

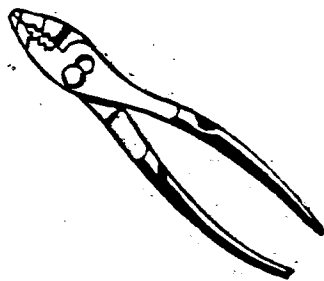
SPECIAL govt. Contract Issue

INSIDE JOKE #38 \$15,000

"God's Amazing Gift To The World"



GRIEVING BRIDE
WEDS A CORPSE!



J.R. (Bob) Dobbs
Talks Football:

**Was Satan
his master?**



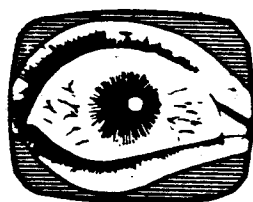
David Letterman
rips off a massive chunk
of planet earth!



pizza
**Answers
Prayer**



Your dreams can kill



We spend \$125G a day on **HAREM GIRLS**

**Jesus' Childhood And
Early Life Revealed**

**NONE OF THIS--
AND LESS!**

America's most exciting baldness cure

-UPCOMING EVENTS-

Starting in June, the Thalia theatre at 95th St. and Broadway in NYC should be running their annual summer cartoon festival again. I don't yet know which day of the week is slated for animation, but I'd like to get "group IJ trips" (lordy, doesn't that sound kinky?) going, so if you want to be a part of it, let me know!

- JUNE 1 - Marilyn Monroe (b. 1926)
- JUNE 3 - Allen Ginsberg (59)
- JUNE 4 - No-Doz Day
- JUNE 6 - First Drive-In Opens, New Jersey (1933)
- JUNE 7 - Thurman Munson (b. 1947); Beau Brummel (b. 1778)
- JUNE 9 - MICHAEL CALVERT (30)
- JUNE 10 - STEVE COZZI (30); CHARLES F. ROSENAY!!! (27); Judy Garland (b. 1922); Maurice Sendak (57)
- JUNE 11 - Gene Wilder (50)
- JUNE 14 - Jerzy Kosinski (51)
- JUNE 15 - Half-Way Day; Deadline for IJ #39
- JUNE 16 - Joyce Carol Oates (b. 1938); Stan Laurel (b. 1895)
- JUNE 17 - M.C. Escher (b. 1898)
- JUNE 18 - Paul McCartney (43)
- JUNE 19 - Rosenberg execution (1953); Lou Gehrig (b. 1903)
- JUNE 20 - Lillian Hellman (b. 1905)
- JUNE 21 - Judy Holliday (b. 1922); Jean-Paul Sartre (b. 1905)
- JUNE 23 - First typewriter patented (1868)
- JUNE 24 - Ambrose Bierce (b. 1842)
- JUNE 25 - JILL ZIMMERMAN (30); George Orwell (b. 1842)
- JUNE 26 - Abner Doubleday (b. 1819); Peter Lorre (b. 1904)
- JUNE 27 - Helen Keller (b. 1880); Emma Goldman (b. 1869)
- JUNE 30 - "Gone With The Wind" published (1936); RORY HOUCHENS (29); LUKE MCGUFF (28)
- JULY 1 - Canada Day; George Sand (b. 1804)
- JULY 2 - Herman Hesse (b. 1877)
- JULY 3 - George M. Cohan (b. 1878); Tom Stoppard (48); Franz Kafka (b. 1893)
- JULY 4 - Ann Landers/Abigail Van Buren (62); Day of Alice Liddell's picnic (1862)
- JULY 5 - KEN FILAR (28); P.T. Barnum (b. 1829)
- JULY 6 - Beatrix Potter (b. 1866)
- JULY 7 - Ringo Starr (45)
- JULY 8 - First passport issued (1796)
- JULY 10 - Arlo Guthrie (38)
- JULY 12 - Milton Berle (77); Joey Faye (b. 1910); Buckminster Fuller (b. 1895)
- JULY 14 - Jerry Rubin (47); Woody Guthrie (b. 1912); Terry-Thomas (58)
- JULY 16 - Ginger Rogers (64)
- JULY 18 - Disneyland opens (1955); Red Skelton (72)
- JULY 20 - Moon landing (1969)
- JULY 22 - Marshall McLuhan (b. 1911)
- JULY 23 - T.S. CHILD (?)

 * INSIDE JOKE is put on hexaweekly by Elayne "My Boyfriend's Back &
 * There's Gonna Be Trouble" Wechsler and dear friends and emanates
 * from Derailment Central in beautiful downtown Brooklyn, New York.
 * Hey, where did everybody go?

* EDITOR-IN-RESIDENCE.....ELAYNE WECHSLER
 * PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....STEVEN CHAPUT
 * HEAD XEROGRAPHER....."UNCLE WIGGLY"

STAFF WRITERS

* ANNI ACKNER-----MICHAEL DOBBS-----KEN FILAR-----MIKE GUNDERLOY
 * --RORY HOUCHENS-----SUSAN PACKIE-----GEORG PATTERSON--
 * ROLDO-----CANDI STRECKER-----KERRY THORNLEY-----A.J. WRIGHT
 * FRONT COVER BY RODNY K DIOXIN////////BACK PAGE FILLER BY TOM CORNEJO

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE:

* CYNTHIA CINQUE---JOHN CRAWFORD-----VERNON GRANT-----DAN HOWLAND
 * --MARGOT INSLEY-----TULI KUPFERBERG-----PETE LABRIOLA--
 * --LUKE MCGUFF-----J.P. MORGAN-----LAWRENCE OBERC--
 * --ROBERT PATTERSON-----DANA A. SNOW-----LAWRENCE WHITNEY--

* Ads furnished by J.C. Brainbeau, Factsheet Five,
 * Mickey Malice Magazine and The SubGenius Foundation

* PRINTED BY AMERICAN SAMIZDAT PRESS - "If it bites, it's an A.S.P.!"
 * Copyright 1985 Pen-Elayne Enterprises — Kip M. Ghosin, President

* Submissions eagerly requested - send SASE for Writers' Guidelines

QUESTION:

"We don't want no wars with
 chance-selected winners. We
 don't want no wars with losers
 and survivors. We don't want
 no wars - period. Why don't you
 take a long walk on a
 short pier?"

ANSWER:

Wars will never end until we
 correct the suicidal injustice of
 winnerless wars which ante-
 dates Judaism, no doubt. As you
 may have in previous lives send
 a SASE to war-ending
 WINNERS - Box 2243
 YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504

ACKNOWLEDITORIALETC.

Welcome again, old and new! In keeping with the spirit of our cover this issue, we've decided to give you less for more...short issue, huh? Well, Tom & Deborah have been loaded down with work and their new home; I forgot Steve Scharff's excuse but I assume it also has something to do with Lack O' Slack; dear sweet Alix called TWICE all the way from Virginia to alment the lateness of her submission, which will be going in next issue...and I guess I'm left holding things together and braving any disappointment (or, for that matter, elation) at this abbreviated edition of INSIDE JOKE. This would be as good a time as any to segue into begging for submissions, as we've all but exhausted our backlog (only some Crawford and Labriola comic strips remain, and I have front covers for our next two issues and a few spot illos by Tuli and Larry Oberc, but that's it). Most of you know the score: maximum verbiage 2000, nothing in the "more than I need to know" category; if you aren't sure of our few no-nos, do send me an SASE for the Writers'/Artists' Guidelines...

I do realize that the lack of participation this time (no suggestions received for our questionnaire, which has therefore been pushed back till next issue or later; precious few letters; almost no new art come in) is partly due to the fact that IJ #37 came out a couple weeks late. Despite the best intentions of Uncle Wiggly, the machines at American Samizdat decided it was time for their hiatus, and I ended up running #37 off on the pseudo-crummy Panasonic at dad's office. Of course, this machine was not made for two-sided copying, the pages kept jamming, and I know that some of your copies are not as spiffy as usual. Even so, copying and collating took an entire day, as opposed to the hour and a half or so needed by Uncle W., so please, I wish you folks wouldn't take his enormous generosity for granted so often, and do stop complaining about copy quality, ok? The guy's a true life-saver, to say the least. Even dad said that.

Our production assistant, Steve Chaput, has returned from overseas, but will only be around for another issue or so before shipping off probably to some godforsaken place in Alabama, so let's all think up jobs for him to do. He wants to know what being an assistant editor entails, but I can't tell him because I don't know what being an editor entails yet...

I think it might entail reminding certain contributors of our No-Serialized-Stories Policy, still in effect. This is, as you can well imagine, no pleasant task, so I'm glad it's over. Ah well, maybe certain contributors were just kidding when they wrote "to be continued" at the end of their tales.

Thank you, J.C. Brainbeau, for your donation this time. I wouldn't mind a few more at this point, as I seem to be going more into the red on IJ with rising supply costs and whatnot, but I don't know all that many of you who are doing better than me, so I'd feel like a heel asking for extra bucks. I am, however, quite willing to sell back issues of IJ for \$1 each and spiffy green IJ caps for \$5 each, so if you'd be interested in helping out the cause and all that, and would like something in return, well, there you are.

The present IJ, despite the price listed on the cover, is of course the same old \$1 it's always been; if you send some sort of artistic and written contribution for #39, you have the option of only sending a 39¢ stamp instead. Upcoming deadlines are June 15 for IJ #39, July 31 for #40, September 15 for IJ #41, and October 31 for #42 (our annual post-CA issue, as Steve & I will be vacationing in the LA and SF areas this Oct.). If you wish to send in money for advance subscriptions for these and more future issues, advance subs are \$\$ only (no stamps) and you can subscribe up to a year in advance, which comes to \$8 (anything over \$8 will be considered donation, unless you want back issues or something, in which case do specify). ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NON-REFUNDABLE, as the money's usually spent as soon as I get it. If you'd rather trade than pay, I accept newsletters of comparable worth (I tend to be lenient on this, but not to the point of being ridiculous), handmade postcards in quantity, complimentary tickets to Phil Collins concerts (no forgeries, please), blank T-120 videocassettes (yes, I'm one of "them" now) and certain controlled substances, good as usual...Oh yes, and if there's an "X" next to your name on the back (or is it the front?), this is the last issue you'll receive without payment, just so you can keep track.

Send any and all to us at:

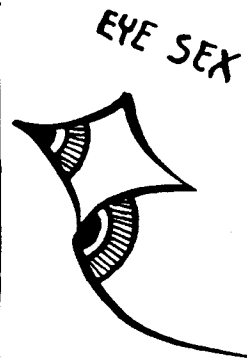
P.O. Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159

Lots of in memoriams this time around, unfortunately, so this issue is dedicated in more or less equal parts to Theodore Sturgeon, Chester Gould, Margaret Hamilton, and Selma Diamond. RIP

Fan Noose

The world of small press publications never ceases to astound and delight me, and I've good news to report from both coasts to lead us off this time (5/14/85)—A mysterious fellow calling himself L.D. Babushkin puts out what he calls "America's Favorite Bathroom Mag" (hey wait, I thought that was us), BABUSHKIN'S DIGEST, a creative jumble of handwritten and typed commentary, some political, some raunchy, available for free and certainly worth more, from P.O. Box 128, Rosendale, NY 12472 (thanks to Paul Buhle for networking here)...A group of folks I like to refer to as "the San Francisco bike messenger contingent" has gotten together on ODIS, a quite impressive little mag put out by Paul Vandrick (524 Columbus, #26, San Fran, CA 94418) and cohorts; some nice stories, including one by Pete Moss originally sent us but unpublished here due to length, an expose of fave rev Dr. Gene Scott, and all in all some fine writing—quite recommended!...Artist J.P. Morgan ("really!") has some fun stuff scattered throughout this issue, and if you'd like it all collected in one place, he's selling his minicom FUDGONG FUNNIES for 50¢—available from P.O. Box 78, Keansburg, NJ 07734 down by da shore...Every year or so, editor Charles Lohmann remembers we're supposed to be trading, and sends a couple copies of his quarterly NEW SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER to, naturally, my parents' address. Sometimes it's worth waiting for; usually it's a mixture of good and so-so writing and bad poetry, all from folks residing around the Richmond area. Sample copies are \$1 from 400 S. Laurel St., Richmond, VA 23220; latest issues out are V.2#7 and V.3#1—one of the best things about this is that it lists potential writing markets in back... Myrococosmus V has changed his pseudonym to Revo (okay Revo, I get the hint, I'll stop using quotations around your fake names, anti-grammatical though it may be) and his publication A DISCORDIAN DIRECTORY TO SURREAL ESTATES, beefing up pagecount and format as well. Still a bit heavy towards the antics of Bob Black et al., but overall such a huge jump for Revo & co. that I foresee his stuff getting better and better. Better get a copy before they're all sold out—\$1 to P.O. Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061...Jerry Beck, the East Coast Editor of the new bi-monthly animation pub GET ANIMATED!, just sent me #2 and boy, is it chock full of industry news! Stuff Variety doesn't even print. Really neat for us cartoon-type buffs. Editor John Cawley's charging a scant \$1.60 per issue—do send to P.O. Box 1582, Burbank, CA 91507...Some special issues and eagerly awaited returns to report: DREAMSHORE has put out a special issue dealing with "mysterious visions" of seeing the Virgin Mary on Our Lady or however many other names by which she goes, concentrating on the events in Garabandal, Spain. Theophanists, this is a must. Only 75¢ to Jan Byron (or is it "Gail"?), 618 S. Mitchell, Bloomington, IN 47401...The Mutant Reality Liberation Group operates out of Great Britain under the guise of "Maddog", and in addition to putting out a publication by the same name, they also produce one-time things like THAT'S REALLY ZEN. Now we all know that Maddog backwards is "Goddam!", so let's all help keep the mutant doctrines safe from the hands of greedy media barons (equiv. of SubG "pinks" or fandom "mundanes", I think) and support this worthy activism! Besides, the art is terrific. I can't say enough about it; see for yourself. Send money (if you can get your hands on it, British money might be best) to "The Office", specifically Simon Meacock or my correspondent Chris Brasted at 78 Oxford Ave., Southampton SO2 0DN ENGLAND...Buck Moon's latest SAN FRAN SYNTHESIST speaks of rock surfing, pop philosophy, and the question between a duck—always great surreality from a master at it, who's been doing this since the Haight was The Haight—send a buck to Buck today! P.O. Box 40916, San Francisco, CA 94140...Matt Feazell is also back with another Not Available comic featuring one of my personal faves among Matt's stick-figure heroes, ANTI-SOCIAL MAN. In minicomic #5, we find that ASM has a gal (Eddie Haskell)—could this be wedding bells? Would I tell? Fun script by Walt Lockley (I miss you, Walt!)—only 25¢ wouldja believe, to 516 Phelps, Raleigh, NC 27607...And even Tom Cornejo returns in triumph with his latest SICK SYSTEM DIGEST. #4 is heavy on the punk angst and just a tad anti-hippie in its slant, but like IJ, it is what its contributors make it, so I do suggest considering submissions for this worthy 'zine—this issue is \$1 from Tom at P.O. Box 2381, Redondo Beach, CA 90278...The latest UTNE READER (#9), the only digest of alternative magazines (as opposed to us; I think we're "small press" instead...oh, I get so confused sometimes!) worth having, takes a look this time at kids—whether or not to have them, parental relationships, real fascinating stuff—and also economic and political systems, advertising, South American baseball, Third World prostitution—you get the idea. Astounding, as always. \$4 to P.O. Box 1974, Marion, OH 43305...I hear a reliable rumor that FACTSHEET FIVE #14 is out (has it been that long already, Mikey?), so I'll plug that along with #13 not only because it is the "journal of cross-pollination" and puts dinky columns like this one to shame with its pub reviews, and not only because Mike Gunderloy's an IJ staffer & friend and FF columnists include Anni Ackner and Steve Chaput and lots of other familiar names around, but because it's a damn good mag. Nuff said. Send \$2 to Mikey at 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155...which brings us rather neatly, segue or no, to the "regulars," offerings that come our way at least once per "IJ period" (every six weeks) and so I don't do the whole spiel with them but will gladly detail them for anyone wanting to know personally: THE CLOSEST PENGUINS #5.6—Denise Dee, 333 Tenth St., San Francisco, CA 94103 (the best stream-of-consciousness stories around; \$1); CONTACT #50.51—ETIOTT Leighton, P.O. Box 9248, Berkeley, CA 94709 (singles; \$3); JET LAG #53—Tony Renner, 8419 Halls Ferry Rd., St. Louis, MO 63147 (music scene in & around Saint Looney; \$1); THE MONKEES/BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB #58—Jodi Hamrich (Jodi, why didn't you ever correct me & tell me it's 2 "m"s before?), 508 8th St. NE #4, Watertown, SD 57201 (I review Michael Neasmith's Television Parts in this issue; 50¢ & SASE); THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN #28,29—

