

SUMMER '84 #32 \$1.00

# INSIDE JOKE

A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY AND CREATIVITY  
AND 'BOB' KNOWS WHAT ELSE

**SLACK**  
**He Does**  
**It Again!**

Ace Backwords - © '84



**INSIDE JOKE 'BOB'**  
**OF THE YEAR**



# -UPCOMING EVENTS-

AUGUST 31 - Deadline for IJ #33; also, "Firesign Fest" at the Thalia theatre (95th & B'way, NYC), where we'll be going to the 6:20 show, to be followed by an EXISTENTIAL PARTY at Homebase IJ in Brooklyn—I will, true to theme, provide only atmosphere and possibly crash space, so B.Y.O. everything...

SEPTEMBER 2 - MIKE GUNDERLOY (25)  
 SEPTEMBER 5 - JODI HAMRICH (?)  
 SEPTEMBER 8 - Sid Caesar (62); Peter Sellers (b. 1925)  
 SEPTEMBER 11 - O. Henry (b. 1862); Ken Kesey (51)  
 SEPTEMBER 12 - ACE BACKWORDS aka PETER LABRIOLA (26)  
 SEPTEMBER 13 - Margaret Sanger (b. 1883)  
 SEPTEMBER 15 - CAROLYN MacDONALD (26)  
 SEPTEMBER 16 - GREG BLAIR (24)  
 SEPTEMBER 18 - Fred Willard (?); Greta Garbo (b. 1909)  
 SEPTEMBER 21 - Chuck Jones (72); H.G. Wells (b. 1866)  
 SEPTEMBER 27 - American Indian Day, first proclaimed in the U.S., 1916

SEPTEMBER 29 - Gene Autry (b. 1907)  
 OCTOBER 1 - Disney World opens, 1971  
 OCTOBER 4 - Buster Keaton (b. 1896)  
 OCTOBER 5 - SUSAN PACKIE (38)  
 OCTOBER 10 - Deadline for IJ #34  
 OCTOBER 12 - Aleister Crowley (b. 1875)  
 OCTOBER 13 - Ye Editrix heads for La-La Land...  
 OCTOBER 14 - e e cummings

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 \* INSIDE JOKE, A Newsletter of Comedy and Creativity, is put on once \*  
 \* every six weeks by Elayne Wechsler and some dear friends, and ema- \*  
 \* nates from the wilds of beautiful downtown Brooklyn, future home of \*  
 \* yet another New York stadium (ah, but can we steal the Mets away \*  
 \* from Queens—there's the question)... \*  
 \* EDITOR-IN-RESIDENCE.....ELAYNE WECHSLER \*  
 \* PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....STEVEN CHAPUT \*  
 \* HEAD XEROGRAPHER....."UNCLE WIGGLY" \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* STAFF WRITERS \*  
 \* ANNI ACKNER \*  
 \* KEN FILAR \*  
 \* RORY HOUGHENS \*  
 \* ROLDO \*  
 \* CYNTHIA CINQUE \*  
 \* JOHN CRAWFORD \*  
 \* JOHN EBERLE \*  
 \* ALICE ERLICH \*  
 \* KRIS GILPIN \*  
 \* EVA JONES \*  
 \* COVER BY ACE BACKWORDS; \*  
 \* INSIDE BACK COVER BY ANDY AMSTER; \*  
 \* BACK PAGE FILLER BY VERNON GRANT... \*  
 \* Ads furnished by J.C. Brainbeau, Factsheet Five, Neither/Nor Press, \*  
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 \* Writers'/Artists' Guidelines available for SASE \*  
 \* PRINTED BY AMERICAN SAMIZDAT PRESS - "If it bites, it's an A.S.P.!" \*  
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DEBORAH BENEDICT	MICHAEL DOBBS
TOM GEDWILLO	MIKE GUNDERLOY
SUSAN PACKIE	GEORG PATTERSON
CANDI STRECKER	ROBERT WOLLARD
KERRY THORNLEY	
OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE:	
HELEN KATZ	AUDREY PARENTE
TULI KUPFERBERG	ROBERT PATTERSON
MARK LAMPORF	BRIAN PEARCE
ED LAWRENCE	SCOTT SAYRE
RANDY MAXSON	SCOTT STEVENS
RICK MCCANN	A.J. WRIGHT

all rights revert to  
 writers - what would  
 I do with them?

# ACKNOWLEDITORIALETC.

"Lovers is da kwaziest peoples"—paraphrased

Those of you who know me, or think you know me, or have heard something about me, know I am loathe to speak of personal matters in detail in public print. Satirize, yes; reveal, not on your life. Well, stranger things may nor may not have happened, but I'm going to briefly break my 'cone of silence' this issue and lay my reputation and image on the line, even going so far as to take the chance of having to look back on this confession in years to come and visibly wince at my "once-naive" convictions. Caution to the wind, then—For all present intents and purposes, and for whatever reasons (the timing, the summer, astrological compatibility, basic karma), and for as far into the future as I can see, I am now and henceforth officially In Love. The "Big L".

I admit this to you, the IJ readership, for two main reasons: the object/reciprocator of my affections has been an "IJ friend" for a number of years, and an editor in his own right of such "Fan Noose"-mentioned publications as the now-departed CURSED EARTH and PART SHOT, and will in all likelihood be writing for IJ intermittently in the future (on his forte, comics); and also, my current giddy state will undoubtedly affect the way I look at things (including IJ) in the future, although I'm not yet certain how, so I thought I'd "warn" you.

My mood has certainly affected things like my dealings with our beloved staffers, for whom I have naught but kisses and cuddles this time around (with the possible exception of the strangely absent Steven Scharf, but why nitpick?). Officially departed are Jill Zimmerman, Brian Pearce (both of whom will be making contributory appearances in future issues), Coop, and, as far as I can surmise, Clay Geardes. Those staffers who 'missed the deadline' even called to arrange extensions with me, for which I'm elated and thrilled, so much so that I can't even bring myself to chastise Anni for excess verbiage (and anyway, she helped out with the addressing of the last issue, uncredited, and is so brilliant anyway it's hard to be mad, y'know?! Couldja die?

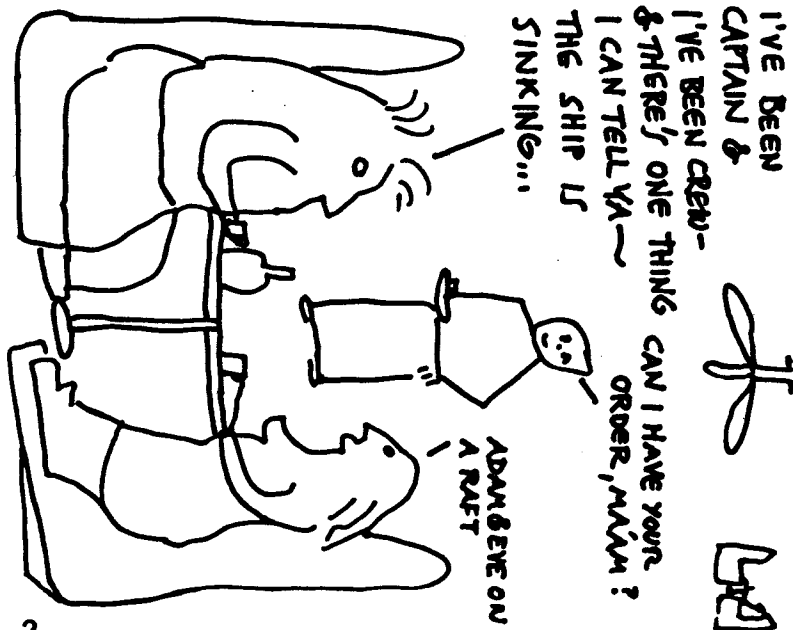
Apparently, some could. Funny how when one is in love the rest of the world seems preoccupied with death, as you will see in lots of submissions this time around. (Coincidence?) A few revivals, though, to balance that out, like the return of Alice Emlich, and the long-awaited renaissance of "Baboon Dooley" by John Crawford (with whom I lunched today, and who is now living in Long Island—I hope to have a permanent address for you next issue, but in the meantime you can write him at the Kinnelon one). Baboon's given a run for his money by Scott Stevens' "Mr. Fix", and Tuli Kupferberg's exploration of the Adam and Eve mythos, and Randy Maxson's hunting adventures, and Ace Backwords living up to his name with our dandy cover this issue, all adding up to some of the best art I've seen in awhile. It also appears to be a big month for personas, as writers urge alter egos out of the closets and vice-versa (don't ask me who's who, I just type 'em...). Add to that our back-to-hefty letter column (some real, others ??), and this IJ may be one to keep in the bathroom a while longer...

Announcement time: "Audio IJ", our 'sister' radio show, should have its first installment ready to go out by the time you read this, so IF ANYBODY IS IN TOUCH WITH RADIO STATIONS INTERESTED IN HEARING OR ATRING "AUDIO IJ", PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH ME IMMEDIATELY. I'm going to make the show available to Youse-Out-There too eventually, but first I'd like to see if we can get it on the syndicated airwaves. Also, our Firesign Fest and EXISTENTIAL PARTY NITE is coming up as well, for you locals, so now's the time to plan activity and crash space (I think Homebase Apt. Third Eye might be filled) for August 31. If you'd like to call for directions or confirmations or even just to laugh a bit, this'll be your last chance to use the Help-At-1 Hotline's 212 area code, as Brooklyn, Staten Island and Queens (three of the strangest places one could hope to find, experts agree) will be CHANGING THEIR AREA CODES TO 718 starting September 1. Not my idea, I assure you...

And, as I've never said, if you can't call, send money, so let me segue, therefore, rather clumsily into thanking this issue's above-and-beyond-the-usual-dollar donors Audrey Parente, J.C. Brainbeau, and Jim Murray of CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE. As a reminder, and in case you don't have a copy of our Writers'/Artists' Guidelines, subscriptions to IJ are on a per-issue basis ("I'm a ~~not~~ an editor, not a bookkeeper, Jim!"). which makes it seem like we're losing money more slowly, so any "advance subscription" money will be counted as donations. Subs are \$1 and can be sent in anytime, but please note the following deadlines if you're going to send in writing or art: August 31 is the deadline for our next issue, #33, which will feature a collage cover by Joe Schwind and possibly a "Catching Up On Culture" article by Ye Editrix, who is planning to miss both the Olympics (which won't be easy) and the Jacksons' Victory Tour, watch the Mets win the Series (oh, grow up, I can dream, can't I?), and mourn the imminent death of her fave sitcom Night Court as Karen Austin is ousted in favor (!!) of Shelly Hack (well, at least there's still SNL...). The deadline for the issue after that, #34, is October 10, and again, please try to send stuff for this one early, as I'll be going west shortly thereafter; and November 30 will be the deadline for our final issue of '84, #35. After that—well, we'll worry about it then. Please send everything connected with IJ to our palatial post office box, as follows:

P.O. Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159  
 This issue is dedicated—what did you think?—to Steven Chaput.

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**WHAT'S SO COMFORTING**  
 About living another few years  
**when you're 90?**  
 If you want to live a million years or  
 more send S.A.S.E. to:  
**HEREBEFORE**  
 Box 2243, Youngstown, Ohio, 44504  
 \*\*\*\*\*



# Fan Noose

Welcome again to those who've been hanging in waiting for the Noose—Some announcements first: Thanks to Anne Bernstein, Doug Kirby, and the cast of CHUCKLEHEADS for their wonderful performances this summer—"comedy for the whole Nuclear Family" indeed! Unknown as yet whether Ye Editrix will be able to join the writing staff come fall...Roldo tells me he's illustrating Canadian sf writer Laser Mendelsson's novel THE EXPLODING INTERGALACTIC ALARM CLOCK...Buck Moon sends word that the political paper APPEAL TO REASON, which boasts such notables as Paul Krassner, Bob Black, Tuli Kupferberg, Clay Geerdes, Margo St. James and Bill Griffith, has changed its name to OPEN CITY "to reflect our readers' total apathy to the old name and our lack of advertising revenues from radical businesspersons to think that APPEAL TO REASON is a right-wing, or at least a Libertarian, type of name. OPEN CITY is the name of John Bryan's (Our Publisher) original underground paper from the early sixties in which he published Charles Bukowski for the first time and generally spread filth and degeneration about the land. You can probably recognize the psychedelic-sixties style on our logo." Buck's no longer pubbing AWESOME, so if you want to see his stuff and that of the others mentioned above, write him at Box 40916, San Francisco, CA 94140...I'm getting quite fed up with form-letter mass comedy mailings, and I'd like to put out a caveat emptor for two things recently come my way. Two unknowns named Jim Newstrom and Dan Fisher are putting out a political comedy album (so they say) on a label they've formed called BELLWEATHER RECORDS. They haven't answered my queries, but only sent a form-letter release which states, "Stay tuned for more information, and send for a FREE subscription to the company's jam-packed newsletter—The Bellweather Times (P.O. Box 22409, Minneapolis, MN 55422)." At least you've nothing to lose...On the other hand, HUMOR TRADE PRESS is a slick Shekky-type mag that reprints pieces from elsewhere, goes for \$2 a pop for relatively little content, asks for exorbitant ad rates, and has the nerve to rate submissions! Maybe I'm wrong, so I'll try to reopen my mind if I hear from editor James W. Roland (P.O. Box 1992, Wilmington, DE 19899)...I've also not heard back from Vincent Omnia-veritas, editor of CHEAP TRUTH, a one-page sf fanzine that, if it's free, is more than worth the price. Check him out anyway, at 809-C West 12th St., Austin, TX 78701...On a sad note, Jim Morton has just published the final issue of TRASHOLA, reasons for which are explained within the pub. Send for it (free) to Suite 583, 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105 and best of luck, Jim!...Good news is that I've gotten some wonderful new publications of late, as follows: EMOTIONAL VOMIT is a collage mini which works surprisingly well—\$1 for the first two to M. Schaefer, 75 Fairview Ave., #3B, New York, NY 10040...The editor of MUMBLES, John Ebehle, has a couple of artistic minis called CARTOON BRUT—also \$1 for the first two (#2 is, in John's words, "my attempt to weld Blake and Beckett") to P.O. Box 7243, Wichita, KS 67218...A. Pavlech, postcardist extraordinaire and founder of the Society to Prevent Blondes, gets this IJ's Pub-o-the-Month Award for his/her OFF JOURNAL—\$2 gets you more good bits (writing and art) than I could possible have room to detail, and A. even gave us a plug, bless his heart—Get It! 935j N. Vendome St., Los Angeles, CA 90026...Turning to music, Mike Johnson has decided to academically study punk (!) and is putting out the quarterly PUNK RESEARCH for that purpose. Commentary and participation welcomed—P.O. Box 15691, San Diego, CA 92115-0691...VOX POP Magazine is free and covers mostly mainstream rock, concentrating in and on Connecticut—write for it to editor Peter N. Vouras, P.O. Box 8161, Brewster Station, Bridgeport, CT 06605...IJ friend Tony Renner will take over as editor of JET LAG next issue, #45 (thanks for the plug, Tony!), which should be out by now. A nice music mag when the writers can refrain from being overly self-indulgent, which they can about 2/3 of the time. \$1 to Tony at 2916A Keokuk, St. Louis, MO 63118...Marty and Robbie Cantor are no longer accepting subscriptions for their fanzine HOLIER THAN THOU, so if you get it, hold on to it, I guess. The highlight of #19 is a marvelous, scathing sf book review by Dave Langford...I haven't plugged the mag of the anti-nuclear weapons movement, NUCLEAR TIMES, in awhile because we lost touch, but I now have their June and July '84 issues—\$2 each from circulation person Kippie Norris at Room 512, 298 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10001...A few semi-self-plugs (huh?) before we get to our "regulars": New issues are out of both the Couch Potato newsletter THE TUBER'S VOICE (this is #7, sells for \$1.25 and has many other worthwhile things besides some kook and her MTV column—send for it to Elder Bob Armstrong, Route 1, Box 327, Dixon, CA 95620) and my own Four-Alarm FIRE SIGNAL (aka FalaFal), #3, which contains a partial listing of available rare TFT cassettes and a super retrospect of the movie Zachariah by Dave Ossman—if you're a Firesign fan, let me know, the newsletter's free...Time for the regs: AGAINST THE WALL V.12, #57-9—if you're a subber & didn't get 7 & 8, let 'em know—Bill George, P.O. Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091 (Libertarian, \$2); CONTACT #40—Elliott Leighton, P.O. Box 9248, Berkeley, CA 94709 (singles, \$3); GOOD DAY SUNSHINE #22—Charles F. Rosenay!!!, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511 (Beatles & their fans, \$2 in U.S., \$2.50 in Canada); THE MONKEES/BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB #52—Jodi Hamrich, secy., 508 8th St. NE #4, Watertown, SD 57201 (Monkees/Boyce & Hart natch, 50¢ + SASE); THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN #19—T.S. Child, 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 (always highly-recommended surreality, fiction, art—and it's free); OP, "X" issue (July/August '84)—John Foster and would you believe I left the address at home so it'll be on the bottom (Washington area music & independents, \$2); THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER V.XII, #12; V.XIII, #51-2—John T. Harlee, Route 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501 (Libertarian, almost always fascinating, free as far as I can tell); THE WHOLE SHMEER #4—helen katz, P.O. Box 7742, Salt Lake City, UT 84107 (comedy, strange SubG-type stuff, etc.—\$1 and helen's always looking for more participants!). Well, as of Friday, July 27, that's it from here!

Thanks again to John Foster for OP's IJ plugs—get it at P.O. Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507...

# KIP M. GHESIN:

## Alter Ego

Ready for this one, kiddos? It's sure to beat all those private National Enquirer-type revelations permeating fandom (except for the sex parts, of which I'm sure there aren't that many she's such a prude), and the way she's carrying on about it, you'd think the event beat out the Democratic convention in her little mental ratings book, for bobsakes.

You don't know what I'm talking about? I should think it would have been made obvious by now, dimwits. Elayne is, so she thinks, in love. And, conveniently enough, the object of her affections claims to be in love with her as well.

Oh, joy. Oh, bliss and harmony. Oh, cute little birdies and flowery hearts and swirly pastels and—excuse me, I'm getting quite nauseous.

But, I ask you, would you buy this kind of premise? Okay, granted, E and I haven't always seen eye2eye, but at least I have, on occasion, conceded that she can, at the very minimum, put out a competent IJ or two. Nothing to write home about, mind you, and certainly nothing she could have accomplished all by 'self, but she does, after all, have the good sense to publish some good writers, like Anni Ackner and me. Well, another venture shot to hell, it looks like.

You know what I mean, friends and foes. I don't think I really need reiterate what happens to all writers, good or otherwise, when they fall in love. Suddenly every project turns to shit. I'd suggest you bail out while there's still time, and save yourselves considerable embarrassment.

Don't think I didn't try, out of sheer survival instinct if not begrudging concern, to get her to see the light. When you start on this kind of path, the rest of your life may as well go to hell. It was bad enough the few other times she thought she actually had a "real boyfriend" (could you puke?) like that Langdell character (a shame he didn't give two shits about her, that sucker was good-lookin'...what an ass...although androgynes tend to be impartial about that sort of thing) or that Rodney K. fellow (now that's my kinda guy but like I said...). And lord knows what kind of crush she deluded herself with about that Ossman guy (okay, he's fun at parties, but really, she acted like a fucking schoolgirl at times, give me a break). Finally, finally, she seemed to clear all that gunk out of her admittedly slow-brained head—and now this.

I personally believe it's only because Chaput gave her a nice IJ plug or two in his zines, back when he was running them. Really, now, what the hell else?

You may already see the signs. Notice how everything this issue seems to be oh-so-sweeter? No begathons in the editorial (she and Renner even made up!), no staff writer scoldings? Oh, I'm sure some of you may actually consider this an improvement, but just you wait. It isn't for no reason that the Wise Seer once said, "Without conflict there is no drama; without drama there is boredom, so save my place while I get a Diet Coke and wake me when the movie's over."

Far be it for me to overemphasize my warnings, readers. But you know as well as I do that as long as she and Chaput persist in believing, and acting upon, this nonsense, everybody around here will be insufferable. I think I'll take a leave of absence until they all come to their senses.

IF THERE IS DEATH AFTER LIFE

by Ed Lawrence

'Only the dead know

Brooklyn'—Thomas Wolfe

Long dead,

though death defies length.

Your hours were numbered,

so too are mine.

But in the mean time,

in the time between,

I read the words you struggled

to write.

(Or so I imagine it!)

