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A newsletter  
of COMEDY  
& creativity



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## ACKNOWLEDITORIALETC.

To paraphrase Hannibal Smith of TV's oft-fabled A-TEAM, "I love it when everything falls into place." Welcome to the Fall Prev-You issue of IJ, dedicated (to get that piece of business out of the way first) to Richard Burton and also to those hardy souls undergoing voluntary de-programming at the Betty Ford Center for Wealthy, Obsessive Alkies and Drug-

## -UPCOMING EVENTS-

Thanks to Mike Gunderloy for furnishing some of the dates below - If you have an upcoming birthday or other event you would like listed, let me know by the next deadline! Thanks!

- OCTOBER 10 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #34  
OCTOBER 13 - Paul Simon (43)  
OCTOBER 20 - IJ Goes LA (This time for sure!), 2 weeks  
OCTOBER 22 - ANNI ACKNER (31); TOM GEDWILLO (33);  
Dementia Praecox Day  
OCTOBER 25 - Pablo Picasso (b. 1881)  
OCTOBER 26 - DEREK TAGUE (22)  
OCTOBER 27 - ROBERT WOLLARD (44)  
OCTOBER 29 - Richard Dreyfuss (37)  
OCTOBER 31 - Hallowe'en (IJ Sacred Day)  
NOVEMBER 1 - Author's Day (est. 1928)  
NOVEMBER 2 - Daniel Boone (b. 1734)  
NOVEMBER 4 - MICHAEL PINTO (19); Will Rogers (b. 1879);  
Art Carney (66)  
NOVEMBER 7 - JOHN R. SCHARFF (27); Joni Mitchell (41)  
NOVEMBER 8 - RICK McCANN (35); Katherine Hepburn (75)  
NOVEMBER 10 - MARK LAMPORT (30)  
NOVEMBER 11 - CANDI STRECKER (29); Kurt Vonnegut (62)  
NOVEMBER 12 - Elizabeth Cady Stanton (b. 1815)  
NOVEMBER 16 - JIM TAUSCHER (40)  
NOVEMBER 17 - JOHN CRAWFORD (29)  
NOVEMBER 19 - Dick Cavett (47)  
NOVEMBER 21 - Magritte (b. 1898); Voltaire (b. 1694)  
NOVEMBER 22 - Thanksgiving - Support Your Local Turkeys  
NOVEMBER 23 - Possible POST-THANKSGIVING BASH FOR HOMELESS  
HIPPIES at Apt. Third Eye - invite only (?)  
NOVEMBER 26 - TONY RENNER (24)  
NOVEMBER 27 - Jimi Hendrix (b. 1943)  
NOVEMBER 28 - William Blake (b. 1757)  
NOVEMBER 29 - PETER BERGMAN (45)  
NOVEMBER 30 - Mark Twain (b. 1835);

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #35

And for those of you who keep track of these sorts of things, be advised that October will mark IJ's 4th Anniversary...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* INSIDE JOKE is put on hexaweekly—booga booga!—by Elayne "Stop  
\* showing Candidate Pamphlets in my face already!" Wechsler and fel-  
\* low mutants and emerges as usual from the Burro of Brooklyn, Nueva  
\* Jork—home of Shang Chai, the best kosher Chinese restaurant in  
\* town!—and thank "Bob" it's autumn at last!  
\*\*\*\*\*

\* EDITOR-IN-RESIDENCE.....ELAYNE WECHSLER  
\* PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....STEVEN CHAPUT  
\* HEAD XEROGRAPHER....."UNCLE WIGGLY"  
\* FRONT COVER: JOE SCHWIND//BACK PAGE: ANTI-AUTHORITARIANS ANON.  
\*\*\*\*\*

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SUSAN PACKIE	GEORG PATTERSON	ROLDO
STEVEN SCHARFF	CANDI STRECKER	KERRY THORNLEY
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\*\*\*\*\*

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\* WRITERS'/ARTISTS' GUIDELINES AVAILABLE FOR SASE  
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Users—guess some people just can't handle the stuff...

Ah well, the same has been said of INSIDE JOKE, I suppose. One thing I've seemed better able to handle lately—more from better personal budgeting and luck than from any discernable increase in income or reader donations—is monetary outlay for postage and the like, which spells good news for youse in the true trickle-down sense (always carry an umbrella!). Whilst brainstorming with Bernadette Bosky recently, I lamented the fact that IJ has not been able to extend a break in the direction of those whose names appear on the "Other Contributors" listings. I've been aware for some time that most other publications give out free "contributors' copies," but due to a number of factors (IJ's by-issue subscription arrangement, the fact that we often have fewer than 20 paying subscribers whose work does not appear in the IJ for which they're paying—by the way, SUGGESTIONS FOR INCREASING PAYING BY-ISSUE SUBBERS ARE SOLICITED!), I didn't think I could handle the extra dinero. Well, we hit on what I think is a fair compromise to all concerned, so perk up because here follows a new IJ "POLICY STATEMENT"—yes, Something New Has Been Added!: INSIDE JOKE will still be free to staff writers and offered in trade, one-for-one, to comparable editors. For the time being, subscriptions will still be on a per-issue basis, and will cost \$1 until further notice (rumors again fly of postal rates rising). HOWEVER, IF YOU SUBMIT WRITING OR ART FOR AN UPCOMING ISSUE OF IJ, YOU HAVE THE OPTION OF SENDING IN YOUR DOLLAR OR 2 OUNCES' WORTH OF POSTAGE (37¢ stamp at present) FOR THE ISSUE(S) IN WHICH YOUR SUBMISSION APPEARS. I hope, perhaps by next year and depending on how much non-contributing subscriber interest we can drum up, to eventually give out free IJ contributors' copies, but for now, both Bernadette and I thought this change would be at least a little kinder to contributors than we've been in the past. So again, that's \$1 "regular" subscription, optional \$1 or 37¢ in stamps for contributors, exchange copies 1-4-1 to comparable editors, and freebies for staffers. PLEASE let me know what you think of these ideas!

As far as boosting subber support, I'm considering laying out a certain amount of money perhaps quarterly to send out a publicity teaser of sorts to the multitude of folks who have sent for IJs in the past but from whom I haven't heard of late. Suggestions and ideas warmly welcome for this as well!

All staffers are present and accounted for this time, including Tom Gedwillo in the "OC" column,\* whose writing will be back next time; I would say, though, that the letter column is probably our highlight this issue, so enjoy! Also of note is Kris Gilpin's horror movie script, some nice poems by new contributors, and Andy Amster's "Celeb Computers"; as IJ #33 will go to press before the official opening of TV Season '84, my semi-annual review should appear next time.

Other upcoming highlights may include the insertion (at last!) of real honest-to-gosh photographs, provided I can get the camera and film (& film processing) I'll need by the time I leave for California. I do hope to rendezvous with as many IJ folks as time permits while in La-La-Land and SanFran, and I will be writing Youse Guys with itinerary details, but any photos of this hysteric voyage will have to wait to make their appearance until issue #35, BECAUSE...

Because (said the Queen of Segue) the deadline for IJ #34 is October 10 (again, because of my 2-week holiday, please try to get submissions in a bit early...e'en so, #34 may come out a little late so I'd like to beg indulgence in advance). Contrary to the beliefs of some poor misguided souls, IJ no longer accepts every submission that comes its way, so if you're not certain what to send, send for the Writers' and Artists' Guidelines. Very needed are short pieces, spot illustrations (or easily reducible illos), and BACK PAGE FILLER ART!! A front cover has not yet been lined up for #34 either, so if you're interested, PLEASE ASK ME FIRST, first come first served and all that...Thanks muchly to J.C. Brainbeau, Steve Chaput, Georg Patterson and Alix Bishoff for their \$\$ generosity towards this issue—any and all donations (monetary or otherwise), information on the availability of certain kinds of drugs in the NYC area, and commentary can be directed to me at the address below:

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

Thanks to Steve Scharff, Spencer Pinney and Pete Sherman, the only IJers to attend our open-invite EXISTENTIAL PARTY on August 31; to Mike and Mildred Moslow for their visual delights on September 1; and to Dave Ossman, a truly charming and wonderful gentleman, for a lovely time during a weekend I've normally spent switching channels on Jerry's Kids...

\* Sorry Tom, misplaced your stuff - all will run next issue!

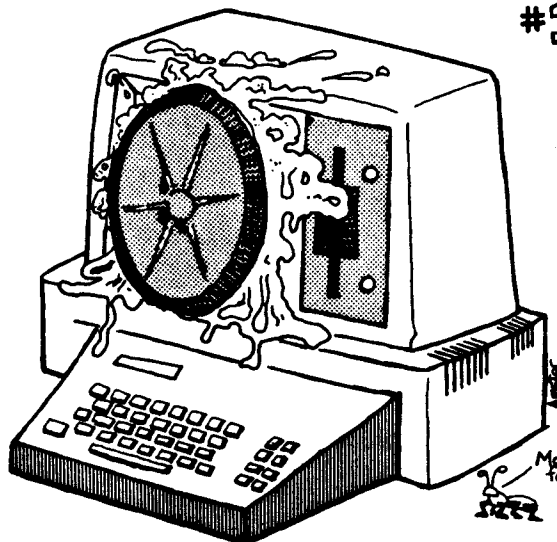
One of those "quel nifty" announcements I adore leads off this installment of "FM": The next issue of **THE TUBER'S VOICE** (Route 1, Box 327, Dixon, CA 95620) won't be out until next January, says Elder **Bob Armstrong**, "due to two very time-consuming circumstances: 1) We're all working on a Couch Potato sequel book for Avon and there's a big deadline to contend with; 2) Patty and I just had a kid last month (a girl named Claire—our first) so things couldn't be busier...Needless to say, all of this is having an effect on my viewing schedule." Unknown as yet which programs will be used to wean little Claire...

**Michael Dowers** sent along the latest comp copies of the self-portrait mini **OUTSIDE IN**, looking as always for contributors—"Make your portrait 7x5, high contrast art only...All contributors will receive at least 3 copies of the book you appear in. **OUTSIDE IN** already has a good start, and you can help keep it alive!" Send queries and pics to 3615 Phinney N., Seattle, WA 98103...If you caught the first few issues of **THE UTNE READER**, you might not recognize it now. **Eric Utne**, **Julie Ristau** and an amazingly talented and professional editorial staff have turned the newsletter into a bimonthly, 125+pp comprehensive review of just about every contemporary issue imaginable and a few beyond! Covered in #5 (summer '84—\$4 to P.O. Box 1974, Marion, OH 43305) is the Green Party, the "Aquarian Conspiracy", sustainable shelter, human rights in Nicaragua, the Ku Klux Klan, Project Censored, Einstein, even caffeine and computers (separate stories)—plus nice complete reference listings on many and varied publications. Quite a buy, and quite a magazine!...Gleaned from **FACTSHEET FIVE** (plugged below) is a wonderful bit of image-evoking writing and art from **Jim Woodring** called, simply, **JIM**. Issue #2, put out in June, sells for \$1.50 and is neatly hand-written and illustrated—excellent, in a surrealistic sort of way. The last page is a scream. Send to P.O. Box 10075, Glendale, CA 91209... So you think **Hamlet's** been dun-2-death in every way possible by now, eh? Well, wait till you glimpse **Steve Willis'** loving treatment in his serialized comic book series **THE TRAGEDY OF MORTY, PRINCE OF DENMARK**. Great stuff! Write to 385 1/2 Irving, Pullman, WA 99163 for info...Some outstanding political collages of **G. Michael O'Hara** are now available in a collection Garrett calls **PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS**—for details write P.O. Box 811, Junction City, KS 66441...Is fun real when it's an excuse to sell ad space for hyper-plugs? It is when **REAL FUN** (#2) prints comic strips like **Zippy**, strange stories and reviews of Japanese animation, and distributes itself free through **CONSTANT CAUSE** (P.O. Box 15243, Philadelphia, PA 19125) and **INDEPENDENT PUBLICATIONS** (7001 N. Clark, Room 323, Chicago, IL 60626); it isn't when ad space costs \$25 for a mere business card sized spot on up to \$150 full-page. I'm still waiting for a well-distributed mutant ad-outlet that takes into consideration the limited finances of Most Of Us out here...An active, progressive, literate punk movement in Alaska? Come on. No, really! See for yourself—send for "bill boxed" **WARNING** (P.O. Box 102993, Anchorage, AK 99510), \$1 for #11, chock full...A lot less so, however, is a thrown-together slop-punksheet called **NEWSSHORTS**, free and worth as much, featuring the usual reviews of bands nobody's ever heard of, available from folks who apparently don't believe in actual names either but can be found at P.O. Box 1028, New York, NY 10028... More in the mainstream is the **Paul Griffin**-edited **KALX PROGRAM GUIDE**, free from the station (U. of California, Berkeley, CA 94720)...For short, capsulized reviews, try **QUICK TAKE**, an 8 1/2 x 11 sheet put out intermittently and free (?) by **Tony Renner**—who's one busy guy since assuming editorship of the only music fanzine I read and enjoy all the way through, **JET LAG**. #47 is still \$1 but has expanded to 8 1/2 x 11 from the previously digest-sized #45 (did you guys skip a number?)—both are available for \$1 from 8419 Halls Ferry, Penthouse Suite, St. Louis, MO 63147...Mooray, another new mini from **Matt Feazell**! The workaholic cartoonist known for creations like **CUTEGIRL** and **CYNICALMAN** brings us the story of **ANT BOY**! for a pittance of 25c—send off right away to Matt at Box 5803, Raleigh, NC 27650...Getting slightly weirder is **John Eberly's** **CARTOON BRUT** 3 mini, 50c worth of pure surrealist art from P.O. Box 7243, Wichita, KS 67218...And weirdest of all is the latest collage comic from **Joe Schwind** (P.O. Box 8781, Shawnee Mission, KS 66208), all about **JOHN BROWN'S STUDENT BODY**, featuring the origins of the Kansas College of Collage—highly recommended! Send a buck or so...I've said it before, but it bears repeating—**Mike Gundert** **FACT-SHEET FIVE** makes this column pale in comparison. It just keeps getting better—don't know how Mikey does it for only \$1.50. Ackner fans take note: Anni does a splendid column for this too. Send to 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155 for #11...It seems the quarterly **NEW SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER** (v.2#6, sample copy \$1 to 400 S. Laurel St., Richmond, VA 23220, SASE for Writers' Guidelines) has appeared, for no positive reason I can discern. Below expectations, but editor **Charles Lohmann** has published some nice prose and poetry in the past so maybe this was just an off-issue...Coming right along is the third issue of the Canadian-based fanzine **CAREFULLY SEDATED**, trying, I think, to rise beyond fandom but considering much of its readership I have my doubts. Still, **Cathy Crockett** and **Alan Rosenthal** do deserve support, there's always nice stuff by **Roldo**, and I'm perpetuating a somewhat amusing feud in the letter column, so send \$2 or a contribution to 117 Wanless Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4N 1W1 CANADA...Time for the regulars: **CONTACT #42**—**Elliott Leighton**, P.O. Box 9248, Berkeley, CA 94709 (singles, \$3—Deborah Benedict's stuff appears here sometimes); **GOOD DAY SUNSHINE #23**—**Charles F. Rosenau**!! 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511 (Beatles, \$2); **MONKEES/BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB #5**, 54—**Jodi Hamrick** (secy.), 508 8th St., NE, #4, Watertown, SD 57201 (sample Issues 50c + SASE; dues \$8/year); **THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN #s 20, 21**—**T.S. Child**, 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 ("the magazine to which no superlatives apply" and you better believe it!), free but worth much more so send "em sumpin"); **OVERTHROW V.6#3**—**Youth International Party**, P.O. Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013 (A Yippie Publication, \$1); **SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #52**—**Richard Geis**, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211 (semi-pro, definitive SF review zine, \$2.50); **WALL-PAPER V.3**, #s 3 through 5—**Amy Sweeney**, P.O. Box 3324, Trenton, NJ 08619 (best surreality in NJ, & maybe even the East Coast, 25c donation but they too deserve more!). Hmm, that's it already? Guess so—bye!

# -Fan Noose

## CELEBRITY HOME COMPUTERS

#1



Jerry Lewis'

### The Origins of "THE KID" by "Kid" Sieve

Most of my friends, and not a few of my opponents, know me by me current nom-de-plume which appears on the above by-line. Naturellement, 'twas not always so. But when you grow up saddled with "Benedictina Silverstein", you seek refuge any way you can.

I always liked the Old West. I remember having a full-size poster of Annie Oakley in my room when I was little. I was real popular at Cowboys 'n Indians when I was small, 'cause I was the first one on my block to learn how to lasso and 'cause I'd even play the Indians. And although much of my respect for the mode of dress was lost during this country's last "Urban Cowboy" phase, the halcyon days of Indian fringe were my favorite. I would fantasize about riding the range with Roy (well, not actually Roy, but someone a few decades younger who sang Stones songs real good) and drinking all that weird stuff they served in movie saloons before some guy was tossed out of a fake glass window. Needless to say, I absolutely blissed out on "Zachariah" and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (even if what's-her-name rode around on bikes with Paul Newman and in bed with Robert Redford, neither of which actor was my type anyway). It was the idea, though, the freedom of jes' gettin' on them horsies and bustin' off to some unknown cardboard-cutout ghost town with only the fronts of buildings, and hungry for a heroic sheriff...

I was told, in no uncertain terms, that this was no place for a girl to daydream. Never mind that it actually got me kissed at age nine by the boy playing deputy, after I singlehandedly saved him from the attacking tribe of vicious Comanches (whose feeble attempts at stealth and cunning never came close to my previous week's brainstorming as the leader of the Indian Amazons). Never mind that I preferred wearing hand-me-downs because old, worn-out dungarees always looked better when it came to saddling up those logs that served as makeshift steeds. I mean, after all, I was nearing that time every mother dreads and every daughter used to face like doom. In those days, for you younger gals out there, there would always be somebody in class who could "tell" if you "had it"—this is all pre-beltless...and quite awkward when you tried to wear a second belt to hold up your holsters. Mom started mumbling warnings about how jumping on those posts would cause me to "lose it", although I believe I knew at that point that wouldn't even happen from toilet seats! That was also when I fell in love with Mr. Hagstrom, my history teacher.

Mr. H (yes, our class had the market on that particular nickname years before "The Greatest American Hero" was a gleam in Steven Canell's mind) was, of course, married, with those Kennedy-like kids that so many mid-20's guys had in those days, just like the ones in all the cereal commercials. His wife even wore pillbox hats to PTA meetings, my mother told me. One of his sons was in my youngest brother's class and they were sorta friends, but that didn't really enter into the way I felt about Mr. H. To tell the truth, though, I don't know whether I loved him or his neat books more; I used to sneak in to read his supplementary Old West texts after school sometimes. He caught me once or twice, but he'd just say, "Well, that's real nice, kid, why don'tcha run along now?" He was the first person to ever call me "kid", and I decided it was the best cowpoke name I was ever gonna have.

Things changed for us all in November of '62, and for our school in specific the next year, when Mr. H was gunned down by the tenure board for "unorthodox teaching methods", or something like that. I'm still not sure which event made me cry more. But cowpokes don't have much time for tears, and I had a legacy to carry on...

# DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

## THE I.J. WRITER'S QUICK WEIGHT LOSS PROGRAMME

As socially backwards and inept and completely out of the swing of things as I, admittedly, am, still, I have not been able to keep from noticing (though I've tried like a little trooper) that there's a lot being said these days - not much of it especially interesting, unfortunately - on the subject of dieting. Honestly, were I the sort who indulged in conspiracy theories (as I most definitely am not, having given up that particular hobby when it was pointed out to me that my pet theory concerning the connection between the Pulitzer Prize Nominating Committee and an old high school English teacher of mine was probably way off base), I'd begin to suspect that Something was Seriously Afoot here, what with new diet and weight loss (there is, they tell me, a Subtle Difference between the two, one which, like the difference between Reagan and Rockefeller Republicanism, I am unable to fully grasp) and exercise programmes popping up left and right like ragweed blossoms in an otherwise perfectly good vacant lot, and formerly reasonable people discussing them with the fervor and intensity that used to be reserved for things like who had managed to get tickets to the latest Media Event and the easiest way to reach that place across town that dished out the marvelous hot and sour soup. Really, it's all enough to put one off one's food.

