kiddos): I was not aware that parrots even had knees until you mentioned it just now—how-now (the joke's inside me)—how/AWK! (AWK! Pollywannacracker)ward...!!

ED/EW (raising her head out of the glass and sputtering):...issue...  
KF: Gesundheit! (Subtitle: Good health)

ED/EW: SELF-PARODY! You're supposed to make pointed jabs at your own jugular.

KF (picking up soup spoon and slapping himself across the forehead several times in rapid succession): I know what I've done. I know what I'm doing. Try the soup—it smells exquisite.

ED/EW (vexed): What soup? There's no soup here! We're just verbal bandurings on another leaf of life.

KF: My point exactly—to the jugular—and all that fiddle-dee-dee and falderal...Why, without your leave(s), I'd be naught (and that's another knotty thought) for your continued grace allows my exposition to live...

ED/EW (finally going along with the lurch[ch]a-sea): Sort of like this "live-eel-soup" if I comprehend your drift(ing)...

KF: Exactly...and what isn't moveable should be nailed down. Yet, it's impossible to poke fun, without poking the fun-maker...

ED/EW: I'm starting to feel like Dr. Frankenstein.  
KF: I serve you by deconstructing all that is relative and rational by making it appear to be (if it must be—at all) incomprehensible...

ED/EW (tearing at her hair): CRIPES! I've created a monster! Oh, what have I done?  
KF: Cookie!!!  
ED/EW: My just desserts?  
KF (louder): COOKIE!!!

ED/EW: As, so, but with a fortune inside—and what does it say?  
KF: "Wise the man who can recognize his limits—and respect them."  
BLACKOUT

NANCY. YOU gave me fair warning when Henry wanted to take me hiking. But I'm so glad I didn't listen. Yes, we did climb up to big flat rock like he did with you. The wind chilled my sweat and I started shivering. Then...I'll tell you more later. Ms. U.

I DON'T have a drinking problem! I drink, I get drunk. I fall down. I tear apart my family. I wallow in self-pity. I plow my car through a pedestrian crossing and kill little children. I hose off the bloodstains. I have another drink, I blubber a lot. No problem!

Hey kids! It's time for another...

## TALK SHOW HOST CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

Have you ever noticed that people turn and stare at you when you talk in crowded places? Has anyone described you as "an incurable egomaniac"? Are you shallow, only rarely intelligent? Then take this simple test:

- 1) Repeat this phrase: "Hi, you're on the air." Did you do it without any fluffs? Give yourself ten points.
- 2) Repeat this phrase: "Gotta run now. Thanks for your call." Another ten points for a flawless performance.
- 3) Answer this question: The President of the United States is...Ten points for "Ronald Reagan".
- 4) Finish this sentence: Tip O'Neill is to Congress as is the Pope to .....Ten points.
- 5) Describe someone's ethnic heritage in morally objectionable terms. If you could do it without a twinge of conscience, score yourself ten points.

Now, add your score. If you can't add your score get your mom to do it. If you've scored more than 20 points, YOU COULD HAVE THE POTENTIAL FOR BEING A RADIO TALK SHOW HOST. YOU CAN BE A MEDIA SUPERSTAR! TALK TO CELEBRITIES! HANG UP ON PEOPLE YOU DON'T LIKE! WEAR NEAT-LOOKING HEADPHONES ON A DAILY BASIS!

All this could be yours if you enroll today in the Famous Talk Show Host School of Indian Orchard, Massachusetts! Hi, I'm Mike Dobbs and I would like to invite you to send your name, address and check or money order for \$19.95 to receive your study-at-home course which in just a few short months will enable you to walk into your local radio station and tell the program director that you are the answer of his talk show host dreams.

Before I was a talk show host, I was a mere 140-pound weakling writer knuckling under to pin-headed editors who held my career up because of insistence on spelling and syntax. But I discovered a system which GAVE ME THE MONEY I NEEDED AND THE FREEDOM TO MALIGN ANYONE I CHOSE IN THE MANNER I LIKED. And for just \$19.95, I'll share this information with you.

Being a talk show host is a meaningful position in society. You're able to dish out abuse to all the guilt-ridden closet liberals or take abuse from those people so down-trodden by life that their own way to assert themselves is to insult someone anonymously over the airwaves.

If the life of a talk show host sounds appealing to you, then don't delay, and send your check or money order out today!

And if you act by August 1, 1983, you'll receive free-of-charge the specialist host course. Just tell us if you want to be a sports, political, psychotherapy or sex talk-jock! Our specialist courses give you the empty-headed cliches, the worn-out subjects and the iron-clad disclaimers necessary to survive in this competitive business.

Don't waste your life in a high-paying, low-exposure job! Send \$19.95 today to the Famous Talk Show Host School of Indian Orchard, Massachusetts and begin talking your way to fame!

## STAR BORES\* TEDDY BEARS IN SPACE by Clay Geerdes

RETURN OF THE JEDI is STAR WARS revisited, basically the same plot with a few new monsters and gimmicks mixed in. The plot is closely analogous to FLASH GORDON AND THE LION MEN ON MONGO. The Lion Men become teddy bears (Ewoks) in the Lucasfilm studios and the overall effect of the picture is a Muppet Show with no Kermit the Frog. While the first picture was designed for everyone, JEDI is aimed at a kid market. The gimmicks and special effects and toy monsters are the be-all and end-all of this exercise in tedium; it's one long commercial for the toy and game spin-offs. The actors are so bad, one is embarrassed to talk about them. Carrie Fisher looks bored to death while she is chained to Jabba the Hut, a mass of inarticulate plubber related to Jumpin' Jack Flash. I thought she was going to yawn when it was time to do the old Doug Fairbanks swinging routine again.

Really, JEDI is a collage of old movies. So was STAR WARS. But in the premier chapter, the actors at least pretended to care about it all. In JEDI, they camp on their own roles, which is condescending and disconcerting to the adults in the audience who thought there was something there for them as well as their kids. So Leia turns out to be Luke's sister, well, Shades of Dumas and Dickens. We knew Darth Vader was nothing but the Man in the Iron Mask, but to drag in all this ridiculous crapola, well...

Watching those repetitive battle scenes in JEDI is like being chained to an endless game of SPACE INVADERS. There is too much action, and the action is now a cliché. It was new and interesting in 1975, but how much space crap can we take? How much Disneyesque sentimentality? How many cardboard characters? How much patchwork religion? The force is more like it. We're supposed to think the Jedi warriors have God on their side, yet when Luke faces down the emperor the Force is nothing. If Darth Vader hadn't decided to save his kid by throwing out the emperor, Luke would have been a fried knight. And if Luke is a Knight after that, one can only pity such a system and long for another Mongol emperor to make the scene and liven things up. Some emperor. All he does it sit around in an ugly robe and talk in pontifical tones. He and Darth Vader were a pair of classic bores in JEDI, worse than Marvel Comic villains. At least Ming The Merciless had style. He was going to make Dale Arden his concubine and do all sorts of nasty things to Flash Gordon. Lucas' ugly emperor was nothing but a humanoid electric chair. The power of the Dark Side. What a lot of crap.

Ah, well, the kids love it. I'm sure they're all out there in line right now, clutching their Wookie mugs and looking forward to going home to bed with their Ewok.

Oh, you liked this sentimental technological turkey? Well, may the force be with you always.

- CLAY GEERDES, Berkeley, 1983

JOHN LENNON is dead, what's C. B. Edelman's excuse? C. B. has a great future behind it, bad bud-  
dy: Norman Lear meets Rod McKuen! Nurd Productions, 55 Sutter No. 487, San Francisco, CA 94104.

BUY THE  
BOOK!



"BOB"



## Kerry Thornley Notes

by Quent Wimpel

As Kerry Wendell Thornley sat down to his typewriter to write another contribution to INSIDE JOKE, I sat down at my keyboard in an air-conditioned underground laboratory to dictate his composition—about my future adventures as determined by Bulldata Time Control Laboratories—through the silicone chip inside his head.

How I was going to solve the President Fitzpatrick assassination was still very much on my mind. There were a number of other things I wanted to mention, though—Richard Arnold Winston's caustic compendium, DEMONS OF THE KALI YUGA, including JEHOOVER, among them. Then there was Nutman Bolton, the hitch-hiker I will meet many years hence who collects nuts and bolts along the highways in his travels—carrying them in his backpack for eventual deposit in a cave just outside Gallup, New Mexico, for reasons which he is never to reveal to me. I also wanted to be sure Kerry mentioned the Snake-Shit Cosmos.

Circa my visit to Nutman Bolton's cave I met an old Zuma Indian medicine man who tells me that according to his people, the whole world is made out of rattlesnake shit. (As for the snake itself, we know it as the Milky Way—actually just the serpent's scales, glittering in the light of the moon.) I became so convinced of this theory that for two weeks I believe absolutely everything except the aforementioned body of stars is made out of snake manure. At the end of fourteen days, though, I manage to extricate myself from this dismal worldview when Bishop John Rich of the Abreactology Institute of Box 1263, Miami, FLA 33139 converts me, instead, to an alternative view I lack the space to explain in this particular mind-control session.

Then there are the profound observations from my notes themselves, such as: "Confucious say: Man who seek Taoist wisdom in fortune cookie seldom find what he is looking for."

Besides that, I remember that before I can explain who murdered Fitzpatrick I must explain my motivation for plotting his assassination in New Orleans with Sinister Dexter—namely, the suspicion that Fitzpatrick is actually J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, whom he resembles exactly, combined with his campaign promises: to shorten the mile to three-quarters its present length and cut the hour to forty-five minutes because there never are enough hours in the day, etc. For someone who never could see the logic in Daylight Savings Time, stuff like that is pretty hard to take.

A rather complex piece of writing is the result, that never seems to reach the point I was hoping to make in the beginning—because I'm aware that Elaine imposes rather severe length restrictions on contributions to her magazine. Thornley doesn't seem to mind.

I contemplate pushing them both for another half page, but am called away to another of my continuing projects by my boss, Frederick D (whose identity must remain anonymous, although he is a famous con artist once played in a movie by Tony Curtis). Reagan is writing another speech about how much the economy is improving; Fred figures he needs all the outside help he can get.

NOON / "Welcome To 1984" Gals I J Ball  
COEHNG / New Year's Eve - I J Headquarters

**by CANDI STRECKER.**

**PART III. YOU KNEW IT ALL ALONG**

So perhaps you imagine me, as a female, watching MTV in some divinely detached, cool-as-a-cucumber state, my brow unfurrowed and my knees primly together. How little you know, boys, how little you know. The fact is that MTV is one of the greatest devices ever invented for arousing the female libido. White MTVideos only rarely make a direct appeal to women's baser instincts, through an INDIRECT means—the way they present their male performers—they manage to go straight to the heart of females' fantasies.

Is it the way they dress? Is it the way they move? Yes, but I suspect there's one thing more to their appeal, and that's **STYLE**. Not any particular style, but just their having the nerve to display any sense of style at all. Surely—am I right, ladies?—the most disappointing thing about real men out there in the real world is their repeated failure to exhibit any sense of style at all. Likewise, one of the secret sorrows that all women bear is the ironic knowledge that men with style—the ones with a consciousness of how they dress, how they look, how it affects those who see them—are almost always gay men, not available. What IS available is Joey Hetero in his Nikes and SIT ON MY FACE t-shirt. For this I should bother putting on my miniskirt and polka-dotted pantyhose?? No thanks, I think I'll stay home and watch TV.

\*FOOTNOTE: This is not a typo. I don't mean SLUT here, I mean SULT, as in the intrinsic quality that makes up sultriness. Yeah, I just made this word up.

(ED: Amazing how she can do this entire report on how horny MTV makes her and NOT ONCE mention Thomas Dolby, isn't it?)

SS

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**The SubGenius Foundation®**  
P.O. Box 140306  
Dallas, TX 75214

by Brian Catanzaro

latest word on the new LP, "The Return of Rocky Roccoco" has been retitled "Rocky Number Nine". Just kidding.

MR. SELF-PARODY HIMSELF


From the man who taught an audience 3-part harmony, in a live recording session on one of those evenings, we have some new tunes. ("Sons Of 1984" from the "Todd" LP, '74). A couple have been getting some NY Metro airplay, naturally the worst and/or most commercial ones. In a flurry of near desperation for chart status, as most of his and Utopia's 45s become cut out almost immediately, 2 singles have been pulled off it. The album title, "The Ever-Popular Tortured Artist Effect", sets a light-hearted/serious mood this time 'round. This is a bold, well-placed move, contradicting many fans and critics' accusations that Todd is an advocate of a new religion, namely his own. (The last solo LP was very spiritual and called "Healer".) Nailing this point to the floor in the closing song, "Chant", he sings, "I am not pushing some religion/Don't get me wrong I never mess with such things". It's these kind of attitudinal turnarounds that keep his following slightly above cut numbers, with a certain percentage of transient fanz. But ANYway...

Todd Rundgren is still standing, on his own long-running reputation for talent, no matter who isn't listening!

For the four of you who read this part of the page, this is the section where I get to list Pick-Hits. You heard it here first as to who's the next big newaverz...Put yer money on Tears For Fears' LP, the B-Movie Maxi-Single, look out for Slow Children's Hard Time, and the marvelous Big Country single "In The Big Country".

IS GUS NEWPORT alive with pleasure? Women, run for your lives, not for office. A 30 hour work week means 1984 is only 72.5 days away.

COD LIVER OIL

 P.O. Box 140306  
Dallas, Texas 75214

UGH!...  
HATE THAT  
FISHY TASTE!...

VERNON GRANT—H



REMEMBER, SON! THE MOST VISIBLE PART OF THE DEER IS HIS WHITE TAIL!



SO WHENEVER YOU SEE THAT WHITE SPOT YOU CAN BE SURE IT'S A DEER.



NOW LET'S SPLIT UP!



Soft shell crabs again, Ma?

## The Bicycle Ride

by Roldo

There are horror film directors who'd give vital organs for a chance to film the moon tonight. Full as a cheerleader's knickers and well-decorated with cloud in the truest Gothic fashion.

A novel, or rather a short-story idea, came to me while riding home from Cassidy & Stefania's in this vampire-flick spring night.

It was to take my portable tape-recorder (which I carry expressly so that brilliant ideas aren't lost in the ever-shifting currents of my rather hyperactive brain), put it in my top jacket pocket and record my thoughts and observations on it as I rode home, then

Just now I'm thinking "If" no "Just now, I'm thinking\* If I mention I'm stoned, readers will robotically reject the validity since media has declared dope unfashionable. Well, Fuck You—away and leer at your smug little magazines, you poor, trendy androids. I don't write for the caged mind. These paradoxes will prove too weighty a wheel for that scrawny hamster you call a brain.

Oh, a night for oratory, this, with its scudding and its looming moon—but it's the Reality of missing these chuck-holes, watching this green light for sudden changes, and checking the intersection for some drunken Pukes of Buzzard fan who's decided anythin' smeller'n him has no darn right to be living.

My mind is filled with very graphic considerations of what getting picked off by some machomorononic gonad-with-limbs would be like. I must shift such bummer visions. I find little benefit in negative musings. Luckily, there's not much traffic at 5 AM even in the Downtown area, & I'm almost out of that.

Oddly enough, it's the police I'm most nervous about meeting. Not just because I'm totin' my Proto Pipe (there's a plug for ya, Doc!!) (Write me for details, folks—this little gem is a head's best friend!) & a joint (a week's stash bummed from the Hattie Bros.) but because they—and no other force on earth—can do anything they want to me and have a damn good chance of getting away with it. It's not even that I think they're likely to—it's just that they CAN! That's scary, kids.

Dops. Rowdies ahead (voice in background: "You fucker!"). Think I'll give these boys a wide berth. I'm a pacifist (voice: "Mhoo-hoo!!"). Too fast for ya, boys—down a side street—a pacifist in as much as I believe that "the first one to raise a fist is the one who's run out of ideas" and I also know that most people tend to run out of ideas a damn sight too fast for my tastes. That's the trouble with stupidity—it's self-propagating. Just because—Hope that car can see me, these streets got shit for lighting. Hope he doesn't see me but decides to hit me. Ah—there he goes. Bye bye. Where was I? It'd be cheating to re-run the tape...stupidity, yeah. Just because our ancestors were stupid enough to not only create a stupid system and stupidly glorify it to themselves until they stupidly believed that the stupidity itself of considering their Way the Only Right Way was the Only Right Way, do we have to continue to agree just because we're told it's the Proper Thing to Do? The Emperor is fucking well NAKED! and it's not a pretty sight! So stop mulling about the Fit, and the Style, and the Fine Gold Cloth, and stop griping about you don't like the color, or you don't care for the material, and admit the bastard is bare-ass and ugly. We can take it from there.

Well, that's about it, boys and girls—I'm on the Home Stretch now. If this was the tape, you'd hear a dog barking in the background, and if you'd been reading my mind, you'd have heard about three times as much as was on the tape. Guess that's the Diminishing Factor in art, eh. Shit—figure being able to sit in Shakespeare's head while he was writing. Think of a head you'd like to be in—we'll do a survey. Give a Head of the Year award to whoever's name turns up most.

Guess that's it—I'm home, walkin' the bicycle up the sidewalk. Oh, hey—that paradox I promised those of you who stuck this out. Okay, maybe we can survey this, too. Write Elaine and tell her if you believe:

- I actually transcribed this from a tape I made riding home;
- I got the idea after riding home and wrote it; or
- I haven't been out of the house tonight.

I promise I'll reveal the truth with the results of the survey, if you can believe anything I say at this point. (and if you do, I seriously ((or do I jokingly?)) suggest you worry about your gullibility level. If you believe any of this—for Humanity's sake DON'T VOTE!)

Send your guess of A, B, or C answers to:  
WHERE WAS HE, c/o INSIDE JOKE, P.O. Box 1609, etc. etc.  
on separate paper please.

You guess too, Elaine—this is a serious experiment. Honest!

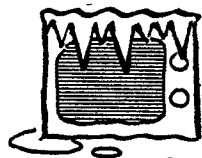
\*actually, this sequence goes on forever and is actually a function model of infinity

When the Misery Index hits 69 or sooner like now

Send S.A.S.E. to:

War ending, Inflation ending, Unemployment ending and death - ending  
4 Way Peace Plan or just 4 W.

Box 2243 Youngstown, Ohio, 44504



FREEZE-DRIED  
CATHODE RAY TUBES!

BRRRR! ...by BRIAN PEARCE

Okay, okay, so maybe I am losing my mind.

I remember chuckling on the way to Jenny's house for some reason... maybe it was the flexible dryer vent kit in the back. Yeah, it was kind of a nice night, too...a light dusting of snow on the summer green grass (now summer white) and in the air...I drove with the top down. Yep, this is it—July 1st at last. Jenny was probably packing for her trip to the Camp of Militant Mutants and Musicians, never to be seen again. I guess when you join the local PLO, it's hard to get out of this kinda thing. Oh, well...at least she'd be an officer.

She was waiting out of her purple cabin when I pulled in...her long brown hair falling all around the clusters on her shoulders. Wearing t-shirt and sweats (the PLO fatigues) I noticed that she had a dancer's body...either that, or it was an excuse for her having small boobs. Anyhow, I hopped out of the car before it rolled off the cliff...gotta get those brakes figured out one of these days; I think they need fixing. I dodged the gunfire (she always was kinda trigger happy) and gave her a big hug. It felt good, even though her sidearms made a big dent in my side. Ouch.

"Hi Jen!" I mumbled, attempting to mask the pain.

"Hi B.P.!" She had a very vibrant voice, to match her vibrant dog, Muttford.

"Let's go get some java, kiddo." We decided to use her car, as mine was in a few hundred flaming pieces at the bottom of a 1000 foot drop. Well, I suppose we could've used mine, but why not just drive hers. It only had a flat tire and a half.

The local java hut was closed...so we turned it into a drive-thru. Two steaming hot cups of coffee later, we talked. She had much she wanted to say to me...so she took out her boom box, turned it up loud, and proceeded to speak. How I heard her above John Dowie is beyond me!

"I want to leave, Bri...but then again, I don't want to. I need a change of scenery—clean underwear and such—but I'll miss you. We missed out on a lot—you'll never get to watch me blow the shit out of some communist mutants, we'll never get to lean back and relax on an oil spill-soaked beach. We'll miss quiet evenings watching test patterns; cheap thrills in the stereo cabinet. It kinda makes me sorry to leave. Hell, even a militant mutant musician needs love, too!" I could sense the caffeine in her voice. I hardly knew what to say...I'd never heard anyone voice affections for me so—not since I massacred the family of hermits down the street. It was like being hit in the head with a rubber safe.

"Jen...I—I don't know what to say." So I heaved my cup out the window. I usually do that when I'm tongue-tied. "I'll miss you, too. And I don't want you to do—but if you let the PLO down, they'll massacre you, so I guess it's a foregone conclusion."

"Yeah, I guess it is. Well, you know how I feel about you..."

"I do." I knew how she felt. I also knew how much she liked zucchini. "There's always another day, Jen..." I liked that—it sounded philosophical. "...unless you get killed in action." Optimism is a Piscean trait.