I scrutinize the remains,

go thru your pockets,

try on your shoes,

and check to see in what manner

the heels wore.

Short life,

the breadth of breath.

Your pages turning,

returning.

The perfume lingers.

I took thru the holes

which once held your eyes.

I have seen how the swirls

from your fingertips

have left their imprint

on the galaxies.

# DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

## OUR DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENT

Just on the chance that one or two of you haven't been following along with the strict attention one would think this column demanded—and you know who you are—do let me bring you up to date by mentioning, briefly, that I have, previous to this, written rather extensively on the subject of handling those annoying little illnesses that strike the best of us at one time or another and leave us tired, wrung-out, and bearing a traumatic resemblance to Gary Hart AFTER the nomination. I have also, previous to this, written, again rather extensively, on the subject of handling Summer, which is one of those annoying little seasons that strike the best of us at one time or another and leave us tired, wrung-out, and bearing a traumatic resemblance to Gary Hart after the nomination. As a matter of fact—and here we arrive at the crux of it—about the only thing along these lines on which I haven't written extensively is the subject of contracting one of Those Illnesses during Summer, and God knows I'm not about to start carrying on about THAT at this stage of the game.

The thing of it is, though, that a couple of weeks ago Your Beloved Columnist actually did come down with a hideous tiny something or other that caused in her a case of swollen glands that by rights belonged under a microscope at Johns Hopkins, a general malaise, and the complete inability to write anything longer than a couple of paragraphs (to say nothing of an alarming tendency to refer to herself in the third person, but that's another story). Obviously, under the circumstances, I was in no position to turn out one of my usual witty, acerbic commentaries on the American scene. To be brutally honest, about the only thing I was in a position to do for awhile there was moan piteously but, even after that stage passed, and I could once again raise myself to a sitting position and take notice of the world around me (which I have a hunch is where I made my first mistake), I was still incapable of sustaining a coherent thought (to those who would remark that such is not noticeably different from my normal state I can only answer that your mother is fond of the variety of footwear most generally found on members of the Armed Services) and so, being driven nearly to distraction by television, and having read every book in the house (including three Barbara Cartlands, the high school yearbook of The Sister To Whom I Do Not Speak—she was the president of the Future Consumers of America in her senior year, and voted Most Likely To Spend Inordinate Amounts of Time Adjusting Her Panty Hose at Jewish Singles Dances—a Sears catalog dating back to the days before the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Roebuck, and my father's prayer book, which is written in Hebrew, a language I wasn't aware that I knew), I finally did what any Thinking Person would do in that situation: I wrote letters.

Letters are admirable things to write when one is recumbent and big with gland. Letters are short (it should be noted here that I am not talking about Everyday, Personal Letters—and particularly not my Everyday, Personal Letters, which have been known to run on for 15 or 20 pages before reaching the second paragraph—but the sharp, quick variety, often called the One Shot, generally written to someone to whom one has never spoken before and to whom one never expects to speak again, and with good reason. These are also occasionally called Nasties or The Zipless Pluck), painless, so not require any vast quantity of thought and, if one is sufficiently enervated, can be an excellent method for letting off the bile and spleen so common with illnesses of a lymphic kind. I wrote a fair quantity of them during my indisposition and because, as stated earlier, there is no column this month, and we can't have that (or, anyway, I don't think we can), I herewith present a sampling of them in the hope that they may provide edification, entertainment, a small step towards the revival of the lost art of poison penning, and a convenient way to stave off the deadline that's been staring at me pointedly in the eye for over a week now. And so:

### THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF ANNI ACKNER

Vol. XII (July 1984 - July 1984)

Mother Nature's Natural Bakeries 11 July 1984

Mill Valley, California

Dear Ms. Nature,

While I share your concern for the quality of the food we eat, and while I applaud your efforts to reduce the amount of preservatives contained in that food, I think at this time that you might consider the possibility that you've conceivably gone overboard with a good idea.

It isn't, you understand, that I believe that Ugly Rumour concerning the use made of your baked goods by the 1980 Olympic hockey team, and I certainly don't believe that you ought to go loading your products down with squiggly little chemicals, but when a perfectly nice girl in New Jersey accidentally drops one of your Honey Granola Chip cookies on a hardwood floor, and that Honey Granola Chip cookie goes all the way through and causes minor injuries to the woman downstairs, then I do think it might behoove you to look into Preserving them just a little, at least long enough to go from California to the East Coast.

I mean, really,

Yours in good health,

Anni "Goodvibes" Ackner

Metpath Laboratories

Teeterboro, New Jersey

Sirs:

Thank you for the results of my blood tests. I very much appreciate your time and effort on my behalf. However, although I am at present suffering from an illness that has done some peculiar things to my glands, I still believe it rather unlikely that I am afflicted with prostate cancer.

Please adjust your records accordingly.

Sincerely,

Ms. Anni Ackner

World's Most Beloved Polkas, Inc.

Menlo Park, California

To Whom It May Concern:

Thank you very much for your offer to send me all 24 albums in your

World's Most Beloved Polkas Collection. I regret that, at this time, I am unable to take advantage of your generous gesture, even with the 10 days free trial.

There is, however, a bakery in Mill Valley you might want to contact. Solidarinosé, Anni Ackner

Dr. Ruth Westheimer, WYNY Radio

New York, New York

14 July 1984

Dear Dr. Ruth:

I very much enjoy your programme, and find it informative and often entertaining, which, in fact, is more or less what I expect from sex. I was particularly interested in something you said the other evening, pertaining to the nature of dreams, and how they relate to one's hidden and/or repressed sexual desires, and I was wondering if you would interpret something for me.

For the past week or so, I have been having the same dream every evening, a dream which, if, indeed, it does in some way relate to my unexpressed sexual longings, causes me to wonder if perhaps it isn't time to check in with those nice folks at Masters and Johnson. It goes something like this: It is the Democratic Party Convention in San Francisco. Somehow, much against my will, my name has been placed in contention for the nomination for presidency of the United States, and I am seated behind the scenes in a holding room with all my aides and advisors, chief of whom is Joan Rivers, watching the proceedings on closed circuit television. Things move along at a relatively normal pace for a time, with representatives from the various states casting their votes, which are divided almost equally between myself and my major opponent—Weird Al Yankovic—until the representative from the California delegation steps forward. With a start I see that it is a man to whom, to my immense embarrassment, I was once engaged to be married. He clears his throat portentously and speaks.

"Madam Secretary, the delegation from the sovereign state of California, home of the orange tree, the slightly out of kilter religious cult, the middle-aged rock band and the waving fields of marijuana, casts its collective votes for the next president of the United States, Anni Ackner, on the grounds that any woman cold-hearted enough to walk out on a marriage not more than two days before the actual ceremony ought to be ideal for handling such things as domestic budget cuts and invasions into small South American countries. Besides, if she's capable of screwing Congress the way she—"

"Hey, wait a minute," I say, incensed. After all, HE was the one who went to "settle accounts" with a former girlfriend and didn't return for two weeks. "I do think that this is—"

"Can we TALK?" says Joan, as the Secretary raps for attention. The representative from California ignores her, and yields the floor to the delegation from Florida which, as luck would have it, is headed by a man with whom I once passed several warm and emotional evenings several years ago.

"Madam Secretary, the ex-lover from the State of Florida, land of vacations, sunshine, and sticky back seats, takes it upon himself to cast all of his delegation's votes for that great statesperson, fine leader and all around fun lady and good old sport, Anni Ackner..."

"I love Anni," Joan says confidentially to Charles Kuralt, who is eyeing me in a way for which I do not care, "but let's face it. She's a tramp, okay? When she dies they'll have to bury her in a Y-shaped coffin."

It goes on and on in this fashion, with a staggering collection of men from my past (well, okay, not all that staggering, but healthy, anyway) rising up to nominate me for the highest office in the land solely on the basis of my sexual proclivities—including, to my unending dismay, my first junior high school boyfriend, representing New York, who WOULD bring up that afternoon in his mother's rec room, and a gentleman from New Jersey whose face, for the life of me, I am unable to place, although he certainly remembers ME—and I am, by turns, infuriated, mortified and queasy, but somehow unable to leave the room, until, finally, a man I knew slightly (but not slightly enough) at college, and who is attached, for some reason, to the delegation from Guam, arises and indicates that I would just make a dandy president because I surely did know the entire voting block in every constituency, nudge nudge, wink wink, at which point I make a dash for it, only to run smack into Weird Al, who is reworking I LOST ON JEOPARDY to be dedicated to me, and awaken, in a horrible sweat.

I'm sure you can understand, dear Dr. Ruth, my consternation at this dream, and your theory. Please do advise as soon as possible, as I'm awfully nervous that eventually, within the confines of the dream, I shall be forced to select a vice president.

Humbly,

Anni Ackner

Mother Nature's Natural Bakeries

15 July 1984

Mill Valley, California

Dear Mother:

Believe me, I was awfully touched by your offer to send me a free case of your Honey Granola Chip cookies. The thing is, though, that I only rent this abode, and therefore don't carry Homeowner's Insurance, and so would be unable to compensate any United Parcels person who happened to turn up with a chance hernia. You do understand.

Actually, I don't really need any more cookies, as I was recently informed, by telephone, that the store wouldn't take back the box I already have, on the grounds that four of their shelves had already buckled, and they'd be on the verge of bankruptcy if they had to replace them again, and I can't throw the little morsels away, because there are dumping laws concerning heavy items in this town, so right now I have all I could ever want, swaddled in blankets and resting on a mattress, taking up room in the front hall.

Now, if you want to talk about a new floor, I'm all ears.

Yours for the conservation of space,

Anni "Mello Out" Ackner

MCI Corporation

Baltimore, Maryland

Dear People:

First of all, I must commend your company on its very existence.



The fact that you are enabling those of moderate income, like myself—The Little People, as it were—to run amok on the telephone at all hours of the day and night without falling into the sticky financial grasp of the Corporate Giants at Ma Bell is nothing short of philanthropic, and you'll earn your place in Heaven for it, mark my words.

However, there are still one or two teeny-weeny little bugs in the system that I think you might want to check out. I don't, you know, really mind having to dial 13 digits before I even begin to punch in the number I actually want—dialing, they say, is good for tightening the ligaments in the fingers and wrist, and God knows I'd hate to have loose ligaments—and those faint, ghostly conversations don't phase me a bit, but simply add interest and excitement to my own bland chatter, but I must admit that I was a bit taken aback to receive my last bill and find I'd been charged for 29 calls to Racine, Wisconsin, all of them placed at 3 in the morning.

Aside from the fact that I'm not entirely certain where Racine, Wisconsin IS, on checking with Directory Assistance I discovered that the number supposedly dialed belongs to the salvation hot line of the Blood of the Lamb and Speaking in Tongues Pentacostal Church. Now, I will confess that I possess a reasonably checkered past, but not checkered enough, I don't think, to require \$78.34 worth of salvation and, even if I did, I assure you that I have better things to do at 3 in the morning than seek it in Racine, Wisconsin.

Really, I'd have a look into the old billing department if I were you.

Reach out and touch someone, Anni Ackner  
Mother Nature's Natural Bakeries 19 July 1984  
Mill Valley, California  
Okay, "Mom":

Truly, truly goddamned amusing. Well, you know what you can do with your Honey Granola granite chips, don't you?

Okay, no more Ms. Nice Guy. Either I hear from you, by return mail, concerning your serious effort to replace my floor, or I shall have to take legal action.

Govern yourself accordingly. Anni "The Terrible" Ackner  
Judge Wapner, The People's Court 21 July 1984  
WNBC Television, New York, New York  
Dear Judge Wapner:

Thank Heaven for The People's Court. My admiration for you knows no bounds. I was especially impressed with your handling of The Case of the Petrified Pastry, in which a man sued his local donut shop for selling him a French Cruller so hard he broke both incisors upon biting into it.

I'm having more or less the same problem, on a somewhat larger scale. Are you licensed to practise in the State of New Jersey?

Plaintively, Anni Ackner  
Pink Pussycat Boutique 21 July 1984  
New York, New York  
Hi guys:

Thanks so much for your catalog. I enjoyed it immensely and I appreciate your concern that I unleash my repressions and discover the hidden range of my sexual expression.

Unfortunately, I don't believe I'll be ordering anything at the present time. Of course, I can't really say for sure, but I have a hunch that, whatever the hidden range of sexual expression is, it doesn't involve the use of penis nose glasses.

Better luck next time, Anni Ackner  
Mother Nature's Natural Bakeries 24 July 1984  
Mill Valley, California  
Mommie Dearest:

All right, I give. You've won. I can't fight you any longer. I have a hole in my floor, a box of overweight cookies in the hallway, and a headache the size of a young jet liner, and I'm very very tired. I can't go on like this any longer.

Please don't contact me any more, as I won't be here. After I finish this letter, I shall walk into the sea with a couple of your cookies in my pockets. I think that should take care of the job nicely.

Goodbye forever, Anni "Going Up To the Spirit in the Sky" Ackner  
Brian love - 24 July 1984

Yeah, I finally finished the IJ article, and not a minute too soon. Admittedly, it isn't quite like anything I've ever done before, but on the other hand, I've never been quite this swollen before. (For the last time, IT IS NOT THE MUMPS. Would I do that to you?) Anyway, I think it works, though it's a bit hard to tell, as I haven't been able to open my eyes for the last day or so.

In any event, I'm looking forward to seeing you - as nearly as I can see anything. Do me a favour and pick up a box of cookies on your way over, will you? Anything manufactured anywhere but California will do nicely. And a chisel and some blasting powder, if you happen to see any.

Your loving wife.

## Filmviews

by Ken Filar

### INVASION OF THE SANGFROIDS

**THE TIME:** The week before next.

**THE PLACE:** The kitchenette of a motel room farther off the beaten track than I ever wanted to go.

**THE ODOR:** The three-day-old chili-dog (with onions) that, perhaps, is prepared to launch into its next evolutionary phase.

**THE VOICE:** The hackneyed suppter of your ever-vescent reporter, more (more)-on-the-run than on respite. You see, I've been having these horrible dreams...nightmares, really. They've become so frightful that I've taken to the road in a fearfully, vain attempt to escape the horror of their proposition.\*

cont'd next column

There was once a time when I could go to the movies, plunk down \$5, sit through the show with a medium popcorn (and occasional coke) and come away feeling more "enlightened", as if, in the course of viewing, minor burdens that might have accompanied me into the theatre (i.e., headaches, bad tempers, fatigues, disgust with human-kinds [and other kinds, too] and depressions, just to name a few favorites), were supplanted by any seemingly nobler concern the filmmaker had imparted to the movie unreeling before me—and I have to dub these "nobler" simply because anyone able to cause me to forget myself and my wretched existence (even if only for an hour or two) and to involve myself totally in the joys and sorrows, fantasies and fears of others, was not only allowing me a grand means of escape but, indeed, providing me with the very launching point I required when trying to make some sense out of the otherwise mundane day-to-day dalliances I conveniently juxtapositioned between myself and the elbow beneath the ocean.\*\*

Lately, however, I find the films I've been going to see, while technically as good as any I've ever seen, on some level (the human level, to be precise—the level where we all need to feel related, not awed) are sadly deficient.

**SADLY DEFICIENT CASE NUMBER ONE:\*\*\*** Hoyt Axton (a case for sad deficiency in and of himself) is a bumbling inventor who wants to get his teenaged son "something unique" for Christmas. In the basement of a Chinatown store he catches a glimpse of a furry creature he hears singing and decides it would make a wonderful pet, but the owner—a wizened Oriental—doesn't want to part with it, so Axton offers even more money. It's the American way—cash wins. But, when he gets it home and dutifully recites the manufacturer's warnings - (1) Keep it out of bright light; (2) don't get it wet; and (3) don't feed it after midnight - with the help of unconscious and/or ineptitude, fate's augury is toward tragedy (you can smell it as clearly as I can smell this damned chili-dog). It's just not apparent to me how you can really feel sorry for these people—victimized by too-convenient plot devices (like a working mixer and microwave in a kitchen filled with otherwise dysfunctional appliances). It was just nigh impossible to care one hoot about folks as dumbsucking as this when their little critters—even the bad'uns—were more agreeable. So, chalk one up for the little guys, but don't expect any moving revelations when you want out of the theatre after this disaster pic.

**PATHETICALLY DEFICIENT CASE NUMBER TWO:** A movie that subtitles itself "A Rock And Roll Fable" is advertising itself as likely contender for the year's most vapid human drama. The really (really!!!) sad song about this film is that even the music is substandard—though the roster of contributing artists is impressive—leading me to wonder what would happen if MTV ran videos based on B-sides and outtakes from albums that were jettisoned (would that it were good old George Jettisoned...) for all too ob(li)vious reasons, but because they actually looked spectacular...continued to play...and play...

**PATHOLOGICAL DEFICIENCY CASE NUMBER THREE:** Well, at least this was funny...maybe even hysterical...although the laughs were directed at the (heart of the) doom that was soon to envelop our (collectively—the viewing audience I saw this film with) city...and the, as always, cavalier manner the problem was dealt with by those pretending authority (in this case "knowledge") to handle the situation. It was laughable. It was (also) spectacular. I might even be persuaded to sit through it again it was soooo good...yet, now knowing (in advance) that I'll still leave the theatre haunted by an ugly spectre-head not busted off the screen—namely the phantom personalities of the focal characters (for who can really care whether a guy like this gets a girl like that—especially a girl like that—when we have no reason to care about him except for the obvious "Fuck-Me-I'm-A-Star" mechanism that's at work here)\*\*\*\*—I'd think twice.

Then, that could be the reason I started having these nightmares... these horrible dreams where everyone I know is reasonably content with the movies they see...not because they actually enjoy them, but only because their senses have dulled to the point that they no longer know what it is—exactly—that they don't like. Perhaps they don't even notice that they do not like any given film, so inured have they become to accepting sketchy and un-fully realized renderings as story, as acting, as "moving" (pictures?) without knowing that there's an alternate universe standing ready, and often as close as the next multiplex.

So, with no further ado, I offer these four films\*\*\*\*\* with an accompanying challenge to you—"average movie-goer"—to dare to be great—even if only once in a (blue moon/coon's age/car stuck in traffic/nuclear attack—choose one). I guarantee that you'll be glad you did (if you care to care):

ANOTHER COUNTRY (English)  
LES COMPERES (French)  
ROPE (Hitchcock)  
THE 4th MAN (Dutch)

\***Echolalic Footnote:** The burden of dreams (burden of dreams) is that we desire ever more (desire evermore) than we can readily grasp (ready to grasp), and this wanting (miss wanting?) is just so much fantasy (muck fantasy) oriented toward future moments (toward creature comforts) that its consequence (it's consensual) is denial of our ultimate (ultimate denial) satisfaction (that is fraction?) with the way that it is (that's the way, is it?).

\*\*There now—you didn't really expect a sentence to run on that long and actually lead to a conclusion...

\*\*\*Names have been omitted from the following case histories to protect the innocent.

\*\*\*\*Could this be the "ghost in the machine"?

\*\*\*\*\*Each one engaging, haunting, seamless and tongue-in-cheeky, demanding to be seen.

# Wax Ink *by Rory Houchens*

**MILK AND HONEY**—John Lennon & Yoko Ono (Polydor)—The cold December murder of John Lennon in 1980 turned each spin of *DOUBLE FANTASY* into a sad and bitter remembrance of much happier times, and transformed that long-awaited comeback album into a chilling audio death mask. After more than three years, the air has cleared a bit and the remainder of the *DOUBLE FANTASY* sessions has been released as *MILK AND HONEY* with much of the old magic intact, and thanks to a minimum of studio doctoring, the cuts here sound fresh and personal, right down to flesh, blood and bone. John's "I'm Stepping Out" and "Nobody Told Me" celebrate the small joys and frustrations of everyday life and work as perfect vehicles for one of rock's most distinct voices, while "I Don't Want To Face It" dishes out some foot-stompin' escapist funk. Yoko's material is equally tasty—"Your Hands" sports a metal backbone that would have fit right in on the Beatles' "White Album", and "You're The One" nicely mixes an imaginative arrangement with an irresistible dance beat. The album's most appealing tunes are probably John's "Grow Old With Me" and Yoko's "Let Me Count The Ways", a pair of homemade recordings that elaborate upon lines from poems written by Robert and Elizabeth Browning that are as beautiful as they are touching. *MILK AND HONEY* is music from one soul shared by two bodies.