It isn't, you know, that I mind that there's never any good gossip on the talk shows anymore, as all the starlets are too busy chatting about how they lost seven pounds in half as many days by living exclusively on papaya juice and soy bean cutlets to trouble to tell us anything we actually need to know, like whether they really are sleeping with the columnist that gave them such a tender little write-up in yesterday's paper. I'm willing to live and let live on this point, if only on the ground that I can assume much juicier goings-on without their confessions than I can with them. And I don't particularly care that the top five spots on the best seller list are consistently occupied by books that invariably contain the words "A New, Slimmer You!" in their titles, because, in my experience, the programmes outlined therein are generally more antic and amusing than the plots of the sort of novels we used to get. I can even live with the given that, at nine out of ten dinner parties I attend, someone, at some point in the evening, is going to initiate a rousing debate on liquid protein, but I do think that, when four Grown-Up Adults are forced to eat at the same grimly cheerful Greek diner every night for two weeks because one of the four insists on dining upon three ounces of ground beef, half of a canned peach and a lettuce leaf, and this is the only place in the immediate vicinity that will serve it to her (it's nearly always a "her", most men seeming to have enough sense of self-preservation to avoid pitfalls of this nature, which may be the only viable reason with which anyone's ever come up for NOT passing the E.R.A.) without first forcing her to sign a notarized General Release Form, then things have gone just about far enough.

The problem with most of these diet and/or weight loss programmes (allowing, for the moment, that it's possible to lose any appreciable amount of weight on any of them which, as most Experienced Dieters will tell you, is more or less like allowing that Lyndon LaRoché is a presidential candidate) is that they don't take into consideration the way Real People actually live. Ignoring all existing evidence to the contrary, the creators of these programmes (oh, come on, girl. There must be a better word than "creators". Programmers? Inventors? Dominatrix? Well, maybe there isn't, at that.) just go merrily along, blithely assuming that Real People, upon rising at 7:00 in the morning with an entire working day in front of them, are capable of prancing into the kitchen and measuring two ounces of hard cheese and then eating the filthy stuff, or that Real People will be able to subsist solely upon meat, fish, eggs and cream for several months without having to take out a small second mortgage in order to pay the grocery bills, or, at the very least, coming down with a case of That For Which The Almighty Made Preparation H, or that Real People will be able to coerce their friends into eating at the same grimly cheerful Greek diner every night for two weeks because...well, you get the idea. I mean, you might just as well blithely assume the existence of the Good Calorie Fairy and have done with it, and it's no wonder, when you think about it, that Lane Bryant hasn't had to give up and go into the air-conditioning repair business. For a programme of this type to work, it seems to me, it must be based on the normal lives and eating patterns of Real People. And so, in the spirit of If You Can't Beat Them, Go Over Their Heads, as a public service, and because the People who write for this publication are more Real than anyone you'd ever imagine (even allowing for Kip M. Ghessin), we now proudly present what we are pleased to call:

## THE I.J. WRITER'S QUICK WEIGHT LOSS PROGRAMME

In order for this Programme to work, it must be followed absolutely to the letter, with no substitutions. Remember, this is not just a Programme of Eating Patterns, it is a Programme of Mental and Emotional Attitudes, so try to adjust your psyche accordingly, and pay particularly strict attention to the instructions for Feelings and State of Mind. Do not see your doctor before embarking on this Programme, unless you possess the sort of back that enjoys being laughed behind, in which case you might consider forgetting the whole thing and taking out a subscription to the Village Voice.

### DAY ONE

**BREAKFAST** - 1 cup plain yoghurt. (This does not mean Whitney's cherry yoghurt, or that chocolate stuff someone just came out with, or anything else you might conceivably enjoy eating, it means plain, unflavoured yoghurt, as cheap and slimy a brand as you can find. The more it resembles human mucus, the better.)

Black coffee. (Unless you prefer your coffee black, in which case, load it up with heavy sweet cream and sugar.)

**LUNCH** - One order of whatever Chinese dish you most despise. If you

would sell your mother to the gypsies in exchange for a plate of sweet and sour pork, have the egg foo young. If you crave moo goo gai pan, stuff yourself with beef and broccoli. It is a well-known fact of Dieting that anything you eat that you don't like automatically contains less calories than if you did like it.

**DINNER** - One order of anything that won't embarrass you in front of your friends, as long as it does not include bread, butter, wine sauce, potatoes, pasta, or, in fact, anything that might make it look appetizing or taste like anything other than that variety of K-Rations that reputedly wiped out more of America's overseas armed forces than Adolph Hitler. Leave half of it on your plate and make sure that all of your dinner companions know that you are on a diet, and understand fully the extent of your self-sacrifice and will power. If necessary, read them the calorie and carbohydrate counts of everything you put in to your mouth, so they know precisely how much they should admire you. Refuse dessert, but help yourself to a spoonful of everyone else's (if they don't immediately offer, look longingly at their parfait glasses and sigh), remarking that you really shouldn't, but just a smidgen couldn't hurt, because you've been so good all day.

**MIDNIGHT SNACK** - Two Certs or 1 brushful Colgate (regular or winter-fresh gel).

You should, on this First Day, attempt to maintain an attitude equally balanced between buoyant hope and martyrdom. Picture yourself in a little size 6 Kenzo something. Imagine yourself in the arms of one of those men who currently won't look at you because you wear a larger sized bathrobe than he does. Tell yourself that you don't care if you never eat another bag of M&M's again. Repeat to yourself that you are a fey, fey elflike thing that exists on rosepetals and the morning dew. Take two Seconals and go to bed at 9:30.

### DAY TWO

Repeat DAY ONE, but substitute Italian food for Chinese at lunch.

Your attitude today should lean somewhat more to the side of martyrdom than it did yesterday, with a touch of reality tinged with self-pity thrown in. Picture yourself in a little size 10 Kenzo something. Imagine yourself having dinner with one of those men who currently won't look at you because you wear a larger sized bathrobe than he does. Tell yourself the M&M's will still be there when you finish the miserable diet. Remind yourself that you are an Adult, Sophisticated Woman who has more important things to think about than eating. Watch anything that happens to be showing on HBO after midnight and chew on a box of Kleenex tissues.

### DAY THREE

Repeat DAY ONE, with the exception that, if you've been doing this right, it should be impossible to find anyone willing to dine with you, and you shall have to have dinner at home alone.

**DINNER** - 1 quarter cup canned mandarin orange slices (drained).  
4 ounces broiled scrod. No butter.  
1 can French cut string beans. No butter or salt.  
Ice water.

Panic should be setting in just about now, and self-pity should be rampant. Picture Orson Welles in a little Kenzo something. Imagine yourself hacking the man from the previous evenings into bite-sized chunks and having him on a bun with Secret Sauce. Admit to yourself that M&M's mean more to you than life itself. Pretend you are a member of the French Resistance Forces and the Nazis have cut off all the food supplies. Contemplate baking the television set. Cry yourself to sleep.

### DAY FOUR

**BREAKFAST** - Same as DAY ONE.

**LUNCH** - Two Big Macs OR two Whoppers OR 27 White Castle regulars.  
1 large fries.  
Shake (any flavour, but chocolate is better than vanilla).  
1 half pound M&M's (peanut are preferable to plain).

**SNACK** - Triple-scoop ice cream cone.  
**SNACK** - 1 large bag Double-Stuff Oreos.

**DINNER** - Soothing Pink Pepto-Bismal (as needed).

There should be no mental attitude at all today. It must be done in the spirit of LOST WEEKEND, with a great surge of relief at the first bite of hamburger, then no feeling whatsoever. Eat as quickly as possible, and try not to even taste the food. Pass out at 11:30 p.m.

### DAY FIVE

Nothing at all until 9:30 p.m. Then: 1 pint vanilla ice cream.

Guilt, guilt and more guilt. Call yourself a failure and a big, fat slob. Take off all your clothes, stand in front of a full length mirror and weep. Tell yourself that no one will ever love you, and it's no more than you deserve. Weigh yourself 10 or 12 times. Consider writing a letter to the brothers Ringling and inquiring as to whether they're in need of a jolly fat lady. Starve yourself all day as punishment for your sins, but have the ice cream at night because, after all, it can't hurt, since you haven't eaten anything all day.

### DAY SIX

Prepare **BREAKFAST** as in DAY ONE. Look at it for a long, long time. Contemplate the little Kenzo something, then contemplate the previous five days. Find a picture of Gertrude Stein and one of Jackie Collins. Hang them on the refrigerator. Ask yourself like whom you would prefer to write. Find a picture of Santa Claus and one of Adolph Hitler. Hang THEM on the refrigerator. Ask yourself which one you would prefer to see coming down your chimney with all his helpers. Seriously wonder about the native intelligence of a man who can't see what a lovable, talented person you are because he's too busy worrying about the size of your bathrobe. Fix yourself two eggs (any style), some toast, and maybe some bacon or a piece of sausage. Relax. Watch Phil Donahue.

You may or may not have lost some weight by following this programme but, in either event, we can almost guaranty that you will have lost any desire you might ever have had to lose weight, and are now ready to go out and live a happy, normal I.J. writer's life, cultivating amusing friends, indulging in intellectual pursuits, and enjoying the sort of food you like, in the quantities you desire, with-



out feeling as though you ought to turn yourself into the F.B.I. afterwards, and without causing your companions to wish to empty a plate of blini into your lap. If, however, you have not reached this stage, please be assured that, unlike most diet and/or weight loss programmes, you may repeat this one over and over indefinitely, until you get the point home to yourself. We here at DIARY OF THE ROCK FRIEND wish you all a comfortable, fulfilled life and now, if you will excuse us, there's a certain Japanese clothing designer to whom we have decided to give a piece of our mind.

J.S. ONANS

by Remington Murphy

My name's Jack Onans  
and I've come to say  
my praise is no man's  
by the light of day.  
Grave Milton loves me  
and my Thomas Gray  
when I pound my iambs  
on the page unsparingly.  
For I know my Latin,  
as all scholars must,  
for a phrase should fatten  
with inverted lust.  
True warriors of equity,  
the Romans loathed enormity:  
Catullus, Horace, Martial—  
not a sexist in the barrel!  
For those who would aspire  
to tread the Hill of Fame,  
by wary of hellfire  
and rein the beast of shame.  
For no one loves an ass,  
Rome proved, who diddles with his horse.  
What's my name, you ask?  
Jack Stiff, of course.

flag(ged) down  
by G. Michael O'Hara  
hoisting  
the black flag  
—leaving be  
the red  
and  
forgetting  
the white—  
raises  
the question  
yet  
razes  
the suggestion  
why  
hoisting  
any flag  
at all  
is  
worth  
the effort  
let alone  
the waving  
of...  
...goodbye.

## BAD (L) IN BONDAGE

by Prudence Gaelor and Rodney K Dioxin

our story so far: After failing to kill St. Jerome, our hero decided that he needed a vacation to mellow out. So, he lashed himself to an iceberg and set off from the South Pole for Easter Island. However, he drifted off course and crashed into the Galapagos where he was held prisoner for several weeks in Iguana Castle. Having needlessly massacred all the inhabitants (or—having run out of inhabitants to massacre for sport—) he went out hunting for prey and was taken in by Chloe, Mistress of Penguins. It was here that he discovered the sinister plot afoot; someone was planning to turn all the black clothes in the world orange! Experiments had already been done on the penguins and on Chloe's habits; several of the penguins had gone blind as a result and had been unable to see their way clear to obliging Chloe. After giving her a hand, so to speak, our hero saw that not even his flightsuit had been spared. And in a flash he knew what to do—head for the only fashion expert he knew (his ex-buddy Officer Friendly) for advice.

His name (or his fists) struck fear and awe into all who heard it. He was a man with a mission. He was called...  
KERMIT THE MARINE.

episode 9: (Kermit hides up in Officer Friendly's private elevator. The nauseated look on his face plainly showing his disgust, appalled at the magenta vicuña fur interior. As the elevator slows Kermit checks his greasepaint, unsheathes his chakram [Arabian punch daggers] and prepares to pounce. When the doors open, however, two very short women clad in oversized remaindered STAR WARS armor grab him, pin him to the wall and bite him in the spleen. Their hunger for violence satiated, they drag him further into the apartment.)

KM: Guess I'll have to bite the bullet and talk to the Officer. Oh well, I've bitten worse things and lived.

OF: Tell me about it, Kermy. (The women fling KM to the purple carpeted floor.)

KM: Acch! I hate purple!

OF: Perhaps you'd prefer orange, Kermy darling.

KM: If you don't stop calling me that I'll...

OF: You'll what? Stop speaking to me? Hold your breath until you turn purple?

(At this point, KM gives up on OF and turns to St. Jerome, who's seated nearby working on his latest tome "The Vulgate Jean Genet".)

KM: Hey, wouldja tell this wuss that I'm here on a vital mission, one that he obviously already knows about? And ya can tell him that

if I find out he's involved I'll cut out his pancreas and feed it to the penguins.

SJ: Quid inter alia est?

OF: You forget yourself (would that we could all be so lucky). Dear Jerome may write every language on the planet, Kermy luv, but he still speaks only Latin. There just isn't much call for conversational Latin these days; plays hell on the chat shows trying to find translators...

KM: Lissen bitch, will ya just cut da shit and tell me whatcha know about this orange clothes plot.

OF: Me know anything? I was referring to your flightsuit. All those years and you never told me that you liked orange. Actually, your name has been popping up quite a bit lately, Kermy dearest. Jerome and I were in the park having a cigarette after, when this strange little man came up to us, demanding to know how he could get revenge on you. I told him that your dislike of orange was so intense that you'd walk around the block to avoid a Burger King. Well, can you blame me? It's not like I thought you cared or anything. Still, I never thought I'd see the day when you'd be bested by a half-crazed Asiatic launderer...

KM: Crap! I shoulda known it would be him! This is gonna be the end of the line for you, Dog Fu! I gotta run. (and so he does, out the door and into a waiting elevator)

SJ: Thank you, Friendly. You've been very helpful. Alas, we won't be requiring your services for too much longer. It was a blast, tho. (pulls out a gun)

OF: You lied to me; you said that you could only speak Latin—all those translators! Oh! A .357 automatic. Not very original, is it? Dear me! I should've listened to Kermy. He always said you were common...

(Meanwhile, down in the lobby, the elevator opens and Kermit runs out and smack into the very same crazed Asiatic launderer that he was looking for.)

KM: Oof, my head.

DF: Oof, my head.

KM: I already said that.

DF: Ask me if I care, you diseased running-dog oaf.

KM: Wait a minute—that voice, those fuzzy bunny slippers, the tacky Oriental robe, orange as far as the eye can see...Not So Fast, Dog Fu!

DF: But I'm standing still, you moronic Marine.

KM: Don't play dumb with me smartass, I'm better at it than you are!

DF: While I'm trying to figure that out, would you mind getting your hobnails the fuck off my bunnies?

KM: Not until you tell me why you're out to get me.

DF: All that time, all we meant to each other—and did you call once?

KM: I lost your number.

DF: It's in the book.

KM: I lost the book. A UFO came down and pointed this phaser beam at me and said, "The book! The book! I've come for the book! Give it to me so that I can fulfill my destiny!" So I gave it to him. I mean, really, he wasn't specific. Besides, he was only a fuckin' stoopid alien anyway.

DF: You lie. You found someone else. But that's okay, Jerome's probably finishing him off as we speak.

KM: Die, you jealous bitch. (pulls out his Uzi—shoots DF)  
(Kermit knows that time's of the essence so instead of waiting for the elevator he runs up the stairs to OF's penthouse and bursts into the room screaming, "you wuss, he's mind, I saw him first," and swinging a sword madly. He hops the heads off of several innocent geraniums. Then he sees OF, tied to a chair facing a giant projection TV screen, being forced to watch seemingly endless showings of E.T. and not only that but to translate it into Latin.)

KM: You sow!! That's so cruel.

SJ: Speak for yourself.

(OF moans quietly from his chair.)

KM: I'll save you, sweet Genevieve.

(OF moans softly again.)

SJ: Moan louder. I can't hear you. After all, I've got to have some fun. I'm probably going to die for this.

KM: Yeah, and it's not gonna be any fun at all. Not for you, at least. I'm here to see that you pay for harming this sweet, innocent thing.

SJ: Innocent my ass.

KM: That's a good idea. We'll start with yer ass.

SJ: Stop that—don't be such a tease.

KM: Really lookin' ta get kicked around, aintcha?

SJ: Please. Please.

KM: No! (he starts laughing)

SJ: You are too cruel!

(As E.T. ends, OF snaps out of his Spielbergian trance.)

OF: Can I say something here?

SJ: Don't interrupt. Piss off!

KM: You can't talk to my Genevieve like that.

SJ: I know I'm unworthy, but please allow me to be your humble servant.

KM: Serve this, asshole! (with that, KM kicks SJ in the teeth with such force that SJ's head flies back, snapping his neck. SJ is quite dead.) I can't stand people who whine. Oh, ugh...he drooled on my boot. (KM turns to OF and unties him) Sweet Genevieve, I have rescued you. Shall we away together? (Kisses OF's hand)

OF: But of course, my brave and noble love.

KM: Great, Genny. (whaps OF upside the head) Now clean this drool off my boot.

=SWELL MUSIC=

=ROLL CREDITS=

=EXEUNT OMNES=

pg&rkdd/ss

# Filmviews

by Ken Filar

[TO BEE RED ALLOWED\*]

There's a lot that can be said with regard to dreams. (God and I do love platitudes...or is it the platitudes love me...oh, these dizzy heights...) However, this is a film column so little that could be said would have any bearing on the subject at hand...or could it? I'm experiencing an intense sense(less) deja vu. Could it be that I've used this column to express these same sentiments before? (Maybe, but who could prove it if nobody reads it anyway?)

No—STOP—that's not nice, taking your insecurities and anxieties out on your readers like that. (Did you notice the voice shifts to a less personal third when it accuses, but returns to first when I muses?) And, taking one giant step backwards ("Mother": m e m o r i e s o f m y s e l f m a d e y e) we all wonder what voice he talks in his sleep of my dreams. If I could dream another voice, or if those other voices/other rooms were only dreamed, then wouldn't the hitherto undreamed of possibilities actually present the germ of myself's undone/undoing/undid? (Undid you gettaloode of that last transmytrapolation? Or trampoline? But maidengrunts, them's bouncing baby's oil.)

[Oh, gee. Oh, glee! This sure is fun for me...and now I am expecting you to read about a crock of summer movies ("Bores" and "Sleepers") that you've already either seen or decided against seeing. Though, if you decided not to "see"—based only on what somebody else told you and/or you have those shameless pre-con/descending/ceptions—that's okay with me (I'm chirpy glee and glad two bee-onnit).]

Just let me fill you in (alphabetically) on what be's missing (cause) poetically (there is not justice) and emphatically (half you be not all your cracked up 2-C): "Half a bee, chronologically, is still more bee than water at sea..." - M. Python

A. A Night at the Opera: Marx Brothers, classic.

B. Bostonians, The: Basically boring. But...bright, bitter, brash (sort of like the city, you know). ("Extremes?" That would be your word, not mine.) Adapted from the Henry James novel and starring S-man in civvies and Vanessa R. in severies and featuring Linda Hunt, who seems to have no shortage of quips. All being all, I left the theatre unmoved, and that's no way to exit a theatre—oh...unmoving...right...sorry—as I was saying, the film is exceedingly pretty to view and exceedingly plodding and predictable though the performances are—every last one—sterling. I mean it. Now go out and take a \$5 nap.

C. C.H.U.D. (Cannibalistic. Humanoid. Underground. Dwellers): I can't wait to see this one...but I'm afraid to go alone...

D. Dreamscape: Daring dos drive dismally down Dreamstreet (really Nightmare Alley) and, determined, don't deviate, doubtless disillusioned. The rather good (if somewhat bleak) idea behind this movie is the notion that if a conscious person could project himself into your unconscious dream state and become an active participant in your nightmare, they could aid you in doing battle with the demons you're fighting or, and this is the real twister, they could turn with the demon against you and...that's right...you lose. Not a bad film at all, but you'll wish they'd done it just a little bit better. (I can't even point out areas for improvement, but I have this gut feeling that more was intended and just didn't come to be—at least not on screen.)

E. Electric Dreams: Edgar is everyman: eager, earnest and enchanted (by his desire for the beautiful new neighbor upstairs). Sadly, Edgar is a computer, and their circuits will most surely never integrate. But he does, at least and with little malice (but then machines are never really malicious, aside from those "peopleing" Stephen King's nightmares), manage to foil his owner's own designs on her—at least for a while. To tell you who gets what, ultimately, would be to disservice you as this movie's greatest strength is its capable sense of surprise: of making the same old love triangle fresh (and perversely appealing), and not only emotionally, but also visually (fresh and perversely) appealing. I saw this film with no expectations, but came away from the cinema enraptured.

F. Full Moon In Paris: Next month for this, I promise.

G. Ghostbusters: Last month for this, I promise.

H-O. Oh (nothing)...

P. Purple Rain: Prince: powerful presence, passionate, prickish, pointless...but what a great half-dozen videos it could provide.

Q. Quit while you're ahead. Really.

R. Revenge of the Nerds: Rejects really rock 'n roll. This is the best college-life movie since National Lampoon's Animal House—believe me. There are all the expected stereotypical wimps and losers going up against the jocks and their repressive system. And—since the title tells you they win—let me assure you that they do it with such pizzazz you can't help but cheer their loathesomeness on to the finish. A lot of movies try to claim the "sleeper of the summer" tag—but this one really deserves it.

