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-UPCOMING EVENTS-

If you have any dates you'd like noted in this column, please send them in before the deadline, and I'll be happy to give them a bit o' publicity...

- APRIL 20 - Harold Lloyd (b. 1894); Lionel Hampton (71)
 APRIL 23 - Shirley Temple (57); Roy Orbison (49); Vladimir Nabokov (b. 1899)
 APRIL 24 - Shirley MacLaine (51); SECRETARY'S DAY (ha)
 APRIL 25 - Marconi (b. 1874); Edward R. Murrow (b. 1908)
 APRIL 26 - William Shakespeare (b. 1564, d. 1677—shame on me)
 APRIL 27 - Mary Wollstonecraft (b. 1759); Samuel Morse (b. 1791); Judy Carne (46)
 APRIL 29 - No Business As Usual (see inside back cover); also, Halley's Comet due here this time next year!
 APRIL 30 - MATT HOUSEHOLDER (30); Alice B. Toklas (b. 1877)*
 MAY 1 - Judy Collins (45); Joseph Heller (51)
 MAY 3 - Pete Seeger (65)
 MAY 4 - Alice Liddell Discovers Wonderland (1859)
 MAY 5 - Karl Marx (b. 1818); Michael Palin (42); *L.A.W. in NYC (see p. 3)*
 MAY 6 - Orson Welles (70); Sigmund Freud (b. 1856)
 MAY 9 - Return of IJ Asst.-Editor-to-Be, S. Chaput
 MAY 10 - Fred Astaire (86)
 MAY 11 - David O. Selznick (b. 1902); Salvador Dali (81)
 MAY 15 - L. Frank Baum (b. 1856)
 MAY 16 - Studs Terkel (73)
 MAY 17 - Dorothy Richardson (b. 1882)
 MAY 18 - Antiquarian Booksellers Assoc. Incorporated (1949)
 MAY 19 - Ho Chi Min (b. 1890); Pete Townshend (40); First Frog-Jumping—Calaveras County (1928)
 MAY 22 - Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (b. 1859)
 MAY 24 - Bob Dylan (44); Brooklyn Bridge Opens (1883)
 MAY 25 - BILL-DALE MARCINKO (27); Bennet Cerf (b. 1898)
 MAY 26 - Harlan Ellison (?)
 MAY 27 - John Barth (55); Dashiell Hammett (b. 1894); Golden Gate Bridge Opens (1937)
 MAY 29 - MICHAEL DOBBS (31); T.H. White (b. 1906)
 MAY 31 - Fred Allen (b. 1894)

*Don't forget, APRIL 30 is the next IJ deadline!

LATE-BREAKER: MAY 5 - SubGenius Revival, Kennel Club, 1215 Walnut St., Philly—(215) 224-3528 for info (Rev. Michael Hagen)—lotsa good folk!

- * INSIDE JOKE is put on hexaweekly by Elayne "Sure Happy"
- * It's Thawing" Wechsler and a small circle of friends.
- * Any publication, reproduction, or other use of the art and writings in this rag without the express written permission of major league baseball is perfectly okay by me, but writes revert to original artistes, y'know...
- * EDITOR-IN-RESIDENCE.....ELAYNE WECHSLER

* *Xerography - Long story...revealed next issue...*

- STAFF WRITERS
- * ANNI ACKNER-----DEBORAH BENEDICT-----ALEXANDRA BISHOFF
 - * MICHAEL DOBBS---TOM GEDWILLO-----MIKE GUNDERLOY---RORY HOUCHEMS
 - * SUSAN PACKIE-----GEORG PATTERSON-----ROLDO
 - * STEVEN SCHARFF---CANDI STRECKER-----KERRY THORNLEY-----A.J. WRIGHT
 - * FRONT COVER BY STEVEN SCHARFF/////BACK PAGE FILLER BY RANDY MAXSON

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE:

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| * ANDY AMSTER | VERNON GRANT | LAWRENCE OBERC |
| * CYNTHIA CINQUE | MARGOT INSLEY | AUDREY PARENTE |
| * JOHN CRAWFORD | TULLI KUPFERBERG | CHRIS W. TILL |
| * SUE D'ONYM | PETER LABRIOLA | PHIL TORTORICI |
| * ALICE ERMILICH | LUKE MCGUFF | LAWRENCE WHITNEY |

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* Back issues \$1 each; Writers'/Artists' Guidelines sent for an SASE

SWALLOWS by Alice Ermlich

I walked with my fear to a bridge, where swallows left mud nests to swim in skylight before clouds. Suspended by airy natures, they held edges of the sun, while not obscuring it at all.

I wondered, as insects fell among swallow wings, why it was, as they peeked from their nests, that I, in all of these times of warm dirt fogging bare toes in summertime, never thought they lacked tears

I think nature lacks a sympathy for sadness, but gives it time to be wondered away, or I think I might see a swallow tear as a slowing flight, tired eye, or resting wing; I do not know.

ACKNOWLEDITORIALETC.

Yes, it's that nauseatingly sweet time of year again, and thank goodness...no more walking home in pitch darkness...actually having bookcases finally in Apt. Third Eye so I could spring-clean those boxes away...and best of all, Baseball Season! Truth to tell, best of all is the imminent return of our esteemed assistant-editor-to-be Monsieur Chaput, less than a month away as you read this, and even Kip has been less reticent than usual. Now, I'm not saying we should all expect Pen-Elayne's presidente back in the fray any time soon, y'unnerstan', but s/he does appear to have mellowed down just a bit, so one can never tell...

Some of you seem to be in playful moods as well this issue, because we've got a lot of fables and fairy tales in 37. Roldo and Steve play with the past parabolically, Rory plays some records, the artists have all busily played with their whimsical pens, we have a little fun with food and art on the back and front pages (thanks to Steve, Randy's last submission to IJ for awhile, and various poets), Prudence plays with perspective, Tom plays with mail-order money, Andy Amster plays in the streets now that Mardi Gras is over, Lawrence Whitney plays inside his head some more, Ho Chi Zen plays with our heads, A.J. plays poetically with a war of words, Audrey plays with marriage, Cynthia plays in the hot-tub, Alice plays with wings, Mike Gunderloy plays with more dystopian images, Mike Dobbs plays with has-beens, Rodney plays in da band, Larry Oberc plays with library books, Chris plays with a chameleon, Camille's characters are still playing at the fair, Candi plays with work "bennies," Anni plays at parties, Luke McGuff plays with technology, Mildred assures us quantum courtesy is no game, No Business as Usual rallies the cry on our inside back cover to play instead of working on 4/29 (see calendar), and "Kid" Sieve's still playing that same oldies record...why do I suddenly feel like Peter Gabriel? Games without frontiers, indeed!

Looks like folks had a good time playing in the letters column too, with opinions on last issue ranging from Rodney's thumbs-down to Anni's thumbs-up and the awards for most controversial submissions from #36 going to Luke McGuff and Prudence Gaelor. Oh, and no more pictures, I promise.

Which brings me to this issue's open request for suggestions, which involves next issue, into which I'm putting our next IJ Questionnaire. I NEEDS QUESTIONS, peoples—funny, serious, intriguing, rhetorical...send 'em to me by the deadline and they've a good chance of being included. Ah, how fleeting momentary small press fame! Ideas, ideas?...

Before I forget, thanks this issue go to Larry Whitney and J.C. Brainbeau for their monetary donations, you're welcomes go to the staffers and their IJ caps (\$5 each to non-subbers; see letters column), and reminders to new and old readers of our subscription, etc. policy: If there's an "X" next to your name on the back cover, this is the last issue you get without payment. Payment is \$1 per issue (up to \$8 for a year's worth—over \$8 is considered donation—ALSO, ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NON-REFUNDABLE so take note) or 39¢ worth of stamps if you have a submission in the issue. If you want to send something in, like essays or letters or art (oh my!), and aren't sure what particular weirdness is acceptable here (tho most is), our Writers'/Artists' Guidelines are available for a SASE. Submissions of all types except money (which can come in anytime, I don't mind) must be in for IJ #37 by our deadline (since our Palatial P.O. Box is staffed by snails, try to send stuff in a bit before the deadline so it gets to me on time), which is April 30. Future deadlines include: June 15 for IJ #38, July 31 for IJ #39 and September 15 for IJ #40. Send any and all stuff (except front covers, as our next two will be done by Georg Patterson and Joe Schwind, respectively) to me at

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

and I think I've covered it all, haven't I? Oh well, I'm bound to find out soon enough if I haven't. This issue is dedicated to Clarence "Ducky" Nash in loving memory, and also to the great Gene Kelly, who gave us such a nice plug on this year's Academy Awards show (you had to listen closely)...oh, and speaking of the Oscars, our movie maven Ken Filar's workload got the better of him this issue, but he'll be back next time with some sort of recap, no doubt...

IF YOU'RE AN ATHEIST AND FEEL THE NEED OF RELIGION IN YOUR LIFE CONSIDER ONE THAT HAS THE BEST TRACK RECORD.

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Fan Noose

I'll start things off this 25th day of March (which means anything arriving at my p.o. box later than today gets mentioned at the bottom of the list) by plugging the PLUTONIUM PLAYERS out in San Francisco, who have what appears to be a hilarious show-of-sorts going now called Ladies Against Women, sort of a satirical review and grassroots movement in one. Their presskit is great, and if you ask nice, I'm sure Gail Williams a/k/a Virginia Cholesterol will send one along. You can even join the movement with a small donation, and get neat buttons and things—write to the PPs at 1600 Woolsey, No. 7, Berkeley, CA 94703... IJ friend Paul Buhle has edited with his usual academic aplomb LABOR'S JOKE BOOK, on sale for \$3.95 from Worker's Democracy Press, P.O. Box 24115, St. Louis, MO 63130. This is the book to get if you're interested in reading up on labor humor throughout the decades; Paul is pretty much the radical humor expert and archivist today...When I got issue #1 of D.O.V.E. (which purports to stand for "Disciples of Violent Entropy" and says, "we are disciples of violent change, but that does not mean we advocate violence. we believe that this is the time for a radical change in the way things are done everywhere in our world") and read the bit I just included parenthetically, I had real high hopes for this entry in the small press world. Forget it folks, it's just another punk/teenage angst zine. From Alaska, too, which means it's full of skateboarding in-jokes as well. Someday somebody will put out a rag that promises to be about change and actually is about change instead of the same old thing. Looks like these guys have never even heard of Warning!, which does the same things they do ten times better. Ah well, if you want to decide for yourself, their address (as they list no price nor even editors) is P.O. Box 4-1698, Anchorage, AK 99509 (I'm also a bit miffed 'cause they spelled my name wrong)...AMERICAN LIVING is also nothing really new, especially if you've seen some of Joe Schwind's brilliant collage zines. This collage zine, it seems, sticks close to the title/theme, but I'm really not that good at reviewing this type of thing, so if you know you're into it, send \$2 for it (this was #12) to Angela Mark, P.O. Box 901, Allston, MA 02134... Editor Michael Dowers confirms that STARHEAD COMIX has, as reported last issue, bitten the big one, but he's still publishing mini-comics with unmatched fury, the most "famous" of which is the self-portrait collective mini (contributions encouraged!) OUTSIDE IN, available for, oh gee, for whatever mini-comics are usually worth I guess, from Mike at 3615 Phinney N., Seattle, WA 98103...And Margot at Dolphin-Moon Press has put out Nick Aumiller's latest mini, THE BOARD SPLAYER, 40¢ from P.O. Box 22262, Baltimore, MD 21203...Now that OP has apparently run its promised 26 alphabetical issues, the torch has been passed on to David Ciaffardini and SOUND CHOICE, "An Audio Evolution Network Publication" (whatever that is), and he does a more than commendable job in covering the "A"s of independent music (will this one only go for 26 issues as well?), plus gives nice plugs to some of our friends and even to us, thank you, so do patronize if you're a music enthusiast—not sure of the price, but the address is P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023...And STOP! has stopped at #9, as most subscribers know by now, so if your collection needs to be completed, send \$1.95 to P.O. Box 529, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113...To find out what you can buy to fill this type of void you can always look into the admag REAL FUN!, free (not the ads, the mag) from Constant Cause at P.O. Box 15243, Philadelphia, PA 19125...IJ staffer Mike Gunderloy continues to put out absolute quality, better and better, with his FACTSHEET FIVE, the first publication that I recommend IJ neo-readers send for immediately—besides being the place to find more complete reviews than this little column will ever give you, it has articles by IJ staffers Anni Ackner (a regular columnist) and Kerry Thornley and assistant editor-to-be (and shared resident of Apt. Third Eye) Steven Chaput, plus loads of other talented souls. Still a great bargain at \$1.75 in cash (or \$1.54 in stamps) or \$7 per year (4 issues) to Mike at 41 Lawrence Street, Medford, MA 02155...The latest issue (#8) of the UTNE READER has about the most thorough and thought-out analysis of US-Soviet relations, plus some info on news in South Africa, plus Ken Kesey, plus Alice Walker, plus Calvin Trillin...all these plusses in "the best of the alternative press" (hear, hear!) for a relative pittance of \$4, and a must as far as ye editrix is concerned, from P.O. Box 1974, Marion, OH 43305 (act now & get 6 issues for \$18!)...The irregularly published PHIZ from Bruce Townley (2230 Huron Drive, Concord, CA 94519) has just put out #12, which runs the gamut from fun and imaginative pieces on "Household Monsters" and eating out in the Bay Area (which must be Bruce's forte, he does it so well!) to fandom-type letters, which are to be expected, I suppose, since Bruce is apparently a fan. Still, do try not to hold it against him, and check out the mag for a buck...And so we come to our plugs of "regular" publications, ones that come in usually once or twice per "Fan Noose" column and about which you can find out more in detail if you care to ask me: A DISCORDIAN DIRECTORY—"Mycrocosmus V, TD", Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061 (mostly Erisian plugs and such, including some nice words about us, thanks; 2/\$1 or t [trade for your publication]; issues 11 and 12 last out); THE CLOSEST PENGUINS #5—Denise Dee, 333 Tenth St., San Francisco, CA 94103 (wonderful stream-o-consciousness writing from Denise & friends; no price listed but send her at least a dollar); CONTACT #s 48, 49—Elliott Leighton, P.O. Box 9248, Berkeley, CA 94709 (singles; \$3); GONE!—Denver Tuscon, 2491 Ellsworth St. #21, Berkeley, CA 94704 (um, something to do with vacationing but do send for a copy before contributing; it's free); GOOD DAY SUNSHINE #26—Charles F. Rosenay III, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511 (Beatles, tho this issue has a lot on Julian Lennon; \$2); JET LAG #52—Tony Renner, 8419 Halls Ferry, St. Louis, MO 63147 (St. Looney-arra music & concert scene; \$1); MICKEY MALICE MAGAZINE #?—Rev. Maxwell Malice, 220 S. Lori Lane, Bloomington, IN 47401 (collage prose?; 50¢); THE MONKEES/BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB—Jodi Hamrick, 508 8th St. NE #4, Watertown, SD 57201

Inside IJ Staffers

As promised last issue, here's the officious autobio of our newest staffer, Alix Bishoff. I've also decided to reprint the addresses whereby staffers can be reached with any comments or letters or stuff you'd like to send their way direct, except for Anni Ackner, who would like to request that from now on, any mail for her be sent c/o INSIDE JOKE. I'll be happy, therefore, to forward same. Also, do note that, as far as I know, Georg Patterson and Candi Strecker may be in transit as you read this, so I may or may not have new addresses on which to report for those two next time. This issue brings only one new address but for two staffers, as Tom Gedwillo and Deborah Benedict have moved. Got all that? Great; could you explain it to me now? I'm confused.

ALIX BISHOFF
P.O. Box 9079
Hollins College, VA 24020
3-21-65

I currently am an undergrad at Hollins College in Vanderkleed land. Hollins is a small private women's college 7 miles north of nowhere (Roanoke). Not

meaning to offend anyone from Roanoke, but New York or Planet 357B; it is not. Planet 357B; is not exactly the hot spot of the galaxy either but I always had this thing for magenta trees. And pretty men, for that matter. Occasionally I will give a reading and everyone is rendered speechless. Of all things I am a Russian major in a school with an almost non-existent Russian department. I just returned from a brief adventure behind the Iron Curtain. Great fun was had in the Soviet Union. I was born March 21, 1965. Prudence was born on September 8, I am not sure what year. And if anyone is interested, nobody remembered Rodney's birthday is July 13.

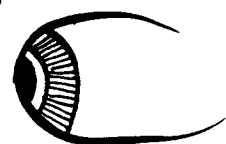
Last words: A.J.—happy belated, yours is the same as my mother's. What I find most irksome are: poseurs, breakfast and daylight. And what does everyone have against punkers anyway?

ANNI ACKNER—c/o IJ from now on please
DEBORAH BENEDICT—854 Y Street, Lincoln, NE 68508
ALEXANDRA BISHOFF—see above bio
MICHAEL DOBBS—24 Hampden Street, Indian Orchard, MA 01151
KEN FILAR—417 Westervelt Ave. #2, Staten Island, NY 10301
TOM GEDWILLO—854 Y Street, Lincoln, NE 68508
MIKE GUNDERLOY—41 Lawrence Street, Medford, MA 02155
RORY HOUCHEMS—R.R. #2, Colfax, IL 61728
SUSAN PACKIE—10-D Bellevue Court, Belleville, NJ 07109
GEORG PATTERSON—48 Prospect Street, Jersey City, NJ 07307
ROLDO—1232 Downing St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3E 2R7 CANADA
STEVEN SCHARFF—P.O. Box 5004, Hillside Township, NJ 07205
CANDI STRECKER—710 Diamond Street, San Francisco, CA 94114
KERRY THORNLEY—2981 Lookout Place NE, Atlanta, GA 30305
A.J. WRIGHT—2208 Chapel Hill Road, Birmingham, AL 35216

How to tell two
eyes apart:



A BOY EYE



A GIRL EYE

(self-explanatory; this is #57 and I have an article on Nesmith's TV Parts in upcoming #58; \$50¢ + SASE); THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN #s 26, 27—T.S. Child, 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 (um, surrealist fiction?; SASE); OVERTHROW V.6, #4—Youth International Party (YIPpie!) P.O. Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013 (official YIPpie newspaper; \$1); THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER, Jan. & Feb. 1985—John T. Harlee, Rt. 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501 (libertarian; SASE). Barring latecomers, that's it for now—see you in the funny papers! Latecomers (natch): Ladies Against Women, mentioned up top, now has an official newsletter called THE NATIONAL EMBROIDERER—write for info...Kip M. Ghesin has taken over the editorship of "Four Alarm FIRESIGNAL", available for free from IJ's address...WCBN-FM in Ann Arbor, MI (530 SAB, zip 48109) puts out a nice-looking newsletter and will trade and give free plugs—write to Jeff Stanzler... 3

DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

PARTYING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

I'm not entirely sure why this is, though I suspect it may have something to do with the time of year (the much-lamented changeability of March weather has always had a peculiar effect on my style of life. Last year at this time, if memory serves, I somehow got involved in a hazy speculation scheme that seemed to have something to do with running 1978 disco records into aerobics classes in the suburbs) but, in any event, I have, to my vast surprise, found myself attending what you might properly call an inordinate amount of parties over the last several weeks.

Of course, I am not a great lover of parties to begin with—or, more accurately, when given a choice (as one so rarely is), I much prefer a nice, cheery afternoon of root canal work to attending your average friendly gathering—so it may fairly be pointed out here that what I might properly call an inordinate amount of parties is any number more than one, and I therefore feel constrained to make very clear at this juncture that I am talking about a lot of parties. I mean, A LOT OF PARTIES. I mean, enough parties so that, in my off moments (of which there have been very few, what with picking confetti out of my hair and trying to remove cocktail sauce from my clothing and all), I have begun to wonder if the spirit of Truman Capote has not somehow transmigrated into my address book, a thought nearly as frightening as the one that involves the knowledge that I now, of necessity, own two dresses that cannot safely be worn to the ballgame.

And I am not, I hasten to assure you, referring to the sort of small, intimate dinner party to which, through long custom and experience, I have grown used, which is to say that, while I am not overfond of this sort of affair, I have gotten to the point where I can deal with them. I can, for instance, after years of exposure, now deal with just about any host's attempts at haute cuisine, provided that they do not require setting fire to helpless pieces of citrus fruit. I can deal with the type of logic that dictates that the more forks on the table, the better the meal; the type of wisdom that concludes that any conversation that mentions Meryl Streep, clandestine wars in South American countries or THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN is necessarily good conversation; and the type of theory that postulates that if it looks like a beverage and it sloshes like a beverage, it IS a beverage, even if it's composed of equal parts sloe gin, lime juice, and cold cocoa and comes served in a hollowed-out pineapple. I can even, under pressure, deal with that time of the evening during which the even or eight remaining dregs of the party gather 'round the old piano and sing WHAT I DID FOR LOVE, so you see that I have this variety of party pretty handily under control, and if parties ended there, there would be no reason for me to write this piece or, for that matter, to take nearly as many aspirins as I do. Unfortunately, this never is the end of it, and the sort of party to which I am referring here, the sort of party to which I have been invited with such alarming frequency recently, bears as much relation to those cozy little soirees as the Altoona High School Marching Band bears to Miles Davis. In long, the sort of party to which I am referring is that to which the entire population of Helena, Montana appears to have been invited, which is given for a Reason, however nebulous, and at which the music is loud, the host embarrassed, the caterers supercilious and the guest of honour normally embarrassed beyond all redemption. For the sake of convenience, we shall refer to this sort of party as The Event or The Big Brawl.