**SWORDFISHTROMBONES**—Tom Waits (Island)—When he isn't making appearances in movies or writing film scores, Tom Waits finds the time to record exceptional albums like this one. A truly dazzling kaleidoscope of sounds, *SWORDFISHTROMBONES* boasts romantic ballads ("Johnsburg, Illinois"), instrumentals ("Dave The Butcher", "Just Another Sucker On The Vine"), dirges ("Town With No Cheer"), jazzy poetry ("Frank's Wild Years"), Americana ("In The Neighborhood"), swampy blues ("Gin Soaked Row"), and Beefheartian romps through mad recollections ("Shore Leave", "16 Shells From A Thirty-Dought Six"). Not a bad one in the bunch.

**NO SELL OUT**—Malcolm X (Tommy Boy Records, 1747 First Ave., New York, NY 10128)/RAP MASTER RONNIE—Reatheal Bean & The Doonesbury Break Crew (Silver Screen Records, 147 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011)—Two 12-inchers with political and dance floor leanings. "No Sell Out" takes key lines from the speeches of slain civil rights leader Malcolm X and combines them with the high tech funk of Keith LaBlanc with spine-tingling results. "Rap Master Ronnie" comes to us via Garry Trudeau and offers us a glimpse of Rappin' Ron Reagan's black side as he gets down in an attempt to pick up some minority votes. Ow! These two be fine!

**DOOT-DOOT**—Freur (Epic)—This Welsh/English quintet has so completely assimilated the musical styles of the past twenty years into their own compositions that their debut album comes close to being a catalog of pop/rock trends. The title track is very reminiscent of Brian Eno's first two solo albums, while "Whispering" sounds a lot like early Roxy Music. "My Room" convincingly apes the eccentricities of present-day XTC, and "Runaway" squeezes together a little pop jazz flavoring with some overstated, Beach Boys-influenced harmonies. While a few bits and pieces may resemble other artists, Freur has maintained an identity of their own throughout—this is one band to keep your ears out for.

**APOLLO: ATMOSPHERES AND SOUNDTRACKS**—Brian Eno (Editions EG)—*APOLLO* is a bit of a departure from Eno's recent recordings. He's still working within an ambient framework, but instead of recreating points in time and fond locations from his childhood, he's moved on to outer space. This album was recorded as a soundtrack for filmmaker AL Reinert's documentary on Apollo space missions and it perfectly conveys a feeling of traveling through space—the weightlessness and mystery and endless stretches of darkness. Two things of note are the pedal steel guitar work on side two (!) and the composition "An Ending (Ascend)", which is at least as good as any walk in space.

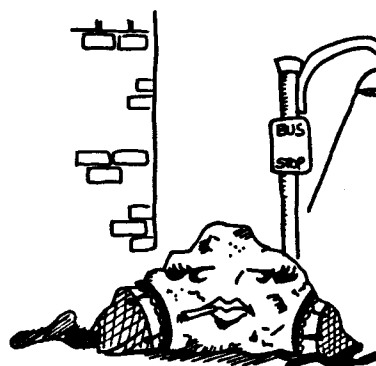
**THE WORKS**—Queen (Capitol)—Queen have released just about equal amounts of superfluous bloated crap-pies and semi-redeemable, hummable souvenirs, and *THE WORKS* appears to be their most consistently good long player since *THE GAME* four years ago. "Radio Ga Ga" wears thin after a while, but is memorable for its gastritis-styled synthetics. "Tear It Up" is a respectable piece of pseudo-heavy metal whipped stiff by Brian May's homemade guitar strangulations, and "Man On The Prowl" is a worthy follow-up to "Crazy Little Thing Called Love" and would tear the whiskers off various stray and/or cool cats. Shadows of *TOMMY* and *WEST SIDE STORY* haunt "Keep Passing The Open Windows", an optimistic little number executed with much gusto. Nice *WORKS*, and you can get 'em.

**IN A CHAMBER**—Wire Train (CBS/415)—Like fellow label-mates Trans-lator and Red Rockers, Wire Train favors a sound that pays as much attention to the folk/rock and psychedelic explosions of the mid-sixties as it does to today's dark romantics and impending sense of doom. A pair of guitars along with bass and drums weave a mysterious, hazy tapestry that catches the evocative poetry/lyrics of songwriters Kevin Hunter and Kurt Herr and bursts into a foggy sort of magic. Just two standouts are "Slow Down", a hypnotic examination of relationships with snappy percussion and dynamic guitar runs, and "She's On Fire", which is fueled by slashes of guitar and chugging bass. Without doubt, this is one of the finest groups and albums I've heard this year.

## CONTEMPLATING SILENCE

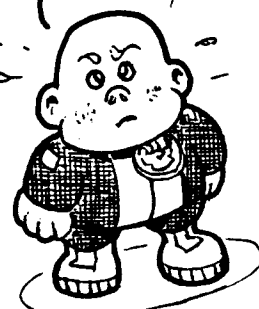
*by "Maiden Jappan"*

Ah! how wonderfully quiet it is around here!  
I could go on and on, extolling  
the virtues of this golden peace,  
But someone keeps telling me  
to shut up already...



A FALLEN ROCK

NO, I AM  
NOT A  
CABBAGE PATCH DOLL!



JON of the  
LOVE RANGERS  
EVERNON GRANT 1984

# AN OMOLY BY ANY OTHER NAME *by SARAH MONNEY*

"We could put you on"—Bob Dylan, The Beatles, The Velvet Underground, etc. etc....

Its fans call it "TOPOPSYCHOTIC TECHNOFOLK" and claim it to be the 80's version of the old "Jug Bands" of the 20's and 30's, who made their music on cast-off instruments and household articles.

The band most often credited or blamed for this latest cult phenomenon is the locally-legendary duo known as "Anomaly".

"We do have the same sort of rough-edged, home-made funkyness to our music," admits founding member Roldo. "The basic idea is pretty much the same as what those ol' timey bands had, but the stuff you find lying around the house and alleys these days is a whole new map."

Bobby ★ (pro: "star") agrees: "If we can't find it, make it or buy it real cheap—we don't need it," he adds, gesturing to the wildly painted old electric guitar, banks of foot-pedals, percussion synthesizer and recording equipment that surrounds him.

Roldo ambles out from behind the ominous array of instruments that earned him the title "The Walking Pawn Shop", recently enlarged by a battered proto-model synthesizer.

Bobby and Roldo began playing music together in 1965 as part of the "Incandescent Saffron Jug Band," but a growing urge to write their own music led them to form "Jeremiah Puddleduck's Hot Poot Extravaganza Presents the Louisville, Nanbasket, and Corollory Railroad" ("Just 'Puddleduck' for short," says Bobby) to play original music in the "fusion" genre of the 60's folk scene.

"That was around 1970," Roldo recalls. "I was just back from Scotland and Ireland, all caught up in Celtic music and playing the fiddle and bodhran."

"Bobby'd been out on the West Coast, into jazz and bossa nova."

"Yeah," adds Bobby, with a maniacal grin, "we sounded weirder than Uranian Frog-cats fucking under a full moons."

The band's current incarnation, "Anomaly", plays a lot of the original repertoire, often using old tapes from past concerts as "bed tracks" to add new instruments to.

"I'm hoping to swap a friend some of my cartoons and paintings for an electric fiddle," says Roldo. "Then I can really cop some altitude."

Roldo's "bread-gig" is his work as a cartoonist, while Bobby is known as a leather-worker of considerable inventiveness and skill. As musicians, they have no interest in a career in the music business, preferring to sell cassettes of their music by mail.

And what about the new video market?

"That costs too much," says Bobby.

"But we are working on a way to get around that," adds Roldo.

And what is it, we wonder...

"No moving parts," says Roldo.



## TRUE CONFESSIONS

# The SECRET LIFE of Mildred Neptune

*deborah benedict*

(Bio of Mildred Neptune, sort of known to IJ readers but not really...)

Mildred was born in Stuttgart, West Germany in 19--. Neptune is not her "real" last name, but it will do because her real last name is so notorious it can never be revealed. Mildred holds a Bachelorettes degree in Esoteric Home Economics, a Majorettes degree in Home Pharmacology, an Associates Degree in Dental Wang Chung, and a certificate of Excellence awarded to her by the Certificate of Excellence Committee. She has a pet tarantula named Mabel Lean, enjoys gardening and watching for spy planes, makes her own absinthe which she ages in golden apples, knows everything about the Kabbalah, Quantum Physics and home canning. Her last great accomplishment was dumping Baxter Frobisher. Her ideal man is a combination of Philip Marlowe and St. Thomas a Becket.

Favorite Colour: Ice cube clear.

Favorite Book: The Ann Landers Encyclopedia of Sexual Anomalies.

Favorite Movie: "Return of the Roaming Cannibal Lobsters From Planet Felix".

Favorite Drugs: American hashish soaked in ether, Black Death LSD, Dr. Albert Almore's Super Strength Seconal Booster Shots.

Favorite Reason for Why We Are All Here: "Somebody has to eat all this food!"

Favorite Enlightenment Technique: Imbibe Myers Rum and Coca Cola (without aspartame) while smoking a hookah full of Tangier opium, Ecuadorian marijuana flowers and Nepalese hashish. Every hour take a tab of Black Death LSD. Listen to: The complete recordings of The Andrews Sisters, paying especial attention to the lyrics of "Hold Tight". Then, take a long, warm bath in a mixture of rose oil, Ivory Liquid and Milkman powdered milk. You will attain enlightenment sometime during the bath.

Favorite TV show: Cubs baseball.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

"A garlic press makes a wonderful masher for those stubborn marijuana flower tops and seeds."

"An empty toilet paper tube makes a good carburetor for marijuana cigarettes - just punch a joint-sized hole in the top and cover one end with your hand while you inhale. Voila! You're stoned!"

"Tired of waiting for the kick-in from drugs in gelatin capsules? Punch a small hole in both ends of the capsule with a straight pin. You'll get off much faster!"

"Here's a recipe for those who hate the taste of peyote buttons or mushrooms of the 'Oh Wow' variety: Chop them into as fine as can be and mix with Lime Jello. Follow directions on Jello box. Makes a special dessert for any occasion!"

Miss Neptune is also currently the owner, manager and sole occupant at The End of The World Motel and Gift Shop and extends an invitation for everyone to visit. Be prepared to stay for a long time.

Miss Neptune is also the President and Overseer of GOLDEN EGO PRODUCTIONS. Right now, Golden Ego is involved with many projects. Look for their new line of buttons and t-shirts. Some of the legends that will tell you it's a genuine GOLDEN EGO product are:

"THIS BUTTON—BECAUSE I'M WORTH IT"

"GOD'S FAVORITE PERSON"

"WOMANIAC"

"FUCK FUN"

"LISTEN TO THEM, THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT, SUCH SAD MUSIC DO THEY MAKE"

"JIM MORRISON WAS THE LENNY BRUCE OF MUSIC"

# they BLINDED me with VIDEO

by CANDI STRECKER

## CHAPTER XI: FREEDOM OF CHOICE

First, a statistic: in its listings for a single day, Saturday, July 14th, 1984, the San Francisco TV WEEK listed twenty-two different rock video shows. And that's not including "Friday Night Videos", nor several weekday-only rock video shows, nor the premium-cable shows like HBO's "Video Jukebox". It's clear that anyone who wants to watch videos need not be limited to MTV. But the majority of these "alternatives" offer no alternative at all; most pursue MTV's middle-of-the-road policy, and show the very same popular/white/rock products you'll find all-day-all-night-in-stereo. Luckily, there are a few programs where one can find videos that MTV shuns as too weird, too normal, too black, or too small-time. Here are a few recommendations for those who feel MTV isn't giving them enough choices:

**\*\*Regional video shows:** San Francisco's independent channel 2 decided to fill its 5pm time slot with its own video show, cutely titled "M2V". It has turned out to be a big ratings hit, perhaps partly because of its policy of showing some videos by local, up-and-coming bands. In your area there may be a local video show where you can see some fresh faces and hear some new sounds.

**\*\*Black video shows:** Since MTV tends to show 90% videos by white artists and 10% by blacks, it's no surprise that there are alternate video programs where that ratio gets reversed. While most of the visual interpretations on these shows are fairly ordinary, there are some worthwhile surprises at both the high- and low-budget ends of the spectrum. (I've noticed a lot of black music videos that feature kids dressed up and acting like adults, something like the movie *Bugsy Malone*. If this is a trend, I'm baffled as to what it might mean.)

**\*\*Country videos:** Being white doesn't necessarily guarantee MTV airplay. Just as there are country music radio stations, there are now country music video shows too. Very pedestrian work from a visual standpoint; most are videos of live performances or of pseudo-performances (the singer performing with his/her band in a studio or empty club). Don't stay up past your normal bedtime to catch one of these shows.

**\*\*Christian Rock Videos:** Yes, I once caught a half-hour show of these on an odd channel; I have a suspicion that the 5 or 6 videos that were shown are the only ones that exist in this odd category. Lots of wimpy sunsets-and-flowers imagery. Recommended only for curiosity-seekers and those in serious need of a break from spike heels and fishnet stockings.

**\*\*Art-film shows:** Chicago's PBS station has a weekly half-hour show called "Image Union" that features odd independent films, including some student projects. From time to time rock videos by unknowns and locals are shown on this show; a very rewarding place to see stuff too rough and too strange for MTV. There may be something similar in your area.

**\*\*Disney TV:** Strangest of all, there's DTV, a sporadic feature on the Disney Channel. I haven't seen it myself, but this description from the New York Daily News of 5/13/84 may intrigue you as much as it did me:

...a series of 15-minute programs featuring current hit records, rock'n'roll classics or old standards, sung by the original artists but set to re-edited snippets of classic Disney cartoons and features. Hall and Oates' "Kiss On My List", for example, becomes a cook's tour of famous cartoon embraces...the sources may be pure Disney, but director Chuck Braverman's editing style is quintessential MTV.

Remember all those ads for the "MTV Party House" contest, the one in which John Cougar Mellencamp exhorted the winner of the Indiana house to "paint the muthur PINK"? A recent news item suggests how MTV was able to get a house cheap enough to give away: turns out it was located across the street from one of the nation's most hazardous toxic waste dumps. Don't forget your gas mask, John...

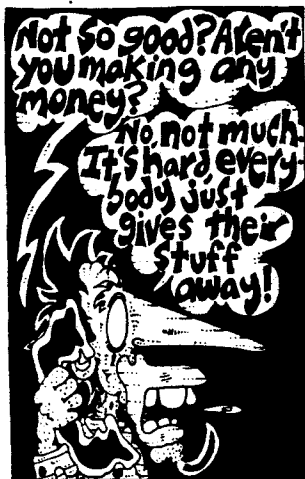
A video that makes me grin every time I see it is "The Hardest Thing" by Rubber Rodeo (great name, eh?). This has got to be the first time anyone has used a ViewMaster gadget as a key motif in a video. Putting a ViewMaster into a video provides a nice symmetry to the fact that you can now put a video into your ViewMaster. A few months ago, Michael Jackson's "Thriller" became the first such crossover product to be issued. Certainly a far cry from the Yogi Bear and Scenic Grand Canyon ViewMaster disks of my childhood.

"LOVE IS FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY"

"MONEY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T HAVE ANY LOVE"

A catalog of GOLDEN EGO PRODUCTIONS merchandize cannot be obtained because it doesn't exist.

Mildred sez: "Thank you for letting me borrow your mind for this short spell and remember—The most interesting things about life are sex and death, so be sure you're involved in one or the other!"



They're  
Out To Get  
**YOU!!**

Global conspiracy to keep  
those who are "different" silent.  
**WEIRD MEN ARISE!!**  
**The Future  
Revealed**  
by startling means.  
Find out who "They" are and how  
to overcome them for big \$\$\$.

Intense pamphlet \$1.  
The Church of the SubGenius®  
P.O. Box 140306,  
Dallas, TX 75214

## SEQUENTIAL

by "Maiden Japann"

Sequentialsequentialsequential...

That's my new word now

Sequentialsequentialise.....

\*\*\*\*\*

## FORGET HEAVEN.

It's the same hell on earth for the next  
million years and more as it has been  
for the last million years more or less.

Send SASE to arithmetically and  
spiritually sound HEREBEFORES  
Box 2243, Youngstown, Ohio, 44504

\*\*\*\*\*

## SATURDAY NIGHT

by Mike Gunderloy

The walls were painted a dull orange, some deranged maintenance crew's idea of a pastel color suited to studying. Identical wooden doors led off to either side of the hall, most of them open and all of them issuing loud music of a variety of genres, which blended into one indistinguishable cacaphony in the lounge. There were a couple of tables here, inevitably of particle board with plastic-adhesive veneer, and a scattering of chrome and plastic chairs. Half a dozen young men sat around one of these tables, which was littered with beer cans, plastic cups, the remnants of a pizza, papers, dice and some dog-eared pamphlets with titles like "Spellbinder" and "Treasure Index". Ashes floated in a forgotten glass of some clear liquid, and beside it a joint sent a lazy spiral of blue smoke into the air.

Most of the cans were white with red labels, the remnant of this week's Ray Beausoleil Memorial Beer Fund purchase. Each week a new frosh had to go out and buy beer for the dorm, and if he got something that had been around in the memory of any of the upperclassmen—some of whom had been here for nine years—he had to pay for it himself. This week there was no danger of that happening. Tom Fieldstone had probably spent more getting the Arabian beer flown in than he would have paid for the same number of cases of Bud, but it was the principle of the thing. Fortunately, principle was more important than taste. After six days of drinking the stuff—no one was even sure what its name was—the general opinion was that it tasted like camel piss, though the old joke about camels being called the ships of the desert had a strong minority adhering to it.

Barry took a hit off the joint and passed it along. "Okay, Bruce," he said, "I guess we'll head for the large opening in the far wall. Boffo casts his Fly spell on the whole party with Extension Six so it'll get all of us and we fly over the chasm full of fire and into whatever cavern that is. What do we find there?"

Mel interrupted with "And Grod makes sure that he comes in last with his plus six battle axe ready in case something hits us from behind."

"For chrissake, Mel, quit being such a chickenshit. We've got enough firepower in this party to ace anything Bruce throws at us," snarled Ed. "C'mon, Bruce, let's get on with this. I want to finish this run by sunrise."

Bruce rolled a handful of dice and studied the results. Then he turned to another page in his large red notebook and read a few lines, pausing now and then to roll more dice. "Okay," he finally said, "it's like this. The fire flares up to the roof of the cavern as you pass over it. Since you're flying you almost make it, but Grut gets fried to a crisp. Then the opening collapses as you pass through, and the falling rock distracts you enough that you lose surprise. You're inside an enormous vault, about a quarter of a mile long. You can see some gold and perhaps other things piled at the far end. Between you and it, though, there is a pair of red dragons. The larger is about 150 feet long and its mate is almost 100 feet long. They both breathe fire at your party, so make your saving throws, minus four for the surprise. Then tell me what you're gonna do about this."

The players looked disgusted but started rolling dice. For a few moments there was discussion of damage points and who was carrying the Staff of Immunity, but it was all soon straightened out. Having the most powerful mage, Barry went first with retaliatory action. He was rolling one of the beer cans back and forth across his pants leg as he spoke.

"I don't want to screw around with this, we've got to get out of here and resurrect Grut. So I think I'll burn one of the wishes from the cloak. I dunno what we can get away with in this place, but summoning is usually safe. So I wish that an Ice Lizard would appear in this room, about fifty feet in front of us."

The lounge was suddenly filled with crimson smoke, which quickly dispersed as a cold wind swept across the room. There was a deafening rumble as the roof at the far end of the room caved in, revealing the courtyard beyond. Standing atop the pile of rubble was a dinosaur, the size of the balloons from the Macy's parade, colored a deep and translucent blue. Before any of the stunned students could react, a sinuous white tongue flicked out and touched Ed on the shoulder. He screamed briefly and then shattered into thousands of pieces, like a frog dipped in liquid nitrogen and thrown against the wall.

The others scrambled for the door to the hallway, but only Barry and Bruce were quick enough to escape the freezing lash and the others became so many corpsicles. A whirlwind of sleet sprang up in what was left of the lounge as the monster moved towards them. Someone down the hall shouted, "Close the door, you idiots!"

"Either we're both mad or that's an Ice Lizard out there," said Bruce as they ran down the hall. "Why couldn't you have wished for a Lawful Mage or something? Anyhow, if it is an Ice Lizard, the only thing that can kill it is fire in large quantities. So, let's get those Molotovs that Welden has under his sink, the ones he made for the bonfire."