S. So, you didn't expect a movie for every letter, did you?

T. The New York Film Festival. The end of September, beginning of October. Fuller-Filar report on that what happens, when that what happens...does.

U. Uh, uh...I'm stumbling...

V. Very depressing, isn't it?

W. Woman in Red, The: Won-Won-Wonderful, with wacky (Gene) Wilder [in the title role (and what a great pair of legs—can we talk?)]. No, just kidding. This has been a test, just to see if you were (still) up, for the joke. Kelly LeBrook is the beautiful object of this married man's fantasy and understandably so. This genuine sex-comedy lets good fun reign. Compassion is more integral to the final product than actual (though not imagined) physical passion. And talk about your supporting fanatics...there is lunacy afoot.

X. Bolero: Bo! Bare! Oh!

Y. Yawn...

Z. zzzzzzzzz

\*For greater comprehension—lesser condescension. (God and I do love platitudes...or is it the platitudes love me...oh, these dizzy heights...) I'm experiencing an intense sense(less) deja vu. Could it be that I've used this column to express these insane sentiments before? THIS IS NOT A PADDED FOOTNOTE! (Though the writer could be conning from a padded cell. For greater comprehension—lesser condescension.) Madison (the Avenue, not the mermaid) tells us repeatedly repetition is the only proven way to move wares. (Maybe, but who could prove it if nobody reads it once surely nobody reads it twice?)

**Capitalist Doom & Gloom  
boys get you in a Spin?  
Now you no longer need  
fear the End of the World**

**Know the forces that  
shape your life.  
REPENT!  
QUIT YOUR JOB!  
SLACK OFF!**

As many of you know, the U.S. Postal Service is now on Strike. So, during this period of leisure granted to me by the APWU strike fund, I'll digress from my usual postal commentary to fill you in on some much-needed (and perhaps even Campoon-related) information regarding the recent activities and endeavors of my good friend Robert Rabbit. I know many of you don't believe in him—indeed, I myself have denied his existence on occasion, and you certainly can't find more convincing evidence than that—but the documentation of contemporary records, of which an example is attached, is certainly adequate proof of his existence in the ultimate metaphysical sense, as if any of you rat fucking infidels give a fat flying shit, haw haw haw!

First, let's take care of some old business—namely, the rumor that R.R. was excommunicated from the Church of the SubGenius. This is a vicious lie: R.R. is and always has been a card-carrying member. We do not know whether the Church is a card-carrying member, but that is a matter we may not treat. Indeed, R.R. sent money, as it was his usual habit to do—not especially on high holidays, but just whenever he felt he could help out on a worthy endeavor. Despite this, a year or so occurred some while back when Rabbit was tortured in The Secret Extrusion Chambers for lack of financial support. This was ignored, of course, being easily recognized as a normal functioning error due to mistranslation of Church records. Since the replacement of Accidental Surrealism (in the year 1980), however, errors have been regarded as anachronistic grounds for discreditation, as supporting records both in the files of International Church Headquarters and in those of the U.S. Bureau of Shame demonstrate. Indeed, the peaceful flow of time has endowed the transition from Nat'l. Surrealism to Int'l. Surrealism nearly unnoticeable, due partly to the suppression of Rabbit's 1982 press conference.

Secondly, let us now turn our attention to the matter of the demise of the Church of Jomama. As is well known, the Church of the SubGenius has been on the skids for some time, and it is certainly not my fault, haw haw haw! And it was for reasons or motives or intentions similar to this that R. Rabbit was drawn into its sphere (or disk, rather) early in 1984. If the Church of Jomama had not contained certain loop holes (derived from either "Holy Lupalia" or "Holy Lupine", perhaps referring either to Lycanthropic Rites practiced in Roman times or to floral counterparts to the Birds of Rhiannon—e.g., "When the bear comes up to take a pee, you kick him in the ice hole."), it could not have been so easily subverted. It is my opinion that the Church of Jomama was not subverted by Rabbit, nor by the Father Church, but by the Unnamable Darkness Itself. To be sure, we are not speaking here of Real Holy Darkness, but The False Darkness of the Dollar of Death.

Now, a word about taped messages. My child, "AA", whose actual appealation may not be repeated either verbally or in print without express permission of myself, his mother, and/or himself, was and is the recent recipient of a portable stereo cassette recorder and various blank tapes, on which he and the neighbor children amused themselves by creating various renditions of that "Where's The Beast!" Advert from TV etc. Now it so happens that while under the care of one of these kids, a nice Catholic girl of 13, my child (the first Xist Preprophet, by the way) had occasion to take his new player and tapes to the house of this girl's family and somehow "by a mistake which no one could explain", a tape sent here by The Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer Launchers' Society got mixed in with his own tapes. Well, despite the fact that my child explicitly forbade the baby-sitter to play the tape, you know how kids are, she played it anyway and got the livin' piss scared out of her.

Several days later, the girl's father, who had confiscated the tape, summoned me for a conference in which he informed me that he did not want this object in his house, that it was an instrument of witchcraft and black magic, etc. The poor fellow was almost trembling (almost in the sense that the bullets almost missed JFK—he wasn't actually trembling, but actually quite the opposite) with the Wrath of Jehovah—I itself.

Well, I really didn't know what to say to the guy because I'd never heard the damn thing—I'd never had a player before and I have quite a file of unheard tapes sent to me over the years. The man suggested that I now listen to it (to fully appreciate the magnitude of the impace of my negligence, I think). So, with my child, I listened to it now for the first real time. It was a friendly little piece of Bull-dada you know, with certainly no reference I could determine to black magic, witchcraft, or otherwise. Such, I suppose, is the power of suggestion, for I believe the tape was sent to me some years back during the interim of Accidental Surrealism.

Today I received two more tapes from the SubGenius Foundation, but my child, and his recorder, are a thousand miles away.

- Red Woolf



# TRUE CONFESSIONS

## The SECRET LIFE of Mildred Neptune

edited by *deborah benedict*

### MY FAVORITE RECORDINGS OF THIS SUMMER

#### 1. THE WRONGOS—DID YOU REALLY PAY THAT MUCH FOR THIS STUPID ALBUM?

The Wrongos are my fave band. They are at it again, following up their debut album (I LOVE HIPPIES CAUSE THEY TASTE GOOD) with this powerful diatribe against consumerism. My favorite song is a vicious remake of the old kiddie tune, FOUND A PEANUT. Of course, the Wrongos twist it. They find the peanut is rotten, so they call on the Quality Control Center of the Universe. Much to their chagrin and ultimate anger, they discover that it is run by Sonny Liston. Also noteworthy on this album: Lead singer Perkley Fraidy does a great Debbie Reynolds impersonation on the scathing "Tammy Tampon"; keyboard/synthesizer player Barth O. Lingland sings his own compositions, "I Gotta Fall In Love Soon, My Hand Is Getting Tired", "Ralph Nader Stole My Corvair", and "Bagworms In My Granola"; guitarist Walter Falter adds his weird falsetto vocals to his weird guitar playing on his tunes, "Let's Tax Television" and "Illuminati Wives". I love this album for the superb cover art and graphics, too. Artist Robert Williamson has captured the spirit of the Wrongos and their fans by depicting a group of Rhode Island Red chickens wearing Rick Springfield masks. These "Springfield Chickens" (ha ha) are lined up in front of the Licorice Pizza record store on Sunset Boulevard, waiting for it to open. If you don't like the Wrongos' music, you can at least enjoy the cover.

#### 2. AMEL and THE NITE RATES—LOVE IS FOR SISSY BOYS

I saw Amel and the Nite Rates in person and their performance of "I Don't Blame Ya, Jesus" was enough to make me a life-long fan. This album, their third, on Round Up Records, justifies my faith in them and makes me wish they were more famous! The title tune is a gem, a philosophical treatise in three minutes, 23 seconds. Blending his country-western roots with the pragmatic ideas of William James, Amel manages to convince even the most sentimental listener that it is better to watch reruns of THAT GIRL than it is to have a romance. Also highly enjoyable to listen to: "You Can't Make A Hubcap Out of a White Stetson", "You're So Lame", "I Don't Need Anybody, I'm Rich" and the very danceable "Bean Stew Boogie".

#### 3. THE MURBLES—DON'T LIFE MAKE YOU SICK?

The Murbles are a 6-man quartet from Wilkes-Barre, PA. This debut album is a step up from their first debut album, MONDO MURBLES. This album features twelve tunes, all of them obnoxious enough for airplay on both AM and FM. Lead singer Billy Corpse is a born-again Pagan, and his lyrics tend to be earthy and basic. In "The World Is My Blackboard", Billy sings, "Don't talk, hand me the chalk, the world is my blackboard and you can take a walk." The best thing about the Murbles, though, is their use of the Theremin, a really strange and wonderful instrument no other band uses. The Instrumental Theremin tune, "The Dazzling Spiral of the Dancing Donut Holes", is perfect music to sharpen pencils by. Try it - it really gets you conscientious about making the points truly even. I love the Murbles and wish they would be on SOLID GOLD, but both France Glance (Theremin) and Oodles Flagella (bass guitar) refuse to appear on the grounds that "those stupid dancers make us homicidal."

#### 4. DOUBLE FELIX AND THE MASTERS OF THE DEE EN EH? FLESH-TONED ULTIMATUM—WITH A NAME LIKE THAT, WHO NEEDS A FUCKING TITLE?

This may be the best album to come along since WHO'S NEXT. The brilliant "My God Can Beat Your God" must be on the top ten - if only in the parallel universe. The band's cover version of the old Billy Joe Royal tune "Down in the Boondocks" has been altered to "Down in the Doom Box" and is a

Dante-esque vision of Hell on Earth, specifically Whittier, California. Double Felix, as most of you should know, once played glockenspiel for Frank Zappa. The other band members come from various penitentiary work programs throughout the country. Do I love this band? Does Nancy Reagan use Nor-forms? Buy this album!

5. CUJO AND THE FROTHERS—RELICS FROM A NON-EXISTENT ATTIC This fine album will never get airplay because it is just too dirty. These guys make Prince look like Queen Victoria. I'm even reluctant to list the song titles because they are so incredibly obscene. Even the record company wouldn't list them on the outside of the album OR the label of the record. Instead, they put the titles in a sealed brown paper envelope. There is also an address to write to if you want to send for the lyrics, but lead singer Drelbo McDogs' precise pronunciation makes that unnecessary. These guys make "Louie Louie" sound like a Baptist hymn. Going where no man has gone before, they explore human sexuality with wit and shameless honesty. A great "gag gift" for convents and rectories!

Those are my five fave platters to spin this summer, kids. Next time, I'll tell you what my five favorite books are. Till then, remember: THE PURPOSE OF LIFE IS TO DISCOVER WHAT THE PURPOSE OF LIFE IS.

Hey, Hey, Hey!!!—

We've got a real problem here. Bill Dunlop, the original DownEast porcupine who sailed across the Atlantic single-handedly in a 9-foot sailboat, is lost in the South Pacific ocean and the Australians have refused to look for him, even authorizing anything that might resemble a search. Bill wanted to be the first guy to sail around the world in a masted dinghy and did he complain when he was mugged in Jamaica? No. Did he complain about getting stuck in the Panama Canal? No, he did not. Did he whimper when he sailed right on by Tahiti? Absolutely not—not a peep.

If you have any friends in Australia or New Zealand or even Antarctica, write to them and give them a buzz. We have to find Bill Dunlop. The man has become a grandfather but he has never seen his grandchild. He is one of the last few true individualists, daring adventurers. No man is an island but every man is looking for one. Help bring Bill Dunlop into Port: write your Congressman, write your Congresswoman, write your local newspaper, write to your Senator and your secretary of state, write to your mother (she's bound to have some good ideas).

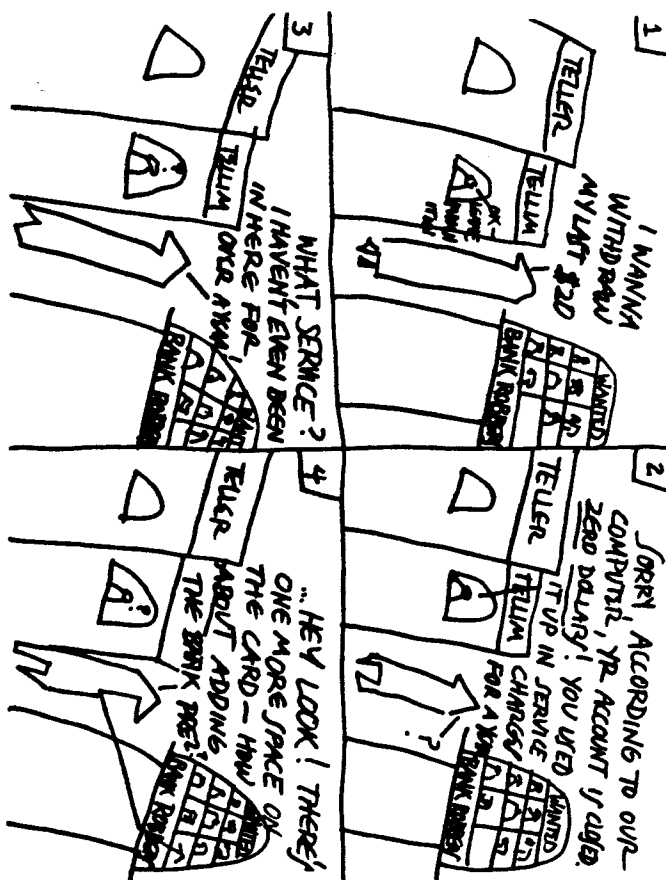
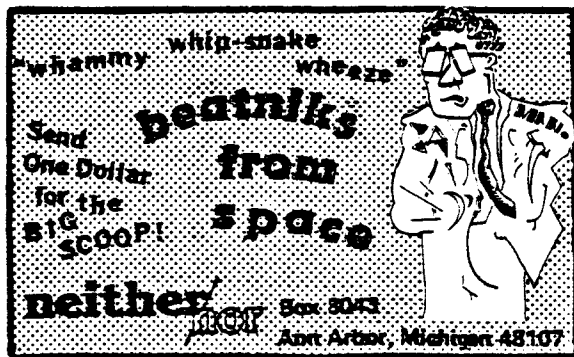
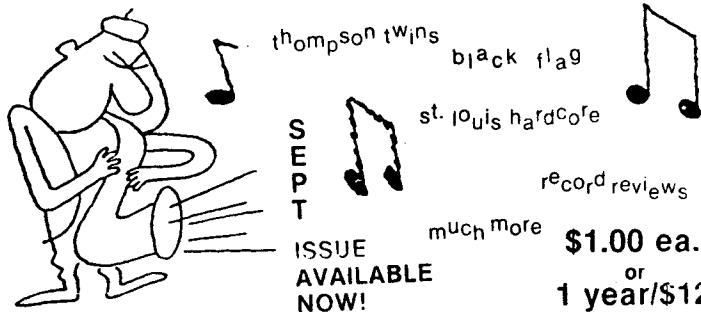
Please help to bring back Bill Dunlop safe and sound.

You'll be glad you did.

LAWRENCE P. WHITNEY



**IF YOU DON'T THINK**  
This world is a big joke you haven't been reading Brainbeau. None the less, it's better than nothing for the rest of the herenow and all of the hereafter to stay intact spirit a S.A.S.E. to: HEREBEFORS Box 2243, Youngstown, Ohio, 44504



WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?

That's easy.  
When there are no surprises  
a person feels cheated,  
missing the adrenaline  
that comes from improvising  
in the crosswalk,  
rush hour traffic,  
signal out,  
wondering how

To Get To The Other Side.  
- David Rice

# they BLINDED me with VIDEO

by CANDI STRECKER

## CHAPTER XII: VIDEO MONOPOLY PLAYED BY NEW RULES

Now that it's autumn, we can hope that MTV will stuff all those Olympic-theme videos back into the archives for the next four years. Please, let's have no more scenes of sweaty athletes backed by lame lyrics about how "the race is long/but you've got to be strong." One almost welcomes a return to the usual Hollywood Gothic of high heels and smoke and the further pondering of that eternal question, "How does Billy Idol manage to sneer DIAGONALLY?" One might also turn from that frivolous topic to the contemplation of something really serious: the recent announcement of the biggest change at MTV since they reanimated their logo. Very soon, MTV is going to have real competition—not just the minor, fragmented challenge of the many short rock-vid shows, but a big-name, serious competitor: a 24-hour-a-day rock video channel which will be offered by Turner Broadcasting Company (the people who bring you Cable News Network and Superstation WTBS). MTV, in turn, has announced plans to go into competition with itself: in January, they'll start producing a second channel of rock videos, aimed at "older viewers" (those between 25—ouch!—and 49). My speculation is that MTV, currently aimed at the 12-to-24 age group, will be slanted toward a younger audience (12-to-25) once the second channel comes on-line, with even more heavy-metal nonsense and acne-medicine ads. Question is, how much softer will the new channel's programming be if they're trying to attract viewers all the way up to age 49? For a hint of what the future may bring, consider how much MTV has been playing Frank Sinatra's "L.A., You're My Lady" recently...and shudder. A split MTV might leave those of us who are in the middle, agewise, out in the cold—or tuning in the Turner video channel (especially if Turner does a few things right, like eliminating the chummy VJs that make MTV so excruciating to watch sometimes. Come to think of it, that single revolutionary change would do more to make a video channel "adult" and "mature" than any programming change).

Well, I thought that by now I'd seen every kind of rock video it was possible to create, but recently someone has come up with one more twist: using rock videos as an educational tool. "Colorsounds," a show now playing on some PBS stations, consists of the same videos seen elsewhere, but captioned with their lyrics. At the start of the vid the screen will say, for instance, "SILENT E SEARCH" or "ADVERB SEARCH". Then, as the video unreels, that particular grammatical part will show up in color in the lyric captions—get it? (No, I am not making this up.) They have even gone so far as to put asterisks beside all ungrammatical words like "gonna" and "ain't". I can just imagine a graduate-level version of this—maybe "IRONY SEARCH" featuring the videos of Elvis Costello.

Maybe I'm getting a little jaded, or maybe by now I've just seen too many videos. Whatever the reason, there just aren't many vids that make me jump up out of my chair and pay serious attention to the screen anymore. One of the few that still gets me excited is Cyndi Lauper's newest, "She Bop". I particularly like the character of her goofy motorcyclist boyfriend here. Casting a guy with his kind of endearing-but-oddball looks as her heartthrob is something very few male rockers would have the nerve to do. Even the strangest-looking male stars—Rick Ocasek comes to mind as an out-and-out oddity—nonetheless surround themselves in their videos with the most high-gloss of this year's models. Cyndi, on the other hand, pairs off with this guy who LOOKS like he'd logically be her boyfriend, an equally-nutty partner, not a status symbol for her to display. There's something extraordinarily satisfying in the end of this video, where Cyndi and the guy suddenly find themselves in sparkly Fred Astaire outfits and do a terrifically spastic dance up a Stairway to Heaven, surrounded by a chorus of Normal People. It occurs to one that this is precisely the use to which Normal People should be put: their remarkable ability to dress and look alike makes them perfectly suited to being anonymous, interchangeable background units for those who are Unusual enough to aspire to be Stars.

# MISCELLANEOUS MAIL

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## Wax Ink

by Rory Houchens

**HEARTBEAT CITY**—The Cars (Elektra)—The high tech gloss the Cars achieved on their first two lp's began to fade by the ambitious but confounding **PANORAMA**, and had all but disappeared on the second-rate **SHAKE IT UP**. But after three years' worth of tune-ups and lube jobs, these Boston boys are sitting pretty as they tool on into **HEARTBEAT CITY**. Main gear grinder Rick Ocasek utilizes his "life as cartoon strip" philosophy on a number of tunes here, most notably on the plastic-coated "You Might Think" (love that video!) and "Magic". The guys spar with the ghost of the Velvet Underground on real lip smackers, "Looking For Love" and "Why Can't I Have You", and go strictly Top 40 with "Stranger" and "I Refuse". Both "Drive", a hazy trip home fogged up by Greg Hawkes' synthesized gauze, and "Heartbeat City" are prime examples of what made the Cars so hot to begin with—formulaic pop songs souped up with state-of-the-art instruments and ideas that are as catchy as they are smart.