Now, while I can in no way claim to have developed as much expertise at maneuvering around The Event as I have The Intimate Dinner (for one thing, there's a lot less room at Events), I have, over the course of my frantic activity (what is going on, I wonder? WHY does everyone seem to be having birthdays all at the same time? Who ARE these people who are suddenly arriving in from Out Of Town? Whatever possessed people to decide that costume balls in the middle of spring were an Amusing Idea? Where on earth did I get so many celebratory friends, and why aren't any of them ever around when a person needs a minor loan?), picked up a couple of tips, and so, because I can scarcely credit the idea that I'm the only one in this particular predicament (there are, after all, huge hordes of folks at these occasions), and because I am, when all is said and done, a philanthropist, humanist and all-around Great Gal, I'm going to pass them on to you. Please do bear in mind as you read, however, that these are merely the observations of a novice. No doubt someone like, say, Andy Warhol, could give you much better advice, but, on the other hand, you don't see Andy Warhol working his little fingers to the bone writing columns, do you? No, HE'S out frittering his time away at Events, isn't he? So there you go and here you have

ANNI'S GUIDELINES FOR SUCCESSFUL BIG BRAWLS

Never mind, I have three more Dior originals just like it at home...
FOR THE HOST:

1. No matter how absolutely positive you may be that everyone in the whole world adores surprises as much as you do, it is wise to double-check, before you throw dear old Charlie a surprise party for his birthday, whether dear old Charlie really wants to drag himself home, after a hard day trying to reconcile himself to the fact that he is now too old to join the Coast Guard, and discover 35 acquaintances in paper hats making themselves comfortable in his apartment. Nothing puts a damper on an Event more than having the guest of honour having the host arrested for breaking and entering.
2. Beware of caterers who try to give you bargains on particular foodstuffs. There's a REASON why roast duck a la prune can be had for \$2 the dozen.
3. While the joys of music are in the ears of the listener, variety is the spice of life, and the wise host tries to have something besides

Madonna in his or her record collection.

4. If you are in the possession of a small child, endeavour at all times to make sure that it knows its place. Ideally, it is best to banish it to a secluded area for the evening—Yugoslavia is nice—but, failing that, impress upon it as strongly as possible that the Guests are Grown-Ups, while it is a Child and, as such, it ought to keep its mouth shut, at least until it gets old enough to make a decent Vodka Collins. You may be enchanted by its innocent, naive truthfulness, but no one else wants to be asked why she sticks out so very very far in the back.

4a. The same holds true for dogs. Especially male dogs. Especially male dogs with poor eyesight. Whether or not Mr. Peepers cost you \$3000 and has a better pedigree than Prince Ranier is immaterial; a furry mammal attempting to form a Meaningful Relationship with a guest's leg is still a furry mammal attempting to form a Meaningful Relationship with a guest's leg.

5. Unless the overwhelming majority of your guests are 14 years old and lonely, you would probably do well to avoid the use of clever pencil and paper games that rely heavily on double-entendre, no matter how much you think the Event will profit by them. In other words, can the Mad-Libs.

TO THE GUEST:

1. At all times remember that you are a visitor in someone else's home and, as such, must obey their rules, no matter how arcane they may appear to you. If you are requested not to smoke in the living room, it is permissible to step into the kitchen. If you are requested not to smoke in the kitchen, it is permissible to step into the vestibule. If you are requested not to smoke in the vestibule, it is permissible to step out onto the terrace. If you are requested not to smoke on the terrace, it is permissible to shove the host over the side.

2. If you can't dance, don't let them make you. Your best friends will never tell you this, but the really smart people haven't done the Watusi for several years now.

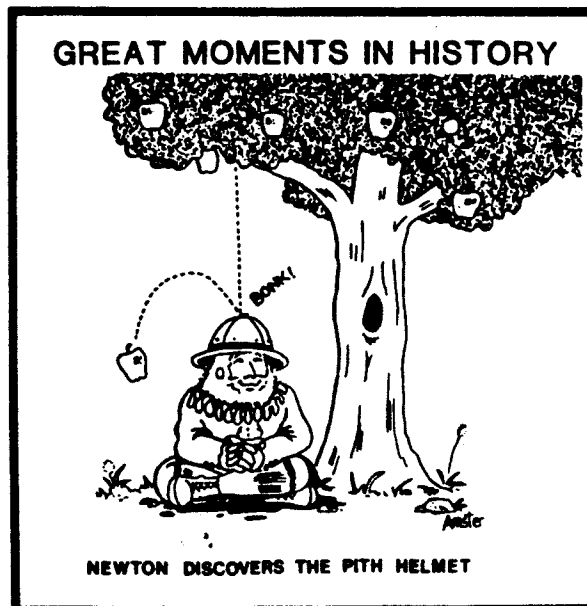
3. One of the major difficulties with parties of this nature is that, if you can't smoke, and you can't dance, and Madonna is singing rather too loudly to make small talk possible, it's hard to know just what to do with oneself. A wise guest uses his or her imagination in a case like this, always bearing in mind, however, that it is not considered polite to build a fort out of guacomole and taco chips.

4. Always try to eat whatever is placed in front of you, even if it has Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup in it. Your host will appreciate your generosity of spirit, and later on you can invite him or her to your party and serve pimento loaf with a clear conscience.

4a. By the same token, if you are on a weight-reduction plan of the more antic variety, it would be pleasant of you to refrain from saying anything about it. Your fellow Event-Attendees are all either (a) breaking the regimens of THEIR weight-reduction programmes for the evening and feeling guilty about it or (b) not on a weight-reduction programme and feeling guilty about it, and watching you nibble delicately on a head of cauliflower as you discuss the wonders of kelp, particularly while everyone else is making whoopie with the baked Alaska, will only upset them.

5. It is not sporting to pick all the carob pieces out of the trailblazers mix. It is even less sporting to pick all the carob pieces out of the trailblazers mix, taste them, and put them back again.

As I mentioned previously, these are only the off-hand jottings of a rank amateur in the Big Brawl Game—they don't even begin to touch, for instance, upon what to do if your host insists on having a Theme for the party and forces all the guests to show up dressed as their favourite Cabbage Patch Kid (a problem, by the way, I wish to Heaven that someone would SOLVE)—but perhaps they will assist, in their small way, someone who is just now venturing forth into the darker regions of Partydom. It's rather too late for me, I'm afraid—I have just been informed that everyone is coming over to MY house tonight, and I shall be far too busy trying to find something over which to pour the Cream of Chicken Soup to pay them any attention at all.



QUANTUM COURTESY

BY MILDRED NEPTUNE

As we have already sort of discovered, Quantum Courtesy has no rules. It does, however, have a few non-rules, and as I always say, there are no exceptions to non-rules. Here is a modest sampling of some of the more basic givens of QC:

1. Life is never enough and when it is, it's too much.
2. Practically everyone is still trying to be a normal teenager.
3. People who sacrifice quality for profit deserve what they get.
4. Somewhere on this planet is a top executive with a Yogi Bear lunch pail hidden away.
5. Freedom of emotional excess is the most precious freedom we have and should be overused frequently.
6. The words *should* and *shouldn't* should be stricken from the human language. Or they just shouldn't be used.
7. Some of the best people don't know who they are - and they never will.

And now on to our spate of petty bullshit.

Dear Miss Neptune,

Whew. Sheesh. Talk about your charlish weirdmobiles! I recently gave a fabiola dinner party—I mean but essence of wonderful with the best food it has ever been my pleasure to perpare for a large group of ingrates. MOST of my guests really enjoyed it—but there was this one ~~comple~~ (friends of my husband, of course) who eschewed, not chewed, my splendid fare. Not a morsel of my honey baked ham, not a soupcon of my sour cream potato salad, not a scosh of my wilted spinach salad, and nary a smidgen of my to-die-for poppyseed cake passed their palates. They did not even partake of a most amazing chocolate marble cheesecake—your recipe, too! I know they are not vegetarians because they're from Omaha—and I know they are not on restricted diets because I have fed them before and they gave new meaning to the word fress. I became distraught enough to query, and to my surprise I was told that these two wanted to stay up late so they could go to another party and so they had consumed vast quantities of amphetamine and were therefore, as the man so charmingly phrased it, "off feed." I was aghast, and still am. Have you ever heard of such a thing? I would love to hear your comments and counsel.

Sincerely, Christy Green, Our Little Town, Nebraska

Dear Christy: Your guests' behavior is not only unseemly, but strictly from Nowheresville. Mixed priorities and gastronomic masochism were the cause of their rudeness. It is always bad form to take amphetamines for social events. They should be taken only for business purposes as they make one ambitious, anti-social and paranoid, as well as maniacally worky—sort of the way bankers are all the time. I personally feel that anyone who rejects my cheesecake should be taken out and shot. I mean, shaken out and taught. In the future, you may wish to provide the proper sort of drugs for eating enjoyment. To the rest of you: When someone offers you food, EAT IT. You may never get another chance.

And Christy, next time you have these toads over, make them smoke a lid of spliff, mon, and don't feed them anything. Turn the water off, too.

Dear Miss Neptune,

This is kind of, uh, tricky. What does one say to a man whose, uh, trousers—I mean, what do you say to a guy whose fly is open? Huh?

Betty Comes, La Mirada, California

Dear Betty,

"Do you have a license to sell hot dogs?" is a sprightly reminder for the gentleman to XYZ.

Dear Mildred,

Hi, remember me? I'm wondering exactly what you should do when you stay at someone's house and they sleep late and you get up early and you're sort of left on your own to wander around and snoop in their medicine cabinets and junk drawers. I get real bored and fed up with waiting for them to wake—don't usually want to take walks cause I'm lazy. I'd like to find something comfy and sort of relaxing to do.

Any suggestions? Randy Killham, You Know Where I Live
Dearest Randy, Yes, I do. Looking through someone's medicine cabinets and junk drawers is an invasion of privacy and unless your host has recently invaded your privacy, you have no reason for similar action. My favorite Waiting for the Host activity is eating. One starts in the cabinets and then moves on to the refrigerator section of the kitchen. After just a day or so of this, your hosts will make damn sure they are awake long before you are in REM state.

Good luck with your consolidation loan, dear.

Dear Miss Neptune,

What do you think is the worst etiquette sin rife in our world today?

Frank Lee M'Dear, Oshgosh, Wisconsin

Dear Frank, INGRATITUDE. Failing to thank someone for services rendered or gifts given or favors done.

No joke here, just wanted to express an opinion.

Dear Miss Neptune,

What are those little strips on bananas called? You know, the narrow weirdnesses that you have to peel off? Are they safe to eat?

Thanks! Vera Chuckandave, Isle of Wight

Dear Vera, They are called streebles. They are extremely poisonous.

Dear Miss Neptune, What makes America great?

Wyatt Desperation, On the Road

Dear Wyatt,

It is always the illusion of patriotism that makes any country great. As long as we keep believing it's great, it will be great. The same thing goes for sex, popular music and fast foods. Until next time, this is Mildred Neptune signing off and wishing all of you a prayer, a kiss and a midget!

MAIL ORDER:

HOW TO STAY HOME AND LET
AMERICA PAD YOUR BANK ACCOUNT

by Tom Gedwillo

According to Grebb's Profit-Lock Financial Newsletter (Canon City, Colorado), approximately 93 million U.S. citizens (and 42 million illegal aliens) will spend an average of \$56.82 during 1985 on mail order purchases. This tradition dates back to the turn of the century, when Montgomery Ward began supplying corsets and mink oil to farmers and lumberjacks across the Great Divide. We've all heard of Sunset House, Walter Drake, Spencers, Desi & Lucy, etc. Wouldn't it be a little like going mental to see your own business added to that list? It's easier than said, or done. Follow these instructions, never leave your phone off the hook, and get ready for that Neil Sedaka concert when you make your winter home in Reno.

1. File an application and incorporate yourself. Always make it a joint partnership, using your spouse or mother or ex-lover. Don't use your real name, your legal name, or any one else's name. Look in the Yellow Pages, change a few letters from an existing business and you'll begin to smell the money. For example, a large department store in the midwest is known as Miller & Paine. Why not an exclusive, custom-made, ready-to-order, fashion-designer golf ball supplier called Moller & Caine? Hey, it's easy, I did it. Don't worry, you'll soon catch up. So go file the papers with your state offices, rent a palatial P.O. box, buy a rubber stamp kit, and sleep on it.
2. Hang around your local junior high school. Offer a group of kids \$5 each to deliver a shopping cart full of the sales literature of your choice to houses in your neighborhood. These could be mimeographed flyers (kids love to smell 'em) or handsomely lithographed catalogs. But you're probably saying, "What am I selling? What prices do I charge?" I offer (what others have paid for) the following: Don't sell dolls. America is up to its patch in cabbage! Do sell cheap, #2 lead pencils with cute little animals where the eraser used to be. Hot items this year are sheep, scottie dogs and bears. Offer to imprint the customer's name on the pencil, and you can easily make \$3 per dozen. Don't sell address labels! In fact, stay away from any kind of stationery. If you want to deal in desk-related items, sell photos or other memorabilia imbedded in lucite. Although this is a heavy and bulky item to mail, you can make up the postage costs by charging a "tooling die" fee, even though they'll all be the same size and shape. Practically anything can be imbedded in lucite, except lucite itself. Don't sell hernia appliances. Stay away from medical supplies altogether, unless your mother thought you should be a doctor. But, vitamins—vitamins are good! These fall into the "loss leader" category. You get the average Joe to buy cheap Vitamin C when he'll really end up going for the whole 7-day diet and its various supplements. Special licensing is probably required in some states, so check it out. Don't sell music lessons (i.e., piano, guitar, harmonica), since this is how Prince was discovered and enough of him already. More ideas on the "Do" list include foreign postage stamps, religious artifacts, hearing aids, live seahorses, and biorhythm analysis. Don't even consider these for mail order sales: shoes, bust developers, false teeth, lingerie, self-contained strawberry farms, automobile devices, gardening supplies, or divorce counselling.
3. Always place your first national ad in tabloids like the ENQUIRER or MIDNIGHT GLOBE.
4. Make sure that several old pieces of household furniture are used as part of your "office" and can be deductions on your tax forms due to depreciated value.
5. Never tell your close friends that you are in business for yourself. The instant assumption is "Amway, shmamway."
6. Never reveal steps 1 through 5.

NEXT TIME: FRANCHISING (SELL HAMBURGERS WHILE YOU WASH AND WAX THEIR CAR)

Music In The Glen

by Roldo

"Great Pan is dead," cried the voice from the Forest, "Great Pan is dead," and the passing boat hurried on to carry the news to the cities of men.

Pan sank back against the tree he'd been hiding behind and sank to the ground, slapping his hairy thighs in silent laughter. To let this great laugh be heard would have ruined the jest.

"Up to your tricks?" asked Jesus, strolling into the glade and sitting beside the goat-god.

"Doin' a little advance publicity for you, is all," Pan answered, flashing his mischievous grin at the calm aesthetic. "You're gonna need it."

"Oh, I dunno," said Christ, "I got a pretty good script." "Catchy opening number," Pan agreed, "and a great finale, but mostly talk in-between."

"There's that bit with money-changers..." Christ said.

"Yeah," Pan agreed, "I dug that. But—"

"Look," Christ said, "talk's what they need. They gotta start communicating sometime, and it must be now or I wouldn't be getting my cue."

"Well, there is that," Pan agreed, producing a leather pouch of figs and offering Christ one, "but it's gonna be slow to catch on."

"They've got forever," Christ reminded him, "and that finale, man—it's gonna stick with 'em."

Pan winced. "How can you joke about it, let alone pun? You're gonna be in human form. It's gonna HURT."

"I know that," Christ snapped. "I even asked for a rewrite, but it's necessary." Solar fires smouldered briefly in his eyes.

Pan shrank back in mock terror. "Hey," he said, "you're gonna blow your image. Where's all that Sweetness & Light?"

Christ chuckled. "I saw you come howling out of bushes yesterday to scare those hunters away from where that baby deer was hiding, so gimme another fig and can the tough guy crap. It's old news, anyway, that bit."

"Hah," Pan snorted, passing the bag over. "Tell Mars that."

"Oh, man," Christ answered, spitting some seeds, "he's just afraid Venus will have his balls if he takes off his armour."

"She would, too," Pan agreed. "He'd hand 'em over, still warm. It'd never occur to him that he's no use to her without 'em. No balance, that's his trouble."

"That's EVERYBODY's trouble!" Christ yelled, jumping to his feet. "That's why I'm next. A little balance. A little harmony. Oh, they'll blow it. They always do. But not completely—not forever."

"All things flow," Pan murmured in Greek.

"You bet your hairy butt," Christ smiled, dusting the loam off his robe, "and we're all fish in that same stream."

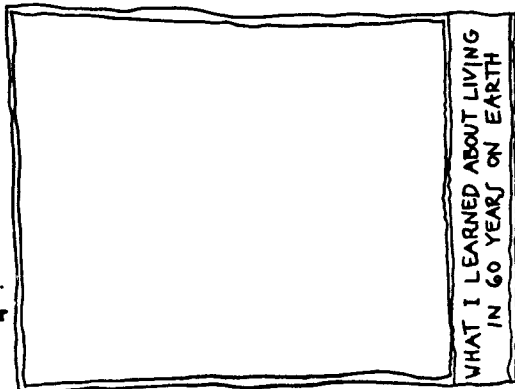
"Be ye a Fisher of Men," grinned Pan, leaning back in the warm sunlight.

"Don't cop my lines," Christ laughed back, "or I'll tell 'em you're the Devil."

Pan lobbed a fig at Christ's head. Christ snagged it in the air, popped it into his mouth and strode off among the trees.



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.
"Pull the wool over
your own eyes."
Send \$1.00



WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT LIVING
IN 60 YEARS ON EARTH

One Final Look by Steven Scharff

He saw the last few ships still loading at the dock as he stood on the now-barren slope. The huge trees that were once there had either been sacrificed to build ships or had been uprooted and carried off to be sent across the waters.

Scratching his lengthy beard with weathered hands, he turned to continue his walk up the slope. It was the summit, where the auditorium stood, that was his destination. He recalled the day that had been so long ago, yet to him seemed almost like that morning.

The aged man recited his speech to himself as he climbed the marble steps, his feet obscured by his long white robe.

"Esteemed scholars," he said aloud, "I bring you news of ill tidings. The land which we know as our home is about to return to the sea from whence it came."

He stopped at the top stair, staring at the huge oak doors sealed shut with iron bands. He sighed, shut his eyes, and recalled the years that followed that solemn day.

The many scientists and mystics had put aside their differences and were united in seeking an answer to their problem. The shoreline had begun to vanish, yard by yard, every year, and the harbor began to swell and seemed to grow deeper. Their land had been on top of two geological plates that were moving apart, and would soon fill the gap they were making.

Many speculations were made as the problem of what to do became more urgent with the passage of time. It was impossible to stop the plates from moving, and there would be no way for the whole population to travel at once to another land. And their knowledge, aye, the great wisdom that they had acquired and honed sharp like a razor - was it to be lost to the ocean forever?

It was eventually agreed that groups of people would sail to the far reaches of the globe and settle there, teaching their children and the local inhabitants what they knew.

And what could not be carried by these great ships, the great elders—masters of the mystic arts—transported across time and space to appointed regions, to wait for their owners to arrive.

The aged man sighed once again, opened his eyes to see the doors of the mighty stone structure, and turned to walk back down to the harbor. The rich green hills had been stripped of their vegetation by a few who felt that the life on the land mass was so sacred it would be unthinkable to let the plants drown in the seas.

Even the stones seemed to give a tearful farewell to the white-bearded man.

Finally he walked onto the docks, boarded the ship to which he was appointed, and the craft set sail.

The wizard seemed oblivious to the activity of the crew as the scurried about the ship. He simply stared at the shrinking land while the ship sailed into the setting sun. Slowly, painfully, the moonless night crept to cover what little could be seen of the land.

He wondered how the inhabitants would react to the stone circle he had transported to the land where he was to go, the carefully aligned stones that pointed towards select stars and the rising suns of the solstices.

The land that was called "The Sceptered Isle" would be his new home. He wondered what his new life would be like, and if anyone could remember the land that he, and the many others like him, left behind, the land called Atlantis.

Merlin silently wiped a tear from his cheek as he turned 6 to go to his cabin...

Prof. Von Whozits explains the arms race...

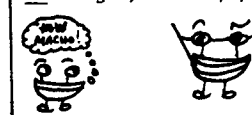
Vell, it's kvite zimple, ve haf us veapons and dem veapons...



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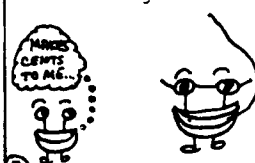
Bravely trying to maintain this crummy on-paper accent, the Professor continues...

Dem iss bad, und keep missiles. Us iss gut, und keep peace, ya?



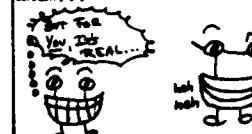
"B-MOVIE-STAR WARS" [dedicated to Tut.]

Den ve make more peace veapons dat don't vork so ve can shrow dem away and make more!



And in conclusion...

Of course, zis is all seory, as we all know Whozits haf no arms, ahem...



MY JOB

and welcome to it

~by Candi Strecker

CHAPTER 3: THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREEBIES

"Great 'stocking stuffers,' huh?" said my office-mate, a bit sheepishly, as he added a fistful of highlighter pens to the stash in his desk drawer. (So what if Christmas was six weeks ago?) We don't go quite so far as to refer to our supply room as "The Gift Shop," as they do at one programming sweatshop I know of, but to some extent or another everyone at my office is involved in that most universal type of petty theft, pocketing office supplies. It's a part of life in every office. Is there one person in a hundred, or even in a thousand, who's such a Boy Scout that s/he has never taken home so much as a pencil or a notepad? To put it another way, NO ONE who works in an office ever buys paper clips again. Just as a ballpark figure, I wouldn't be surprised if half the supplies purchased in most offices are taken for personal, non-work purposes.

In short, everybody steals. The difference lies in where each person draws the line for himself between appropriate and inappropriate theft. Right at that borderline, it takes active rationalization, a real aerobic workout with the conscience, before one feels an act is justified even though it breaks the rules. But stealing a big-ticket item, say an IBM Selectric typewriter, doesn't quite seem to involve the whitewash process of rationalization; at that point one would probably just say "Yes, I AM stealing, but to hell with it." At the other extreme, pocketing some pencils seldom causes moral twinges. But between the large and small items—for me it's somewhere around swiping a ten-dollar stapler—is an area where active rationalization is required. (Funny how I might take enough pencils in a year to equal the cost of that stapler, but by taking them one at a time it doesn't bother me.)