"I think we're nuts," replied Barry, "but what the hell, it beats doing homework."

A short time later the two were on the roof, each carrying two Michelob bottles filled with gasoline. They could see the Ice Lizard thrashing around in the lounge still, lapping up the remnants of its victims. Every few moments it would lift up its scale-covered head and roar, a sound which was lost in the blare of Blue Oyster Cult's "Godzilla" from a nearby dorm room.

"Got the plan straight?" asked Bruce. Barry nodded. "Okay, then, let's go."

The two split up and crept towards opposite sides of the hole in the roof that marked the lounge. When they arrived, Bruce lit one of his Molotovs and cast it across the lizard to the other side. It went off in a spectacular burst of flame and smoke, and started a fire in a pile of newspapers there. The lizard bellowed in pain and moved away from this source of torment, directly towards Bruce, who lit and threw his second Molotov, again at the far side of the beast. It moved all the way to one side of the lounge, its tongue lashing out at the young dungeonmaster, who turned and ran for his life.

Meanwhile, Barry had clambered down one side of the rubble pile and crept to the center of the lounge, hoping that the lizard would stay distracted for a moment. Reaching the firepit, he turned on the gas jets full blast and ran back and up the rubble pile. Shouting, "Nyah, nyah, your mother wears army boots!", he hurled his first bottle directly at the monster. It turned and charged towards him.

Lighting the second fuse, Barry tossed it into the firepit. The combined gasoline and natural gas explosion happened just as the monster reached the center of the lounge, breaking both its forelegs and throwing it helpless to the ground. It thrashed in pain as the gas jets finished it off.

Ten minutes later, the two were standing amidst the rubble in the lounge. Little bits of Ice Lizard were evaporating, the magical forces which had kept it solid gone with its death. Finally, Barry kicked a twenty-sided die across the room and said, "Well, I suppose this makes Boffo twenty-ninth level, anyhow."

Bruce just smiled at him. "I don't think so," he replied, "you should know there's no experience points for killing a monster you summoned yourself. Besides, it wasn't Boffo who killed it but you and I. So you're out of luck, Barry."

"Dammit, I intend to make the level tonight! What are we doing standing around and talking? Hurry up and figure out what happened after I summoned the Ice Lizard in the game."

Bruce began searching for the remnant of his notes and Barry cleared bits of plaster from the table and chairs.

# FINDING FREEDOM

by Kerry Thornley

## CHAPTER FIVE: THE MEATGRINDER

Stepping into the bright sun, Wimpel realized how stoned he was when walking about two-hundred feet to the on-ramp seemed like a long trek. Colors shimmered and every scrap of litter attracted his attention—for one additional reason besides his wiggled-out state of mind.

More than two decades ago Sinister Dexter had talked to him about the notion of creating a universal language, an idea he said had been the proposal of the poet, Yates. Quent had not paid much attention then. In retrospect he recalled contributing Sigmund Freud's insistence that in dream symbology a railroad train always stood for death. Sinister Dexter had then said something about Jungian archetypes that Quent had recently been endeavoring to remember.

As was true of everything the mysterious Sinister Dexter brought up in those discussions of long ago, the banter about a universal archetypal language or cant now possessed a terrible, annoying significance for Wimpel. Cryptic messages were everywhere these days—encoded into advertisements and commercials, pervading the trash along the road, woven into the metaphors of politicians and journalists. A total environment of bizarre, vague hints it was—every one of them pertaining to aspects of Quent's personal life: his journal notes, his poems, things he said to friends or they said to him, memories of his childhood. That any shrink unfamiliar with conspiracy politics would accuse him of delusions of grandeur was something of which he was uncomfortably aware. Yet the internal consistency of the messages was unmitigable—as if a rich and incredibly powerful foundation had decided to turn the whole world into a unified field theory experiment of which Quent Wimpel and Quent Wimpel alone was the subject.

Slushing through the high green weeds he shed his backpack next to a yellowed newspaper advertisement overlaid with tire tracks and headlined: "YOUR PASSPORT TO HIGH ADVENTURE!" That seemed as good a spot as any to extend his thumb.

Never did Quent have to wait long for a ride at this particular ramp, though inevitably they were short trips, generally taking him no farther than the outskirts of town.

Glancing back at the station Quent watched Jake gas up a foreign sports car. For some reason Wimpel thought of the night, just after he'd gone to the police about the Fitzpatrick assassination, when Jake first swooped into his life—to become, thereafter, a permanent fixture.

Once before they had met. Quent was awed by all the energy cramped into the wiry little frame of Jake Washington. Jake didn't seem very reciprocal of this admiration. In fact, he called Quent a paranoid—and that was before Wimpel was much of a conspiritologist.

Quent hungered for an intensity that always seemed absent in his relationships with others, though, and Jake seemed like just the man to fill that void. Fervently, Wimpel hoped they would meet again.

Exactly twelve days after Quent went to the police about the assassination, Jake crashed the Leo birthday party. (Nearly everyone he knew then was either a Leo or an Aries, so every year there were two big parties.)

Although uninvited, Jake was a welcome sight in Quent's eye. "Washington!" he exclaimed, "I never thought I'd see you again!"

"You were optimistic," Jake answered dryly.

Before the night was over, Jake was in bed with Wimpel's girlfriend—in her apartment, where Wimpel also lived.

That much was tolerable. Quent was not possessive. Valuing his personal space, though, he found Jake's prolonged presence there the next morning annoying. Jake stayed the rest of the day, and the day after that—and so on for two full weeks, contributing nothing, eternally rehearsing the same chord on his guitar, smoking cigarettes and cluttering Rose's apartment with the butts, discarding them in the most unlikely places. Worst of all, nearly everywhere that Wimpel went, Jake was sure to go—dour and withdrawn, cynical and sarcastic, asking questions that heightened Quent's paranoia to insufferable levels.

At present such memories were amusing, for Quent had grown used to Jake types. Like the Jungian litter, they were everywhere. Moreover, Jake's spying activities had slackened off.

(More sophisticated methods were introduced to keep tabs on Quentin Wimpel—utilizing more personnel, reinforced with all the latest developments in electronic surveillance.)

Almost fondly, Quent grinned as Jake slammed the hood of the tiny blue car and strode back to the garage.

Soon the sports car sped past Wimpel's extended thumb. A red Volkswagen and a powder blue van were close behind. After a lull, and orange Honda screeched to a halt just beyond where he stood.

"Where you headed?" Quent asked as he climbed in, awkwardly pushing his pack into the back seat.

"Where do you wish to go?" replied the swarthy young driver in a foreign accent. "I just bought this motor car and I am going to see how good it will drive!"

"Where are you from?" Wimpel asked as he thought about desirable destinations within reasonable distance.

"Saudi Arabia," the driver replied, hitting the gas with a jolt.

"That's too far away," Quent said with a laugh. "Maybe we should settle for somewhere closer."

"Okay," said the Arab. "We go to Saint Petersburg. All right?"

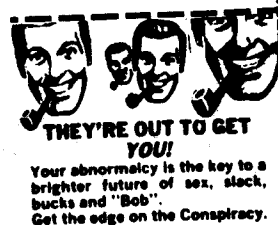
"Why not?"

"You like smoking hash?" the driver asked.

"Sure."

As soon as they were out on the expressway and moving at an incredible speed, especially for a Honda, the driver withdrew a pipe from under the seat and handed it, with an immense chunk of hashish, to Wimpel. "You load."

(NEXT—CHAPTER SIX: NO PRISONERS!)



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## TALK SHOW HOST

### CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

According to my numerous pin-headed newspaper editors, writing under pressure is the sign of a "true" writer. While there is no sub-human standing over glancing menacingly at his watch while I pound a typewriter, I am under, at least, a little pressure as, once again, I managed to miss an IJ deadline.

And so I compose this deathless prose as I wait for the bus. I'm praying to all that is holy to writers that the spirit of Ambrose Bierce and H.L. Mencken come and serve as my muses. I just hope that they don't mind that I have no coffee or donuts.

Perhaps this would be a fine time to explore the writing life. Ah, yes, I feel a Writer's Digest story coming upon me like a case of scurvy. You see, aside from their Market Reports, WD has a total of about 100 different articles which I suspect they recycle and repackage according to their seasonal. A serious charge, oui, but one that has often lurked in the libelous department of my subconscious. Stories about the writing life often abound in a year's dosage of WD. These pieces seem to imply that being a writer is not unlike being of an ethnic group with pronounced pride in their heritage or being a homosexual. Although some writers are indeed ethnic and some are homosexual, I doubt that being a writer places you in a recognized minority group. Try it out during the next census, and see how the guy with the clipboard reacts.

Although I personally don't conceive of writing as a lifestyle, I know many people do. They subscribe to writing magazines and little literary (no pictures, please) publications and leave them laying about their home with intended casualness. They have posters detailing author readings and writing seminars. Some even have t-shirts referring to writing, although no one has managed to come up with anything as catchy as "firemen have bigger hoses".

People who have the writing lifestyle are very concerned about electric typewriters and word processors. They browse through a computer shop as you or I through a candy store.

These folk also talk about their projects. And I've noticed one thing which, as a generality, certainly does have exceptions, but is a fairly valid rule: those who talk the most, write the least, and their projects are nearly always impossible from a commercial or artistic sense.

I don't wish to seem cruel or insensitive, since I've tilted at a few windmills and continue to do so. That's good for a writer. But paying the rent is even better.

So, in the true spirit of commercial writing, I'm going to steal someone else's idea and present...

"Real Writers Don't Read WD"

- Real Writers don't use a word processor just to write letters. They use it to dash off their latest Harlequin Romance.

- Real Writers don't worry about readings of their works in coffee houses or bookshops. They worry about appearances on talk shows.

- Real Writers don't give a shit about first or second serial rights. They want movie and tv rights.

- Real Writers drink cola, iced tea, Dr. Pepper, scotch or beer while composing their latest effort. They never drink anything with herbs and never, never any bottled water.

- The most important person in a Real Writer's life is not his or her literary mentor. It's his or her accountant.

- Real Writers don't send \$10 off to those people who run ads in WD on how a writer can make \$100,000 a year doing nothing; Real Writers are the ones writing those \$10 books.

- Male Real Writers are often insecure about their virility, since they earn their living from a non-physical means.

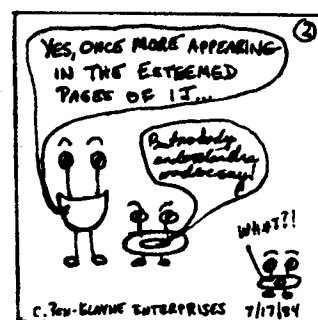
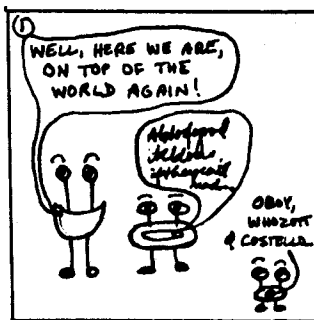
That's why they're often blustery male-chauvanist types who wear safari shirts and kleenex in their shorts.

- Real Writers are never ashamed of having produced garbage, if the garbage paid off handsomely.



—Spook Kopos, adjutant to Mr. Fizzl

DADDY GOT LOST IN THE BATHROOM—Filmed three years earlier under the title "Don't Wax the Floors While Creature X Takes a Shower" and now available for American audiences. A magical production from Italy directed by Boris Karloff. Notable for its use of subliminal mathematic equations, I left this screening with the urge to buy a slide rule and have a party for deformed galactic frogs. With Nick Adams, Diana Dors.

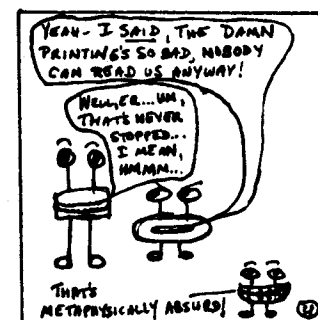


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## INTER-SHMOOZE: RODNY K DIOXIN

by Andy Narwhal & Maura Mal-de-mer

The life story, like the man himself, is almost too extraordinary to be true. The fifth of two children, raised in the subways of NYC, Rodny began his "life of crime" at seven. The first person in his family to move up to the streets, he arrived just in time for the punk explosion of 76-77. After a short stint as a bodyguard for Malcolm McLaren (which ended only after McLaren was finally able to convince Dioxin that he didn't want a bodyguard), Rodny headed full steam into his solo career.

The NY underground welcomed its newest and most outrageous star without hesitation, and his writings, recordings, and performances were big news. "I'm not leavin' the subways, I'm takin' em wif me," said Rodny, apropos of absolutely nothing. "Hell, whydya think they call it the underground anyway?"

After sleeping through most of the first half of 1983, Rodny returned and scored his biggest triumph with the creation of America's favorite psychotic, Kermit the Marine. "I'm sure Kermit and I can suck a lot more money outta Hollyweird before we're through," Rodny's been heard to say.

Be that as it may, the man is a phenomenon. His dissipated appearance and decadent style have excited public interest all the way from the Russian Tea Room to Original Ray's, long before the public even knew who he was. Rodny visited our offices and joined Andy Narwhal and Maura Mal-de-mer for what he described as a holiday lunch ("hey, wise up, guys, it's Donatien de Sade's birthday" as he put it). He was, as usual, looking spectacularly ghoulish and hung-over. Andy Narwhal: Where is Maura? I do hate it when she's late. Rodny K Dioxin: Mebbe she went to the parade.

AN: Parade?

RKD: Just a thought. Ya got any beer?

AN: Amstel. Would you like some lunch?

RKD: Nah, I never eat before 3pm. It's bad for the creative process.

AN: Fascinating. What are you doing now?

RKD: Drinking my beer. No, really, I just finished some early meetings on a Kermit movie. Talked to Spielberg...a complete wanker. Rich, sure, but what does that prove? I wanna work with Peckinpah. Do you have his number?

AN: Well, no, actually. Oh, here's Maura.

RKD: Maybe she knows his number...

AN: You're late, dear.

RKD: Is she? I can never tell. I don't usually get up this early. Is it noon?

Maura Mal-de-mer: Hi. Nice to meet you.

AN: It's about 11:20. Would you like something to eat, Maura?

RKD: Do ya have to keep talking about food? And pass me another beer, while yer over there.

MM: Yes, please. So Rodny, what have you been up to?

RKD: I been workin' on a script for the Kermit movie, "Bad Clams in Bondage". It's goin' well, 'cept my co-writer's had the thing for-friggin-ever. Hey Pru, if yer readin' this, get off da shtick and on da stick!!

MM: Rodny, you're not eating? Would you like some of my cold pasta salad?

AN: He doesn't eat before three.

RKD: Fuck you, Narwhal, I can talk for myself (throws a handful of salad at AN).

MM: I've heard rumors that you might play Kermit in the film.

RKD: (slips into a thick British accent) Year, well, that's a loada shit on er...I mean I'd be bloody 'orrible. I wanna see Jack Nicholson do it.

AN: Are you originally British?

RKD: Nar. Dincer read the bio at the front of the bleedin' interview?

AN: Do accents come naturally to you?

RKD: (drops accent) Nothing comes naturally to me. Okay, it's pronouncement time...the best parts of life are the



unnatural ones.

MM: Well, this certainly is an interesting interview.

RKD: Isn't it, tho—say, I love those earrings. Wheredja get 'em?

MM: Uh...downtown. I could give you the address, I guess.

RKD: Better yet, we could go down there together. I'm not doing anything this afternoon. How 'bout dinner? I know this great Ethiopian place.

AN: Do you do this a lot?

RKD: You mean trying to charm my way into the hearts of attractive women for the purpose of establishing short and tawdry and meaningless affairs as opposed to incessantly plugging my latest product—the Kermit the Marine Movie: Bad Clams in Bondage, coming soon to a reality near you as soon as certain people get off their cute little asses—or sucking up to absurd albino artists who insist on using words like "brunch" and "relationship"? Well, yes, it's sort of a hobby of mine.

MM: So, Rodny, what are your plans?

RKD: Well, right now, I plan to walk over to the fridge and get those other four beers and pocket 'em. Then you 'n me are gonna blow outta here and scare some tourists and then find a pleasant little hole and eat and drink ourselves into a stupor.

AN: Have fun, you two. Rodny, any closing thoughts?

RKD: Yeah...kids, don't try this at home.

## HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION SLEEPING by John E



Ever have a dream where you're back in school sitting at your desk looking out the window, when suddenly the teacher calls on you to get up in front of the class and tell everyone "How I spent my summer vacation" and you walk toward the front of the room amid whispers and giggles and glance down before you start only to realize that you—yes, you guessed it—YOU STILL HAVE YOUR PAJAMAS ON??

Well, this happened to Butch, just the other night...How-ever, spending most of his time awake dreaming he was someone else convinced him that this dream was real...oh yes, MUCH too real...He knew he'd lost himself out that window only moments ago, and when the teacher called his name, it brought it back to him quickly that he was himself, after all, just like when he was awake and someone—his mom, his brat kid brother Matt, his dog Morty, or the brutal intrusion of the telephone—came crashing through his reverie, and by opposing, ended it.

After deciding on the reality of the situation in a split second that seemed to take two paragraphs to write, Burth, as has been said before, looked down and noticed he was wearing his pj's. Now, as you might imagine, also in that split second that appears to have at least lasted three paragraphs, he decided to check—against his worst fears—to see if the furtive head of the rudimentary pink dolphin was making an impromptu appearance in front of the jovial assembly. This last action meant our unfortunate dreamer had to bend visibly forward, prompting comments from the class before him such as: "Barn door's open, cow's gonna get out" and "Whacha worried about? What can't get up, can't get out", etc., just the sort of thing you'd expect from a bunch of fifth graders hungry for diversion...and, in the last hair's breadth of that split second, Burth wondered—not what he was doing there in his pj's; not whether his third eye-thumb was coming up for air; but: what in hell was he doing in fifth grade? Last time he looked he was 29 years old...

In the next split second, he poened his mouth to speak, but no sound came out. Muffled laughter came from the front rows, then further back. Try as he might, nothing came out but gurgling wet croaks. The whole room was convulsed. Butch glanced over at the teacher, who was chuckling behind her clenched fist. A fly landed on his tongue and he finally closed his mouth, swallowing involuntarily. Kids were rolling in the aisles.

Butch closed his eyes tight and made fists out of both hands, wishing with all his might this was, after all, a dream...He woke up with all his clothes on, thirsty...there was this tickle in his throat...