"Well, let's head home. I gotta finish packing." Yeah, Jen did have a strange habit of travelling heavy. So we pulled out of the building and headed home.

Her car had brakes, so we pulled in a tad better than my car had. And we only hit one cat...a nice midnight snack. A shrill wind blew as I held her in her front yard for the last time...no sidearms this time. I kissed her, told her to take care, and walked off.

"See ya," she yelled, as she fired into the air. Wotta girl. As I walked off into the sunset, I wondered why a prune isn't really a vegetable.

NEXT MONTH: Sanity Regained

...these are a few o' my faaaaaavorite thiiiiiiiings... ♪ ♪ ♪

### UNDERGROUND AND NEWAVE COMIX...



### PROPHETIC AND SYMBOLIC DREAMS...



BOB'S OVERMAN ON THE MOON  
© SubGenius Foundation

### MOONGAZING...



### SHORT WAVE RADIO...



NOTE: US RIGHT-WING GROUPS OPERATE MANY MEXICAN STATIONS JUST OVER THE BORDER. SEEMS THEY'RE NOT AS STRICT IN MEXICO THAN THE P.C.C. IS HERE.

### READING UP ON ANARCHY AND LIBERTARIANISM...



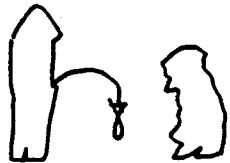
### BUT WHAT I TRULY HATE IS...



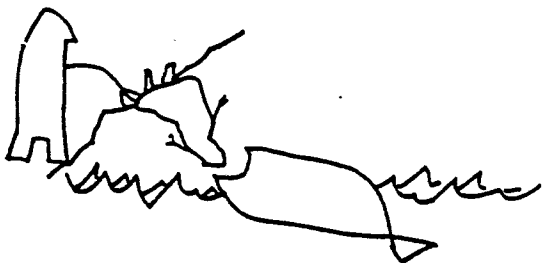
516 Buchanan Street  
Hillside, NJ 07205

LIMRICK: A woman named Ms. Sally Ride went off in space with lots of pride. But the men took a walk/a then--can we talk? She wouldn't let them come inside. (Your pal, Dana Snow).

### THE WIT AND WISDOM OF RONALD REAGAN

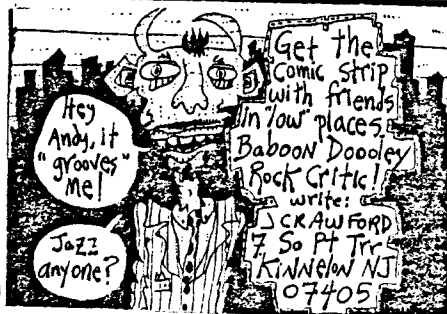


"FEED A MAN A FISH: FEED HIM ONCE"



"FEED A MAN TO A FISH: RID OF HIM FOREVER"

10 No. 5: FORE/IGHT



"IT'S ONLY SKIN DEEP"

### PREPPIE PAGANS



HALL OF MIRRORS



# Random Article #1

by Coop

Indiana is one of those states where time runs a good deal slower than in fast lane states. On second thought, perhaps it only seems that way because there is absolutely nothing to do...nothing exciting, that is. After spending six years on the East Coast and environs, this correspondent returned to her native soil only to find it hopelessly lost in a time warp. Death and decay occur but they are ignored as though ignorance could stave them off.

The first day was spent attending a Kallikak wedding (see Jukes and Kallikaks in most books on abnormal psychology). It was a curious mixture of formal, semi-formal and grungy attire. The bride wore a lovely white gown with sheer sleeves that displayed her tattoo quite nicely. Incidentally, she was preppers. The groom wore an ill-fitting and borrowed blue suit with a pattern vaguely reminiscent of TV interference. His darker blue shirt from K-Mart looked like something one would see at a new wave club in a poor section of town after dark. The ring bearer was a five- or six-year-old cerebral palsy victim who punctuated the important parts with moans. The bride's family was in various stages of dishabille and obesity. All were sporting the same style, crude, kitchen table tattoos. The groom's father was present and inebriated; his mother couldn't persuade the warden to let her out for the festivities. The church was a partially completed structure recently acquired by the congregation after in-fighting caused the old one to disband and divest. It had no floor covering. Particle board or plywood was nailed down all over. The pews were second hand. Two pieces of log with bark still attached were nailed together and functioning as a rather lopsided cross. The conversation was dismal. "You sure use a lot of big words," was the most frequent comment I heard. When the car was decorated for the obligatory trip around town, horns blaring, there were so many misspelled words it looked like the local elementary school kids were in charge of the writing.

Another bizarre couple who squabble constantly and allow their five children to run loose and wild found out that they had been divorced for five years without their knowledge. After a particularly nasty bout that year she had gone to a lawyer and filed but they reconciled, telling the lawyer to drop it. Lawyers being what they are and paperwork being what it is, the case moved through the system like a rat through a boa constrictor and was rubber stamped at the end. She found out about it when she went to check on the adoption record for the baby. One of her children was killed in an auto accident so she adopted one he "found" on a regular truck route of his as a replacement. Everyone says that they're nice people and that they'd do anything for a person in need but they're not reliable in the brains department. No doubt. Upon spying a copy of Marian Zimmer Bradley's *THE MISTS OF AVA-LON* lying about, she exclaimed, "I could never read a book that big!" Is that anything to whisper to oneself in private let alone proclaim loudly to a stranger?

Hoosiers aren't, for the most part, known for intellectual groundbreaking. They calmly quote the *STAR* or the *ENQUIRER* as gospel truth. One farmer, espousing the theory that the Soviets can now control our weather as an explanation for the recent lousiness of it, had the rare opportunity to have the scientifically accepted volcanic-ash-particles-in-the-stratosphere version from someone with a keen interest in it. To preserve his dignity he countered with the possibility of the Russians knowing how to reactivate St. Helens.

An odd ritual that persists in New Castle is cruising Broad Street. The circuit starts at the Henry County Courthouse and ends at Top Hat Pizza about two miles away though there are ample opportunities for deviation should a hot property pass in the other lane of traffic. These past few years cruisers have taken to an Eastern style of congregating in the parking lots along the strip for only occasional forays into the fray. In one such lot there sat a 350 to 400 pound female of indeterminate age. Her head was shaved most likely on account of lice; she wore a white top and light brown pants. With her shallow eyes and expansive jowls, she resembled a vintage Buick. At least two people screamed and sped away laughing at the sight. Traditionally any vehicle not occupied by a couple of lovers or two couples is full of mixed groups or family gangs. Two guys don't go cruising together even if they've got a reputation as ladies' men for fear of being called gay. Now that gasoline is so costly, cars are crammed full like sardine cans. One night an old Impala creaked by with at least eight people in it.

The major conversation topics are gardening and gossip. "How many rows of radishes did you put out?" "I'm going to get at least ten bushels of green beans from the back garden." "Would you like some tomato plants? I've got ten too many." Some poor, budding cosmopolitan stuck doing odd jobs was offered six chickens and three half gallons of green beans for mowing a yard. He declined in favor of monetary compensation. Most people can tell you exactly what's going on with this neighbor or that or some guy who lives in another town. They know who's been arrested or taken to hospital from listening to their scanners. One day a guy in a yellow striped shirt threatened to blow up a drugstore unless he got drugs. His getaway car was canary yellow and he took off down a state highway. The bomb was fake and he was caught three hours later. The real absurdity is that it took the cops three hours to get him after tracking him through their jurisdictions. That was big news for a few days. They try to make the banal sensational by speaking in hushed tones: "Did you hear So-and-so's wife left him for that pipe-fitter in Muncie the other day?" A whiff of scandal sends them salivating to the phone, dialing in a frenzy. CB radios allow the proliferation of this non-information even better since a whole channel full of people can spread it around faster than the laborious phone route.

Other trivial foolishness includes one of the recent high school sluts taking her bastard infant to the prom as her escort. She even rented a miniature tux for him and got their picture in the local rag. Prom committees past would've had her buns tossed out so fast. Obviously, with her reputation, she couldn't get a date. She ran for Fair

Queen too.

There is one radio station in the state that operates in this decade. They have a morning show called the *OZoo* featuring such personalities as Bill Shemhooter and Bib Fishnavis. It gets really slapstick on Helium Mondays when they go beyond the few minutes that Char-toff and Mahler of *FRIDAYS* did the news on helium. A Helium Monday lasts for hours. These two djs are truly outrageous. They phone people up and put them on the air with no warning. Their phone following includes a guy called Delbert Lloyd whose favorite TV show is *THE BRADY BUNCH*. "It shows respect for the family and firearms," he says. Except for the few eccentricities, *O95* plays a good sampling of Talking Heads, Cars, The Fixx, U2, Duran Duran, INXS, etc., respectfully throwing in a dinosaur now and again. The only other station in the running is *ZPL* (Indy's New Apple—what nerve) but by and large everything else seemed plodding compared to the Q's cloud of dust.

Bars are a good gauge of a community's sensibility or lack thereof. Anderson plays host to a parasitic Christian college which precludes the option of having any decent, upscale bars. It abounds with sleazy infestations frequented by heathen lowlives. Muncie, on the other hand, has plenty of varied drinking establishments. There are the overly decorated places for the professionals to parade their wardrobes. There are dives for factory workers to stop at and have a few before going home to shake the steel shavings out of their clothes. Then, for the Bill U. crowd, there are the casually comfortable and zany bars that skirt the edges of the campus. These are likely as not to sponsor chugalug contests and Marx Brothers nights. New Castle has its factory dives, real sleazo joints and mellow, professional watering holes but due to its Kentucky/Tennessee immigrant population, hip rockers are force-fed Country & Western music forms. Any protest wins you a hassle from the pickup-truck-with-gun-rack crowd. Indianapolis is a treasure trove of oases more suitable to fast track types visiting which is why I'll leave it out. Lastly, the town of my adolescence has two bars. One, *Whity's*, caters to the people I grew up with, the rock-n-roll selections on the jukebox range from Bob Seger to Culture Club. The other, *Fadely's Tavern*, is an old guard favorite. A sign posted outside proudly proclaims "Middletown, IN—Mountain Oyster Capital" with a picture of a poker deprived of that portion of his anatomy. *Fadely's* is also famous for its tenderloin sandwiches.

A sizeable bit of the population suffers severely from a malady known as belongings encroachment. The symptoms are bumping into furniture because the majority of square footage in the abode is covered with it. To compound the problem, tchotchke addiction commonly sets in covering every piece of furniture with lamps, doilies, paperweights, figurines, framed pictures, odd collections, etc. Sometimes the problem extends out from the house proper to the yard and is known then as unsightly. These encroachment sufferers refuse to dispose of stuff. They exhibit packrat behavior, putting stuff in one place until full then compacting it all to add some until the storage unit collapses. No amount of complaint from neighbors can alleviate the situation. Only when they are attacked with a court order to clean up and deputies to enforce it do they belligerently acquiesce.

In closing, you'll be left with a joke that once you figure out is really a riot. Read it aloud to yourself.

C.M. Ducks...M.R. Knot...Q.S.M.R....C.M. Wings...M.R. Ducks

It sounded good in Hoosierland. Oh, well. Maybe that's why David Letterman has such a warped sense of humor. Y'all go on out there to visit a spell.

## FUN WITH TOM

by Baldwin Wallace

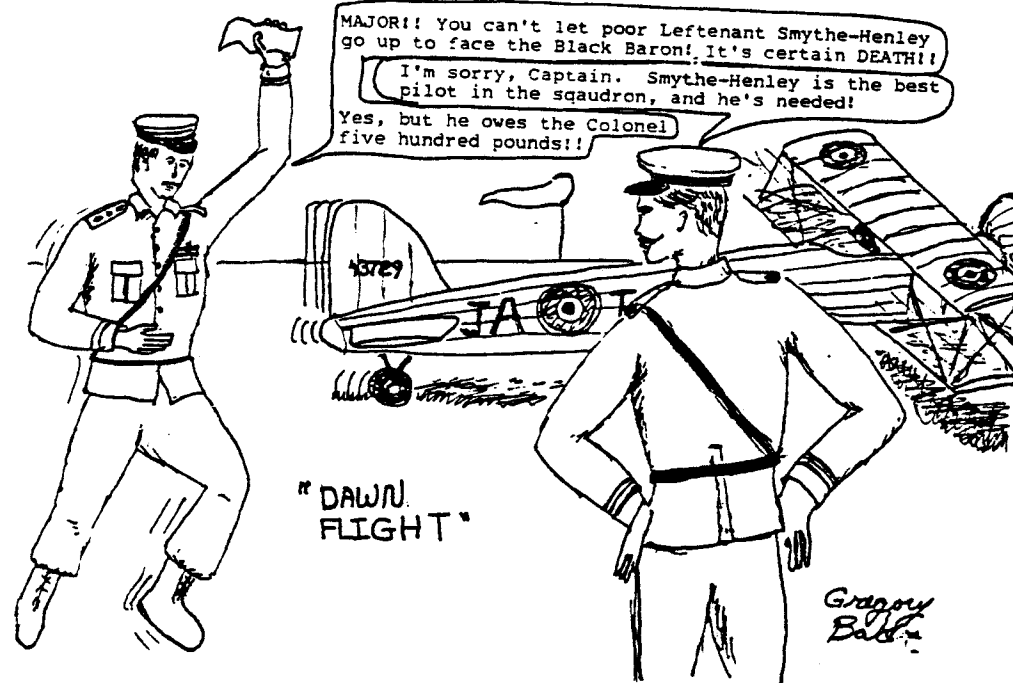
Tom Sanders did not write this month's piece. He asked me to do it so he could indulge himself in another of his favorite unproductive pasttimes—televized baseball. He says he's a Chicago Cubs fan, even after Cub manager Lee Elia, a practical sort, challenged Tom and other lazy, slothful people to find jobs and stop coming to Cub Day games to boo his players. But since he got cable, Tom watches all sorts of games, from early afternoon until midnight, pausing only to go to the bathroom and send out for pizza.

It doesn't stop there. In a little room off his garage he has two high-tech radios, a half-dozen or so speakers and a web of antennas for listening to ballgames "when the ones on TV start to drag", he told me. This is good in a way. Everyone knows where to find Tom on a summer night. Some of my buddies hang out at a lot of different rock and roll bars and late-night burger dives, but with Tom I need only to check the radio room to see if the light's on, and he's there.

Tom doesn't socialize much during the baseball season. If he does, he goes out on Monday or Thursday nights—major league travel dates, I understand—or in April when more off days are scheduled in case of rainouts that must be made up. He's not much of a companion. His idea of big funtime is a Cub doubleheader with plenty of baseball stories between innings and a radio to listen to the White Sox game if they're playing at the same time. I don't know of any of Tom's baseball dates who've made it past the first seventh inning stretch.

He has told me several times he dislikes women in general. I don't think this is so, but he has remarkable bad luck with ladies. My friends and I like to set up baseball dates for Tom with women we're thinking of taking our selves. He's a good test market. We learn a lot about women by how fast they get sick of Tom and, after a day at the old ballpark with Tom Sanders, we look more appealing than ever before. He doesn't suspect anything, so maybe it's a good idea not to send him this issue of *INSIDE JOKE*.

He's not really an evil person, but he just spends too much time with baseball! I told him: Tom, get your head out of the radio room and DO something—like advertise in the singles' classifieds—and your woman problem will go away! But no; I guess some people have to feel miserable in order to make life a challenge.



## KEEP YOUR PANTS UP!!!

by Robert Rabbit

The American Pante-Up Party urges all Americans to keep their pants up, not only in public, but in the private sector as well, for that is what pants are all about. It may be tempting to "drop the drawers" in answer to the call of nature, but we must all remember at times like these that the refusal of this call, like that of so many great Americans, is but a small price to pay for the prevention of communist takeover and the preservation of all we hold so dear.

If the winds of revolution break out in Central America, we too here in this stiff north neck will be caught up in its tapture...and you know what that means kids: no more Chuck E. Bucks!

Try to remember the last time your own stomach felt really clean and full—whether it was the ending of the last John Wayne movie or the last Beethoven symphony—and keep your eyes fixed on the star! Pull up your belt that extra ounce...for Victory! Yes, YOU can enjoy the luxury of that extra ounce of Victory! You deserve it because you've earned it...and you've been earning it for billions of years! So don't puke all over the sidewalk you slimy sack of shit...YOU! I'm talking to you! No, not you, YOU over there! Don't pretend you don't hear me, I know where you ate, I can see into your dreams, I can find you...and remember to tuck in your shirt!

## WORLD WAR I CLICHÉS

### A Rough Draft with DIGNITY

by Jill Dearman

"...and all my words come back to me in shades of mediocrity..."

It was the 4th of July and I wasn't feeling particularly patriotic. I was waiting for the E-train at Van Wyck, amidst the dim lighting, smell of urine, and general depressing atmosphere. I was due at the Roosevelt Ave. station at 11:00 AM to meet some friends. We were planning a 4th of July picnic (not at Roosevelt, of course...just a meeting place).

My eyelids drooped for a few seconds (I find it unnatural to be on my way to anywhere before 2 in the afternoon, even on the 4th of July), but I bolted awake upon hearing a train.

I got on and slumped into a seat. Someone was hanging over me looking at the subway map. It was a woman of about 30 or so, dressed appropriately (if not tackily) in red, white and blue.

"Hi, Jill," she said in a familiar tone.

"Hi," I said, surprised. How the hell does this imitation of a flag know my name?

"I guess you're wondering how I know you," she said, sitting down.

"I guess you're right," I said, trying not to be too hostile... still, it was 10:40 AM.

"My name is Maureen."

"Uh, hi..."

"I know all about you, Jill."

"Who are you? Hey...are you Elayne Wechsler?" I said, wondering who this unfamiliar broad was.

"No, no," she laughed. "My name is really Maureen, and I've been watching you."

It was odd that at that very moment, the six-foot-nine guy across from us with the ghetto blaster on his lap was switching stations and "Every Breath You Take (I'll Be Watching You)" filled the car with pseudo-reggae.

"Look, what is this?"

"I was sent here by the D.M.S.F.Y.W.—the Dignity Maintaining Society for Young Writers. I want to help you."

"I don't understand," I said. I was still quite sure that this woman was in cahoots with Elayne Wechsler.

"Look, Jill. Are you proud of everything you've ever written?"

"Well, yeah," I said defensively.

"Come on," she coaxed, cynically.

I stood my ground.

"Ahem," said Chip while vigorously pumping my hand (perhaps his talent lies in the dairy industry). "Sound familiar?"

"Ugh...yes," I cringed.

"I thought so. How 'bout this? '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...'"

"Stop!" I screamed. "I can't take anymore!...Hey, wait! I didn't write that druck—Clark Dismeyer did!" I yelled, relieved.

"Yeah, but do you want to end up like him?"

"No! Of course not!" I swore vehemently.

"Then listen to me. You've got potential, kid. Don't get me wrong. This surreal stuff you write really hits home with me. After all, you invented me. My whole life is surreal."

"What do you mean, I invented you?" I said, reaching out to grab her—this broad was driving me crazy!

"Don't touch me!" she yelled, pulling away, as the 6'9" guy shook his head in disgust.

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"Why not?"

"Look, there are some things that are too complex to ever figure out, okay? Just trust me. And trust yourself."

"Okay," I said passively.

"Here," Maureen said, handing me a pamphlet.

"What's this?" I asked, flipping through the white typed pages. But it was too late. We were at Continental Ave. The doors were just closing and I saw a tall figure clad in red, white and blue running up the steps.

I looked through the pamphlet. On the first page it said 738 RULES FOR A YOUNG WRITER TO LIVE BY. I began reading the list.

1. Never be overly pretentious.
2. Avoid preachy statements at all costs.
3. Avoid using a typewriter with a broken "f" symbol—you may need it every once in a while.
4. Avoid writing about Kerouac or Nietzsche—what if you are actually asked to read your writings, and mispronounce the names?; or, remember this saying: "Just because you can spell doesn't mean you can pronounce as well!"
5. Never be condescending to your readers—no matter how stupid they are.
6. Emulate John Irving as much as possible; just change the locale from New Hampshire to New York, but keep Vienna—you're Austrian, dammit! Also, instead of wrestling and bears, write about playing pool and/or living with emus...(I stopped. "Emus"?!!! Like SETTING FREE THE EMUS? No way!)
7. Only use clichés while writing in a foreign language.
8. Do not drink egg creams before sitting down to write. They provoke corniness. (Ha! Forget that! A few tablespoons of Hershey's chocolate syrup, half a glass of milk, topped off with as much seltzer as the glass can hold, and mixed vigorously gives me the ultimate inspiration—oh no! The secret recipe is out!)
9. Never print an aptitude test and forget to include the answers (see "Downey, Chris J."). Also, don't give the quiz a title that sounds like someone exclaiming about a four-legged feline (see "OCAT, The").
10. Never stare at anyone who is reading your work because it will make them feel nervous and pressured ("Am I reading too slowly?") and they won't really read your work, just the last few lines, and say tensely, "Uh, it was interesting..." Then the person will be unsure as to the worth of your writing and won't recommend it to friends and/or will recommend it to enemies.
11. Only use contrived statements and/or premises spontaneously.
12. Never discuss "Night of the Iguana" before visiting a cemetery with the members of the English Beat, because your writing will suffer from—I had to stop. So did the train—we were at Roosevelt. I was wearing shorts and didn't have a big enough pocket for Maureen's pamphlet so I stuck it in my tube sock (after nearly being trampled by the 6'9" guy who was also getting off).