On the little items, the ones we don't think twice about taking, the rationalization process seems to have already taken place and become well internalized. There are a lot of attitudes in our culture that probably contribute to this. Everybody in America wants something for nothing, and who doesn't feel sorry for him- or herself for not getting a fair share? As a justification for petty theft, the thought that bosses profit from your grossly underpaid labor is no less persuasive for being irrational. (If they tripled your salary tomorrow—retroactively—would you stop stealing those pretty pads of Post-It Notes?) One can even turn this reasoning into a sort of moral imperative: The System is so unfair that it's my duty to strike a blow against the soulless corporation by swiping this clipboard! Some of us (I'll raise a guilty hand here) pick up a rip-off attitude back in high school, when one doesn't make the connection between swiping or destroying Enemy (school) property and the pocketbook that pays for it. And of course there's that most popular of all excuses: peer pressure. "Hey, everybody else is stealing Liquid Paper." Then there's the seductive feeling that the office is a sort of second home where one is taken care of by substitute parents. Mom doesn't charge you for the toilet paper you use, and neither does the office; the office doesn't charge you for the pencils you use, and neither does Dad. If the pencils just happen to cross from one "home" to the other, are you morally bankrupt or do you just have blurred boundaries?

Adding to this confusion is the problem of not setting a price on the things one can steal. Think back to that ten-dollar stapler. Ten dollars isn't what the stapler is worth in a competitive market; but ten dollars is what you'd have to pay for it in a store, because you can't take the incredible volume discounts that offices can when they order by the gross. Knowing that the retail price is grossly inflated, and that the true price to the office is not really that large, it seems almost imperative that one steal the stapler rather than contribute to the price-settling delinquency of the office-supply store. Or think about xeroxing: if you do a couple of hundred pages during your lunch hour when nobody is using the machine, have you stolen a dollar

TALK SHOW HOST

CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

Celebrity is a bitch—just ponder the price of fame. If you do something which earns you a degree of public recognition, you always have it. Fame is not fleeting—it goes in cycles. Once famous, you never completely become unfamous, as there is always someone who remembers you.

I repeat my thesis—celebrity is a bitch. Once you are famous, you have to keep doing things to convince people you warrant their continued attention, and that is one hell of a job.

I often wonder what the lifestyle is like for the person who is somewhere between being on everyone's lips and appearing on THE LOVE BOAT; someone who can't make THE LOVE BOAT cut and is doing game shows; someone who can't co-star with Bill Cullen and is doing dinner theater; someone who is a waiter or a greeter and is going to appear in the next edition of WHATEVER BECAME OF...

How do these people live? Does Connie Stevens do her own grocery shopping? I mean, there she is at the Safeway, comparing unit prices, counting her coupons and wheeling through the bulk food area. She used to be "Cricket" on HAWAIIAN EYE...she used to be Mrs. Eddie Fisher...she used to star in big soppy love movies with Tab Hunter...now she gets gigs as a judge on DANCE FEVER.

What can you say to her? "I just loved you in SCROCHY, Ms. Stevens"? She'll know that you're pulling her leg—no one saw that movie. No one would ever watch it.

Because she is famous, though, she plugs along and undoubtedly hopes that someday she will be in a position to tell everyone to pound sand...

There are so many people who are famous who just can't let go. I suppose they can't because being a celebrity is their job. Hey, I love Clayton Moore to death—as a child he was definitely my main man—but he hasn't done anything but be the Lone Ranger for years...being famous is his job.

You can always tell the people whose job is just being famous by whether they get a box around their name in a movie ad. If they get a box or the phrase "special guest star" preceding their name, you know that acting ability was long ago sacrificed for a few shopworn hammy gestures and bits of business. Jack Palance, Christopher Lee, the late Christopher George, Woody Strode, Martin Landau, Sybil Danning are among the people who frequently give in to their baser sides and mumble their way through a three-minute scene.

Every now and then, people who had one-time descended into this pit come back to even larger fame. George Peppard was a relic of the Sixties before THE A-TEAM. Cher is another who succeeded to leave the gossip rag for the land of the living. Sonny, though, is still trapped there. Perhaps for life.

No matter how many examples of the celebrity cycle stumble around our world, few people seem willing to learn a lesson and prepare for their future. Right now, my candidates for the life of the undead include:

Mr. T - There is no way this self-righteous thyroid case is going to do anything but what he is now doing. He better hope THE A-TEAM lasts forever. I can just see him in some bar trying to trade his last necklace for a shot and a beer.

Bruce Jenner - The ghost of Mark Spitz should be advising this guy to invest well.

Every female star of HEE-HAW - Need I say more?

Howard Stern - Another few years, Howard will be the type of guy to start fights in bars and will routinely get the piss knocked out of him.

Madonna//Prince//Boy George//Michael Jackson - These guys should consider buying into soda bottling franchises.

One word should sum everything up—Boston, the monster group of the seventies...remember them? No, that's the problem.

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and a half worth of blank paper and chemicals, or have you stolen the twenty or thirty dollars that the xeroxing would cost at a copy shop? And then there's that most intangible stealable of all, time. If I have second thoughts about the time I took to write this article at work, can I give it back?

ZENARCHY STORIES

FRIEND OR FOE? by Ho Chi Zen

Quoting Chuang-Tzu, Josh said to Ho Chi Zen, "There is no governor anywhere." For those that govern only imagine they govern. An example is the Pope of the Catholic Church, who thinks he is in charge of birth control.

Ho Chi Zen replied to Josh, "There is no enemy anywhere." To this Josh responded, "If there is no enemy anywhere, then some of our friends are trying to kill us." For this discussion occurred in the early Seventies, when the F.B.I. was infiltrating and disrupting the New Left.

"Yes," Ho retorted, "there is no friend anywhere, either." Then he added, "Just as your remark about no governor was quoted from Chuang-Tzu, so my comment about no enemy was a quotation. One night on television there was an interview with people in the street in San Francisco about the war in Vietnam. One hippie told them he was against it, and when they asked him why, he said, "Because there is no enemy."

When we divide people into friends and enemies rigidly, we fool ourselves. For as the Situationists say, "History is a bag of tricks the dead have played on the living." All our enemies are already dead.

Of his philosophy of the Tao, Lao-Tzu told us it is easy to teach, but difficult to practice. That there is no friend or enemy, likewise, is simple for the intellect to grasp, but hard for the heart and the spleen to remember.

Some folks are indifferent and others are cynical, some are idealistic and others are grasping and ignorant, but very few people are evil. To call someone evil, say the Scientologists, is "putting badness on a person," an act called by Jesus "passing judgement."

When a Zen Master said that good and evil are the sicknesses of the mind, he was talking about their appearances. Abandoning compassion was not what he was recommending, for compassion is one of the elements of enlightenment, and a satori that does not manifest compassion is called "incomplete enlightenment." That the wise avoid personalizing errors is what he meant—or virtue, either, for that matter. This way, one sees the human being instead of a hero or a villain.

Moreover, it can be said with reasonable confidence that if all people were in their hearts good, or if all were in their hearts evil, the situation of the world might not change much from what it is today. For intentions, in ignorance, do not guarantee results in action.

A story is told among the Taoists of a farmer whose horse ran away. Said his neighbor, "This is an evil thing." Said the farmer, "Who can say what is good and what is bad?" Sure enough, the next day his horse returned with a number of wild horses in his company. "How wonderful!" exclaimed his neighbor. "Who can say," asked the farmer, "what is good and what is bad?" Breaking one of the wild stallions the next day, the farmer's son broke a leg. The neighbor came to offer condolences, but the farmer said, "Who knows what is good and what is bad?" Sure enough, the next day the Duke and his army rode through the district, conscripting all able-bodied young men to go off to war. The farmer's son, because of his broken leg, was spared. So who knows what is good and what is bad? And who knows who is a friend and who is an enemy?

As Alan Watts said in *Beyond Theology*, speaking of general matters, "To be quite sure, to be set, fixed, and firm is to miss the point of life."

Said William Morris, "Men fight and lose the battle, and the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat; and when it comes, turns out to be not what they meant; and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name."

Remembering that much with one's whole being is called penetrating the world of appearances or piercing the veil of illusion.

IF JESUS CHRIST CAME BACK ON EARTH
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REACT BREEZILY
O GIVEN WIND OF SITUATION O

The Poetry War

by A.S. Wright

The conflict began like the conflicts of a distant past, with a minor skirmish along the border between two tiny nations, Santa Frosta and Ginsbergistan. The forces of righteousness had deployed a convoy of free verse carriers into the Poundian Pass and were attacked just after nightfall by renegade elements of the First Church of the Extraterrestrial Jesus. The sound of caesura bazookas and tanka machine guns reverberated among the hills for several hours. Casualties among the rebels, based in and supported by Santa Frosta, were heavy and a retreat was finally ordered by Commander Rhymster, the leader. Two days later news of the skirmish reached the nearest provincial capitals of each nation and was transmitted around the world. The exchange was properly condemned by the two superpowers, one of which even did so forcefully at the United Nations. Security councils were convened, options tracked, position papers drafted, and there was even talk of a summit conference.

After this brief flare-up of hostilities, a "phoney" war emerged between the two countries that lasted for several months. War was formally declared, but small simile fire along the border was the only violence reported.

Finally, in a secret memorandum, the President of Ginsbergistan ordered an all-out attack on a rebel base deep inside Santa Frosta. The next night the Ginsbergistani Air Force pounded the area with metaphor bombs for two hours. After the bombing ceased, an elite special forces group landed in the camp aboard epic helicopters and mopped up with haiku flamethrowers.

This escalation was promptly answered by Santa Frosta. An attack by submarine-based sonnets was launched against the other nation's capital city. Hundreds of people were killed and thousands injured. Ginsbergistan responded by sending its First Armored Division, outfitted with newly-deployed villanelle tanks, across the Proustian Plain into Santa Frosta. Numerous square miles of sparsely-settled territory were seized before the advance halted at the Rimbaud River.

The war at sea was also underway, although neither country had much of a navy. Light verse fighters from Santa Frosta's rickety ode carrier attacked Ginsbergistan's two lyric destroyers, which fought back with elegy torpedos and rondel surface-to-air missiles. Santa Frosta's single submarine had already been sunk.

The conflict between the two nations soon leveled off; neither country could sustain high-intensity warfare for long. A war of attrition developed and continues today. However, the tide may soon turn one way or another. Santa Frosta is said to be developing a sestina satellite that when launched could fire iambic pentameter beams at any target inside Ginsbergistan.

Whatever-I-Feel-Like Comics

by Ace Backwards - ©12-1984 -



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Wax Ink

by Rory Houchens

STOP MAKING SENSE—Talking Heads (Sire)—Talking Heads are without a doubt one of America's most creative, exciting, enlightening, blah, blah, blah bands, but I've never been able to completely enjoy any one of their albums from start to finish without running into a whole bunch of unrewarding musical snags. That is, until now. **STOP MAKING SENSE**, the soundtrack album from the Talking Heads concert movie of the same name (and the group's second live recording), is a smooth, solid effort highlighted by some exceptional material and sparkling performances. Whether it be David Byrne's quirky, solo "Psycho Killer" or the full ensemble treatment given "Slippery People" or "Take Me To The River," **STOP MAKING SENSE** doesn't let up for a second. Hallelujah!

A PRIVATE HEAVEN—Sheena Easton (EMI America)—I think the Sheena Easton camp expected this record to do for the Scottish songstress what **PHYSICAL** did for Olivia Newton-John—slap a few singles up on the top 10 and change her image from a sweet, chirpy popster to a tough, worldly-wise, ultra-liberated female capable of tackling rock & roll with the best of the big boys (Ms. Easton now sports a new "don't mess with me" hairdo, and has even been seen on TV wearing a [gasp] leather miniskirt and a two-fisted scowl!). But **PHYSICAL** was just smack dab full o' bright and bouncy tunes, which can hardly be said of **A PRIVATE HEAVEN**. "Sugar Walls" strives for something like AM erotica, but only achieves laughable, sophomoric smut, and "You Make Me Nervous" has a crappy, "tailored for top 40" sound that's almost as exciting as rusting metal. Joan Armatrading's "Love And Affection" is done up respectably (but I suspect credit goes more to the song than the singer), and "Strut" and Tim Scott's "Swear" dish our some much needed spunk, but most of the energy on this disc is concentrated on pose or attitude, and unfortunately not on music.

BIRDSONGS OF THE MESOZOIC (Ace of Hearts Recs., P.O. Box 579, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215)—This unlikely titled, Boston-based band (an offshoot of the late, graet Mission of Burma) draws its inspiration from "minimalist" artists like Steve Reich and Terry Riley and adds to that bits of rock, jazz and modern classical music to create a sound that is invigorating, smart and very listenable. A simple piano melody buoys "Drift" until it's pulled down into a chaotic swirl of noise and drums, while "The Orange Ocean" is built upon a beautiful piano run embellished with cello and other keyboards. A more experimental feeling is projected on "Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous," a montage of piano fragments, percussion and treated tapes of birdcalls that conjures up the confusion of pre-history. **BIRDSONGS** adds spice to contemporary music and stays miles away from any ruts.

TEN FROM TEXAS: HERD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE—Various Artists (Electra)—This 10 band/11 track sampler of "still unsigned by a major label" Texas groups covers a lot of ground but is little more than a future historic relic or an odd collectible. Random Culture's "Fame" is a tired sounding slice of scratchy rap, Commandos' "Tell It On The Line" is old, boring Texas pop, and Secret Six's "No More Weekends In Warsaw" is new, boring Texas pop. Johnny Reno and the Sax Maniacs do a credible job of sounding like Cab Calloway fronting Bill Haley's Comets, and Dan Del Santo cooks up a funky stew where hot horns, peppy percussion and vague, volatile vocals are the main ingredients. But the best songs are by the Tribe, a quintet (including a fiddle player, which makes all the difference in the world) whose major influences include Patton, Rommel, Paul Bunyon and Lewis Leakey, and David Bean whose thin, slightly nasal vocals and barely nostalgic pop style will brighten up the darkest day.

HEROES, ANGELS & FRIENDS—Janey Street (Arista)—Though Janey Street sounds a whole lot like Rickie Lee Jones, she can effortlessly add large doses of Janis Joplin and Carole King influences for a most "remarkable and delightful" voice. "Under The Clock" is an irresistible, "hangin' out on the street" song and the persistent "Me And My Friends" sure would sound good on the radio. "There Ain't No Angels In The Sky" borrows sparingly from 50's rock & roll epics and John & Yoko, while

"(How Long) Till My Ship Comes In" is a full-blown, wistful magnum opus that cuts right to the bone. Don't miss it.

RECKLESS—Bryan Adams (A&M)—If you gotta make middle of the road, commercial records, you might as well use a modicum of intelligence and integrity, which I'm almost certain Bryan Adams does when he trundles on into the studio to cut another gold (platinum) disc. Adams exists somewhere in that territory previously (currently?) inhabited by John M. Cougar and Tom "get me to a doctor, I've rendered my hand completely useless" Petty, but he lacks the Cougar's macho swagger and Petty's horse-jowled smugness which is a plus (and having a semi-manageable haircut doesn't hurt either). **RECKLESS** abounds with neatly-trimmed, sugary treats. There's "Run To You," not exactly an original idea, but one that works exceedingly well, and is to the ear what a fresh cream horn is to the palate. "She's Only Happy When She's Dancin'" is self-explanatory and brings back images of gut-bustin', swank rock that hasn't been heard in about 12 years or whenever the Rolling Stones started gathering moss. "Heaven" is a not-so-sappy ballad, and "Summer of '69" is a better than average, autobiographical, "boy, I miss my innocent youth" workout. "It's Only Love" is a smoking, all too brief duet with Miss Comeback of 1984, Tina Turner, while the white-hot "Kids Wanna Rock" threatens to burn right down to your underthings.

THE AMAZING FILM SCORES OF HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS (Rhino Recs., 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404)—Goremeister H.G. Lewis has been enjoying quite a bit of success and exposure of late. Many of his cult-status movies have been released on videocassette, a book (**THE AMAZING HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS AND HIS WORLD OF EXPLOITATION FILMS**) has been written about him, and now this record that combines scores from two of Lewis' classic films, **BLOOD FEAST** and **2000 MANIACS**, is ready for mass consumption. The **BLOOD FEAST** side is ghoulish enough with bits of dialogue, suitably creepy music (utilizing cello, trombone, kettledrums and cheap, cheesy organ), and a bonus track entitled "Herschell Directs: Assorted Screams." The **2000 MANIACS** side is more hokey than it is spine-tingling, with its bluegrass/country & western motif featuring versions of "Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms" and "Old Joe Clark." This side's bonus track is "Herschell Directs: Assorted Guitar Chords." Made me want to run right out and get the videotapes!

DIAMOND LIFE—Sade (Epic)—There's a whole new musical movement in England that gets inspiration from beatniks, dharma bums, and soft, cool, very vocal jazz, the kind that was around just before rock & roll became the dominant force. Spearheaded by groups like Carmel, Everything But The Girl and Sade, it's blowing in a warm, refreshing breeze that's hard to resist. Of the bunch, Sade have the most accomplished chops and the most appealing sound with their neo-Brazilian percussion, light, mobile bass, tasteful sax work and Sade Adu's spellbinding vocals. Soulful and buoyant songs like "When Am I Going To Make A Living" and "Your Love Is King" earmark this group as one to watch, and "Smooth Operator" is beautiful beyond words. Highly recommended!

KING COBRA—Steve Douglas (Fantasy)—Chances are that if you've listened to the radio any amount of time since the inception of rock & roll, you've probably witnessed the talents of saxophonist Steve Douglas a few dozen times. The credits he's acquired during his two and a half decades as session player, arranger and producer read like a rock history textbook. Everyone from Duane Eddy, Phil Spector and the Beach Boys to the Ramones and the Tubes have enlisted the expertise of Douglas (such landmarks as "Da Doo Ron Ron," "Be My Baby" and "Good Vibrations" bear his imprint). **KING COBRA** is the latest in a handful of solo recordings and contains a variety of originals and rock classics that showcase one of music's more enduring players. The title cut is Egyptian-flavored (Douglas has previously recorded in a pyramid or two), while "Mystic Journey" comes very close to being transcendental magic. He plays flute on the Police's "Wrapped Around Your Finger," and duets with Ry Cooder on "Let It Be Me." Duane Eddy lends his trademark guitar twang to "Sashay," and Douglas turns in a gutsy rendering of Earle Hagen's "Harlem Nocturne" (perhaps better known as the **MIKE HAMMER** theme song).

Belly Signals

by Rodny K Dioxin

There are wild times to be had, and few have had 'em wilder than "Desolate Ariel and the Schizoids." After they finally got around to releasin their first LP (The Ones Upstairs Are Always Watching) and had hit big, I got assigned to get on down there and interview the gang for the heavy-hittin and highly respected SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION QUARTERLY. By this time there'd been a whole rafta line-up changes. But no one with the sense the gods gave a fig newton (and if that ain't me I ain't no one) ever believed all dose rumors about cannibalism. I didn't know how much time I'd have, as the band was getting geared up for their latest tour, the soon to be remembered "Sid's Lunch Money" mega-happening.

The place was Roanoke, VA about a mile past the Burger King, the 3rd abandoned house on the left after the offramp. The house was boarded up; dere was No Trasspassing signs up at the property line. But I knew dey didn't apply to me so I went on in. I could already here dat enjoyable Schizoids din roilin' outta the place, flattening the grass and neuterin any chipmunks in da nearby woods. When I crawled through the window I discovered dat mosta the band wuz out (as in cold). Ariel was face down on da couch stranglin a Stoli bottle. There seemed to be someone under the pile of food wrappers on the left but I couldn't tell. However, there was some action over in the next room. The Schizoids' producer/manager/dealer/driver and general all-around okay guy, Wog, was at the mixing board doin' dubs or somethin on a new single with the drummer, Vanderkleed Phobia, who was smashing a coupla hods of bricks wif a German long sword and chewin on a microphone. Just da sorta innovative approach to drumming dat my readers wanted ta hear about. Thus I was a little surprised ta find myself, several hours later, sittin wif da band talkin bout how Twinkies just weren't as good as dey used ta be. After it wuz all over, weeks later, I had managed ta come out alive, wif a good story and a good chum in ole Ariel. Da story goes somethin like this:

It wuz da late 70s and anyone who knew wuz wearing black and gettin paranoid. This was, natch, all kindsa tuffer if ya came from the middle of nowhere, VA like Ariel. So she did it ennuyway. Dyed her hair so black it looked blue, wore bondage trou, and sneered at da kids tellin her how punk they wuz and how much they luvved Adam Ant. She got away wif it cos she was good. But who wants ta be good in a place where ya can't tell the diff? So she graduated early and blew outta town for somethin better. Well, it wasn't as easy as she thought it'd be. She ended up in Roanoke workin at a cheap diner. It sucked of course. But she had her own place, away from da 'rents and da asshole kids at school (course there were assholes here but dey mostly went out inna day and she only went out at nite after work). Things started to get better than just okay. She met dis guy Rudy who had a band ("Rudy and the Corndogs") and she got ta sing wif them a coupla times and she bummed rides wif the guys into DC which wuz where she met Tasha who was a real doll and had moved in with her. That wuz when things started ta get weird. There was this nutbar of a lady living in their building (they used ta call her Rachel after Ariel's toy rat) and she was following them around and she'd steal underwear from their laundry when they weren't looking and smear black eyeshadow on their door. It was gettin pretty fuckin intense. Then one nite Tasha came bustin into Beau's (the dive where Ariel worked) and dragged her away from two-fried-eggs-with-a-side-of-bacon-double-homefries-coffee-toast-muffins-two-cheeseburgers-onion-rings-and-a-chocolate-shake for some longhaul trucker who kept callin Ariel "babydoll" and telling her she'd be real cute if she got some sun and lost the makeup. Tasha just dumped the food on the floor and pulled Ariel outside with a passing aside to Mr. Longhaul that he'd haveta find his own babydoll cos this one was taken thanks anyway goodnite and I sincerely hope you eat flaming metal death. Tasha was kinda pumped ya see cos she'd just found this great house where they could squat wif enuf room so they could form their band and even more room on topa that for painting and stuff (Tasha'd already started a Biwvy Idol mural that afternoon). And thus began "Desolate Ariel and the Schizoids." At this point in the story, we were all back in the spacious \$2.95 a nite closet that SHCQ had gotten for me, that is me and Ariel and Vanderkleed and the rest of the band, Romy Larrah on bass (replacing Tasha but we'll get to that ugliness in a mo) and the latest in a series of string-abusers, Beryl the Bat (don't tell me—it's the music biz). Beryl had just signed on the week before when they'd lost their previous guitarist, Skunk Wizzwah, to the Cleveland Indians in the first round of the expansion draft. Beryl wasn't exactly a sparklin wit. At the moment she was tryin to teach a G-chord to a HoHoos wrapper.