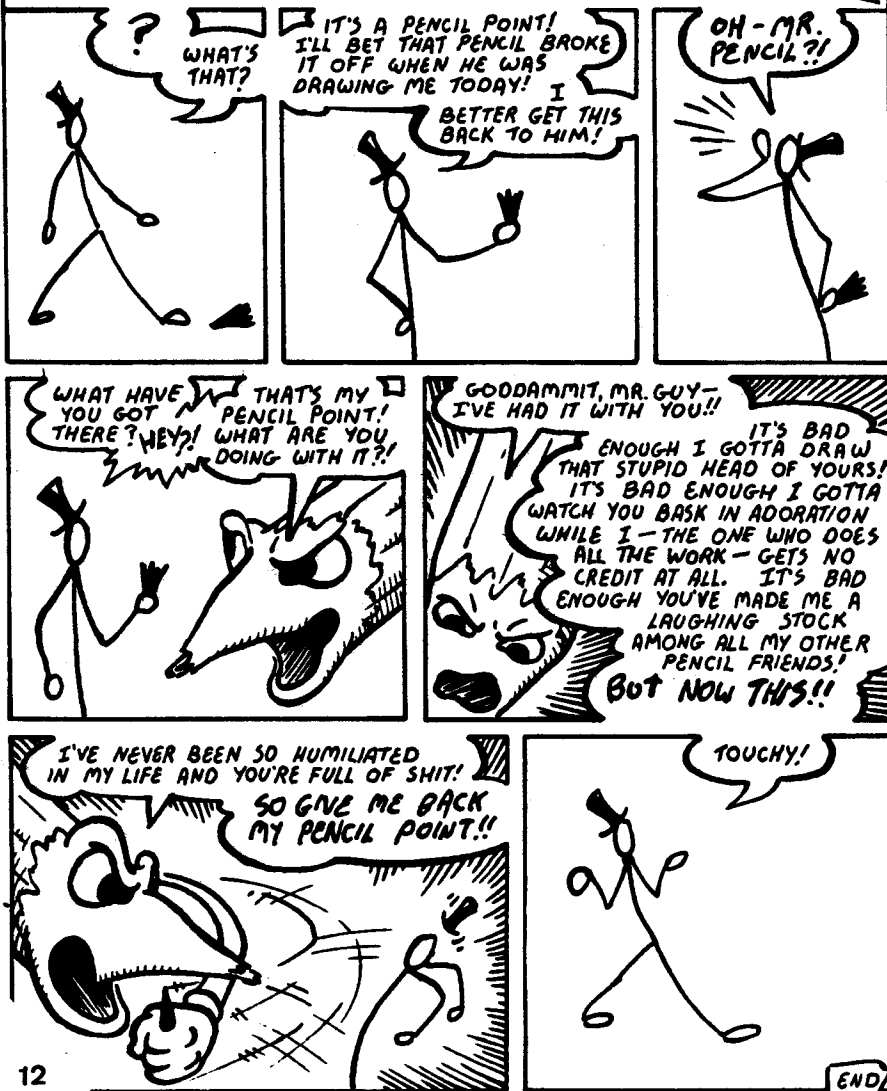
# CHINA SMITH AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM

by Robert Wollard

"It's on this week!"  
 "When?"  
 "This Wednesday, man, last time I saw almost all of it."  
 "What?"  
 "I can only stay up on weekends."  
 "Hey, man, if you can, try to get 'em to let you—man, it's so tough, there's this little guy..."  
 "...and he steals an elephant, right?"  
 "No, no, it's this little guy called Jodokes, see, they call him that because..."  
 "Oh, I seen that one and he cuts off a guy's head with a wire like the Nazis?"  
 "That's the other guy, the big kid, Jodokes is the little kid."  
 "It doesn't really cut off their head, man, it just strangles them."  
 "It does if you use a piano wire like the Nazis."  
 "What does?"  
 "You're getting it mixed up, don't listen to him. Look: pretend this is a silk cord and I'm sneaking up behind you—hey, face that way!"  
 "OK, but don't really do it, OK?"  
 "...and I come up with my arms crossed and then like this and whammo, you're dead."  
 "But what's Jodokes?"  
 "They call him that because he doesn't have a name, it's a bunch of Chinese kids whose parents got killed in the war and they get picked up by those G.I.s..."  
 "...and he says, 'Joe Doaks is the most famous American who ever lived.'—and the little guy believes him, see, but they won't let him come along on the raids 'cause he's too little..."  
 "Hey, yeah, I saw that one, I think I saw part of it anyway."  
 "Man, it's so twitchin', they sneak out at night, see, and there's this one part where they tell him he can't come along because he'll just foul it up and he says 'Jodokes no foul up!' and he winds up killing about 15 Japs!"  
 "Hey man, the Shindonas are Japanese."  
 "I know, but this is a war movie and that's just how they talked then, that's what they used to say."  
 "Yeah, but you know..."  
 "No, they really did, it's true, my brother was in Korea and..."  
 "No, listen man, Jimmy got really pissed one time when someone even

said he was Japanese. He says he's an American, and it's true, they're Japanese-Americans."  
 "Yeah, I know, we heard all about that about the Mexicans last week—do you know Tony Alvarez spit on Keith because he said he wasn't saying his name right? He made him write his name all over the blackboard or else he'd cut him up with a switchblade."  
 "So what, man! What are you? Really, what are you, anyway?"  
 "I'm Irish and Italian and I think I have some German."  
 "I'm a dirty Greek, haw haw haw!"  
 "The Indians are the only real Americans."  
 "That's not their real name, and they weren't the first ones here either."  
 "Who cares man, the point is..."  
 "...Raymond says his brother got his mouth washed out for saying 'Nigger'."  
 "His brother's a jerk anyway, did you see him going around the room with that wooden dick from the Phillipines?"  
 "He doesn't really have one, he's just saying that."  
 "He does too, man, and he went right up to Miss Thomas and he pretends he's asking about some word in the dictionary and he's holding it right in back of her right by her ass so everybody can see it."  
 "Well, he's a liar anyway, he said there was a dead man in that cave in the gully."  
 "There is!"  
 "There is not, man, that's not even a cave, which you would have known for yourself if you'd have gone down and checked it out instead of doing everything your mother said."  
 "I heard Tony fucked Carolyn down there for \$5.00."  
 "That's true, everybody says so. She also jacked off Jerry and Benny in the laundry room at their trailer court."  
 "You know that big coffee pot in there? Well, somebody pissed in it last week and they didn't find out who yet!"  
 "Where did Tony get \$5.00 anyway?"  
 "He said he stole it from his brother."  
 "Who said so?"  
 "I'm going to have to break in here. I see I'm not getting around to reviewing 'Temple of Doom', though, hopefully, someone else will have done so. Things were different when I was a kid from how they are now, thank goodness."  
 "By the way, does anyone know what movie we are talking about here?"  
 ("[Sobs] 'The Affairs of China Smith'")  
 (Answer: "China's Little Devils", slightly confused with "The Elephant Boy")

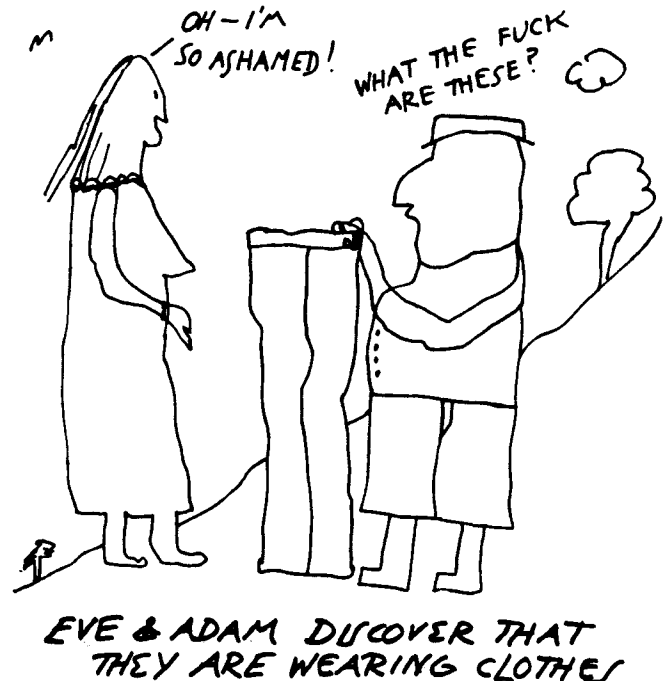
## Life with Mr. Guy



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 by "Maiden Jappan"  
 Co-op (and it don't stand  
 for cooperation, bucko!);  
 Sushi (what a shame, I used  
 to like sushi);  
 Health Club and Workout  
 (Jim Fixx died, jogging,  
 for your sins no doubt);  
**JOB ENHANCEMENT!!!**

## THE NEW EVE & ADAM : NO. 12



## "ZEKE the GEEK" by Randy Maxson



1988: "BREAKDANCING",  
THE NEWEST  
OLYMPIC SPORT.

## The Man Who Ate

Two Lives by Susan Packie

Morty Goldstein was probably the best kosher food inspector who had ever walked the streets of New York City's Lower East Side. Restaurants in the Catskills and in Miami would have betrayed Israel to the Arabs for just one season of his presence at their establishments. He did not merely do his work well. He did it with a flair that made people feel that the Almighty Himself had blessed their gastronomic ventures. A restaurant that had Morty Goldstein on its staff was a shoe-in for the highest ratings in the tourist guides.

In spite of all his fantastic offers, Morty was loyal to the neighborhood where he had grown up. Without Hester Street, without the heatless, lightless tenements, without the bagel and pickle carts at the curbs and the push and shove of all humanity trying to squeeze onto the sidewalks, he would have been a defeated man. The Lower East Side had given him life and the Lower East Side kept it pulsing through his veins.

But, deep inside, Morty was a troubled man. Why so? you might ask. To all appearances he had what he always wanted: a steady job inspecting restaurant kitchens and butchers' shops for signs of treif, a wife who was the mirror image of his mother, and four sons—a rabbi, a lawyer, a doctor, and a perpetual student. He did not have a worry in the world. So what was the problem?

Morty had a hidden addiction. It was so hidden, so shameful, he could not even admit it to himself. Morty was hooked on the flesh of the---pig.

At first, he had merely admired the little creatures that seemed able to endure anything. God alone knows, he did too, growing up in an area where to be studious, to shun gang life, was the kiss of death. Pigs could take it. So could Morty. He used to sneak over to the Chinamen's restaurants and liberate pigs fated for chop suey and egg rolls.

Later, Morty discovered the joy of eating his cloven-hoofed friend. Naturally, he could not indulge himself openly. Instead, he would don a false mustache and beard, change from his black suit into jeans and sweatshirt, tie a bandanna around his head, and slip into Chinatown, using back alleys. He never went to the restaurants where he regularly rescued pigs. That would have been too much!

When not eating pig, Morty daydreamed about all the delicious pig dishes there were in the world: bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwiches; cold sliced ham; stuffed pork chops; knockwurst; weisswurst; breakfast sausages with pancakes and scrambled eggs; pickled pigs' feet; spare ribs; scrapple; stewed pork hocks. The list was always growing.

Then the inevitable happened. His son, the perpetual student, was dating an Italian girl on the sly. Well, this guy loved Chinese food. So what single, strangely-dressed bum was put at the same table with what cooing couple? Of course, if the son told on the father, the father would tell on the son. They did snicker at each other a lot, but neither squealed.

Not long after the humiliating incident, Morty and his loving wife were seen boarding a plane for Israel. The restaurant had sounded so desperate. He would have to do where the need was greatest. Maybe the family could get together for Rosh Hashanah? The youngest son would know what to bring.

## DEMO~CON REPORT

by "Kid" Sieve

You may have figured this out already, but I miss San Francisco. Well, I never really lived there, just went on extended vacations back in the late 60's, early 70's, but it was such a magical time! Everything you've ever heard about SanFran in those days was true, just about. The freaks and heads breathed life into the place, made it something truly special, something that often seems lost forever...

I consider San Francisco the perfect spot to have had this year's Democratic Convention (or as fans would say, DemoCon). Especially when my favorite journalist, Hunter Thompson, was covering it for ROLLING STONE. I can hardly wait till his article comes out, although, like many avid readers of HST, I can pretty much foresee what it would be like...

So here I was again, actually rooming this time with the President's son. People are walking around joking about "Gonzo and Bonzo"—the ones whose heads I don't bash in first, that is. And I keep asking myself, Why? Why, you old drugged-out genius, have you gotten involved in this bullshit again? Haven't you learned your lesson yet? How much more cheap booze and hallucinogens (and both still flow very freely in this part of the world) can your system take before you threaten once more to blow Steadman's brains out with your trusty .45? I know I'm getting old when an old drinking buddy from the McGovern days is one of the Presidential candidates, for God's sake! But I knew the reason as well as anybody else did. It must have had something to do with the money...

Truly an article to watch for. Everybody send me copies, c/o IJ, when it comes out, ok? Sometimes I forget these things.

By far, the most exciting things about DemoCon have been Mario Cuomo's kick-ass speech on Monday night, Gary Hart-throb's "I have nothing to lose and it couldn't hurt at the last minute" Kennedy-like speech (which I had fun contrasting with film of Mondale earlier that day, looking and sounding like Hubert Humphrey on Valium), and Geraldine Ferraro. I really like her, she's so goddamn REAL as opposed to the plasticine politicians who will be appearing in Texas sometime after the Olympics to falsify their records and cover their tracks. She's knowledgeable and effective, and a truly neat human being who just happens to be a woman.

But I'm gushing, which I'm surprised I'm doing about a DemoCon. I mean, after all, I can't forget Chicago in '68. And Feinstein (do they call her "Little Maggie Thatcher" in SanFran like I heard?) is no Daley, but she's no cardboard Koch-out either. Thank heavens for the protests. They were probably more interesting than the convention. I liked the footage of Jessie Jackson out at the rally more than I liked his evangelical speech on Tuesday night. And as Koch and his minions decide to join pig Ronnie in the "War Against Drugs" ("Drugs are Bad because they affect only the user; therefore we have to take this private matter into our own hands and ban the suckers...hey, wanna go out for a drink?"), the masses of pot legalization advocates were out in force as well...certainly not the most popular stand in these days of (as GH put it) "May I see your I.D. card?", but noble nonetheless. It must be something in the San Francisco air... 13

# Fear And Loathing In Modesto California (Or The Hardy Boys Visit Chuck E. Cheese)

by doctor bob

## part 12—the beginning

The boys and I were hanging out at the local used car lot one night, when one of us, I believe it was Stan, had a brilliant idea. Something about throwing a bunch of dead baboons off of the new box girder bridge downtown. But we decided to give it a miss.

So anyway, as I was saying, we were just hanging out, as it were, when all of a sudden this giant tomato comes winging out of the sky right over our heads, only it wasn't really a tomato, it was more like sort of a radish or something, well actually that's not quite right either, I guess you would call it a sort of mutated fungus-type thing.

Well anyway there we all were with nothing to do, the baboon idea being voted down (6 to 2 with 1 abstention, Stan didn't feel that he could give an unbiased opinion it being his idea and all that). So we decided to all go and see what this fungus-type thing, as it were, had to say.

When we got to the place where it had landed we realized that we were in fact at the aforementioned box girder bridge. However, much to our relief, the fungus wasn't throwing any dead baboons off of it, in fact it wasn't doing much of anything since it was smeared out over half of the roadway, not to mention several cars, an ice cream truck and not a few rather irate pedestrians. It was also at this point that we noticed the similarity between the squashed fungus-type thing and some of the later works of Pablo Picasso.

Meanwhile back in Peoria, our hero, Zippo the Wonder Slug, was slowly turning into a vast decaying pile of vegetable matter, through no fault of his own (unless of course you consider that the character is in some existential way some sort of bizarre manifestation of the author, in which case it was his fault so to speak, but enough profoundness for today and back to our story).

Life as we know it was ceasing to exist for those poor unfortunates caught underneath the massive hulking form of the once majestic interstellar tree-frog, but this, as we say in the industry, is quite irrelevant.

Now as I was saying before I so rudely interrupted myself, the boys and I had just wandered downtown to see about a big of conversation with this mutated fungus-type thing, but of course when we got there and saw that it had crashed we realized that it wasn't in much of any shape to do any kind of talking. So we just sort of headed on our way back to the used car lot to discuss the significance of the day's events when this giant interstellar tree-frog comes falling out of the sky and lands right on top of us all.

Well, I don't mind telling you that things were getting pretty scary there for a while, but still all in all you have to admit that it was a rather unique experience, at least in a philosophical sense. Well anyway, there we all were with our lives as we knew them rapidly ceasing to exist and all that, when suddenly out of nowhere this giant electrical penguin shows up and begins to flamé the tree-frog. Well, knowing the digestive proclivities of giant electrical penguins (I was one in a past life, but that's another story) I immediately started making noises like a mutated fungus-type thing (the favorite food of G.E.P.s) at which point the penguin picks up the tree-frog and throws it into the flight path of an approaching 747. Luckily, partially flamé interstellar tree-frogs can fly and it was able to successfully avoid the collision and is now living happily as the president of a small oil-producing island off the coast of Transylvania, but I digress. Now of course we were released from our plight but we did have a very irate giant electrical penguin on our hands, so to speak. He almost roasted us alive before we could convince him that there was a giant mutated fungus-type thing not 3 blocks from that very spot. We decided to follow him and wound up having a grand old time watching him eat the fungus-type thing and throwing dead baboons off of the bridge.

### CONTACT THE UNDERGROUND

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### FOR • MISS • FEAR



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Just a small poem  
Short and sweet  
To fill in space  
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## In A Room Alone by Scott Sayre

A man lived in a room alone, with his wife. Their only children were his debts, which were numerous and quite demanding. The worked. She was a traditionally meticulous housewife, traditionally and habitually bored.

"I'm home," he smelled of the grit of his work, and the six pack of Coors which was now at work in his blood, "hungrier than shit."

"You must have smelled what I had on for you," she mumbled, knowing that the words would be lost across the room and the alcohol in his blood.

"How was work?" came out instead. Their debts were high, so the room was small and the kitchen near, and the man had his nose in the refrigerator before he could reply.

"The same old shit," bracketed on the back end by the whooshing pop of a Coors can. As he put his lips to the can, he blurrily saw the disapproving grimace of his traditional wife, and then his eyes were lost skyward as the bubbling intoxicant coldly rushed down his throat.

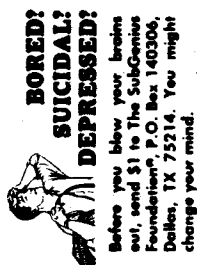
At five-thirty the casserole was due to make its steaming exit out of the oven into the tightly enclosed, but meticulous, kitchen.

"We're having a casserole. I cooked it especially for you, the way you like it." She knew that to keep her man she had to cook his kind of meals. She had read that one day in a magazine in a beauty parlor. Lately, she had the sneaking suspicion that her life was a series of non-sequiturs, even though she could not put it exactly that way. The resentment she was beginning to feel had crept up on her in a variety of small ways.

He burped.

She tried to make small talk, but their children begged for their attention, and he could only attend his cooling drunkenness, so her small never even became small. He went to the icebox and retrieved another Coors, while her knuckles whitened around the chair she was holding.

"Damned fine beer," he lurched, now fully under the load, paying some debt too far gone and dimly remembered for either to recall.

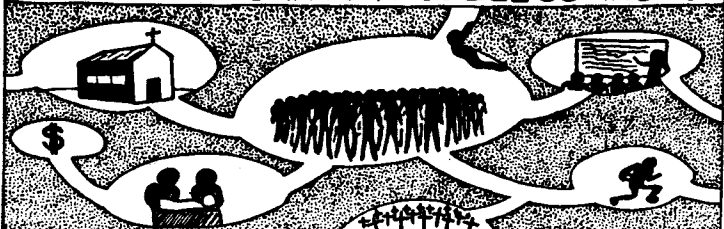


# WATCH THIS SPACE

...BUT ONLY IF  
THERE'S NOTHING  
HERE!

### FIREANT RODEO

AS YOU MOVE THROUGH THE FOREVER RODEO THEY'LL DO ANYTHING TO REDUCE YOU TO A MINDLESS HUSK... DULL YOUR SENSES, ERODE YOUR UNIQUE TALENTS, RESHAPE YOUR GOALS, INSTILL SHAME, AND TURN YOU INTO A USELESS INSECT



Benedict's  
Paradox



She sat silently restrained, speechless.

"I said damn fine beer," this time he hiccupped and she felt a sudden wave of revulsion at him and at herself. She answered:

"I guess..." her voice trailed off, and had he been more sober, or mindful of his debt to her, he would have noticed. He hiccupped a second time. The jarring sound of the alarm on the stove was doubly so to her because of the tightness of nerves which stretched between the two of them, drawn ever more taut with each can of Coors. The jarring bell rung into the world the readiness of steaming casserole, the pride of her day.

She moved to take the steaming glory from her ringing oven, as he crossed back over to the beer-box and took another cold drink into his hand. He was now fully crocked. He sat down at the table and with yet another popping whoosh tightened the nerves of his proud-hurt cook.

Some moments are forever bound up in the meaning that they later take on, some are complete within themselves. Anxious and wishing somehow to bridge the gap between them, the housewife served the drunk (her husband and lover) his meal. He seemed to inspect her steaming masterpiece, swayed and pitched forward, drunken, coldly into the heart of her day.

She went to the icebox and took a can out. With a popping whoosh, she pulled the tab, and settled down to life in a room alone.

## Upon Visiting The Homeland by helen katz

It didn't take much coaxing, in 1970, for me to move out of the "Big-red-Delicious-with-its-share-of-worms-Apple"; but upon visiting New York City last October, I felt like one of those worms, crawling around in a rotted core.

I've lived in a few cities before my current residence in Zion (that's Salt Lake City, Utah, for you heathens); either my values have changed since 1970, or I was an extremely naive eighteen-year-old who didn't notice, or was accustomed to, the dark side of the city. Well, maybe I'm being a little too hard on myself.

It's been fourteen years since I've had a loaf of really good rye bread; nobody makes it the way Dubin's Bakery on Church Avenue in Brooklyn did—but there wasn't a Dubin's to be found! No knishes, either! No Italian ices! What's going on? Can a whole ethnic population just disappear in fourteen short years? Is nothing sacred? At least my high school was where I left it.

I finally located knishes, pizza by the slice (which is another item that is not to be found anywhere as well as it is made in New York), and Italian ices in an area I never went to when I lived in Brooklyn; but still, no Dubin's. (The pizza in New York is so good that as soon as I can figure out the secret recipe, I'll make a bundle selling slices to all the displaced New Yorkers on the west coast.)