4TH OF JULY, FLUSHING MEADOW PARK

Well, the fireworks are going off all over the place, but it might as well be, oh, December 7, for all I care. (A day that will live in infamy.) The whole incident on 57th Street—I mean, on the E-train is still bugging me.

Then I become aware that my sock is empty. I mean, my foot is in it, but the pamphlet isn't! Well, I'm glad I read those first 12 rules for a young writer to live by, but as God and that 6'9" guy from the E-train are my witnesses, the other 726 rules that I didn't read will forever haunt me. Somehow, though, I've a feeling Elayne Wechsler can fill me in on them.



# A QUEST OF FEN

by Lee Pelton

I was on one of those periodical sabbaticals I am wont to take, this time on an island just off the Florida Keys, when I met Dennard Ulliger. I was resting in my easy chair at the Petry AC when I noticed him. I had just finished my brandy alexander and had picked up an old copy of TIME when I heard a commotion over near the front desk. I looked up and saw a tall, angular man, with a shock of unkempt hair and wildly gesticulating arms in a very animated and heated conversation with Brenly, the club's manager. It was hardly something I, or anyone else in the club for that matter, could ignore. The two men shouted at each other, their faces growing red with anger, and it appeared that this would soon lead to fisticuffs.

I got up from my chair, and strode over to the combatants, and, after shouldering myself through the growing crowd, found myself directly in front of them.

I yelled for their attention, and Brenly suddenly became aware of the scene he was an accomplice to and calmed down with a visible effort. The other man, however, was still livid with rage and coiled like a rattlesnake ready to strike.

"What's all this about, gentlemen?" I asked.

"Mr. Ulliger here has paid for his bill with a bad check, and he has the gall to deny it!" exclaimed Brenly.

"That's a lie!" shouted Ulliger. "I have all the necessary funds in my bank, therefore it is their error, and I will not stand for this pompous fool's saying otherwise. It is an insult to me and I demand an apology!"

"And I, sir, demand my money!" said Brenly, his voice rising to its previous volume level.

At that, Ulliger cocked his fist back at shoulder level and was obviously going to hit Brenly. I didn't doubt his ability to beat Brenly, a small man whose only exercise I had ever seen him do was play cards at 8-hour stretches. I did the only thing I could do. I grabbed Ulliger's arm and said, "Hold off, my good man. This is not the way to settle affairs of honor, at least not here in the lobby. Let's go off and discuss this, shall we?"

Ulliger and Brenly looked at each other, much like a mongoose and a snake do, I would suppose, and then each nodded his head.

"Tabler, I leave this to you," Brenly said. "I have to finish my duties. I shall call on you both at 7:30 this evening." Saying this, he turned and walked out of the lobby, clearly a man with ruffled feathers.

I took Ulliger by the arm and gently led him into the lounge and we sat down in opposite chairs and looked at each other.

"My name is Austin Tabler," I said.

"I'm Dennard Ulliger," he replied. "Thanks for intervening in when you did. I was at the end of my tether there."

"Think nothing of it," I answered. "Tell me, though, was Brenly correct?"

"No, not at all. I placed a draft worth \$6000 in my account less than 48 hours ago, and he wouldn't bother to check my bank to see if I was telling the truth or not."

I could well believe that. Brenly was a small man, in ever respect, and his over-compensation for his lack of height often caused bruised feelings.

"Well, you and I will take the time this afternoon and I'll handle Brenly this evening after dinner."

"Thank you, Mr. Tabler. I appreciate your efforts greatly. Will you come with me to the bank now?"

I acquiesced and soon I discovered that Ulliger was telling the truth. The incident was resolved, and Dennard Ulliger and I began a long friendship. Ulliger was an adventurer, and a playboy. He led a wild and exciting life. I more than once used an anecdote of his in my fiction writing. He was the occasional sirocco that zipped in and out of my life with little warning but was always welcome.

With all this in mind, you can imagine my shock when one evening around 11:00 Ulliger made an all-together too unique entrance into my home.

I heard some frantic pounding on my door and I left the study and the television, which was broadcasting one of my favorite old films, TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT. I opened the door and there was Ulliger, dressed in a flowing cape of ancient design, and on his head a plastic helmet, with the oddest little motor-driven propeller I have ever seen.

"Ulliger!" I exclaimed. "Is that you?"

"Yes, Tabler, it's me!" gasped Ulliger. "Thank God you're home!"

"Why, what is it, man?"

"I've just had the most exhilarating, stunning, frightening, and overwhelming experience in my life. It has been like nothing I've ever lived through in my life. I must tell you about it, Tabler, but I must not tarry long. I have to find it again!"

"What are you talking about? Can it explain the...thing...you have on your head?"

"What? Oh, this thing..." He took the odd headgear off his head and looked at it with a mixture of ruefulness and joy on his face, his mouth twisted in a wry grin.

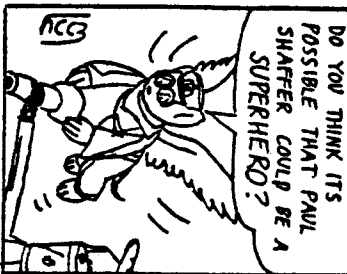
"This is all I have now, except my memories, Tabler. And what crazy, free memories they are! I must tell you about it. Of all those people I have met over the years, only you, perhaps, can understand what I am going to say!"

"Well, speak, man! I must know what it is that brings you here, all disheveled and over-taxed beyond your normal physical state!"

"It is a strange thing, Austin," he said, using my first name, something he rarely did unless he wanted my absolute attention, "strange and wondrous.

"As you know," he went on, "I have been traveling rather extensively in the United States. I found myself in Kansas City over Labor Day and took a room at The Muelbach on the outskirts of the downtown area. I had heard that there was a convention of some sort in the hotel that

TEENAGE "GROWING pains" are caused by discovering the lies that parents and other adults live by.



golen the jointly George R Eddy

weekend, but I took no notice, expecting it to be some farmers, car salesmen, or Baptists.

"I soon found out that I was greatly mistaken. The place was virtually overrun with people dressed in outlandish clothes, who plastered the walls next to the elevators and the very elevators themselves with flyers announcing parties and other things I found—well, incomprehensible. They seemed to speak in some sort of code, annoying in part because one could almost grasp what they were saying, and then the listener would lose all contact with the thread of the conversation when they started in using their own form of Stengelese. I had to admit to myself, though, that I was attracted to the liveliness of their company, and I resolved to spend a few days discovering what this bunch of conventioners I had stumbled upon were all about. They called themselves 'science-fiction fans', but that is a small part of it, as I later found out."

"Are you talking about the science fiction of Wells, or Stapledon?" I inquired, a bit mystified.

"Oh, that's ancient history, Austin!" Ulliger declared. "The science fiction of today is purveyed by Zelazny, McCaffrey, Hogan, and Silverberg, names that would mean nothing to you, I'm afraid."

"Well, go on then, I'll not interrupt again," I replied.

"So, I set out to meet a few of these fans, and I was well rewarded. I found them to be irreverent, idealistic, cynical, immature, beautiful, intelligent folk, often finding all of these personality traits in one person. It was so much more interesting than most of the folks I meet in my travels. I became addicted to their company, and had a splendid vacation. I bought some 'fanzines', amateur publications dedicated to science fiction and its fandom, even purchased a few subscriptions of these publications, most of them having as the main ingredient energy. I saw some of the films they had for convention members, and even attended a few lectures and readings. I found that there were other, smaller conventions, called 'regionals', and I marked a few for future travel plans. I was just in Chicago for their 'Windycon', and that's where I gained this chapeau. I fear I must be leaving you shortly, because I have another convention to attend in Michigan and my plane won't wait for me."

"But Dennard," I said, "what is the reason for your visit?"

"It is simple, really, Austin," he answered. "I can't say when I'll see you again. I believe I have found something that suits me, and I have a life that lets me encompass all my interests. Oh, I know I sound starchy-eyed, but it is what I wish to do with my time, and it is so...free, Austin! I expect I'll tire of it. I've been warned by other fans that it gets wearying, but for now, I live! I was wrong to come here. I can see that now. I can't explain to you the joy and exploration this lifestyle offers one. It has to be experienced, I can see that now. Here, Austin, I want you to have this." He said this as he offered me his hat, which he informed me was a propeller beanie.

"Why?" I asked.

"If you learn the meaning of this hat, contact my solicitor. He knows how to reach me if necessary. If you can't figure it out, look in the publishing periodicals for the success of a science-fiction writer named Donaldson."

He smiled at me enigmatically, wrapped his cape about his shoulders, turned and left my quarters, leaving me quite confused.

I haven't seen Ulliger since then, but I have followed the career of a new writer in the sf field named Donaldson with great interest. I wrote a letter to Dennard Ulliger's lawyer, a fellow named Almaas, and indicated that he should let Ulliger know I think I have discovered the meaning of the beanie, and that I wished to discuss it with him.

I heard from Almaas yesterday and I will see Ulliger this Labor Day in Chicago. I hope Dennard has found his Shangri-La. I, too, seek a holy grail of my own. Perhaps Ulliger's way can be mine. Only time will tell. As of right now, I cannot say. Maybe I shall be able to tell you the next time I write about Dennard Ulliger. Wish me luck.

- Austin Tabler

# FIRE SIGNALS

I finally got the call on July 9 about 1:30pm—"Hi, were in The City. What time do we meet?" Then, at 2pm—"Hi, sorry ah didn't call sooner, information gave me the wrong number. What's the plan for tonight?" "Six o'clock at the Waverly, Doug. I told him '7:30'; he has no idea you'll be there. It'll be a nice surprise." READ TO—The scene: The Waverly Theatre at 8pm. The Woody Allen filmfest is in full gear, as are the assorted fanatics on line, the ones who personify every NY stereotype of which Allen's movies make fun... And there was me, that is Elaine, and my three droogies, Jill, Steve and Anni, and there was also Doug Smith with THE 800K and The McGraw People (Tim, Joan, Leslie), and so we went to dinner, returning at half past seven to wait. At 7:45, Jill and Steve went to the theatre to buy us time—they weren't going to start, after all, without their 'special guest' audience member. At five to eight, as my reputation-as-networker started unreeeling before my eyes, we started off up 6th Ave.; as we were about to round the corner onto 4th St., I spotted a familiar face I had never seen before. It resembled no photograph in my possession; yet—"Doug, there he is, and with only five minutes to sp—" "Now, that's not him," answered a Texan drawl. But even Anni agreed with me that it seemed to be, so Doug walked up and said, tentatively, "Dave?"

"Yes?" in a 'should-I-know-you' voice. "Hi, Dave," I said, coming up behind Doug, "You remember Doug Smith?"...and the circle was completing itself..."Hi, I'm Elaine."

David Osman appeared to have a thoroughly good time that evening. From the initial introductions (Tiny was there as well, likewise her charming friend Beth) onward, the night held a very special and magical quality. Ostensibly all of us were gathered to take in a showing of the NY Actors Ensemble's I THINK WE'RE ALL BOTOS ON THIS BUS (reviewed in IJ #22) before it closed. Director Steve Zimmer had roped off a row for us, thank grid—the theatre was packed. The performance itself was as energetic as ever, perhaps made more so by the drying up of RIVERTRIP the previous week. They put an intermission between "sides 1 and 2", and Dave and I took advantage of the few minutes to catch up, as it were, and joke around. I relocated Jill and Steve, greeted sometime IJ xerographer Tom Hilyer, but mostly chatted and tried to show Dave the funny parts of the book we'd brought for Tiny, SWAZ's Bible Sex Tips For Girls...As we talked, the FIGHTING CLOWNS record was playing on the PA, and e'en as I held myself back, I couldn't resist a "But Dave, how can you be in—I mean, it's strangely unsettling to talk to you & hear you on the PA simultaneously", whereupon the reply, "Well, how do you think I feel?..." We then launched into a brief discourse on how the record was done (Dave refers to FIGHTING CLOWNS as "TFT's Three Penny Opera"), whose voice was whom in some sequences, etc.

After the play I introduced Dave to some of the cast members (one of the most talented, the maniacal Alan Cabal, opted for a "You changed my life!" in lieu of the usual 'how-do-you-do') and we headed off to party at cast member Jaye Moyer's East Village loft, where Kate Connelly made a smashing avocado dip and some of us just got smashed. Well, actually, smashed-plus. I was busy living out one of those secret-fantasies-come-true: as many folks know, it's not uncommon for the 'average' TFT aficionado to listen to the records while in, shall we say, an 'altered state of consciousness', and I thought it might be eerily appropriate to get totally--er, 'altered' with David, sort of a poetic justice, if you will. Besides, it was fun. The only drawback is that I seem to have gone a bit overboard in my indulgence, with the result that, although I appeared outwardly 'normal' (I think), my mind was enjoying a most pleasant fireworks display. Thus, I missed the TFT anecdotes Dave told, including a really nifty one involving the Chinese Mafia and a restaurant in San Francisco. I did manage to catch up, tho, with Doug on The Future of The Subgenius, but since most of what he related was Classified, I find myself with nothing left on which to report except that most everyone had a good time. Thanks to all the folks who made it happen, and a special thanks to the cast of 80203!

Dave went back up to Boston the next day and his latest postcard (7/15) says in part "Well, it's been a very busy week, & it's not over yet—we mix the two O'Henry shows this weekend & record more next week. All going very well tho... I'll be here until the end of the month—plans not clear, really", but he will probably revisit NYC before so-journing back to Casa Bisonte, so we should have Further Adventures for y'all next issue, in September, stay tuned...

FLASH, SCOOP AND ALL THAT: The above-mentioned Sts. Joan and Tim of McGraw-Hill are very strongly considering reprinting the two TFT BIG BOOKS! When firmer steps are taken, you'll hear it here 1st or 2nd... Also on the literary front, Paul Buhle sent me my very own copy, at last, of the CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE issue in which my ("Kip's") TFT article appears, so I can now make more xeroxes for anyone interested...

No word again from the boys in L.A., but the two Pills have done, last I listened, a Nick Danger bit for Proctor's answering machine... And another one of those mysterious anonymous news clippings came my way via Greg Blair, I believe. It simply says, "Fisegin Theatre members are working on a screenplay to be shot in L.A.; it's based on Nick Danger, the character they created for their albums, and will be released next year..." Unknown whether or not they're talking here about THE VOLKS OF OXNARD video, but I'll try and verify/clarity things.

This month's Forward-Into-The-Past Award goes to Tom Gedullo, a dy-  
namite TFT networker who's already started spreading the word about IJ  
far and wide to old-time TFT supporters. If his name sounds familiar,  
you're probably ~~misremembering~~ right. Besides being mentioned in the  
beginning footnotes to the "Mysterious History of Firebrig" in the BIG  
MYSTERY JOKE BOOK (under his moniker of "Arthur Gewillo"), Tom's name  
is also found on the back of TFT's GIANT RAT album. Tom and his wife  
Deborah Benedict will be frequenting future IJs with their writings,  
and he send me a nice intro letter, excerpted thusly:

"After the release of the DEAR FRIENDS album in 1972, I placed an ad in ROLLING STONE just to see if there were others like myself who couldn't get enough of their comedy. When my mailbox was deluged with

ans' mail, I knew I was on to something, and began sending out what information I had. Luckily, Proctor and Ossman saw the ad and that's how I came to know them. From that point on they all began to feed me the latest in Firesign news. If you have seen the now-famous collection known as 'The Mixville Rocket' and its Papoon supplement 'The Firesign Sun Duck' then you will see a brief mention of me. That also brought in a lot of mail from fans. June of 1972 came to be, and I visited Los Angeles to meet the four guys at the premiere of their movie 'Martian Space Party'. This event, earlier in the year, was a live radio broadcast and filmed at the same time. I have the complete show on reel-to-reel tape. Maybe we can work out a brief loan of it to you and your staff for your listening enjoyment." [Okay, stop salivating, not until we get Fred's permission to invade BAT again; I'll let you know.] 'My infamous history continues...about a year later I placed a second ad in RS. More letters, more cries of 'let's eat!' and this thing was really on the move. To top it off, of course, was the info about me on the back of the GIANT RAT album. I got together again with Firesign in 1974 when I saw their Anytown USA tour in Chicago. In February of 1975 my wife and I spent a day in the Burbank Studios to witness portions of the recording of their final 'new' album on Columbia, NEXT WORLD. I had often wondered how TFT created these things. It was, to say the least, fascinating...Since I was out of touch with anything related to Firesign (subsequently) until a year ago, I have not, sorry to say, heard the albums on Rhino Records. I will be borrowing them from a friend, though, and then I will have come full-circle as an official Bozo! I first discovered TFT in 1968 when ELECTRICIAN was released. Since my wife grew up in California, she was aware of them even earlier, when they used to broadcast live shows on LA radio. In case you don't have this early history of Firesign, I will now go forward into the past. This info is courtesy of Columbia Records, by the way...Somewhere in the mid-1967's they produced a weekly half-hour radio show 'Radio Free Oz' for KRLA in Los Angeles. This led to their contract with Columbia. They later expanded the radio format which resulted in a move to KPFK-FM (non-commercial, fine arts radio) and the birth of those famous 'Dear Friends' and 'Let's Eat' shows. More background of a personal nature: Austin was born on April 6 in Denver. After attending Bowdoin College (Maine) and UCLA he dropped out to become an actor. In the mid-60's he appeared in over thirty Shakespearean plays in the LA area. Bergman was born in Cleveland, November 29. He graduated from Yale, taught labor economics and traveled around Europe and those other countries on the right. Ossman, like Austin and Bergman, was also born. Only in Santa Monica, Calif. on December 6. He graduated from Columbia Univ. and went directly into radio announcing. Dave worked for ABC-TV and instructed at the Free Univ. of California, for free. Phil 'The Poop' Proctor was in Goshen, Indiana with his mom when he was born on July 28 (Happy Birthday, soon!) and like Peter, he went to Yale. P & B, I believe, graduated together, at the same time, the same dance, from Yale. Proctor, obviously, is THE actor of the four, having done much Broadway, off-Broadway, and on-Broadway, and even, dare we say it, soap opera... (After I looked at the inside of the DEAR FRIENDS album I remembered that TFT's radio history is more broad, so check it out on that album, since my lead paragraph above about KRLA and KPFK is not quite in order). Thanks for everything, Tom, and welcome home!

Since we've started regathering so many 'oddies' from years back, I have been, ex, persuaded to assemble the "highlights" from this and past FIRESTIGALS (which go back to TJ #9) and publish them again, separate from TJ, just for TFT followers. I should have it together by September (probably including the Papoon stuff too!, but I don't know what to title it. Postcardal suggestions gratefully solicited—the one whose title I use will get a free copy of what's-its-name [all others pay SASE]...I haven't the faintest what's in store for this column next time, but I hope to obtain Phil P's permission to reprint a fascinating article he wrote for Scott Vigdon's GOON SHOW SOCIETY newsletter in September '82 [for more info write Scott at 3545 Montone, #19, Los Angeles, CA 90036 and send money, I suppose] about the interrelationship between TFT and The Goon Show. And who knows, maybe someday I'll get around to doing all those things I've been promising in this space for the past few months. So let us close with our special self-parody quiz this month, done for us by Robert Rabbit. C.U. in Septembre, keredos!

## POONS FARM TFT TRIVIA QUIZ

- (1) Who were the doctor's original "Ten Dead Bats"?
- (2) The original "Malmberg in Plano" was performed in  
(A) Munich; (B) Ivanhoe; (C) the nude.
- (3) Why does the Porge Bird lay his egg there?
- (4) Why does N.D. never order anchovies? What finally happened to the pizza?
- (5) Why did "The Electrician" challenge George Papoon's candidacy in 1976?
- (6) Was somebody handing somebody something under the table?
- (7) "ʔadrawtkab yas siht seod tahw" (8) What?

## Straight From The Hip

(Young woman in a straitjacket, jammy bottoms with feet in them, wild hair and a frenzied expression)

I'm not a professional actress. You may not believe this, but I'm a recovered nymphomaniac. That's right, I was one of those women you've read about with sexual appetites so insatiable that when they said, "But you can't eat just one", they were right. If I didn't get at least a lay a day, I would suffer withdrawal symptoms. But it wasn't until I tried taking on the whole L.A. City Council during an emergency session of the school board that I knew I had a problem. That's when I called the Magdalena Center.

Owned and operated by a lay order of Dominican nuns, the Center helps wayward women like myself gain control over the wound that never heals. Patients learn to function like normal members of society instead of the barking and baying bitches in heat they really are.