T.S. Child, 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 (art, fiction, oh just about everything in only 8 pages; FREE so send some \$\$ to help out ok?); OVERTHROW V.7#4—P.O. Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013 (official YIPpie! publication; \$1); SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #55—Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211 (Hugo-winning semipro fanzine—rich will also be putting out a personal journal entitled "The Naked Id" (caveat: in fandom "personal journal" usually means "public diary", which falls into the ew More Than I Need to Know category, so use your own judgment) which he'll be selling for \$1.60; SFR costs \$2.50 and right now its future is uncertain but I'll keep you posted whenever I hear something); WALLPAPER V.4#2,3—Amy Sweeney, P.O. Box 3324, Trenton, NJ 08619 (poetry, words-o-wisdom, recipes!, fiction; 25¢ donation for 4 pages which probably cost a lot to print so try to swing more \$\$ their way). Oh dear—"going so soon? Why, my little party's just beginning..." See you in the funny papers!



Scathing Expose
of the
Cult Business!

How to start your own.
\$2 for introductory book.
Pays for the rest of the 1,000
pages and out-of-pocket
expenses. America.
The Sublimation Foundation
P.O. Box 14888
Dallas, TX 75214

Commentary: by Lawrence Whitney

In Alton, Ill., an 81-year-old woman foiled a mug-
ging by whacking an armed bandit in the chest with
her purse, police said...

Ms. Brown, in an interview Monday, said she didn't
think about the fact that the robber was carrying a
gun.

"I just banged him with my purse. It was just
spontaneous," she said...The robber, who was wearing
a ski mask, fled between two houses. No arrests were
made, police said.

There are two things wrong with this tale: the first and
the worst is that it gives the reader an idea that the appro-
priate response when confronted by a mugger is to lash out.
This may be the envied emotional response but certainly not
the practical, logical, or reasonable response. More people
could end up being killed this way—more victims without re-
compense. Since people are not given mugging drills, most
people don't really know what to do—so spontaneity does in-
deed take over. But I don't like thinking of 81-year-old
grandmotherly types as Mugger-Whackers and I don't like the
idea of elderly women having to think of themselves as Mug-
ger-Whackers. Octagrannies like to spend time watching
birds, tending gardens, knitting, polishing up their Enna
Jettiks, attending Garden Club and Sewing Club functions but
seldom whacking muggers. Alternatively, I think that it must
be a tremendous blow to the pride and self-esteem of the al-
leged attempted mugger to have been granny-whacked perhaps on
the very day of his first mugging attempt. Here we have a
person who is ill-suited to doing anything constructive, pos-
sibly completely unemployable and now after his first attempt
at something anti-social, he discovers what being a complete
failure really means.

From now on, Mugger-Whacking Grannies, carry a little cash
and some home-made peanut brittle and when you meet a mugger
smile demurely and hand him a little boodle. He'll thank you
and even though it's not a fortune, you may raise his hopes
and give him just the right amount of self-confidence to at-
tempt Grand Theft Auto.

DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

NOTES FROM THE UNEMPLOYED

I do loathe Public Displays of Self-Pity and elaborately staged bids for sympathy, don't you? Really, there is nothing less appealing, to my way of thinking, than the sight of a grown-up, supposedly mature and theoretically intelligent adult human being moaning and whimpering and beating his or her breast about the misfortunes of his or her life in a blatant attempt to elicit sympathy from his or her acquaintances. This sort of thing is, as far as I'm concerned, the height of bad taste and ill manners, and I would never dream of indulging in it myself, so I do hope you all understand that my motives are purely informational when I say, without the slightest trace of overwrought emotionalism, that I have been unemployed for five weeks now and I trust that each and every one of you feels damned good and sorry for me.

Being, as I am, Above the previously mentioned Sort of Thing, I will not now stoop so low as to play upon your kinder instincts by detailing the events that led up to my present period of Free Agency, even though I was, if I do say, most royally shafted and am in this position through absolutely no fault of my own. I will now harrow your soul with tales of my days spent at the Unemployment Office, standing on one line after another—and always, somehow, in back of the sort of gentleman who whiles away the hours by cha-cha-chaing to a rendition of MID-NIGHT AT THE OASIS that only he can hear—only to be told, finally, by one of those Civil Servants who not only fervently believes that the money in my check came out of her pocket but that I am responsible for the rise in price of Maybelline's Deadly Black cake mascara as well, that the office is closing and I will have to come back some other time. I will not even, so stoic am I, begin to hint at the trauma I face at being forced to sit in personnel office after personnel office, handing out my resume (a work of fiction second only to THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV) and giving my best imitation of Mary Tyler Moore to people who invariably want to know what I was doing during those blank, blank years between 1971 and 1974 and won't take "exploring the cosmic totality of the Universe" as an answer. No, my friends, I will not subject you to such a revolting spectacle of self-indulgence, but will, as has always been my wont, endeavor to go bravely forward, suffering in silence, and, like a little troupier, struggle to keep the best face possible on things.

As a matter of fact, I have gotten so adept at keeping the best face possible on things that I have developed quite a name for myself (please don't say, "It's Fred, isn't it?" I really don't think I could stand it, in my depleted condition) amongst the unemployed set (a jolly group of individuals with a decided tendency to stand about on street corners, reading the classified sections of the Sunday NEW YORK TIMES and weeping copiously). My ability to persevere in the face of adversity, my unflagging good nature (which has caused me to be dubbed "The Food Stamp Mr. Rogers"), and my obvious knowledge of the ins and outs of the business of job-hunting, combined with my really uncanny skill at making mean jokes about Ronald Reagan's employment forecasts, have won me fame in soup kitchens and job-search agencies both far and wide, to the extent that my fellow Free Agents from all over the world come to me for advice and solace, and therein lies a bit of a problem. Under normal circumstances, I of course do not mind sharing the fruits of my hard-garnered wisdom with those less fortunate than myself (or even those more fortunate, provided they're willing to spend for lunch), but these can in no way be called "normal circumstances" and I find, these days, that my nerves grow tense and my mind weary with the constant onslaught of sincere, but repetitious, questions. In order, therefore, to avoid what would undoubtedly turn out to be a really unpleasant scene, during which I snap entirely and attempt to decapitate the 2,000th well-meaning petitioner by the simple expedient of sawing through his or her neck with a resume folder, and yet still provide what I realize is an essential service, I now present the ten questions most asked me concerning surviving an extended period of unemployment, in the hopes that they will smooth the way, if only a little, for those in need and, not incidentally, get everyone off my back for awhile. And so, in equal proportions of good faith and bad cess, I give you:

THE TEN MOST FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS CONCERNING SURVIVING AN EXTENDED PERIOD OF UNEMPLOYMENT

or THINGS THE ONE-MINUTE MANAGER NEVER TOLD YOU

Q. I have been denied unemployment benefits, and have exhausted all my avenues for appeal. What can I do?

A. In this case, you have two options. The first is to simply write it up as a loss, tell yourself that at least, this way, you will not be forced to deal with the petty bureaucratic nuisances which collecting unemployment engenders, and begin to live on your savings, reassuring yourself that you will soon have a new job, and a much better one than anyone connected with the Unemployment Bureau could ever hope to obtain. The second is to bomb the Unemployment Office, slightly injuring several people and really playing havoc with the sprinkler system. This, in turn, nets you two further options: (a) you will no longer have to worry about benefits of any kind or (b) you can go Underground, in which case you can live in some nice, safe houses, sell cocaine, and get to meet those few members of the Weathermen who are not now employed by Merrill, Lynch, Fenner & Pierce. Either alternative is preferable to sitting through that clever filmstrip the Unemployment Bureau invariably shows.

Q. But I have no savings off which to live! What can I do?

A. While the obvious thing to do at this juncture would be to apply for public assistance of some sort, if at all possible it is best to avoid it, as it will cause people to believe that you are shiftless, lazy, and drive a late model Cadillac Eldorado, all labels that you can easily do without at this vulnerable time in your life. Instead, be creative. Tell yourself that you are in revolt against the superfi-

cial, materialistic values of the Eighties and are Going Back To The Land. Turn your living room into a tomato patch. Keep goats in the bathtub. When your landlord comes 'round to collect the back rent, call him a revenuer and run him off with a shotgun. Listen to lots of John Denver, Johnny Cash, The Grateful Dead, and any musician who records in Los Angeles and uses Danny Kortchmar for backup. Or become an entrepreneur. Investigate the possibilities of chinchilla breeding. Fashion unicorns out of old sweat socks and papier mache and sell them to tourists. Fashion unicorns out of the goats in the bathtub and papier mache and sell them to Ringling Brothers. Marry Johnny Carson. Finally, if all else fails, rob a bank, and then consult the latter part of Question 1.

Q. I don't mind the shortness of funds so much, but I have no idea how to fill all my empty hours. Any suggestions?

A. One of the best unemployment time-killers is the watching of television, as it is inexpensive, doesn't get you all sweaty and, if used properly, can reassure you that there are people in the world who are in worse positions than you are yourself. It is wise, therefore, only to watch programmes which feature people who really are in lousy shape—soap opera heroines, game show contestants, and Phil Donahue will all do admirably.

If television bores you, you might want to try knitting, needle-point, jigsaw puzzles, flower arranging and heroin addiction, all of which consume vast amounts of time while requiring very little exercise of mental capacities. Under no circumstances, however, should you attempt to read anything stronger than the Surgeon General's warning on cigarette packages. Reading tends to foster the illusion that there is still good in the world, which is the last thing you need right now.

Q. My parents (husband/wife/parole officer) are bugging me about not yet finding a job. What can I say to them?

A. "Fuck off" is short, crisp and to the point, but if you'd like something a little fancier, try telling them that you have a line on a very lucrative, fast-moving and exciting position, but that the area is tight just now, and it may be some time before the job opens. Then file an application for center fielder for the New York Yankees.

Q. I'd really like to look for a job, but I can't understand the way the want ads are written. Can you help me?

A. It is true that the help wanted ads in most major newspapers employ a language that resembles English only to the extent that PUNKY BREWSTER resembles TROILLUS & CRESSIDA, but with a little practise, they can be understood. The following is a short glossary of some of the more common want ad terms:

WHAT THEY SAY

TRANSLATION

Front office position	If you're over 22 and over size 7, forget it.
Entry level	Slave
Returning homemaker welcome	Assistant slave
Recent graduate o.k.	Junior assistant slave
Self-starter	You have to find the file cabinets, the supplies and the bathroom by yourself
Great benefits	No pay
Pleasant working conditions	No pay
Chance for future advancement	You pay them
Salary commensurate with experience	They'll take whoever asks for the least
Diversified position	How's your coffee?

Q. What about employment agencies?

A. Oh, employment agencies are just peachy—there's just no way to say enough about them. There are lots of nice people waiting there to help you, some of whom will even look up from making mysterious circles in the daily papers as you walk in, and they have thousands of listed job openings, for none of which will you be qualified. This will not daunt them, however, and they will cheerfully send you out on all manner of action-packed, fun-filled jobs, and insist you take whichever one you are offered, even if it involves Klaus Von Bulow and hypodermic needles. Follow their advice and take it—they have nothing on their minds but your best interests, right?

Q. Well, I've managed to get an interview, but what do I wear?

A. Although the "dress for success" manuals will tell you that you should always wear a simple dark suit on a job interview—regardless of your sex, although it is not considered smart for a woman to wear a tie bar from the Playboy Club—this is no longer strictly true, and it is now perfectly permissible to show a bit of style and originality when dressing, within limits. This may mean a brightly coloured shirt for a man, or a tasteful print dress for a woman. It does not mean a tasteful print dress for a man (unless you happen to be trying out for the road company of LA CAGE AUX FOLLES or any job located within the confines of Greenwich Village), madras Bermuda shorts, or any tee-shirt quoting, in large letters, any part of the collected epigrams of Frankie.