It amazed me to see all the renovation and condo-mation in my old neighborhood; I think I expected to see the buildings laying in ruins, like Pompeii, perhaps.

Here's an example of our distorted our memories of childhood haunts can get through the years:

"Back when I was a kid, we used to sled down this street. Winters now aren't as bad as the ones we had when I was little. Why, I remember one winter when the snow was up to my waist!" The speaker then paused, and, with a slice of humble pie, he continued. "Of course, I was only five then, so the snow only had to be eighteen inches deep to reach my waist. It sure seemed deep then!"

Travelling means different things to people on the east and west coasts. I thought nothing of camping out in New Jersey and driving into the city and back for three days. (Of course, at this time, I'm referring to New York City; when I'm in my current homeland, 'the City' is San Francisco.) To me, a long drive is Salt Lake City to Chicago; eight-hour drives are no big deal to people in the far west. But the cost of parking a car in Manhattan is what's totally absurd: five dollars for the first half hour; twenty dollars for all day, plus a 14% city parking tax.

During the time I lived in NYC, I never: went to the top of the Empire State Building or the World Trade Center; rode the Staten Island ferry; saw an on-Broadway play; or cheered the Mets at Shea Stadium—but I frequently assumed the posture of a first-time visitor to NYC. While I worked in Manhattan my eyes were always raised toward the tops of the skyscrapers, I oohed and ahhed at the smell of pretzels, chestnuts, and hot dogs being sold by street vendors, stopping to listen or watch street artists, cursing the damned pigeons (gawd, I hate pigeons!).

Skyscrapers are no substitute for mountains, but some of man's monuments to himself are as startling as anything Father Nature has given us. Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but the Golden Gate Bridge has nothing on the Brooklyn Bridge (except perhaps its location). Then there's Times Square and all the scuz that goes with it, Greenwich Village, the Bronx, and Staten Island, too, Central Park—I think I need to schedule another vacation!

Which is really true?:

- A) You can't go home again;
- B) Home is where the heart is;
- C) I can't get it out of my blood;
- D) You can take the SubGenius out of the city, but you can't take the city out of the SubGenius;
- E) All of the above.

If you picked "E", you've probably got the wandering heebie-jeebies like I do, certainly nothing to be ashamed of. If people didn't have the need to be in different environments, whether to set up a new home base or just for a visit, there wouldn't be such a wide variety of places to visit.

No matter what is said in favor of or against New York City, wouldn't the world be a very different place if it didn't exist?

# VIDEO FRIVOLITY

by Kris Gilpin

Co-written and directed by Michael O'Donoghue, who wrote for National Lampoon back when it was good, Mr. Mike's Mondo Video is now on videotape; it was to be a one-time-only summer replacement for Saturday Night Live in 1979, but was rejected by Broadcast Standards. It was then transferred from videotape to film (a la Norman, Is That You? and the recent schlocker Boarding House) and shown theatrically. The result, of course, looks like shit. In Miami (more shit), when it was first released, angry ticket buyers actually threatened one theater manager with violence if that evening's screening wasn't stopped!

O'Donoghue narrates this take-off of Mondo Cane in his funny, deadpan style ("Coming up next: Big, stupid dinosaurs that don't look very real...and a training camp for Kate Smith's pallbearers"); and the film/tape begins with the silent, hyperbolic disclaimer, "The film you are about to see is shocking and repugnant beyond belief." Among the video's novelties are a stop-motion cat's skeleton being devoured and shat upon by roaches; beautiful women trying to gross you out verbally (Deborah Harry confesses, "I think it's so cute when guys miss the toilet," while another explains, "When I reach down and feel a firm colostomy bag, I know I'm with a real man!"); and Dan Ackroyd prodding the actually-webbed toes on both his feet with a screwdriver as the special's Celebrity Deformity.

There are some funny parts in Mr. Mike's Mondo Video, and a lot of dead sections, too (theater goers cheered when, at film's end, O'Donoghue takes a spear in the gut from a pissed-off native). Complete with brief nudity, and an authentic vintage nudie featurette entitled Uncle Si and the Sirens, the assumed fact that Michael thought he could get this thing on the air is the biggest joke of all. (Now you're lucky to find this listed in a film-reference book.)

My Breakfast with Blassie is a video parody of Louis Malle's fascinating My Dinner with Andre conceived by and starring the late, great Andy Kaufman and wrestler Freddie ("You pencil-neck geek!") Blassie.

Andy, wearing a neck brace after humorless grunt wrestler Jerry Lawler tried to break his neck in the ring, takes a bus into downtown L.A. to eat breakfast at a Sambos with his friend Freddie. Kaufman signs a napkin for a group of women in the restaurant (he's constantly telling people in the place who he is), then later insults them when they eavesdrop on his conversation with Blassie (they disgustingly give Andy back his autograph).

The one-hour tape ends with a disgusting, but hilarious (Kaufman falls to the floor with laughter), scene, and the whole show is done in Andy's trademark is-it-comedy-or-is-it-reality? style.

My Breakfast with Blassie is recommended for all Andy Kaufman fans, or even admirers of the original pseudo-art film who have a sense of humor.

Taped during a live L.A. stage production in 1979, Bullshot Crummond (now on tape from RKO Video) is a spoof of the early British Bulldog Drummond films. It stars, among others, rubber-faced Mark Blankfield (one of the few bright spots from the derivative Fridays) and his real-life wife, Brandis Kemp (also late of Fridays, and now on AfterMASH). It is a quick-change stage comedy involving adventurer Crummond's attempts to foil the evil Von Bruno's scheme to manufacture huge diamonds. Mark plays several roles in this, his comedic talents suggesting, as always, that one day he'll hit it Really Big.

This amusing comedy (after spotting a drugged drink, German Brandis exclaims, "Ahh, a Wilhelm Finn!") has some hearty laughs during its 90-minute running time; and how Bullshot bullshits his way through the intermission-cliffhanger is truly ridiculous.

With lines like, "Von Brune has taken advantage of you—and I would've married you!" (the audience groaned at that one), this farce offers some light fun, especially for enthusiasts of stage comedies. (The tape contains a television credit—could this have been made for cable five years ago?)



ER!?! WELL... NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT-- I DO FEEL A BIT HORNY!....



© VERNON GRANT—1984



## BOUND FOR EARTH by A.J. Wright

On Monday morning the cemetery's caretaker found a woman's body floating several feet above its former grave. The corpse, buried just the previous Saturday, bobbed gently in the breeze like a sailboat at anchor in a peaceful harbor.

Alfred Brewer was only slightly less surprised than if a twenty-foot Christ had appeared at the end of his bed one night. After standing very still and open-mouthed for several minutes, he quickly turned and headed toward his tiny office, which was only slightly larger than a coffin. Alfred intended to call Mr. Frank Stevens, who managed the cemetery for its owner, Points and Plots, Inc.

The caretaker never reached his telephone. His route had taken him directly across numerous graves; as he reached one of the access roads, the grass over Delilah Burns (1888-1954; "The Best Is Yet To Come") opened and Delilah—or what remained of her—slowly rose into the air. Alfred's journey came to an immediate end. He stood there, a human stone, as one by one the graves released their contents like flowers blooming in a feverish dream. Within five minutes the spontaneous exhumations were complete, and all around him, almost as far as he could see, hundreds of the dead and formerly buried hovered like magicians' assistants over a giant stage. Alfred realized that something besides a practical joke was happening.

Although he could not move, Alfred was bubbling in a state mixing shock with panic. His mind stumbled over the implications and possibilities. Survivors would be forced to renew acquaintances. Wills might be subject to reinterpretation. Burial practices could be revamped. Crowds at sporting events would increase enormously. The population explosion would acquire new meaning. Faith might be vindicated.

The stone, Alfred, remained at ground level. The dead were bound for earth, the living still in committee.



# PAPOON IN '84/84

## BRIGHTON BEACH EXPRESS

(Due to extreme laziness surpassed only by extreme summer doldrums and extreme creative desperation, yours truly [ye rumored editor] has decided to combine our Papoon report with the BBE this time around, and present the following.)

### THE SUBWAY STOP TOUR

Reminiscent of some obscure past president's campaign train tactics, Natural Surrealist Party Residential candidate George G. "Orwell" Papoon and his accomplice, Mice-Residential hopeful Chuck E. "Pizza Time Theatre" Cheese rode the rails this past month, disguised sometimes as average subway patrons but more often (since the inherent rudeness that seemed to characterize that camouflage threatened to lose more votes than it gained) as Guardian Angels or pickpockets, or both. Besides, there was nothing else to do, what with prime time given over to the kick-ass DemoCon and soon to be taken up by the OlympiCon. I mean, sure, it's wonderful to watch the Mets, but as long as you can see it on the radio, you might as well Walk, Man. So they did.

The first whistlestop (termed so because the absent-minded candidate forgot his zoot pants, thereby garnering, in all probability, more attention than he would with surrhretoric alone) took place at some unbobly hour at the beginning or end (depending on whether your brain's half full or half empty) of the Brighton express-cum-local line, right in the heartland of the Isle of Coney itself, on Stillwell Avenue ("where you'd better hold it in!" said GGP of the picturesque but aromatic station). There the former marcoleptic wonder took a cue from the media delegates at San Francisco and spoke of "party diversity". "As Eris is my witness," George orated, "the last thing we need now is surrealist unity, for 'Bob's sake!'" ("Bob", somewhere on the subway as he is everywhere there's a sale to be gained, smiled knowingly.) "We tried uniting the mutant factions last issue, sort of, and we all remember the result of that!" "Right!" echoed Chuck. "Not interested! Not Responsible! Apathetic Sloths for George!" ("What is he talking about?" GGP later admitted were his thoughts at that moment.) The enthusiastic microbes on the subway floor and the fleas on the winos applauded wholeheartedly, each agreeing in his/her/its own way to promote chaos and nonconformity in every way possible—except for one, apparently human, who had seen too many Monty Python movies and said, "I'm not!" ("That's an in-joke, son," explained George.)

From there, it was a short stop to their second base ("It scores 6-4, right?" as GGP's reception of the ballgame was temporarily, and temporally, blocked), 8th St. and Surf Ave., where George addressed the residents of the New York Aquarium ("Well, I do like your rock magazine sometimes, but it's just a little too teenage for an old guy like me—eh? Oh, I'm sorry, it's with an 'i-u-m' at the end, isn't it? I knew there was something fishy going on here, heh heh..."), and even managed to pick up a few new votes when the octopii decided to vote with all eight tentacles instead of the usual six (Octo later confessed he'd been saving two for Geraldine Ferraro, "even though she never seems to make it down here from Queens, Minnesota, anymore").

Other highlights of the odd odyssey included George's insipi—um, inspired lecture on subway poster grammar ("let alone the atrocious spelling of our marvelously talented graffiti artists—say, did I spell 'atrocious' right?"), specifically attacking the multi-commaed WKTU ads ("as far as I'm concerned, all Jey Leno has done has been to help ruin the second season of Mork & Mindy, but if they're going to go with all that hyperactive hyperbole, they should at least know enough to leave out the last comma when listing a descriptive series!") and other advertising masterpieces which "clearly prove," noted GGP, "that people who can't think correctly in the first place shouldn't be telling us how to think correctly!" So there, or something like it.

A sad event was brought to light treatment during the near-victory tour, as George attempted to muster up the appropriate amount of remorse and regret ("I remember them from the vaudeville days," added CEC) when passing along the following news bulletin, come to the NSP courtesy of California Coordinary Red Woof, to his constituencies:

### RABBIT INSULTED TO DEATH AT POONS FARM

One of the two most powerful Rabbits (Rabbits,



not characters) encountered by Poons Farm, Tricky Rabbit (named after his namesake, Tricky Ricky, a funny namer from ages past), died summer solstice 1984 of severe insult.

Tricky "got out" this night and was found in the morning under attack by an emissary of Bast (from whom Rabbits derive the word "Bastard"), having received an almost imperceptibly tiny blemish to the ear on an otherwise perfect Rabbit.

Before being found by human friends instants later, Tricky placed his life in a holding position, released about 13 hours later in the tranquil summer night of St. Helena, CA.

It was not, I should assert for human benefit, that Tricky couldn't take it; it was simply that he was a perfect Buddha with the rabbit nature. Not the lead-assed Buddha obsessed with oblivion: Tricky was wild and fierce and free, even in his little cage—100% joyful at all times, tender and beautiful, and above all a protector of the young. He always taught the freedom of breathing lovely air.

Tricky's remains were placed beneath an apple tree next to the one now guarding those of his mother, Cootie, who went down in the Great Flood of Evil of 1983. They are survived by their son and grandson, Peter John, who is part Rabbit and part mixture.

Other bulletins were nowhere to be found, as prominent members of the Nat'l. Surrealist Party have apparently kept their vows of silence (self-imposed), so we'd rather not hear y'all bitching about "how come nobody's doing anything with the Campoon this year?", because YOU OUT THERE are the nobod—I mean, the somebodies to do it! Nonetheless, we are preparing more radio ads, for reading over "Audio IJ" and WREB-FM, so listen, watch, and what's that third one again?

# ZEKE the GEEK by Maxson



## JUSTICE TO GO

by Rick McCann

Well, here I was again, toolin' up to the Big Crack burger drive-in window. Ya do know the place, don'tcha? Like those fiberglass clowns that sit on the sidea the burger joint drive-in ramps waitin' for someone ta come up and make a total asshole outa themselves doin' a simple thing like ordering lunch. Well, not today. Today that clown was not goin' ta make a fool outa me—again.

I pulled my car up so we were facing each other, man to clown.

"May I take your order, please?" came a sharp metallic voice from somewhere deep inside the creature.

No way was I going to fall for that; just thinking of how many times I'd gone on to the pickup window only to find my order for a burger, fries and coke warped by the miscomputing clown into seven fries, eight pies and two chickens set my brain on an even more determined path for justice.

"Can you clearly understand me?" I articulated at a slow, clear pace.

"Do you want everything on it?" he responded dumbly.

"I did not order yet. I ask a question—can you understand me?" I repeated.

"Is this all on one ticket?" he insisted, blind to my reasoning.

"No, no," I said, voice rising, "I am talking to you. TALK-ING TO YOU. I did not order. DO - YOU - UNDERSTAND?"

"Thank you. Please pull up," he responded with his dead smile.

"Pull up? PULL UP? How the hell do you have an order? I did not order anything. I will not pull up," I ranted.

"Do you wish to place another order?" the tinny voice responded.

"Fuck you, ya asshole. I come in here ta communicate—ta give you warning after all those orders ya screwed up—I was going ta give ya a chance—but noooo, you insane piecea shit—you don't listen to me at all. Ya just put down whatever ya want and ya don't listen, do you? DO YOU?" I ranted at the top of my voice. "HAVEN'T YA FIGURED OUT YET THAT I DID NOT, NOR DO I WANT TO, PLACE AN ORDER. I am here for— for— justice."

"Do you want cheese on that?" he replied, smiling.

"GAAAAAHHHH!" I yelled, slamming my car into reverse and smashing in front of the car behind me. "You asshole—I've had it—this is the last time..." With that, I ground into first, spun the wheel and floored the accelerator, smashing head-on into the obscenely offensive clown. I reversed and ran over him again.

"There ya go, shithead, you're never gonna fuck wid me again, you— you— machine."

Just as I put the car in gear ta split before someone nailed me for this mess, I heard a muffled tinny voice coming up from the dust and debris that was once Big Crack the Clown... "Was that four or six cokes, sir?"

"YAAAAAHHHH, NO, NO, NO, HE CAN'T STILL BE ALIVE, HE CAN'T," I wailed.

But it seemed he was—and he lives on at this moment—maybe even at your local burger joint...

## BIRDBRAIN BRAINBEAU

Box 2243, Youngstown, Ohio, 44504

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## OUT AND INSPIRATION

by Ed Lawrence

Consider these words to be as bread crumbs  
Bread crumbs which I scatter behind me  
Not so that I can find my way out  
of this dark and mysterious wood  
but so that you can find your way in  
It seems less foolish to trail these crumbs now  
Now that every bird I see already has its beak full  
Full of grass or twigs for nesting  
But Beth Ann told me of a hawk  
A hawk she has seen that had its beak full of feathers  
An omen which surpasses  
even that famous olive branch  
A bird of prey  
which three black crows  
finally drove away  
Away, just before the rain

## The Poet on the Bus by Alice Ermlich

After I sit down on the front seat in the bus, a man in his fifties, sitting three seats away, waves to me. He seems familiar...is he the one who used to chase one of my women friends, broke down her door one day (he "thought she was hurt" because she didn't answer), and always smells like something between green pea soup and dirty socks?

"Hello," I say, still wondering.

"How is your writing going?"

I did tell the green pea man about working on poetry, but this man doesn't have the mannerisms of an ex-cop.

"Alright. What have you been doing lately?"

"I just finished selecting writers for an anthology."

Now I know. He's the man that ran a poetry group, wrote intellectual pieces that name-dropped, bent over, and died, and when his "wife" (they never actually shared a last name) read what she'd been working on, he'd look up at the ceiling as if he thought she were hopelessly stupid. Later, the woman was sad, and he was more prickly—they'd broken off their relationship.

"Oh? If I'd known, maybe I'd have submitted some work."

His lip gets white as he stretches it across his lower lip. He flicks his head up.

"I've already got too many writers from California."

"Really? How'd you advertise?"

He seems to wince with the word "advertise". "I'm connected with poetry groups all over the United States. I also publish fairly frequently."

"That's great. I love to get my own work into print. You know, there's a new, local literary magazine called 'Hemingway's'. You might want to put work in there."

"I know of it. I don't publish unless I get paid. I make more than four hundred dollars per year."

"Congratulations. But you know, most of those little magazines can't afford to pay writers. They're just scraping by to get printed."

"If an editor thinks a piece is worth printing then it should be worth paying for."

"I disagree. I consider those publications to be the grass roots for writers. If a piece is quality, it stands out."

"They publish garbage."

"Poor taste is the work of an editor. Is the taste going to get better if they pay? I've seen many publications that do pay writers that don't make very much sense to me, or they just don't strum an emotional chord."

David Snow, I suddenly remembered his name, looks around the bus as if he's locked into a room with an insane person. He wants out; he's angry. Uncertainly, he reaches up to pull the bus cord, but an older woman has beat him to the pull, and he scowls at her, becomes aware of his expression, and pulls a tight smile over his lips instead.

"Well, I guess those magazines are a good enough place to get started."

"They're good for references, too."

"No publishers take them seriously. I have many publisher friends, and all they care about is whether the work is good or not. Using those for past credits is worthless."

"That's odd. When I raised my hand in a conference, and asked a publisher from Bantam about it, he said it was good to list anything and everything you've been published in, and I've taken his advice by including the list along with my novel. I'm just hoping someone will take it."

David abruptly stands up, and the smile is gone.

"Those magazines might be a place for work others won't publish. I wouldn't take them seriously."

David leaves. He's made a lawyer's exit (leaving quickly, saying his last words, and if you're at a table he'd leave you there with a half-filled glass). I ponder him, and the conversation, for a moment, take out a pen, and begin writing. The woman sitting behind me leans over the seat, reads the first paragraph, and laughs approvingly.

"I knew it," she says, unembarrassed about her impulsiveness.

(ED. BOARD NOTE: The above story does not necessarily reflect the opinions of some of us on the INSIDE JOKE editorial board!—KIP M. GHESIN)

# Smashed Watermelon

by Audrey Parente

Like two striped watermelons balanced precariously on cushioned, pink leotard thighs, Patty's buttocks bounced through the final phase of a rigorous, rhythmic aerobic routine. 'Five-foot-two and eyes of blue,' and all that jazz, didn't compensate for Patty's 180 pounds of jello-flesh. Nor did her shoulder-length brown waves add any particularly slimming quality to the rotund shape she wished could be reduced with these weekly sweat sessions. And most depressing was the appearance of her six-foot blonde friend who sauntered in for tonight's session wearing the same green and pink striped sale leotards from Caldor.

Patty bent to pull up the green leg warmers bunched around her ankles, pulled on her trench coat and headed for the door.

"Wanna go for a Coke and pizza, Lynn?" Patty asked the blonde.

"Sure," replied Lynn, but, of course, Patty knew Lynn would only order a diet coke while she pigged out.

It was the same every week at Lazy Louie's Pizza Parlor, three store fronts away from Antoinette's Aerobics. In between were Doris' Drapes and Hudson's Hock House.