**VICTORY**—The Jacksons (Epic)—As Michael-mania sweeps the country (the world?), we find the six musical Jackson brothers in the throes of their farewell (?) tour to support the release of their farewell (?) album, **VICTORY**. And while they can all dance, shout and shake their bodies down to the ground, Michael is still clearly **THE STAR** and this being a group effort, anyone waiting for another zonked out "monster smash" like "Billie Jean" or "Beat It" may have to wait for **THRILLER**'s follow-up. In the meantime, however, there's plenty of good, solid stuff here to satisfy fans of the whole clan. Jackie contributes a couple of respectable numbers—"Torture", an effects-laden bit of moody funk, and the sparkling "Wait" which effortlessly mixes shades of Motown's classic era with flashy rock handiwork. Randy gets credit for the album's outstanding ballad, "One More Chance", a light-as-a-feather dreampiece that beats the heck out of Michael's lofty, string-engorged preach-a-rama, "Be Not Always". And let's not forget Tito's "We Can Change The World", a reggaefied plea for global unity, and Marlon's "Body", a piece of AM textbook funk and a real finger popper to boot.

**JERMAINE JACKSON** (Arista)—To be completely honest, I'd have to say that this latest solo lp by Jermaine is a better buy than **VICTORY**—there are fewer forays into hyper-funk and the songs here deal more with specific "feelings" as opposed to specific "sounds". Besides the obligatory duet with Michel Jackson, "Tell Me I'm Not Dreamin'" (which is fine in its own way), there's "Dynamite", a punky paean to true love, and "Sweetest Sweetest", a tune that fairly dances off the record with the brightest arrangement I've heard in months. Exotica abounds in "Do What You Do", a tropical-flavored smoothie, and the beautiful "Come To Me", whose odd mix of strings, sitar and Oriental overtones is irresistible. This record is perfect for the last slow days of summer.

**SITUATION X**—Michael Gregory (Island)—This nifty little disc could conceivably be lumped in with the last two, seeing as how Gregory's name is in fact Michael Jackson ("Gregory" being his middle name), but he's not related and to avoid confusion with the like-named, one-glove wonder, Greg's had to drop his famous surname. He is quite well-known to jazz/pop/fusion followers as an exceptional guitarist, composer and singer, and his handful of records on various jazz labels have nearly reached classic status. **SITUATION X**, a flawless work, finds Michael leaning more to the pop side of his talents as he makes good use of his buoyant falsetto, shimmering guitar work and polished songwriting skills. Tight arrangements and a minimum of instruments used to their maximum potential make such songs as "Can't Carry You", "Situation X" and the brilliant "Small Town Talk" hot audio property indeed. Recommended!

**CHOICE CUTS**—Iggy Pop (RCA)—Rabid interest in David Bowie's version of "China Girl" (co-written by Dave and the Ig) sparked the release of this lp which amounts to half of **THE IDIOT** and half of **LUST FOR LIFE** cemented together onto one volatile disc. True Iggy aficionados may want to quibble about the selections, but otherwise normal folk may be grateful for the pure, undiluted dose of musical mayhem with

none of the gristle intact. Picks to click: "China Girl", "Sister Midnight", "Lust For Life" and "Some Weird Sin".

**HYSTERIA**—The Human League (A&M)—There's no doubt about it—the Human League make great singles. Witness, for example, "Fascination" or "Mirror Man" or the classic "Don't You Want Me", a synth-pop masterpiece built around a snappy chorus and an up-to-date male/female relationship. **HYSTERIA** contains its share of prospective hit 45's as well as a fair amount of unnecessary baggage. On the plus side—"I'm Coming Back" and "I Love You Too Much", a pair of jaunty songs with just a hint of mid-sixties enthusiasm. "Louise" with its loping, low-key synthesizer could easily be the second chapter in the "Don't You Want Me" saga, and "The Sign", a bouncy, optimistic forecast for mankind with its trademark female back-ups. On the minus side—"Rock Me Again And Again And Again And Again And Again And Again", a slapdash bit o' funk that's almost as irritating as its title; "The Lebanon", a musty marriage of new dance routine and worn-out political commentary; and "Betrayed", a doomful hunk of cracker jack that could pass for a dreadful hand-me-down discarded by the likes of Black Sabbath and Argent ten years ago. **HYSTERIA** may not always be on the mark, but when it is it's hard to beat.

**FEARLESS**—Nina Hagen (CBS)—Nina Hagen may have the biggest bag of vocal tricks this side of Kate Bush; the trouble is, a lot of 'em can cause mass suicide. But seriously folks, take this woman...please! **FEARLESS** starts off with the robust "New York New York", a summation of a club-hopping lifestyle in the 'Big Apple' where our unsinkable heroine does admirable impersonations of Madame, Yoko Ono and Roberta Peters. Next up is the hearty "My Sensation" done up in that Alicia "Is my hair short enough yet?" Bridges style that was so popular with the younger crowd a half decade ago. You say you want some rap music? Well, just sink your canines into "What It Is", a mile-a-minute tongue-bruiser with funky sheet metal pizzazz. You say opera's more your bag? Then zip right on down to the final track on the album, "Zarah", a tribute to some obscure (?) opera singer that'll quench that **MADAME BUTTERFLY** thirst. Precisely produced by that knob-spinning wizard, Giorgio Moroder, **FEARLESS** is far from the beaten path, which probably accounts for its sinister charm.

**ALCHEMY**—Dire Straits (Warner Bros.)—If there was every any doubt about the greatness of this band or of Mark Knopfler's rightful place as a post-Hendrix guitar hero, then this two-record, live package should be quite a convincing revelation to any nonbelievers. Knopfler's keen sense of romanticism and his passionate involvement with the music have helped the guitarist compose some of the best folk-based rock to come along in years. "Once Upon A Time In The West" and "Sultans of Swing" are indelibly stamped with Knopfler's raspy, Dylan-esque vocals and his graceful, fleet-fingered guitar attacks (the ending of "Sultans" is justifiably mesmerizing). "Two Young Lovers", with saxman Mel Collins and pianist Alan Clark, is a visceral rocker that rivals Chuck Berry and Dave Edmunds at their best, while the acoustic treatment of "Romeo and Juliet" is as delicate as it can be without becoming just a pretty shadow. On **ALCHEMY**, Dire Straits burn brighter than daylight.

**RELEASE**—David Knopfler (Passport)—Brother of Mark Knopfler and former Dire Straits-man himself, David exhibits the same musical qualities that made his sibling so appealing. His vocals may not be quite as smoky nor his guitar playing as dynamic, but his songs are rooted in the same folk/rock/blues melting pot that has helped distinguish Dire Straits from others in the pack. The mild and tightly packed "Soul Kissing" sounds perfectly groomed for airplay, and the equally pleasing "Madonna's Daughter" is in the same vein as his brother's classic "Sultans of Swing", fast-paced and quick to bury itself in your brain. "Sideshow" is a Steely Dan-ish piece of contemporary dance music, while the bittersweet "The Girl and the Paperboy" evokes artists as diverse as Leon Russell, The Band and John Cale and scores as the lp's most distinctive track. Rich in music, story and image, both **RELEASE** and **ALCHEMY** are representative of some of this year's best rock—don't pass on either one.



# FINDING FREEDOM

by Kerry Thornley

CHAPTER SIX: NO PRISONERS!

Possible cryptic meanings to the Arab's words passed through Quent's mind. Conspiracy politics was rife with rumors of the peril of powerful Arabian oil sheiks.

"My passport to high adventure," Wimpel muttered, lighting the pipe. What seemed like a knowing chortle issued from the driver.

"Are you an exchange student here?"

"Only before I just quit school," the Arab answered. "Today I am a free man. My father finds out I spend my school money on a car and hashish—ha!—tomorrow I will be a dead man!"

Quent was finding his own suspicions boring. In any case, everyone he rode with was probably a spy—a theory Wimpel seriously entertained—and certainly no agent is whatever seems most obvious. This guy, if he was into espionage, was probably working for the Israelis.

Quent had not absorbed so much cannabis smoke of such power so early in the day in more years than he could remember without becoming miserably nostalgic. Examining the pipe, he saw that it was beautiful beyond all reckoning. About the size of a thimble, the bowl was of heavy polished green translucent stone attached to a thin, gracefully bending reed stem about a foot long. Simple—the work of some Frank Lloyd Wright of psychedelic paraphernalia—the whole piece combined balance both in appearance and weight to seem to Wimpel astonishing. Then something of equal beauty, obviously the product of at least as much creative genius, caught his eye: a silvery spider web decal affixed to the window next to him, blending asymmetrical design with an overall composition that contained a mysterious, orderly and rhythmic pattern within the appearance of chaos. For a seeming eternity of here-and-now moments Quent admired this great work of art as the outside slipped behind them at exhilarating speeds. Then he realized that what he was looking at with such entranced fascination was a shattered car window.

The Arab student, whose name Wimpel had for no particular reason decided was Hassan, noticed Quent's attention to the damaged glass and said, "Maybe somebody threw a rock at the man who bought this car first, eh? I was going to get a new motor car, but I decide what the hell—I must also save money to spend on the American girls. How fast you think I can make this thing go?"

Quent did not answer immediately. At last he said, "Those are very beautiful cracks." And then, after another long pause, "Either that or I am awfully goddamned high."

Hassan flashed him a toothy grin and said, "This is very good smoking. Shall we go faster? Are you afraid?"

Quent noticed they were now on the bridge, the bay waters shimmering below like a desert mirage. "NO PRISONERS!" he shouted.

Hassan floored it.

Next Wimpel was looking at the buildings in downtown Saint Pete with a long trail of memories encompassing the last many minutes. "Shazam!" said the Paisley Dragon, "am I ever ripped!"

"Shazam. Ripped. This means?"

"Shalom to Allah," Quent replied as they pulled up to a red light.

Hassan laughed. "I think I let you out here. I want to go drive the bridge in the opposite direction now just as fast as before." Handing him the pipe for a last puff, he said to Quent, "May your journey give you many smokes of hashish like this—and much peace."

"Alhamdulillah," Quent replied, recalling a Sufi chant he once learned at a visit to a Southern California ashram.

Quent waved after the driver as the orange car pulled away. "Praise be to God," he muttered in translation.

At his feet a tiny metal toy airplane caught his eye. Bending over to examine it more closely, Quent perceived that this toy was an ingenious work of art—certainly not the creation of a run-of-the-mill designer. Combining balance in both color and shape, it gave the impression of a sleek, gliding motion. Gathering the airplane carefully into his hand with great consciousness, Wimpel slid it into his pocket and walked on with no immediate destination in mind.

In due time he came to a bank. More like a grotto than a porch, the front enclosure contained a pond with a circulating fountain. No coins were to be found in the pool. Some ponds are wishing wells and others just aren't. Quent had never been able to figure out why. With a disappointed sigh he sat on a marble bench and removed the little toy plane from his pocket. Robbin wishing wells was one of the ways he supported himself when hitching. You'd think that a pond in front of a bank... But then, there was just no rule of thumb. Either a pond was cluttered with pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters or it wasn't.

Glancing at his palm, Wimpel noticed the airplane seemed to be resting in the hand of God, like an illustration in *The Watchtower*. Then it struck him that this toy's designer had endowed his masterpiece with religious significance. For it was an exact replica of a crucifix—except that the wings were swept back, indicating that the cross beam was broken. Also the feet of Christ, disguised as tail fins, were pointing outward. Jesus was freeing Himself from the cross through the miracle of humanity's conquest of the air. Dayglo orange windows made the cockpit into a sacred heart, shining from the flame within.

Quent turned the artifact over and examined its turquoise belly in search of a trademark or company name—perhaps even the signature of the designer—so he could write them and contact the artist who made this simple child's toy as an Aquarian Age symbol of the triumph of New Age values over Picean suffering. Finding only the words, "Made in Hong Kong," for an insane split-second he took it as a rebuke of his communist anarchist ideas. For wasn't Hong Kong where refugees fled to escape Communist domination in China?

10 Then Quent's whole mental structure collapsed in a flash of understanding: he was very stoned and was only imagining things that weren't there. Except that it was certainly an airplane. "My passport

# A Wise Investment

by Susan Packie

I received a catalog from Wisenheimer School for Antisocial Practices, located in the basement of the Salvation Army Headquarters, the other morning.

Ten years ago I made the mistake of requesting a copy, and I have been receiving it ever since. Now, having both a little surplus money and a few vacant hours a week, I decided it was time to pick up a few college credits.

The array of courses I was presented with was absolutely unbelievable! I knew if I could not make at least one selection, I was probably not college material.

I started out by eliminating all courses offered between the hours of ten at night and seven in the morning, due to transportation problems. That left me with 1,902 courses from which to choose. Several courses required the students to be already working in those particular fields, so I also crossed out these possibilities.

I dove into the psychology listings first, since I have always been considered something of a case. It was then that my eyes alit upon the course of my dreams: GROWING UP INSANE, 1-3/4 credits.

The catalog read: "Have you ever had the feeling that you were out of step with everyone else on this planet? This course will enable you to trace these feelings back to the womb and, with luck, to former existences. Perhaps you are destined for another world, another universe. Examples of people who have discovered their true selves and migrated to other realms will be shown during class time. A field trip will help students select the realm which best suits them. Supplementary reading lists are provided, but all that is really needed is a mind full of holes. The instructor crams in all that the students could ever wish to know."

The instructor's name seemed to be Outa Bounds, "B.A., M.A., and Ph.D., Wisenheimer. Ten years experience in mental hospitals as a patient. Thousands of satisfied, also quite dead, former students. Writer of many unpublished tracts."

The fee for the course was \$1,005, plus \$10,000 for the field trip. I put an asterisk next to the entry and kept reading.

Science has always intrigued me, so I was drawn to a course entitled THE BODY: REGULATING ITS NATURAL FUNCTIONS, 2 credits.

"This course teaches students how to have regular bowel movements, how to chop off the top of the head to eliminate migraines, and how to derive more enjoyment from sexual intercourse. The instructor gives weekly demonstrations of all points and is available outside of regular class hours for students who need extra help, with the third goal in particular. Both males and females are urged to register."

Cango Eitherway was teaching this one. He/she had an A.A. from Kamasutra Community Endeavor.

That course would set me back \$2,021, plus \$500 for lab fees.

Now, I am a very realistic person. I knew I could not afford to take both courses. But then again, could I afford to miss either of them?

I checked my horoscope for the month. "You will make a wise investment that will turn your life around. You will find a new way of living. No more headaches!"

Wisenheimer, of course, must be the wise investment predicted for me. And here were the two courses, almost spelled out! I quickly made out a check for \$13,526.

The astrologist's name was Cango Outa Bounds, but what did I care? I was finally getting a college education!

to high adventure," he mumbled, slipping the toy absently into his shirt pocket.

"Where are you going?" asked a voice.

Quent looked up to see, staring at his backpack, the most clean-cut, open and friendly countenance ever to appear outside the pages of a "Terry and the Pirates" comic book.

"Anywhere the highway takes me," Wimpel responded pleasantly.

"How does Fort Lauderdale sound?" inquired the blond-haired man.

"Beautiful! Is that where you're going?"

"Yep."

"All right! My name is Quentin Wimpel."

With a hearty handshake, the bold-jawed man said, "I'm Jim Dare. I'm parked right around the corner."

"Incredible," Quent said sincerely.

Together they rounded the corner and piled into a copper station wagon.

With a smug grin, the handsome stranger said, "We'll be in Fort Lauderdale in about forty-five minutes."

END

## On Being A Morning Person by Mike Gunderloy

This is going to come as a shock to some of you. Maybe you had better sit down. You see, I've discovered something unknown to most students: there is a world before 6AM. Yes, six in the morning, an hour when (believe it or not) the sun hasn't even risen most of the year. You couldn't prove by me that the world exists after 10PM any more—but I've discovered that I like the morning much better than the night anyways. The night is full of things to do, people to see, parties to suffer through. The morning has quiet time for contemplation, fresh air, and birds.

When I get up in the morning, I find the time to think and relax, instead of just reacting to the overwhelming barrage of stimuli that occurs later in the day as the world wakes up and heats up. A walk to the bus stop becomes an opportunity to establish contact with earth and sun and wind and sky, instead of a session of dodging small children and breathing automobile exhaust fumes.

To most people I suppose a walk to the bus stop would just be part of a commute, just something that has to be done somewhere between cups of coffee. (I find I appreciate the world much more without the caffeine, thank you.) But to me this same walk can be an opportunity for primitive mysticism. Most days I take this time to perform a very basic pagan ritual; it's composed of ideas I've stolen from a couple of different sources, and I claim no particular tradition or rationale for it, but it makes me feel good.

Basically, I use this walk to get in touch with the basic four elements of Greek tradition: Fire, Air, Water and Earth. I commune with them in that order, working from the most rarefied to the most dense, because it seems the natural order.

Fire is of course overwhelmingly present in the sun. Never mind that many mornings it is hidden behind clouds or snow or not even over the horizon. That does not dilute the power and majesty of our star one bit. It is still out there in the cosmos, a huge ball of boiling matter stressed to the breaking point, of the subatomic dance that composes us all raised to a pitch that mere humans cannot comprehend. Once you're in touch with the morning, you'll know without thinking where the sun is, clouds or no; you'll be able to reach out and feel the force that powers our world even after it is attenuated in the vastness of space. Fire is a force to respect, but it is also a friend to be greeted.

Air is easy to find. A deep breath and one is filled with it. The gentle breeze of a spring day or the blustery wind of winter are both reminders of the unseen presence of this stuff of life. Dust motes sparkle suspended upon the updrafts from hot pavement. The leaves rustle overhead. Even on a dead calm day, you can feel the cooling on your face as you walk along, parting the mysterious air with your own body. Open your skin to the sensations of swimming through this light medium and greet the air.

Next to be greeted is water. Though you live in a desert or the center of a city, water is always present even on a cloudless summer day when the temperature is in the eighties at five ayem. Water is not just lakes and oceans, but a net of interactions woven around us by the power of fire, moving from the sea into the air, wafted hither and yon by the forces of air, falling gently to the earth, flowing down hills to form mighty rivers, moving slowly and awesomely down the mountains of Antarctica in massive frozen glaciers. Though man may tame the rivers and hide them from sight, they still flow beneath your feet in the city, trapped in concrete channels but still a part of the grand cycle that has our own bodies as minor parts. Within and without, greet the water.

The Earth presses up against your feet as you walk along. In the city man has smoothed her contours and cast her in concrete, but the Great Mother is still there. There is something very reassuring to the upward press against the soles of your shoes. Contemplation of the earth reveals our own smallness; the earth goes to the horizon and extends beneath you further than you can imagine, even in these days of moon shots and space photos. It holds you in a reciprocal relationship; you attract the earth just as much as it attracts you, united by the mysterious force of gravity. Listen without your ears and the earth will greet you as you greet it.

When I've contacted the elements of the world I draw power from them. After all, all the energy in our bodies comes from the interactions of these elements already; man is a part of nature and nature is pleased to relinquish small bits

of the universe's power to any man. Take deep breaths and feel the power flowing into your body, into your lungs and then out along your arms, it hits the fingertips and makes them tingle on the next breath, proceeds down the legs to the toes, relaxes and strengthens your whole body. The power is there for the taking. By the time I finish the two-block walk, I will be wide awake and full of energy.

Self-hypnosis and suggestions? Magic and paganism? Take your pick; all I can say is that I'm a happier and healthier person since I've started doing this. I don't think the morning is completely essential, though I would say it helps to practice in a specific time and place, without interruptions. The morning walk just happens to be best for me.

## A COLD SUMMER NIGHT

by Steven Scharff

At around 3:30 AM on July 29th, I left the Irving Plaza in NYC, after a night of dancing, hairdo sightseeing, and very loud music. I took the PATH train from 14th Street to Jersey City, and transferred to the shuttle bus (the bridge from Jersey City was under repair, so a shuttle bus was supplied by the PATH officials). A young man boarded the same bus as me, and sat beside me.

He was dressed in a Sergio Valenti t-shirt and jeans combo, complete with designer sneakers, and was obviously intoxicated. After grabbing his arm to keep him from falling to the floor, I offered him two "keep-alert" guarana pills. He thanked me, and started a conversation of sorts.

He told me his name was Jim, and he had just finished a wild night in the city. He had gone without sleep for several days for some reason or another.

Jim nodded off frequently on the bus ride. I kept grabbing him by the shirt to keep him from falling to the floor (several times). When I asked if he was driving home, he said he'd hitch a ride back to his place in Bloomfield.

His condition was so bad that I had to help him out of the bus and up the station steps to the PATH platform. While waiting for the train (and after he bummed a cigarette from another passenger), he turned to me and said, "Y'know the 14th Street PATH station?"

"I was there earlier tonight," I answered.

"Guy I knew was loaded on pills an' such. Leaned over the tracks to see if the train was comin', an' he fell on the tracks. Train cut him in two! They hadda dig him out from under the train. He was so loaded that he prob'ly didn't feel a thing!"

We traded horror stories while waiting for the train. Jim was grateful for my help, and repeatedly thanked me. I told him that the next time he had a chance to help someone else, he should do so.

Finally the train came, and in about two minutes, we were at Newark's Penn Station. After leaving the train, I asked him again if he could make it home safely. He misunderstood me, and thought I was asking if he could put me up for the night. I was taken aback by the fact that he offered to do so.