But back at the start it was just Tasha and Rudy and Ariel. They were bad but they had some great times. Their equipment was two steps down from bad and their sound was somewhere beneath that. But why be good when you can go on from there to be bad? Indeed, this led to the first upheaval as the inimitable Rudy P. Corndog went his own way. Basically, he knew too many notes to fit in with the developing Schizoids sound. After pluggin along for a while as just a bass and vocal combo, the group expanded to its largest configuration ever. First, Vanderkleed wandered in lookin for directions to the Burger King. Then he convinced his old buddy, "the Hexagrammatic Mac Skeletor" to join on guitar and Mac brought along his current main squeeze, the fetchingly dead Medea Blande on off-keyboards. It wuz often said of Medea that she never arrived for a Schizoids gig before the set was half over, at the earliest. This led to som odd gigs, natch. But it was a happenin time. Everything wuz goin on at Schizoid HQ. Along wif Ariel and co. there were other bands dere (including "the Demented Boffins" and "Prancin Trotskys"—the band Rudy started after he split with the Schizoids) and artists and all sorts of oddness. Why they even had their own zine Sybil's Journal, which was still goin when I got dere and in fact wuz bein run at the time by Jo Aphasia.

It was now dat the Schizoids cut there first single, "Eatin Donuts In The Swamp." Alla dis creativity couldn't escape notice. And it didn't. Course, like always, not alla da notice that ya get is da kind that ya want. But da Schizoids did start gettin sum gig offers, for some money even. This was it, big time. Or at least big enuf for starters.

Cept mebbe a little too big for Ariel at least. On their second nite in Richmond, after a cookin show, they all went out an got ripped and Tasha met this dahlin lil southern belle. She was smitten and gone within the week. She said lotsa nice things to Ariel who didn't give a shit ennymore. The rest of that set of gigs turned into a massive blood-spittin binge. Ariel was outta control, angry, drunk. By the time I met her she referred to that as the Schizoids blood/sex/death/anger period and wuz laffin about it. In the midst it can't have been much fun. Before they'd even been able to replace Tasha on bass they'd lost the rest of the band too. Seems that Medea showed up on time for a show. Wog assumed she wuz an imposter, probably a bill collector so he threw her out. She got pissed, packed Skeletor up in a suitcase and hit the road. Things looked pretty grim to Vanderkleed at this point. All Ariel saw was the bottom of a series of bottles. They got through the last few shows doing percussively accompanied readings (more like screamings actually) and headed back to Schizoid HQ to either regroup or fall apart. After things hung about at gutter level for a week or so, two things happened which got some life moving again. First, Ariel decided to get someone to paint over alla Tasha's old murals (well all except Biwvy). That some turned out to be Verna Equinox (one of Hamp-Syd's finest transvestites) who also joined up with the Schizoids on guitar. Also, and at the same time, weird Rachel started hangin' around on the outskirts of Schizoid HQ. She was only a little odd for a while but after a coupla days in which everyone ignored her she started ta get outta hand, even for Schizoid HQ. No one much noticed when she set fire to a chipmunk or two. But when she started spellin out the Song of Solomon on the front lawn in used bandages and milk bottles, well, somethin hadda give. Ariel was still unconscious half da time but when asked she was in favor of just crapping out and going away. Vanderkleed said no way. They'd all spent too much time on the HQ, painting murals and tinting the windows black and doin alla dose little things that make a squat a home to chuck for weird Rachel. Ariel couldn't deal wif it. Too much bad juju left from dose days and nites with Tasha. So she headed up north wif Wog to work out a deal for an elpee wif Dischord in D.C. Vanderkleed stayed wif da rest of da crew back at the HQ and called in the Sheepman.

Dat, in case ya don't know, wuz his ole buddy from da westcoast, Sheep Sandwiche who was known for bein obnoxious, unpleasant, and a hell of a lotta fun at parties. Give da man credit tho, he knew his terror tactics. Within days of his arrival, the weird ole lady wuz on the road for Duluth ("where they don't have any godless pervos trying to alter my body temperature" she's reported to have said). I always wanted to know what Sheep did but he wouldn't divulge what he called trade secrets. The details would make a great tale, mebbe he'll write it. Last I heard he'd headed for Duluth and married old weird Rachel.

At least da whole mess got da band cookin again and Vanderkleed and Verna went up ta D.C. and dat's when dey cut the LP and dat's when I got on board. Although actually, as I told ya, there'd been one final change 'fore I got there. Verna got an offer to manage a Kuwaiti drag theatre and after the Wizzwah mishap Ariel got Romy to join up and Romy brought in Beryl and da band was ready ta storm their way into da hearts of America. "Sid's Lunch Money." It was sum other kinda tour. I'll never forget (altho I'm tryin real hard) the time dat Vanderkleed got us all locked up in the Decatur tank for about three days. The details are still fuzzy but I think it had somethin ta do wif chicken salad and prosthetic noses. That was my swan song wif da tour. Sadly, SHCQ had folded while I was away so I never got paid for my time. But who fuckin cares? I got a good story and a good time outta the whole wet experience.

Sad ta say tho, the Schizoids weren't much longer for dis world. Vanderkleed got an offer to be a drummer wif Lawrence Welk and he just couldn't pass it up. Then Beryl went off to join Verna's troupe. Well, Ariel just wasn't up for it ennymore. The last product was the live album (More Fun Than Midline Granuloma). We're still in contact tho. Vand's jumped from the Welk-wagon and is sellin hashish popartats in Amsterdam or at least he was last I heard. Romy and Ariel are in DC, very happy and doin community carol screams. An' of course it was Ariel dat I recognized that fateful nite at the Ontario, but that's an old story. Remind me to tell ya sometime how I almost got killed as a result of meetin Prudence. Or perhaps how Air Leftenant Frankenstein single-handedly saved the planet's last Frito. Or maybe even da gory story of Syd Satori. But not tonite. I gotta run...dere's a yak in my Myer's.

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More for Your Money

by Susan Packie

From April 1 until April 8, all who turned into the More For Your Money Gas Station were sorely disappointed. They were greeted not by humming pumps and red-uniformed attendants, but by an array of bulldozers, derricks and trucks.

The common assumption was that the station was adding another plaza of pumps and an extra fuel storage tank. When the station reopened for business, the three glittering new pumps at the far side of the drive-in area attested to the accuracy of this surmise.

A new roof extending from the gas station proper out over the pumping areas shouted loud and clear that this station was pulling in the green hand over fist. Preferred customers were served a free cup of coffee with their fillup. The attendants boasted that it was as good as the gas.

One customer who had pulled up to the new pumps began to have her doubts about the latter when she was not two blocks away from the station. The car seemed to be choking and gasping for air. It managed to get the three additional blocks to her house, then gave a final heave and died. Mrs. Hartford got out of the incapacitated vehicle and gave it a hard kick before going inside to rouse her husband.

"George, the Mercedes is behaving very strangely. Just ten minutes ago I got gas, and now it acts as if I had poisoned it!"

"Maybe you gave it the evil eye."

"George!"

"Okay, I'll see what's wrong. Any chemical engineer with twenty patents to his name should be able to fix a car."

"That's what you said about your own brand-new Cadillac, and now even the city dump won't take it off your hands."

George spit onto the grass and went for his tool kit. He knew his cars. He was almost vice-president of the More For Your Money Corporation. Now how did the hood open?

Everything up front looked fine, so he gingerly removed the gas cap and peered inside. That was when he saw the coils of black tape jammed into the space that should have been filled with gas.

He yelled out, "Gert, are you sure you got this gas at More For Your Money?", but she was not there to hear. She was in the kitchen listening to the radio. An announcer was intoning that high government officials persisted in denying that they had ever secretly taped the telephone conversations of members of Congress, White House personnel or corporate executives. She switched to an all-music station. What did any of this have to do with her?

Out in the driveway, George Hartford was meticulously washing off the tapes. For the first time in thirty-five years, that blasted company really had given him more for his money.

The Gras Is Always Greener

by Andy Amster

Perhaps I should begin by saying I don't understand Catholicism, and probably never will. I welcomed Vatican II, though I always suspected the proponents didn't really want to learn Latin, and found it easier to conduct a Mass with a guitar than by shlepping a pipe organ up a hill at 6AM. I even have some understanding of transubstantiation and resurrection, having watched a two-week-old loaf of bread not only stand for something else, but also take a bow, and run down to the corner for a beer. Popes give me trouble, too. Every ten years or so, a bunch of old padres in red smocks take a vote, throw their empties into the fire, stir up a puff of smoke, and...voila! There's a new Pope, and the companies making bulletproof wavemobiles are back in business. If the cardinals are voting for one of their own, why does everyone else assume that the new Pope was chosen by the Big Guy? Does He attend the meeting, or does He simply vote by proxy? I don't understand.

And I certainly don't understand Lent. Bing Crosby never explained it to the Bowery Boys, so I'm stuck. As I see it, people give up something for two months that they normally don't care about doing anyway. "I've given up anchovies for Lent." Big deal. In return, they're allowed—or encouraged—to overindulge themselves in things they wouldn't dream of giving up for a week or two before Lent. This is called Mardi Gras. It's sponsored by Budweiser and the National Costume Jewelers Association, and is held annually here in New Orleans, whether we want it or not. I voted "no" again this year, but, unfortunately, not absentee.

Then again, just as everybody is Irish on St. Patrick's Day, it seems everyone is at least partially Catholic during Mardi Gras. For at least two weeks, the streets of New Orleans are turned into: 1) a very large block party; or 2) an open sewer. For two weeks, folks leave their homes dressed as turnips or prophylactics, and stand for hours on the curb, watching parades go by, and risking life and limb to catch cheap plastic beads and aluminum doubloons tossed by riders

on the floats. For two weeks, they fight for parking, fight for a space on the curb between the rows of ladders chained to light poles (most have padded seats nailed to the top, so that Junior can catch goodies without getting squashed or wearing out his pre-school tush), fight for beer at bars, and fight for a chance at the Port-a-potties. It's "bead greed" at its finest.

The best parade of the season, the Krewe of Clones parade, is actually held before the official party begins. The Clones are sponsored in part by the Contemporary Arts Center, who, in league with a variety of odd wackos from local industry, puts on a Mardi Gras parade that satirizes Mardi Gras. With the social affairs tied to Carnival, it's a welcome change. These are the same folks who brought us "Barbie and Ken Visit the World's Fair" last year. Well, this year the theme was "Celebrity Tragedies." There was a "Saturday Night Dead" float, with a ten foot tall bust of John Belushi—with rolled up dollar bills up his nose. The people marching with that float were passing out fake packs of cocaine and plastic spoons. There were, of course, floats for both Marilyn Monroe and Elvis (the latter complete with a procession of marching gold records). There were about twenty people dressed up as helicopters accompanying the "Twilight Zone" float. Naturally enough, this was the Vic Morrow Rotary Club. There was a "Mama Cass Heavenly Sandwich Shoppe;" in addition to the expected ham sandwich, they also served a Natalie Wood float. Pretty damned sick, and well worth putting on the long underwear to go see. The Clones always have such interesting "throws" too. I caught a rubber rat this year. Unfortunately, the parades that follow are nowhere near as entertaining. If you've seen one papier mache Zeus, you've seen them all.

Finally, Fat Tuesday arrives in all its purple tumescence. Or rather, purple, yellow, and green—as those are the colors of the day. If you think that's gaudy to look at, try eating food that color for two weeks. Mardi Gras at last! The marching clubs are up before dawn, starting on their trek from Uptown to the French Quarter. At one bar and one stop per block, they're usually lucky to crawl into the business district by mid-afternoon, desperately searching for a bathroom. In fact, that's probably the most concise definition of Mardi Gras: 250,000 people looking for a bathroom. BY 9AM, when the Zulu parade starts marching, thousands have gathered in the streets and bars, drinking beer and rubbing costumes. Psychological careers could be made on a study of Mardi Gras costumes. There was a family of toothpaste tubes, walking with a toothbrush. There was a wedge of cheese being pursued by six grey mice. There were nuns in fishnet stockings, and priests with whips. Oh, and dildo hats and penis nose glasses. I saw several women wearing plastic, flesh-colored bodices, adorned by beautiful sets of fake breasts. In this way, they could look nude, but not be nude. This is not to say anyone needs an excuse to strip on Mardi Gras. A costume for the gay fashion show often consists of some sequins, a bottle of glue, and a feather. Not a lot of places to carry busfare. On Bourbon Street, people are wedged together so tightly that a person can pick his feet up, and be supported by the pressure of the crowd. Drunken young men father in the streets beneath the balconies, throwing beads to the women above, who naturally throw them to someone else. The men, rapidly approaching adolescence as the day causes a temporary retreat along the evolutionary ladder, yell up at the women, hundreds of voices in unison: "Show your tits! Show your tits!" Byron may not have approved, but strangely enough, the spirit being contagious, it works. Women who normally pull their shades before undressing, who wear nightgowns and bathrobes, and who wouldn't be caught dead not wearing a slip—these women are moved by their newfound, faceless popularity to give it a shot. How often are their breasts going to get a standing ovation from 500 men? The crowd seethes like so much primal sludge. The men beneath the Gunga Din balcony have persuaded a young lady to do just that. Later that night, she'll be performing at the club. Later that month, the doctors at the Tulane Medical Center will cut and snip, make a tuck here, and complete the sex change she's been working on since she was a he. The other boys in the revue will be green, and it isn't even their color. Now, there's a Raggedy Ann doll leading a Raggedy Andy doll on a leash. There's a woman wearing a diaper and a smile. The crowd move in waves, sometimes in streams. The parades have been over since 1PM, but the crowds are still body stocking to body stocking, and it's past midnight. In a few more hours, the police will use hoses and street cleaners to clear the Quarter of the last revelers. Lent begins late in New Orleans, and most folks seem to have given up putting ashes on their foreheads along with foregoing anchovies.

In New Orleans, they judge how successful Mardi Gras has been by the amount of garbage that is picked up the next day. By those standards, this year was a major success. The French Quarter garbage total alone was well over 600 tons. I'm not sure what that works out to per capita.

Mardi Gras. What does it mean to me? It means not knowing what to do with five hundred pounds of beads, a plastic spear, a pair of panties emblazoned with the Zulu logo, several cups, a tinsel-covered walnut, and a rubber rat.

I'm giving up closet space for Lent.

WATERSTRIDERS

by Alice Ermlich

You waterstriders who walk on water
Do not turn around to measure
The reactions between stone and ferns
Conversing in the shade. You eat with
Hunger, and do not estimate
The insect-life of your meal, or
Know the disappearance of the tracks
You've made; your miracles are
Too simple for ordinary humans,
Too small to ease the pain, and more likely
To be seen by children, as they play.

DO-GOODERS LIKE
Norman Cousins want to build a
world based on the
RULE OF LAW.
That means staying out of
Nicaragua but aren't they
asking for it as are we?
To build a world based on
FAIR PLAY this do-gooder
suggests you send a BASE to
war, inflation, unemployment
and death—ending
BRAINLEASH Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN OHIO, 44504

Me And My Chameleon

by Chris W. Till

Last summer, two friends of mine, John and Amy, went away to college. Once, they spent all their time together, but, by the time they left, they were cold to each other. Then, during last Christmas break, they both returned to the friendly confines of our hometown, Glen Ellyn, Illinois, and, yes, that's right, they "reunited." Soon, they were playmates again, swooning and barking at the moon together, laughing and kissing. (Love is not the theme here, as you shall soon discover, the theme is chameleons and the misuse of household pets; but, bear with me, I'm just starting at the beginning and working my painful way through to the terrible end.)

So, dig, my birthday is always on New Year's Eve and last year my dear mother threw a surprise (11) party for me, with balloons and streamers and little hats! And of course, as fate had it, John and Amy were both there, bearing gifts. Their primary gift to me was one very bony and scared chameleon (plus eighteen dead grasshoppers for food). The little fellow, bless his little reptile heart, did his best and was, by all accounts, the life of the party. After being handled by all and posing for photographers (he had a very glum smile), the time came for a chameleon home to be erected. And so, with the humblest of household materials, his meager abode was thus constructed - a shoebox-sized clear plastic case filled with shells, a little water dish, and, soon, one chameleon.

After the party, we all went out, leaving poor 'leon alone in his hellish cage, and, by god, that would not be the last time the little fellow had to spend the night solo. No, no, poor 'leon became a close confidant of dark solitude, whiling away his lonely reptile hours broken-hearted and alone.

Anyway, at first I thought it was the coolest gift, thank you John and Amy. He'd crawl up your arms and neck and generally cruise around in slick reptilian fashion. He never ate his birthday hoppers, so I bought him some grubs at the local pet store. But in truth, the two of us didn't make the best of roommates. You know how some people always say, "He and my dog, Hector, are the best of friends"? Well, to be frank, me and the chameleon never really hit it off too hot. We never fought or anything, but, you know, there was a wall between us.

"HALF OF THE EVIL IN THE
WORLD IS GOSSIP STARTED
BY GOOD PEOPLE". —
Ed Howe, American Journalist
(1893 - 1937).

CLOTHE AN IDEA IN WORDS
And it loses its freedom of
movement. — Egon Friedell.

MORE ACCURATE VISION

by Prudence Gaelor

There are times when the lights are gone and there is nobody and I am alone. And I think of shapes and colors and that ugly girl who has never been out on a date, or has never had any friends, or has not received a valentine from anyone except her parents, or grandparents; and sometimes even they forget.

Once I was taught that all closed shapes which have four sides and are connected by four ninety-degree angles are rectangles; and that there are certain special rectangles that depending on the length of the sides are squares. Or diamonds.

And I was taught that the ocean is blue and the grass green.

But no one ever told me anything about the girl. Or why she was unpopular. Or ugly for that matter.

What makes diamonds so special? Diamonds are only squares standing on end. Squares have sides which are all the same length. Do others see our squares as rectangles? Are there others with more sensitive eyes, more accurate vision who can see what a square isn't a square but merely a rectangle?

I've seen gray oceans and yellow grass. If I were a child seeing these colors for the first time would I always see gray for blue and yellow for green? And how do I know if the way I perceive blue is the same way you perceive it? My blue might be equivalent to your pink. I never understood why people are attracted to certain colors. Is the color I perceive as a hideous mustard yellow the same color you see as my blue?

And that ugly girl who was always a misfit or a square, what does she see when she looks in the mirror? Would she be a diamond if we stood her on end? Does she see a diamond when she looks in the mirror? Am I a rectangle in her eyes? Does she see her mousy brown hair as a radiant cerulean blue and do her hazel eyes reflect gold light like those of a cat?

And when she looks in the mirror does she wonder why she never gets asked out on dates, or invited to parties, or receives valentines? Does she feel that others are unworthy of her, that she is above them?

And I think of the moon. When I walk the moon follows me as if it is attached to a string wound round my wrist. Does the moon follow her too? And if we were to walk past one another in opposite directions which one of us would the moon follow?

Yet, through all our difficulties (mostly me forgetting to feed him) and his hardships, the little fellow became quite resilient. In fact, he was a real trooper. Still, it was clear he had a hole in his life and eventually, after maybe six weeks with me, he took action, as I found out one afternoon.

"Hey Chris," a friend of mine shouted from the guest room, "the chameleon isn't in his house."

I ran into the room to check the case.

"Good God, look for a ransom note!" I howled.

We found nothing, not a clue. He was gone. The local police said we'd have to wait 72 hours before we could even file a report.

Soon, though, the truth became obvious. He must have just escaped to hobo himself around the apartment. The chameleon that I had always accepted as shy and faithful was really rather clever and sly. In fact, as it turned out, the lizard was actually somewhat of a reptilian con artist. [As in, cruising under the couch one day whilst on the road, 'leon bumped into a lumbering, fat black beetle. Of course, being in need, our hero was quite affable.

"Hey, beetle man, what's up?" (*In the insect world, beetles, I must note, are notorious for their stupidity. In truth, they are horribly idiotic beasts, dumber than stupidity.*)

"Gromf oodl bmf ha ha ha duuuuuuuuh, hey uh chameleon..." replies the beetle, trailing off in an ooze of insect drool and "duh's, as beetles are wont to do.

[Grinning charmingly and raising one reptile eyebrow, 'leon goes immediately to work, recognizing an easy mark.

"[Say beet, man, you know you are one hip insect. I respect you man I really do, you take care of yourself, cruise around takin it easy and shit, you are cool man you really are, oh say dude, I owe my cousin Elvis three dollars, you got change for a fiver?"

[The beetle grins stupidly and nods, reaching for his bug wallet.

"[Duh uh thanks uh duhhh, here," rambles the beetle, handing our hero a handful of cash.

"[Hey thanks dude, oh, sorry I'd love to chat, but I've got some really urgent business to take care of uptown. Take it easy, man!"