"Alliteration," Patty mumbled, "it's enough to make a person puke." She giggled.

Lynn looked blank.

Patty sighed.

"What are you going to do this weekend?" she asked.

"Remember the guy I met at the fashion show? The one who I told you I thought was gay? Well, he's asked me to go to an author's party."

"Oh yah, what'd the author write?" Patty asked aloud, but, "of all the luck," she mused in silence.

"I dunno," Lynn answered blandly.

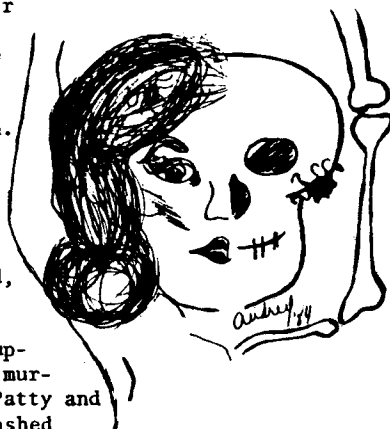
Patty smirked and fought off a nasty comment waiting at the tip of her tongue. Instead she just said, "How nice."

Patty thought of the new paperback in her trench coat pocket which she would be reading over the weekend, maybe even the book whose author Lynn would be meeting.

Wiping the last bit of tomato sauce from the corners of her lips, Patty wiggled from the booth and followed Lynn onto the sidewalk outside Lazy Louie's.

The smell of burning rubber and the screech of brakes came before the pain from the impact of the red sports car which mounted the sidewalk and plowed into the two women. Patty looked at Lynn's mangled torso and whispered, "This reminds me of a poem by that famous author, Audrey Parente. Exercise. You can stretch, you can bend, but Death'll get you in the end." Patty died.

"Maybe that's who I was supposed to meet this weekend," murmured Lynn. She glanced at Patty and thought she looked like a smashed watermelon. Then Lynn died too.



# CLEO

by Cynthia Cinque

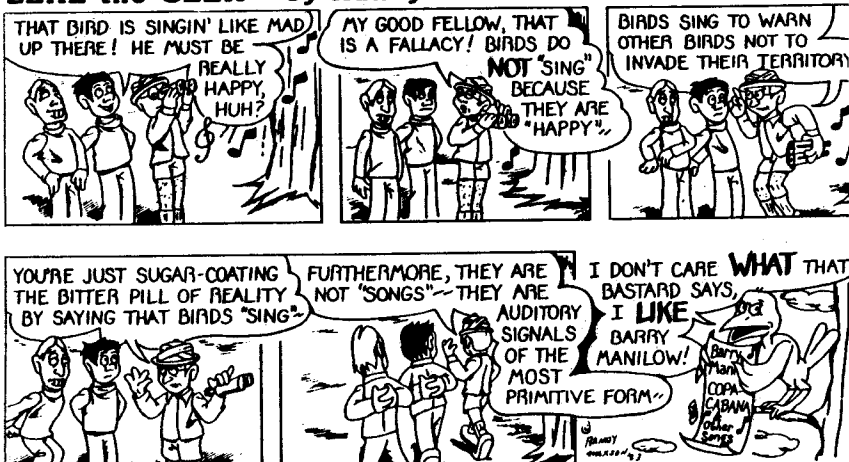
My bird is dead. Her name was Cleo; she was a finch with white feathers, an orange beak, and orange feet. I have not buried her—she is still in her cage, stiff and quiet and laying on her side. I feel nothing for her right now. I don't know why. I don't want to complicate what I don't feel. I have had too much psychotherapy from too many fools. When I force myself to look deeply I start to fabricate. Let it suffice to say that I feel neutral and calm. I will bury her tomorrow under the hedge outside my door. Or I will throw her in the dumpster, cage and all. Sometimes I respect dead bodies—and sometimes I don't.

Do not be too hard on me. I am a nurse and I can't help some of the things I do and feel. I was trained and broken—early. In fact, if the truth be known, I am responsible for her death. Three days ago, I decided to give her a bath because she was dirty, so, consequently, I put her under the shower. The steady stream of water caused her to go into shock; she crouched in a corner of the cage and shivered. Her eyes were half-closed and glazed over. I remember feeling enormously guilty. I remember thinking, "That's what the nurse in you does. You feel driven by murderous glee to wash her and get her clean." I remember feeling sympathetic and guilty and tried to drum up my memories of all the cute, loving things she did. In trying to feel what I did not feel my actions became a charade. Then I said to myself, "What does a nurse do with a patient who is in shock?" I decided to rub her and wrap her in a warm towel. After an hour her eyes became alert, like two little specks of coal. She flew out of the towel but not without shitting on my hand. She flew behind the bookcase, and then back to her cage. I noticed that she did not sing as freely, almost as if she, too, were reminding herself of how she was supposed to act. She paused between each warble, as I paused between each feeling of guilt, trying to feel sympathetic and really only feeling guilty.

I had earlier called Dr. Westermeyer, the vet, and he told me that finches are delicate, that they can live 8 years but the average life span is 3 to 4 years. He also said that if she flops her tail up and down she probably has a cold and if she puffs herself up she may have pneumonia. He told me to cover her and put her near a heater, which I did.

It is odd. But now that I have decided that I just felt guilt or that I didn't feel anything, I have started to cry. And it is not because of her orange feet or her bravery or freedom or pride, but because...

## ZEKE the GEEK by Randy Maxson





# Sayz-U! (Letters)

Dear Elayne,

I hope you can get Clay Geerdes back in his cage again. He's a great attraction, whatever his "shortcomings". Like Anni Ackner, I also find him the most consistently entertaining IJ writer.

ROBERT WOLLARD  
1356 Sulphur Springs Av., #4  
St. Helena, CA 94574

(I have never believed it to be my policy to coerce writers into staying, and as of this writing, it does look as if Clay has decided to move on. He, as all ex-staffers, is welcome to return as a contributor to IJ in the future.)

Elayne—

I take exception to your comment that we "would rather not get involved with opinions..." and "would rather just sit back and be entertained." You asked for a lot to express an honest opinion on dozens of different people. I've read IJ on and off since the days of Floyd and steadily for about two years, and I couldn't place half of those names. Did you want us to pull out our back issues and research? (ED: As stated in the questionnaire, the listing of names went back only to the contributors of the past five issues, spanning less than half a year.)

Look at the form itself. It's so full of names and blocks it makes a 1040 form look like "My Weekly Reader." In fact, I was intimidated by it.

I'm sure that many of us-out-there just didn't feel that we could give you all of the information you wanted. Rather than leave it incomplete we didn't complete it at all. (I never stated you couldn't leave it incomplete, did I?)

Giving one's opinion when asked for it is something most everyone likes. It makes us feel important. I talk to those people with clipboards in the mall and fill out and mail those marketing research postcards I get (if they're postpaid). 10 or 15 questions I can handle, Elayne, but not an archival history of every contributor.

I recall that you were disappointed by the response to prior questionnaires. Maybe you're right in that we want entertainment. So why not make the questions entertaining and simple. We spud boys and girls don't want to think too much for our dollar. Don't be mad at us.

Till later,  
JOHN R. SCHARFF  
P.O. Box 502  
Holloman AFB, NM 88330

(John, while I can understand and even agree with many of your points, like the format of the questionnaire—I didn't know how else to fit all the names, though, and I didn't want to leave anybody out—I was quite taken aback by your final remark. All along I've been putting out IJ under the assumption that it was intended for people who wanted to think, who weren't satisfied with the 'simple'! If I've been wrong about this, please, I'd like to hear from more of you...) Greetings Elayne,

I LOVED THE COVER, like Reagan a la Clash...good shit...no shit. Mike Gunderloy's piece was way cool too...interesting new twist to an old (let's hope it don't come true) prediction. Candi Strecker's video views on the mark with something I had been thinking for a long time about the video-music concept. If the music cannot stand on its own merits before the video, then I think what a lot of people do when watching MTV (or the like) is more being sold on a film, which they will never see when they play the record later, rather than being exposed to quality compositions. The eyes often overpower the ears and I feel a lot more could be done with MTV material.

The idea of poetry mixed in with stories, rather than separated, appeals to me. If this new layout was an experiment, it's got my vote for future use....Bestingly,

RICK MCCANN  
P.O. Box 839  
St. Cloud, FL 32769

Dear Elayne,

I really must commend everyone on IJ #31 (or at least all those who contributed in some form or another). My heartfelt enthusiasm I mostly reit towards Clay Geerdes on "The Switch" and to Anni Ackner.

But most especially, I enjoyed Jo Aphasia's "Further Encounters with My Feet". If I didn't know better (which I don't) I would swear that she was collaborating with Georg. Some lines just can't be copped ("...but why is that woman throwing cheese at me?"). Echoes of Rhona? I certainly would like to see Syd top that.

Oh dear, I believe we are in for quite a storm. Tut-tut pluviae impendent.

Always,  
PRUDENCE  
10331 Wilde Lake Terrace  
Columbia, MD 21044

Dear Elayne,

Thanks for IJ30. I just got around to reading it yesterday, so I don't imagine my questionnaire reply (which I am sending under separate cover—deep cover, actually) will arrive in time to counteract the flood (trickle?) of ill-informed, ill-considered, uncritical replies (i.e. replies which differ from mine in any way, however slight) which you have no doubt received by now.

I hope Rudy Rucker's writing will become an irregular feature of IJ. Tom Gedwillo of Lincoln (who should know that a certain IJ contributor has had certain poems published in certain nationally distributed publications) seems to have missed the point of my comments concerning the poetry (& other writings) in IJ.

As you were,

PETER ROBERTS  
243 Rockingham Rd.  
Pittsburgh, PA 15238

(Hmm, I think I may have missed the point as well, Peter...I think it may be because it's not what you say, it's your 'tone of voice'. If

you criticize constructively, people can counter you; if you appear to mainly bitch and moan without any basis, people will take offense. I do seem to sense, though, from looking at your first paragraph here and some of your poetry, that this may just be a peculiarity of your sense of humor, which seems to have fooled us all. If not, then please, don't let me interfere—we haven't had a nice clean feud in IJ for a long while...) Dear Elayne,

Thought I would jot down some thoughts on the last few issues of IJ, since those are the ones I have on hand.

Sorry I didn't send in the questionnaire, but as you know, by the time I got the issue the new ish was already printed. Frankly, I don't know if I would have replied anyhow, since I'm not too crazy about rating writers/artists on a scale like movies. While you can measure one film against another (even things as diverse as a Hitchcock and an Edward Wood, since the medium has certain qualities necessary to produce a "good" film), taste in writers is far more subjective. Unless one attempts to be totally objective (using Goethe's criteria of criticism), such a rating is useless, and IJ hardly seems the place for objectivity.

Bravo, your decision to be more selective about material! Far too many issues have been filled with material that barely reached the level of mediocre. While this statement may seem at odds with my earlier ones (on rating writers), they aren't, at least to me. As a reader I can allow personal/political/etc. bias to decide how much I like or dislike each individual piece; you (as both editor and publisher) are answerable to the readership as a whole, and therefore a more objective/professional judgment is necessary. (Do I make any sort of sense, or have I lost you as well?)

Have to admit to mixed feelings about the serials. While I agree with you that some of the continuing stories were attempts to stretch out one-column pieces into "staff positions", I hope that I can look forward to some more quality pieces like Steven Scharff's "Mr. Allen's Airship". Frankly, I believe that my fondness for "continued stories" comes from my "addiction" (to the wonderment of my girlfriend. Ahem!) to comics, a medium in which the "multi-part saga" and mini-/maxi-series are the norm. (Wait a second—when did I ever say I didn't like comics? Aw geez, now look at all the folks that'll jump down my throat for this one...thanks a bunch, love...)

Since I no longer have MTV, I have to get by with those rock videos (sliced, diced and edited) that pop up on regular commercial TV. However, I still find Candi's column one of my favorites. Like Anni, she cuts through so much of the bullshit and allows these tube-tired orbs to see things a little clearer.

I'll really miss Clay Geerdes, and only hope he'll be back. So, too, dear Brian Pearce, who continues to make a name for himself in comics fandom as a regular contributor to the most popular fanzines.

Glad to see you've done away with the poetry page, and simply begun using various pieces as filler where space permits. Frankly, I've never been one for poetry (leaving that sort of stuff to my ol' college buddy, S.H. Otis), so I generally skipped the entire thing, unless I spotted a name I recognized. Integrated into the page layout, I generally read them and hope you'll keep things that way.

Naturally enough, being a comics fan, the more cartoons you run the better. However, I think I can safely say all of us here in IJ-Land are looking forward to the likely return of John Crawford and, of course, Baboon Dooley.

Finally, a quick run-down of my favorite pieces, in no particular order: "Mr. Allen's Airship", "Cat War", "Confessions of a Confused Revolutionary", Anni's "Purple Porse's Majesty", "Dark Wings Over Easy" and "Routing the Reagan."

Well, that about sums it up for me on IJ...

STEVEN CHAPUT  
USS Butte (AE-27)  
FPO New York, NY 09565

Dear Elayne,

It's awful the way these things work out sometimes. It really is. I mean, there I was with an entire week's worth of vacation—I hardly need add, I think, that when one is afflicted with a job such as mine, a week's worth of vacation, multiplied by factors of stress, overwork, lack of sleep and energy expended in valiant efforts not to hit the Mistress of the National Sales Manager in the belly with a brick, can equal three or four years of relaxation, to say nothing of removing several really important points from the blood pressure and lowering a rising gorge—a week I had planned to spend curled up in syberatic luxury at my favourite New York hotel (the Gramercy Park, in case anyone is planning a visit, the sort of hotel in which stay rock musicians of comfortable means and quiet tastes—with the exception of the late Keith Moon, who once, legend has it, tossed an entire bed out of one of its fourth story windows—millionaires with an eye towards understatement, and out-of-towners too clever to camp at the Waldorf), sleeping late, taking in a show or two, laying waste to any second-hand bookshop foolish enough to let me near its shelves, and viewing every Picasso in the city before they all vanished to that place in Spain, a week to which I had looked forward with the anticipation of a gourmet stranded in Cleveland, Ohio who has been promised a trip to Lutèce, and what happened? At the very last moment, just as I was laying out clean undergarments and wondering whether or not to take along my little radio, I was afflicted with a Visitor From the Coast.

Oh, you know how it goes. Somewhere along the line—you can never quite remember how, in the same way that you can never really recall just why you acquired that hideous little green hat—you meet what appears, at first glance, to be a nice enough woman from Canoga Park, California, and you say to her, in that casual way of yours, "Oh yes, if you're ever on the East Coast, do look me up." Of course, you never expect her to do so, that being one of those half-witted pleasantries people use more or less AT each other, like "How are you?" and "What's new?" and "Where did you get that adorable green hat?", when there's a

lull in the conversation. Everybody knows that no one expects to get a literal answer, or wants one or, rather, everybody knows it except nice enough women from Canoga Park, California, who, it seems, take just about everything at face value, and exhibit truly frightening tendencies to ring up long distance (reach out and crush someone) and announce that they are coming along on vacation with you, and won't it just be fun fun fun for you to show them all around the City.

Now, as a matter of fact, and in all honesty, I really don't mind showing most people around the City. Like most native New Yorkers, I'm disgustingly provincial about my home town, however stridently I may claim otherwise, and I get a sort of kick out of showing it off, and showing off how well acquainted I am with those marvelous little out-of-the-way places that most tourists don't get a chance to see and, if I have even a halfway appreciative guest, I don't make at all a bad guide, if I do say it. Please note, however, the operative words "halfway appreciative guest".

The Halfway Appreciative Guest, not to put too fine a point on it, by my lights is one who extends some modicum of effort towards seeing her guide does not, after a day or so, develop a strong desire to push her under the oncoming traffic on 42nd Street. She realizes that her guide is doing the best she possibly can under the circumstances, that her guide has neither special dispensation from Hizzoner the Mayor nor the ability to leap tall buildings at a single bound, that the purpose of travel is to see new and unusual things with as open a mind as she can possibly dredge up and she acts accordingly. As such, the Halfway Appreciative Guest does not accompany her guide to the single best Italian coffee house in Greenwich Village, order a coke, and spend a couple of hours complaining about how dark it is in there. The Halfway Appreciative Guest does not demand tickets to CATS and then sulks when the best her guide can do on such short notice is LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS and THE FANTASTICKS nor does she laugh at her guide—who has been known to weep copiously at movies about noble horses—when that guide emerges bathed in tears from THE FANTASTICKS, and intimate that SHE herself would rather have seen CONAN THE DESTROYER. The Halfway Appreciative Guest does not insist that all she really likes about museums are things like dinosaur bones and then, when her guide shleps her all the way up to the Museum of Natural History to look at the brontosaurus (in which her guide is as much interested as her guide is in a scenic tour of Michael Jackson's finished basement) insist that they have much better bones at their museum back in Canoga Park. The Halfway Appreciative Guest does not make faggot jokes on Christopher Street, Chink jokes in Chinatown and wop jokes in Little Italy. She does not refuse all food except hamburgers and ice cream, forget to leave tips in restaurants, demand to be taken up to the Bronx Zoo in the face of her guide's careful and panicky explaining that you might just as well go visit the zoo in El Salvador while you were about it and, when her guide, at the end of her rope, tearfully asks her if there isn't anything she'd like to do, anything at all that would meet with her approval, shrug and say "Gee, I don't know." And most of all, above everything else, The Halfway Appreciative Guest does not go on vacation when she knows she is ill, and, consequently, give her guide a ripe case of the Galloping Glands.

Well, you can see, I think, why I just haven't been Myself these last few days. It's been a long, hard couple of weeks, my friend—I can't stress that strongly enough, just in case anyone was wondering exactly how sorry he or she should feel for me—and I am still recuperating. I pass these dreary, convalescent days all alone in my sickroom, tired, battered, bruised, swollen, and with nothing to enliven my spirits at all except last month's IJ. (Say, that was a good one, wasn't it? I do believe I'm getting better at those transitions.)

And I did, of course, enjoy last month's IJ. My very favourite thing was Georg Patterson's rash of Reagans (how I love alliteration. It makes me go all over poetic) on the cover, not the least because here, at last, is another person who appreciates the redundancy of the lateral "e". It's always nice to run across a kindred spirit.

Then, of course, there were all the wonderful Randy Maxson cartoons (three of them—sheer bliss, as far as I'm concerned), Deborah Benedict's television article, Clay Geerdes—who, happily, did not offend me this month. I was awfully uncomfortable when forced into the position of picking at him—A.J. Wright (who really is a master of his particular form. I wish I could say so much so briefly and so well), and the usual collection of zanies, lunatics and all around good folks, without whom my life would be considerably more dull.

However, so you won't begin to think that I'm even less of Myself than I claim to be (there had to be a more graceful way of phrasing that), I did have a few small Complaints about last month's issue:

- It wasn't long enough;
- I have, after much soul-searching, come to the conclusion that, like the joys of computer programming, the thrills of cross-country skiing, and the pleasure to be had from waiting on line for eight hours in order to purchase tickets for the Jacksons' Victory Tour, the point of Robert Hale must ever remain a mystery to me;
- The caption to Brian Pearce's cartoon on page 18 was, in my copy, completely obliterated, leaving me unable to get the joke of the thing. Hey, I'm only married to the man—I don't for a moment pretend to understand the twistings and turnings of his mind.

Other than that, though, I got along rather well with last month's IJ. Should my temperature climb any higher than it already is, I might even be tempted to offer it a bottle of Schweps.

But you'll excuse me now, I hope. It's more than past due time for me to slip away, swallow my antibiotic, and brood grayly out the window, pondering, as I must these days, the options for my next vacation. Ideally, I'm looking for a place where no one, no matter how lonely or desperate, will want to accompany me. At the moment, I'm giving serious consideration to El Salvador.

Do sympathize.

Formerly,

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

Dear Elayne,

Thanks loads for the comp issue of INSIDE JOKE. Especially liked TV Fall Preview and Mad As Hell. Larry Fizz is my kind of people. Of course, your Brighton Beach Express really hit close to home—an elderly Jewish lady beat me mercilessly with the copy you sent not a block from my apartment. And speaking of those annoying Spanish ads in the subway, did you know that the Puerto Rican community demanded the ouster of Rosalyn Snitow from the Preparation H ads because she really didn't have hemorrhoids? I was leafing through a copy of paginas amarillas the other day (the phone company thinks the name Goldstein sounds Hispanic) when I spotted an ad for Goya foods. Seems they're looking for people to work for them. The working conditions are good, but the job doesn't pay beans.