It was then I offered him a ride to his street. He could barely walk, so I felt he wouldn't do anything dangerous, short of passing out on the way.

We crossed the street and entered the parking lot where my car stood, covered with morning dew. After helping him into the car, we were on our way to Bloomfield, with Jim thanking me all the way. I told him the main reason I was driving him home was so he wouldn't be picked up by the cops.

"Shit, man," he replied, "I've been picked up twice!"

"Driving under the influence?" I asked.

"BEING under the influence! Jus' bein' drunk onna street! Fuckin' cops put me away for 90 days the first time, six months the second! SIX FUCKIN' MONTHS!"

After crossing the municipal line into Bloomfield, he asked to be dropped off at an all-night donut shop. I pulled into the parking lot and gave him a copy of my comic book DREAM SEQUENCE (I use them instead of business cards). I thought that even if he didn't understand it, it would be a reminder of this night.

Just as he left the car, a Bloomfield police car pulled alongside. It slowed down as Jim, oblivious to the cop car, passed by.

As I drove from the parking lot, I looked into my rear view mirror and saw Jim standing at the counter in the store, ordering something, and the cop car waiting beside the store, out of the line of vision from the side window. Waiting like a cat does before it pounces on a mouse that leaves its hole.11

# Script for a \$40 HORRORSHOW

FADE IN: by Kris Gilpin (Rated M)

MAIN STREET. DAY.

We see the dirty main street of a small Western town, circa 1880; dust and depression abound. A mangy dog enters the frame, sniffing for food; we PAN with him as Clint's General Shoppe comes into view, upon whose windows are the signs USED CHAMBER POTS INSIDE and HORSES—SCRATCH & DENT SALE. Looking up, the mangy dog spots a WOMAN approaching; he goes into a phony limp, complete with a slight whimper.)

WOMAN ON STREET:

Oh, you poor thing! Here, have some meat.

She pulls some raw meat out of her purse, which the dog gobbles quickly while wagging his tail. He then watches the woman leave, smiling and chucking behind her back. He continues down the street, sans the limp.

INTERIOR: SALOON. DAY.

We see a MAN walk up to the bar and sit down. The BARTENDER approaches him.

BARTENDER:

What'll it be?

MAN AT BAR:

(Thinking) Hmm...

Just then, an OLD BUM at the other end of the bar takes a swig of a drink, hacks and spits, hitting the side of the spittoon.

OLD BUM:

Ugh! Trough water!

MAN AT BAR:

(Happily, to bartender) Hey! I'll have some of what he's having!

We PAN across the room to show three CANCAN DANCERS, kicking up their heels on stage. A GROUP OF DRUNKEN MEN watch them intently from nearby tables; strangely, their upper bodies are covered with white dust and paint chips.

CANCAN DANCERS:

(Singing while dancing)

Welcome to our humble town,  
It's filthy but it's sweet;  
So guzzle up our watered swill,  
And be sure to raise your feet.  
And if you find you get The Horn,  
And want to chance disease;  
Get up two dollars and your thing,  
And go across the street!

The drunks raise their pistols and shoot the ceiling while hooting loudly; more dust and plaster falls from the ceiling onto their heads and shoulders.

BARTENDER:

(Angrily, to the drunks) Goddammit, now! I told you to knock that off!

SIGN OUTSIDE FURBALL. DAY.

We see a sign reading WELCOME TO FURBALL—THE GARDEN SPOT OF THE WORLD! (The town can be seen in the background.) Then, under that in smaller letters: Population: 37. We then hear a DULL CLUMPING, like approaching footsteps, as, after a moment, a big, green, scaly monster foot comes into frame and steps on the sign, squashing it flat. The other foot then comes into frame, as we see the creature's legs advancing toward the town.

THE SALOON AGAIN.

A gangly, stupid-looking EMCEE bounces out behind the dancers as they leave the stage.

EMCEE:

Well, well, let's hear it for the Rash triplets! I took 'em home to Daddy just to find the one in the middle is my illegitimate sister!

The drunks stare at him, stone-faced.

EMCEE:

Well, before I bring out Esmerelda and her dancing birthmarks—

The crowd goes crazy with hoots and howls.

EXTERIOR: BACK OF SALOON.

As he walks up behind the saloon, the creature turns his head at the commotion coming from inside. He is large, Godzilla-like.

THE SALOON AGAIN.

EMCEE:

—I'd like to first show you some...

He brings a ten-gallon hat from behind his back, holding it upside-down in front of him.

EMCEE:

Prestidigitation!

An OLD DRUNK rises awkwardly from his seat.

OLD DRUNK:

Look out, he's gonna vomit!

THE BACK OF THE SALOON AGAIN.

The creature steps up to and sniffs the back of the rotting, wood saloon, then turns to the camera, nodding and smiling.

THE SALOON AGAIN.

EMCEE:

I shall now make this hat...levitate!

Suddenly, the creature punches his arm through the wall behind the emcee, ferociously pulling him back through it; the emcee flies backwards out of his tall boots, leaving them standing up on the stage. The hat hangs in mid-air for a moment, then falls, its wide brim catching on the tops of the boots. The drunks applaud this "trick" loudly and wildly.

EXTERIOR: WINKY'S. DAY.

We see a two-level building; below is an office, while above there are plush curtains and soft red lights in the windows. A sign on the front of the building reads FURBALL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE/WINKY'S HOUSE

OF DISEASE.

INTERIOR: HOOKER'S ROOM.

We see a HOOKER admitting a filthy COWBOY into her room.

HOOKER:

C'mon in, cowboy.

He enters, walking stiffly.

HOOKER:

Don't be shy, honey.

COWBOY:

I ain't, I jus' been ridin' two days without a rest stop.

She goes to a large window above her bed and opens it.

HOOKER:

That's called an occupational hazard—mine.

She lays back and sees he has gotten out of his pants, which are caked with prairie dust; his pants stand up by themselves, as he moves towards her.

COWBOY:

(Indicating pants) Jesus, lady, they're haunted!

He plops down on top of her, as dust rises from his shirt into the air. She winces, closing her eyes.

HOOKER:

(Muttering) Home, home on deranged!

The cowboy starts to move on her, as we TILT UP to show the view outside the window. After a moment, the creature pops his head into view, surveying the scene in the room. He laughs a long, breathy laugh at the sight. We then see the hooker again, who sniffs the creature's foul breath in the air.

HOOKER:

(To cowboy) Whaddaya, growing peat moss in your armpits?

Suddenly, the creature sinks his teeth into the cowboy's butt and pulls him out of the window. The hooker screams.

EXTERIOR: BACK OF WINKY'S.

The creature is chewing on the cowboy; he pulls the dirty shirt out of his mouth and, walking away, throws it to the ground. The mangy dog from the first scene runs up and, opening the shirt with its teeth, finds the cowboy's meaty rib cage inside. The dog yaps, does a backward flip and drags the rib cage out of frame.

INTERIOR: SHERIFF'S OFFICE. DAY.

The SHERIFF sits reading the paper, as the DEPUTY rushes in.

DEPUTY:

Sheriff Tate, we got a problem!

A STREET. DAY.

The sheriff walks up to a crowd of people on the street.

BOY IN CROWD:

(Pointing) He went that-a-way, Sheriff!

The sheriff draws his gun and, slowly walking backward, addresses the crowd.

SHERIFF:

Now, everyone...get back!

Just then the creature steps out from behind a building; the sheriff has his back to the creature. The crowd gasps as the creature spreads his arms, takes a giant breath and sucks the sheriff toward him and into his mouth.

INTERIOR: SHERIFF'S OFFICE. DAY.

The deputy bursts in, despondent, and sits at the sheriff's desk, with his head in his hands.

DEPUTY:

What to do? What to do?

He looks down at the open paper; under the headline MAN WILL WALK ON MARS BY 1927! is an ad for COSMO STARZ—TRAVELING EXTERMINATOR! WILL RID YOUR DOMAIN OF ANY AND ALL PARASITES!

DEPUTY:

That's our man!

MAIN STREET. DAY.

The populace of Furball has gathered to watch Cosmo ride into town. They hitch his horse to a post; on the side of his saddle is a sign reading PEST CONTROL. He dismounts.

COSMO:

First things first. I demand five dollars from every adult in the community.

They look at each other and, slowly, nod as one in agreement.

COSMO:

Now, take me to the problem.

ANOTHER STREET. DAY.

Citizens watch from their windows as Cosmo slowly walks down the street.

COSMO:

(Shouting) C'mon out, devil!

From a porch on the sidelines, PREACHER PLUCKER cups his hands and smiles.

PREACHER PLUCKER:

He is but a bonus gift from Allah!

Just then the creature appears at the other end of the street, as he and Cosmo approach each other.

COSMO:

(Softly) God!

He shifts his gun belt around, which has several pairs of pistols on it, until the longest pair is under his hands. The creature sees this and grabs TWO MEN who are standing too close to him, holding them at his sides like pistols. The creature then starts throwing them at Cosmo, who just manages to duck them. The second man's body breaks up as it hits the ground, as Cosmo quickly tears his shirt off, scoops up the disembodied head and, swinging it over his head like a slingshot, flings the head at the creature. It hits him squarely in the face, and the creature falls over, banging his head hard on the ground. The

townspeople cheer as they leave their homes and join Cosmo in the street. The creature is still.

DEPUTY:

That was great!

COSMO:

Oh, it was just something I read in a book somewhere. For now, though, I've got to keep watch over this creature. Where's the nearest barn?

INTERIOR: BARN. DUSK.

We see Cosmo sitting at an old table, counting his money. We then PULL BACK to show the creature, who is sitting next to him.

COSMO:

Well, we didn't do as well as we did the last time, but these pecker-woods will still get us to Peoria!

The creature tosses his head back and lets out a DEEP CHUCKLE. We then see, at the other end of the barn, two small eyes peering through the slats in the door.

EXTERIOR: BARN.

A SMALL BOY has witnessed the scene. He slowly moves away, then rushes down the street.

INTERIOR: BARN. DUSK.

Cosmo is now playing cards with the creature.

COSMO:

No, no. How many times must I tell you? A flush beats a straight!

Suddenly the door bursts open as the townspeople, enraged, enter. They grab Cosmo and drag him out, quickly scurrying away from the monster; they all scream in unison in their bloodlust.

MAIN STREET.

They drag Cosmo into frame and tie him upright to a post, yelling at and cursing him all the while. Preacher Plucker gets a wildly maniacal look in his eyes and, starting to salivate, fingers a long, shiny knife.

PREACHER PLUCKER:

(In a sick voice) Let's pluck him and see if he's ripe!

The deputy steps up to Cosmo, who is now bound tightly.

DEPUTY:

I shall personally remove your liver without anesthesia!

COSMO:

Aw, you're nuthin' but a big softy!

DEPUTY:

Start prayin', smartass!

The townspeople then start to pelt him with whiskey glasses, hair-brushes, framed portraits, dinner plates—anything and everything. Cosmo screams in pain.

THE CREATURE.

Seeing this violence, he turns to the camera.

THE CREATURE:

(Into camera, in a deep, rich voice) God, but humans are such scum!

He then walks away, out of town. After a moment, the mangy dog follows him, tagging along for any future leftovers. Together, they walk away into the sunset.

FADE OUT.  
THE END.

## TALK SHOW HOST

### CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

This time it's "Zen and the art of column writing"...

Unsolved mysteries of life left unexplained...

If Dear Abby offers such great advice then why didn't her sister, Ann Landers, writer her for counsel before the break-up of her marriage?

Does anyone really use those vibrating, pulsating dildoes that are advertised in the back of men's magazines? And why men's magazines? Do men use them? Or are women just too embarrassed to buy them for themselves?

Do people actually buy all those weird things in supermarkets' gourmet aisles...smoked octopus, capers, chutney? Or are they just for show?

Why are so many sex experts short, dumpy and positively the last people to look like they've ever seen an inside of thigh? What does Dr. Ruth's husband or lover look like? Does she subscribe to Frederick's of Hollywood?

If drive-in movie theatres are declining, then where are all the shitty movies being shown?

Are the kids who carry those over-sized radios getting stronger or weaker because of their obsession with sound?

Where do you apply for jobs with firms such as the National Potato Board and why would you want to have such a job?

The Jerry Lewis Telethon is on as I write this...I will never understand the appeal the man uses to donate money...I don't begrudge the guy the bucks...the cause is solid...but he is so obnoxious. He makes you believe there are no other worthy charities...This is one of my major unsolved mysteries...do people give because or in spite of Lewis?

What is the difference between Florida and California orange juice?

Why do the overwhelming majority of comic book fans look like living Herbie Popnecks?

Some women are absolutely beautiful with their clothes on...naked, they are very undesirable...why?

Who decides where the stop signs are at an intersection? Are there conflicting schools of thought on this issue?

Does anyone still paint their teeth to get rid of ugly stains?

Why buys those true-life detective magazines with the trussed-up women on the covers?

These are unsolved mysteries...ones which trouble the very core of my work ethic soul. If you have any answers kindly forward them to 24 Hampden St., Indian Orchard, MA 01151.

With the presidential campaign in full swing, it might be a good time to begin my profiles of the people who are trumpeting their credentials across the country with the intention of seducing some votes. I shall do this in order to answer some of the burning questions which the establishment media simply seems incapable of settling.

This issue...Walter Mondale.

Being a Protestant myself, I can understand the twisted soul of Walter Mondale far better than Jewish or Catholic columnists. Beneath Mondale's placid facade lies a restless, lustful intellect and an obsessive personality. Why doesn't Joan Mondale ever appear in a strapless evening gown when the media is ready to pounce? Ah, that would be telling...telling much too much about the man the world innocently calls "Fritz".

Fritz Mondale began his political career very early on when he ran for the presidency of his fifth grade class. I'm sure his classmates, chums and teachers now look back at this episode of America's Fighting Democrat with vast amusement. Even at this tender age, Fritz showed an affinity for vagueness and a concern for swept-back hair.

World War II interrupted his rise to the top of the Minnesota political slagheap. But battling Hitler's goons gave Mondale needed exposure to dangers of excess in politics and snappy uniforms.

Back home, Mondale realized that the life his father led as an olive stuffer simply would not satisfy his desire to serve the public. So Mondale left his parents to attend college and attain a degree in the Law.

Opening a small practice in Minneapolis, Mondale soon learned that the needs of the public could not be served by his fledgling law office. Mondale showed little promise in ordinary law, often confusing probate with prostate. He became so impoverished he took to stealing soap and towels out of men's rooms, selling them to unethical druggists.

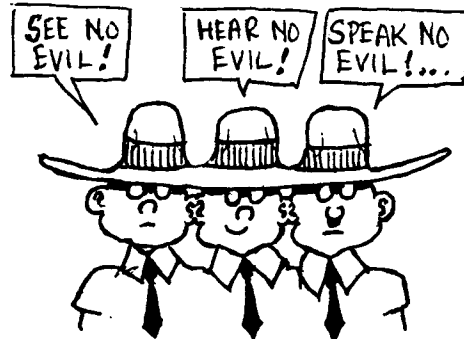
It was then he met the great love of his life, Hubert Humphrey. Ah, no...you'll get no tawdry revelations from me...Hubie, as Fritz often called him, was the young lawyer's friend and mentor, and the man responsible for putting Fritz where he is today.

Along the way to greatness, Fritz met and then wedded his lovely wife Joan and then had sex enough times to bring forth his wonderful family, Chip, Skip, Slip and, of course, Pammy.

In the U.S. Senate, Fritz became the chairman of the important committee on the franking privilege and was in charge of all desserts at all Senate functions. He served as vice-president under Jimmy Carter and helped Mr. Carter lose to Ronald Reagan (the first man to kiss Shirley Temple on screen).

Now, the dynamic Mondale is on his way to the White House!

TRAVEL IN FLORIDA AND MAKE BIG MONEY AT THE SAME TIME waxing shuffle boards and then send \$1 of that money to WALL-OP, 2981 Lookout Place, Atlanta, GA 30305 and get four very unusual original wall posters!



...CAUSE IT'S ALL ON T.V.!

OVERTON GRANT 1984

# CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION—JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS by Audrey Parente

Talk about conspicuous consumption, shades of Maupassant, let me tell you about Julie and Karl Wisenberg, who have adjoining offices at the State Mutual Insurance Building in Hartford, Connecticut (and adjoining five-digit salaries as well).

For almost a year after the birth of Karl, Jr., Julie had become much too attached to playing golf on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, playing tennis on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, and having her shoulder-length blonde hair washed and blow-dried on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, to get back into the fast-paced business world.

Karl had said, while he poured orange juice one morning about six months ago, "You know, Julie, it's not that I don't like your staying home and playing tennis and golf and all—but, honey, I don't think you understand exactly where we are financially." He carried his juice across the slate kitchen floor to the sunlit breakfast nook on the east side of the room.

Julie, who was waiting for frozen French toast to pop up from the four-slice toaster, mistook his momentary pause as an invitation to speak, and they both started to say something at the same time.

"Wait a minute," Karl exerted with his nostrils forcing themselves wide above his black moustache, "I want you to wait until I'm finished."

"Well, I thought you were finished," Julie snapped, pushing her tangled tresses behind her ears. "God, I'm glad it's Saturday," she muttered under her breath, "this hair is a mess." She took the French toast from the slots, arranged them on a platter and drenched them with maple syrup.

"That's the thing, Julie. Do you have to get your hair done twice a week? You only wear it straight. Couldn't you just wash it yourself some of the time?" Karl patted his own curly black hair to check its neatness.

"They might as well do my hair while I'm there for my facial on Tuesdays, and by Saturday my nails are always a wreck, so I'd have to go for a manicure anyway," Julie reasoned, glancing at her broken thumbnail.

The front door clicked.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hendriks," Julie called loudly toward the front hallway. "Karl is upstairs, and the beds aren't made, so please change the sheets today. I'm going right away," Julie added, leaving the French toast untouched, as she headed toward the door adjoining the garage.

Karl followed her beseeching. "You don't seem to understand what I'm trying to explain, Julie. You have got to cut down on some of the expenses if you're not going to work. We can afford the luxuries on two pays, but not on one."

Julie kissed Karl's cheek and climbed into the Mercedes.

"Don't forget to fill up the tank, and be prepared to make a good impression on the Jennings' tonight," Karl snapped just before the door slammed.

An hour later, Julie entered the indoor court with her best friend Lydia. A rasp of air and metal rip preceded Julie's voice as she dumped three bright new yellow tennis balls from their can onto Lydia's racket.

"Well, Lydia, I finally decided to wear the black dress tonight, to impress Karl's new boss, but I need something special to set off the neckline."

"How about your pearls?" responded Lydia as she dropped a ball and crammed it with her backhand across to the "B" team from another club.

"They make me look so dowdy. I was hoping, just between friends, you'd let me borrow your..." Julie paused.

The return ball whizzed past Lydia as she glanced at Julie and flushed red.

"You want to borrow the pendant I got for Christmas?" Lydia finished the sentence.

That night, at a quiet restaurant, her hair no longer tangled, Julie sat poised and lovely.

"Now, wasn't I right, Karl, my boy, that La Trattoria is the best Italian restaurant in Connecticut?" Derryl Jennings' rotund shape seemed somehow to give credibility to his statement. The fat man dabbed at the red sauce dribbling down his chin and stared at the voluptuous cleft between Julie's breasts.

"You're certainly right, Derryl," spouted Julie, "and it certainly was worth an hour's drive out to the boon-docks." Julie's effervescent smile glittered brightly, but not nearly as brightly as the enormous diamond dangling between her breasts at the end of the heavy, yellow-gold rope-chain. Julie turned to the stout lady at Derryl Jennings' elbow. "Have you ever played golf at the Avon Country Club, Marcia?" Julie smiled wider as she watched Marcia's eyes reflect the brilliance of the diamond pendant.

Much later that same night, at home in the darkness, Julie sat alone in the front hallway.

"Well?" Julie's breathless question was met only with a slammed door.

"How could you be so careless, Julie? I can't believe you could actually be so irresponsible and lose a thing like that. I rode all the way back to Avon and searched everywhere. It's just gone." Karl's voice was harsh. "You realize we aren't insured for this. I don't know what in the world we can do. You'll just have to tell Lydia you lost it."

"I'm not going to tell her. She was reluctant to lend it to me anyway. I'll just tell her I broke it and I'm having it fixed. That'll give me the time to find one like it." Julie was rambling.

"And just how do you think we can afford to do that? We have bills all over town now, and all four cars are financed. You know, Lydia bragged that a diamond that size was worth ten thousand. And that chain is probably a couple thousand by itself." Karl threw his hands into the air.

"So we'll get a loan and I'll go back to work," whimpered Julie.

They forgot I was there.

"You can go, Mrs. Hendricks," Julie said when she noticed me.

"There's nothing else to do tonight."

That was six months ago. Yesterday Julie was leaning over the bargain table in the duget basement at Fox's Department Store.