Q. How should I conduct myself during the interview?

A. It is always good policy, in this sort of situation, to treat the interviewer as if he or she were someone from whom you wanted to borrow a large amount of money (which is more or less true in any event). Regard each and every word that falls from his or her lips as a pearl beyond price, and react accordingly. Pretend the interviewer is Alan Funt and smile, smile, smile. Agree with everything the interviewer has to say, even if he or she begins to wax misty-eyed over Ronald Reagan's valiant efforts on behalf of the freedom fighters in Nicaragua, and follow his or her lead in all things. For instance, it is permissible to smoke if he or she smokes, although it is not permissible to flick your ashes into the diffenbachia. By the same token, if

your interviewer smokes, and you do not, it is probably a bad idea to begin to hack theatrically and pantomime gestures of suffocation. Under no circumstances should you use this time to clean your ears with a paper match.

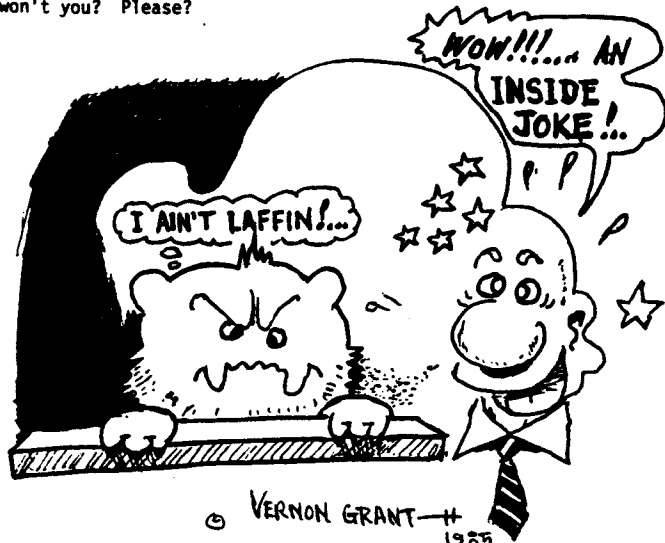
Q. Should I telephone the company after the interview?

A. Absolutely. You must remember that the interviewer has probably seen several dozen people over the course of the interviewing period and, despite his best intentions, they have no doubt started to all blend together. Telephoning afterwards is one of the two best ways to make yourself stand out in his or her mind as someone who truly wants the position. The other way is to drive a herd of antelope through the building.

Q. Can you tell me anything encouraging about the state of being unemployed in general?

A. Certainly. Being unemployed is a much more comfortable state than many others, including being comatose, being on a dialysis machine, and being forced to sit through anything that stars Phoebe Cates. Being unemployed gives you a chance to relax, stretch out, re-examine your priorities, and make sure that MTV really does broadcast 24 hours a day, every day. Best of all, according to newly released government figures, only three out of ten long-term unemployed people ultimately end up playing air guitar on street corners in depressed areas.

Yes, it's a difficult thing being a kind of all-purpose Scholar and Sage to the unemployed, but perhaps these modest tips can ease the way for all of us, and especially me. It is my fervent hope that you find peace, self-acceptance and the courage to try new things during your time of liberty and, just by the way, if you happen to hear of someone who needs a slightly used commentator on the American scene, able to type 60 words a minute if accuracy isn't at issue, and takes a fast longhand, all of it in lower case letters, you will keep me in mind, won't you? Please?



Filmviews

by Ken Filar

I know this isn't funny. Still, it's better that I confess at the beginning that I'm fully aware of my failing than for you readers to develop your own hair-trigger theories about my apparent decline. It has been coming on for months, now, yet somehow I've managed to keep up appearances, at least as far as things that really matter are concerned—i.e., movies, music, food, and slime-pie [sic] (you can say that again). Okay-dokey [sic]. If anyone missed my column here last issue (and I know that there are one or two of you that did because EW said that the number of condolence cards that she received outnumbered the congratulatory wires two-to-one—though just between you, me and the wall, I know someone's being put on), you may give lie to this last statement, too. However, I meant to write my column, but for some inexplicable reason (that I will not try to explain even in retrospect), I found my deadline approaching and I had not seen more than a couple of movies, among which, none meriting either attention or derision. Ergo column no know.

Meanwhile, this month, I'm faced with an over-abundance of productions worthy of notice, yet I do not want to "write" about the films. I really want to do my column like "At the Movies" and just give you a "yes" or "no" vote the way Gabler and Lyons do. While that would greatly simplify my completion of this column, since I can't screen clips of the various films for you or even present an opposing viewpoint, the actual value (side-stepping, for the moment, the question of taste) would be only 2 cents worth of that of one-half gram of roach eggs. So, publish or perish. Man (I mean myself) cannot live on roach eggs alone. He needs mental cymbals to grab his attention...and keep it focussed till the very end. Now that I've got you convinced, let me just remind myself that, although, due to my aforementioned mental deterioration, I found myself forgetting such important things as names of directors or actors down to and including such trivialities as story line and what I had for breakfast (though I'm sure that I never filled up on roach eggs before going to the cinema). (Did that turn your stomach? Okay, so while it's turning, give a thought to:)

A Private Function: While this may be the best post-Python film any of that legendary troupe has made—and there have been a few gems—it is not without the requisite grotesquerie. Here, a small town chiropodist (Michael Palin) and his wife (Maggie Smith) conspire to kidnap an "illegal" pig from the town dignitaries who have been fattening it up to serve at a banquet. However, the poor porker's diet has been

corrupted and no sooner do they get it home than it begins to fart and befoul their home. This isn't as noxious as you might think. Actually, you don't see as much of the pig's defecation [sic? you bet!] as you do the reactions of the various people who happen through the house while all this is going on in the best slap-stick manner. This film porks fun at just about everything...and has more laughs per minute than even Eddie Murphy's wettest dream imagines. But it is a movie full of shit. The piggy kind. And I can't too strongly urge you to see it now before someone gets the idea to release it in "Odorama."

Lily in Love: While we're on the subject of Maggie Smith, this movie is a mise en scene wherein she plays a writer who, although she has turned out successful stage vehicles for her actor husband (Christopher Plummer), has now written a movie that she feels requires a younger, more romantic lead. It's all quite contrived, really, but so wonderfully executed and performed that you hardly give it a second thought. The husband puts on some serious makeup and a wig and transforms into a sensitive but dashing Italian. Lily, said writer, falls for him almost immediately. This blossoming romance leaves her husband gnashing his teeth because she's fallen in love with another man—even though the other man is he. If this sounds convoluted, wait. By the end of the filming of the film within, he's revealed himself and then you find yourself wondering whether she didn't script everything to put some romance back into their lackluster marriage.

The Purple Rose of Cairo: Another movie that contains a movie-within premise. However, in this case, one of the movie characters (Jeff Daniels) comes down off the screen and romances a woman in the audience (Mia Farrow)—in New Jersey. After his departure, the on-screen tale comes to a grinding halt and then half the country is in an uproar. Finally, the film's producers come in from California with the actor (Jeff Daniels) who plays the wayward character, and he too falls for the woman (Mia Farrow) who's now romantically involved with the screen character, all to the chagrin of her layabout husband (Danny Aiello), who finds he can't win her back from either man. But this movie is more than a Woody Allen commentary on the nature of man's relation to cinematic art. It is perhaps his most tender love story since Manhattan, and it is by far his most thoroughly engaging film. The only question that continues to plague me now is whether—seeing how this good movie turned out—Woody might be better off writing and directing and staying off the screen altogether. It is my early pick for "10 Best Films of 1985" and undoubtedly will remain there because every three days I get a craving to go and see it again...and again...and you will too.

Desperately Seeking Susan: This is, if you didn't know, another movie to see again...and again...and not just because Madonna makes her film debut as the title character. Rosanna Arquette is perfectly hysterical as the New Jersey (again?) housewife who gets konked on the head and after misadventures worth any number of Stooges winds up in bed in the arms of Susan's boyfriend's best friend (Aidan Quinn) while Susan is back in New Jersey trying on her clothes and lounging around her pool and getting stoned with her husband. Does this sound convoluted? It is, and wonderfully so (even though this be only the sketchiest of synopses). Susan Seidelman's long awaited second feature (her first was the off-beat but not quite comical Smithereens) makes wonderful use of more of the New York avant and undergrown performers than you could ever hope to catch on your own. And it breathes "New York" street life out of every frame. And a fresher breath has never blown through this town. Believe me. I've seen every movie that ever made NYC a backdrop, and Susan goes one better. New York isn't the backdrop. It's the third character.

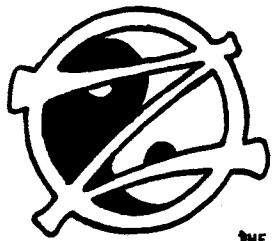
Mask: This is the third character Cher has played in a feature film (if you ignore the ill-starred Chastity—that you don't really have to ignore because like all those late sixties movies with no plot it is never shown) and she continues to astound me. In Come Back to The 5 & 10, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean Robert Altman let her play a small town girl whose biggest personal tragedy (after Jimmy Dean's untimely death) seemed to be that she had to give up her breasts. In Silkwood, Mike Nichols let her portray a sympathetic lesbian. Now, Peter Bogdanovich lets her play the role nearest to her own life—bad girl on the make but still an able mother. In this case she has to mother a boy who, due to a freak disease, has a disproportionate head which causes him constant discomfort and heartache. But just because mom's best friends are bikers (and I have to confess—I hate biker movies with all that rrrrrhhmmmm-rrrrhhmmmm and flying dust) doesn't mean that this isn't a movie with heart. It is. And it grows on you. It was recently selected for this year's Cannes Film Festival and don't be surprised if Cher's name crops up around Oscar time next year because this role proves her capable. Only look for more and better.

LadyHawke: More and better? I just couldn't transist. Michelle Pfeiffer is a hawk by day and a lady in the evening. But her love, Rutger Hauer, is a knight by day and a wolf when the sun goes down. Doesn't it sound like a fairy tale? It probably was—the tale of two lovers ever apart though always together. Then you throw Matthew Broderick in as a mouse—the kind who can squeeze through dungeon bricks and swim out through sewers. And does such a good job of it that the knight makes him swim back in again. I mean, this may be a fantasy, but it is funneee!

Cat's Eye: This is someone's fantasy, okay. But only see it if you like Stephen King, because it wasn't enough for him to write the screenplay. He had to lionize himself, though he pokes fun at virtually all the namby-pamby films that have sprung from his always shudderous creations. It isn't scary. It isn't even scary. Really. But it will make it to prime time without having the best parts amputated.

Blood Simple: Amputation? Now cut that out! This film is so mischievous that I don't want to give anything away. Just see it. Everything will be taken care of. Trust me.

Next issue, or perhaps the one after that: Siskel & Ebert, move over, as Achner & Filar go at the movie debate! Suggestions for a title?



Zenarchy STORIES

by Ho Chi Zen

THE BICYCLE SCAM OF AMSTERDAM

In the middle of the Sixties the city fathers of Amsterdam, Holland, solicited suggestions from the public about how to cope with problems of downtown parking and traffic congestion.

A group of theatrical surrealist anarchists who had become known as the Provos recommended blocking streets to motor vehicles entirely and furnishing the community with a great number of bicycles for getting from one place to another.

Though city hall rejected the idea, the Provos decided to supply the bicycles anyhow. Managing to scrounge up about a dozen and a half bikes, they painted them white and issued a communique that the white bicycles now positioned here and there in the congested part of town were for everyone's use.

This violated a municipal law forbidding citizens to have bicycles anywhere without locking them, so the police rounded up all the white bikes and impounded them.

"But that law is to prevent bicycles from being stolen," objected the Provos, "and these bikes are not personal property. We want them 'stolen.'"

Naturally, the police looked like fools, but the city fathers nevertheless refused to make the white bicycles an exception to the ordinances.

So when the Provos got their bikes back from the police, they equipped them all with combination locks and painted the combinations on the bicycles.

Upon hearing this, Ho Chi Zen said, "When the Tao is lost, Compassion becomes Doctrine; when Compassion is lost, Justice becomes Doctrine; when Justice is lost, Law becomes Doctrine; when Law is lost, Ritual becomes Doctrine; when Ritual is lost, the Doctrine vanishes and Tao returns." And that is why respect for the law is against the growing of marijuana.

THE ZENARCHIST FLAG

As we have seen, throughout history people have killed and died for flags. Alan Watts has noted that it is a crime in the U.S. to desecrate the American flag, but it is often perfectly legal to desecrate, by means of pollution, the land for which the flag stands.

Communists have their red flag and anarchists have their black flag and pacifists have their white flag, so when Ho Chi Zen was asked if Zenarchists have a flag he said, "Yes! The flag of Zenarchy is no flag, fastened to an invisible pole and waving furiously in the still breeze!"

THE MAHAKASHYAPA BRIGADE

Once Siddhartha Guatama Buddha stood to deliver a sermon, but instead showed a flower silently to the assembled congregation.

Only one disciple, Mahakashyapa, grinned.

"I have here," said the Buddha, "the true teaching—birthless, deathless, formless, inscrutable. It is beyond scripture, yet no words are needed to explain it. Only Mahakashyapa has understood, so I give it to him."

According to the Patriarchs, this was the birth of Zen. Handed down by such direction pointing from Mahakashyapa, that is the teaching Daruma brought with him from India to Chia as "a special transmission, outside the scriptures."

Another time the Buddha told his monks the Parable of the Raft: "A man beginning a long journey sees ahead a vast body of water. There is neither boat nor bridge available. To escape the dangers of his present location, he builds himself a raft of grass, sticks and branches. When he crosses to the other side he realizes how useful the raft has been and he wonders if he should hoist it upon his shoulders and carry it with him forever. Now if he did this would he be wise? Or, having crossed to safety, should he not place the raft in a high and dry location for someone else to use? This is the way I have taught the

Doctrine—for crossing, not for keeping. Cast aside even proper states of mind, oh monks!—much less improper ones—and remember well to leave the raft behind."

DESTROYING THE ENEMY

"How many enemies—boundless as the sky—might I destroy," wrote the Buddhist poet Santideva. "Yet when the thought of hatred is abolished, all enemies are destroyed."