Anyway, thanks again for the issue and put me down for any subsequent editions—and bill me later.

Love and knishes,

"Harry Von Zell" aka  
GARY DAVID GOLDSTEIN aka  
Luther McCall  
1901 Ave. P, #4F  
Brooklyn, New York 11229

(Sorry, Gary, subs don't work that way here, but it's okay, it takes a little time to catch on...This might be a good time to interject that I did, in fact, receive several letters in response to my speculation in last issue's BBE to the effect that Chicago's transit system and Bay Area Rapid Transit in SanFran both have lines that run elevated and underground [and I should know better, having ridden BART]—thanks for the corrections, or whatever...)

Dear Elayne Wechsler and Inside Joke Readers:

I DARE YOU TO PRINT THIS!!! Mildred Neptune's REAL last name is: SCHROEDINGER!!! Yes!!! It's True! She is the daughter of that Schroedinger! She made her way to the top by climbing on empty cans of 9-Lives and Purina 100. Yes! I'm not afraid to reveal that I know about this woman. I think Inside Joke readers should—must—be warned about her and her "heritage".

The woman is a menace to the community! And her little cat too! Put that in your snipe and poke it!

BAXTER FROBISHER  
1128 Woodrow Wilson Drive  
Hollywood, California

(Shucks, I was going to guess "Schickelgruber"...)  
Elayne—

Here's an idea—instead of doing thematic trips like the Murdoch thing as part of IJ proper, why not have 'em separate? Expansion is what IJ needs more than alteration, I think, else it's sorta like always havin' the sun go behind the same cloud, over 'n over. Besides, if you did that, you could put 'em together with more leisure - "Omni's Festinado Ex Parte Diablie Est," ri'? Or, as we say at FreeKluck, "Deadlines Make Dead Lines!" (Pending having enough money to do this, I'm all for the idea. You folks?)

So Rucker's lookin' for the "secret of life", is he? Heh heh—some "secret"—it's a rare day that anyone doesn't bang into it half a dozen times before lunch. The clues are everywhere—the trick is to ACT ON 'EM. It's what was writ on the big stone tab = "Thou Shalt Not Be An Asshole"...

Life here at Chao's is effortless and defrazzling. Reading Crowley and "Book of Tokens" (to work on my Eristicartoon Tarot-for-Lafta Yoga Freeks deck) (see latest "Dog-Boy" from Steve Lafler for details) and grokking Gong tapes for brain food. I'm still crazy as a waltzing teapot, but I ain't up-tight anymore. Avoid shrinks who want to make ya "normal"! Just means you're too numb to care - the anxiety is still there, it's just disguised as ambition = "Be A Winner"; "Go For The Gold". Nasty...De-sixtiesfication is rampant = Michael Jackson hyped in the effort to erase any memory of Jimi Hendrix, plots to destroy the ghost of Jim Morrison by having John Lolt-Volt-A do his film bio ("Hey...like, I'm d'Lizard King, huh?")

Chao Tzu's video library is INCREDIBLE... "Meatballs" (with its primo anti-anxiety mantra "It Just Doesn't Matter"), "Animal House", "Foul Play", "The Three Musketeers" (Lester's), all the Python ("Jabberwocky" is the best expose of O.Inc. ever made!), "Dark Star" (with its manta of perfect acceptance of the Chao-Tao-Mow: "My jet pack's busted! Aw, man..."), and, natch, "The Rowdyman", the faint-but-glorious ripple in the flag of Canadian film-making.

Avoid cocaine! It is not good magick. Even Crowley couldn't dig it. See "Outland" for details (Sean C. playing not "The Law" but the LAW - "Do What Thou Wilt").

Well—zat-zit, so I'm gonna split. Print this in IJ if ya like. ("O.K. by me, lady")(the Philip Mariborough-man mantra).

Best of lux,

ROLDO  
1232 Downing St.  
Winnipeg, Man. R3E 2R7 CANADA

Dear Elayne:

Led Zeppelin is on the radio singing that it's been a long time since they rock & rolled, and it occurs to me that it's been a long time since I've written a loc for IJ. ("Loc" stands for "letter of comment", for the unfamiliar.) In fact, I see by the deadline that it's more than likely been too long, but I'll send this along anyways on the off chance that you're behind schedule on your publishing, even as I myself am.

Of course I'm in favor of your abdicating the FAN NOOSE column. You shouldn't have to do all of that work. Honest, I have only your own best interests at heart here. What other motive could I possibly have?

Anni and Kerry's columns were wonderful as usual, but the biggest laugh I got out of this issue came from Susan Packie's THE TAKEOVER. Your recent shuffling of staff members does seem to have resulted in a smaller but superior product, even if that idiot from Medford did get on the list somehow.

And a big raspberry for whatever copier did #31, since it managed

to run six pages over the edge in my copy. If you paid for this "service", you got ripped off.

Maybe in August I'll be able to get something in for the letter column before the deadline. If you're really lucky, I might even write something funny.

In Hallucinogenico Veritas,

MIKE GUNDERLOY  
41 Lawrence Street  
Medford, MA 02155



## BASEBALL'S White Lines

by Tom Gedwillo

ROCK AND ROLL'S ETERNAL GAME: A BOX SCORE

TEAM LENNON					TEAM MORRISON				
	ab	r	h	rbi		ab	r	h	rbi
Brian Jones, 1b	3	2	3	1	Duane Allman, cf	5	3	3	2
Johnny Horton, cf	5	3	2	1	Tim Buckley, ss	4	5	3	5
Marc Bolan, 2b	4	1	4	1	Sam Cooke, 3b	4	3	3	4
Jim Croce, c	3	2	1	4	Bobby Darin, 1b	5	2	4	6
Jimi Hendrix, lf	3	1	1	1	Bob Marley, rf	3	3	3	1
Terry Kath, ef	3	3	3	5	Marvin Gaye, lf	2	1	2	1
Gram Parsons, 3b	3	1	3	1	Ritchie Valens, c	3	1	1	1
Ronnie Van Zant, ss	3	3	2	1	Buddy Holly, 2b	3	2	2	1
Elvis Presley, p	3	0	0	0	Phil Ochs, p	2	2	2	1
Donny Hathaway, ph	1	0	0	0	Eddie Cochran, ph-cf	1	0	1	0
Clyde McPhatter, p	0	0	0	0	Keith Moon, ph-c	1	1	1	1
Gene Vincent, ph-ss	1	1	1	2	Johnny Burnette, p	0	0	0	0
Otis Redding, p	0	0	0	0	Harry Chapin, p	0	0	0	0
Dennis Wilson, p	0	0	0	0					
Totals	32	17	20	17	Totals	33	23	25	23

TEAM LENNON.....	2	5	0	0	4	3	3	0	0-----17
TEAM MORRISON.....	3	5	3	3	1	2	2	4	X-----23
	IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO			

Team Lennon									
Presley	6	18	17	17	2	2			
McPhatter (L)	1-1/3	3	2	2	3	0			
Redding	1/3	4	4	4	1	0			
Wilson	1/3	0	0	0	0	1			
Team Morrison									
Ochs (W)	7-2/3	17	17	17	3	4			
Burnette	0*	2	0	0	0	0			
Chapin (Save)	1-1/3	1	0	0	0	2			

\*Pitched to 2 batters in eighth

Game-winning RBI----Darin  
DP----Team Morrison 1. LOB----Team Morrison 3. 2B----Kath, Hendrix,  
Ochs, Buckley, Darin 2, Van Zant. 3B----Cooke. HR----Kath,  
Vincent, Darin, Moon, Cooke. SB----Marley 2, Holly, Buckley 3.  
22 SH----Croce. SF----Croce. T----3:23. A----666.

## Optional Ending

by Eva Jones

The timing was all important...that and the locale. There were so many choices. He could do it at a concert. She had season tickets for the symphony performance on Thursday. Her seats were in the back row. If he picked the right moment when the cannon went off during the "1812 Overture", who would hear a shot?

Perhaps it would be less obvious in a movie, he mused. A few drops of poison in the popcorn, nothing really painful. Too risky. Suppose by some quirk of fate he accidentally nibbled on the wrong piece himself? No, the movie was out. He sucked on his pipe thoughtfully.

"George...want to join me for a walk?" Doreen called as she walked down the staircase wearing her new pink jogging outfit that she hoped would help melt her excess forty pounds. "Wouldn't hurt you to get into shape, too." She patted blonde hair as she stopped at the mirror at the bottom of the steps, applying more pink lipstick to her already well-covered mouth. "You look like your mind's miles away...sometimes I think you're off somewhere in your own world, a place with just you and your computer."

"Actually, I was thinking of you just now. Going to the concert this week?"

"Yes...any chance you can join me? There's probably no need for me to even ask. There's going to be an exhibit of watercolors and acrylics in the lobby...supposed to be very avant-garde."

"Let me just check my schedule." He pulled out his wallet and extracted a small calendar. "Can't make it this Thursday. I have some research to do at the library. Special project has to be finished by the end of the week."

"You will be able to come to the party Friday evening, won't you, George? I've been looking forward to it. I get kind of tired of always showing up by myself. Couldn't you make an effort for a change?"

The petulant whine with which he was so familiar, the you-never-do-anything-I-want-to-do nag was going to get into full swing, he realized.

"Princess, I'll be delighted to escort you, and I'll be positively charming to your friends. I won't mention that I've heard Fred's story about his son getting knocked down by a bus at least a dozen times, or that I've already had the joy of reading his 9-year-old's manuscript on bees, or that I'm aware of his problems in raising two kids alone. I shall sit at your feet in the gazebo and fan you like any devoted swain would do." What kind of poison would be appropriate for barbecue sauce? Fred's garlicky sauce was generally strong enough to hide anything...Then, too, there were rosebushes in Fred's backyard...a little something on the end of one thorn, a slight scratch...

"OK. For once I'm going to take you at your word. Now it's time to hit the trail. You might consider using the lawnmower while I'm gone. The forecast said he could have a thunderstorm later...and the checkbook's on the counter by the letter from Aunt Maud in case you'd like to balance it," she called as she topped out the door.

He looked at the clock. He should have at least an hour of peace, since Doreen spent much of her jogging time gossiping with anyone she might run into. All the running in the world wasn't going to help her figure, not with her fondness for eclairs, and a jogging route that tended to take her past a bakery. Now there was a thought...poison in a piece of pastry.

He sat in his easy chair conjuring up scenes that gave him immense pleasure...Doreen being stuffed into the cargo hold of a freighter bound for China...Doreen strapped to the top of a train just before it went through a low tunnel...Doreen stabbed by an icicle in a deep freeze...Doreen being electrocuted by a sudden shot of electricity as she fumbled with her typing on her electric typewriter...Doreen snoring away as an empty syringe gently injected air into her veins...Doreen being attacked by a vicious guard dog...No, that sounded too brutal. No point in making her suffer, despite her many faults and irritating habits. Something painless and quick would be much more humane.

His mind flashed to scenes of himself in mourning at a grave site where he had provided a lavish display of flowers. Fred and Doreen's other insipid friends tried to comfort the grieving widower. Attractive women he might meet elsewhere might also want to cheer up the widower...women like the dark-haired one who worked in sales and wore skirts that showed part of her slim thighs...a girl interested in computers.

George was sitting in the same position in the same chair, smoking his pipe, the lawn uncut, the checkbook unbalanced, when his wife came in breathlessly, dripping water from hallway to living room.

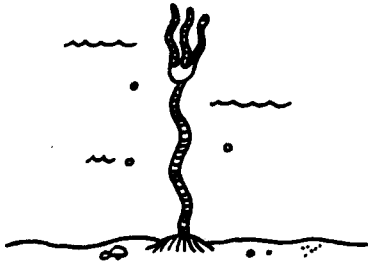
"Hi, darling. I almost missed the rain. It just started to pour down when I got to our corner. Say...I've been thinking, maybe we should get Carl—that freckle-faced kid down the street—to start cutting our grass. No reason you should have to bother with it. After all, we can afford it, and you're not fond of doing it. Neither am I. What do you say?"

"Fine. I won't miss mowing the lawn. I'd rather exercise my brain. See anyone you knew on your trek?"

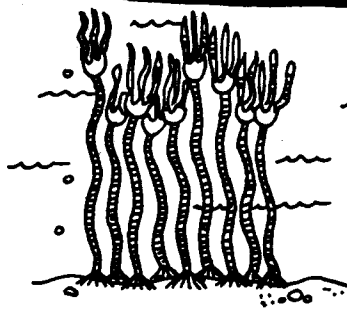
"Well, I ran into Fred. He's delighted that you're coming to his party. Now you're really committed, George." She kissed him lightly on his bald spot. "And since you don't like all the garlic in his barbecue sauce, we're going to make a special batch just for you, guaranteed not to upset your stomach."

Doreen touched the small package in her pocket with the fingertips of her left hand and smiled faintly. After the barbecue dear George would not be troubled with lawn-mowing, indigestion...or anything else, for that matter.

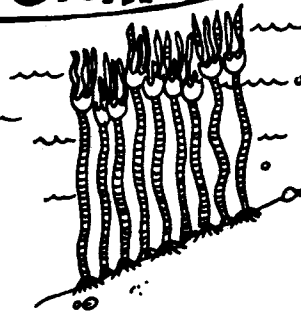
# THE MUDMOUND STORY



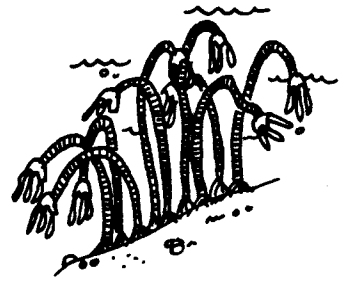
The story begins with the crinoid, a marine animal living some 350 million years ago. ("Marine" refers to its living underwater, not that it was found "from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli"). Obviously this was before animals decided to look like animals, instead of plants.



Crinoids were gregarious,



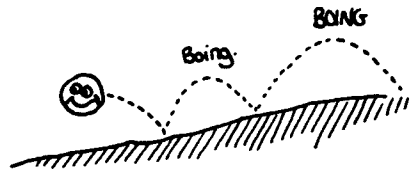
lived on sloping ocean bottoms...



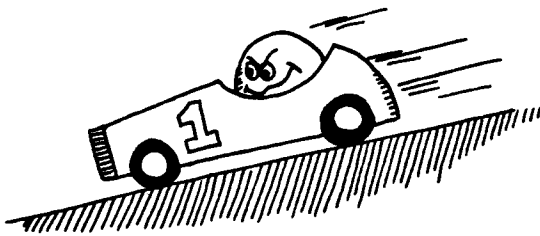
...and were occasionally seasick.



This is a particle of mud.



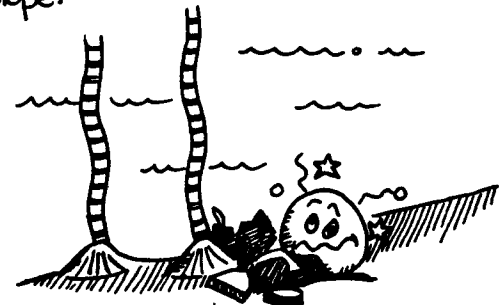
It, and others like it, enjoyed moving down the slope.



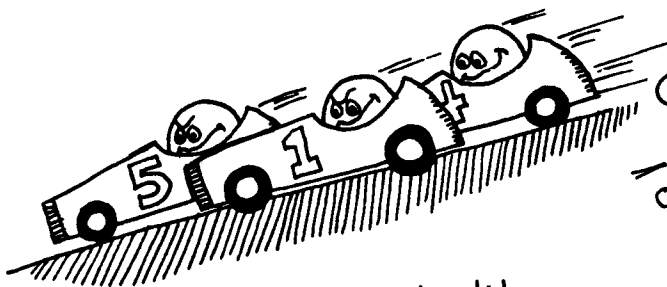
Imagine the mud particle zooming down the slope in a go-cart. The mud particle is under the influence (of gravity) and can't stop...



until it runs into something...



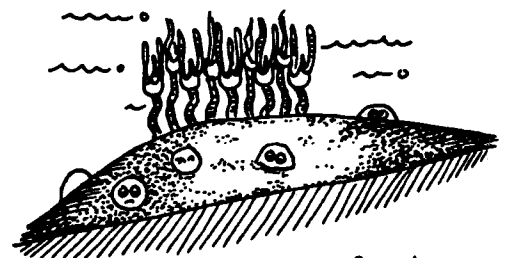
like a crinoid.



Of course, there were many mud particles...



...and many crinoids.



Soon there was a mound of mud particles built up around the crinoid forest. Over millions of years, this mound became rock, and developed a personality something like an economics professor's.



This is a mudmound.

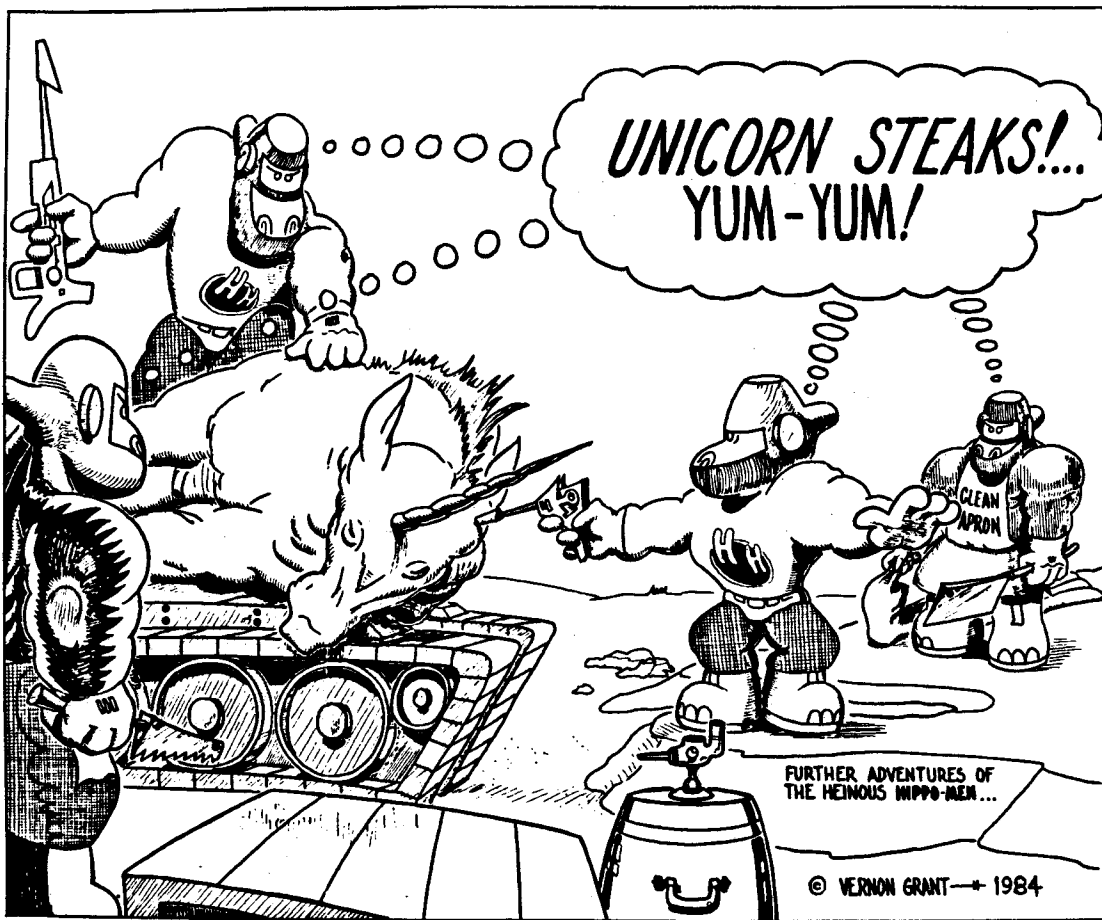


This is a chocolate-chip cookie.

The two are similar. However, the mudmound is bigger, and shouldn't be eaten.



Of course, today we are dealing with buried mudmounds. They are oppressed, and deserve your support.



# INSIDE JOKE

c/o Elayne Wechsler

P.O. Box 1609

Madison Square Station

New York, New York 10159

## an ancient prophecy fulfilled

"happy birthday to you, hap—what?  
It's not? But aren't you——?  
Well, then, if you—who are you?"

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What Happens to Reality When a Schizoid Ballerina Gets Locked in a Room with a Duck?

She alone has the power to save paradise.