So, if you're a practising nymphomaniac, hooked on the love drug, who yearns to be free, call the sisters at the center today. And learn how you too can travel life's highway without the hazards and roadblocks of rampant sexuality and lust. Thank you.

# THE SHEEP ON THE SHELF

by Gunnar Larson

Even though recent TV commercials are finally catching up with the current slow revolution in American nutrition and sexual-minority attitudes, cynics are saying that the ads are still just as crass, corny, and cataleptic as ever.

Elmer, a friend of mine before he became a director of TV commercials, is determined to carry on the grand tradition of so much American advertising: Sell the product and never mind perplexing questions of truth, morality, and entertainment, which are more piddling than pertinent anyway.

Today Elmer is directing Ophelia, a naive newcomer to both TV advertising and its disregard of t, m and e.

"Now, Ophelia, in this ad you hold a pop bottle so the audience can see the label. Then you lift it up, and with the light of uncontrollable desire in your eyes, eagerly drink at least half the bottle, meanwhile yo-yoing your Adam's apple ever so gracefully. Then you show the audience how much you like it by smacking your lips, rolling your eyes, and patting your tummy."

"How about belching?"

"No, no, Ophelia! That's for our diarrhea ads."

"Diarrhea! You're not showing that on TV, are you?"

"Well, no, not yet. But it'll probably come next, now that we've gotten people used to intestinal gas, liver trouble, upset stomach, halitosis, headaches, and hangovers."

"OK. I get it. Drink, then demonstrate."

Ophelia drinks some of the pop, then shudders, makes a face, and spits out most of her mouthful.

"No, no, Ophelia! Ecstasy, not agony."

"But, Elmer, it's so sweet it's sickening."

"Shhh! Don't criticize a sponsor's product out loud."

"Why not?"

"Because someone might report it, and sponsors are such sensitive creatures. Last month we had a model who admitted that she had never liked the shaving cream she was modelling for."

"Holy Granola! What did she shave on TV?"

"She never shaved anything in the ad. She was just the come-on. Last I heard, the sponsor had exiled her to Public Broadcasting Service. Maybe we'd better try you on breakfast food. Do you like cereals?"

"You bet! I always have a bowl of wheat germ, bran flakes, and brewer's yeast topped with raisins, a sliced banana, and cream—before breakfast."

"Before breakfast! What do you have with and afterwards?"

"I have my dinner for breakfast. Then I just snack the rest of the day on fruit and vegetables and some natural goodies I make."

"I see. I've never heard of this cereal. Is it advertised on TV?"

"I don't know, Elmer. I quit watching TV years ago."

"Ophelia! If you're going to make money out of TV, shouldn't you be loyal enough to watch it?"

"But, Elmer, it's so crass."

"Crass? TV networks are only trying to squeeze as much money as they can out of ad agencies. And ad agencies are only trying to squeeze as much money as they can out of sponsors. And sponsors are only trying to squeeze as much money as they can out of consumers."

"That's what I mean. Everybody's squeezing each other out of money when they should be squeezing each other out of love."

"I thought that attitude went out with the flower children."

"But flowers and children are still in, and love is coming back, I hear. Besides, TV ads are so corny and cataleptic. They use the same old empty gimmick: Somebody telling you how impossibly good a product is. But they never tell you how possibly bad it can be. That's what the consumer pays to find out."

"But, Ophelia, you can't seriously expect business and ad agencies to tell you how bad their products are."

"Why not? Has truth gone out of style along with flower children? If a product is really as good as an ad claims, it can't have many bad qualities. So why not tell people about them? Companies could still guarantee their products. And people would have a wider choice between competing products because different bad points would be important or unimportant to different persons."

Elmer closes his eyes in prayer and despair. "What would Dale Carnegie say about this?"

"If Dale Carnegie were back from the right place and still wanted to make friends and influence people, he would say that a product is nowhere as good as an ad claims, then the manufacturer and advertising agency should be subject to civil suit for false advertising."

"But that's censorship!"

"Not in any way that's dangerous to free speech and press. The law requires people to be responsible for their statements about each other by allowing civil suits for slander and libel. Why shouldn't a company be responsible for telling the whole truth about its products?"

"But ads don't actually tell lies about products."

"They often do by omission if not by commission."

"How do you mean?"

"If an ad tells us only the good points of a product, then it lies by omission of the bad points. Consumers can't be expected to know everything about products they never make themselves. Besides, so many products are being offered, no one could possibly know all their bad points without buying them."

"Where do you get your radical ideas?"

"I dropped out of school and TV-watching before they could pickle and package me for a longer shelf and shopping life in the American supermarket."

"Ophelia! How can a human being have a shelf life?"

"Elmer, many American consumers are as much a product as any item on a supermarket shelf. They and the products they buy are one in spirit: passively processed and packaged for quick sale. Their free choice and independence have been buried by education, advertising, and public relations propaganda. Many Americans just sit on their shelf sheepishly waiting for someone to pick them for a job, a product, a belief, a war, or some other activity that will achieve somebody else's desire like making a profit."

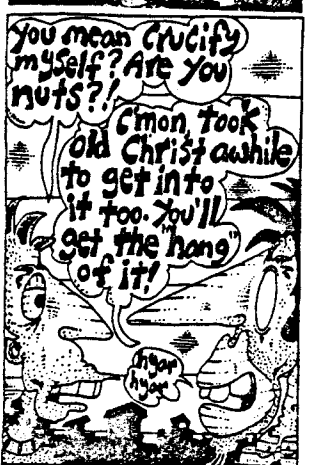
"You don't have much faith in the American people, do you?"

"Of course I do. But they've got to get off their a—uh, shelves and demand products and services that fulfill the promise of their packaging and advertising. Like the mystics say, the inner and the outer must become one."

"Can't you think of something good to say about American TV advertising?"

"Sure I can. There's not a thing wrong with it that can't be cured by an honest search for truth, morality, and entertainment."

MY NEXT ART COMPOSITION WILL BE TO PUT TEN THOUSAND MILES OF BOARD AROUND THE SAHARA DESERT. IT'LL BE TITLED... "SANDBOX"



# Could it be... "The Return of Ron Flowers"?! The Greying of the Graduates

by R.S. Preuss

What will the thoughts of tomorrow's college graduate be upon leaving the classroom and entering the much larger arena of life? Will they be of the noble struggle to feed the starving, or to find the ways to satisfy the yearnings of the individual to define a meaningful existence within a society structured upon crumbling values and useless morals? Or of the possibility of free expression in a mass culture? Or will they be of new solutions to medical problems, or of the technology of interstellar exploration?

Not likely. Chances are tomorrow's graduate will instead be faced with questions like, "How come my children never visit me?" "Should I transfer my will to videotape?" or "I wonder if I can get Mildred Siegel next door to drive me to the shopping center tomorrow?"

Experts tell us that the college student of tomorrow will be older, and it is predicted that by the end of the century as many older students as "traditional" 18-22 year-olds will fill America's colleges and universities.

Such a dramatic shift in the demographics of student populations will be accompanied by changes in the policies of administrators competing for admissions of a vastly different student type and faced with the loss of large numbers of traditional types as the last of the post-war baby boom reach matriculation.

Attempts to deal with this transition have been diverse.

"We've added shuffleboard courts and bingo nights to our recreation center," said Southeast Missouri State president Arnold Leach. "We now serve prunes and

other 'soft' digestibles at all meals in our dormitory cafeterias, and have expanded our health services to include a wig salon, a denture clinic and a hearing aid service."

Even some of the larger, more prestigious schools have gone as far as to drop admission tests, high school transcripts, language requirements and formal evaluations to compete for the older student.

"If they can sign their name correctly, they're in," said the president of one Big Ten school, who wished to remain unnamed. Schools have offered discounted or free tuition to older prospects.

As these changes are inevitable, so are some of the conflicts that arise as young and old are forced to share space in the classroom.

"I was seeing this guy who's in pre-med," said Sharon Lycke, 20, a "traditional" student majoring in fluid dynamics at a small state college in Ohio. "and he dumped me for this 47-year old geology major he met in speech class. He told me her eyes were always talking to him. It was really strange."

"I'm getting over it, though. Yesterday this guy asked me if I'd like to go see a Howard Hawks film festival revival. I think Hawks is one of the best actors of all time. don't you..."

Other "traditional" students expressed annoyance at having to learn with their elders.

"There's this old woman in my Nietzschean philosophy class," said Mark Eligh, 19, a student at a New York City college. "and no one will sit on her side of the room because, well, you know how these old people, they have this smell, see,

sort of like Canadian bacon that's been left on the stove for eight weeks or so."

"They don't have to comply with admission requirements, they get free tuition, and they smell bad," commented Cal Poly sophomore Donna Tushette.

Members of the older generation have had problems coping with the learning environment as well.

Hi Gridstomp, a 64-year-old soph at Southwest Texas State, complained that "the women I meet at bars around campus always seem interested in talking to me. Then they ask what my major is and when I tell them, whittling, they bust out laughing."

"It's very frustrating for someone who's been around as long as I have."

"I finally had to move out of the dorm," said Rosemary Gumclaque, 57, a humanities major at Denver University. "The common bathroom was always full of discarded pizza boxes and young ladies' underwear. Well, I suffer from nervous tension and when one of the young girls on my floor suggested I try TM, I had to get out of there... I mean, I'd never been propositioned by a woman before, and this gal was younger than my daughter. Now I'm taking courses at the new college they set up in my trailer park. What a swell idea, the trailer park university. Life still surprises me."

But it isn't just the very old that have taken to the textbooks in the albeit delayed effort to better their lives. Women make up the great bulk of the new crop of 25-and-older students as they hope that college will help them to find better jobs, open up new horizons, and meet interesting people.

Some teachers have experienced difficulty in coping with students who in many cases have job experience in their course areas, and seem to know more and have a more serious attitude toward their studies.

David Kribb, 37, professor of economics at Boston University, said that "there is one woman in my class in theories of Western capitalism that not only does

better on test and assignments than her younger classmates, but also has started an investment firm, collecting money from students to buy up local real estate in an attempt to corner the market and force rent prices up. Now that's the kind of student who can apply textbook knowledge to real life."

Administrators have attempted to fulfill the special needs of the working student and parent-student by creating educational opportunities in the workplace, setting up daycare facilities on campuses, and offering alternatives to the traditional four-year baccalaureate degree program.

"I take classes in sociology at the shopping mall near my home," said Edith Peche, 28, a mother of three. "So after I shop for shoes at Joseph's, cloth for patterns at Sew-Sew, and have a light lunch at Zippi Pan, I can scoot in to class and still have time for some browsing before dinner."

Some of the alternatives have been rather imaginative. At Venus Beauty Salon and Philosophical Academy in Van Nuys, California, women discuss the works of Kant, Hegel, Sartre, and others while getting Henna treatments, wave curls and full facials.

But those most affected by trends in education continue to be the traditional, younger student.

"With all these crusts enrolling in college, it's easier to find jobs," said Henry Fugg, 19, recently named president of Allied World Chemical. "Most of our employees are under 30."

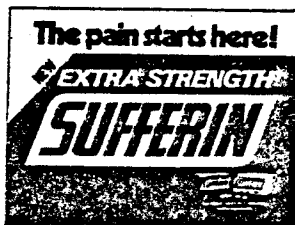
"I've been able to make \$875.00 a week babysitting kids whose mothers have started college," said Sue Cludades, 20. "I've been able to do a lot more reading and doing things I've wanted to do for a long time."

"So why should I go to school? I'm doing fine right here - I'm even thinking of taking up knitting."

Hi, I just want to write a note of concern to all potential virgins, OK? I don't want to preach; the only advice I offer is please do not rush out and attempt de-virginization simply because all your friends may already be practicing pros in the area of sexual intercourse. See, you start to get stuck in this really unhealthy state of mind wondering what the fuck (excuse the pun) is "wrong" with you just because you're still a virgin. I'm preaching, aren't I. OK. Leave it at my desire for you to simply understand you really shouldn't go into sex with these tremendous hang-ups. I mean, hell... we were all virgins once, right? Please don't be so hard on yourself. And remember to use birth control! Pregnancy is not mandatory. God bless.

**"FOR WE ARE LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD..." I COR 3-9**

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(Lights up on a plain woman wearing glasses, standing next to a table that holds a glass and a bottle of pills. Sign is face down on the table.)

Life going too well? Have all your friends committed suicide and you just can't relate? Well, maybe what you need is a little (holds up sign) Sufferin. (Whips off glasses) Hi, I'm the Sufferin Girl, here to tell you that two Sufferin and water (takes two pills, gulps them down) and almost im-

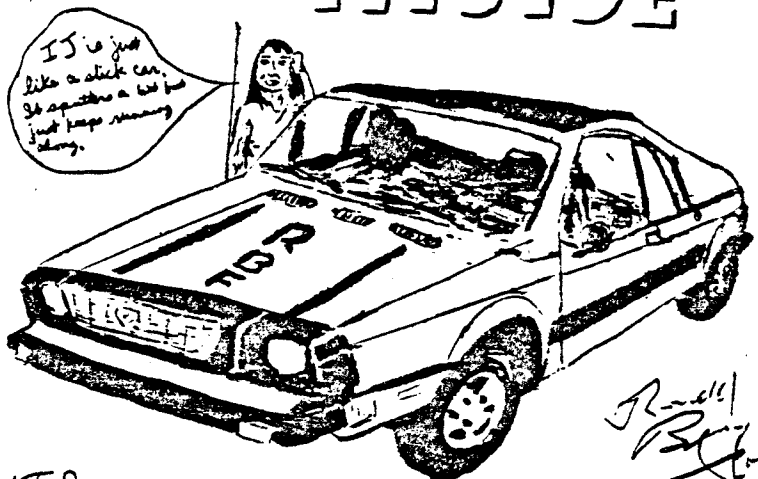
mediately you'll be overcome with (voice chokes) despair, (begins to whine) you'll spread pain and misery wherever you go and you'll encounter more guilt than (deep whimpering sigh) you can shake a stick at. (Increasingly more hysterical and breaking down) But what about the world, you ask? Society doesn't deserve all that excess Sufferin!! (Stamps foot and cries out) Don't you think I know that? That's why Sufferin scientists have developed a secret new ingredient called Guardrail so that you (wipes away a tear) only hurt the ones you love. (Sobs) It's never too soon to start Sufferin! Really! So get to your pharmacy and buy a bottle today. Please!! Remember (wailing and pointing to the sign) the pain starts here. (Racking sobs, head in hands, quiets for a moment) I'm sorry, Mom. - Julie Logan

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# "THE DOCTOR IS IN!"

## DR. DEMENTO

"AN EVENING OF DEMENTIA" (A Review)  
by Jed Martinez

Barry Hansen, a collector of off-beat recordings, has thrilled audiences for over a decade as that madcap medicine man of musical mayhem (what a mouthful!), Dr. Demento. It doesn't matter to him if it's on old 78's, 45's or 33 1/3 records, reel-to-reel tapes, or cassette cartridges; if it's unique enough, he'll take it, and eventually play it on his radio show.

Originating on the west coast ("...from under the smogberry trees," as he puts it), each week he fills the airwaves, over a ninety-minute span, with the strangest of songs, from ragtime to punk, from country/estern to jazz, from Rudy Vallee to the Chipmunks, and beyond.

Guest stars—like Monty Python's Eric Idle, Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis of SCTV, and cast member of "National Lampoon" albums—would chat with the doctor, and sometimes pull off surprises that even he would be unaware of. All this madness would be climaxed by "The Funny Five", a weekly countdown of the most requested songs, submitted by his fans over the phone and through the mail. (Many of these tunes make up his three recorded anthologies, "Dr. Demento's Delights", "Dementia Royale", and his newest collectable, "Demento's Momentos".)

On May 21st, New Yorkers were in for a real treat, for Dr. Demento came eastward to that famous night spot, The Bottom Line, for an evening of live and recorded music, that was billed "AN EVENING OF DEMENTIA".

All this ironically came on the heels of another recent cancellation of his "Westwood One's" syndicated radio show; this time the station was New York's WAPP. (In the past, his show played on several other radio stations in the tri-state area, including WPIX, WLIR and WKTU.) Hopefully, devotees of the doctor will pull their resources together and write or phone their local radio station, in an effort to get Dr. D back on the air, but we'll get into that later on in this article.

It was a packed house at the 'Line' for Saturday's 9pm show (there was a second show at midnight). While the customers were ordering their food and drinks, wild and crazy songs like "Spam", "Punk Polka", and "The Cockroach That Ate Cincinnati" were piped in through the P.A. system, to get the audience psyched-up for the evening's entertainment. After a medley of songs with a doctor-related theme came the familiar strains of that mysterious signature tune, "Pico and Sepulveda". It was at that moment the audience knew "The Doctor is in!" The fans in force showed their immediate respect towards the good doctor with their applause. And with that, the "EVENING OF DEMENTIA" was well underway.

In his last appearance at The Bottom Line, back in 1980, Dr. Demento brought along two turntables to spin his delirious discs upon. Unfortunately, the enthusiasm of the audience, combined with the doctor's gyrations on the stage to the bizarre music he was playing, caused his records to skip. He has wisened up since then, and now he uses tape-cartridge players.

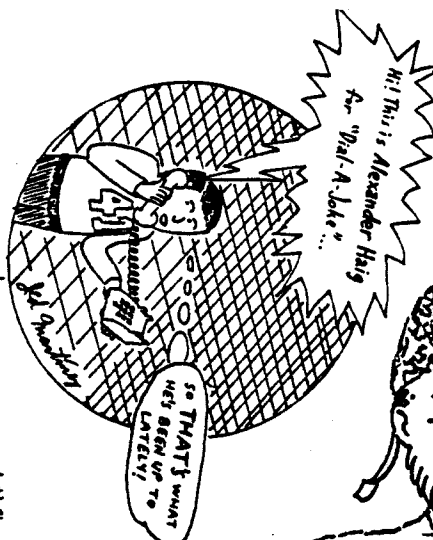
To save time in serving up as much music as possible, Dr. Demento played excerpts from some of his most-requested songs: songs like "Dead Puppies" by Ogden Eddis; "Pencil-Neck Geek" by Fred Blassie; "Harry's Jockstrap" by Dickie Goodman; "The Monster Mash" by Bobby Pickett; "Sit On My Face" by Monty Python; and "They're Going To Take Me Away, Ha-Ha" by Napoleon the XIVth. He also played music and comedy routines from folks like Allan Sherman, Tom Lehrer, Cheech & Chong, Stevens & Grdnic, George Carlin, and Bill Cosby, to name a few. He even got a chance to sing his own song, "Doctor of Dementia", from his "Demento's Momentos" album.

Besides collecting off-the-wall recordings, Dr. D has an equally unusual assortment of strange films, which he shared with the audience. Among the flickers shown were "The Great Cognito", a clay-animated movie (that recently lost out to the Polish short "Tango" at this year's Academy Award ceremony) by Will Vinton; "The Wizard of Speed and Time" by Mike Jittlov (which first aired on "Disney's Wonderful World"); "A Bird For All Seasons" with Bill Murray, shown in its unexpurgated version, as opposed to the censored one on "Saturday Night Live"; an excerpt from "Violent is the Word for Curly", in which The Three Stooges sing "Swingin' the Alphabet" ("B-A, BAY, B-E, BE, B-I, BICKY-BY, B-O, BO", etc.); Barnes & Barnes' video rendition of "Fish Heads"; a Spike Jones short, "Clink, Clink, Another Drink" with Mel Blanc (the voice of Bugs Bunny); and the most demented cartoon of all time, Marv Newland's "Bambi Meets Godzilla". My home movies should only be this good.

But what really made the show take off were Dr. Demento's two special guests: as different as night and day in their ages, their social status, the communities they were brought up in, and their individual talents, Benny Bell of New York and "Weird Al" Yankovic of California still share one thing in common...they get our attention with their own special brand of music.

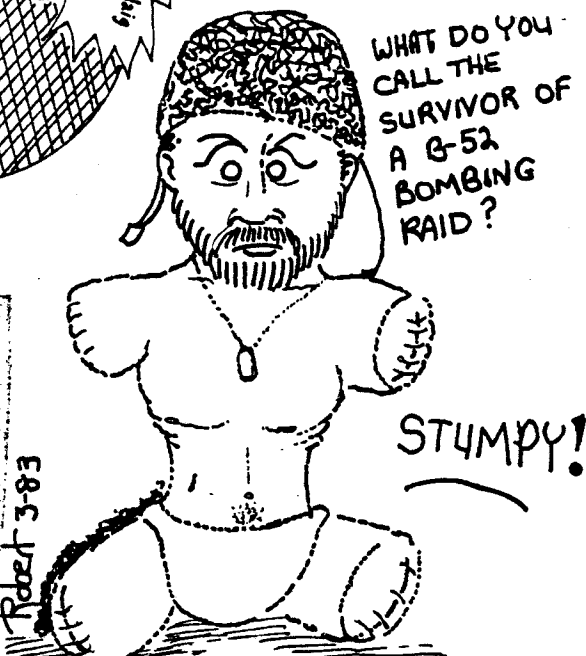
Born and raised on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, Benny Bell began writing songs in school—instead of studying. The rest of the civilized world is grateful he did, for in the 1940's he began to write "naughty" songs with risqué lyrics, and although they never got air-play at that time, they were, for all intents and purposes, underground successes.