In his technique of rational therapy, Albert Ellis says that most emotional disturbances result from the repetition to ourselves of certain irrational sentences. Note Santideva did not say "when hatred is abolished." Hatred cannot be directly gotten rid of. Once it arises, we can only wait for it to subside. Rather, he said "when the thought of hatred is abolished."

"How will hatred ever leave anyone who forever thinks: 'He abused me; he hit me; he deceived me; he robbed me?'" asks the Buddha. "And how will hatred ever touch anyone who never thinks: 'He abused me; he hit me; he deceived me; he robbed me?'" There is one enduring law: hatred never ceases through hatred; hatred only ceases through love."

LOVE COMES AND GOES

As for love, Krishnamurti disciple Joel Kramer says that love is like a breeze to a room with an open window—it comes and goes. We create problems for ourselves when we think we do not love if love is not constant and unwavering. Love is a response to value, a spontaneous quality of experience—all we can do to assure its presence is to keep the windows of our hearts open. Guilt about a temporary lack of love does not stimulate more love. For love is much too magnificent an emotion to spring from a sense of duty. This we must accept—love comes and goes. Knowing this, we shall always remember to keep our windows open, so that it will always return.

THE DAY I LEFT THEM, ALL AWAKE

[being a kind of reverant revelé]

by Roldo

The air has its own sense of propriety, and no amount of human interference will ever alter it.

The morning sang to itself and I listened, feeling less like an eavesdropper than a kid who'd been taken to a concert he didn't understand, but enjoyed. I could join in the song; it had a balance too delicate to risk disturbing.

The Sun was burning off the remnants of Night and some clouds were drifting around to soak up the colours. It occurred to me that time has scant power to affect my actions, which both pleased me and inspired me to remain in my half-waked reverie to enjoy the show in my windows.

Several years ago, I'd planted a plum tree by that window. I'd encouraged the birds to roost in it by scattering grain around. The birds, in civil response, kept their singing soft and melodious.

The blossoms told me it was Spring—perhaps even May, that month whose name hints so subtly at Possibility. I'd always found Fate's hat too full of choices to fret over which of the chances fell to me. I preferred to let the patterns draw themselves.

I remained silent and enjoying, thoughts as vague as the half-remembered dreams I'd left, until at last the Sky darkened and the Light concentrated itself into glow points, each bright according to its own boldness.

Then I slid back to that other place to see what new dreams were in stock.

CONTACT ALIENS

Both benevolent and evil.
They reveal themselves to
the worthy.

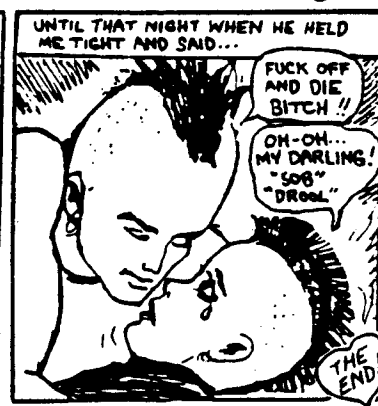
What's Coming Up?
Glaciers Melt, 5th Civil
War, Sex Riots, Gravity
Rays, U.S. 73%
Alcoholic, Hitler & JFK
Cloned...

And then on July 5,
1998, at 7:00 A.M.
THE X-ISTS LAND

by Ace Backwards - ©1995

Dick Cavity





The Story Of Stan

by Lawrence Oberc

Stan had gone crazy. He was dancing all over the place. The bar was freaking out. He used the whole damn dance floor, and a little more. His feet were flopping like a fish out of water, his arms flapped like a bird in flight. He was everywhere. He moved from one wall to the other. People had to jump to get out of his way. He was drunk and crazy and everyone loved it.

Stan kept jumping higher and higher. His feet were so high off of the floor people held their breaths waiting for him to land. But he always landed just right, barely catching his balance every time, even though the balance in his head was long gone. People were tapping their toes on the beer-soaked floor. Fingers drummed against beer cans and glasses of watered-down whiskey. Stan was flipped out crazy. It was great to see a wildman dancing.

The bartenders were struggling to keep up. Beer cans crunched under Stan's feet, but he kept on dancing like they weren't even there. To top it all off, he had a mixed drink that kept him company, for none of the girls could keep up with his crazy steps. I figured that Stan would keep on dancing until he had to piss or pass out. One or the other would do him in.

Well, Stan had to piss and he wasn't about to stand in no line. He just pissed where he was. He didn't piss in his pants or anything, he just yanked out his pecker and pissed in the middle of the dance floor. Everyone was laughing. Even Debbie, who had been frowning at Stan all night, took off her frown and smiled.

The scene in the parking lot was a bag of shit broken open. I was outside, behind the bar, getting ready to fight Scott. Scott was a clean cut punk. Every hair on his head was always in place. But the thing that really bugged me the most was Scott's shoes. They were always shining. I had never seen them scuffed or dirty.

Scott was laying this rap on me about how I'd have to find another ride home. Being as home was thirty miles away I was pretty riled up. Especially since I was half drunk and not in the mood to put up with a whole lot of shit.

It seemed that, according to Scott, the almighty asshole of all time, Stan wanted to talk to him and Debbie on the way home. Debbie and Stan had been going together for a time now, and Scott was a good friend of both of them, but I wasn't about to look for another ride. Nor was I going to go back into the bar and ask someone else for a ride home. I had gotten a ride here from Debbie, and I was going to get a ride back with her. I figured Stan could have his talk later.

Scott and me got into this weird trip about how we weren't afraid of each other. I was getting ready to throw the first punch when Debbie and Stan walked out of the bar. Debbie didn't know what was going on, and she got pissed off when she found out. Stan had a freaked-out look on his face. He kept trying to straighten everything out, but Scott and me wouldn't listen. We still had a score to settle.

We didn't get a chance to settle our score. Stan flipped out. The old boy lost his shit, went schizo, nuts. He took to banging his head on the roof of a car. His head made a thudding sound every time it hit the car. Scott and me tried to stop Stan, but it didn't do any good. Stan finally knocked himself out.

While Stan was attacking the roof of the car Bill walked out of the bar. He looked at what was going on. He was as drunk as the rest of us. Perhaps a little drunker than Debbie, Scott and me, but nowhere near as drunk as Stan. He got pissed off and blamed everything on me. He decided he was going to walk home. Now you have to remember that home was thirty miles away. It would take a drunk soul two days to walk that far. Bill was a little drunker than most drunk souls, but he was willing to accept the challenge.

Stan was lying on the ground. He was next to the car he had attacked with his head. The car had won the war. Stan had lost. I wondered if Stan had always been a loser. We couldn't just leave him there so Scott and me drug him to Debbie's car. He was dead weight and his small frame was heavier than it looked. We packed him into the car. He looked like he would live, but there was no doubt he'd have a hell of a headache when he woke up.

Scott and me climbed into the back seat. Stan was going to ride shotgun whether he knew it or not. He began to come to. When he opened his eyes I knew he was still crazy. He grabbed Debbie's hand and held on for dear life. Debbie tried to pull away, her hand now

caught by Stan. It looked like Stan wasn't going to ever let go. Even though Stan's eyes were open and staring there was no way he could see anything. I grabbed Stan from the back seat as best I could and Scott climbed out of the car. He hit Stan from the front but it didn't do any good. Stan wasn't going to let go of Debbie's hand. Debbie was trying to stay calm. She tried to talk to Stan even though she was now crying. I got out of the car. Scott was still hitting Stan as hard as he could. I finally pried Stan's fingers apart. Debbie's hand was free.

Then Stan jumped out of the car. He took off running like an animal in a forest fire. Scott and me took off after him. Debbie started the car and tried to follow. Stan disappeared into the back streets. Scott and me split up hoping to corner Stan. After looking for awhile and finding nothing, we gave up. We walked back to the parking lot hoping Debbie had better luck.

Debbie was sitting in the parking lot with Stan in the front of the car. Stan was crying, but he looked like he had settled down. Debbie told Scott and me to get in the back seat. We got in and Debbie started the car. We were heading home at last. As Debbie drove to the interstate the car was filled with silence. Everyone was in a state of shock. We felt like victims of a car accident. This couldn't have happened. It had to be some kind of weird dream.

We turned onto the ramp of the interstate. Stan was rolling down the window. He was sweating. I watched him carefully, not being sure of whether or not Stan was back with us. He stopped crying. I figured he was feeling better because of the breeze. Then, out of nowhere, he began to climb out the window. Scott yelled at Debbie to stop the car. I grabbed Stan's coat as best I could from the back seat. It didn't do any good. The coat came off like a second skin. Debbie slowed the car down. There was a car behind us. They were probably wondering what was going on. Then Stan was gone. I looked out the back window. Stan hit a guard rail and rolled a few feet. He was lying face down on the ground.

Debbie pulled the car off of the road. She threw the car into reverse. Stan was still lying there. When he came to he shook his head. He stood up and looked around, like he was trying to figure out where he was. When he saw us his eyes got real big. He took off running across a field. Debbie told Scott and me to stay in the car. She walked into the field, fading like Stan had.

Scott and me felt like survivors looking at the dead. Scott told me Stan was a diagnosed schizophrenic. He had been seeing a shrink because he thought he was losing his shit. He flipped out tonight because he had had too much to drink. All we knew for sure right now was that Debbie and Stan were out in that field somewhere. Stan could be hurt from hitting the guard rail. His head couldn't be in too good a place from attacking the car earlier. All we could do now was wait.

Debbie came back to the car. Stan was with her. Debbie told him to get in the car. Stan did, looking like a child that had been punished. Debbie started the car. We were on our way home again. Stan's window was still open. He sat there, looking at the night outside. The breeze blew my hair into my eyes, but I wasn't about to complain. Stan looked like he might be back with us, but I wouldn't have put no money on it. It was too much of a long shot after all that had happened. Scott and me were sitting on the edges of our seats. We wanted to be ready to grab Stan if we had to. The car was moving too fast for that.

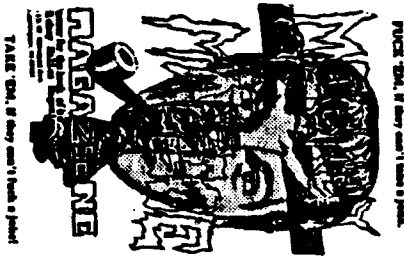
Finally our ramp showed up. We took the exit and headed towards town. We were almost home. Debbie dropped me off at my apartment. Her eyes were red and she was tired. She had seen a lot tonight. We all had. I was glad to be home.

Stan decided he had to get out of town for awhile. He was going to hitch to Florida with Scott. They left town a few days later. I wondered how their trip would work out.

I ran into Scott a few weeks later. He was in a local bar. Sure enough, his boots were polished and his hair was in place. I asked him about Stan. He told me that he was out getting drunk with Stan one night and Stan almost got them in a fight. He finally got Stan out of the bar. Then Stan wanted to fight him too. Stan got crazy when Scott wouldn't fight and took off running. He didn't show up at the hotel that night, or the next. Scott finally figured that Stan wasn't going to come back and decided to hitch home. He knew we'd never see Stan again.

SCHOOL PRAYER
Should be brought back and the
#1 prayer must be,
"DEAR CREATOR, SCRAP WAR

**INFLATION, UNEMPLOYMENT
AND DEATH**
while adopting concepts
'A LA BRAINBEAU. - AMEN."



EYE SEX WITH
HER ON TOP

MY JOB

and welcome to it
~by Candi Strecker

NATURE'S CALL

by Susan Packie

Nature's calling hours have been restricted to between six in the morning and eleven at night.

Fifteen minutes past closing time—frantic knocking on the metal grill gate. "Somebody let me in! This is an emergency!"

An unshaven man slouched in a corner looked up, blinked his eyes, and muttered, "Can't you read the sign, lady? The place closes at eleven."

"But what can I do? I still have an hour's bus ride ahead of me!"

"Call that toll-free 800 number."

The woman located a telephone in another wing of the train terminal and dialed.

"You want someone to open a ladies' room at Pennsylvania Station in Newark? Why call us? This is Trenton!"

"Then why was your number posted outside the ladies' room door?"

"Beats me."

The woman ran over to an adjoining motor lodge and asked the desk attendant if she could use the ladies' room.

"Are you a guest here? All our rooms have bathrooms."

"No, no. I'm just passing through Penn Station, but I really have to go."

"I can let you have a room for the night, provided you, uh, have luggage."

The woman turned beet red and rushed out into the street, smack into a traffic cop.

"Is there a 24-hour gas station around here?"

"I don't see your car. Why do you need one?"

"I only need a ladies' room."

"Oh, you're one of those. Look, miss, we have enough of that type around here. No go about your business."

By now, it was almost too late. If she could just get to that curb in time...

At least the city jail had a restroom. But how would she ever explain this at her next job interview?

WHOOZITS
by Elaine "All talk is Words"

Through the years, we Whozits have had many famous philosophers, just like you. These useless fops have brought us much joy.



dedicated to Steve, match

Take, for instance, the noted Whozit plagiarist Conwhozit, who went around saying things like... (er, next panel please)



WHY ARE YOU SO LOPSIDED?

"Be careful what you want; you just might get it and lose it again, or misplace it or something."



Okay, not words to live by maybe. How about Martin Whober then?—

He said, "Luck is the residue of design." Catchy, huh?



LET'S GO METS!

Actually, I heard it on a Mets game...



Now, wasn't this all more entertaining than the usual drivel in this strip? Hello?

CHAPTER 4: WORK IS HELL

"He [Christopher Boyce, whose actions were the basis for the book and film *The Falcon and the Snowman*] described the informal atmosphere and lax security at TRW, where he was a clerk assigned to a highly sensitive satellite project... 'We regularly partied and boozed it up during working hours within the black vault,' the super-secret room housing a CIA satellite project, he said. Boyce said a code-destruction machine similar to a blender 'was used for making banana daquiries and mai-tais.'"