[Leon exits the scene fourteen insect dollars richer.]

So anyway, he ran away. After maybe two weeks, though, my sister Greta, whilst pulling down the living room curtains, uttered an abrupt shriek.

"SHRIEK!"

The shriek was followed by a very light "thud" on the floor and thus the chameleon made his magical return to civilization. He had apparently stashed himself out in a plant by the window. Greta had accidentally knocked him out; five long chameleon feet he thus free-fell.

"thud."

After his hobo experience, I tried purposefully to be nice to him and help him to get used to his old life again. Sadly, it did not work. No, things did not work out at all. The chameleon, well...the chameleon, horrible as it is, the chameleon turned to drugs. Oh, he started casually at first, but for a four-inch reptile, anything is too much, where drugs are concerned.

It was awful. It started out so innocently that dreadful day. Four friends and I came over to my Mom's apartment after school one day to get a wee bit high, but things quickly got out of hand.

"Hey, man, let's get the chameleon high," one of my sicker friends said.

"Man, chameleons don't get high," I replied.

"Sure they do, let's try," another sickly asserted.

So, with no arguments, the poor fellow was escorted into the living room. We held him in our hands as we exhaled all over his body. Yes, I know it was cruel, I know it was stupid, but we were just curious and didn't think it would hurt him. He even seemed, at the time, to rather enjoy it. He'd arch his back and lift his head, with a tiny drugged grin plastered across his little face...

He did not move for three days. He simply did not move. In his house, he just wearily attached himself to a twig and did not move.

Lord, just to think of the unnatural tortures that chameleons and all pets must endure—trapped alone in vicious little plastic cages, no foxy chick reptiles to bop with, freefalls from heights 60 times their lengths, subjected to toxic T.H.C. levels...

After his drug experience, people rarely visited 'leon or forced him to scale their shirt sleeves. (HOLD ON! Just to make sure everything is clear, this was a CHAMELEON! It could CHANGE COLOR by some mysterious genetic ability. So, all right, once and for all, let's everybody agree that nature is truly wonderful and provides everything. Okay? Okay.)

Around March, I moved out of Mom's apartment into a new place, and, damn me but of course, being the forgetful monster that I am, I FORGOT ABOUT THE CHAMELEON...yes, I completely forgot about the thing and left it stashed in my old room.

So, you're thinking, "hmmm, I wonder whatever happened to the chameleon?" Good things? Bad things? Love? Movie stardom? Did he find God? Was he born again? The possibilities are endless, but this chameleon had only one future. This chameleon had only one life and the chameleon too died an anonymous death.

I finally went back to Mom's a week or so later in that criminal springtime. I came home and there was no chameleon case in my bedroom, no chameleon waiting patiently and loyally for me to come pick him up. No chameleon.

Then I went into the bathroom and there was the chameleon's case.

Cleaned out antiseptically, the stiff chameleon carcass probably having been flushed.

I never asked my Mom about what happened: starvation, suicide or what. The whole episode was stupid. John and Amy, though, are still together and back again for summer vacation. They're together, the chameleon is dead, and I alive search for meaning part-time in this real world.

...and the chameleon too died an anonymous death, now rests rotting in some sewer. peace.

END OF THE WORLD

by Mike Gunderloy

It was late in 1991 that things really fell apart. Certainly no one would have believed this in the opening months of that fateful year. The CHIMPS had come into universal use in manufacturing, the economy was booming, and the government subsidy had increased to the point where the average unemployed worker had two yachts and was making down payments on a personal hovercraft. Better yet, everyone was unemployed except for a few diehard workaholics. Life couldn't be better.

CHIMPS was Chimpanzee Habitat Integrated Manufacturing Process System, the latest and greatest breakthrough in automation. It had come about in 1988 as a thought in the mind of Doctor Johann Sebastian Kreuger at the University of Pittsburgh. Studying the use of robots in a steelworks, Kreuger overheard one foreman remark to another that the remaining workers weren't doing anything that couldn't be handled by monkeys. This was a common sentiment at the time, since human interaction with automated assembly lines was limited to loading raw materials on at one end and taking finished goods from the other, plus watching the machines in between for red warning lights.

If the thought had stopped there, all would have been well for humanity. But Kreuger was, unfortunately, a genius. Soon he had set up in his university lab a prototype manufacturing system manned (if that is the word) entirely by chimpanzees. If one of the chimps fell sick, he was temporarily replaced by an undergraduate. The system turned out ball bearings with a reliability and utilization 30% higher than the industry norm.

The chimps were rewarded with food as they performed their routine tasks, and it seemed that they even liked the work. At least they preferred it to the electric shock experiments that were the normal lot of a lab chimp.

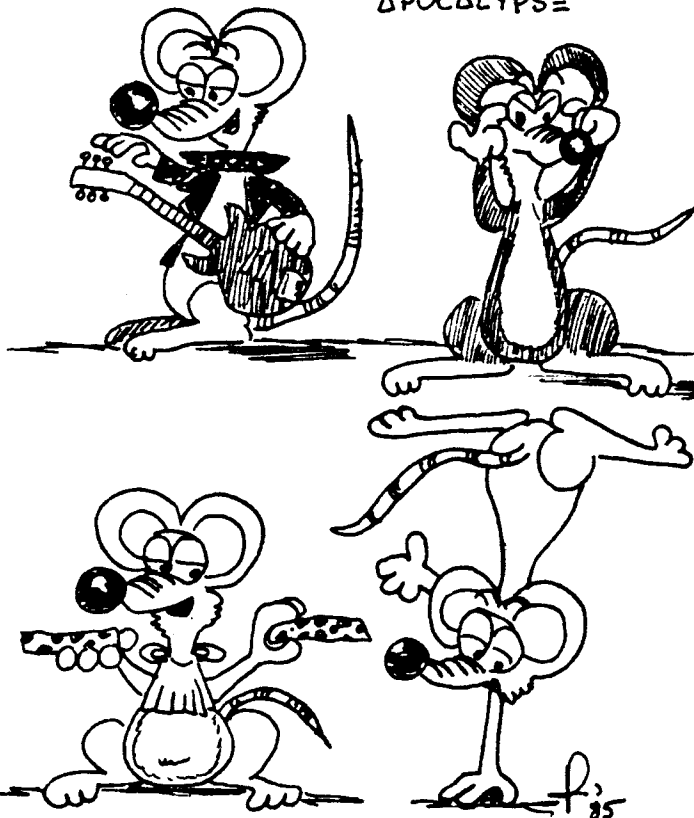
Even if things had stopped there, all might have been well. But rather than design special purpose CHIMPS (for by now the system had its mandatory cutesy-poo acronym) he designed a general-purpose one. Supervised by a sophisticated computer, Kreuger designed a CHIMPS that manufactured other CHIMPS, for almost any conceivable purpose: washing-machine assembly to ballpoint pen manufacture.

Industry sat up and took notice. Chimps were intensively collected from the few remaining forests in Africa and brought from zoos for fabulous sums of money. They were bred as fast as they could be. The second breakthrough came when chimpanzees were successfully cloned by scientists at the National Research Labs in Bethesda, Maryland.

The floodgates were open. CHIMPS were installed in industry as fast as they could be turned out and staffed. Goods began pouring out of factories faster than they could be bought by the people thrown out of work. So the President and Congress (under heavy pressure from the labor unions) instituted the national subsidy, paid for by taxing all industries at a 90% rate. The economy took off like a jet fighter and everyone was happy.

Until late 1991, that is. First it was one sick chimpanzee. Then it was five. Then twenty. Then they were dropping like flies. The Center for Disease Control announced, somewhat sheepishly, "We don't know what the trouble is, but we've named it CHUMPS: Chimpanzee Universal Malignant Protoplasm Syndrome." The CDC was one of the first places destroyed in the ensuing riots. No one wanted to be the first forced back to work—and then it was too late. The wheels of the economy ground to a halt and with them, civilization in the USA.

"FOUR MOUSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"



THE SALON

by Susan Packie

The sickly old maids serve tea with one hand while stealing wallets with the other

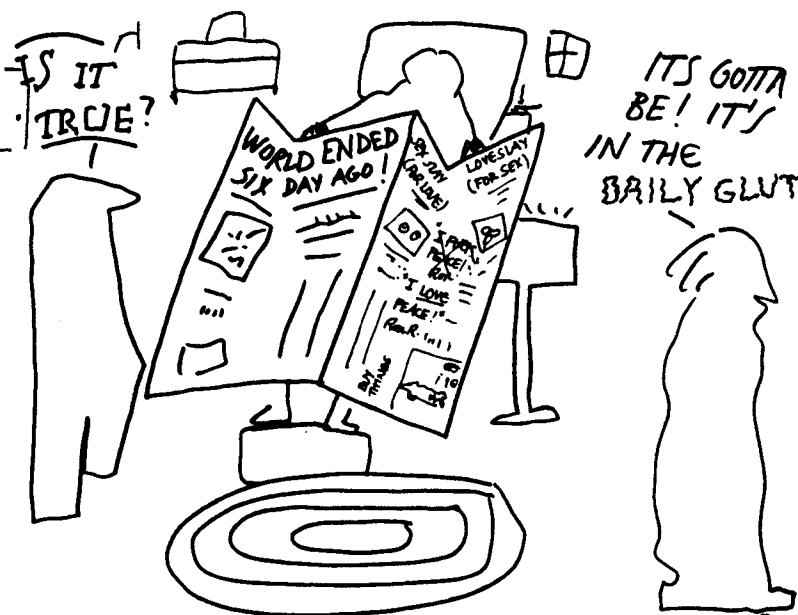
Did you dot the 'i'?
Is the 't' crossed?

Their mouths are full of platitudes,
the spaces between the lines
ring of divine indignation

The tea is always too sweet,
the lemon too bitter,
the cream separated,
the cups and saucers cracked

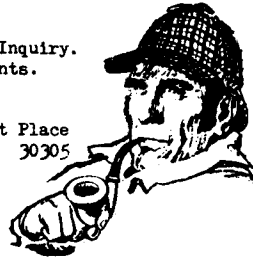
But there are never empty seats

SOLUTION TO A HARRIED MARRIAGE
by Audrey Parente
I have an understanding
with the man to whom I'm married.
Our relationship is strained,
and our lives are fairly harried.
Solution to dilemma?
Though to you it may seem funny,
he accounts for all his time;
I account for all his money.

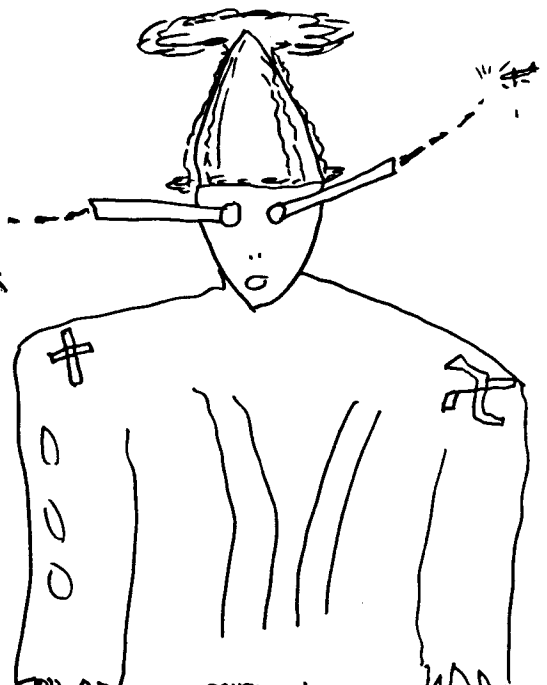




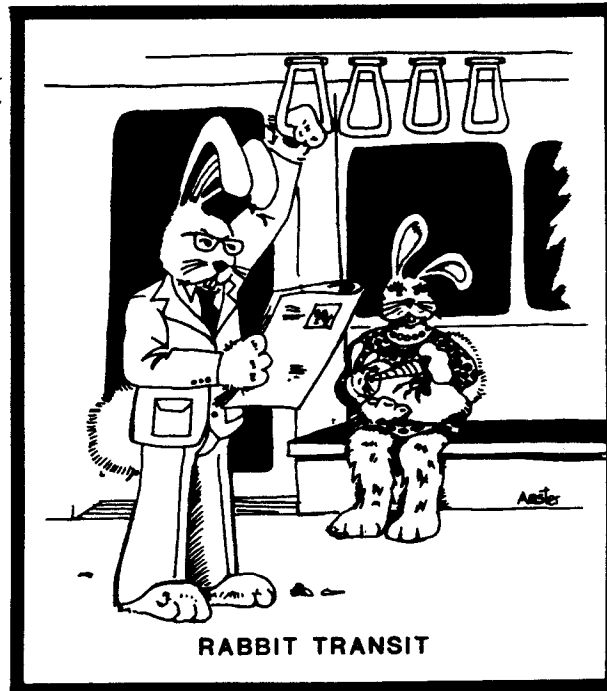
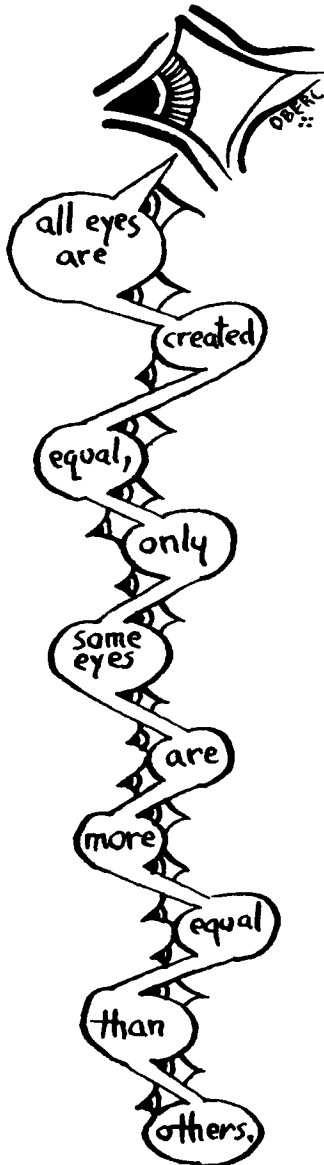
WHO
KILLED
VIETNAM?
Questions.
Clues.
Answers.
Persistent Inquiry.
Posters. Rants.
4 for \$1.
WALL-OP
2981 Lookout Place
Atlanta, GA 30305



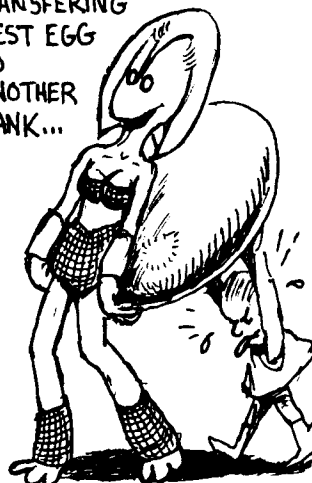
LIE IN
THE 80'S



(NOW ARCHBISHOP)
ADMIRAL JOHN J. O'CONNOR:
"The chaplain's job is to teach people
to love even if you have to kill."
OR: GOTT MIT UNS



TRANSFERRING
NEST EGG
TO
ANOTHER
BANK...



EYE:



I:



YI:



VANITY FAIR

by Tuli Kupferberg

Are you going to Vanity Fair?
Murdoch, Hearst; Condé & Nast
Remember me to one who works there
She once had ideals in the past.

Ask her if she ever works on the ads
Hearst, Murdoch; Nast & Condé
& when she rejects the good stuff
Does she think of me?
Murdoch, Hearts & Nast & Condé.

Is she living upscale, is style
still her style
Murdoch, Nast; Condé & Hearst
Does she still laugh at Interview's
idiots

She still think that Soho was worse?

Ask her to set a head that speaks
strong

Condé, Nast; Hearst & Murdoch
Does she still believe that Sixties
all wrong

Or does her sweet soul sometimes
still rock

Are you going to Vanity Fair?
Murdoch, Hearst; Condé & Nast
Remember me to a hack that works
there

She once had ideals in the past...

She once had ideals in the past.

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Foundation heals
ruined members
of a
crumbling society!**

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STRANGENESS.

Only the broad-minded need apply.



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AFTER THE FAIR *by Camille Lyon*

"...it seemed I was all alone,
Must be that they've all gone home..."

Cindy's face wouldn't flush, and her mind seemed too sluggish to make a stupid analogical toilet joke out of the whole situation, which concerned her far more than the flesh-pressing now going on around her as her friends (and if these were friends...) attempted to quiz her on her experience in the Monolith ride. They were sitting 'round the imperfect elliptical replica of an Arthurian table in the Hall o' Legends sipping strange brew and giggling at security drones made up (not very well) to look like the kind of "real people" seen in filler tridee programs late at night after devouring at least three packs of protein slush. Come to think of it, Cindy's brew tasted no more appetizing than the aforementioned slush, which puzzled her because her personal tastes were pre-programmed for as long as she could remember and she'd never had stomach-quakes from novamalts before. "I mean, gawrsh," she reasoned, "it's always been a fave of mine, the kids even had it apportioned out for me when I emerged from the 'lith...so why do I feel so barfola about it now?"

"But that's such a piece of stoop, Cin, how can you not remember something that just happened to you?" whined Chris through his straw.

"Maybe," suggested Marca, adjusting the tint of her eyes nonchalantly (probably to appear more studious—Marca loved airs, Cindy thought), "it's because if there's recall loss involved, people will want to go in the 'lith again and again and they'll make more credit that way."

"Or maaaaybee," droned Chris ominously, "somethin' teerrible happened to you in there, and they don't want you to remem—"

"Cut it, Chris, that's not funny!" blurted Cindy before catching herself with the grim realization that Chris was right. Something "teerrible" had happened in there, and she thought she knew what it was, it rested right on the outskirts of her mind...

"Well," piped in Lauri, "I'm going in anyways. Whatever Cin can do, I can shernuf do too, so there!" And she promptly finished the drink, ate the container and strode out of the pavilion.

Whistler sighed. A cliqueleader's job was never done. "C'mon," he mumbled, "let's go after her. It's near to closing time for our age group, we better step into restrain mode."

But Lauri had beaten them to the line, courtesy a passing highspeed crosswalk (someday, Cindy mused, that girl would be in BIG nolo with the thorties if she kept insisting on riding where she shouldn't walk), and there was no way to casually break through the electrobarrier without attracting considerable (detrimental) notice. It was a lost cause, they agreed, and so they ran around to the back of the ride to await Lauri's emergence. "At least," offered Chris, "we can ask her what happened right afterwards, and maybe she won't forget."

"Watch the nastiness, Chris," cautioned Whistler, "I'm set to stun and I'm getting a headache." His hand automatically came to rest by his side where he kept the school-issued tasergun on which his say-so as leader depended, and Cindy, feeling in need of protection (but not at all sure Whistler was the answer), partially hid behind him and started massaging his shoulders. "Thanks anyway, Cin, but knock it off, eh?" Whistler muttered softly.

So she stood with the others and wrung her hands, which for some reason didn't quite feel like her hands, and tried to remember the other times she was scared, which weren't quite like this time, because try as she might, she couldn't conjure up the exact same emotions, nor did any previous solutions seem to quiet her still-quaking stomach.

Then, almost without any of them realizing it, Lauri emerged, practically invisible with her mouth shut, looking dazed and horribly sedated. It took her a few minutes to recognize the clique. Then her eyes met Cindy, and she screamed.

Even the nearby neobeats, usually android-like in their apathy, looked up at the clique.

"Let's get out of here," suggested Whistler quietly while reaching for Lauri's mouth with one hand and switching on her speedboots with the other. After all this time, he still couldn't suppress an inner smile at the boots, his own invention, without which he would probably never have qualified for leader—shoot, without which there wouldn't have even been a qualifying clique in the first place. A true clique, everybody said, had to be prepared to move in rapid precision when the situation called for it, and exxon knew they'd practiced enough by themselves with the boots...Reflexively, the drilling didn't fail them now, and they were a blur in the robot thorties' scanners within seconds, and out into the parking screeue.

There they turned their wholehearted attention to the now-sobbing Lauri, especially Cindy. The stomach pains had now stopped, to be replaced by what she could swear was at least triple vision and intense throbbing from her neck upward. She could hardly see Lauri, but somehow Lauri was the key to all of this—at least, she was now.

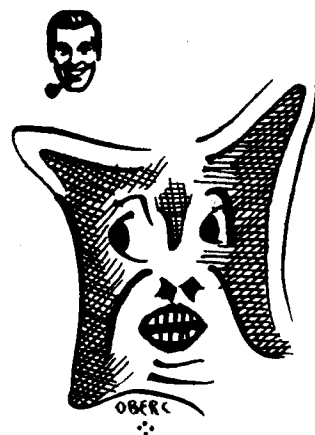
"No, no, it can't be...it's...it's ME! But it isn't me, I'm me!" Lauri's hysteria made even less sense than usual as she turned once again to Cindy. Terror kindled anew in her face as tears continued to stream down her—her eyes, Cindy noticed. There was something in her eyes that just wasn't Laurie. The eyes themselves, they had the same shape, the same off-tint color they always had. Everything was the same physically, but—it was something else. There was a terrible familiarity about the way Lauri's eyes looked at Cindy, through Cindy...Then they were wide open, as a tenuous brain-mind connection linked up at last, and Lauri screeched at Cindy—"GIVE ME BACK MY BODY, YOU HORRIBLE BODY-SNATCHER YOU! PUT MY MIND BACK IN YOUR BODY!!!"

Cindy snapped, and remembered who she really was. Not that she really wasn't Cindy; at this point, she had all the qualifications of a Cindy, including memory experiences. But Lauri's words triggered the one reaction the Monolith hadn't counted on—false identity recognition, on the part of both parties.

"Oh my gosh," Cindy's body whispered. "I had no ide—I mean, how could you get out so quickly? I remember now, it took me years to—"

FRENCH KISSING A FISH

LESSON #1



"First, remove the hook."