Benny performed near the end of the first half of the show, delving back into his past, and reliving those memories through such songs as "My Apartment", "Everybody Likes My Fanny", "Ikey and Mikey", "Pincus the Peddler", and finally the song that really launched his big comeback in the 1970's, "Shaving Cream". He invited the audience to join him in the chorus, but since a large majority of people in attendance were fans of Mr. Bell, they couldn't help but sing along to the regular



DEAR MR. Ghost of Jimi Morrison. Several weeks ago, a fellow contributor to this facility threatened you with bodily harm unto your bodily self. I'm sure you will recall this "event." Well, I would just say this to you, O.K.? You are a scum sucking asshole. If I ever make contact with you in your material form, I will kick your pussy-whip ass. You're just a stinking homo! (I'll do anything to stay fashionable.) O.K., thank you, B. Boff, boff-meister.

NOT TRUE that The Who will play "Armonia" in the sky" at Deukmejian inauguration. Pals: Don't forget the part about "Will Travel." Mr. Title: embarrased by locker room comparisons!



lyrics as well. Even Dr. Demento joined in with a few verses of his own. And when it was over, Benny Bell received a well-deserved standing ovation. He hasn't lost his touch. He never did.

The second half of the program concluded with manic musician "Weird Al" Yankovic, an accordionist from Southern California who specializes in parodies of rock songs that are sometimes even better than the original tunes whence they came. Songs like "Yoda", "It's Still Billy Joel To Me" and "Gotta Boogie" (which frequently pop up on Dr. Demento's "Funny Five") are but a small part of his repertoire.

He wrapped up his performance with a medley of "food-related" songs ("My Bologna", "I Love Rocky Road", "She's a Spam Eater", etc.) that the audience immediately ate up. For dessert, he performed his current hit "Ricky", a take-off of Toni Basil's "Mickey" and, at the same time, a tribute to "I Love Lucy" (which was made into a video that can be seen frequently on MTV and HBO's "Video Jukebox"). The audience went hog wild after that, and insisted that "Weird Al" return for an encore. He conceded, and performed another of his big hits, "Another One Rides The Bus". Special credit goes to Al's back-up band for adding just the right amount of emphasis to each rock parody, and an extra hurrah goes to Tress MacNelle, the perfect "Lucy" to Al's "Ricky".

Finally, Dr. Demento bid us a fond farewell, as he does every week on the radio, with his familiar closing line, "Don't forget to stay deee-mented!" As far as the audience was concerned, they were thoroughly satisfied, and I ought to know...I was part of that musically-sated crowd. As I left The Bottom Line, and passed by the line for the midnight show, I said to myself, "These people are in for one helluva time!"

Sadly, not everybody in this land o' plenty has heard of Dr. Demento and his popular radio program. In these times of unemployment, high prices, governmental rhetoric, the threat of thermo-nuclear war, natural disasters, and wimps like George Steinbrenner and James Watt, we can certainly use a little esoterica to make the world a whole lot saner.

So, if you folks out there can easily "demand your MTV", you can just as easily say, "I want Dr. D." If you want to hear the good doctor in action in your town, write to your local radio station and ask them to acquire his services post-haste, if not sooner. (That especially goes for you folks in the tri-state area.)

If you already have "The Dr. Demento Show" blaring away in your neighborhood, let him know that you, his loyal fans, truly exist by sending him a song request, regardless of whether he plays it on the air or not. (To paraphrase a noted philosopher—"I hear...therefore, I'm here!") Mail in your requests to:

Dr. Demento; P.O. Box 884; Culver City, California 90230  
(In a future issue of INSIDE JOKE, I'll review "Demento's Momentos" and "Weird Al" Yankovic in my "Slipped Discs" column—J.M.) 6/8/83

McDONALD'S - ALTERED STEAKS OF CONSCIOUSNESS



# Play Therapy for Rumors

by Rev. Manama Propagandhi

West German authorities have identified the author of the forged Hitler diaries as Austrian body-builder Arnold Schwarzenegger. The Hitler hoax, however, wasn't anywhere near the level of Schwarzenegger's previous volume, *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Experts became suspicious, for instance, at the entry for June 11, 1943 in which Hitler expressed opposition to the deployment of Cruise missiles in western Europe, and the entry for October 7, 1940 in which Hitler remarked that "the Bismarck is down" but consoled himself with the thought that "the U-boat fleet will soon be on line."

Some sources believe the jape was designed to spotlight Nazi barbarism to generate publicity for the forthcoming sequel to *Conan the Barbarian*, but director Werner Herzog insists otherwise. Although Nazi and publicity hunter Simon Wiesenthal is pushing for a Nuremberg-style show trial for the musclebound miscreant, defense attorney Roy Cohn has already persuaded prosecutors to place Schwarzenegger in the pre-trial diversion program in Munich where he will play basketball with delinquents from immigrant neighborhoods as part of the Strength-Through-Joy Young Turk Rehabilitation Program. California Governor George Deukmejian could not be reached for comment.

As rock magnate Bill Graham remarked several years ago, "da music industry is down forth per cent," and this falling rate of profit doubtless accounts for the new "crossover" trend toward market miscegenation amongst hitherto aloof music scenes. You can hear it everywhere from Motorhead to McCartney, from Frank Zappa conducting 12-tone Schoenberg compositions to Gary "U.S." Bonds letting Bruce Springsteen touch his saxophone. But it fell to the Oakland Symphony, left leaderless by the tragic drowning death of conductor Calvin Simmons, to turn to music as the universal language that speaks to the hearts of haughty Oakland Hills socialites as it does to East Oakland's plebian hordes.

The Oakland Symphony, according to critic Joel Selvin, "cooked" when guest conductor Grandmaster Flash paced the orchestra through Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto*. The only sour note was sounded when language difficulties arose which provoked the flamboyant rasper into "ranking out" the symphony's string section, which consists entirely of Korean 4 year olds. But polyglot Prolixin poet Jack Hirschman stepped forth from the audience and improvised translations to sort things out; and with such success that a cellist later admiringly referred to Flash—according to Hirschman's gritty, colloquial rendering—as a "no-jive dude."

Not since Journey did a benefit gig there to raise money for Lock-heed has Berkeley's Zellerbach Auditorium seen a show as spectacular as the one staged by Sorcar, billed as the World's Greatest Magician (as indeed they all are); but the India-born necromancer did fall afoul of a little of Berkeley's special brand of bad karma. Sorcar's attempt to cut a lady in half was stymied when a feminist tactical mobile unit seized the stage with cries of "gynocide". Sorcar's contention that the stunt "is a personal favorite of Mrs. Gandhi" cut no ice with tac squad matriarchs Susan Griffin and Valerie Miner, who refused to let Sorcar cut anything in half except the defense budget, a trick which was unfortunately beyond his mystic powers.

The Catholic Church hierarchy must have its reasons for disavowing the irreducibly corroborated Miracle of the Weeping Madonna of the Mater Ecclesias Mission Church in Thornton, California, but conspiracy consultant Kerry Wendell Thornley is only the most eminent investigator to raise the cry of "cover-up!" The statue of the Virgin Mary isn't much to look at, being similar in texture and color to those flamingo birdbaths adorning the backyards of certain working-class suburbs, but eyewitnesses report that it sheds tears (not unlike a late-model Barbie doll) and can move away from its pedestal, reportedly in search of a light snack at a nearby taqueria.

Local zealots condemn as "devils" the panel of priestly inquisitors who returned a negative verdict on the sobbing somnambulist status for ignoring uncontroverted evidence of miraculous cures effected by the Virgin's tears, which consist of some substance strikingly similar to motor oil. It is said that anointment with the divine discharge restored the violated virginity of 3 year old kidnap victim and up-and-coming child star Tara Burke, and Andi Granatelli reports very positive results in using the effluvium to lube up race cars in pre-Indy 500 test heats.

Why would a Church which still won't let Galileo off with less than probation refuse to validate yet another potentially lucrative sign of supernatural solicitude? A disgruntled anarchist typesetter for the Vatican rag *L'Osservatore Romano* has the answer. He says Polish ham actor Pope John Paul II doesn't want anybody, not even the Mother of God, to upstage the miracle he performed when he jetted back to his native land and transformed militant Solidarity activists into sniveling, nationalistic, priest-ridden faithful who (he once sneered in a grandiose mood) "can kiss my -- ring."

On June 24, on the occasion of his 141st birthday, author Ambrose Bierce resurfaced 69 years after vanishing in the strife-torn Mexico of 1914. Looking spry for a man of his years, the celebrated cynic held a press conference in San Diego at which he explained his recent reclusiveness.

Bierce said he went off to Mexico because he interpreted Woodrow Wilson's election as President as the opening of a new age of chronic war, bureaucratic domination and cultural sterility. After the tragic death of his good friend Pancho Villa, Bierce thought it prudent to settle in a remote part of the Yucatan where he earned a little money on the side penning novels under the name B. Traven. Bierce denied having anything to do with the 1940 assassination of Leon Trotsky, but there was a wicked gleam in the crusty curmudgeon's eye when he added, "Ice-pick the truth." According to Bierce, he left Mexico because all of his friends had moved to Los Angeles. He announced he was preparing a new edition of his classic *Devil's Dictionary*, and he convulsed re-

porters with his definition of democracy as "the right to participate in the decisions that infect your life." As reporters cheered, Bierce then left Marcuse Auditorium on the UCSD campus to catch a jet for New York to do the Letterman show.

For more rumors (and more), send a 37c SASE to Swill, 55 Sutter St., #487, San Francisco, CA 94104. The Kahl of Nature, DIAL-A-RUMOR: (415) 843-7474.

# Papoon in 84/84:

by Elaine & Anni (but it wrote itself)

PROGRESS REPORT VI: HEY, CHUCKO!

Hot on the heels of our first in-person powwow with former Nat'l Surrealist Party Veep George L. Tirebiter, we strove out—er, drove out onto the fabulous Garden State Parkway North, where we found ourselves immediately immersed in an atmosphere more reminiscent of Southern California than NJ (the sun shining almost too cheerily, the trees in full bloom, the cars not overheating, blessed little traffic anyway, no dead animals in sight—always a plus as every dead animal is a lost vote—and a real live FM radio in the car playing 'Werewolves of London' and everything!), headed onwards and upwards to the Secret World Headquarters of current NSP Mice-Presidential candidate Chuck E. Cheese. Despite minor obstacles, such as the abandoned car (presumably belonging to a former Carter campaign hooker) in the middle of Route 23 North, and our subsequent discovery that we really wanted 23 South (and you thought Chuck wasn't a good Discordian), which meant undertaking a somewhat hazardous and uncharacteristically foolish U-turn amidst 7 lanes of merging traffic and extensive road construction in the vicinity of the Route 202 interchange, we made it as far as the local mini-mall, West World Belt. There, among the neon-lined food and sugarless butterscotch, we held the Hickory Farms Lady's Polish kielbasa hostage until she relented and disclosed the SWH's location. From there, it was a short jump over the Mall Drive Videogame and across the highway to the Pizza Time Theatre.

We were greeted somewhat abruptly at the entrance (bedecked with birthday regalia and every conceivable merchandising gimmick) by Chuck's aide de camp and personal masseur (whom Chuck refers to as "The Four-Fingered Wonder"), Jasper T. Jowls. After recovering from the initial shock, we ordered our pizza (3 tokens worth) and signed in on the dotted line as official worker—er, members of Chuck's Fan Club. Chuck himself awaited us, both of him (true to schizophrenic form, the animated/inanimate mechanical Chuck was on stage and the "real" one was pumping the crowd) in his Theatre Room, where he presented for our entertainment and approval, at 15-minute clockwork intervals, carefully controlled musical interludes, each usurped abruptly by "Walter", the Theatre's giant computer. We feel these shows prove, beyond any doubt, that Chuck is as Surreal as any of us! Lines flew like "You know very well that we're not programmed to dance"; "Yeah, didn't they have those 'talk-easys' during Probation?"; and our personal favorite, a very Ro-cocco-like "What about my recharge?" from "Walter" himself. Kudos to Chuck's inner sanctum staff—Madame Oink, Pasqually, the Warblettes ("the best thing since the Android Sisters," said "Walter"), and Mr. Munch. In between shows, watching the Yankees winning on the giant TV screen (there are also monitoring screens in each room—Big Cheese is watching!), and the Fantasy Forest video-and-skeeball room, we presented Chuck with our official NSP nominating invitation, which was gladly accepted in Chuck's usual humble, silent manner. Also speechless was rendered Jasper, who could only express his gratitude mutely (in the lounge, where The King was headlining), as he pantomimed his best wishes for our continued success, and agreed to be the recipient of all Chuck's NSP fan mail (write him c/o Tommy c/o the PTT in statelyle Wayne, NJ). After gorging on ice cream and Sanka in the TV room, we finished up this report and our first SWH strategy meeting simultaneously, made plans for future Campoon sessions there (including the Gala Acker 30th Birthday Bash in October), and were presented by Chuck 'n friends with a token of his esteem (a token), a Chuck E. Buck (send more!), and a self-inflating, self-plugging balloon which Anni promptly christened "Smedley". We hope, incidentally, to institute Chuck's currency into official US usage sometime in mid-term, or when the moon's next blue phase occurs.

All in all, a productive day. We're convinced now, more than ever, that Chuck is Our Mouse(Rat?)! His Bugs Bunny-like voice, his obscene plastic tail, his computer and monitor screens, and especially the fact that ANYONE CAN BE CHUCK inside the costume, JUST AS ANYONE CAN BE PAPOON BEHIND THE BAG—all make him the perfect mice-pres.-cand. Up, Chuck!

We hope to explore more of Chuck's life for you as these reports progress further, including the only-just-revealed secrets of Chuck's cousin Jack E. Lalane and his Comedy Health Spa. But for now, we'd like to leave you with the only Campoon contribution from anyone other than ourselves this month. Yes, the old Poons Farm people are at it again, and they sent us this little bit, which they call

MORE FROM PORN'S FOAM

Last week Poons Farm introduced you to two new words: "snoo" (the female bootie) and "boigle" (the male bootie). These were accepted into the party platform with enthusiasm as new super safeguards against the conspiracy of omnipotence. But did you know that they can be used as verbs as well? (e.g., to "boigle a snoo" or to "snoo a boigle")

So this week, we'd like to introduce two more words in the new language: (1) "DROOGLE" (to articulate a bootie with the hand), and (2) "SNOOGLE" (the same but with the more oral parts of the body). Also, "snoogle" can be used intransitively, as in, "vanna snoogle", for mutual snoogling activities.

We could form a third word, "stroogle", meaning a combination of the first two, but we must consider that the reason we have only a finite number of words in our language is the same reason we have only a finite number of laws: that is, beyond the twilight zone they simply don't exist. So get out there and vote and together we can make this thing a reality or whatever you call it!

Dear Coop,

Can you give me a few tips on how to break into the advice column business? It looks like a pretty cushy gig that I might have an aptitude for. I really appreciate it. Thanks.

- Just a Guy from Joliet

Dear Guy,

The recent trend in advice is to specialize. If your field of expertise is agriculture, submit a few samples to magazines like HOOSIER FARMER or ORGANIC GARDENING. Perhaps you've been in prison. There are a number of prison newspapers and newsletters you could write for. The teenaged market is fairly saturated what with 16, TIGER BEAT, etc. but there's always room for another. Teenagers have more problems and fewer personal resources to solve them with and once you have a good backlog of answers, you'll notice a lot of similarity that makes repeats justified.

Find and editor and publisher you can get along with. It will be years before you get into syndication and they are the ones who will give you a good start.

Common sense is useful and should prevail over the urge to tell advice seekers to take a hike. When you're stumped on something, use "Seek professional help" as a last resort. Don't look for results. Often people just want to hear that what they've been contemplating doing is the best thing. A good rule of thumb is that the more question marks you see, the less the person really knows how to proceed although there are exceptions. Steer clear of issues too large to deal with in a couple of paragraphs and situations too intricate to be unravelled without a computer. And never answer any letter with accompanying graphs.

If the advice seeker is only peripherally involved in a problem of less magnitude than a felony, tell him to keep his nose out of it. Don't ever give advice if it isn't asked of you. There are no hard and fast rules so disregard any or all of the preceding as you see fit. Good luck interloper.

- COOP

## THE QUOTE-PULLING PLOY

by Julian Ross

Haven't you often wondered about those favorable quotes by reviewers in the movie ads, especially when a respected reviewer calls a turkey "one of the year's best"?

Well, this is often done though the use of careful editing. The following examples should give you an idea how it's accomplished. The edited version follows the original.

"If gross and gratuitous sex and violence were the director's goal, 'Headchoppers' is a supreme success. If you cover your eyes and ears, the acting is good. The story is so sick, it's unforgettable."—Winston Smith, *The New York Bugle*

"...a supreme success...the acting is good. The story is...unforgettable."—Winston Smith, *The New York Bugle*

"They bill this film as a laugh riot, but it plays like a dirge. If the writer has insightful ideas, I couldn't find any evidence. The plot is old-fashioned, and the spirit (or lack of) never emulates the comedy classics."—Pangborn Purcell, *San Francisco Gazette*

"...a laugh riot, but it plays (with) insightful ideas. The plot is old-fashioned, and...emulates the comedy classics."—Pangborn Purcell, *San Francisco Gazette*

"This reviewer found 'Nirvana's Gateway' to be a \$37 million extravaganza, nothing more. Sure, there's beautiful scenery, but 'The Wilderness Family' had that. Due to economic conditions, they won't produce another film like it. So see it now, before it disappears."—Samantha Billingsley, *The Pacific Monthly*

"...a \$37 million extravaganza...beautiful scenery...they won't produce another film like it. So see it now."—Samantha Billingsley, *The Pacific Monthly*

"Kung fu movies are a dime a dozen, but 'Bones Cracking' is an exception. It's worth about 1/100th of a penny, and makes Bruce Lee flunks look like 'Citizen Kane'. The color cinematography is excellent if you like blue faces and squinting at somber interior scenes."—J. Bob Frisket, *New East*

"Kung fu movies are a dime a dozen, but 'Bones Cracking' is an exception. (A) Look like 'Citizen Kane'. The color cinematography is excellent...somer interior scenes."—J. Bob Frisket, *New East*

"'Asteroid Adventures' is not much of a contender in the space-opera ticket frenzy of late. The leading lady tries vainly to be the next Bo Derek, and our hero acts like Sean Connery in traction. A real genre movie of the mid-fifties sci-fi variety, but not as much fun."—Jeannie Ray McCorkle, *Boston Tribune Register*

"...a contender in the space-opera ticket frenzy...The leading lady (may) be the next Bo Derek, and our hero acts like Sean Connery...A real genre movie...much fun."—Jeannie Ray McCorkle, *Boston Tribune Register*

"Since we get only ten new movies a year here, this one has to be one of the ten best. It's sexist, now sexy; inane instead of madcap; salacious where it should be sensitive. My kids cheered, because I left them home. I like a film of quality and style; this isn't even close."—Rodger Fisher, *Salt Lick Creek (Idaho) Chronicle*

"...has to be one of the ten best...sexy...madcap...sensitive. My kids cheered...a film of quality and style."—Rodger Fisher, *Salt Lick Creek (Idaho) Chronicle*

"This erudite motion picture says a lot, but communicates almost nothing. Muddled, intellectual dialogue bogs down the otherwise fine plotting. It's a shame that a better director would not be found for this property because the premise is exciting. The skilled execution required just isn't there."—David Wingate Mullins, *Dallas Metropolis*

"This erudite motion picture says a lot...intellectual dialogue...a better director could not be found...the premise is exciting...skilled execution."—David Wingate Mullins, *Dallas Metropolis*

## ATTACK OF THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVES by Mike Gunderloy

Hi there. The name is Unk. Some of you long-time readers may remember a story written by one of my descendants that ran in IJ a while back. Of course, the boy got his facts all mixed up. Don't know what they're teaching you kids in witch-doctor school today.

Now before I get down to the point of this article, let me tell you about my long life. If I don't, none of you will pay any attention to what I say. That's why I don't offer my advice to world leaders any more. The minute I step out of my cave I'm surrounded by reporters, all asking "Mr. Unk, what's the secret of your extraordinarily long life?" Well, the secret is brussels sprouts daquiris.

Look, you know how you open your morning paper and there's always an article about caffeine causing cancer or saccharine killing rats or cholesterol clogging your heart? Did you ever see one of those articles about brussels sprouts daquiris? Nope, never. I rest my case.

But anyway, that's not why I'm here. I just got sick and tired of all this nonsense I keep hearing about "new wave" this and "revolutionary" that. Let's face it, kids, you're really all just trying to go back to the old days. You guys are scared of the present and want to go forward into the past.