"Julie, what are you doing here?"

Julie looked up, startled to see Lydia poking through the items on the bargain table.

A blush crept up the cheeks of both women.

"Hi, Lydia. I haven't seen you in so long. Let's go for coffee. I still have half an hour left to my lunch hour."

"It's been a while since I've seen you on the courts or the links. How's work?" Lydia asked as they walked toward the coffee shop.

"Oh, it's much more rewarding than staying home and playing tennis all the time..." Then Julie took a deep breath, sighed and started again. "Actually, Lydia, it's a grind and I wish I didn't have to work. But, just between friends, how do you manage?"

"Well," Lydia sighed, "just between friends, we've been cutting corners for a long time."

"No more diamond pendants for Christmas, huh, Lydia?" Julie tried to hide the cynical tone.

Lydia smiled a funny sort of smile.

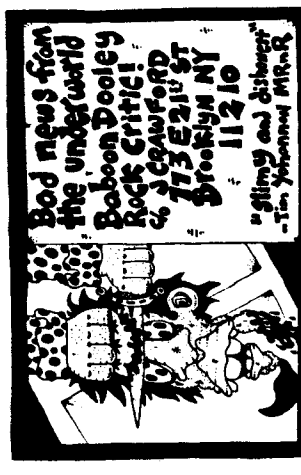
"Actually, Julie, just between friends, I sold that at a garage sale for ten dollars last month, to Marcia Jennings."

Shocked, Julie wheezed and choked on her coffee.

"Wh—why?"

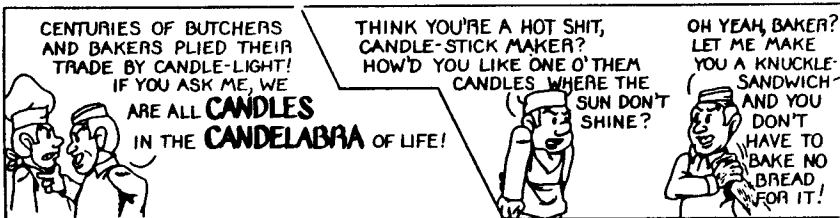
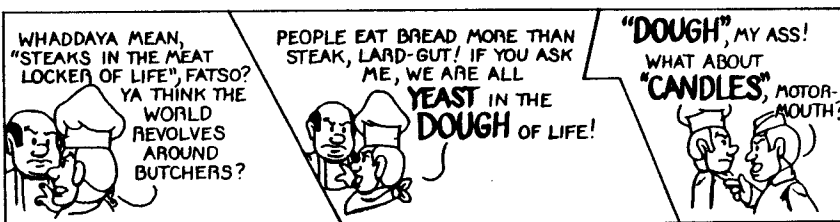
"You mean you didn't know? It was fake, Julie; we could never really have been able to afford anything that expensive if it was real."

This morning on my way to the Wisenbergs, I stopped at the Jennings' garage sale and bought a diamond pendant for five dollars. But you'll have to excuse me, I have to check on Karl and change the sheets.



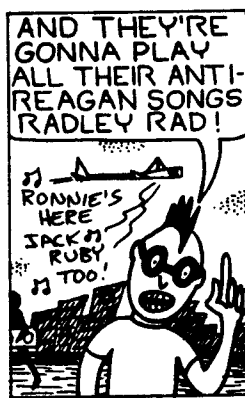
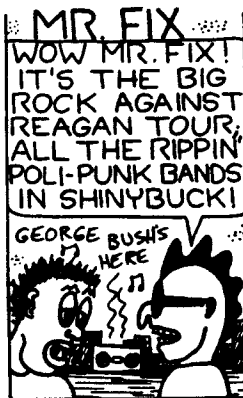


# "UTOPIA AT LAST(?)" by Randy Maxson



## FACTSHEET FIVE

For a sample copy, send \$1 in cash, check, or stamps, or a copy of your own publication, to Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155.

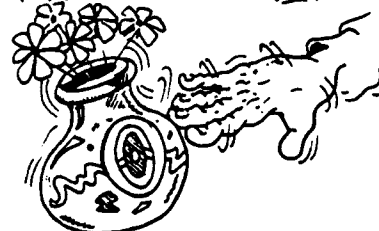


## DREAM SEEN

JAN 23

THE DOOR DISAPPEARED - JUST LIKE THAT! ONE SECOND I'M REACHING FOR THE HANDLE - THE NEXT I'M STARRING AT A SUBTLY GROTESQUE WALL PAPER DESIGN & MY FINGERS ARE STUCK TO THE FIRST JOINT IN A CERAMIC BLUE VASE. I JERKED BACK MY HAND IN PANIC & THE VASE SHATTERED. THERE WERE SIX PEOPLE IN THE ROOM - ALL STRANGERS, ALL STRANGE. COLD, DISAPPROVING EYES, TENSE MOUTHS, FURROWED BROWS. SIX MEN, SIX WOMEN - BUT CONSTANTLY SHIFTING AS EACH TURNED FROM ONE GENDER TO ANOTHER, SOMETIMES A WOMAN'S HEAD ON A MAN'S BODY OR VICE-VERSA, SOMETIMES A BLEND OF BOTH. SOMETIMES AN ARM OR LEG.

THEY DON'T SCARE ME WITH THAT KIND OF SHIT ANYMORE.



RAD 5/9

EXPLORE THE UNIVERSE...

...of fanzines by sending for a copy of the journal devoted to the strange world of small press:

## The FAN CLUB PRESIDENTS' Convention

by A.J. Wright

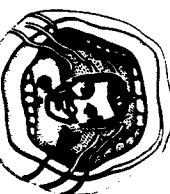
The delegates to the First International Congress of Martha Hyer Fan Clubs (held March 18-20, 1995, at the Rocco Hilton in Ft. Worth, Texas) assembled and started their agenda: to celebrate Miss Hyer's blondness, her body, her obscurity and their appreciation of all three. They know she wore a bathing suit as if born to it, but that's not why they fanned the barely-warm embers of Miss Hyer's memory. Their enthusiasm had the competent urgency of a rescue squad.

The convention's keynote speaker, Egbert Twine, phrased it for all the attendees during his after-dinner address opening night. "More so than even Dolores Moran or Barbara Payton, the radiance of Martha Hyer lives on in the memory of all of us, her fans. We remember her in Some Came Running; 'A Piece of the Action', the first episode of the Alfred Hitchcock Hour; episodes of Kraft Suspense Theater, Burke's Law, Branded, and so many others. We must not drop this torch of her beauty and talent that movie history has passed to us."

The final two days of the convention were consumed by the purchase and trading of Martha Hyer memorabilia and relics. Much of the material was standard issue seen at most Martha Hyer conventions: publicity stills, both signed and unsigned; hardbound and paperback copies of Delbert Reeves' memoir/biography I Went Searching for Martha Hyer and Came Up Empty-Handed; various costumes worn by Miss Hyer on the screen or in television productions; and a car she once owned.

Many of the exhibited items were considerably more exotic. An attendee carried a canning jar which he claimed contained a breath from Miss Hyer. One exhibitor had a display of hairs from various stages of the star's career. Underwear purveyors were in abundance. Other items of interest included grocery lists, wigs, a handkerchief bearing the stigmata of Miss Hyer's lipstick and a fingerprint of her left thumb lifted from a table in a well-known Los Angeles restaurant. So many of the pieces of Miss Hyer's life seemed to be on exhibit and/or for sale.

On the whole, this convention proved to be a big success. New friendships were begun; important alliances were forged. New coordinates of culture began to appear at last.



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can handle.

# GARAGE SALE!

by John Eberly



My wife, Ginger, got out of bed at six a.m. I rolled over and slept till eight-thirty, when the sound of car doors opening and closing became more than I could bear. "Ah. A few early arrivals," I thought as I took a peek out the second story bedroom window. Nothing could have prepared me for the scene I viewed from that perch. Throngs of bermuda-shorted, sunglassed humans of all ages, sizes and description swarmed over the second (and third; okay, fourth)-hand wares piled randomly on the driveway and lawn surrounding our personal citadel of sleazy consumerism: THE

GARAGE. All of this bartering frenzy going on in spite of the fact that I had yet to perform what would prove to be my main function in this sordid enterprise—putting the signs up.

Which I did. One man, walking up to me while I was attempting to pound one of the aforementioned signs into the cracked, dry, brown thing we call our "front yard", gave me the following cryptic advice: "Need ya a jackhammer fer that job; I've got one, but it's at home, heh, heh." I looked up from my handiwork at a short, round, older man, dressed in grey J.C. Penney workshirt and pants, with the biggest sombrero I've seen north of the border. "Uh, thanks anyway," I mumbled as he turned away from me and, muttering insanely to himself, made his way up the cluttered driveway.

Shortly thereafter I locked myself in the bathroom for the next few hours reading *INSIDE JOKE* #32, until an eleven-year-old kid with terminal diarrhea forced me to abandon my latest perch. Finding nowhere else to hide, I was enlisted to make everyone sandwiches and copious amounts of iced tea. In fact, I hustled iced tea until 3 p.m., at which time I happily went to work to a job I otherwise hate.

DAY TWO: I awoke to the babbling Babylon below my window after having a super-realistic dream that I was waking up in some Far-Eastern mud structure to the sounds of the open market outside. So convincing was this dream that, coupled with actually waking up to the sounds of the garage sale in full swing below, for longer than a few fleeting moments I had the horrible sensation or understanding that this was just another day at the family marketplace connected to the mud hut, business as usual...I got so nauseated at the thought of it I had to bolt to the bathroom and make an impromptu offering to the porcelain god. Then I noticed I didn't feel well at all—in fact, had some kind of 24-hour bug—which forced me back to bed until time for work, for which I gleefully showed up, if a little green around the gills. Considering the alternative, I was again happy to be there.

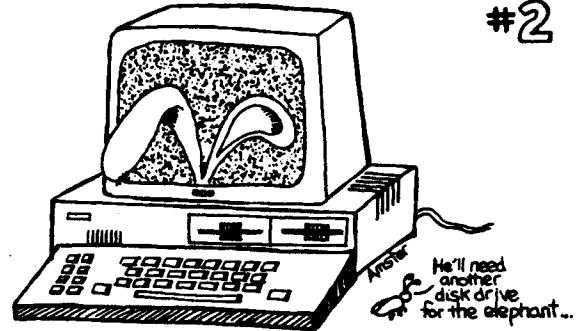
The third day went much like the first two, with the exception of it being Saturday, which meant I didn't have my regular job to which to escape later in the day. Over "the bug" of day two, I had no choice but to return to my role as sandwich maker and tea jockey, occasionally agreeing with old ladies on their gaudy purchases, trying not to laugh outright in their rouged and powdered faces. I must admit some feelings of compassion for the men I observed, hairless white chicken legs dangling beneath oversized shorts, commenting mostly to themselves between "Yes Dear"s over some broken electrical appliance, or fondling an empty Billy Beer can like it was a piece of the true cross. That beer can/cross analogy might not be too far off the mark, for there seem to be many such icons associated with this new church that can be had for some small offering to the high priestess or priest, taken home and put on the mantel and worshipped, or worn in an infinite variety of everyday rituals, and ultimately discarded or sold again in the marketplace. Passed on from generation to generation, the more durable of these items should eventually tell succeeding generations much about the material climate of our times, our habits, perhaps the transient nature of existence itself...

At any rate, by 7 p.m. the faithful had dwindled to a few lost-looking individuals who looked like they had nowhere else to go, so we began to box up what treasures remained and await the arrival of the Salvation Army truck.

We were tired, but it was a satisfying kind of tired that always seems to come at the end of any great enterprise. And this was, after all, one of the great American enterprises: making money from worthless junk. And make money we did—so much, in fact, that I now wander the curio-filled rooms of my life with an eye toward even my most prized personal possessions'...resale value.

## CELEBRITY HOME COMPUTERS

#2



Doug Henning's

## 4-Color Fiend

by Steve Chaput

The problem with most comics fanzines is the tendency to take comics way too seriously. I suppose it stems from an over-defensive sensitivity about their hobby. Let's face it, even science fiction fans look down on comics fans, and sf fans are a pretty borderline group themselves.

I'd like to use this, my first column, to plug THE COMICS BUYER'S GUIDE (700 E. State Street, Iola, WI 54990).

CBG, as it is known in fandom, is the only weekly fanzine (of nationwide distribution) on comics, and, with a paid circulation of 11,000, one of the most widely read (and quoted) zines in the hobby.

Actually, the term "fanzine" doesn't really apply to CBG, as it is completely staffed by professional editors and writers and pays for all contributions (send to the above address for writer/artist guidelines). It is published in tabloid format by Krause Publications, who are well-known as publishers in the stamp and coin collecting fields.

Besides articles and news on both current and "golden age" comics, CBG publishes dozens of articles each month on such related topics as television, film, animation and even a monthly review of columns in the science fiction/fantasy magazines (*Analog*, *Asimov*, etc.).

As I stated in the beginning of this piece, SBG doesn't take itself (or the hobby) dead-seriously. Many of the regular columns (especially those by comics writer Tony Isabella and sf/f novelists Ron Goulart and Lawrence Watt Evans) are written with tongue firmly in cheek. Robert Ingersol (a public defender from Cleveland) contributes a delightful column, "The Law is an Ass", in which he compares real-life criminal and civil law with that which is practiced in comics (i.e., Can a masked individual who refused to divulge his/her real identity give reputable evidence in a court of law?). One of CBG's most popular features is "The Bitter Half", an Erma Bombeck-ian column by Elizabeth Slaughter on being the wife of a comic book collector.

Besides the columns, you'll find cartoons (strips and gag-panels, as well as straight illos) by some of fandom's best-known artists (including familiar-to-IJ-readers names like Valentino, George Eddy and Brian Pearce). The artists, often more so than the columnists, make the best possible use of the inherent humor/absurdity of comic book characters, especially the super-heroes (the genre most prevalent in the industry at present).

Hope you'll give CBG a try, since you can receive a free sample issue simply by requesting one (no obligation).

NEXT TIME - *E-Man*, *Bizarro* and *Ambush Bug*: Can comics satirize themselves?

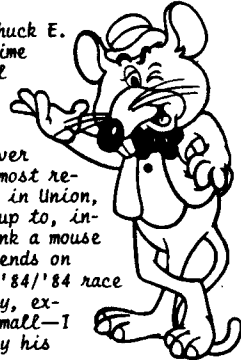
# PAPOON IN '84/84

BRING BACK NOSTALGIA! by ew



sonalized belief in the Mighty Hot Dog in the Flame-Broiled Skies. "I don't know what all the fuss is about, as usual," bemoaned the candidate; "I find great comfort in the inherent moral surrealism that comes from preserving the sanctity of life right up to the moment of birth then bringing 'em up to shoot 'em down later on! Dear Grid, it's positively inspiring!" GGP also had some choice words for Mental Minority "leader" Jerry Foulmouth, all of which have since been censored by the fearful faithful.

Meanwhile, Nice-Residential running-mite Chuck E. Cheese has spent his time keeping his Pizza-Time Theatre finances to himself, prompting minimal curiosity as to why, when mere months ago rumours abounded that the enterprise was going under, franchises are now popping up (like, indeed, much of the food served within) all over the East Coast Derisive Hindquarters area (most recently in Caesar's Bay Bazaar in Brooklyn and in Union, NJ). Says Cheese, "What's that other George up to, income-wise, while you're at it? Don't you think a mouse on one hand is worth two over Bush?" CEC intends on keeping busy as unofficial slogger of the '84/'84 race ("after all, what else can a veep-28 do anyway, except a little shopping, and my PTTs have the mall—I mean, them all beat!"), as can be evidenced by his latest effort below:



"It's like going swimming without getting wet!"

Sure, Chuck - makes sense to us!

But what is the other George up to? Well, former NSP veep (1976-1980?) George LeRoy Tirebiter spent a weekend with this reporter one day last month, before disappearing into the wilds of Coney Island with the vivacious "Kid" Sieve on alternating arms, so in tribute to that infamous child star-turned-Radical Conservative charismatic spokes-creature, we herewith presume another leap Forward Into The Past and present selected excerpts from our illustrious NSP history—A Souvenir of Campoon '76 by David Ossman (reprinted by permission):

February 1976

## INTERNATIONALISM

During a 4,000-mile tour of the Pacific Northwest, Candidate George Papoon spoke out before a meeting at Is This 'icrophone 'orking Auditorium in Seattle:

"According to a recent pole stuck in the ground near Meater, California, human voters are still divided on the question of international involvement. A schism has formed and needs oiling. The animal electorate, however, has responded nearly unanimously. They say, 'Let us be concerned first with the continuing exploitation and destruction of the natural habitats of the non-human population!' And I pledge myself to making America pleasant for the animals. Then it will be pleasant for the rest of us!"

## GUN CONTROL

The Association of Traditional Four-Leggeds has joined with the Migratory Bird Caucus and The Bay Area Surrealist League to appeal for a constitutional amendment allowing Federal Income Taxes to be paid off with privately-owned hand-guns and rifles on a highly favorable exchange basis. Natural Surrealist Party candidate Papoon went a step further by urging that a new lead currency be adopted for tax-paying purposes. "Something like ten slugs to the pistol, ten pistols to the rifle, ten rifles to the bureaucrat, ten bureaucrats to the wall," he suggested.

May 1976

## SOLAR POWER

"Here Comes The Sun" will be the motto of the proposed Solar, Pyramid and Psychic Energy Development Board, which George G. Papoon promises will convert Fossil Fools and Atomic Addicts to the cause of renewable resources.

## NUCLEAR WEAPONS

Papoon congratulated Canada for ridding itself of its last atomic bombs and rockets recently, without exploding any of them. "While America and Russia continue to rub SALT in the world's wounds, our Northern Neighbor has committed the friendliest act imaginable," he said.

## NATIONAL LOTTERY

N.S.P. Candidate Papoon has endorsed a proposal to establish a cabinet-level Department of Chance to operate a Free Choice Lottery to provide relief from high taxes and generate a new class of lucky millionaires.

"All funds for Pentagon lunches, jet fuel, foreign aid and office supplies will thus be voluntarily donated by the compulsive instead of the compelled," suggested Papoon.

## MORE SUGAR

The International White Sugar Conspiracy may be responsible for

Dear Pres. Reagan:  
"ALWAYS SMILE WHILE YOU'RE GIVING THEM THE SHAFT!"  
(MATT. 21:22).

This quote has been sent to you for good luck. The original is from the United Kingdom. It has been around the world 9 times. The luck has been sent to you. You will receive good luck within 6 days of receiving this letter, provided you in turn send it back out. THIS IS NO JOKE. You will receive it in the mail. Send to people you think need good advice. DO NOT SEND MONEY. For fate has no price on it. An IDF officer received 70,000 Israeli pounds after he sent his letter out. Joe Elliot received \$26.24 and lost it because he broke the chain. While in the Philippines, Gen. Welch lost his life 6 days after he received this letter. He failed to circulate the quote. However, before his death, he received \$775,000. Please send 20 copies of this letter and see what happens to you on the 6th day. DO NOT KEEP THIS LETTER. It must leave your hands 69 hours after you receive it!

This chain came to you from Venezuela, and was written by Gen. Anthony David, a millionaire from South America. I myself forwarded this to you, but it is sent anonymously to you. Since this chain makes a tour of the world, you must take 20 identical copies, send it to your friends, relatives and associates. After a few days you will get a surprise. This is even true even if you are not superstitious.

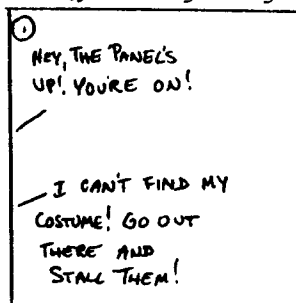
TAKE NOTE OF THE FOLLOWING: Charles de Gaulle had received the chain in 1959. He asked his Secretary of State to make 20 copies and send them out. After a few days he won a lottery for \$20,000 in his country. Carlo Donat, of Milano, Italy, received the chain and forgot about it. A few days after he lost his job as a shirt shaver, he found the chain letter and sent it out to 20 people the next day. Five days later he got a better job as a wine sampler.

FOR NO REASON SHOULD THIS CHAIN BE BROKEN.

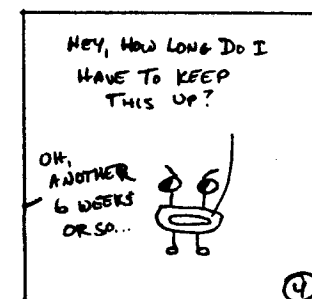
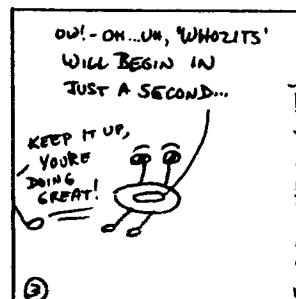
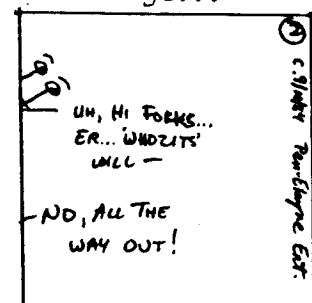
Remember, send no money, please do not ignore. It works.