"Wait just a nitpicking minute now!" boomed Whistler uncharacteristically (but then, Whistler wasn't used to not being on top of things). "What the jersey is going on, girls? Mandatory rules, now, let your leader in on this—that's an order!"

Lauri was no longer hysterical, only seething with anger, as she started thinking out loud for the clique's benefit. "As near as I can figure out, guys, I'm not Lauri. I'm really Cindy, trapped in Lauri's body. There was some sort of, of change or something, in the 'lith—oh, I'm sorry I ever went in there!" she wailed.

"Easy kid, let me explain, I was there longer," Cindy's mouth continued. "She's right, she's not Lauri. She's me. I mean, no, that's not right, I'm me—only I'm not. See, the Monolith—gah, it's such a bad place, guys! You have no idea, they do it so well! What happens, what they make us all forget, is that nobody's really themselves after they get out. The 'droids who built it, I dunno, maybe they hated real non-droid people or something, they built in some kind of identity-assimilator or something, it strips you of who you are and—"

"Hey wait a minute, this is a private joke between you two, right?" asked Chris with a sneer. "Ain't no such thing as an identity-assimilator, you're just making it up!"

"Maybe you want to try out the 'lith?" suggested Marca. For once, the other girls were grateful for her timely interjection.

Cindy's mouth took up the hypothesis again. "Anyway, so it takes your real identity and scrambles it up so you can't recover it again, at least I couldn't, not until just now, and then some other trapped being comes along, spots you and grabs it, then they leave the 'lith and you have to stay, until you figure out enough to screw someone else out of their identity. Usually it takes years of observing how other beings do it to do it yourself—I know that the person who became me, who took my body, is probably long dead by now, I was there so long. On the other hand, time is relative, they say. Hey kid, I don't like this any better than you do, you gotta believe me," looking at Lauri. "Trouble is, I wanna be out, I'm glad I'm outta that hallucination, but I can't get back to where I once belonged, y'unnerstan'? I had no choice; you do understand, don't you? But I still can't believe you came through it so quick..."

Lauri's voice seemed to recover its usual quiet, high-pitched timbre as she replied, "Well, the way I saw it, I didn't have a choice either. I may have had an identity crisis for awhile there, but I remembered who I was enough to know I didn't want to be in there, not even in the first place! I mean, I took a dare, remember?"

"Yeah," Cindy's voice came back, "maybe it's got something to do with intention or something. I mean, even if people are scared of a ride, most of 'em wanna go on it anyways."

"And besides, time is relative. I felt like I was in there forever too. Maybe your real body is still alive. We can try to look—"

"I dunno, I think it's too late for that now. Besides, for all intents and purposes, these are our real bodies now. Far as I know, there's no way to reverse the 'lith's effects, 'cause nobody has ever—at least, in the part of my, and your, memory that is Cindy—had a case of double identity before."

"Yeah," Chris added, "in the old days they'd call it schizophrenia and lock you away. Now they just fix that stuff at birth. Who's gonna believe you? They'll all think something went retrograde and sue the philly out of the med center."

"He's right," exasperated Whistler, finally getting a word in. "We can't go to the thorties with this. You two may have to wind up being four—uh, three people for awhile, least till we can figure a way to prove this whole thing."

"The only way to do that," said Cindy's voice, "is to find other people who maybe met up with old selves, or who went through the 'lith and had weird feelings afterwards. Maybe we can put an ad through the homevid news programming tonight. Something about a survey, people love surveys. Like, 'Survey subjects needed for research project on Monolith ride—must have been through ride!'"

"We'll have to word it differently," Lauri/Cindy said. "If we put it that way it'll be intercepted by whatever badguy 'droids did this to us in the first place."

An interesting dilemma, and one not even Whistler's speedboots and tasergun could help solve. He rarely felt so helpless outside of home anymore. Still, between his guts and Marca's brains, and even Chris' sense of well-placed obnoxiousness, they might be able to subvert the "system" after all. The possibilities got him grinning again.

(to be continued, or not)

ANARCHY AND TECHNOLOGY

by Luke McGuff

Up there are two heavily charged words that everyone reading this has already defined for themselves. Since most of the meaning of these words is conveyed by their emotional connotations (rather than their dictionary denotations), I will set forth my personal definitions for the purposes of this article.

"Anarchy" to me is a very uncompromising, demanding and rigorous political philosophy. Simply put (perhaps too simply), to me, it is the cooperation of individuals with such autonomy that government becomes irrelevant. No one tells you what to do, and you can say yes or no to whatever you like. Anarchy is uncompromising because of the demands and expectations it places on each individual constituent. The old aphorism has it, "a chain is only as strong as its weakest link;" this is true of any anarchist system as well.

"Technology" is a little harder to define. If we consider it simply as tool usage, we must keep in mind that every human society throughout history has lived at the cutting edge of its technological development. Adequate and efficient tool usage would seem to be of benefit to all concerned.

Yet technology, as something we can point to while we talk about it, has connotations beyond the limits of any description we can give it. It is at least as important to consider how we typify technology as how we define it.

Technology is exploited so ruthlessly and malignantly by capital that many people can only consider it as a tool of oppression. We are kept slaving in its factories, the bait being techno-toys made by other people kept slaving in factories.

In this viewpoint, science is merely the precursor of technology, and only exists for the purpose of inventing new tools to reinforce the power of capital.

It is, in fact, to the advantage of capital that we remain alienated from our technology, just as it is advantageous for capital to keep arbitrary segments of the human race apart from each other.

To me, science and art have more in common than science and technology. Science and art have the same relationship as yin and yang. They are methods of exploring the world and our place in it. We are told the art is emotional, subjective; and science is dispassionate, objective. Yet the most intensely subjective and personal art often has the greatest objective insights into the human condition (Robert Knowles has said that "co-eds in Finland, old ladies in Italy and a murderer on death row in Iowa" have written him about his novel, *A Separate Peace*). Similarly, it is the most remote disciplines of science (mathematics, physics, cosmology) that send their practitioners into the deepest poetic raptures (for instance, to Albert Einstein there was no law but the physical laws of the universe, and a greater understanding of those laws was a greater understanding of the lord).

As I said above, it is to the advantage of capital to keep us afraid of science and technology. If we were to realize that science is a humanistic discipline as liberating and ennobling as art, we would surely object to its misuse by capital more strongly than we do now.

Capital portrays the greatest human endeavors—art and science—as remote, nearly mystical heights, obtainable only by a select few. In the realms of art, we are beginning to see an erosion of this falsehood, particularly in mail art and music.

The advent of such advanced technology as computers into the home has made possible the practice of science by amateurs. Recently, a man read an article in *Scientific American* about some method of determining prime numbers. He worked out an algorithm to use on his home computer and let it run for a few days. When he came back, the results upset every theory concerning that method of determining prime numbers. And in astronomy, finding comets and asteroids has long been the domain of dedicated amateurs.

As more advanced technology, particularly that which can store or manipulate information, filters down to the personal level, we as individuals can control our own fates more easily and more assertively.

There is, sadly, a dichotomy in the human race, in that ethical people are non-technological and technological people are unethical. And

I consider it at least as bad that ethical people moan about the evils of technology without understanding it, as it is bad that technological people rarely consider the ethics of their use.

Let's look at a cruise missile. This is certainly something that just about anyone would consider a waste of money, time and resources. And yet, considered as an abstract ideal (for only ten seconds; bear with me), you can ask one question: is it well designed? Weapons systems experts might disagree with me on this, but I would say it is. The scientists who developed it learned a lot; mostly about flying very fast at low altitudes, but also about cramming a lot of computing power into a very small space and pattern recognition in computers (important for artificial intelligence).

And yet, what an unconscionable waste of money. I look at a cruise missile and think that the technology and resources that went into developing it could have gone into something beneficial to the entire human race; something like an at-home portable dialysis kit. If we had a really intelligent government, we wouldn't even have to pay for it, like we paid for the cruise missile. The government could just offer a tax credit against royalties to the company that developed it.

And yet, those who chant and wave placards outside Honeywell have no consideration for where all that money would go. Sure, it would be nice if the government stopped spending money on weapons and spent it on feeding and housing the poor. And if the government cut out defense spending, without redirecting the capital to further technological development, a lot of the poor would be unemployed engineers and scientists.

In short, I think a use of capital and technology for the benefit of the entire human race would also benefit the economy. But non-technological people turn away from any such consideration with what becomes a phobia. This turning away is a resignation of power. "Why would I want to use a computer at home? I stare at one all day," such people ask. And that is exactly what those who control technology want people to think. After that, they don't care if you're so politically correct you go to demonstrations on your lunch hour: they control you. Feel free to chant and wave placards. They control you.

As time goes on, I think relative socio-economic differences will become less important than the amount of information an individual or group can control, influence or generate. In other words, the economy is shifting from exchanging labor for goods via money to exchanging information for information via information.

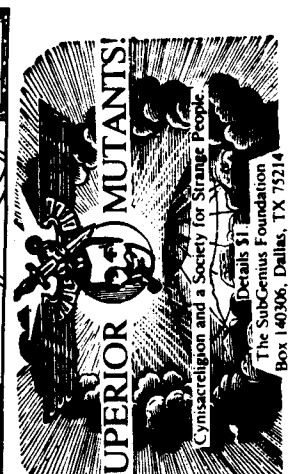
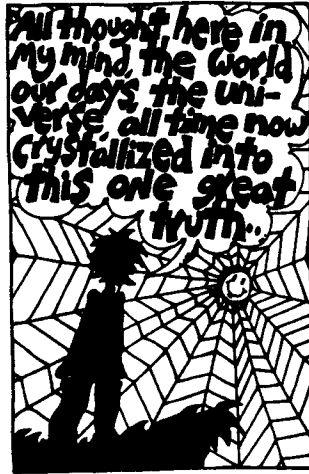
In this light, such magazines as FACTSHEET FIVE and INSIDE JOKE are more important than demonstrations. Why? Because they add to the data base. The range of interests of the magazines in FACTSHEET FIVE is too broad for any one classifiable viewpoint. And Mike Gunderloy is not afraid to present information on magazines that challenge his preconceptions, or that might even offend much of his readership. He just presents the information.

INSIDE JOKE you hold in your hands. You can see the wide range of underground folk communication presented by Ms. Wechsler. Truly multimedia: cartoons, poems, essays, stories, plays, etc.

And yet, look at the technology implied by these publications: the photocopiers, the word processors. This is technology used against the purpose of capital. Worse yet, the products of this technology (FS5 and IJ) are practically given away—in trade for other publications, for letters, dollars or postage. Even publications like THE MONTHLY... BULLETIN and SIDNEY SUPPEY'S QUARTERLY, which many of the politically correct would spurn as mere entertainment, are, in some ways, acts of civil disobedience. Why? Because THE MONTHLY...BULLETIN makes us laugh in a grim world. And because Candi Strecker's analyses of the media inundation are pretty damn insightful, and help us to keep it at the proper distance.

I may be getting carried away with the rhetoric here. The various editors are probably saying, "What the heck is he talking about?"

I'm talking about using technology for your own ends. I'm talking about understanding it, seeing through the lies generated about it by capital. Turning away from technology is turning into a willing victim of its power. Using it, manipulating it for your own ends, is a slap in the face of capital, and a step towards the individual autonomy so necessary to a functioning anarchy.



The Hot-Tub

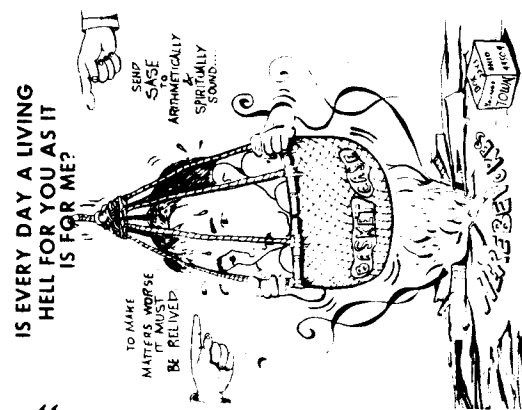
by Cynthia Cinque

I went to take a hot-tub at the Los Carneros Racquet Ball Club where they have a huge pool, a steam room and two hot-tubs. It is clean, and the manager lets me use the facilities for five dollars a day. A rather conservative crowd hangs out there; I think they are from the Goleta bedroom community, where people play golf and bar-b-cue every week-end, and where safety and security are their deep motivations and underneath that, fear. I really dislike some of the people, such as the black man in the steam room who told me that he could smell the stink of cigarettes coming from my skin; and the woman who was rubbing herself with lotion and putting on loads of make-up. She had been in the steam room with her daughter, and had been so busy rubbing her breasts with oil that she became aggravated when her daughter asked her, "Mommy, when do I go for the operation? Does it hurt?"

My nursing supervisor was there too, in the hot-tub, and when a good-looking man jumped in she lifted her body out of the water and arched her back so he could look at her body. I remember noting that she had very hairy arms. Later, in the dressing room, I told my nursing supervisor that I wanted to be a writer and an actress. For some unnameable reason, I wanted her to like me—maybe because I needed her patronage, or thought that I did. (After all, aren't we supposed to sell ourselves?) Her daughter started to mimic my speech, copying each word. Her mother shouted out, "Loouisie, don't copy her!" Whatever did she mean by that?

Other than the female jock who looked at me contemptuously because I was crouching in the pool (she probably hated my weakness), some of the people are nice. Maybe even some of the people are great, and it is a fact that I have committed some of their sins, but perhaps for different reasons.

Later, when I sat in the hot-tub, after my swim, a very fat woman from Isla Vista sat on the edge and started to toss a huge, plastic ball back and forth to her children. I wanted to relax and did not feel like retrieving the ball, but it kept floating in my direction. I was angry and afraid to let out my anger. I kept vacillating between screaming out and guilt, because, since she was from Isla Vista, I expected her to become indignant, to provoke my guilt, to say to herself, "She's a mean woman. Obviously a conservative, with no mercy toward children," so I held my tongue. I remember thinking a mean thought. "This place has gotten liberal to let her in." Then, a man got in the tub, and I thought, "He will help me. He is a man and a conservative, and he will stand up to her." But he simply hoisted himself out of the tub. Then, her little boy splashed water in my face, and I said, "No, no!" The fat woman said, "What did he do?" I said, "He splashed water in my face." She smiled a great big, warm smile and me and I felt such love for her, suddenly. One of the bigger children said, "Do you want to play with us?" His voice was charming and innocent, as only a child's voice can be, and I said, "No, thank you, sweetheart."



HIGHWAY !? REVISITED

by Roldo

What will be
Will be willed! But
What will
and Whose
Wills the willer
To choose
Just what they
Will will
and when?

(for Bob Crowley
& Aleister Dylan)

"Towards What, Carla?"

by Alice Ermlich

"She's out again, screamed a nurse at the Anchorage Psychiatric Institution. A husky orderly ran after the woman pitifully naked in the snow. The woman rode delusions—thinking she could peel away the layers of clothing (who she was, and didn't want to be) and a great flurry of mixed hurricane and snow would swallow her and pare her down until she became a dove, a beautiful and innocent white dove.

The orderly was angry. What if the main psychiatric staff found out that one of the patients had managed to get out?

Carla chewed on her pink comb. She'd liked Crystal the moment she'd gotten into A.P.I.—Crystal was so innocently rebellious; she'd always explained her reasons to Carla, who was a teenager put in for depression (most likely, it seemed, that of her own parents').

The orderly held Crystal's arm tightly and made a red mark. Crystal looked up at him and asked if he were David.

"No, David is on at night."

"Does he tame the lions of the night, then? The devils of dreams?"

"You've got to stop taking off your clothes. This is a mixed ward."

"Toward?" Crystal cringed. "Toward what?"

"Look, idiot, she's psychotic," chewed Carla through her comb. "Leave her alone."

Embarrassed, the orderly suddenly saw the red marks on Crystal's arm, dropped it, and matter-of-factly walked away.

"Are you okay, Crystal?"

"I've...got to make love to a man to be truly free," breathed Crystal.

"Don't we all," laughed Carla. "Going to do it?"

"Symbolically," she smiled. "They don't let you do it in Hell, here. Unless there is a loophole we can go through."

"No...real men here," Carla laughed. "I mean, we're all crazy here."

"You're not," said Crystal, looking intently into Carla's eyes. "Why are you in Hell?"

"I threw a globe through the schoolroom window, and...took a car on a fast ride."

"You threw out the world? Then we might as well celebrate."

Carla watched Crystal fondly, giggling. Crystal would do something again.

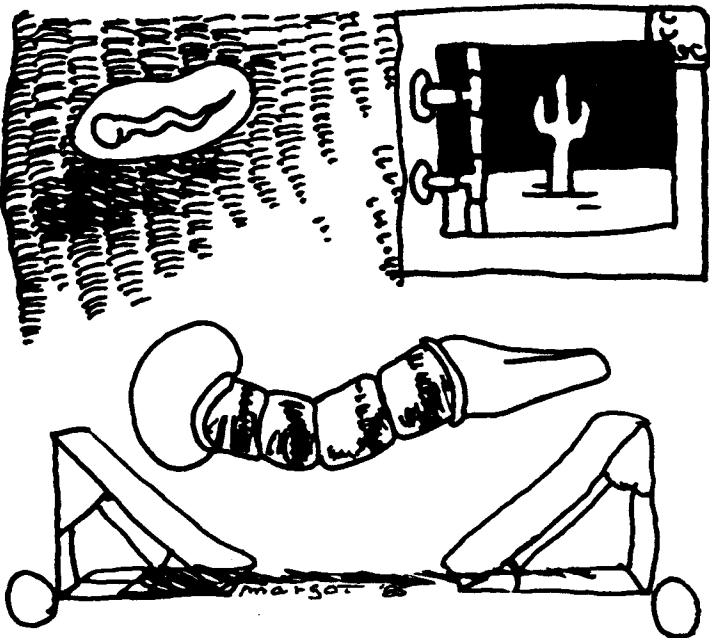
"Okay, everyone. Let's go out and get some beers," shouted Crystal.

The people lingering nearby turned drugged eyes to her. The orderly returned to the room with a needle full of Haldol medication.

"Wait," pleaded Carla, "wait until she says what—" The orderly shot Crystal, and she got a bad reaction. Her tongue lagged out, and her head kept turning uncontrollably. The orderly looked guilty and searched for a nurse. But not before she said, "Stop it! You can control it! Don't do that!" to Crystal.

Carla didn't laugh. She curled up, like a roll-up bug, in the corner, and rocked, angrily staring at them all. Later she was diagnosed to be depressive enough to need shock treatment. Only once did Carla have a delusion. She saw a white bird fly past the treatment room, and she shouted and cried, "Go, Crysar, go!"

And Crystal did. She became sane again and wrote this short-short. It fluttered like a white bird, looking for Carla, whose last name Crystal had never known.



THE HALLUCINATION FLU

by Lawrence Whitney

Think of the body as a spaceship, or a giant chemical laboratory on a 2001 space station, say the S.S. Bhopal Massacre/Stringfellow Space Station Acid Pits—oops, we've overexpended the metaphor—but the body follows certain guidelines; it has its own policy preferences. The tongue/nose likes chili; the body doesn't. The tongue/nose likes pizza; the body can tolerate pizza. Pizza it is—no liver, no tripe, no Aunt Jovies. Sometimes there is a decision that involves neither tongue/nose nor intestinal system as in jalapenos which go in hot, come out hot and give new meaning to that old Johnnie Cash song "Ring of Fire."

Just part of our life involves ingestion, digestion and excretion. There are a whole lot of other things that can go wrong like the electrical system, problems in personal chemistry and that grand catch-all called disease. The body becomes like a used car, fraught with unsuspected perils (usually the first thing that happens when you buy a used car is the muffler system goes and then the battery dies—usually because the alternator is faulty and by the time you have spent all your Christmas money, the water pump goes and the brakes are ready to break).

Well, there is the body as a space-lab or the body as a used car; so too, we have the brain/mind as a wonderful moderating reasonable decision-maker or a Space Invaders/Pac Man/MTV video creating tool in the hands of the perpetual 13-year-old.

And then there is the Body/Mind Connection, which is usually taken for granted until something goes wrong. I do not feel like myself. What is that strange sound I am hearing? Can that be water running? It sounds so loud. Why does my body want to go to the bathroom and back to bed at the same time? Some force is dragging the lower half out of bed while the upper torso desperately clings to pillow and post. Suddenly I am seeing my life on storyboards—body a la Plastic Man stretched through rooms, down hallways, every muscle and sinew screaming in agony. Somewhere a table saw is whining; the sound is cutting into the delicate layers of subcutaneous fat which we call Good Humor. The nose has become excruciatingly sensitive to all odors, particularly smoldering tobacco, drying paint and mildew, burning plastic and rotting carrion, while strange and painful carbuncles start erupting from epidermal layers. The teeth become corroded with plaque, the skin on the lips becomes brittle and dry, then splits into tender, painful arroyos-gums ache. The nose, inflamed and reddened, is encrusted with a crystallized rime and the eyes are welded shut by some conjunctival paste of salted crust.

It is about this time that I always see the WHITE ROCK LADY peering down at me curiously from her perch on the rock. I feel like I'm looking up through a pool of water and she's smiling that curiously repressing smile—Billie-Burke-good-witch-of-the-North smile, and she sings the litany of HOW IT HAS TO BE and it is all about why women get pregnant and why men go off to war and how the planet has got to die and Christ and the Phoenix are sure to rise again, along with the price of oil—in her sing-song voice with a chorus of Tibetan lamas chanting stock quotations in the background and the sounds of tickertape machines curling around me like sidewinders on saddle sores. Who needs acid? Who needs mescaline? Go out and handle somebody's sick kids for a couple of hours—you'll get a free trip to Mexico.

The Stacks

by Lawrence Oberc

It was a typical Friday night. Heroin addicts and prostitutes taking a few minutes off from a frantic schedule littered the reference room like flies swarming over rotting meat. Scum, every one of them. The worst of them all, dedicated street bums who interfered with the air condition, slept peacefully. Scents of various criminal mischief crept through the library like mice scurrying through the holes in Swiss cheese. It was a typical Friday night.