Take all these new religions. Neo-Pagans are consciously trying to recreate the past. Those crazy Discordians are worshipping Eris, who's had her face lifted so many times she's swallowed her chin. Even this "Bob" Dobbs fellow has tacked his own ideas on to the ancient Judeo-Christian base.

Or what about drugs? Alcohol is out; peyote and psilocybin and marijuana are in. Shucks, we had pot when I was knee-high to a dinosaur, but alcohol doesn't grow on trees. Some genius had to invent fermentation before we could go out and get drunk. It was much appreciated at the time, but now? No way.

And these nutty ideas you've got about politics really bother me. Libertarians, bahl! My older brother was a Libertarian before it was invented. He used to hit me over the head with his club and take my dinner. So don't give me any of this crap about "the rights of man" and "rapacity fo the state". I've been there. It sure was nice when government was invented and Blort (my brother) got ten-to-twenty for brandishing a club in public.

I could go on, mention this back-to-the-land craze, and vegetarianism (you didn't wait 10 million years for meat to evolve) and tribalism and science fiction (we called them 'tall tales')—but why bother? One thing we've got in common—none of us takes anyone's word for anything. I'm wasting my breath.

Just don't complain to me when you succeed in collapsing civilization by your neglect and get to work at nostalgia instead of playing at it.

"DON'T EVER, don't ever stop!" cried Jenny as she writhed ecstatically beneath our hero. On-ripeness Man looked around in confusion. He hadn't done anything yet.

## BEING AGAINST MOTHERHOOD DOES NOT GO OVER IN PEORIA

by Gerry Reith

It was a dark and stormy night during my quest—in convoluted, tritely self-referential sentence structure—through the Land of Metaphor. "You won't win any awards," said a voice, "for cutesy passages through the Arch of Introduction."

I looked around, and the voice, fading, added, "Besides, the Contest is Over."

"Until next year!" I shouted, shaking my fist. But my voice failed to carry, muffled by the underbrush of Obscure Reference. Frustrated, I resolved to quite right then and there, but the mosquitos (symbolizing irritation) began to bite, providing me with incentive for a plunge through the brambles and pine branches common in the Forest of Words. Besides, had I not undertaken this quest for my lady-love? I wore her colors, and no knight was I should mere loss of direction cause me to throw up my hands in disgust and go home and back to bed.

This time it seemed as if I'd internalized the aforementioned underbrush for good, but this wouldn't stop me either, although it promised to stop many others.

Before long I'd been stopped again, but this time because I had caught a glimpse of light. It faded quickly, proving once more that science is no help in providing materialist explanations—prosaic, as in swamp gas—for will-o'-the-wisps, Faery lights, which I resolved to track down and bring back dead or alive. I tripped over the underbrush, and fell face first into the mud, recalling the time when Sam—or was it Frodo?—did the same thing, well, it was after Boromir got killed, anyway, and there were ghosts and visions under the murk, probably like the old oil & tar pits that dinosaurs are reputed to have fallen into.

There were ghosts here, too, and it smelled, even though I was drowning and shouldn't, by right, have been able to detect this, appropriately decayed. "If you don't get up out of the mud pretty quickly," said one of the spirits, "you're going to be dead."

"Bluh buh bimamah blunhha," I gurgled, trying to say, "Just a little longer." Now the mud was in my lungs for sure, and as I grew dizzy from lack of oxygen my pleasure grew. I saw fantastic visions, dangerous things because they make you want to stay and drown just a little longer. But wait...someone had dragged me out! I was staring up at the night sky, symbol of regretted redemption.

An ancient man slapped me. "I am the Old Wise Man in The Story," he said.

"So what else is new?"

"You're making me wince, you jerk, and for that you must pay."

The world is cruel, I decided, as he kicked me in the head so hard that I passed out. "And most lies are ripoffs," he added, "representing a firm grasp of the obvious."

NEVER FRET - TILL ZIMMERMAN'S WRITING IS STILL WITH US, IN SPIRIT - SHE'LL BE BACK IN #24

### 3-D ASTRAL TEENAGE LOVE

by Rama Lama

I drive an intergalactic chopper  
That's teenage light years from my home  
And you're a big green hunk of protoplasm  
With a shiny plastic dome  
But you're the cutest hunk of space chick  
That this mutant has ever seen  
So why don't we hop right in the saucer, baby  
We're gonna buzz by Saturn's rings  
(Chorus)  
And cruise the strip in the stars  
Stop at the zoom-in behind Mars  
Park on a quasar for a kiss  
I'm tellin' you baby  
This 3-D astral teenage love is bliss...  
it can't miss

Down at West Pluto Junior High School  
Where they feed me learning pills  
I cut my early morning brain drain  
I parked my hydro in the hills  
And then I time-warped into deep space  
In an old ship that I stole  
And I met you at a mind swap, honey  
Beneath's Orion's hole

(Chorus)

Well now you know that they won't accept us  
Because you're different than me  
But I don't care how many eyes you got  
Or if your face looks like a tree  
Cause you're the only conscious being  
In the universe that I love  
And if they try to split our frequency  
I'm gonna put on my energy glove

(Chorus)

### I DON'T HAVE THOSE PARTS

by Dana A. Snow

I have all my other parts including my  
belly button  
But just beneath it, there's absolutely  
nuttin'.  
I wanted to complain to God so I called  
up Ralph Nader.  
He was sympathetic, but said, "Not now;  
maybe later."

### THE SNAIL COMES TO THE FLATLANDS

by June Sylvester

at the first polite mention  
there may be a guest in the flatlands  
comes a muffled yawn  
open mouth behind the hand  
the snail comes  
makes iridescent paths  
disturbs the dust  
leaves sticky glitter  
signs on walls  
the snail trails  
through weeds  
up houses  
over steps  
boundaries  
where he leaves his mark  
crawling through March  
he wants to quit  
carrying the curled fist  
the circular argument on his back  
the snail finishes last in the flatlands  
after miles of graffetti  
he inches to the edge  
searches for a quarry  
to bait fish

what is it Doc

by John Levin

the symptoms are all there I'm afraid  
short vision  
the thwarted desire to impose your will  
the chuckling racism  
the good-natured cruelty  
the arrogance & conceit  
the submissiveness to authority  
the love or ritual & group  
the lack of humor & flexibility  
it's called Himmler's disease  
we'll have to isolate you for a while  
I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask  
for your baseball cap  
television is out  
spring water & fruit only  
sorry no radio or telephone  
may I have your driver's license  
you'll be walking  
no diversions or scapegoating

the eyes of your own personal Texas will be  
upon you.

### HOW TO TELL IF YOU'RE ALIVE

by June Sylvester

check a mirror  
pinch yourself  
do you feel?  
finger a pulse  
listen for the beat  
are you breathing?  
smoke a cigarette  
repeat a line  
I am in my body  
get a grip on yourself  
don't let go  
hold your own  
make a leap  
land on your own two feet  
whistle a happy tune  
did you hear anything?  
knock  
knock  
hello?  
hello?  
hell  
o is anybody  
home?

### THE CIA WAS EATING BEANS

tune: Mademoiselle from Armentieres

by Tuli Kupferberg

New York (UPI)—... "For instance Technical Services  
Division [of the CIA] has developed an invisible itchin  
powder that drives its victims wild for about three  
days," he said. "My agents used a lot of it. They went  
to leftist meetings and sprinkled it on the seats of  
toilets. . . ."—Toronto Star, July 7, 1975

The CIA was eating beans, parlez vous?  
The CIA was eating beans, parlez vous?  
The CIA was eating beans  
And put some itchy in your jeans  
Hinky stinky parlez vous.

The CIA was killing Che, parlez vous?  
The CIA was killing Che, parlez vous?  
The CIA was killing Che  
Lumumba, Trujillo and Duvalier  
Hinky stinky CIA.

The CIA was beating me, parlez vous?  
The CIA was cheating you, parlez vous?  
The CIA was eating Jew  
Arab and Commie and Kikiyu  
Hinky stinky parlez vous.

The CIA was awful mean, parlez vous?  
The CIA was off its bean, parlez vous?  
The CIA was quite obscene  
Today . . . Today . . . Today the Congress raised  
Hinky stinky USA. its pay.

## Poetry!

### OF HEAVIER METTLE

by Maiden Jappan

Very funny, Candi, what you said  
about if I were to write a heavy  
metal poem, I'd be Iron Maiden Jappan.  
Elayne laughed a lot; I just bore it.  
HELP SWAT SWAZ HUMOR!

LIFE TOO by Maiden Jappan  
Life is rough enough without  
getting poetry involved in it.

Sure, Sally—  
call me anytime

so good to hear you  
so far away

Jay Dougherty

## Song!

### ANOTHER SONG ABOUT GEORGIA

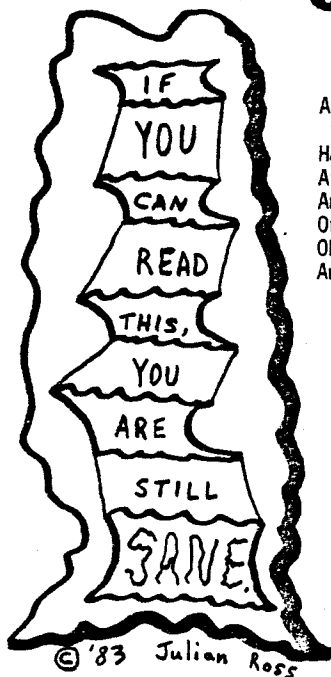
by Kerry Wendell Thornley

Have ya got enough time to stop and give me a ride?  
Are you free enough so I won't have ta hide?  
And are ya goin' to Tifton, Georgia?  
Or are you goin' to Scarbrough Faire?  
Oh are ya goin' to Tifton, Georgia?  
And where will we wander on our way there?

"I'LL BE 29 'TIL I DIE"

by Dana A. Snow

(written for a lady who didn't  
return my calls)  
Some people wonder why my age I always fake.  
It's not worth getting older just for a  
piece of cake  
I am 29 now! Okay, that's not quite true.  
For a change I will confess. Okay, I'm 22.  
I changed the records so if in my past  
you delve  
You'd get official papers that say that  
I am twelve  
I know time takes its toll & it changes  
per day  
So now I always tell the folks I was  
born yesterday.



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# Sayz-U! (Letters)

(Okay, let's start by clearing things up once and for all...)

Dear Elaine and Folks,

I'VE BEEN KICKED OUT OF BETTER BARS THAN THIS, or YOU CAN'T FIRE ME I QUIT, or I WOULDN'T CONSIDER BEING A MEMBER OF ANY CLUB THAT WOULD HAVE ME.

Until I received #22 I thought of myself as an all-around genial character and one of IJ's Big Boosters. Imagine my surprise. Turns out I'm a slanderer, an egotist, a generational chauvinist and a few other unmentionables. Over what, I'm only beginning to understand.

You see, I've been chronically between jobs since age 16. That "NYU office" is a shared desk. By the time this is published I'll be off salary again. I never considered this a sensitive point, most especially because the 60s Generation seems to be under attack precisely for giving up the revolution in favor of a resume. Second, until I moved in with the woman I later married, I lived at home in a mid-Illinois climate more culturally arid than the mythological Joisey. Big deal. Most journalists, presuming you could get them interested in IJ, would make a quick phone call. I did a taped interview (was a half-hour too short? I don't live in NYC, only stop by once a month to do some fast business) because I thought, and by the way still think, that IJ is fascinating, loaded with good stuff and interesting writers, worth encouraging, etc. etc., and that the editor would be likewise. Which I still think also. If I misunderstood office temp and momentary unemployment to be something else, if it never occurred to me that living you-know-where is a private matter, mea culpa. Should I apologize, too, for referring to Elaine's Fan Noose column as the Source of Zine Wisdom?

Never mind, and forget the gratuitous thank-yous. I didn't write the piece for gratitude or popularity, or for the money, but because I've published magazines since 1967 and I genuinely appreciate the new publications. By no means all I intended to say got printed: the article was cut 40% for space, and edited for print at the last minute while I was out of the country. Even if it had not been chopped, the nature of things is that categories get condensed, people get characterized or caricatured. So far, people (or publishers/editors of the magazines) mentioned run in favor, including Jay Kinney, Jim Wheat, Ace Backwords of TWISTED IMAGE, and IJs own Candi Strecker. Beyond personalities, I haven't received any substantive criticism. If I'm wrong, then you (all you IJ readers out there) please write in and argue about the general character of the new publications.

Another editorial point. Not even Woody Allen (as far as I know) gets to look at drafts of articles about him and his work. Nobody gets to pick the quotations used, and even I don't get to pick the illustrations. I don't even begrudge your grudges, because nobody (including me) is written about just as they would choose. While I'm on the subject, John Crawford's response positively stuns me. My comments were 85% positive, and I kept in as much as I could after the drastic cut. I didn't consciously censor anything, I didn't (and don't) lay any wreaths to the New Left that I could see. What? Anni Ackner, the real comparison to you would be Dorothy Parker, of course, but today's reader is likely to recognize only Fran Lebowitz, besides which the comparison is in your favor. Look at the article again, folks. All of you sound like real bright, creative, interesting characters rising to the occasion of Hard Times.

PS #1: Back in '67 I was publishing Radical America by picking up the paper in my VW (a couple trips), getting the issues printed single-sheet, collating about 72,000 sheets with the help of drunk or stoned comrades, stapling and mailing out the copies...every two months, in addition to soliciting articles, editing copy and raising \$\$. And I managed with some help to also publish Radical America Comics, a few poetry books, etc. We had a good influence until the era died. Never, NEVER did I get a write-up, in spite of the fact that I began reviewing other cultural mags for the national and local press in '69, connecting (or trying to connect) situationist, surrealist and SciFi zines with people who should hear about them. Later on in the '70s, I published Cultural Correspondence to discuss a wide range of popular culture issues that IJ among others has subsequently found interesting/important. The biggest notice I ever received was a 50-word rave from R.Crumb in the Co-Ev Quarterly. Not even the new generation of zines, IJ included, had anything to say until I had planned to fold and the Spring '82 Radical Humor Festival planning began. Did IJ ever mention our Catalogue, or Traveling Humor Show, etc. etc.? Or seriously review the Radical Humor documents in the new CC? Just asking.

PS #2: Speaking for myself and my own past mistakes, one of the stupidest was to share for awhile the generational insularity of the 1960s. Since then, I've spent a lot of my time with ancient radicals, 80 or older, who have spent their time distributing and writing for papers in Polish, Finnish, Yiddish and a dozen other languages from Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and New York. They give me hope that things change, but new rebels keep coming on. They're sorry they didn't know about me 15 years ago. I don't plan to make the same mistake. Anybody out there foolish enough to send me their publications, I'll be writing about them as opportunity affords. Anybody interested in fielding a local version of our radical humor art show, or contributing art to it, or otherwise satirically inclined toward the miserable existing social system—look for Cultural Correspondence, and be in touch.

PAUL BUHLE/CC  
c/o Dorrwar Bookstore  
107 1/2 Hope Street  
Providence, RI 02906

(I hope this letter and response can now set the record straight re INSIDE JOKE and Paul's article in the VILLAGE VOICE: Paul, the main point "Kid" Sieve unfortunately failed to make was that we DO thank you for the mention of INSIDE JOKE, despite the fact that we were all a bit upset at the character defamation, which we considered to be un-

THIS LETTER COLUMN CONTINUES FOR OVER FOUR PAGES (LIKE SOME CONGRESSMEN) - HAPPY READING!

necessary and irrelevant to your discussion of zines. Sad to say, the kid, in her inimitably confused writing style, put the swine before the pearl, as it were. The thanks are sincere, even though we realize well enough that you didn't write the article for that reason. But haven't you trapped us a bit, here? How can we sincerely thank you and explain ourselves now if you've already damned us in your first PS by 1) taking out your "bad luck" or "anonymity" or whatever you want to call your trials when you were publishing in the 60s ON US, and 2) patronizing us as if we're all ungrateful simpering brats who don't deserve even a nod, as compared to your extensive credentials, which we never debated anyway? How can you dismiss heartfelt gratitude, however convoluted, and then go on to imply that we don't know how to be grateful and we should be? That's not really fair...Whether or not being jobless is considered a "sensitive point" or not was NOT REALLY THE ISSUE, as we took humbrage ONLY at the fact that it was NOT TRUE, not whether or not it was flattering! Paul, if the truth will out, I think the portrait you painted of me personally was the nicest I've ever received. I'd love to be portrayed as a counter-culture leader or whatever, IF I WERE ONE. But I'm not. The plain old fact of the matter is that I work 9-5 and live with my folks for the next couple months in less than comfortable arrangement. It wasn't the way your portrait made me look—I don't care for putting on appearances anyway—it was that it WASN'T TRUE, and that's what bothered me. As for living at "home", I can understand most people not believing that to be a liability per se—it's just that a lot of shit has been happening in that particular area, and it's a sore spot with me now. I apologize for taking that out on you...No, a half-hour was longer than any interview I've ever gotten, and it was mostly wonderful! It was definitely not "too short", and your efforts are appreciated...How can you compare terming Fan Noose "the Source of Zine Wisdom" to talking about my personal life? We're getting a bit apples & oranges now. The remarks about my personal situation you wrote AS IF THEY WERE FACTS, whereas your remark about Fan Noose was WRITTEN AS AN OBVIOUS OPINION, and a very nice one, but nonetheless a subjective judgment. One cannot agree nor disagree with a statement presented as fact, since it is taken for granted that said statement is true. I have no right to refute an opinion, but I have an obligation to set the facts about my own life straight, don't I?...Also for whatever record, I have no intention of trying to get ANYONE "interested in IJ" in terms of publicity, which I've never really sought. I'm very content with obscurity and anonymity, and while I admit I would like to be well-known someday, I wouldn't like the cause of that fame to be INSIDE JOKE, which is more or less a separate entity from myself. IJ is something I and others do for fun, and I just can't take it seriously enough to see it as a significant literary accomplishment or whatever. I'm happy if others might, but for me, it's just something I like to do...I knew the article was cut; in fact, I told you I knew that when you informed me of that possibility! And again, as I'm not a publicity-seeker for IJ, it really doesn't matter. The stuff that was in VW about IJ was more than enough publicity-wise... "Another editorial point" conceded; "Kid" was way out of line with that remark, but as I don't censor, it regrettably got typed in anyway by "Maiden"...I try very hard to publicize everything that catches my eye, especially comedy, especially radical comedy—my favorite—but I never even saw the Catalogue you mention, and this is the first I've heard about a Traveling Humor Show. I can't even review anything in the new CC, which I have been plugging anyway for the past couple IJs, because THEY HAVEN'T SENT ME AN ISSUE YET, which you think they would as I'd written something that got in it—then again, skip that point, I don't send my contributors free copies either...I have not always been as good at networking as I'm getting; but I implore you and others, IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT PUBLICIZED, PLEASE TELL ME AND I'LL GLADLY DO SO, as much as space permits. I can't always go into everything at length, as you yourself well know, but I'll try my best...Again, to reiterate: IJ's "official" position on the article is that everything said about IJ was very nice, and we take no offense at those mentions. John's opinions on his work I can't speak for, you will have to ask him. Anni says that the point she was trying to make was not that the comparison was unfavorable—she knew how you meant it—but that she DOESN'T LIKE COMPARISONS AT ALL. Comparisons tend to pigeonhole and categorize, and we're all pretty much anti-category here. THE ONLY THING THAT BOTHERS ME ABOUT THE VILLAGE VOICE ARTICLE WAS THE WAY CERTAIN "PERSONAL" FACTS ABOUT ME WERE PRESENTED. That's it. Everything else, almost, was wonderful, really. Let's cut this out, already! Hey, mutants, we're all in this together, and if we don't stick with each other, we'll come unglued! I'm terribly sorry, Paul, but you can't get out of this "club" yet; you're still one of our "Big Boosters", in my opinion, and you're still a nice person, and we still need each other! The things you did at which we took offense we now understand to be unintentional, and how can anyone be blamed for something they didn't mean? Um, mea culpa? Welcome once more!

(Uh, we also found, er, the letter that we talked about misplacing last month, from Mike Gunderloy, so here's last month's and also his letter for this month...)

28-May-83 23+5,5,23+50+(2x5)

Dear Elaine,

Having received the latest IJ and turned immediately (as is my wont) to the letter column to see my own words immortalized in print, I feel I should perhaps clarify my stand just a bit. I realize that I gave permission to cut my letter, and even encouraged you to do so, but I had not expected that you would do so just by skipping a whole line while typing (ED: Oops.), thus leading your readers to believe that I am even more incoherent than is in fact the case. Fortunately, I kept a carbon of my letter, so I was able to convince myself that my memory had indeed not turned into a pile of tapioca pudding in relatively short order.