—San Francisco Chronicle, 4/19/85

Anyone will tell you: the office where he or she works is, for sure, just THE nuttiest place in the world. It's one of those universal beliefs people hold devoutly despite, in most cases, a complete absence of supporting evidence. Old-timers in particular love to recite this sort of nonsense when welcoming a newcomer into their workday world. I can still remember my first day at the R--- Company, a relentlessly middle-brow chemical sales office in one of the drearier suburbs of Chicago. Tastes there ran unswervingly to franchise cuisine and the J.C. Penney's mode of fashion, and the weekly bowling league was the center of most conversations, but these wild-and-crazy types dared insist that "this is the craziest place in the world to work." Being a smug green kid at the time, I secretly sneered, for I was convinced that the office I had just left was the Wackiest Office of All.

But "craziness" is relative. Every office has a certain natural level of whimsical, mischievous behavior. The level varies from place to place, but every office claims for itself the title of "the craziest," insists on using the superlative. It's a comforting delusion, one that makes work possible, tolerable. Our "craziness," our trivial degree of outrageousness while we conform to the job's demands, becomes the stuff of office conversation and office culture, and gives us a tiny sense of being in control of our lives. The work may be dull—it usually is—and the pay is a joke—but by gosh, we are daffy here! It's a reaffirmation of the human spirit!

Of course "craziness" can refer to two very different conditions: high-spirited rebelliousness in the lower ranks, or crushing, arbitrary domination from above. When a worker says "this place is wacky" he or she ruefully alludes to both meanings of the word. One of the most popular TV shows of our era depicted the ultimate in "crazy" (in both senses) workplaces. At first glance, the makeshift field-hospital world of *M*A*S*H* might not seem to have much in common with a stateside factory or highrise office. But the show hit on certain universal qualities of work life, and that might be one of the reasons for its enormous popularity. *M*A*S*H* isn't really about war or medicine: it's about work, and how whimsical "craziness" is the best defense against the craziness of the bureaucracy. The Korean War stands for whatever work environment we have to face; the draft represents the circumstances that throw a group of strangers into a situation where they must work together. Show after show, *M*A*S*H* gave us little messages, little lessons, in duty and survival. The most important of these was what I call "the *M*A*S*H* ethic": if you're the best damn surgeon (secretary, programmer, welder, waitress) in the outfit, the boss has to give you a certain amount of slack. And that little bit of slack—that opportunity to be a little more spontaneous and a little less compromised—may be all you need to maintain your integrity. It's a way of saying: my work is valid, even though I may disagree with the circumstances in which I have to do it. And that's not a bad lesson. Sure, you can make a crude "political statement" about wage slavery by completely screwing off on your job, but this attitude strikes me as being more self-destructive than constructive. In the long run, it might be as corrosive to the spirit as ordinary conformity.

VISUAL ALBUM REVIEWS



Wax Ink by Rory Houchens

SYMPHONY #1 (TONAL PLEXUS) (ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 275, New York, NY 10012) & SYMPHONY #3 (GLORIA) (Neutral Recs., same address as ROIR)—Glenn Branca/WHO YOU STARING AT?—Glenn Branca & John Giorno (Giorno Poetry Systems, 222 Bowery, New York, NY 10012)—Unless you've been holed up in a quaint little monastery in the very tip top of the Carpathians, you should know by now that guitarist Glenn Branca is considered by many to be not only the hottest living avant-gardist (some say "new wave," some say "no wave") around, but a genuine, bona fide classical composer (that's "new classical" as in Steve Reich and Philip Glass) to boot. Whatever the case, Branca is well represented on these three musical editions. Both symphonies apply the characteristics of "serious" classical music to the basics of rock (shifts in volume and speed of execution, dissonance/consonance, changes in meter, and dependence on obvious rhythms) to develop tightly structured but often chaotic-sounding pieces. **SYMPHONY #1**, a cassette-only release from ROIR (the cassette people), is a work in four movements utilizing multiple guitars, keyboards, horns and percussion. The keyboard and horn sections use sustained notes to create a drone that is eventually joined by rock steady drums and, the mainstay of all of Branca's recordings, electric guitars. Various instrumental factions trade off climactic passages until a gamelan-influenced atmosphere pervades, and chimes, cymbals and steel-wire guitars (customized by Branca) assume the burden of musical responsibility. Barrages of sound and an insistent beat follow, creating an audio whirlwind, and the piece slowly ends as it began with more sustained notes. **SYMPHONY #3** can be described in much the same way—it uses, roughly, the same instruments and its relatively pastoral sections alternate with out and out chaos, yet the classical tag seems more at home here than on the first symphony. It's easier to digest, sounds more developed and is a more enriching work to experience. Either symphony, however, is a real bone crusher! **WHO YOU STARING AT?** features a side each by Branca and poet John Giorno. On his half, Branca, joined by four other guitarists, a bassist and a drummer, performs his music for Twyla Tharp's dance, "Bad Smells." A blend of stops, starts, and shifts in dynamics and tempo, it resembles a scaled-down version of the symphonies and would surely appeal to folks addicted to massive doses of heavy metal mayhem. Giorno fills out his side with a pair of fast-talking, highly charged poetry epics set to music. Extremely animated and at times terribly humorous, wordsmith Giorno usually tackles everyday life with a vengeance and manages to make the most trivial problems seem like a nuclear holocaust, and sounding like a cross between Lenny Bruce and Allen Ginsberg, he's hard to resist. Hottest track: "We Got Here Yesterday, We're Here Now, and I Can't Wait To Leave Tomorrow."

THE INTERPLAY SESSIONS (Milestone) & THE PARIS CONCERT (Elektra Musician)—Bill Evans—The late Bill Evans was just a little too subtle for some hipsters. His playing was often so cool that it sounded like it was blowing in from the Arctic Circle, and sometimes it was so laid back that it could have been described as fluff. But the icy exterior and slick notes hid the heart of a hard-working perfectionist, one who had spent a lifetime developing a style and who believed that his music was never quite as good as it could have been. Evans' customary recording and performing environment was that of a bass, drums and piano trio, but **THE INTERPLAY SESSIONS** finds the pianist in a couple of rewarding quintet settings. Half of this twofer is a re-release of the classic **INTERPLAY** album with trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and guitarist Jim Hall. Mainly a vehicle for interpreting a few standards, it is especially noteworthy for the title cut, an intricate and lyrical piece of work that ranks as one of Evans' more enduring compositions. The remaining disc consists of a previously unissued session from August 1962 where saxophonist Zoot Sims replaces Hubbard. The incredibly inspired five piece dive headfirst into seven spirited Evans originals

with "Time Remembered" and the baroque-flavored "Fudgesickle Built for Four" among the favorites. **THE PARIS CONCERT** is new trio material from a particularly sedate but flawless 1979 concert. Evans plays with authority and grace on everything from Paul Simon's "I Do It For Your Love" to a shimmering "I Loves You Porgy" and the results are smoother than silk. Also included is a very brief excerpt of a conversation with Evans, lending a historical air to a very worthwhile album.

CHAMPIONS—Canadian Brass (CBS Masterworks)—The Canadian Brass—are these fellas truly accomplished and respected musicians or just five funny guys with horns? Well actually, they're both. In concert, they make no bones about spiking a performance with harmless sight gags and an odd skit, and they seem to thrive upon turning trashy movie themes into classically-rendered epics (complete with props, commentary and slots for audience participation). But when it comes right down to the music, which it always does, whether it's baroque or Dixieland or anything in between, there's no denying the quality and talent exhibited by this dedicated quintet. After effortlessly conquering the classical and "adult easy listening" markets, this windy bunch from the north has assembled an album of primarily Top 40 hits in the hopes of infecting the rock & roll crowd with their irresistible brand of musical magic. They do smooth, warm versions of Stevie Wonder's "Living For The City" and Billy Joel's misty "C'Etait Toi;" and Elton John's good-timey "Honky Cat" and the Beatles' murderous "Maxwell's Silver Hammer," with their bouncy, nostalgic arrangements, are tailor-made for a brass band, particularly this one. But Paul Simon's "Scarborough Fair" sounds disjointed, the beautiful melody apparently lost somewhere, and Procol Harum's regal "A Whiter Shade of Pale" is sorely lacking without the distinctive sound of a Hammond organ. Still, there's plenty of good music on this record and it is a nice change of pace. One listen to their majestic interpretation of Queen's "We Are The Champions" and you'll agree that the Canadian Brass are heavyweights, no matter what kind of music they choose to play.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROAD STREET—Paul McCartney (CBS)—With every new Paul McCartney (w/ or w/o Wings) album comes that same old dilemma—you know unless something very drastic happens, it's not going to be as satisfying as his work with the Beatles or even as good as, say, **MCCARTNEY** or **RAM** or even **BAND ON THE RUN**. So, do you snatch up the latest Mac platter remembering his great past and hope for the best, or do you leave it alone avoiding heartache/anger/disgust? For example, do you continue buying a brand of shoes if you know they're going to turn your feet into smoldering, warty dogbait and fall apart shortly after your first 100 yard dash? No, I'm sorry. But on the other hand, you don't dump your granny in the river just because she is no longer capable of whipping up your favorite blueberry pie, do you? (Most of this seemed relevant a few minutes ago.) So you must exercise caution when dealing with former rock idol types (also including R. Stones, Bob Dylan, Who members, Velvet Undergrounders, etc.). And now, back to **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROAD STREET**. Some classic Beatles tunes get a second chance here—"Yesterday" and "Eleanor Rigby" would have been better left alone, but "For No One" and "Good Day Sunshine" still retain much of that old magic, and "The Long and Winding Road" stands up pretty well as long as that tasty sax is replacing the vocals. New songs, "Not Such A Bad Boy" and "No Values," are spunky in a pudgy sort of way (though don't expect another "Helter Skelter," "I'm Down" or "Oh Woman Oh Why"), and "No More Lonely Nights" (the "ballad" version) is one of the best pop songs Paul's penned in a long, long while. The lush "Incidental music" is mighty fine also. Turn your back on poor Mr. McCartney if you will, but I'll be sticking with him as long as he chooses to put out these slightly limp discs—there's always hope for a brighter future, you know.

NO REMORSE—Motorhead (Bronze/Island)—A veritable Whitman's sampler of heavy metal, this is. Rude music, headbang aerobics backdrop, lethal noise, and as much grunge as wattage can all be found on this Motorhead "greatest hits" package. With the exception of the immortal "Killed By Death" and the hygienically-correct "Stay Clean," side one drags like a concrete Cadillac without wheels, but side two sprouts more proud chest hairs ("Bomber," "Dancing On Your Grave," "Snaggletooth") than a whole gymnasium of post-adolescent Barry Gibbs! Not to be outdone, the third and fourth sides feature such meaty metal morsels as "Like A Nightmare," "Iron Horse" and "We Are The Road Crew." Some old stuff, some new stuff, some studio stuff, some live stuff, some loud stuff, some noisy stuff, but 100 per cent Motorhead.



TALK SHOW HOST

CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

The telephone rang twice, and Millie heard the electronic click of the answering machine.

"Hello and thank you for calling. I'm not in the office right now. If your call is about the ad in the paper, please leave your name and number at the sound of the beep. Thank you for calling."

Waiting for the tone, Millie drew a deep breath and tried to ignore a touch of anxiety.

"This is Millicent Lynch. My number is 467-7981. Thank you."

Millie set the receiver down, and glanced at the opened classified section on her desk. A number of employment ads had been circled but one had been circled time after time.

"Attention young women... Seeking an attractive, ambitious young woman to participate in a legal, but unusual, profit-making venture. Not a permanent job in the conventional sense, but perhaps the only job you'll ever need."

In order to reach the answering machine, Millie had started dialing the previous day when scanning the morning paper where she noticed the ad. Millie always read the employment ads, although she was moderately happy with her current job.

She just did not see herself staying with the insurance company for her entire life, nor could she imagine following the route of being a dutiful wife and mother.

Millie was looking for something but she was not quite sure what. Somehow this ad was appealing, although she never expected her call returned.

While trying to decide whether to heat up a frozen meal or to go to the corner for a steak grinder, Millie's phone rang.

"Hello, Ms. Lynch? This is Alec Gordon. I'm so happy you answered my ad. Could you meet me to discuss the position? Say, at three on Thursday? At Wiaters? The little Slavic restaurant on 42nd?"

"Mr. Gordon, what is this job?"

"I'd rather not say over the phone, Ms. Lynch. I'd much prefer to describe it in person."

"In that case, Mr. Gordon, count me out. I'm not that stupid," Millie said, taking the receiver from her ear and placing it on the cradle.

"Ms. Gordon," she heard faintly before the connection was cut, "\$10,000 Thursday if you're accepted."

She quickly lifted the receiver back to her ear.

"\$10,000 on Thursday," she gasped.

"If you're accepted. Yes, that's the opening salary payment."

"Is this Amway?"

"No."

"Is this any sort of pyramid scheme?"

"No, and it's nothing that will land you in jail."

"All right, I'll be there."

"I'm looking forward to it."

Wiaters is an establishment catering to those whose tastes include the hearty but gaseous fare of cabbage and sausage. Gordon's choice of meeting place was odd, Millie thought, but then so was this offer.

As was her habit, Millie dressed well. An attractive brunette, she was conservatively clad in a pinstripe suit with just enough of a slit in the skirt to allow her a tad of exhibitionism.

She was exactly on time, as also was her habit. At three p.m., the restaurant was deserted, except for one young man.

"Mr. Gordon?"

"Ms. Lynch? Please sit down."

He was in his late twenties and appeared to be well-mannered and precise. He was attractive in the cold sterile way of a male model.

"Ms. Lynch. Let's get to the point. I want to give you \$10,000 to do a job in five years' time. There will be sacrifices for each of us. Minor sacrifices, I can assure you, but ones which may not appeal to someone who doesn't have the resolve I need."

Millie nodded with his words.

"I don't know much about you, Ms. Lynch. Do you have a resume?"

She wordlessly handed a folded piece of paper from her purse to him. Gordon examined it quickly. "You'll do quite well, Ms. Lynch," he

said, rising. "Please come with me to my car, so I might pay you and get our agreement in order."

"I want to know what I have to do," Millie said, still in her seat.

"In a minute, you will," he replied.

They walked out of the restaurant and over to an expensive sedan parked in an adjoining alley. Gordon opened the rear door and brought out a manila file folder containing an orderly stack of papers. He tucked them under his arm and reached into his coat for his billfold.

"Millicent Lynch...correct?" he said.

"Yes."