Then she walked in. She wasn't much to look at. She looked normal. That wasn't saying much. A lot of people looked normal. But most of them were fooling. She looked like she didn't have any hard luck stories, no lost dreams, no dirt worth talking about. She looked out of place, like she wanted a book or something. She walked up to the reference desk, and made a mistake. Mildred, my loyal assistant, looked at the lady like she was something you'd step in crossing the park.

"Where is the card catalog?" asked the lady.

"The what?" asked Mildred, looking mean.

Mildred always looked mean when she didn't know the answer to a question. Mildred didn't know a whole lot of answers so she looked mean most of the time.

"Let me take care of this," I said, being the professional I am. "The card catalog," I said, "is over there." I pointed towards the prostitutes. "Next to those ill disputed types."

The innocent lost soul walked across the room. She passed the scum sleeping at the tables and stopped in front of the ill disputed types. Then she opened one of the drawers to the card catalog like she was looking for something. She shifted through the remaining cards, cards that hadn't been ripped out or stolen, and finally she wrote down a number. She looked like a virgin standing next to the ill disputed types. She had no needle marks, no bruises from riled up johns, no sign of a hangover or drug withdrawal. The ill disputed types watched the lady like she was a miracle taking place.

Mildred, my loyal assistant, looked worried. Mildred didn't know a damn thing about library work. She was hired because she used to be a lady wrestler. She knew how to deal with the worst kinds of filth. She wasn't used to normalcy and the possibility of her actually having to do library work hadn't been a threat up to now. Reality was looking upon poor Mildred with cruel and vicious eyes.

18 The lady who had been looking through the card catalog walked

across the room and stood in front of Mildred. Fearing the worst, I quickly jumped in between Mildred and the lady. If Mildred took a liking to the lady she might try to wrestle her. Mildred wrestled everyone she took a liking to. That was her way of being friendly.

"Let me see the call number," I said.

The lady smiled and handed me the piece of paper she had written the number on. I looked at the lady's hands. Her fingernails were short and not glued on, the real thing. A nail biter. She was probably a schizophrenic. No wonder she wanted a book. She didn't know any better.

Curly, one of our regulars, suddenly displayed his manhood in the center of the room.

"Get the gun, Mildred!" I yelled.

Everyone hit the floor. They knew about the double barrel shotgun we kept behind the desk. Curly quickly concealed his manhood and zipped up his pants. The rest of the scum got up off of the floor.

"Sorry about the disturbance," I said to the lady. "Mildred will get the book for you from the stacks."

"I'm not going to no stacks!" said Mildred. "Nobody been to those stacks since Mr. Jimmy disappeared. No saying what kind of nastiness is hiding back there. You can go, but I'll quit working here before I'll go to those stacks."

"Mildred," I said, with great patience because she was right about the stacks being dangerous, "I am your boss, and you're going to get that book."

While I was telling Mildred to get the book from the stacks I was slowly reaching for the gun. Whoever got to the gun first wouldn't have to go to the stacks. Mildred was thinking the same thing I was. It was clearly a matter of survival. No one had been to the stacks in years. Not since Mr. Jimmy went back there one day and never came back. Some people claimed that Mr. Jimmy went home early that day and got lost on the subway. But Mildred and me knew the truth. Something happened to Mr. Jimmy in the stacks. Neither me nor Mildred wanted to find out what that something was.

"Curly's doing it again!" yelled Mildred.

I shouldn't have looked, but I did. It was the old 'Curly's doing it again' routine. Only a fool would have fallen for it. By the time I looked at Mildred she had the shotgun pointed at me with both triggers cocked.

"Looks like you're going to have to get that there book yourself, Mr. Bossman," said Mildred. "I'm too busy making sure this here gun doesn't go off."

"If it's going to be any trouble," said the lady, "I can come back later."

"It ain't no trouble, honey," said Mildred. "Mr. Bossman there is on his way to those stacks. Ain't you, Mr. Bossman?"

It was the stacks or getting my guts splattered all over the place. Either way it was a losing bet.

"Be right back," I said to the lady. "Mildred," I said, "we're going to have a long talk about this later on."

"If there is a later on," said Mildred.

"It's really not that important," said the lady.

I walked across the room and stood in front of the door with the plaque on it. We all chipped in and bought the plaque after Mr. Jimmy disappeared. It was a missing-in-action kind of deal. Mildred nailed the plaque to the door and no one went through the door after that. I kicked the door open and jumped to the side in case anyone opened. Nothing happened. Everyone in the reference room was watching. If I backed off now everyone would know I was a coward. One of the ill disputed offered me a discount. I told her I'd talk to her later, after this was over.

I peeped into the shadows and saw a light switch. I flicked it on. Mice scurried as light flooded their suburbs. I walked slowly into the stacks.

I wondered whether or not my insurance covered death and mutilation in the stacks. I wished I had a will so my belongings would go to charity instead of the library. I watched the chair getting closer with every step. My lawyer sent the appeal too late and the governor left on vacation moments before the appeal, carried by a teenaged drug addict who had stopped to get a fix before delivering the envelope, arrived. It looked bad. The electricity was getting ready to flow even though I had asked for the gas chamber. The lights would flicker, and my body would be a steaming burned mass of terrible cosmic karma resulting from sinful behavior in past lives. And lo and behold, the book—it was on the shelf, right where it was supposed to be.

I walked through the door leading to the reference room. I was feeling good, like I had been saved. I was alive, living, and I didn't have all that much bad karma after all. I handed the book back to the lady and got a standing applause from the scum around the room. I was proud to be a librarian, a professional. Even Mildred was clapping, amazed that I would be so daring as to go to the stacks and return unharmed. The ill disputed type that had offered me a discount slipped out not wanting to pay off.

Then the closing bell rang. The lady, with her book in hand, started to leave. Just before she was out of the room it looked like she slipped the book under her coat. That wasn't unusual so I didn't say anything. Mildred started locking up the desk. I walked around the room telling everyone we were getting ready to turn the dogs loose.

A few weeks ago one of our patrons refused to wake up when the closing bell rang. We left him in the library overnight. The dogs got him and he had to be hospitalized. He was a good example of law and order. The papers wrote it up big, including pictures of the dogs and the wounds they inflicted. After that the patrons jumped when they heard the closing bell. It was an alarm clock with teeth.

The dogs were turned loose a few seconds before nine, almost catching me and Mildred. I made a point of saying something to the security guard on the way out about turning the dogs loose too early. It could be dangerous.

camille lyon (attenuated and facile), luke mcguff ("irritating" and "pointless") and tempest fugit (mere words cannot describe the eternity i spent slogging thru this thing). well i think i've brutalized enuf ids for today. besides, the world's still a wonnerful place as long as we've got Mr. T. he's my hero. really. i mean, wotta guy. he's so multi-talented, right. he's an actor, a singer, a welder, a munitions expert, he makes videos, he's a movie star, a soldier, a cab driver, a fugitive from military justice, a posable action figure, a boxer, a breakfast cereal, a cartoon character, a friend to both little kids and the world jewelry industry, a flashlight and a professional wrestler. my hero...but dat's joy division comin on da radio so i better go track down dose pesky carpet beetles 'fore they flense the landlord completely. more andy amster, more greg blair, no more repro-ed fotos. frankie say "know thy enemy (biblically)"

nostrovya,

RODNY K DIOXIN
c/o 48 Prospect St., #3
Jersey City, NJ 07307

Dear Elayne,

There are a few things that I simply must say. First, I apologize for my piece in IJ 36. "The Way it Really Is" was sloppy and incongruous in places and I must say that I have done much better. If on the very remote possibility that anyone cares to differ in opinion I have only this to say - listen dearie, I know better. I am just about through with the re-write and the first draft which appeared in IJ in comparison is not even worth the paper it was written on - I mean face it - the piece was worse than the scum found in a Snack-Pack pudding can after its been sitting open for three hours. Yucko. And I'm not just saying this because I'm masochistic, in my opinion such self chastisement is not admirable but equivalent only to masturbation.

I would next like to submit a general apology for Alix. She may be somewhat of a dweeb, but she's mostly harmless. And although she can't write to save the slimemolds from impending doom, she happens to be excellent in enforcing deadlines. If I am running the risk of missing a deadline she shows up and won't leave until I've written something. How's that for incentive. I mean the girl hangs out with Georg, how low can you get? (Do you think she'll still be my agent?)

Last issue had its ups and downs as usual. I would like to commend Anni for her insight to foreign policy. I only wish I was familiar with the soundtrack to Oklahoma! I assume that that was the musical you were basing the music on. Well you know what I'm trying to say. Audrey Parente's "Love Affair" was too too much fun. Lawrence Oberc if you are reading this—"Fish Killer" entertained me for days, and are you a Dragnet fiend too? Unfortunately here comes the part I hate. I never was one who liked to axe anybody's stufh—thats Wanda's department. But I must say that I found Luke McGuff's "Pseudo-Quotations" "pointless" and "annoying." It is not as if he covered any new territory on a subject which might be of any real interest to anyone. Maybe I'm being bitchy. However, I'm not the one who throws a hisi over some stupid pseudo-quotations. But then again I don't bother to waste the time to pay much attention to them in the first place. And in the second place, there is only so much to be said about them anyway and Luke covered that in the title. Enough, this is getting too nasty even for me.

Now back to a more pleasant subject. Rodney, you know I wouldn't not say anything about "Beastly Cheeses" and besides that it kinda sorta was written for me. I thought it was by far your best, and the best thing in 36. As for the rest of my feelings in general, and on the story, I've already told you on the phone and there's no sense in airing it out in public - in front of God and everybody. I've got some good news for you, Bunny is back! And hopefully, I'll be able to tell you of his mis(?)adventures.

Elayne, thanx for the IJ baseball cap. Possibly you might be receiving a copy of a picture of me wearing it, or maybe not. Now I know what Bali does with all of their extra DD bras that they don't sell. It's nice to know that they do not sit in dreary warehouses going to waste. Once more I can sleep at night. (You're quite welcome, and I have decided to offer the caps for about what they cost, near as I can figure, which is \$5 each [staffers, of course, have all gotten theirs for free], so do send now, I've got about ten or so left till I have to reorder again.)

Apologies abound, allow me a minute to retract my claws. Sorry! On that statement I'd better close.

Always,

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

P.S. If Alix does happen to get uppity because of what I wrote earlier, could you just ignore it? Ever since she broke (she still says sprained, I say broke) her finger slam dancing she has been positively evil. Well she didn't actually break it, her friend Guck did - yeah! some friend. Anyway I think it is in all of our best interests if she gets huffy to ignore it. Deal? Cool.

Dear Elayne,

It couldn't be a more ridiculous week. It's March, and I already have the air conditioners going (fan only, at this point) full time. I think I was able to use the quilt for about a month. My system isn't ready for this. March is supposed to be cold, blustery days, with grey skies and brisk winds. Something to make you want to move South. Now, here I am in the South, and I don't know what to do with it. Chernenko died this morning, and I'd only learned how to spell his name within the last month. I've sent a telegram to the Soviet ambassador, nominating Boris Badanov; if anyone would care to second the motion, I'm sure they would enjoy hearing from you. The public television station is entering their eleventh straight month of fund raising telethons—back-to-back. The Louisiana governor, Edwin "Slat" Edwards, is under indictment for racketeering (I assume that's nothing like Mousketeering), and seems to be enjoying the publicity. My boss once removed has been permanently removed, and everyone spent the day singing, "Ding

dong, the witch is dead." Oh, what a world, what a world...And now I've returned home to find that the laundry has given me someone else's underwear, and they're labeled "Lulu." The bewildering thing is that they're my size.

What's this I hear about Frank Sinatra recording a song a la Band-Aid to raise money to send food to Nancy Reagan? "Every single you buy will help put a chocolate croissant on the White House dining table. Please help save our anorexic grandmothers. It isn't their fault they give all their money to Bill Blass. It's a disease, like alcoholism and gambling. There is a cure. But only with your help."

Er, I guess you know by now that the pictures didn't work out. A noble experiment. (=sob= don't rub it in...—Ed.) IJ #36 was fairly good otherwise, although I missed the presence of Ms. Benedict and the always ambidextrous Kip M. Ghesin. Aw, Lassie, won't you come home? What? Kip is shackled up with June Lockhart? "Aliens! Aliens!" Wrong show.

Is there really a person named Alexandra Bishoff, or have you been watching Dynasty again?

Well, I must be going or something. Keep your nose clean. I'm sure your ship will be coming in soon. IJ Day. "Our boys are home, Liz! Break out the flags and Redi-whip." Naaa.

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

Dear Elayne:

Received IJ #36 and thought I'd zip off a quick thanks for printing the poem I sent. That was a nice encouragement and I will attempt soon to submit some other works that I hope to be able to find the time to polish up soon...A few comments on other IJ submissions—Diary of the Rock Fiend: Anni has done it again! Her stream-of-consciousness style ranks with the best. At the risk of offending some Tom Robbin's fans, she makes his writing (S-of-C) seem like drivel. He seems to ramble on with no sense of direction, whereas Anni rambles with a sure-footed direction (mind you, I don't mind the rambling, it's the lack of purpose that bugs me about Robbins).

Talk Show Host Confidential: Michael Dobbs has struck a memory (Dr.) vein. As a former disk jockey who has had my share of late night boredom in the studio this was a real treat. Was this a real experience?

Beyond the Land of Beastly Cheeses: Of all the things I've read by Dioxin this is my favorite. It is a classic and deserves to be grouped with Puff the Magic Dragon and others of that ilk.

Pseudo-Quotations "Suck": This was an "amusing" piece. We are all, "at one time or another," guilty of using "pseudo-quotations" in our writing and it only seems right that McGuff "calls this to our attention."

As usual, Vernon Grant's drawings are gems. As usual, there were very few things to complain about. This was a good issue...

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

Dear Everybody (except Rod McKuen),

I almost missed this issue's deadline, y'know. Fortunately, I didn't—but GOD, imagine if I had. Two issues in a row—the gossip, wow. I had a lot of really fine and good excuses and legit reasons, but fortunately I didn't let them get in the way of contributing to the best newsletter of comedy and creativity in the world. But I want you to know how hard it was for me to make this deadline. How would you like to hold down a full time job in the high stress world of a Planned Obsolescence Products Factory? How would you like to be married to an alcoholic abusive pseudo-intellectual creep who spends all of his spare time trying to perfect Bonsai marijuana? How would you like to deal with a houseful of children who were rejected by Child Protective services because they are "incorrigible demons not needing protection"?

How would you like to live that way? Boy, I sure wouldn't—it sounds terrible!

Here are my excuses for almost missing this deadline:

1. My typewriter broke.
 2. I had a headache.
 3. I had a long distance phone call from God (God #23, my personal God).
 4. I was kidnapped by gypsies on the way to work (the gypsies were on their way to work—I was going to Opie's Opium Den).
 5. I was in mourning 'cause I missed the Bruce Springsteen concert.
 6. I was busy having a metaphysical discussion with a group of Jesuits.
 7. I forgot all about the deadline!
 8. My mind was kidnapped and I couldn't afford the ransom money.
 - 8½. The Planets were in a bad position—Jupiter was lying on top of Venus and kept digging his pointy elbow in her back. A mess.
 9. My mommy said I dint hafta if I dint wanna. And I wasn't so sure I did.
 10. I was sick—but really Lovecraftian sick—festooned with Stygian foulness and the whole Arkham nine yards.
 11. I was busy mounting a hate campaign against Leo Buscaglia.
 12. I had a long visit from Christie Brinkley and Madonna who wanted to know HOW I did it. I did not tell them. Too bad. Now they'll never be popular.
 13. I changed houses. And phones...best excuse yet.
- Not only do I sincerely believe that we are being watched and visited by aliens—but I also sincerely believe I am one of them.

I look good signing off here -

If it feels good, it probably is good -

DEBORAH BENEDICT
854 "Y" Street (that's Y as in
Lincoln, NE 68508 Yogurt)

—but wait! There's more! (cont'd.) —

Hello Elayne!

Even if I'm not writing about MTV anymore, I seem to have developed the habit of watching it while writing for IJ. It just seems to be the thing to do, even though watching MTV does expose me to the danger of --AUGH!--Madonna. I sure could do without the bimbo and her belly-button, lemme tell ya...Hey, and thanks for the IJ cap!...Novel idea, giving out "premiums" to 'zine contributors; don't think it's been done too many times before, if ever. Sort of reminds me of the "freebies" Sports Illustrated gives away with subscriptions. I wanna INSIDE JOKE desktop digital alarm clock!...

Anni's column, too reminiscent of those musical-parody stories I used to read in MAD back in my childhood days, was not quite my cup of tea. I preferred her contribution to the lettercol--astute and amusing comments there on those deadly poems that, indeed, everyone writes when they're 16 years old.

Two "BOMB" stories here, which must say something about what's on the average IJ contributor's mind. I liked both M. Dobb's & M. Gunderloy's tales on the topic.

Good being balanced by bad, there were a couple of tales I simply couldn't make any sense of: THE SUN'S TRUE NATURE (an intriguing first paragraph but then no payoff--well, piss!) and THE ENDLESS STORY/THE HOPELESS TANGLE.

Score a direct hit for the Baboon 'toon on p. 17 ("where are all the kids?" "off listening to heavy metal").

Luke's article on "Pseudo-Quotations 'Suck'!" was probably my favorite thing in this issue. The phenomenon he describes is something that has always set my teeth on edge too, metaphorically speaking. He'd kill me if I said he had a very Andy Rooney-ish tone in that article... so I won't say it. (Sheesh! Yuck yuck yuck. Yeah!) Oh gosh, it just occurs to me that someone could do a rather nasty parody of that particular distinctive characteristic of Luke's letter-writing style, perhaps calling it "pseudo-exclamations suck!" Lucky for him I'm not nasty enough to write it.

Oh, and the way the back page was laid out over a TV schedule was cleverly done. Kudos to either you or your back page artist, whoever was responsible. (The back page was solely the artistry of the ever-talented Phil Tortorici.)

The photo pages were something of a toss-up: about half reproduced pretty well, and the other half were pretty near total losses...

CANDI STRECKER
710 Diamond St.
San Francisco, CA 94114

Dear Elayne,

Enclosed please find (oh PLEASE find!) a sequel of sorts to my (presumably) much-maligned sci-fi in joke tale that I'm sure has all the readers of IJ #36's page 21 buzzing (or is that just beezie in their heads?), "After the Fair." Actually, that's the sequel's title; the original was--well, you know what I mean, I'm sure, better than I do. I hope this clears up a few things that may have confused folks about the first story, although I guess either could stand alone (if either could). I know I tend to write obscurely, but that comes from having used alien aliases most of my life.

On the "rag", then: the amazing Carolyn LeeBee is one of your best poets, girl; keep her happy, send her lotsa chocolate or something, and maybe she'll write more stuff for you. Anni's column was professional as usual, but I think (please don't kill me, folks!) it was a bit on the weak side as compared to some of her earlier ones, and am looking forward to what she has to say for herself and her entourage of memorable characters this time around. Michael Dobbs' story was the best thing I think he's done, and I much prefer his fiction to his non-fiction. Dear Prudence has a good premise with THE SUN'S TRUE NATURE, but I feel it could have used a bit more punch, as in "where to from here?" (I'm one to talk?) Filar is always fascinating, even when I disagree with him (and far be it for me to tell him where; it'd be parentheticals at ten paces!). I LOVE the Zenarchy stories, and yearn for more; and I think it was a particularly clever move putting the (too) short Roldo message on the same page. Ho Chi explains Zenarchy; Roldo seems to have practiced it his whole life. "News Leak"--well, I started reading it with high hopes but it didn't go as far as I would have liked. Let's really slander the bi--er, sorry. Rodney's "Beastly Cheeses", except for the last part of the last sentence which didn't seem to fit, was a real fave rave this time but I'm not sure I'd wanna meet him in a dark alley. Gedwillo's idea was cute but, I dunno, maybe it just didn't click with me. Gunderloy's dystopia depressed me a bit (guess that means it was well done), but Candi's coffee picked me right up. Lotsa doom-n-gloom this issue, huh? My vote goes to A.J. Wright for the best and most poetically written of the doom stories. This man is probably as underrated as Rory, who I noticed seems to have branched out lately and is now covering a much wider range of music than before. I'm not sure what record reviews have to do with "comedy and creativity," but there must be a connection somewhere. The pics...well, I'll skip that, I'm sure people musta said something to you by now. You might consider skipping future experiments until someone's willing to fund you a grant (I like that, "fund you a grant;" not grammatical but it sounds good, y'know) to pay for doing it up "right." I'll, ahem, skip "Ascension," 'cause I know the person who wrote it, ahem. I liked Susan's poetry much better than her prose, and I can't get Scharff's ditty out of my head, for good or bad. It'll be nice if you ever get to really draw "Whozits," but I guess that would defeat the "purpose." Guess I'm more partial to amoeba. Lawrence Whitney lost me entirely, but I'm wondering how he spontaneously combusted to think up the same Bugs Bunny idea I used...Luke McGuff has a cute idea, but doesn't do much with it. So they suck; so what? A few good points, but nothing we can't figure out for ourselves. Forgive me, Luke; I guess I had my fill of this sort of thing after a few David Letterman shows. "Love Affair" was a bit much, I agree with your editorial, but I can allow

myself reading something like this in the springtime. More adventures of Bert & Ernie, I say--the Add Couple? Nice statement about Van Gogh by whoever drew it, and cute computer cartoon by Vernon Grant, who rivals Roldo and John Crawford in the quality of his artwork. The "Fish Killer" was okay, I guess, as was "The Doctors," but neither is my type of story (whatever that is). Put me on your Firesign mailing list; it should be painfully obvious that parts of "Fair" are in blatant tribute to The Firesign Theatre (in addition to "2010" and Rod Serling and cartoons and Bing Crosby and, and, and...let's just say that any references anybody catches are purely intentional, even if I didn't mean them at the time). Great back cover, despite the post office's horrid postmark over Pete Townsend's hand, I mean, how dare they? Good lord, I've gone on and on and have hardly said anything! Well, that's as it should be, I guess. Yow, am I a letter writer yet? Fondly,

SUE D'ONYM

Third Planet on the Left,
Close Door After Entering,
Beauneau, MO. USA/K/A

Dear Elayne,

This is being written in a tearing rush, 45 minutes before I'm due to run into New York to see you, and while watching some sort of cartoon called KID VIDEO which, as nearly as I can figure out, purports to be about the adventures of a singing group who, for some reason that eludes me entirely, get turned into cartoon characters and dash about having exciting adventures, a kind of arcane cross between The Monkees and THE FANTASTIC FOUR. I surmise from all this that (a) the producers of the show have never met a real singing group, whose reaction, in my experience with this rarefied breed, to getting turned into cartoon figures would probably be to light a cartoon joint and think about it for awhile; and (b) the producers come from a different part of the country than I do, where things take on different meanings to the ones I am used, for they have named one of their main good-guys "Whiz," a most unfortunate appellation in my estimation. Ah well, you probably know more about this programme than do I (didn't you review it somewhere along the line?), but I'll bet even you can't tell me why it is, in the face of all logic, I constantly leave things to the last possible moment, and put myself in this position. I suppose you can blame this particular bit of procrastination on the fact that, to my utter dismay, having quit my old job because I had been promised a nice new one, I was dismissed from the Nice New One after two weeks, on the ground that they had been mistaken about needing another secretary after all, leaving me unemployed, a situation I have not really assimilated as yet, but that kind of thinking doesn't really hold up, as this brand of nastiness doesn't happen to me every time I have to write an IJ letter. Or mostly it doesn't.