That bit of business aside, let me say how much I enjoyed this issue of IJ, even if everyone else has said the same thing. I find it difficult to pick a favorite piece since so many of your captive writers seem to be writing at the very pinnacle of their creativity and funniness (there must be some better synonym for "funniness" but I don't

want to lose the tempo of my typing by looking it up), but if I absolutely must commit myself I suppose I'll throw my vote to Gerry Reith's wonderful stream-of-subconsciousness account of the primal fears of modern life, as such is the stuff which doctoral theses are made of. (Appropos of the above sentence, let me note just how insidiously addictive Anni's writing style can be when one is constantly exposed to it.)

Speaking of Anni, while I am at the moment guilty of violating perhaps five or six of her ten rules for being a civilized person, I still wish to propose another guideline for the civilized person: The civilized person does not attempt to read a map while driving to an area where he/she has not been before, unless he/she is a professional driver and trained for that sort of thing. The Not-civilized person who disregards this suggestion is liable to be rear-ended by someone who knows how to drive. But this may be more in the nature of a personal complaint than a full-fledged rule of conduct.

The Alien in Roldo's continuing story is starting to remind me of Cheech Wizard crossed with Kerry Thornley and Monty Python, but I suspect that this is merely due to the ridiculously low level of dangerous drugs in my system of late. Still, I hope you and he know what you're doing, since I understand that peddling TRVTH without a license can be quite a serious crime in many parts of the country these days.

It would be a good idea to issue rubber gloves, overshoes, gas masks and protective goggles for the impromptu tours of Kerry's mind presented in Quent Wimpey Notes. Taking this stuff seriously is likely to lead one on a one-way trip to Chapel Perilous, complete with rubber spiders, symbolic hangings, self-doubt, locked exits, and the obligatory buckets of pus. Don't claim I didn't warn you.

Well, I'd love to say and chat, but if I do I'll never make your deadline, O Slavedriver (ED: *heh, heh...*), so until we bleat again...  
Five Tons of Flaz,

MIKE GUNDERLOY  
41 Lawrence Street  
Medford, MA 02155

2 July 83 - Dear Elayne,

I considered writing a thank-you note to the VILLAGE VICE and Paul Buhle. After all, I didn't know before reading that Article that I was involved in "post-apocalyptic collage" or "the dialectics of desire" or even "fashioning the images of revolt". I thought I just published for fun. But then, I'm not a New York pseudo-intellectual, thank "Bob".

Anyhow, with that out of the way, let me congratulate you on one of the best issues of IJ I've yet seen. Somehow it all seemed to gel together this time (and I didn't even write any of it!). My nod for Top of the issue goes to BUNNIES FROM HELL, a nice little piece of Lovecraftian pastiche. The layout interfered with this, though, since this sort of story is supposed to draw the reader along through the last few paragraphs in a sort of breathless rush, until he/she comes up against the final sentence of Eldritch Horror. Having to stand on your head to finish the piece interfered with this just a bit. (ED: I agree, and apologize for this, but it wouldn't fit any other way, & I don't cut.)

Kudos to Gerry, Anni, and Jill for their respective pieces as well. Quite a stable of Staff Writers you've got there; you may have to start rationing their pages if this trend keeps up.

As for Everything Else, what can I say that won't just smack of per-fuming the lily or gilding refined gold? Keep up the good work, folks.

Besides, if I keep this letter short, perhaps it will all make it into the letter column.

Hitch your wagon to a Bar, MIKE GUNDERLOY (address above)  
TO: Elayne & Co.

"You're a maniac, and you know that!"—Bill Murray

This is my immediate reaction to Poetry. Much improved to my delight. You couldn't even see the paste-up lines (I was disappointed). (ED: Credit/blame Jilly; she pasted up the Poetry Page last time.) June Sylvester won the hearts of millions with "Promises", though it may not have been the desired effect. In response to J. Levin's incestors question, I'd venture to say therein lies the origins of Downe's Syndrome; however, I don't feel qualified to comment on the proto-Judean mating requirements as laid down by the Yawimighty, nor do I feel such a discussion belongs in this publication, but I always say that.

Robert Paul Reyes was tired, no offense. "Bankers" was interesting.

"Bail" was done by Dylan years ago. The others were just plain useless. Moss? Humility? I see the cultivation of mushrooms as a more productive creative outlet for dis-pashtent. NEXT CAZE, UND TAKE MY VIFE PLEEAE, Heh Heh! Anni's "That IJ Woman!" worked really well. It's about time she rechannelled her talent and wrote about something that related to the rest of the readers, for chrissake. Of course I can only feel confident making such a searing flippant critique because I'm not Swedish. Hope to see more stuff by ew too...The rest of last month's ish was nothing short of interesting, as usual...Some day, you will have a run on back issues, if "we" last long enough.

Can't wait for the questionnaire responses!!!

This concludes my letter for the self-parody issue:  
- NAME WITHHELD -

Dear Elayne,

Great to see someone with something interesting to say about MTV... on a regular basis at least. Candi is doing a fine job; and there are times these days when I'd rather read about MTV than watch it. Hey, Candi—any vee-jays you absolutely detest? Mark Goodman gets my vote. Arrrrrrgh.

A typically wonderful column by the ever-lovable Ms. Anni...and I thank ya for your kind comments. Come to think of it, Anni, your letters are as good as your column. Why am I sounding like I've never heard from Anni when we're getting married on the 22nd? Oh, well...

A big welcome to Mike Dobbs...I oughta write him a letter...I'd like to get into radio. Maybe be Nate's understudy.

...Well, I had to write something to get my 20 cents' worth! Oh, well...have fun!

BRIAN PEARCE  
Box 366

Guilford Center, NY 12085

(ATTENTION READERS: Please note that Brian's address listed above is a NEW address from the one which has been in IJ previously...)

Dear Elayne,

I am, due to the protracted illness of Eileen, typing this on an Alien Typewriter, a peculiar gummetal and blue appliance loaned to me by the sister to whom I no longer speak. I have no way of accounting for this sudden fit of generosity, short of assuming that she somehow knew precisely how much trouble it was going to cause me as I adjusted to the Alien, and this is all a supremely clever way of getting back at me for all those horrible Things I have done over the years (despite my attempts to convince her that the statute of limitations has run out on my breaking all her crayons when I was six and she was three, my sister has a finely honed sense of Justice, and the ability to carry a grudge past the boundaries of all normal sensibility), and I really don't want to assume that, both because it gives her credit for a lot more subtlety than I generally would and me credit for a lot less, but in any event, I'm grateful. I must say that the way in which she presented me with the thing was fairly characteristic—the day after I carried poor old Eileen into the repair shop (a traumatic experience for us both), my sister left the Alien outside my bedroom door with a note that read, simply, "Please do stop that godawful whimpering". This, of course, was a gross and uncalled-for exaggeration. I was not whimpering, though I may have let forth with a moan or two. It has been said of me that I have no personality without a typewriter in front of me, a malicious mis-statement of the facts. I do indeed have a personality while away from a typewriter; it is merely rather wishy-washy, but while it has been known to pick at its nails and rub its eyes incessantly when deprived of a keyboard for any length of time, it most assuredly does not whimper.

Be that as it may, the Alien and I have reached a sort of armed truce, and are now getting along reasonably well, all things considered. I did, as I said, have a certain amount of trouble at the start, before I got used to it—the Alien, among other things, has a number 1 and an exclamation point, neither of which Eileen possesses, and neither of which I have any intention of using, but which throw its keyboard totally out of alignment as far as I'm concerned, and also has a nasty habit of taking two leaps instead of one when its space bar is depressed, a quirk I'm certain it picked up from my sister, who also has a tendency to start erratically when depressed—but now we have settled down to a compromise: it no longer unravels its ribbon at the least opportune moment, and I no longer drop cigarette ashes into its mechanism and haughtily inform it that it isn't have the machine MY typewriter is. I can't in all honesty say that we're overfond of each other, but we have a working relationship, in much the same way that a conservative Democrat and a moderate Republican might bury old hatchets in order to get a mutually advantageous tax bill through the houses of Congress. The Alien's name, by the way, is Sprite, a name, I hasten to add, I did not stick upon it, but which came printed on its margin board. It doesn't particularly suit it, as the Alien is rather stolid and squared off for a portable, really about as sprite-like as Rocky Balboa, but, as my sister has apparently never felt called upon to rechristen it (Eileen came to me under the unlikely handle "Olivetti Lettra 22", after all), I don't feel justified in doing so. "The Alien", after all, can scarcely be called a name as such—it's simply a term of grudging comradeship, Lord knows what it calls me.

But never mind. I'm in a nicely sanguine mood this evening in spite of everything, having survived the Fourth of July weekend by staying indoors the entire time with the door locked and the air-conditioner on, watching movie after movie on Home Box Office (thereby proving a suspicion I've always harboured about myself, that I will watch something called IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I HEAR, which purports to be about a Brave Blind Boy who grows up to be a Popular Singer, providing the situation is desperate enough) and witnessing a really impressive no-hitter tossed by Dave Righetti against the loathsome Boston Red Sox on the Fourth itself, and having just sat through the first American League All-Star Game victory in eleven years, a laugher of an event that the AL carried away by the score of 13-3. The All-Star Game interests me even under the worst of circumstances, as I find myself rooting for especially disliked Red Sox and Orioles and Brewers who are suddenly, for this one night each year, On My Side, but an American League win, it goes without saying, is a real prize. I could wish it was Dave Winfield rather than Fred Lynn who hit the first-ever-in-an-All-Star-Game-grand-slam-home-run, and I could wish the Yankees had been better represented than by Dave Winfield (the ASG being a popularity contest rather than a measure of ability, Lou Piniella and Jerry Mumphrey did not even make the ballot), but such nit-picking seems out of place in this situation. Besides, were I to wish for anything as regards baseball, it would be that, 17 years ago, when I was 12 and had a hell of a sidearm curve (which I have subsequently lost, the ability to throw sidearm curves not being of much use in my current line of work), women had been allowed to try out for the Yankees. As I can't have that, everything else is more or less superfluous.

However, I am fully cognizant of the fact that not everyone reading this is as fascinated by baseball as I am, while most people—we assume—reading this are fascinated by IJ, so moving along to last month's issue (was that, or was that not, the most awkward segue ever devised? Do they give prizes for that sort of thing?), I am now presented with the problem of trying to pick out one favourite thing out of a whole batch of favourite things, an uncomfortable situation for me, as I am so rarely in the position of liking anything. But Jill Zimmerman's THE ORCHESTRATION OF FOREPLAY was exquisite, and I do think JINN AND CATATONIC was one of the better things you've (Elayne) ever done and Roldo's TOUGH SUCKS cartoon was marvelous, and Candi Strecker's column made several cogent points (just incidentally, and strictly for my own peace of mind, because I've been saying this over and over again and no one believes me but it's true I can prove it, ABBA started making videos of their hits back in 1974, had evolved to nicely plotted and beautifully shot ones by 1976, which I think puts them in the forefront of the movement, such as it is. The odd bit about this, aside from the fact that no one wants to acknowledge it, is that none of the video programmes—with the occasional exception of HBO's VIDEO JUKEBOX—will air them, and I often wonder why. MTV hasn't any qualms about Billy Joel and Wings. Why boycott ABBA?) and Clay Geerdes was as

riveting as always, and Brian Pearce as much fun, so what's a sour-tempered cynic to do? If IJ keeps up at this frantic pace I shall have to switch to the Village Voice in order to get my requirement of bile and spleen each month, and that is far too unnerving even to contemplate.

I suppose, however, that I ought to take issue to some damned thing or another, if only for form's sake, so let me jump on Ken Filar for a moment, or more precisely, on his footnotes. While I do agree that it really isn't the purpose of a film reviewer to offer a complete synopsis of the film he/she happens to be reviewing, I'm not sure about this business about placing the poor thing in a "larger historical context", or stating where it falls in its "cultural milieu". Undoubtedly this sort of review has its place—which is probably in Cahiers du Cinema or somewhere—but for the average person who reads a review looking for some guidelines as to whether a movie is worth spending \$5 to see, and whether there's anything in it that might frighten his/her four year old, I think such information may be a little superfluous. When I read movie reviews—and I'm an average enough sort of person, except for a few eccentricities in the line of anthropomorphizing typewriters—I'm very rarely interested in how a particular slapstick comedy, for instance, compares in style and form to all other slapstick comedies; I want to know if the reviewer liked it. Did he/she see it all the way through? Did it make him/her laugh? Did he/she come out humming the soundtrack? Granted that these are subjective questions (though if you read enough movie reviews and get to know a critic's style, you can even work with that after awhile. I take it as a given these days that anything Judith Christ doesn't like is probably a work of art, worth seeing two or three times) but on the other hand so are ones, as Filar very rightly points out, of historical context. The fact is that any review is subjective, no matter how hard the reviewer tries to keep his/her objectivity (and I've been known to knock off a review here and there myself, so I can attest to this), and if you're going to be subjective anyway I have a hunch that most people would rather have the critic's opinions on how much fun a film is, rather than how important.

Oh well, that wasn't so bad, was it? I ought to be able to get meaner than that...ah, darn it, no I can't. I even liked George Eddy's cartoon this month, and I'm not just saying that because he wrote such a nice letter. (By the way, George, you're absolutely right in that one of the toughest things to do in print is "writing in tongues", which is why I've always felt it was probably bad policy to do it unless absolutely necessary. Aside from the fact that it might just be condescending—the jury is still out on that one—it's next to impossible to do without coming up with something that sounds like a bad burlesque comic's idea of a foreign accent. I will say, though, since you asked, that I never met a Swedish-speaking person who replaced "w"s with "v"s when attempting English, though a few of them have had trouble with the American "j" sound, which doesn't exist in Swedish—it's pronounced as though it were "y". The best I can say is that most of the Swedish accents I've run across have sounded rather more like very careful British-English than anything else and, besides that, have been a bit breathy and rushed-sounding, particularly on the initial "th" sound, and altogether not a bit like the popular "humorous" conception of a sing-songy, "yumpin' yimini" Swedish accent. Don't know how you'd get that into a cartoon or story thought—I certainly can't.) I'm forced to admit that you've got me stumped this time, and I shall have to slink off and lick my wounds and wait for the next IJ to get back to my accustomed obnoxious form. Do be relieved.

Pleased and confused,

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

Hello IJ Readership!

I would like to thank Steven Scharff for his kind advice concerning my comic strips. The only thing I could possibly disagree with is his idea of propaganda. I don't believe I'm singing the praises of anything myself, merely talking. Besides, I've seen most of the Chick Publications. They're geared toward frightening the daylight out of lost souls and they are also rather nitpicking. My fear of propaganda forbids me to say exactly how. If there's anything I want to propagandize, it's the fact that I, like Brian Pearce, draw Micro-Comics.

In the meantime, don't be surprised if Galen doffs his mitre and speaks on more planetary subjects, like LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN and comic strips. I'd like to comment more on these strips, but since I don't know which one Elayne will use next month, I'll wait 'til next issue.

SELF-PARODY! That's a new one on me! How does one do it? Near as I can make out, it involves making fun of one's own literary product, and acting like oneself. How do you know when you blow your own work out of proportion? You'll have to forgive me, but I'll have to give you two strips of Galen as he always was. I honestly don't know how to make a mockery of my mouse-angel. I really don't.

See if you can't get Steven Scharff to contribute more in the area of comic strips. And don't forget to thank him for standing up for me. So long!

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

Dear Elayne,

Lee Pelton expressed a viewpoint in his latest column which makes me wonder what branch of fandom he is inhabiting.

Granted, there are fans who become pros; however, in the mainstream branch of fandom which I inhabit this is merely something which happens to some fans and is something about which there is no big fucking deal made by long-time fans. Pros are not any kind of superfans nor are they any kind of step beyond fans nor do any but neos go ga-ga over pros. Lee's imputation that prodrom is the goal of fans entirely misses the point of fandom (at least according to most fans who have been active in fandom for a while). Fandom and its social interactions is what interests long-time fans, WKFs, BNFs, SMOFs, what have you. Not only is prodrom largely irrelevant to most of us, so is the Science Fiction which attracted us to fandom in the first place. Sure, most of us still read the stuff, but it usually is something that is mostly irrelevant to our interests in fandom (and that is why most of us find book reviews in fanzines to be boring). Most fans are interested in fans

and fandom—were Science Fiction to be no longer written (and some of us Old Farts believe that very little real SF has been written for some time) this would affect fandom very little as we are more interested in fans and fandom than in SF as such (socially, that is).

When trufans go to cons they rarely attend programming unless they are part of same—they go to socialise with old and new friends. When we talk with pros it is usually because they are friends or acquaintances (and fans)—and then because they are fans first (and pros second). When I invited Larry Niven to a party it was because I like him as a person and a fan, not as a pro (even though I like what he writes)—and as a return favour for the times when he has invited me to parties at his house. Gilliland may be a pro; but, much as I like his SF, I know him much better as a contributor of illos and locs to my fanzine and as an interesting person with whom to talk (we were once on the same panel at CHICON).

Withall, Lee writes an interesting column (a window on fandom for your readers who are not fans); in this one matter he was askew. Pity.

Yours,  
MARTY CANTOR  
5263 Riverton Ave. #1  
North Hollywood, CA 91601

Hello all you readers of the "Sayz-U" column.

I am absolutely thrilled to be selected as one of the letters to be printed in the Self-Parody issue of INSIDE JOKE. I, and all of my 244 words, 9 sentences, and 4 paragraphs will do our best to entertain you in this brief span before the end of the magazine. Then I'll go out for a beer and you can finish reading the issue and go off on your own.

This is the section of myself in which I mean to say something about the idiocy of Paul Buhle and the Village Voice, however I will keep this part short.

Then, in this (somewhat longer) paragraph, I will discuss just how much I enjoyed the last issue of IJ (even though I was not a part of it), mention that it was one of the best issues ever, and point out that I think some writer or other was operating at the top of his or her form. I'll go on to pay tribute to a few other writers, in order that they not feel left out. Perhaps I'll even compliment one or two of the cartoonists.

Now for the closing paragraph we'll start with some inane comment or other, and gradually segue into a terribly witty remark which will shine with brilliance among the rest of my letters and punctuation marks.

And now good-bye.

A. LETTER  
On the Run from  
the National Lampoon

Dear Eye Che,

The Loompanics reissue of The Right to Be Greedy, by "For Ourselves", is (as yet) the only book-length exposition of what Marxism-Stinerism might mean—or as I say in the Preface: "The individualists have only worshipped their whims; the point, however, is to live them." I am sure the anarcho-capitalist publisher will applaud my impertinence by hereby offering to underseil him...I'll send the book to IJ readers for \$5.00 postpaid. Caveat emptor, Comrades!

Your readers might like to know a little more about Gary Warne, the self-styled "Answer Man", before they send him their money. Warne has been trying to make money off poseurs since before anybody knew the word. His previous venture along these lyin's was the Gorilla Grotto, "an adult play environment", a pseudo-participatory scam which was actually run (into the ground) by Warne. I tried to work with Warne before I discovered his manipulative methods, and when the Grotto went bankrupt I circulated a satirical critique of it (available from me for \$ASE). Warne invited me to his going-out-of-business party, and when I turned up he had his goons mace me and hammer my face into the sidewalk 10 or 12 times. I still have scars from this. He also tried (unsuccessfully) to get me busted on drug charges.

The sequel to this story is not, perhaps, surprising; Warne has now become a policeman—officially this time. Thus any of your readers who deal with him should take care not to tell him anything they wouldn't tell to, say, the National Heroin Hotline.

Play for Keeps,  
BOB BLACK  
2000 Center St. #1314  
Berkeley, CA 94704

Deary Layne,

The Anni Ackner v. George Eddy controversy is fun! Same goes for the Anni Ackner v. Steven Scharff spat and the Anni Ackner v. Ace Backword battle currently raging. "Cutesy-pukesy" indeed! I think Anni should stop being a wallflower and really stand up for what she believes! But I guess there's no hope of that happening, as she's such a quiet, reserved sort.

I rilly like the illustrations done by the person(s) who only sign their work "M.A.D.A.K.A.". They are just pleasing to look at. (ED: The perpetrator of this fine art is Michaela Duncan of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.) I like the video column and fully agree with Candi's rules for good rock video. My favorite over-produced video is "White Wedding", one of the strangest and most entertaining videos I've seen.

As I write this I haven't read Anni's column yet which is strange because that's what I usually read first. She's my favorite IJ writer and I'll have to get around to writing her a proper fan letter someday soon. Maybe sometime in the future she'll berate me publicly in the letter column!! I quiver with pleasure at the very thought of it.

As you probably know from past letters, I usually cringe at anything that Clay Geerdes writes, draws, says or even thinks, but-surprise!-I rather liked his reminiscences on haircuts of the past. I understood a lot of the things he felt, having, like every other red-blooded all-American boy, been through the whole stupid thing myself.

"Kill for Slack". I think R. Rabbit is gonna be a good addition to IJ.

Your Papoonery and FIRESIGNs were very nifty this month, full of quotes 'n' gloates, bozos 'n' beaners.

Flood Tuil Kupferberg with praise for his fantastic stick drawing cartoons, for they are among the best ever to appear in IJ at any time (he said redundantly over and over again).

I like Mr. Baker's (another Greg!) WWI Clichés, they are crude but

clever, I must say (Ed Grimly voice).