He took out a pen and reached into the wallet for a cashier's check. The check was for \$10,000. He wrote her name in the appropriate place and gave it to her.

"Is there a branch of your bank nearby?"

"Yes," she said, completely mystified.

"Please go bank this, and return."

Millie did just that, walking quickly down the street. She was in some sort of trouble. She had to be—yet, she could not figure out just what. Should she go to the police? Giving someone money was not an offense. What could she say?

The deposit was completed with still smiles and routine ritual, and obeying Gordon, she hurried back.

He was waiting by his car, patiently reading a book.

"Oh, good, you're back. Let me now tell you what you have to do. First," he said while opening the car door, "let me get our contract."

He made all the right moves to get something from the back seat... Millie was not concerned...she was taken by complete surprise when he grabbed her arm and swung her into the car.

Millie could barely understand at first. She was being raped. Clothes torn. Flesh scratched. Soreness. Bruises.

She hated herself. She had allowed herself to be brutalized by some sado creep who paid his victims.

She lost all sense of time. She realized Gordon had climaxed. But there was no stickiness between her legs. A rape with a condom?

"I'm sorry, Ms. Lynch. But for our job to be successful, there must be realistic evidence," Gordon said, drawing her up to a seated position in the back seat. "I raped you so that you could report me. File the charges. And in five years after the conviction, I want you to recant. Say it never happened."

"What?" Millie said.

"Ms. Lynch, can you imagine the book and movie rights for our story? I'm accused of rape. You provide the evidence and then later say you made a mistake. You recant. There's a tremendous controversy. We're suddenly very hot. After I'm released, we make the real money. It's all here in the master plan." He patted the manila envelope. "Please read it."

Still traumatized, Millie gazed vacantly over the neat typewritten sheets. The plan was neatly laid out. She would convict him and then set him free. All the angles, the evidence were covered with great detail.

"You see, I have to trust you. I have to rely on your upholding my end of the bargain. Of course, you could elect to let me stay in prison my full sentence to pay me back for my unpleasant surprise of a few minutes ago. No hard feelings, I would understand. But, we would not get a chance for the big money."

Millie understood. A delicious media swindle...

She followed his written instructions to the letter. The trial was routine. Her friends were supportive. Her family was helpful. Her life resumed slowly but within a year she was back at where she had been.

Five years passed uneventfully. At the scheduled date, Millie prepared to go to the district attorney's office.

"I'd like to see someone...I've made a terrible mistake," she said, sobbing.

The assistant d.a. seated her graciously in his office.

"I've accused an innocent man," Millie sobbed, recounting the details of her case. "I sent him to prison unjustly," she said.

"Very good, miss," the attorney said in a bored tone. "You're the fifth person today to have read the paper and decided to make a name for yourself. Please don't bother us."

On his desk was a tabloid with a headline heralding how a woman named Cathleen Webb now said her attacker, Gary Dotson, was innocent. They were too late...Millie and Gordon...a few days too late.



Global conspiracy to keep those who are "different" silent. **WEIRD MEN ARISE!!**

Thought you were 'ordinary'? **WRONG.**

Tap your secret Abnormality Potential. Take control through liberated weirdness.



OUTLINE FOR AN UNFINISHED FILM

by Mike Gunderloy

OPEN ON close shot, from behind, a man at a manual typewriter, using three or four fingers but going at a good clup. It is nithg, the man writes by the light of a single, naked overhead bulb—we can make out a larger office area beyond and beside him, unlit and nearly lost in the glare. Smoke drifts up from the hand-rolled cigarette resting on the left side of the desk. To the right of the typewriter are a coffee cup and a half-empty bottle of Wild Turkey Rye, missing its cork. The man is wearing jeans, a t-shirt which was once white, and a painter's cap emblazoned "PETERBILT".

The camera rises towards the ceiling as the man stops typing and picks up the coffee cup without turning his gaze from the page. He takes a sip, shakes his head, and reaches over with his other hand to pour a generous shot of rye into the cup. He drinks again, coughs, and sets the cup down. His right hand comes to rest on the desk, fingers tapping, as he absent-mindedly scratches his crotch with his left hand.

ZOOM IN over the man's shoulder until we can read the words on the page:

ODE TO SUMMER AND LIFE

We cross the sandy shores of time,
Hand in hand, arm in arm, cheek to cheek,
Whispering without words, our eyes alone,
Exchanging messages over the balmy breeze.
Oftimes now I think of you,
Lost in the meat-grinder of life.

The rest is hidden by the man's shoulder. Suddenly the words disappear as the page is pulled from the typewriter, upwards and out of our field of view: there is a subliminal flash of perhaps ten more lines of poetry, but it goes by far too quickly to read, leaving only the cracked rubber of the typewriter's roller.

The silence is broken by an abrupt string of curses as the camera moves in a slow half-circle to the left, pulling back all the while. Beyond the typewriter we see the man coming into view, facing us now. At first only the t-shirt (which reads "Writers do it with Flair" and was an advertising giveaway) shows, but as the camera pulls back further we see the man's face, partially hidden in the shadow of the cap's bill. He has perhaps two weeks' growth of whiskers and unkempt hair. The eyes are deep and knowing, or else he is more than half-drunk. The curses end as suddenly as they started. There is a moment of silence broken by gurgling as the man picks up the bottle and chugs a good-sized slug straight.

The man dips down out of sight and comes up with a new sheet of paper. He sighs and shudders as he inserts it into the typewriter and mutters, "I knew it was too late for me to change." He shudders again and starts typing, at first very slowly.

The typing speeds up as the camera circles further to the left, eventually completing a full circle and leaving us behind the man once again. He pulls the page from the machine and inserts another, putting the first on the desk beside the joint (which has burned out from lack of attention). The camera moves up and then zooms in on the page, while the typing continues at breakneck speed, broken only by pauses for drinking. The camera comes to rest on the edge of the desk, allowing us to see only the first paragraph on the page (the rest are out of the frame):

CALIFORNIA WEEKEND CHAPTER 1

Wendy was a blond with a pert bottom and beautiful bouncy tits. They were barely concealed by her string bikini as she jogged down the beach below her waterfront home. Ernie chuckled and licked his lips as he watched her through the binoculars, thinking about the surprise he and his nine inches would be giving her soon...

LAB WORK

by Susan Packie
At Los Alamos
geneticists attempt
to ameliorate the effects
of the bomb they detonated
four decades ago

and label their efforts
medical advancement.

THE SENSIBLE CONCLUSION

by Susan Packie
At learned symposiums
scientists funded
by the United States Navy
trace the origins
of Arctic pollution
to coal mines, steel mills
deep in the Soviet Union.

Any other conclusion
wouldn't have made

any cents.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR
Johnny Appleseed apples
would cost a lot more than they
do. Don't we owe something to
future generations that may
have no oil because it will be all
used up? If it's worked right we

could get along on 100% replac-
able resources — O.K. — 99.
For a start send SASE to:
SCRAP DETROIT
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504



THE NIGHT SURGEON

by A.J. Wright

In the early years mutilated bodies appeared infrequently and in widely scattered locations. From each the left ear, left eye and tongue had been removed and the blood supply drained. The initial victims were transients, unknown in the communities in which their dessicated bodies were found. The police, unable to identify the victims along the networks of paper, computer data and telecommunication facilities, made out reports and filed them away.

About a decade ago the number of mutilations escalated, and the socioeconomic status of the victims changed. Bodies turned up in the better suburban neighborhoods and the new condominium and townhouse developments. Real estate agents were aghast. Homeowners were apoplectic. Politicians orated from house and senate floors. The usual suspects were rounded up by the media: ancient astronauts, satanic cults, right-wing missionaries, Boy Scouts earning merit badges. Police agencies, the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the N.S.A., the D.A.R.P.A. and platoons of private detectives were completely stymied. Confusion---chaos---reigned across the land.

Recently a subtle change has been noticed in this phenomenon. The number of bodies has decreased, but an upsurge in perhaps-related occurrences has taken place. Grass in vacant lots is suddenly mowed. Telephone wires are sliced. We come home to find articles removed from the afternoon paper. Heads are severed from the dolls of our children. Carbeurators are removed from automobiles. Pages disappear from favorite books. Thoughts are suddenly missing, as are heartbeats now and then. We know they are getting closer; they have begun to cut the very air we breathe.

DEAD MEN SURF AT NITE

- by Rodney K Dioxin

Coming on midnite at the bowling alley and Cathy wanted to be anywhere else. She handed another pair of sweaty size nines to yet another teenaged squid as Van Halen pounded into her head for the sixteenth time that night.

"Might as well jump is right." She looked around for the ledge but only saw Ivan, the niteshift bartender—her buddy, partner in crime and the last three fights she'd had with her mother. Said fights being: 1) "I broke my finger slamdancing, 2) "No, I can't make it down for the holidays", and 3) "Not to worry, I got a roommate to share expenses—he's a pretty way cool guy." As you'd expect, Mrs. Epstein of Ocala, FLA was somewhat less-than-thrilled to hear these things from her only daughter. But Cathy wasn't a complete squid and thus had picked up from somewhere that there are certain things you just don't tell the rents. Like the facts that "my oh so big and independent daughter" had dropped out of secretarial school, hadn't talked to her cousin Michelle the dentist in months, was working in a bowling alley and using the money to go to film school (along with money she got dealing meth and writing porno novels with her neighbor, Nikki—they'd just finished one about Nordic weightlifters, cold sesame noodles, and an escapee from a convent school), or especially that the cool guy in her place was named Ivan Ulcer, that they'd slept together (even though he kept saying he was gay), and that he had blue hair (that had clinched it for Cathy—she'd never had a guy with blue hair before Ivan). Just the sorts of things every mother wants to hear. "Hi Mom. I've been screwing around with my best friend. He's bisexual."

Cathy filed that under her list of things never to say, ducked down under the counter and chugged the last brew from the six she'd smuggled in (you know what they say—if you must drink, don't handle rented shoes) and popped back up just in time to belch in a customer's face.

The bowlers were pouring out of the lanes now, Ivan was back getting ready for Saturday nite, and Cathy was under the bar looking for some more beers while explaining to the manager that she'd be happy to lock up (amazed that the man would trust anyone calling herself Cathy Epicurian—especially her with her white hair and her "we're the Meatmen and you SUCK!!" t-shirt). She found her beers and went to the phone. Time to call Mom.

"Hi Mom, how're you?"

"Well. But I'm very disappointed in you, darling. Working in a bowling alley. Not speaking to your cousin. And you've dropped out of secretarial school..."

"Not true. I didn't drop out. I never enrolled in the first place. That's just not me—no salesman will visit, but remember I can't phone you, so make an appointment to come down and check out our equipment..."

"...and what are you doing with yourself other than lying to your family? What have you done to your hair? Are you still living with that guy? The least you could do is talk to me..."

"...don't appreciate you havin' Michelle spy on me. And no, I wouldn't want to have dinner with her. Michelle's idea of eating is a half cup of plain yogurt before three hours of Jane Fonda-ing to get ready for some over-paid Sy Sperling reject..."

"...so this is a big deal? Film school? How do I tell your Uncle Glenn this? The man was like a father to you and this is how you pay him back? You're the next Stephanie Spielberg I suppose..."

At this point Ivan came back out front and a good thing too as Cathy had just lobbed the receiver towards the trashcan.

"Hi Cathy's Mom, this is Ivan. How's the oranges? Yeah, I'm fine. Well, actually I'm a little depressed. See Clay hasn't called all week plus I can't think of an ending for my latest flick, 'The Killer Tree From Planet 3578J'...But that's not your problem. Look, I gotta do my nails. Nice talkin' to ya. Here's the Ep."

"...well, he seems very nice. Look, I just want you to know that you're always welcome even if it isn't Pesach. You shouldn't have to lie to your family."

That was about all there was to say. Ruth had to get back to the latest Elmore Leonard. Cathy had to get over to the Hose. No time for any more tonite.

"Hey, yer Mom's a panic."

"Yeah, well, she thinks you're a real sweetheart."

"I dunno...that's awful safe. Mebbe we should just crawl under the bar and grope for a while."

"Gods, yer such a dog."

"Nah, you're just still pissed about Clay."

"Hey, we had a deal. I get first shot at cute guys on weekends."

"Not my fault you were on the phone."

"Yes it is. I was ordering a pizza for you."

"Details, details. Besides, the little shit didn't call all week."

"Ha Ha."

Ivan made a menacing gesture with his beer but Cathy ducked into the back to get her stuff. They locked up and headed for the club. The sky was sort of purple-dark and the streets were empty on this side of town. As they got closer to the Hose things picked up. Cathy could hear the music prowling out into the night and they started passing people—the odd bum nodded out here and there, a couple of punks humping in a trash bin.

Cathy and Ivan had just started singing "The Shah Sleeps in Lee Harvey's Grave" when they heard someone calling.

"Yo! Nice ass."

Both stopped singing and turned to see no one they knew. No one at all save one guy standing rather shakily against a mailbox a little way back up the street. He was wearing ratty leather pants, no shirt, and a white tux jacket. Cathy decided he was rather cute. Ivan was stunned as the guy struck him as a sort of pretty Robert Smith type, and that was just his type exactly.

"Thanks," they both said. Cathy then stomped hell out of Ivan's left foot, leaving a clear heel mark on his red Converse. He laughed.

HEY MOM!
WHAT'S GOOD
ON TV
TONIGHT?



THE OFF
BUTTON...



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

CONSERVATIVES REFER TO
"OUR FRIENDS ON THE LEFT".

Apparently they have yet to
discover that conservatives are
as leftist - maybe more so -
than the liberal left. Today's
well-heeled conservatives can
thank our socialistic economy
for what are largely ill-gotten
gains. However, they are out-
numbered and the rest of us
should come up with a non-
socialist, capitalistic - like
ISM - MINE.

Send \$ASE to war, inflation,
unemployment, death and
FREE RIDE ENDING

BRAINBEAUSISM - Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504



SEX
WORDS!
What's Coming Up
on July 2, 1984.
\$1.00 (includes Postage)
The SubGenius Foundation
Box 2243
Youngstown, OH 44504

"I'm glad I stole Clay."

"You really are a dog," she said as she reached over and smeared his lipstick. While he was cleaning the black off his chin, Cathy moved in.

"So, you're pretty cute for an asshole."