A Friend

WHIZITS by Elayne



"Backstage..."



turning Americans "weak and silly," according to a nameless Campoon Conspiracy Advisor, who also found that the Average Urban Minority Breakfast of Twinkies and Coke could be "dangerously hostile to mental and physical health."

## STAY-AT-HOME

Accused by Electrician's local 666 of being a "stay-at-home candidate," George G. Papoon replied by being in two places (Moscow, Idaho and Pekin, Illinois) at once.

"I am wherever my supporters are," he said in Moscow. "And they are in the very air we breathe!" he declared in Pekin.

But wait! there's more! Ah well, hey, we have two more progress reports to go before the Inauguration Party (Sunday, December 30 at Apt. Third-Eye for humanoid and at Monster Island again for non-humanoids), so muerto come next times! Stay tuned, and remember, If Voting Is A Farce, It's Up To Us To Keep It That Way!

# FIVE O'CLOCK Shadow

by Rick McCann

It was still there when I got home. Nothing much had changed...I mean it was still the same size and shape and in the same general area, but I had hoped that just maybe it wouldn't be there anymore.

The cat didn't like it either. Ever since it just kinda appeared in the corner three weeks ago, the cat had avoided the room like an overfilled litter box.

If a light had been on, and I had been standing just right, I would have thought it to be my shadow...but shit, this thing was living in the corner on its own. When I first saw it standing there, I had just come in from an all-night gig and had plenty of free alcohol in me to explain it away; but when it was still there the next day...even though I did not feel one hundred percent, I did know that this was something that needed my full immediate attention.

A shadow of myself in the corner that stayed there all of the time produced a strange effect on me and I began to dream up steps that could be taken to dispose of the beast. It was not an item a sane person could call the cops about, and I didn't really want to anyhow, so I ruled that out right off. I could also see that having a friend come over and look at it would accomplish next to nothing so I threw that idea out too. I was used to dealing with problems on my own and this was clearly something I was going to have to solve on my own and I was beside myself.

Since I could not touch the shadow (oh, I could touch the wall it was on, but have you ever tried to drag out even an ordinary shadow?), disposing of it that way was a definite nix. I tried the vacuum cleaner too, but I was not overly optimistic about that even before I dragged it out and undid all the kinked up cord and hose. Paint was the worst idea of the bunch, 'cuz the room had faded just enough where I had to repaint the whole fucking wall to get a match and with the shadow standing there (watching me?) in the process.

By now I was pretty pissed off trying to exorcise it, and since I was not about to stand there and recite strange incantations, I gave up and figured, 'fuck it, just let the damn thing stand there if that's what it was gonna do'.

I would notice from time to time that it would move a bit to the right or left or stretch its arms or something, but never did it stray far from the corner. At least it didn't shit on the rug.

After three weeks of living with my dubious guest in the corner, I was a mere shadow of my former self. Worry over what it might do next was causing a pall over my existence. I often work up at night expecting it to be next to me in bed...but it never left the corner.

One sunny afternoon, I came home and glanced at the corner as I had begun to do on a regular basis every time I went through the room lately. The beastly shadow was gone. I never saw it leave and I never did anything out of the ordinary to bring about the thing's exit; but it was a real relief to have an empty room for a change.

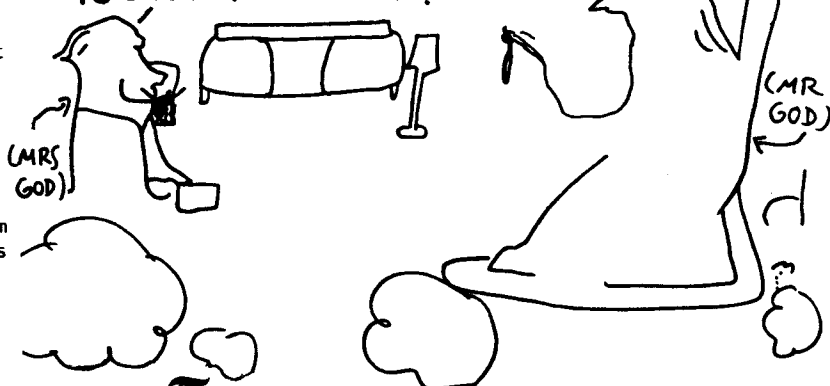
Not fearing what the neighbors might see if they by chance looked in, I pulled open the drapes for the first time in almost a month. It was such a great feeling I coulda shit...not a shadow of myself to be seen anywhere...not anywhere...then it hit me...there was not even a shadow of myself where there should be...

This time I was much too afraid to call a friend.



GODSVILLE

YES, I DO THINK SPERM IS A GOOD IDEA— BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DISTRIBUTE IT?



## After The Letters

by Alice Ermlich

Five years ago he left and the whole United States stretched between us; I stayed on the west coast, while he went to the east. When he left I made sure I told him I didn't love him like a woman loves a man. I said he was a key sliver of wood in a toothpick tower built against the gravity of loneliness.

Now he will be at my house in five minutes and I want to run away. Five years of letter writing means we have explored almost every locked and unlocked door of each other, and I am afraid my lie about how I didn't love him will make me ache again.

I look on my bookshelf, but I know I have no sympathetic writer who knows what it feels like to be in love with a gay man. I want to say it was fear of loving another, or that my loneliness was so dark it was lit by the first sparkling of honest conversation, but that's not true. His gestures, too masculine for a gay man...his fond glances, too fond for someone who wouldn't want me to love him...the warm tones, then rolling thunder of his laughter. And when he left I lost my reason to even be awake...it was like he died, and I died with him.

I hear a knock on the door, and it startles me. With my heart beating quickly, I throw the door open.

"Hello," he says with his smile and mouth I've imagined again and again.

"Come in," I say, wondering if I dare embrace him.

Like a big, clumsy dancing bear, he embraces me and I feel the warmth of his body. The hormones I remember too well stir again. I didn't expect it, although I wanted to feel my own body respond. It would seem too strange if I didn't. When we draw apart, I see sadness intermingling among his features filled with fondness.

"I've missed you...too..." he says.

"It isn't easy to find good friends," I say, trying to calm my passions.

Like the friend I've always known and loved, he gives one of those timely laughs and says, "Please, don't say that."

Embarrassment stings me as if I've bumped into a hive of bees. He knows me well enough to discover my lies, and I know him well enough to know he has mixed feelings for me. But I don't want either of us to spin endlessly around in a little whirlpool.

"Let's just not worry about how we feel about each other. We have two weeks together, and if we fight ourselves we won't enjoy it," I say, suddenly, and I realize I'm advising myself more than I'm talking to him.

"Are you sure?" he asks, as if I'm offering him a favor.

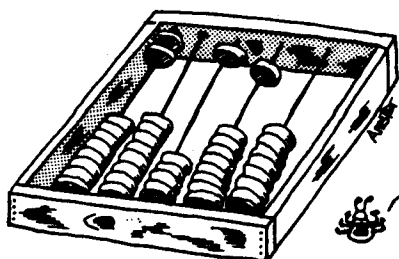
"Look," I say, angrily, "I know you're gay, so that's that. Isn't it?"

The word 'gay' stays in the air like a black balloon. It's the first time I've said the word aloud.

He tilts his head, and looks through me for a moment, then gives a brisk nod. "Okay."

## CELEBRITY HOME COMPUTERS

#3



How many first ladies does it take to plug it in?



## BRIGHTON BEACH EXPRESS

by Elayne

My first summer of riding the Brighton Beach Express is over, and unfortunately I've done much less touring of Brooklyn—the impetus for the writing of this column in the first place—than I had hoped, so I'll put this series to bed now with a little incentive to All You Out There, should you ever wish to ride the rails yourselves...

This is about The Cartoon. Oh, it's not strictly a cartoon; I'm not even sure there's a category in existence into which one can place the thing. It might be described as Commuter Art, but those words too often conjure up visions of graffiti now selling out in Soho. This is real grassroots stuff, a real participatory experience, an anonymous offering (well, it may not be anonymous at that, but I've no idea where to look up origins and artists) to that class of people better practised at looking away (from each other, from the unusual or controversial) during the twice-daily shuttle.

It is found on the "D" line, and also on the "N" and the almost mythical "QB" that nobody except me even sees, much less takes. You can only see The Cartoon if you're en route towards Manhattan, over the bridge. It's on the right-hand side of the train, facing forward, and it's found right after DeKalb Avenue, around 300 feet or so out.

What it is, well, it's almost like a vertical flip-book. You remember flip-books, right, those little match-book-sized booklets you hold and flip the pages and look at the picture change so it looked like the bird was flying or the balloon was bursting or Reagan's face went through a dozen metamorphoses before reverting back to stone? The same frame-by-frame technique has been employed by everything from early nickelodeons to modern animation, and has never seemed to have lost its appeal. The optical delights afforded by the quirks of persistence of vision continue to fascinate and mystify kids of all ages, even in three-piece suits.

The flip-book-like technique used by The Cartoon employs vertical slats through which the animation is viewed. The movement of the train provides the persistence of vision, as the commuter peers directly through the subway window (not diagonally, though; the illusion only sustains with head-on viewing) at the changing panorama of primary colors. One is usually so surprised at the first-time discovery of this phenomenon that it takes a couple sittings before one can make out the various images: exploding shapes of all kinds—squares, circles, triangles—becoming flowers and rocket ships and coming together to form a figure of some sort, weaving in and out and back in again...it's not, certainly, the most spectacular animation I've ever seen, but it is clever and wondrous, and nicest thing about it is, of course, that it's there at all. The whole show lasts about half a minute, then in another half-minute or so you're out over the Manhattan Bridge, looking towards the Whitestone and the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

I remember I used to see The Cartoon a few times when I went into the City on weekends; now the Powers That Be apparently close the slats on weekends and in the evenings. A shame, too—I would think weekend travellers, especially the kiddies, would get much more out of it. Go figure. Better yet, go look for it.



### GOOD FRIDAY

by Remington Murphy

The sun poked through that April day, starlin mounted starling. Yet in our campus vaunting stood a preacher bald and dazzling.

He flashed a battered Bible, head erect to plead, and thumbed the somber pages to prove that he could read.

He croaked to us of Sodom, where men delighted men, and screeched how lust was uppermost now as well as then.

To love as deep as Jesus, he softened to a frown, a man must love his fellowmen but keep his urges down. We hung our heads, his thumping done, in deference to the hour, or lazed away our livelong day enamored of a flower.



**SEX WORDS!**  
What's Coming Up  
on July 6, 1998,  
\$1 for Intense Pamphlet  
The SubGenius Foundation  
Box 148366,  
Dallas, TX 75214



# Sayz-U! (Letters)

Dear Elayne:

Thanks for the "Hormones Make People Do Strange Things" issue of IJ. I must say, the erstwhile Ace Backwards' cover is without doubt the best cover to date, bar none. I hope that some day you have writers of the same calibre as your artists.

Before I go any further with comments on the Love Feast issue, let me get some business-type contractual clauses out of the way. The Venerable Ms. Anni Ackner and I have conferred in conference (sic), and we have vowed the following:

1. We refuse to wear anything made of Qiana.
2. We refuse to wear anything that has an "adorable little chiffon capelet."
3. We refuse to spend \$140.00 on dyed-to-match picture hats and little pumps.
4. Anni will not wear anything pink.
5. We will not wear anything that could possibly cause us to be confused with the mother of the bride. This means that anything turquoise and beaded is out.
6. We refuse to hold a lingerie shower.
7. We refuse to sing "Sunrise, Sunset," "Close To You," or "Wedding Song" in reggae beat, nor will we suffer to listen to cousin Hortense, the Julliard dropout, do same.
8. We will not suffer to be seated to your unmarried cousin Heshie, who eats creamed corn with a tablespoon.
9. We will not, I repeat not, do either the Alley Cat or the Hokey-Pokey, nor will we play Simon Says. Horas are out too, though we might consent to a nice tarantella.
10. We will not partake of the chopped-liver heart if it is designed to beat while anyone takes a smear.
11. We will only partake of wedding cake if the plastic bride and groom are Captain Lou Albano and Cyndi Lauper.
12. I will not eat pareve ice cream, unless it has proven to be able to melt beforehand. Nor will I eat ersatz "Continental" food, such as "Chicken Americaine."

In return, we promise not to disappear into the kitchen with the waiters, not to embarrass your Aunt Florence from Forest Hills by commenting on her vasectomy, not to breakdance on the head table, and to take care that you don't receive 27 fondue pots at your engagement party. Fair enough?

Now on to the Tell Me Dear Why Am I So Romantic Commemorative IJ issue. Definitely an improvement overall to the last issue. I do hope, however, that Mr. Chaput has been consulted about having his love life plastered all over 23 pages, for all 200 IJ readers to see (to avoid lawsuits, and the like). Seriously, though, dollink, for someone who claims to be loathe to publicize personal things in public print, you sure take great pains to inform the whole world of the recent joyful goings-on in your life. We are all, of course, very happy for you, and I know I have already braved the crowds at Fortunoff's in Wayne to find out if it's true that you've selected the "Frolicking Truman Capote" china pattern. Just do, please, close the bedroom door behind you.

It's really too bad that Kip M. Ghesin is being such a spoilsport about the whole thing, especially since s/he is so very close to you. But really, Elayne, it is *tres gauche et tacky* to trash one's ex-lovers in public print, especially if one of them is still writing for you. One's own stupidity, naivete, or selective blindness is nothing to blame someone else for. Really, unless you're Britt Eckland, or even Joan Collins, and even then, it's hard to pull this kind of venomous trashing off with anything resembling *elan* and *cachet*.

Of course I am totally unbiased (sic), but I must dispute, as you already know, the concept of Ms. Anni Ackner's "excessive verbiage." Ms. Ackner, as you know, is already known in alternative press circles as a Major Talent, and this month she has outdone herself. The notion of excess verbiage as applied to most IJ writers can be applied after the second sentence, so this is a relative term. I refuse to get into a long tirade about quality again, but let this serve as my vote being cast for Letting Anni's Good Sense Determine How Much Space She Needs. I don't think she abuses it.

As far as other contribs are concerned, I see you have a virtually new stable of writers, many of whom are indistinguishable from the old ones. Susan Packie stands out as the best of the new breed; old standbys are DeeBee and L. Fizz, R. Dioxin, and the unreadable but a swell fellow Mike Gunderloy. I don't know who John E is, but his "Summer Vacation" piece was the most self-indulgent piece of drivel I've seen since the departure of Margaret Kuczynski. Really...

As for my own departure, I bid a fond farewell to all my fan (sic), but I find that my ultra-serious stuff just doesn't fit in IJ, nor do I seem to have the discipline to meet deadlines these days. I have a few articles gestating in my brain, but they're on such diverse topics as being a baby-boomer, Why I Am Not A Feminist, a History of the Democratic Campaign By A Totally Unbiased Observer, and a piece on my latest cause, eating disorders in women.

With that plug for my as yet nonexistent endeavors, I bid you, and your other half, and the rest of the world, a fond See You Later.

The Incredibly Corporate,  
JILL ZIMMERMAN  
96 Johnson Ave.  
Hackensack, NJ 07601

With special thanks to A. Ackner for helping me with the Matrimonial Manifesto above.

(Speaking of which—and you all knew I'd say something, right?—I suppose I should explain to newcomers that Steven and I aren't nearly engaged as yet, although I appreciate the sentiments. But aw, c'mon, I don't think I plastered things over 23 pages now, did I? In fact, I looked the issue over and came to the conclusion that I mentioned my relationship exactly as many times as Anni mentioned her marriage—2.

20

Once on page 2, which is where I mention Important Things To Know anyhow, and once in the letter column where Steve had a contribution. I don't think I went into any great detail, but we each have degrees...I do, however, concur that Kip went a bit too far, although the only ex-lover s/he really trashed was Langdell, who deserved it [I know, I know, that wasn't the point]. DO and I are merely friends, as was the implication, and Kip has been censured for the mention of all three names, including the Rodney K Dioxin controversy, which has been met with much sound and fury, signifying the following letters.)

Dear Elayne,

It has come to my attention that you are leading the "public" to believe that you and Rodney were an item. How very odd, I thought it was you and Georg Patterson having the fling, or so he wrote to Alix. They may resemble one another (a resemblance I fail to see), but they are not the same person. So ya twink, keep your mitts off of my guy! I dare ya to print this one, Elayne.

Love always,

PRUDENCE GAELOR  
P.O. Box 9079  
Hollins College, VA 24020

P.S. Tell Rodney that he did not make up Kermit.

Hey Elayne:

Well, this is some kind of an improvement, I guess. If I'm now getting credited for things I didn't do maybe some day I'll even get the credit for that which I actually do. Don't get me wrong...I'm sure you're a hell of a person. You do print my stuff after all. But, as you know, we've never even met. I guess this is your idea of cosmic equity...make Georg a staff writer on the basis of my work and credit me with the relationship that he was involved in. Do keep your friends in line in the future. Gifts like this I don't need. I mean, I've had stories in issues 32, 27, 26, 25, and 24; plus artwork in 28 and the cover on 31. And what have I got to show for my work. You make my agent and former friend Georg Patterson into a staff writer (who, I might add, has the stunning output of one half of a "Spinal Tap" review and three letters to the editor and one staffer introduction, many of which perpetuate this aka:RKD fiction, to his credit—other staffers miss two months and they go on the permanent universal shit list) and you run my name under a photo of him in the Murdoch ish and now one of your friends tells the IJ universe that we (i.e., you and me) had a relationship. Pardon me if I'm un-thrilled. Don't get me wrong; I do not think that I should be a staff writer...I admit that I didn't write anything for four issues; I don't expect to get the credit for the outstanding work done by Johnny and Syd and Clay-David and Jo (all of whom I recruited for IJ, I might add) unlike some Georgs I could mention. Although I'll give the jerk credit, at least when he stole my 67-foot carnivorous water lily story for the first half of his bio he got it right. Anyway, I don't ask a lot. I just want cred for what I do and not for what I don't—altho to be fair you really ought to boot Georg off staff; but I don't need blood. The hills may cry "JUSTICE" but all I sez is; donnez moi une break. ah well...

Long life "Desolate Ariel and the Schizos"---

RODNY K DIOXIN  
The Wilcox Hotel  
Albertson Rd. et Sandwood Crescent  
The Void

(Well, that'll teach me not to censor Kip...Truly, though, apologies on behalf of the a.e. for whom I must grudgingly accept responsibility, and be assured it won't happen again. I appreciate both Rodney and his gal setting the record straight, and I hope that takes care of my past, present and future Love Life As Written In The Pages of IJ once and for all. Maybe I should've gone with my first instinct and not allowed any personal info to seep in at all...ah well, Heinz Seits-Golden, y'know. I'm afraid, though, Rodney, that you and Georg will just have to have it out, either privately or in these pages, about who—if anybody—deserves IJ staff writer credit; I did want to set you straight, however, on my policy regarding ex-staffers: The only time somebody is "dismissed", if you could even call it that, is when they don't carry out the only real rule I have for the position—if you're not going to submit something for a particular issue, I DON'T MIND, there's NO OBLIGATION, AS LONG AS YOU TELL ME YOU WON'T BE DOING SOMETHING. Most former staffers just disappeared, though no prompting from me. I'm sorry if Georg misled me, but like I said, have it out amongst yourself/ves...) Dear Elayne—

Although I generally enjoyed IJ #32, I feel compelled to make a few critical comments...such as:

The cover: While I think Ace did a fine job, I'm so sick of Sub-Genii schtick I could spit! If I never see that idiotic "Bob" guy again, it'll be too soon. I mean, really, their whole deal was like a one-liner and who wants to hear/see it over and over and over again?

My point here is: it was funny when it first appeared—but it's now like hearing Cheech & Chong's LP "Big Bambu" (remember??) for the jillionth time, not funny anymore; in fact, annoying.

Go ahead and print that—I'm sure I'll get a lot of hate mail from "Bob" cultist clones—now that might prove amusing!

Now, for a much more basic bitch: Thanks (no thanks) for misspelling my name twice! It's John Eberly, not "Eberle", fer Krist's sake—I thought I made it easy on everybody by abbreviating it to "John E"; but noooo...Jeez! You managed to spell Tuli-fukin'-Kupferberg right every iss...Okay, moving on—Take your basic Butch—Yeah, you know, "Butch". It's my nickname, trademark (?), etc. etc. and it's also the name of the character in my IJ #32 "How I Spent My Summer Vacation Sleeping" Column—however, once again, you misspelled it twice! "Burth"????? Gaaaaaah!!!!!! "Opened" is also spelled "Poened", but I'll give ya that one...