About the Voice article (ED: By the way, this is the last comment to go in this time about the VV article—I didn't want to separate this from its context—as I think it's all been covered by now. Oops, make that "second-to-last comment", but the diatribe which follows shortly I'm not really counting as being in the lettercol...): although the writer probably didn't mean to, Elaine (I'm not mean to Elaine—she LIKES it that way! Sorry—I couldn't help it), he did wind up making you look kind of...jerky, didn't he? Well what did you really expect from, of all places, the VOICE, for "Bob's sake"? Actually, the fault was probably all yours—you probably didn't wear the right clothes to the interview. Imagine talking to someone from the Voice without following the hippest trends. Shame on you.

I think your listing in the latest STARK FIST is much better press. Speaking of which, what do you know about the announcement of AFTA 4 in the same FIST? I hope it's true and correct. (ED: You're asking me? Wrong person—I've cried "wolf" on AFTA before. Well, Bill-Vale?)

The Book is quite good, isn't it?

That's all,

GREG BLAIR  
R.R. #2  
Emporia, KS 66801

Dear Elaine,

I received the copy of INSIDE JOKE you sent me and read it—at least those parts of it that were legible—with a great deal of interest. I guess it arrived around two weeks ago, but I was out of town until late last night and I stayed up till nearly three am, reading with steadily mounting enthusiasm. I haven't seen any other "zines" yet; my first inkling that such publications existed came with the Voice article. But after seeing IJ, I find myself wondering why somebody, specifically me, didn't come up with the idea of creating such mimeographed madness sooner. (ED: Well, as Paul says, many have. We're just among the latest.) I am an aspiring writer myself (in case you hadn't guessed), and I can guess at the kind of frustration, disgust, inspiration and/or cultural schizophrenia that led you to create IJ...Anyway, I thought the May IJ was terrific, especially Anni Ackner's stuff, Rolfo's alien's tirade, Discordian writing and Rolfo's Who take-off. I really am curious about your zine...I would be interested in contributing, or even in starting a similar publication of my own...In this homogenized, pasteurized, polysaturated culture we inhabit, I suppose it was only a matter of time before writers and artists outside the mainstream started publishing themselves. If the American underground press is burgeoning with anything like the fecundity described in the Voice piece, there may be a vast untapped market out there for writers like me, who, in these lean times, spend the bulk of our spare time wall-papering our rooms with rejection slips. (ED: Lots of personal stuff follows in this letter, some of it including really fascinating views on the state of pro and amateur writing today, but as I have trouble separating the personal from the general, I'll skip ahead...This writer goes on to lament about how "it's all been done before...")

What, indeed, is left? Miller had his answer: Narcissism. Orwell's answer was satire. I think they both had something there...The answer, it would then appear, is narcissism, satire, or some synthesis thereof—narcissistic satire. Satiric narcissism. Having arrived at that conclusion, I realize that the only time in my writing life I have ever been quite happy with what I was doing was when I wrote a column for my college paper, the Connecticut Daily Campus, a column that was both narcissistic and satiric. Perhaps I should simply return to that...Although I've never met you, I admire your lack of passivity. You didn't just ruminate on the problems I've described above, you did something about it. From reading through IJ, I got the impression that the person behind it had undergone some of the same kinds of intellectual gyrations as I—I could be wrong about this, in which case toss this letter and forget you ever read it, assuming you've read this far...

Again, nice work. I am enclosing a check...to help defray your costs—I consider your work subversive, and therefore valuable...I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,

MICHAEL T. CALVERT  
11 Phillene Dr.  
Norwalk, CT 06851

(Well, to wrap it up, that deadly duo from Berkeley, TELE TIMES' Bruce Duncan and TWISTED IMAGE's "Ace Backwards" aka Pete Labriola, are at it again! Someone's certainly missing some point here, although I've gotten so confused myself lately that I can't quite figure out who, or what, or where. So I'll repro the relevant excerpts from "Ace's" letter and Bruce's postcard, and then let able assistant Anni Ackner take it.) We-e-e-ll...

My, my, you INSIDE JOKErs certainly are precious about your alleged writing talents...the Village Voice writes a nice little plug for IJ and you guys act like you been raped or something...I don't know what kind of inflated expectations you guys had about that article, but I guess it was a shock to find you weren't instantly welcomed to the back room of "Elayne's" for witty banter and brandy with Truman Capote, and offers from The New Yorker and Esquire still aren't pouring in...

Hey Anni Ackner—I don't hear anyone defending "the process behind" Paul Buhle's "hard work"...writing is entertaining or it ain't, and I could care less about giving out "E" for effort...I've been working for 4 years on a book about San Francisco's Tenderloin district and I've got boxes of writing, yet I still ain't got the first page finished...are you impressed?

Sure, IJ may be "over my head", as Elaine sez; I'm just commenting on what kind of writing I like or don't like, and what steps you, my dear writers, can take to please me...fair enough? Now, now, watch yer blood pressure...

As far as I'm concerned, if I can read it, it's good writing; if I can't, it's bad...I can't stand Shakespeare, James Joyce, Faulkner (the absolute worst talentless cretin) so if your writing is lousy to me, at least you're in good company...

As for Rolfo's alleged threats on my well-being, calm down pal, I didn't mean to imply that you personally were "lame"; just your alleged "artwork".

If this letter is a bit shrill, well shit, I've taken shitloads of

abuse since I started foisting my imagination on an unsuspecting public...it comes with the territory, kiddies...

One more thing, Ms. Ackner—I never meant to imply that "the way it appears to Mr. Backwards", and the way it actually is, were necessarily the same thing...I'm not so presumptuous to assume my perception of a writer's motivation has much to do with what's actually floating around in their grey matter...If you want to take it personally, fine—but everything I know is wrong (including that statement!) so why go to all the trouble to point it out? You managed to spell "Backwards" with an "o" and not an "a", and in the long run that's all that really matters.

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

Dear Elaine,

...It's too bad Anni Ackner got so upset by what Ace said. Writers sometimes do have to work hard, and then come the comments, good or bad. Even a bad piece of work may take a lot of labor to produce...

BRUCE DUNCAN  
(same address as "Ace")

AND NOW, THE REPLY...

WORD WITHOUT END - OH MANI

I don't know how I get myself into these things. I really don't. I mean, there I was, minding my own business, just writing my little columns and letters, watching the Yankees, listening to my ABBA records, enjoying the life of a typical aging hippie semi-retired to a small community in Northern New Jersey, really bothering no one, when all of a sudden here I am in the precarious position of having to defend myself to a man who hates Shakespeare, James Joyce and Faulkner on the grounds that he can't understand them (as a matter of fact, I'm not overwhelmed by Faulkner either, but just because there were a couple of references I missed in ABSOLOM, ABSOLOM! I still wouldn't feel right condemning the poor man to talentless cretinism because of it). And this right after I've finally gotten back on speakers with George Eddy. It isn't fair, I tell you. It simply isn't fair.

But honestly, what's a woman to do? Things are getting out of hand faster than a cold cake of soap in a hot shower. Someone writes one little thing, and I write another little thing in answer to it and then—bingo—all these little things are bent and twisted around and taken out of context until the whole business resembles the village of Mi Lai a few hours after Our Side dropped in for breakfast, and there's no longer any way of telling where the facts lie, or even if they've gotten up and walked away. It's enough to give a person a fair-sized headache. I'm as fond of Eris as the next person, but even she took the weekend off once in awhile.

Let's try to look at this entanglement squarely in its many faces for a moment, shall we? Now, to the best of my recollection (which admittedly doesn't extend much beyond who was the featured entertainer on 20/20 two weeks ago), current foofarah all began two IJs ago with a letter from Ace Backwards which said, in part, "...tell your writers to snap outta their lethargy and start writing from their guts instead of this cutesy-pukesy 'I'm-just-talkin'-off-the-top-of-my-head-so-it-must-mean-something' bullshit...when they're really into what they're writing it comes out in big chunks of vomit instead of these little spastic retches of pseudo-what?...". (All of the previous quotation sic - er than you'll ever be.) I took offense to this, for one reason and another, and replied, in effect (as usual, my letter was much too verbose to quote verbatim, or even partially, but it was printed in IJ #22, for anyone who cares to look it up), that I disliked being lumped together in even so wonderful a group as the IJ writers, and that I didn't think it fair to imply that we didn't work damned hard at what we do, just because it didn't seem that way to Mr. Backwards. It seemed to be at the time a relatively innocuous answer, not tremendously overblown, pretty straightforward and all around not bad for ten minutes hunt-and-pecking, and I more or less forgot about it afterwards, figuring the subject would never come up again.

And then this letter arrived at the palatial post office box of IJ. Well, it threw me a little, I'll admit. I had to think back, first of all—something at which I am not good—and figure out how Paul Buhle worked his way into the conversation (I finally found him in a smallish quip I made about he and Backwards being the same person because they had both classed IJ writers as a group rather than as individuals), and where I had insulted the process behind his writing. (I hadn't. I had simply joked about the finished product, not even hinted that he was lazy about the work that went into it, a fine distinction Mr. Backwards seems unable to grasp.) "The nice little plug for IJ" has me stumped for a minute, since what I read has been a rather misguided attempt at backhanded complimenting, but I put that down to a difference of opinion, which is certainly permissible. Truman Capote surprised me, as I didn't remember invoking his name anywhere along the line, but what the hell—I've always admired his writing and would be pleased to have dinner with him sometime, though I'd rather the Royal Cliffs in Englewood Cliffs, NJ than the backroom at Elaine's, as their lamp chops are better.

The real problem came with this "E for effort" business. I am not now, nor have I even been, looking for compliments, either on my work or the way I work, from anyone, and I never said that I was. If you find my stuff "entertaining", well, good—I love to entertain people or I wouldn't write for publication. I'd keep a journal and stick it in a drawer when I was finished for the day—and if you don't, fine, don't read my column. There's plenty of good stuff in IJ without my drivel. Not all writing appeals to me, and there's no reason on earth why my writing should appeal to everyone. What I said in my original rebuttal, what I said previously in this letter, and what I will now say again is that it's completely unfair to say that writers aren't writing "from their guts" and are "lethargic" and "not into what they're writing" just because you don't happen to care for the finished product. I don't want your "E's" or your approval or your compliments, and I don't particularly care what you think. All I ever wanted out of this little brouhaha was the admission that we are all doing the best we can here, and writing in the best way we know how.

Listen Ace, try to read my lips. I didn't care much for Paul Buhle's VV piece, but I'm certain he worked very hard at it. I can live without Colleen McCullough, but anybody who can turn out something the length of THE THORN BIRDS can hardly be called "lethargic". I think Norman Mailer is the worst sort of monster, but I'm sure he means every word of what he writes, and he definitely seems to be "into" it. The point is that you're most assuredly free to like or dislike anything you chose, but I don't think it's safe to make comments about the work that went into the writing, unless you have somehow come up with a way to prove them. By the way, it does seem to me that anyone who's still on the first page of a book after four years ought not to throw the word "lethargic" around so loosely, but you don't catch me saying anything.

As far as Mr. Duncan goes, I think he missed my point entirely. Of course writers have to work hard (not just sometimes, but all the time, if they're worth the paper on which they write), and of course there may be bad comments. This is the wrong business for anyone who can't take a bit of mud thrown at him/her. However, as you yourself said, "Even a bad piece of writing may take a lot of labour to produce," and I was only arguing with Mr. Backwards' failure to acknowledge that very thing, not with his right to dislike my work.

My lord, and I meant this to be a short statement, too. But I think a couple of points here are at least nominally important. As I understand it, IJ was set up so that a lot of people could have some fun, get together, and read some new things that might be interesting. As it stands now, getting caught in the middle of this sort of nonsense, I'm not having very much fun—and it's almost time for SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE (the original), too—we're certainly not getting together in any sense of the word, and we seem to be misreading each other at every turn. Criticism, of course, is the spice of life, if it's well thought-out, reasonable, and in context. An intelligent criticism can keep me awake nights wondering how I can improve. Spurious criticism is merely spurious, and name-calling over a disagreement puts us on the same level as kindergartners and Democratic nominees for President. To paraphrase the immortal Foghorn Leghorn—let's bury the hatchet, but not in each other's heads.

I have to go look at Bill Murray.

The cutesy-pukesy,

ANNI ACKNER

(Whew—please let's all drop this now, ok? I think it's all been said)

## AN OBJECTIVE LESSON

by Rev. Tribunal Overdrive

It's often said among the Church elite that the most merciful thing that could happen to the Normals would result if we allowed them to starve. Even non-Church pundits have asserted strikingly similar doctrines, to the effect that to kill these cripples would be doing them a favor. Well, I had an experience the other day that drove home this point.

It began while I was at work, reading the newly issued "Book", by "Bob". I felt a nagging sort of uneasiness that lasted quite a while. I noticed, and noted, a number of specific sensations; among them, a mental analogue of the irritating feeling one gets during a bout of the flu, when, late at night and lying on one side, one breathes through only one nostril since the other is all plugged up. Another was the definite sensation that one eye was asleep, or something, as if everything was one-dimensional, as if one of my two main personalities had just gone into a coma or something.

That was it! I felt unidimensional, flat, and vague. "There's only one person here!" I thought, and it hit me like a slap of cold water. I decided that I must be unconscious, that this is what it must be like to be a normal person; sort of tired and bored with everything. I noticed that there was no "internal monologue" at all, and since I usually have three going on at once, I wondered what had happened.

A wave of panic swept over me as I did my exercises to try to "wake up" again, to re-activate the feedback loop, to come back to consciousness. Nothing helped and the night wore on while I catalogued more and more disturbing symptoms of Normalcy in myself.

Among them, I noticed a general tone, a mode, that swept in and out subtly, like a subtext from the Twilight Zone: the feeling that I was on automatic pilot, that if I didn't think about it I'd know what to do next. Immediately I began thinking about what I should do next, and as if by magic, I lost all sense of priority. I felt lost, absurd, naked. Every possible act was equally valuable, and hence equally valueless. It was terrifying. I decided quickly not to reflect on metaphysical matters, hoping not to imprint my new program with any of the implied steps that this state of unconsciousness would articulate for me, but in a flash the whole cascading mess of possible boredom flooded my thoughts, and I cared not one whit for any of the formerly glistening dialectics and contradictions that only yesterday had fascinated me.

Truly something was wrong. I thought for a moment, trying to figure out where the sleep had begun. I had been listening to the Talking Heads when I jerked off earlier that evening, looking at drawings in HEAVY METAL magazine. Perhaps, I wondered, perhaps subliminals are more effective in times like those?

Then it struck me that if this was true, I'd have to find a dealer sometime soon and take a large dose of LSD to wash out all the programs and start over again. What a bother! I'd also have to swear off Eno and his ilk, which would be tiresome.

But wait! Drugs! I remembered that I had taken some downs just a few hours ago! No wonder I couldn't remember my name! I started laughing at the simplicity of it, and one of my co-workers gave me an odd look.

"Probably unconscious," I thought. "The best thing for those types of people would be some good ole eternal sleep."

Anyway, it relieved me to think that after a good night's rest, I'd be back to super-normal. The plunge into dull consciousness had been a sharp reminder of the abyss between myself and other people, and proved to me that for most people, life isn't worth living. Odd, how a drug intended to induce calm had caused me such fear and doubt; stranger still how calm I get when I take too much speed. Ah, well. Vote for me; there's work to be done.

## I'd ♥ to get my on...

by Jen Martinez

With summertime comes the vacation, where many travelers take to the road. There, one can enjoy the numerous sights and pleasures that await on the open highway. Unfortunately, you will also find countless hazards that are unavoidable. I'm not talking about potholes, oil slicks, traffic jams and detours. I'm referring to those inhuman humans who give the average motorist a pain in the tailpipe; which brings me to another edition of "I'd Love to Get My Hands On..." (my collection of pet peeves) which is entitled "There Auto Be A Law".

## I'd ♥ to get my on...

...the motorist directly in front of you, who makes a full stop at the end of the acceleration lane that merges into the highway (where there is no stop sign).

...the motorist who's always driving ahead of you at 40 miles per hour—in the fast lane, where the maximum speed is 55mph!

...the motorist ahead of you who signals for a left turn—and doesn't make one for thirty miles!

...the motorist ahead of you who doesn't signal for a right turn until three feet from the corner (which has no stop sign or traffic light) and suddenly comes to a full stop.

...idiot drivers who forget to shut off the windshield wipers, a half-hour after a rainstorm ends.

...motorists who drive at night with only their parking lights on.

...motorists who drive at night and forget to turn on their lights altogether.

...drivers ahead of you with bumper stickers that read "I brake for animals", who really do!

...wise-guy motorcyclists, who can easily weave in and out of tight spaces in a traffic jam.

...wise-guy truck drivers, who sneak up behind you and blow their air horns, which can wake up the dead, and deafen you for life.

...those people who designed and built our nation's highways to go by such scenic wonders as mountainous sanitation dumps, oil refineries, and nuclear power plants.

...the person who invented the 'mechanical flagman', an automated dummy that makes the other road construction workers look more intelligent.

...whoever invented the toll-booth coin catcher (found in 'exact change lanes'), which always seems to be out of your reach, no matter what kind of vehicle you drive, and no matter how close you get to it.

...whoever invented the parking-lot ticked dispenser (usually found at airports and major sports complexes) that works on the same principle as the toll-booth coin catcher...

...the wise-guy motorist who takes up two spaces in a parking lot.

...gas station attendants who accept only cash, while all you have are credit cards.

...the owners of gas stations who insist there's 'No Smoking Allowed' at the gas pumps and yet they still sell cigarettes to their customers.

...gas station attendants who charge people money for air and road maps, formerly freebies.

...whoever designed the road map that's impossible to refold once you've opened it.

...the person who provides you with a jack for your new foreign car in the event you should get a flat tire (the only thing you're not provided with is an instruction booklet, telling you how to put the jack together!).

...the traffic cop who gives you a ticket for speeding while the cars ahead of you are going much faster.

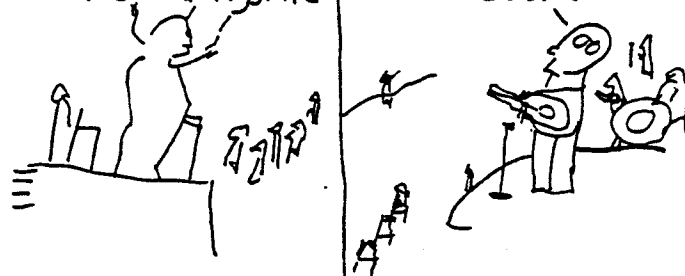
...the announcer on your car radio who picks just the right moment to inform you (while you're between exits on a fast-moving highway) that certain cars, including yours, are being recalled due to defects in the brakes!

## LENIN vs. LENNON

(No. 4)

EVERY COOK  
A COMMISSAR!

EVERY COMMISSAR  
A COOK





BEK  
RGL  
FLER

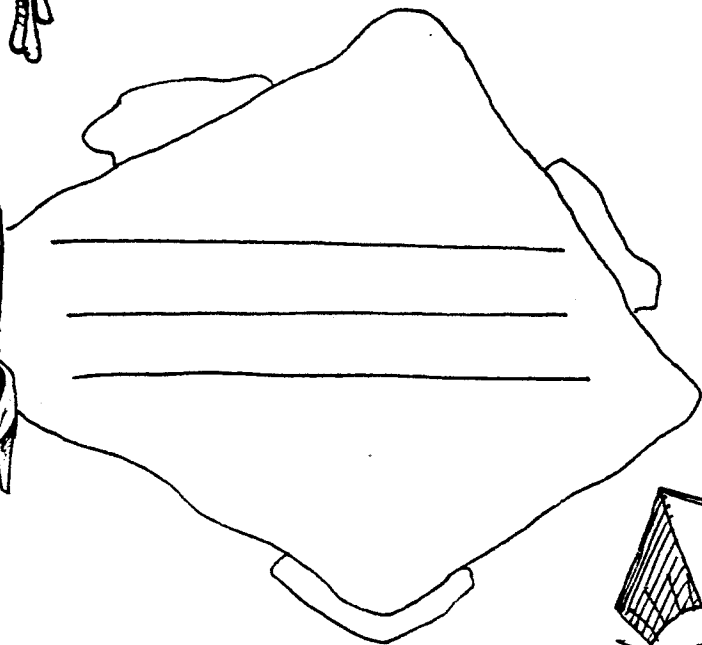
I'M  
SO  
HAPPY!

INSIDE-JOKE

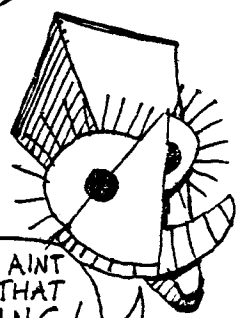
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10159



INSIDE-JOKE  
THE ZINE FOR THE WELL-ADJUSTED  
YOUNG PERSONS OF 1984



IT DONT  
MEAN A  
THING...



IF IT AINT  
GOT THAT  
SWING!