"Sorry 'bout the line. It's beneath my standards. Wanna drink?"

He pulled a bottle of Stoli out of his jacket pocket. A rich punk, then. He slumped down to the ground, leaning against the mailbox. Cathy sat down next to him. Repairs completed, Ivan joined them, hopping on top of the box.

"So how's it be, guy?" Ivan grabbed the bottle from Cathy.

"Don't mind him, he's always like that. That's Ivan and I'm Cathy. You goin' to see Buttholes?"

It was a stupid question but Cathy didn't much care. The Hose was pretty much the only thing in the area that wasn't an out-of-business warehouse.

"Hiya. I'm Frankie."

Ivan resisted doing any dumb "frankie say" jokes and just stared at the nite chain-smoking Camels. Cathy was babbling on about the bowling alley and how much she hated it and all the films she wanted to make. Frankie was just leaning against her. At first she was worried, thought he'd dropped into a nod or something. Then he slipped his hand into her pants. That she could deal with. Felt kind of cool in fact. They stayed like that for a while, till Ivan flagged down a bunch of punks and sold them some meth caps for a six of Foster's. He started chugging and throwing the bottles over a nearby fence.

"Hey, ya know what's over that fence?" Frankie wobbled to his feet and grabbed one of the beers.

"Just some old warehouse, I'd guess," said Cathy.

"C'mon and check it out then." Frankie headed down the street till he came to a place where the chainlink fence had been cut. He ducked inside. Ivan lit another Camel and ducked in after. Cathy had to stop for a minute and cool down, as Frankie'd really gotten her revved there next to the mailbox. She grabbed the last two from the sixpack, went through the fence and found herself standing next to Frankie and Ivan in front of just what she'd expected, an abandoned warehouse. Before she could even make a snide comment, Frankie headed across to one of the doors, which he pulled open. They went in.

"Wild, no?"

That it certainly was, a huge space filled with piles, mountains of seven-inch records, old forty-fives. They were everywhere just sitting there asking to be used. You could juggle them, stack them up, use them as frisbees. Cathy knew she had to film this place. Frankie was dancing through some small piles off to the side. Ivan was really getting into it, diving into the stacks, sending them flying, climbing up and sliding down. Cathy did the same, slowly working in towards the really big piles. She scrambled to the top of a really big stack. Ivan popped up on the stack opposite her. There was just one valley between them. She looked around for Frankie, found him standing on his head in the far corner, juggling records with his feet.

"Hey, I'll race ya down," Ivan yelled across.

They both dove down the slopes laughing. And dove and dove. And slid and fell. The records fell. More and more. And then some more. All they could see was records. No sky, just black plastic. No air, just falling. Fall... (to be continued)

REQUIEM FOR "REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT"

by Anni Ackner

It may seem a bit late in the day to be writing a review of a play that most people over the age of, oh, 25 or so have already seen in one form or another (either kinoscopes of the original PLAYHOUSE 90 version starring Jack Palance, or the filmed version featuring Anthony Quinn, or even Rod Serling's near-parody of his own work, this time involving robots, on THE TWILIGHT ZONE), and especially a production that closed, embarrassingly, the day after it opened on Broadway, but as there is, I believe, a fairly good chance now that the thing will never be staged again in any sort of major way, and will eventually disappear altogether, it seems only fair to send it out with one final hoorah.

Of course, we all know the story: a battered, aging prizefighter, not overbright, is exploited by his manager, a man he loves and trusts, who has lost a considerable amount of money betting that the fighter will not last two rounds in his last fight (driven by some kind of blind pride and loyalty, the fighter, we are told, stood still in the ring and helplessly allowed himself to be beaten for eight rounds before going down). Along the way, the fighter has a sweet, faintly pathetic romance with a social worker who tries to help him and, ultimately, gains some measure of dignity. Like most of Rod Serling's work, the play is maudlin, sentimental, overwrought, moralistic, preachy and absolutely wonderful, in a way that really can't be explained (what's your favorite TZ episode? Why did you like it? It wasn't as well written as, say, THE FOUNDATION TRILOGY or even CHILDHOOD'S END, was it, but I'll bet you remember almost every single word, don't you, even if you haven't seen it in years), but has to be witnessed.

In the ill-fated Broadway version, John Lithgow played the fighter, Mountain McClintock. Now, anyone who has had the misfortune to stumble across my film reviews in other publications knows that I regard Mr. Lithgow in precisely the same light that I'm sure Elizabeth Taylor regards the Hope diamond; quite frankly, I think he's the best actor to come along in the last 15 or 20 decades, but even I was surprised at just how remarkable he was in this role. Huge, hulking, labouring through several layers of heavy make-up, visibly forcing out each word in the manner of an inarticulate man desperately trying to make himself understood, he never once condescended to either the play or the character, nor did he overdo things by even an inch and, God, it would have been so easy to do both of those things. One wrong move in a part like this and the tragedy becomes a farce, but somehow, with unbelievable skill, he always managed to stay just on the good side of the line.

George Segal played the manager, Maish Resnick, and while I have never found him a particularly likeable actor, and it certainly isn't a particularly likeable role, he injected it with some amount of sympathy, playing Resnick as cynical and, by his lights, practical and well-meaning, rather than simply sleazy. On the night I saw the production—in a preview, two nights before its opening—the cast received six curtain calls and a standing ovation, and people left the theatre in tears (including myself, although that doesn't really count for much, as I've been known to cry at movies about brave teenagers with six weeks to live). These are not accolades normally awarded a flop, so why did the play die such a sudden, painful death?

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT was never produced on the stage during Serling's lifetime, for many reasons, but partly because Serling himself never pushed the idea, although he wrote several playscripts. Serling was right not to press for it—REQUIEM simply is not a stage play or, at any rate, it isn't a Broadway play which, admittedly, is not quite the same thing. It's too small, too intimate and, in the final analysis, too flawed to hold up under that kind of scrutiny. It worked on television in the fifties because the medium was still new then, and willing to take a chance, and because television, for all the vastness of its audience, is intimate, requiring one-on-one participation between the production and the viewer. It worked as a film because films, sometimes, are allowed to be quiet and a little sentimental; it's a different sort of audience and a different sort of atmosphere to that of Broadway. It even worked at the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven, where this production had its start and where it became that theatre's longest run, because a small, local theatre like that, a "little" theatre, can support a rather dated play, a small play, even a slight one, if the cast is good enough and the mood finally elevating. But it didn't work on Broadway because a Broadway audience is by nature more demanding, if only because it's been asked to pay \$45 for the privilege of being where it is, and also because it has a greater choice. There are just more plays on Broadway than there are in New Haven; the audience is free to pick. For that sort of money, and in those sort of circumstances, a Broadway audience wants either excellent drama or something loud and splashy and fun. REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT was neither, or at any rate was carried away by the strength of the performances. The critics saw it for what it was and closed it down.

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT is a relic from another age, a television play from a time when television still had some pretensions of being "serious," of appealing to something other than the lowest common denominator of taste. It's not a great work, or even a very good one, really, but it's sincere and moving and, as I said, in a strange way, wonderful. If you get a chance to see any of the extant taped or filmed versions, I'd strongly suggest that you do so (the Jack Palance is better than the Anthony Quinn, but they both work, for what they are), but I'm terribly sorry that you won't get to see John Lithgow, towering above the rest of the cast, shambling, sweating, struggling with every syllable the way an unintelligent man who knows the limits of himself only too well would struggle. I'm sorry Serling didn't see it was well. I think he would have found it a fitting end to the life of his play.

(EDITORIAL ADDENDUM: John Lithgow has been nominated for a Tony award for his portrayal of Mountain McClintock in REQUIEM.)

"IN MEMORIUM" by Cynthia Cinque

Across from our courtyard, and in front of the window, she sat—the object of our ridicule...Rita! Nude as a newborn baby. I guess she was in her twenties. Many said that she was retarded, but I think not. I have seen her expression on my face; the expression of longing, from having walked alone too long in deserts and deserted streets, from having doors shut and calls for help unanswered.

She was badly burned, and rumor had it that she had been run over by a trolley car. She was more spirit than flesh, and because of this, she was either ignored or ridiculed. We sensed her difference and since she offered no resistance, we heaped abuse upon her. (Healthy chickens will peck a weakened chicken to death.) I remember her walking across the trolley car tracks in the grey evening, her sad eyes both removed and resigned. We would lunge at her and mock her. The least and the last, she was the brunt of our jokes, the target of our empty hearts. When an epidemic of nits beset the children of the neighborhood, we were told, "Don't go near buggy Rita. You'll catch something from her."

I do not know how she supported herself, who her parents were, where she came from. I never heard her speak. I never saw her laugh or weep. I don't think she could read. No one visited her. No social agency took an interest in her—if there were such things in those days.

She was a jewel without a setting. Her carriage was erect. We were too vicious and ignorant to see her unimpeachable dignity, the proud lift of her head. She always wore the same clothes day in and day out, with two different colored socks. For reasons I will try to understand, she sat by the window and methodically removed every stitch of clothing, so that we, her persecutors, could see the sagging breasts and slick, swollen skin. Ignoring our cruel hoots, she would carefully wash each piece of clothing and hang them meticulously on the line. Then, sitting on a rickety chair with her hands folded on her naked lap, she would wait for them to dry. She would repeat this again and again.

Rita! It is now, thirty-five years later, that I remember you, feel your desolation and weep for you. It is now, only now in the act of writing that I forgive myself. Who were you, Rita? Where did you come from? What back ward did you die on, believing your actions merited such a gruesome fate? Did anyone hold your hand? I would hold it now. For what strange sin did you do penance? It is we who deserve punishment. Did your burns convince you that you were not innocent? Did you believe that God had forgotten you? Rita, He has forgotten me, too.

Why do I believe that we shall answer to you someday? We were a pack of conformists, but I know, because you are you, that you will forgive us. Take pity on me, Rita. I have been on a back ward, too. Doors have been shut in my face and I have stood alone in the rain waiting for a trolley car that never came.

Rita, believe me when I say—we are one.



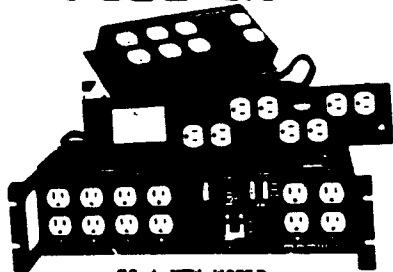
and adopt concepts
"A L.A. SHAMBAU"
peace won't be achieved in this
world or the next unless there
is a total change of heart
(in the U.S. and
the rest of the world)
and S.A.S.E. for
4 WAY NINEFIFTEEN
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO 44604

"PEACE IS NOT MADE AT
The council table or by treaty,
but in the hearts of men" —
Herbert Hoover, 31st President
of the United States
(1874 - 1964)
I would select another body
part to the rain. If we don't
change our alleged minds soon

IRT 2

by Susan Packie
I'm riding
The Brooklyn express
Number two
Lumbering
Down Seventh Avenue
I know
It's express
Because it
Stops to rest
At every
Local train station
Slumbering
Lumbering
Down the rail
Carting
Its riders
From jail
To jail
How far
Would you say
It is to L.A.?
I'm riding the train
To the city
Of trees
And dreams
Escapists
And rapists
Heading east
When I'd rather
Be going west
All of New York on
The Brooklyn express

PLUG IN...



...TO A NEW WORLD

The magazine you're reading now is just one of a vast number of small journals that deal with subjects off the beaten path. You can contact over 100 more by sending for

FACTSHEET FIVE

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

TO CONTINUE THIS LIFE AND THE NEXT....

Send SASE to: War, Inflation, Unemployment & Death Ending HEREBEFORE

Box 2243

YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

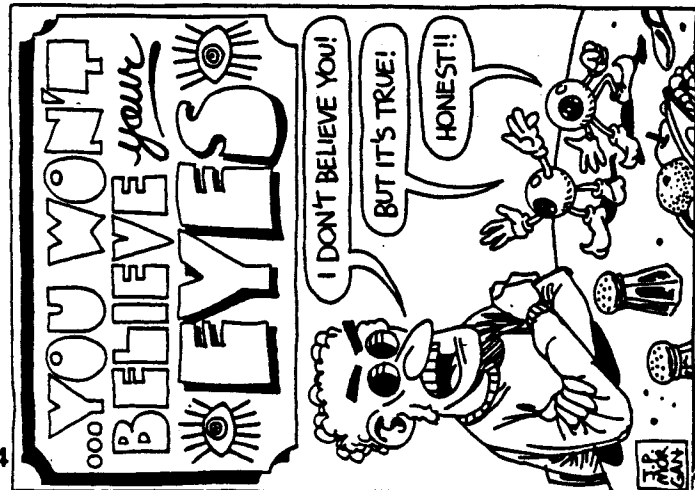
by Kristin Dooley

I worked in a corn cannery during harvest. All I did all day was pull the rope on a corn feeder, for twelve hours with two fifteen-minute breaks, seven days a week. They had an incentive system where you could make a killing if you worked all the time, so I did. I made it through because I was fifteen and in love with the 23-year-old sports writer who worked at the paper I worked at in the winter. By the end of August I had it all worked out: our first three kids and our first five years of marriage.

All the women had the hard jobs, all the men just stood around and flirted. I was operating a corn feeder all day and my brother's job was to sit by the loading dock and if a truck showed up to tell it which gate to go to. There were never more than two trucks in a day and there wasn't always one. The only men who had bad jobs were the migrants, they were treated just like women.

There were housewives, too, and I was transferred over to the shuckers, where they worked. I didn't know how I'd get on, you know, prim housewives and all that. But the first day the oldest and I thought primest housewife piped up with "Fuck, ain't this the goddam muddiest corn you ever seen," and I thought, "I'm going to like working with you."

The oldest women in the factory worked at a five foot wide conveyor belt that had a layer of kernel corn on it. They had tweezers and they were supposed to pick put the individual bad kernels. And they worked just as long as everybody.