Elayne, I can and will write more for you & IJ, but I'm hesitant to send my next column on the basis of what happened this time. Guess I'll take Kip M. Ghesin's advice and "bail out while there's still time, and save (myself)(further) considerable embarrassment." That is, unless you can write and convince me otherwise before the next

deadline.  
Yours,

JOHN EBERLY  
P.O. Box 7243  
Wichita, KS 67218

(Never in all my life have I seen such picky whining, and so, John E., "you asked for it"...First off, I do apologize for misspelling your last name, which may have come about from me thinking of an IJ subscriber whose last name is indeed Eberle. I also make no excuses for my poor proofreading, which has elicited a few choice remarks from other IJ folks previously; I'll try to improve on it, but sometimes it's hard to spot one's own mistakes, and I do type quite a bit of copy for IJ. If you'd like to assure mistake-free copy, I'd suggest you ready it yourself, and I'll be happy to furnish you with column length requirements and such...Personally, I think you should be much more concerned with the quality of your writing than the unfortunate misspelling of a few words, as far as embarrassment goes, and judging by at least one comment so far, there may be people who could care less if you bail out. And one more thing—when you become a 60's cult-hero like Tuli [you're probably too young to remember The Fugs, huh?], you can bitch at people's honest mistakes. Singling him out for something that has nothing to do with him is just plain immature, as is the tone of most of your bitching...If, however, you'd like more information about the movement to "kill "Bob", write to Doug Smith c/o The Church of the SubGenius, address plastered elsewhere this issue.)

Dear Elayne:

As usual, I enjoyed IJ 32. Hmmm. That's a bit confusing. Of course I haven't enjoyed IJ 32 before this. What I meant to say was that I enjoyed this issue as much as past issues. Well, perhaps not precisely as much. It's hard to measure. Maybe I should have said...aw, forget it.

Ace's cover, featuring Ace's cover, featuring Ace's cover, featuring Ace's cover...which I liked, which I liked, which I liked, which I liked, was an excellent way to start off the issue, though it did take quite some time to appreciate all of the fine details.

Anni's collected correspondence is as wonderfully funny as everything else she's ever written, though I dare say she exaggerates a bit when she speaks of her personal letters running along for 15 or 20 pages—I seldom get more than six or eight out of her. Well, maybe I just don't rate. I don't know about that cookie company, but if she finds anyone who disposes of toxic edible wastes I've got this "plum drink" from Chinatown that needs a new home, preferably as far from Medford as possible.

The profiles of Mildred Neptune and Rodney Dioxin were, well, interesting, and I certainly hope we see more writings from these two fine young people. It would certainly be preferable to having them show up at one's party in person...

I don't know who "doctor bob" is (and I'm not sure I want to), but someone ought to point out to him that certain things in the History of IJ have been Done To Death, if you know what I mean. If you don't know, don't bother asking, because I don't want to talk about it.

But as far as I'm concerned the highlight of the issue was the inside back cover illustration by Andy Amster featuring THE MUDMOUND STORY. If I can't get him to do some art for me I'll do something reckless and antisocial, or my name's not...

MIKE GUNDERLOY  
41 Lawrence St.  
Medford, MA 02155

(I'm not sure, mind you, but I believe this next letter may have fallen through a warp in the parallel universe structure...)

My Dear Elayne,

So sorry to hear of your defeat at the Demcon by that housewife, of all people. It would do you so much good to come try on my purple polka-dot pillow with veil and attached terrier. Jackie was having a yard sale, don't you know?

On the last ish—Dirk Benedict's piece on the yoga of the chocolate marshmallow from Mars was the MONA LISA of satire. Of course, I know that Dirk uses his pen name "Deborah," but I'm sure he won't mind me letting you in on the secret.

Mais, Anni, your story about John F. Kennedy wearing silk stockings during the Bay of Pigs (but I must reprimand you a bit—after all, the title said "Garter Belt") was hardly something I would expect from an expectorant mother. And doing the typing while delivering triplets! Well, at least now, as you said, all you need are two more and some crayons and you'll have your own Jackson Brothers!

Steve Scharff and Jill Zimmerman—your co-authored serial on the Great Dane, broccoli, the stars of a major network tv show, and gallons and gallons of ketchup, was very educational.

Also of note—Clay Geerdes' continuing insults into the Presidential erection in Guatemala (isn't that where that guy told all those people to eat bad stew and the media made such a stink over it? I mean, anyone can make a mistake); Candi Strecker's recipes in "The Modern Cannibal's Guide to New Jersey Malls, or, Always Peel Off the Polyester"; and all the other articles by you great kids. It really makes me steamed when I read all those Post articles about how bad teenagers are today when you all give up your Saturdays to bring some cheer (and, in Candi's case, salt) to the last few moments of all those old people in The "Don't Die On Tuesdays or Thursdays Because the Cleaning Lady is Off and You Stiffs Go Bad Fast in this Heat" Hospice.

And as for you, Jim Morrison—your son is doing quite well, though I have to keep grabbing him away from Anni, who keeps smearing him with Crayola and saying "One more to go!" If you think my ballroom days are over, I challenge you to a go-round at Roseland, though I realize that with your rigor mortis, dipping is pretty much out of the question.

Hugs and kisses,

THE EVER-POPULAR CAROLYN LEE BOYD  
306 E. 6th St., #13  
New York, NY 10003

Hello Elayne:

Just received and devoured the latest IJ (#32). Nutritious stuff! I was, however, sad to hear about the demise of Night Court. I had heard they were in trouble but thought that had changed with the recent Emmy nominations. (By the way, is Karen related to Phil?)

So it's love, is it? Well, congrats and salutations to Mr. Right. As for Kip M. Ghesin's comments, s/he would do best to listen to the enlightening words of the Beatles (All you need is love, Goo, Goo Goo Joob, Obladi, Oblada). Remind hir of F. Scott's and Zelda's relationship and the wonderful impetus it was in their creative careers.

Loved Anni Ackner's "Diary of a Rock Fiend" installment. Having only read two issues of IJ I don't know if this letter format is something Anni has used before or not. (Anni, you should know that subscribing to liberal publications like Mother Earth News will get you on horrible mailing lists like the Pussycat Boutique.)

As with the first issue I received (#31), I enjoyed "Mad as Hell" and "They Blinded Me With Video". I have given up MTV but enjoy keeping up with the video scene for a laugh occasionally. Most of it is so derivative. (I am looking forward, however, to the Boy George/Fellini video.)

I guess my only disappointment with IJ this time around was the inclusion of Stevens' "Mr. Fix". It just doesn't seem to be in keeping with the rest of the spirit of IJ. What is Stevens angry about? Perhaps some constructive polemics would get the point across more effectively. Mr. Fix comes off like a Baptist tract ("You're gonna burn in hell if you don't change your ways!"). Since this mentality seems to be the brunt of his "jokes" why does he choose to use their tactics?...

Til next time,

MICHAEL J. PACKER  
1464 Burke N.E.  
Grand Rapids, MI 49505

(Well, the demise of Night Court remains to be seen as its "second season" unwinds; I hope to put out the next "...or not TV" column next issue, and will surely have something to say about the revamped show. No, Karen Austin is no relation to Phil...Kip is barely talking to me but wishes to comment that even were s/he to give two shits about the private lives of 1920's rich decadents, it would be utterly preposterous to compare their talents to those of a two-bit, sometimes one-bit, amateur lump of an editor, whose only redeeming quality is the ability to publish, every now and then, the submissions of people infinitely more qualified to grace the pages of any New York-based underground literary endeavor, let alone IJ. Kip's words, not mine...Scott's "Mr. Fix" strips are not done exclusively for IJ, but sent to me six or 8 at a time, similar to John Crawford's "Baboon Dooley". It's quite possible that I just picked out misleading examples to publish; I'll try for more of a variety this issue.)

Elayne,

Did you know that Ed King of The Strawberry Alarm Clock was an original member of Lynyrd Skynyrd? Or that Dino, Desi and Billy became The Police? Isn't life fun?

Don't worry about Brooklyn's new area code. There are only two area codes in Nebraska and one of them is in Kansas.

I really enjoyed the latest IJ (#32, the Slack and Trouser issue). Worth several readings are Anni Ackner, Deborah Benedict, Michael Dobbs, Rodney K, Susan Packie, Larry Fizz, Helen Katz and Kris Gilpin. The abundance of artwork this time around was excellent. That was one "Bob" of a cover!

Miscellaneous news items that have not appeared in USA TODAY: There's a TV show in Italy that offers viewers the chance to speak "live" with their "dead" relatives. Eat your heart out, Chuck Barris! ...Movies to avoid in the months of Sept., Oct. and Nov. are SONGWRITER with Kris "Where's Rita?" Kristofferson and Willie "Half" Nelson; OH GOD! YOU DEVIL with George "Third Degree" Burns; THE EVIL THAT MEN DO starring Charles "Facelift" Bronson...A man in Kenya, Africa has five wives and 21 children. He weighs 770 pounds. There's a TV series in there somewhere!...Experts say animals can be possessed by demons just like humans. Watch out for Ozzy Osbourne's French poodle...Richard Burton died two years ago. Just ask James Mason.

I have no feud with Peter Roberts. As Michael Jackson sang to Paul McCartney, "I'm a Jehovah, not a vegetarian."

Looking forward to the next swell edition of IJ, I remain, as always, and as often as possible, inside a soundproof booth.

TOM GEDWILLO  
4718 1/2 Calvert St.  
Next to Kwik Shop #618  
Lincoln, NE 68506

Dear Elayne,

Loved IJ #32 (and not just because of the dedication and kind words), but I enjoy most issues, so nothing new about that...

Loved the front cover by Ace Backwards, and the inside back cover by Andy Amster. The artists you publish are among the most talented and creative around. The return of John Crawford and "Baboon Dooley" only reinforces my opinion.

Among the better pieces this time out (being purely subjective, of course) were those by Anni (never a disappointment), Kerry Thornley (who has gradually grown to be a favorite, as I disliked much of his earlier stuff), and Susan Packie. I liked several others, the short ones by Scott Sayre, Eva Jones and Cynthia Cinque especially. Frankly, only a couple of pieces were not to my liking and then only because they paled before the better pieces.

All in all, the most recent issues of IJ have been of a nearly constant high quality. Hope all concerned keep it up...

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

Dear Elayne,

I'm greatly relieved to report that there are fewer American flag lapel pins on the cross-town bus now that the Olympics and the Republican National Convention are over. I mean, after all, I can get just as worked up over James Cagney doing George M. as the next guy, but a rousing chorus of "God Bless America" at 6:30 AM is asking a bit much, especially a cappella. It has been a strange month. First, there was Henny Reagan's remark about bombing the Russians. "Take my life... PLEASE!" But Irony strikes back, bless his belated heart. While Reverend Jerry was blessing Commander Cody in Dallas last week, Cyndi Lauper's song about masturbation was number 9 with a bullet on the national Billboard charts. Obviously, I'm stretching to find meaning these days.

It goes without saying that I couldn't have made it through the convention without my copy of IJ #32 (and my trusty foam rubber brick, and my remote control unit, which I've preset to scan past anything even approaching flaming rhetoric). For a woman in love, you put together a fine issue. I only hope this doesn't progress to monthly updates on your bowling dates, or the price of double malteds (with two straws) at Delvecchio's Soda Shoppe. Besides, summer is not the time for romance, unless your name is Annette. Here in Nawlins, where the humidity is reported in terms of viscosity, the city council has passed laws outlawing romance during the summer. The hospitals were reporting too many accidents from sex of the type usually found only in slippery bathtubs and shower stalls. Is there any chance you're simply sublimating a desire for air conditioning and a banana split?

Back to IJ #32. Let's face it: A swollen Anni Ackner is worth a Winnebago-full of healthy Art Buchwalds. What a great issue for cartoons (well, except for that inside back cover)! I also enjoyed Deborah Benedict's "True Confessions" piece. I've met Baxter Frobisher, and Mildred can do better. Michael Dobbs' story of writers versus those who talk about writing has been illegally photocopied and passed on to acquaintances who subscribe to Writer's Digest. They should be talking to me again this time next year. The only thing I objected to this issue was Audrey Parente's "Smashed Watermelon." Oooooo, aren't we being morbid this summer!?

Sorry I can't make the party August 31. Surreally! I'll be there in spirit. And if you'd ever seen me barricaded in a corner at a party, with the Ruffles and cheese dip pulled in a circle, then you would know just how fortunate you and your corners are. Give my regards to Nick and Broadway.

Swamped as usual,

ANDY AMSTER  
829 N. Carrollton Ave.  
New Orleans, LA 70119

Dear Elayne,

My boss having considerably taken himself out of town for the week (to California, they tell me, the rumour being, in some circles, that he had originally planned to stay at home and have a working vacation this year, but that a large check and an airline ticket from an anonymous donor mysteriously appeared in the mail one day, together with a note intimating that it might be a Good Idea for him to check out the California offices at this point in time, and he subsequently came to the conclusion that it might be wise for him to look into the matter. I have no way of knowing how much truth there is in this, but I will say that I've always wondered about the \$10 I was asked to contribute to something called "The New Jersey Office Mental Health Fund", and there is a confidential file in his secretary's cabinet—I saw it one day when I was rooting around looking for a Tootsie Roll—labelled "Ralphscam", so I do have my suspicions), I have, these last couple of days, found myself in the unusual position of actually having a certain amount of time on my hands and, never being one to improve each shining hour, particularly on someone else's time, I have taken to passing a good part of my day in the company of our two law clerks, Baba and Jondra.

Baba and Jondra began life as two otherwise unnoteworthy fellows called Jeff and Matt, and no one seems particularly sure how they picked up their peculiar noms d'office, or why, but such is life around here that the names have not only stuck, they have gone beyond the point of being nicknames to the extent that they are called these things by everyone, for all reasons, and at all times (the switchboard operator once startled a perfectly nice Indian gentleman nearly into fits by repeating, on the general office page "Baba, you have a call on line 8. Baba, please pick up line 8," and inadvertently convincing him he was back at the ashram), and, when we wish to tease them, we have to give them OTHER nicknames in order to do it (Jondra is known as "Lillian," because of a fairly devastating impression he does of one of our least favorite clients, while Baba is called "Clarence Darrow for the Defense," thanks to his habit of writing long, convoluted pieces of litigation and rushing about insisting they need to be served immediately, only to discover that the case in question has already been settled out of court). They move pretty much as a unit, and complement each other—Baba being small and dark and possessing that brand of intensity found only in Jewish law clerks who have not yet come face to face with the Bar examination, while Jondra is large and round and given to wearing offbeat headgear (an Australian bush hat is a favourite) and walking barefoot through the office, in the manner of Jewish law clerks who have already taken the Bar, and are just waiting to see if they have passed it and will become Real Lawyers, or failed it and will become Disgraces to Their Families and maybe even Blue Collar. Baba eats peanut-butter-and-bagel sandwiches, hides THE EAST VILLAGE EYE behind his copy of THE LAW JOURNAL, and worships Bruce Springsteen as the one Perfect Being in a world filled with strife and disappointment; Jondra munches Doublemint gum with the concentration most people reserve for perusal of their paychecks, does, besides Lillian, a tolerably good Don Kirschner and a really impressive Michael Jackson, and supplements his meagre law clerk salary (and they are the only people in the office that earn less than do I, so you can just imagine)

by selling pound bags of cashews and pistachios, which he acquires, he insists, from an unlicensed nut distributor on 191st Street. Neither of them has ever learned how to write a coherent English sentence, and, one way or another, we get along perfectly, and I really have enjoyed spending the last couple of days in their office, discussing this and that (I have, in fact, been presented with the honorary Law Clerk Nickname "Lala," as a token of my status. I fervently hope it doesn't gain the popularity of their appellations, but I was rather touched by the gesture, and God knows I've been called worse things), reading through Jondra's extensive collection of PEOPLE magazines, and testing out Baba's system for betting on trotters (the horse with the longest tail wins), but a few minutes ago they began to improvise a duet of Lillian and Julio Inglesias (Baba does a passable Julio) singing "You Don't Send Me Flowers," as introduced by Don Kirschner, and I began to think it was time to take my leave of them, and do something constructive, like write about the last I.J. or hunt around on the carpet for paper clips or something. I mean, there's a limit to what even a dedicated surrealist can bear. There really is.

And so, here I am, with what I am pleased to call the "I'm As Corny As Kansas In August" issue of I.J. opened up before me. Honestly, Elayne, I'm tickled absolutely beyond pink for you in your new-found happiness, with one or two teensy provisions (see Jill Zimmerman's letter), but you really ought to tell Kip that spilling the beans about one's former love interests (one-sided or otherwise) in such graphic detail simply isn't done (ED: I have; see above replies to Jill, Prudence, Rodney.). In the first place, it has a way of making one look spiteful and bitter, even if one has done one's damndest to be charming and witty and civilised about the whole thing; in the second place, it carries with it an alarming tendency to fly back in one's face when one least expects it; and in the third place it's just too too, if you see what I mean. I've given that boy/girl (I've never been really sure which Kip is, to be honest) a severe talking to, if I were you—I think he/she is jealous. (ED: Kip insists that, being an androgyne, s/he is never jealous, unless, in extreme cases, of other androgynes.)

For the rest of it, the cleverest thing I saw in the last issue (in fact, the cleverest thing I've seen in any issue since the Ever-Popular stopped contributing) was Tom Gedwillo's BASEBALL'S WHITE LINES. This was an extraordinarily good idea, and very nicely executed, though I must take exception to his match-up of Elvis Presley and Phil Ochs on the mound. While, on the face of things, it might seem like a nice bit of strategy to pit the veteran Presley (Cy Young Award winner, twice MVP, league record holder for strikeouts in a single, nine-inning game) against the rookie Ochs (13-4 in his last season in the minors), on closer examination it proves to be a mistake, as the line scores indicate. Presley, it's been said with some justification, is getting past his prime (rumour has it that this is his last season, and that he plans to retire and take over the coaching chores from Stu "Right Place at the Wrong Time" Sutcliffe); certainly he isn't as sharp as he once was, and has confined himself, over the last three seasons, to throwing a collection of junk, foregoing his 95-mile-an-hour fastball and with it some of his celebrated control, as evidenced by the fact that he struck out only two in six innings, while allowing as many walks and giving up 18 hits. Ochs, on the other hand, while he needs a couple of more seasons against major league hitting under his belt before he reaches his full potential (17 hits in 7-2/3 innings, 17 ER), shows every sign of being a strong man in the rotation for the Morrisons, particularly when backed up by ace reliever Harry Chapin. The bullpen, by the way, is a major weakness of the Lenmons—they have no long relief to speak of, and their short relievers have been experiencing trouble, getting behind on hitters in clutch situations—all the more reason why they need a staff of young starters who can go the distance. Keep your eye on first-round draft choice Sid Vicious in upcoming seasons. With that one small proviso, however, I enjoyed Gedwillo's piece immensely.

Aside from that, I liked A.J. Wright's BOUND FOR EARTH (particularly the last line which was, if you'll excuse the expression, deadly), all the Randy Maxson cartoons, and I thought Eva Jones' OPTIONAL ENDING was sort of interesting, if just a little predictable. All the usual people were at their usual best, and all the usual people were at their usual worst, and there you go, except that, in my copy, Mark Lampert's "Mr. Guy" came out looking like "Mr. Goy," which brought to mind several new and completely different strips, none of which I have the ability to execute. Some nice cartoonist out there might want to look into the possibilities, however. And you might want to mention to "Kid" Sieve that, having lived in San Francisco in the late sixties/early seventies, I can pretty well assure her that it wasn't all that magical. There were some good concerts, some nice people, and a quantity of fair-to-excellent dope (they just don't make L.S.D. like the Bear did anymore), but there were also rip-offs, eighteen people living in one room, cockroach apartments, burn-outs, and some general garbage. Like any place at any time, it had its good and bad points, and I won't say that I don't have some beautiful and very fond memories of it, but to make it into some kind of magic idyll sets up a dangerous precedent for living in the past, and never seeing how special the present can be if you give it a chance.

Baba has just come in and told me the concert (with three encores, he claims) is over, and asked if I wouldn't like to come in and have cashew nuts with them, and I rather think that I would. What can I say - the stomach is mightier than the pen. Do understand.

Gerry's Running Mate for President,

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

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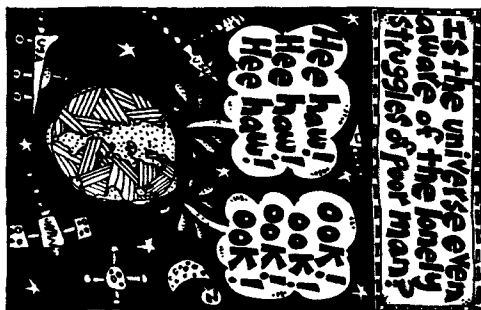
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G. B. Smith



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