In any event, still in the aforementioned Tearing Rush, about IJ #36: This, I thought, was the best issue in quite some time. The cartoons, especially, were a joy: the back cover, all of the ones on page 14, and Vernon Grant's computer cartoon on page 17 were my favourites, but I liked just about all of them, and, of course, it's always lovely to have a Whozits dedicated to me--my second one, a double honour for which I thank you.

Don't get the impression, however, that I didn't like the articles, because I did, some of them, very much. Prudence Gaelor's (she is most awfully clever, don't you think?), ZENARCHY STORIES (rapidly moving up into the list of Things I Read First) and the piece by Tempest Fugit (who really ought to find herself another name, just to pick a nit here. I like a good pun as much as the next person, but I'm not entirely sure this was one, though I enjoyed her story) stand out particularly, but most of them were at least readable, a definite improvement over some of the things in previous issues. And I am very pleased to see that the Ever-Popular finally gave in to my pleadings and published ALL THE LONELY PIZZAS. Again exercising the Poet's Friend's Privilege, I have to be evil and point out that I know the story behind this masterwork, which makes the poem all the funnier to me, but I'm sworn to secrecy, so don't ask me, okay? I mean really, don't ask me.

Yes, thinking it over, I think I can safely say that, while most IJs are better than most small press publications on the market, THIS IJ was better than all of them, a nice feat for which I will pat you on the back when I see you. (10 minutes left, oh God, and me sitting about in my writing clothes, in which I have slept, and which haven't been washed in, oh...well, I don't like to think about it.)

One small proviso: I wouldn't attempt to publish photographs again until you're quite sure you've got the process down pat. (*sighs* *sob!*) I'm certain that all the people pictured therein are handsome and attractive, but in this case they resembled nothing so much as foreign objects in some unfortunate's respiratory apparatus, caught forever in the dark of an overwhelmingly murky X-ray. A sad state of affairs.

Kid Video is gone, to be replaced by Mr. T. What is this current fashion for otherwise normal people to become transformed into cartoons? Is it something in the air, and will I be joining them soon, if I don't find a job? (Save me from this fate by sending donations to "Save Anni From Falling Into The Clutches of Hanna-Barbera and Having To Borrow Money From Her Parents," c/o this magazine.) A thought that sobers me into silence....do forgive.

Animatedly,

ANNI ACKNER
The Hotel New Jersey

Dear Elayne,

Oh, the latest ish of IJ! I suppose I could talk about that, whilst I eat my Pillsbury Cinnamon Rolls and Passaro's Famous Coffee Soda... whilst I fill up the page with pointless babbling.

Since I'm not writing this as close to reading it as my last letter of comment (huh?--ed.), it might be more sketchy. It's beginning to sink in that the Ho Chi Zen articles are pretty deep, despite their apparent flippancy, and that there's something inside there. I like the fact that the depth reveals itself with continued readings, rather than

being there all the first time. Yeah! I also liked "All The Lonely Pizzas (Where Do They All Come From?)", especially after I stopped trying to fit it to the rhythm of "Eleanor Rigby" or whatever the song is called by the Beatles... I was kind of disappointed that Candi's article wandered off into an homage to coffee rather than stay focused on her introductory topic of -athematical -eviews (have you ever read a story where the writer did that M-- R-- bit, and wished you knew what he was really talking about? Secrets ain't safe around me, hah!). What else? Well, sheesh, it has been a week or two since I actually read the gold-durn thing so sheesh... I must beg forgiveness of one and all. I laughed the mandatory three times per sentence for Anni Ackner's column. Someday she will max out and her entire column will be one sentence, and she will offer a fifty thousand dollar prize to anyone who can recite it in one breath; an opera singer will hear of the challenge and then sue her for breach of contract. Or maybe not. Sheesh, one neever knows, does one? No, one doesn't, after all...

C-u—
LUKE MCGUFF
Box 3680
Minneapolis, MN 55403

"WE ARE THE PARENTS
OUR PEOPLE WARNED US AGAINST,"
or, WHY YUPPIES GIVE ME A BIG CHILL

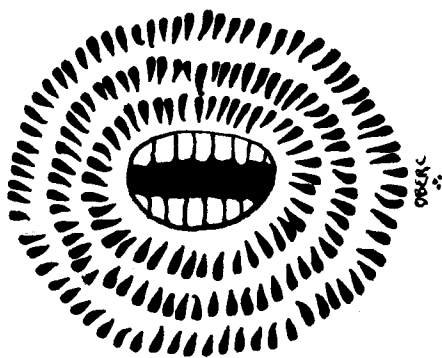
by "Kid" Sieve

Lately I've been calling myself "a resistance fighter in the war against drugs." I can't even remember if there's a hyphen in "co-op" (or indeed, if there should even be one; I have trouble discerning the difference between a co-op and a coop anyway), let alone whether I could ever live in one. Truth to tell, I lost all interest when I found out a co-op wasn't the same as a commune. And I'd rather get my micro-waves from the tee-vee than from thawing tee-vee dinners.

So I make a lousy Yuppie. Yuppies—jeepers, probably the most-used acronym of the decade so far—are, in my humble observation and as stated in the title, truly the parents (or on their way to being so) our people, the pre-Big Chill generation (though it was called "g-g-g-generation" then), warned us against. The oft-quoted expression "Never trust anyone over thirty" (which I always interpreted as "Never trust anyone who acts like they're over thirty, no matter what their chronological age;" you can always trust a perpetual kid) takes on ominous overtones when I consider that the people I once called my peers, the very folks cautioning the unwary with that weary sentence, have—naturally—become the very thing that horrified them not so long ago... The Establishment. And moreover, as has apparently been happening in generational cycles since the dawn of humankind, the "baby boomers" (a term which has started to nauseate me almost as much as "Yuppies" or "Big Chill g-g-g-g-generation") have not only taken over as the group of primary focus in almost every area but big-time politics (and if'n Gary Hart runs for President again in '88 and makes the nomination, that area'll be covered too), but are actually proud of their lifestyle, advocating it as the thing to be, the way to exist, with the same blind fervor some of us hippies used to use at about the time the "Summer of Love" was descending into cliché-dom.

And so I find myself unable to criticize these ex-hippie sellouts (well, they aren't even that—as Garry Trudeau put it in "Rap Master Ronnie," when discussing in song "The Class of 1984," "We don't just sell out, we BUY IN!") as fully as I know I'd like to, because everyone I know has, at one time or another in their lives, been guilty of One-True-Wayism, the same type of packrat mentality that turns ordinary folks into submoronic androids when they meld into a studio audience and causes a lot of fairly intelligent kids to humiliate themselves on the streets by self-mutilations to every conceivable part of their bodies in attempts to conform with the current non-conformist trend. Shit, we did it too. How many of us were "weekend hippies," in the same way today's kids are "weekend punks" and the cycle before us "weekend bikers" or "beatniks" or "mods" or whatever? My glass house is too fragile in this living room for my regular vehement stone-throwing (or even stoned throwing, for that matter).

But my continued insistence on referring to myself as a hippie allows me to prove myself, and prove to myself, that my personal beliefs can no longer be swayed by the winds of change. The breezes shift all the time. I'm not sitting and waiting for a "60's Renaissance;" the idea of that rather revolts me, smacking as it does of false nostalgia and cynical sheepish "achievers" watching "Woodstock" on public tee-vee and nodding to themselves as the begathoners tell them how to recapture those good old days by buying newly-released commemorative t-shirts, maybe to wear on the weekends to the



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!!!!



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company picnics or something... No, I'm not interested in predictions of pendulum swings, inevitable or no. What concerns me most is, in a curious quirk of Mother Fate, essentially the same thing that concerns most of us early-30's types—my own peace of mind. Most other people my age seem to have found that in orienting themselves toward their version of success, which is about 85% financial, 10% familial (in all its infinite variations from singlehood to extended clans) and 5% accepted socializing (usually having something to do with cocaine, easily the status "drug of choice" among the Post-Me Generation). You can argue these percentages, or even make a case for them being interrelated and inseparable, but I think you get the idea. My version of success has very little to do with money and status, although I'll readily admit I won't eschew income totally (it's nice to be able to have it to live and to buy STUPH with) and I get a kick out of what little notoriety I can drum up for myself among my small circle of friends and acquaintances. My search for peace of mind is mainly internal, both chemically and non-chemically induced, and so far I consider it a moderate-to-great success as I seek to learn more and more from reading the Burma Shave signs on the road of life. On the outside, though, I'd rather lay low, except for these endless treatises every now and then. I'm not afraid of conspicuousness, but someone like me is bound to be perceived as a semi-amusing anachronism, and that doesn't do a lot in terms of credibility. So I'll stick to the quiet, peaceful way and keep my criticisms to myself—I'm told the Renaissance is coming around again any day now, anyhow...

A CALL TO ACT

The threat of world war is increasingly real and pressing. The recent past has witnessed an unprecedented increase in international tension and war preparations. The great powers stand toe to toe, openly building and boasting of their increased armaments. They intervene against popular struggles around the world, while at the same time a series of confrontation points between the great powers (and their proxies) burn like fuses capable of igniting a greater conflagration.

The military forces of the major powers are equipped with nuclear weapons at all levels, making it all but certain that any global conflict would be fought with these weapons of mass destruction. Target lists to annihilate whole nations have been drawn up and are continually revised. Beyond the hundreds of millions of deaths their use would cause, lies a future scarred by global climatic, ecological, and economic effects. Worldwide, many millions more who might have escaped the immediate effects of nuclear weapons will die of starvation and disease.

In this season of peril, all the governments continue to proclaim their peaceful intents and declare global nuclear war to be unthinkable. Yet their actions (and with increasing frequency their words as well) speak differently. The major powers continuously hone their war plans with new weapons tests and ever more realistic war games. New disarmament proposals are cynically designed to elicit rejection. Jingoistic appeals to national pride abound. Military-political moves and counter-moves force the situation to ever more dangerous heights. The U.S. government stands belligerently on the front lines of these moves to war. Crisis follows crisis in a spiral that cannot go on without resulting in the gravest of consequences.

Such an extraordinary situation requires an extraordinary response. Mass opposition and resistance to war must achieve new heights, and with the greatest urgency.

Only the independent action of millions stepping onto the stage of history to resist can realistically speak to the enormity that looms before us. It is in this spirit of practical politics that we now call for a coordinated day of national action against war, a concerted day of "No Business As Usual" on April 29, 1985. A day that deliberately disrupts and shuts down as much as possible of the daily routine through which we are hurtling toward global war. A day of diverse events across the country which include the activities of people of many nationalities and social backgrounds: the anti-nuclear and anti-interventionist movements, the rebellious youth, the women's movement, religious activists, immigrants and political exiles, academics, workers, those involved in the war machine itself, and others. With activities ranging from teach-ins and forums to civil disobedience and other creative forms of direct action, our joint actions will focus the attention of large sectors of society on this critical question and on the necessity to act, and will deliver a powerful message that we will **not** go along with the rulers down the road to World War III.

We who issue this call have taken part in many different ways in the movements against injustice, exploitation, and war. Among us we hold different political and philosophical analyses of the configurations of world power, the sources of wars through history, and the many fronts of struggle and tactics we must employ for social change. But we share the recognition that now it is time to unite to say **NO**. Precisely because:

*They won't listen to reason,
They won't be bound by votes,
The governments must be stopped from launching World War III,
No matter what it takes!*

Individuals' organization listed for identification purposes only

Anti-War Action Coalition (AWAC), Cleveland
Emile de Antonio, film director and writer
Beverly Axelrod, attorney and mediator
Dana Beal, Overthrow editorial collective
Karl Biallager, anti-war activist, NY
Bohemian Grove Action Network
Robert McAfee Brown, Professor of Theology and Ethics, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley
Courtney Bullock, Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, S.F. State University
Kate Champa, artist, resister and mother, Providence
Richard Chinn, poet and gay activist, Chicago
Jack and Felice Cohen-Joppa, editors, The Nuclear Resister
Grace Copperhead, Kaitiroa, Ann Lewis, Cathy Hope, Joyce Land & Carlyle Casal, of the Women's Encampment for Peace and Justice, Savannah River Plant, 1983-84
John Costin, student and member of "Crime Prevention Bureau," Brown University
Carl Dix, Revolutionary Communist Party, Black G.I. member of the Fort Lawt 6 who served 2 years in Leavenworth for refusing to go to Vietnam
Patrick S. Diehl, Livermore Action Group staff member
Gary Floyd, singer, The Dicts
Lillian Ford and Theresa Forte, Seattle Non-Violent Group
Kris Fulassa, Northwest Passage
Tori Galvin, N.Y. Mobilization for Survival (MOBS)
John Gerasim, author, The Great Fear in Latin America, leader in the San Francisco State takeover in the 60s
Ed Gehrman, Livermore Action Group staff member
Norman Gottwald, Professor of Biblical Studies, New York Theological Seminary
Greenpeace Pacific Southwest
Robert Hernandez, member National Lawyers Guild Military and Draft Task Force, defense attorney Provisional AVCO 8 and the Station 18

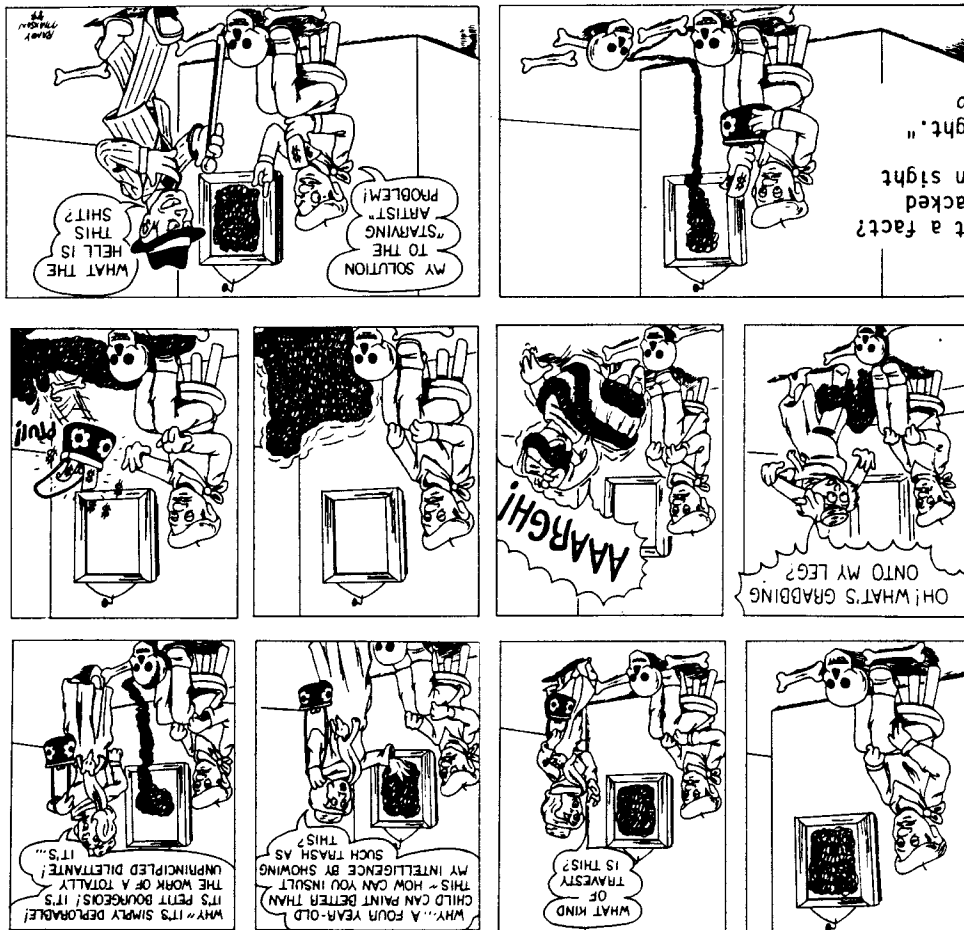
Abbie Hoffman, activist and author
Rich Hutchinson, Disarm Now Action Group member, Chicago
Lee Hutchner, head singer, Radical Elite
Sonia Johnson, feminist, author and political activist
Sander Katz, Brown University student activist and "Citizens arresters"
C. Clark Klasinger, organized first March on Washington against Vietnam War, 1965; contributing writer, Revolutionary Worker
Sherry Klink, former regional disarmament coordinator, Greenpeace Northwest
Joel Kovel, Professor of Psychology, Albert Einstein College of Medicine, author of *Against the State of Nuclear Terror*
Paul Krassner, author and editor, The Best of the Realist
Sidney Lens, activist and author of *The Day Before Doomsday*
Karen Lindsey, feminist writer
Lian Marie and S.D. Robert, action anarchists and Circle A Video
Pamela Marsh, *Headland Newspaper*, Jackson, WY
Francisco "Kiko" Martinez, attorney & activist, Colorado
Michael McCloskey, attorney
Erin Moore, Northwest Passage, Editorial Board
Honor Moore, poet, Connecticut
Mary K. Moore, Bohemian Grove Action Network
Richard Navies, Department Chairman of African American Studies, Berkeley High School, Berkeley
Richard Newberger, Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade, Fort Meade 2
Jane Noll, Washington War Resisters League and D.C. Women's Collective
William Oandasan, Senior Publications Coordinator and Editor, UCLA
Albert Parsons, editor Brix and Bottles
Don Paul, record holder 50K run, author of *Good Intentions and Ameri Modern*
Leonard Post, Litigation Director, Western States Legal Foundation, Alliance member Legal Collectives of Livermore Action Group and Abolish Alliance
Tim Quinn, Trident Non-Proliferators, anarchist, member Lyander Spooner Society
Steve Rabinowitz, Libertarian Workers Group, N.Y. MOBE

Red Balloon Collective, New York
Diana Russell, author, Rape in Marriage
Dave S., drummer, Disinfect
Ben Saaway, draft resister
Laurel Sercombe, Northwest Nuclear Exchange board member
Clark Smith, Winter Soldier Archive
Chuck Speck, anarchist and Republican War Chest Tourists, Gainesville, FL
Jim Squatter, organizer of Democratic and Republican War Chest Tours
Silence One Site and Species Life House, Missoula, MT
Squatters Anonymous, San Francisco
Bill Starr, Campus Ministry, Columbia University
Alicia Stylgah, student, street musician, and "Citizen's arresters," Brown University
Alan Thompson, Rock Against Reagan Tour, San Francisco
Bob Townley, Coalition for a Nuclear Free Harbor, N.Y. MOBE
Mike Tongues, U.S. Navy deserter, Fleet Week defendant, Democratic War Chest Tour
Lloyd K. Wake, minister, Glide Memorial United Methodist Church, Japanese-American interned at Porton concentration camp under Executive Order 9066
Mindy Washington, NY Mobilization for Survival and Liberation Workers Group
George W. Weber, Prof. of Urban Ministry, New York Theological Seminary
Len Weinglass, attorney
Geoff Vippell, Abolish Alliance, People's Law School, San Francisco
Joe Zone, organizer, Republican War Chest Tour
8 Democratic War Chest Tourists
and 3 Republican War Chest Tourists
43 students and 2 professors, Antioch College, Ohio

This call does not fully express all the politics of all participants in the No Business As Usual Day. For further information, to sign this call, or to contribute urgently needed funds, please contact:

No Business As Usual
 3309 1/2 Mission St., #127, San Francisco, CA 94110
 Phone (415) 550-8506


(But is it Art?)



- Roddo

There's just "Done Right."
There ain't no "Art,"
Until the answer came in sight
Over this, my brain I racked
Is Art official? Is Art a fact?

See
Far
See
Art
See
Far
See
Art



Filters

Page

BACK

"THE SUNDAY PAINTER and the RICH MATRON"

INSIDE JOKE
c/o ELAYNE WECHSLER
P.O. Box 1609
Madison Square Station
New York, NY 10159

**REAL PEOPLE
EAT OUT**

EAT
Mushrooms kill 3 aliens
Workers end bid for the moon

Laugh Till Your GUTS BLEED

ah, spring! when young lovers' fancies
turn to—er, what did you say your
name was again??

YUMMY

Even if It's Not Visual

**Please. Risk it.
Bore me
with reality.**



Lou and Mary are positively bubbly



XM015A