I WAS A TEENAGE BARNACLE

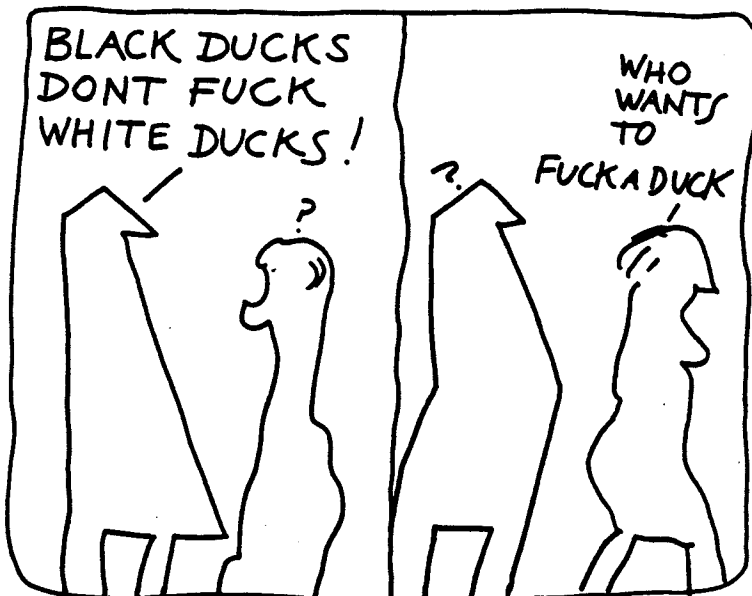
"I was born in the house that my father built."—not RKD

Dear Readers:

I had intended this to be a dissertation on my theory concerning the correlation between interspecies violence and the degree of evolutionary removal from our common ancestor the 3-toed tree sloth. However, in the interests of science and bad taste, I've decided to relate to you the grizzly & harrowing tale of the origins of Rodney K Dioxin. Please note that it's probably best for one's sanity to disregard this & any other versions of Mr. Dioxin's personal history (especially those he tells himself), but if the truth must be told, & it must, who better to do so than me for "I CREATED RODNY K DIOXIN."

It was back in my college days in Pittsburgh, PA. I was working part-time for the chemistry dept., disposing of old chemicals and equipment, or so they thought, for in reality I was taking most of the stuff home to my secret laboratory in an abandoned steel mill. I'd like to point out at this time that I never intended to create Rodney. In fact I was merely trying to reverse the evolutionary process in order to prove to the scientific community that my theory about tree sloths being the common ancestor of all life on earth was correct. All was going well. I'd already managed to create an arboreal sea urchin when disaster struck! I was attempting to make a 3-toed barnacle but one of the chemicals I had appropriated was mislabeled; instead of being dioxane as the label read (and I had wanted) it was 2,3,7,8-tetrachlorodibenzo-p-dioxin, or dioxin for short. I switched on the apparatus & threw the barnacle into the vat. The resulting explosion knocked me out & when I recovered the barnacle was gone & there was Dioxin sitting in the vat grinning madly. Needless to say I was quite shocked & also quite perturbed (after all it seemed that I was now going to have to revise my theory to include this apparent barnacle anomaly). Anyway, I tried my best to reverse the process that had spawned this grinning horror but it was no use so I did the next best thing; I destroyed my entire lab & Dioxin with it, or so I thought. How he survived I don't know but survive he did & as they say in the cinema: the rest is history. As for me, after spending several years dead (for tax purposes) I went on to become a world renowned crazy person & am currently residing in an unknown location enjoying the havoc that I accidentally loosed upon the world.

—Johnny Carcinoma



The Church of the SubGenius is an empire of "unpredictables" on a rampage of strangeness. Indulge your abnormality! Insane propaganda \$1.

The SubGenius Foundation
P.O. Box 140306
Dallas, Texas 75214

Sayz-U! (Letters)

Dear Elayne,

I am, in case you couldn't tell from the type, writing this on Jill Zimmerman's nice little computer, an unusual piece of equipment that seems to have a mind of its own concerning such things as tabulations and placement of words, to say nothing of its antic notions of hyphenation, or the lack thereof, but still and all a pleasant creature, and friendly to the point of being cloying (as Arthur Hlavaty once had it, "Personifiers of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but Mr. Dignity."). It is, I admit, a touch unnerving to be faced with a strange writing implement and expected to compose something upon it (Frank O'Hara, I understand, used to just dash off poems on display typewriters in department stores, but then, Frank O'Hara also used to dash off poems about having yoghurt for lunch, so you see)—it always makes me go rather to pieces—and I'd hate to hear what Eileen would have to say about it, but it's lovely to have use of a word-processor again. It's ever so much faster, and this way you can't see how many typing errors I make unless I leave them in no purpose, and, of course, I won't do THAT.

But enough of this petty neep-neepery. Anyone who knows anything at all about computers (including how to plug them in) will be able to tell at a glance that I haven't the foggiest notion as to what I'm talking about, and anyone who knows nothing about computers (or, put another way, less than I do, which is scarcely possible, but there's always someone who hasn't yet figured out why the little moron threw the clock out of the window) will be so terribly impressed by me (ah, well, let it stand) that they won't read any further, so any way I go it's a no-win situation, and we can't have that, or I don't think we can. Besides, I'm working on rather a tight schedule here (poor Jill keeps yawning, and has descended to the point where she's sitting and reading a PEOPLE magazine as though it were something important, like the WMF magazine), so it's as well that I actually try to say a few things about the last issue of IJ before I politely get asked to leave.

(Oh Lord, we've just had a conversation about why Pierce Brosnan is sexier than Tom Selleck—because he looks as though you might have to actually talk to him before The Last Act—get ON WITH IT, girl!)

I did want to say, right off the bat, that, while I appreciated all the attention Jan Byron gave me in her last letter, I'm somewhat at a loss to understand exactly what she was getting at in her point #18. I mean, it was a pretty piece of personal history, but since I don't recall saying that ALL dancers were lissome everywhere, her disclaimer seems a trifle beyond the point. Still, I did read her letter with interest, though I feel compelled to say that if I were her landlady, and she and her friends were rehearsing that particular sequence over and over at 3 a.m., especially to a background of Eno, I'd throw her out, too.

As for the rest of it, I thought, this time, that the articles outranked the cartoons, which made for a rare and pleasant change. Specially liked Michael Dobbs' piece on celebrity (Zsa Zsa Gabor is my personal selection for Just Being Famous Hall of Fame), Ho Chi Zen (I always like Ho Chi Zen), and I ADORED A.J. Wright's THE POETRY WAR, but then, just about anything the esteemed Mr. Wright does it all right with me. Also notable was Andy Amster, who I am very pleased to see gracing these pages once again (personal note: Yes, I do write letters. I'm only very slow. Please bear with me).

Hmm, what else? I see Alice Ermlich is at it again. Would it be out of place for me to say, Alice, honey, it's enough already with the mental institutions, especially if you're going to call the inmate's best friend "Carla." I think you'll find, if you look around you, that there are one or two other things about which to write, and they can be equally fascinating, and won't get Hannah Green angry at you into the bargain.

While I'm getting people annoyed with me, I know this is hubris, but I do wish someone would tell Tuli Kupferberg that light verse is that much more enjoyable if all the lines make some feeble attempt to scan. Perhaps that isn't his primary purpose, but it all just flows that much better (I won't even begin to point out that the name of the company is "Conde Nast," not "Conde and Nast." I know my limitations).

The Mets have won, the Yankees—please God—are winning, Jill is tired, I am tired, and I have a brand new bed to go home and sleep upon (replacing the old one, which did a tolerably good impression of Greta Garbo in "Camille" and expired gracefully, sinking slowly into the floor, with sound effects), so I think this will have to be the extent of it for now. Incidentally, if any clever rock musicians are listening, at this moment in time I would not be adverse to having a fundraising record produced for MY benefit. You could call it WE ARE THE CHURLISH or something. Hold that thought.

Data-based,

ANNI ACKNER

The Hotel New Jersey

ew:

here it goes again, rite...anyways, I is back from da deepest recesses of seefn just how far inside a joke ya can go. and I wuz thrilled to find IJ37 waitin for me on my return and a damn fine ish it wuz too. are IJ only gonna have collage covers from now on or what... gen'rally I saw 37 as a major return ta form. anni was on her stuff, deebie's back an' good work from tom, candi, and alicie ermlich (winner of dis month's life into art award). whew. amster on mardi gras and tell on da chameleon were quite fun. hey pru, once again I wuz knocked out by "more accurate vision." gorgeous, just gorgeous. and oberc wuz so good dis time dat I went back and reread "fish killers" an' decided dat I wuz wrong last time when I slammed it. a good piece of work an' I apologize for crackin on it. beers all around, tap-meister!! only real thumbs down to luke mcguff—call yer agent boy an calm down fer crissakes. da man is in danger of disappearin up his own event horizon...what is he talkin about? dere were also sum good ef-

forts dat disappointed fer various reasons. mikey's thang had a great idea dat jest screamed to be fleshed out more. on da other hand, scharff's had sum fine writing wasted on a truly old and obvious and rotten idea (hey, I gotta call 'em like I sees 'em rite and I nevah claimed to be a nice guy...). and on da other hand (always suspected I wuz a squid) dere's "after the fair." again, dere's sum good writin here an at least I understood da damn thing dis time. my probs were dat da piece went a bit too jargon-happy fer my personal tastes (Look who's talking—ed. [heh heh]) and dat da dialogue was used as exposition, ta explain alla dis background hence the characters lose authenticity, start ta look from where I'm sittin like cutouts explainin sum stuff. or not. anyway, sum stuff for ya ta check on...1) evryone book on out an see "police academy 2"—sure it's too stoopid fer words but bob goldthwait's in it an he's fuckin incredible, 2) be shure ta watch for da episode of "the honeymooners" where norton teaches ralph ta do the hucklebuck. learn the truth. michael jackson copped his moves from art carney. it's all true! yes! 3) finally, watch da skies dis summer for STIERVA, a new publication put out by yers plurally from wherever I end up. I'm tryin ta cram it as full of good writin as I can wifout losin my shirt in da process. so send me stuff and mebbe I'll even use. I'll at least thank ya an sacrifice a (insert object of choice) to yer ancestors. now stay tuned for an all new episode of "William Burrough's Wild Kingdom"...

RODNY K DIOXIN

Perforating Industries

"we please to aim"

Dear Elayne,

Did enjoy current IJ; have to make a few comments even if they are of the "I did like this, I didn't like that" variety. I'm not much of a word hacker but I know what I like...and I did the Steven Scharff front cover. This kind of thing is great when it's done right; i.e., when you stick to the message, theme or whatever. This one was v. funny!

Anni Ackner was good, as usual. The kind of parties she has been going to God forbid I should ever have to go to again. I've been there and it's sheer torture. Brought back horrid memories.

I hope you get Mildred Neptune to continue "Quantum Courtesy"! Beats the hell out of Miss Manners. Or Dear Abby, for that matter...

Tom Gedwillo's "Mail Order" was amusing but just barely. "One Final Look" and "Music in the Glen" were both rather embarrassingly bad, "My Job And Welcome To It" and "Talk Show Host Confidential" just so-so. Picky, picky, picky...I was kind of disappointed in Candi Strecker, as she does usually write really great stuff. I have no complaints about the Zenarchy story. Well-written, funny and something or two to think about. A lot for your money.

"Poetry War"—Boo. "Wax Ink"—Not interested. (You don't have to print this stuff, you know. Won't hurt my feelings...) Rodney Dioxin's "Belly Signals" was really something. I hate things written in any kind of dialect or Damon Runyan schtick, but this guy is really good. Of course, I think he would be just as good (or better) if he didn't write in dialect, but what the hell! He is good, and gut-busting funny as well. These are classics in their genre, whatever that is...

I felt that Susan Packie really hadn't quite pulled off "More For Your Money" but it was an interesting effort. And Amster's Mardi Gras piece was a fine story of greed and gross. Liked it. I'm going to skip a bit and mention that I liked most of the poems in this issue, a higher percentage of good poems than I have seen before. Thought the Luke McGuff article pretentious, pointless and dull. "Towards What, Carla?" wasn't the best story in the world but it did have a strong impact on me, flaws and all. Really strong visual images.

I really enjoyed the issue, no matter how much carping I did. The efforts that didn't work were sometimes as interesting as the ones that did. And a really fine lettercol; I enjoyed the letters there as much as many of the stories and articles.

Best,

J.C. PALMER

P.O. Box 2432

Bellingham, WA 98227-2432

Dear Elayne:

Well, thanks for the latest. Enjoyable, maybe I'll read it someday, but first the egoscanning report: it seems about tied, of the four people who mentioned my article, two liked it and three disliked it. The people who liked it also perpetrated the evil, so hmmm. But then again, two people who disliked it used the same words to describe it. I myself think I was overreacting.

Okay now, starting at the front and working our way towards the back, with a sentence or two flying in nearly every direction:

I actually did not recognize most of the typefaces on the front cover, a relief and a pleasure. It becomes a real pain when you notice things like missed kerns in movie credits, and how sloppy typesetting is in the real world. Anni's article came a tad too late for the Minicon TV destructo parties (at which we smashed up three teevees) or the Poor Joe videotaping birthday party, but the hints were all so timely and concise that they make me want to have a party just to follow all the rules. Yeah! (a pseudo exclamation and proud of it.) Carob? blech. I do however pick out the cashews from a nut mix, which is probably even more unsporting than even looking at carob. However, to make up for that, I'm about the only person in the world (other than people in my family) who takes the wrapper out when taking a piece of chocolate from a box of candy. Mildred Neptune is quite on the money/mark, whatever, with her advice, especially about the hot dog license. It is to laugh! Ms. Strecker's comments on stealing from work are appropriate; there's even a sci-fi fanzine called "On Company Time" (typical of the sci-fi fanzine genre, it is boring and useless). What I like about typesetting is that that's what I get to steal. Although I must admit to the odd paper clip or two. But I stole more when I was unemployed: Entire issues of Mollocca were produced with stolen goods (not least being the ditto machine itself, eh?) and then the postage was panhandled. Hah! I know somebody (David Stever) who once

had a plan on how to steal a Selectric from his company (Sperry-Rand), but had to settle for a telephone and lots of signage instead. Michael Dobbs had good points to make on the transience of fame. How about Mary Tyler Moore for a victim of such a trap? Ho Chi Zen strikes again with the meaningfulness; what I like about his/her writing is the variety of source materials and depth of understanding. I feel like I'm doing it a disservice in dismissing it this glibly. A.J. Wright's "Poetry War" provided valuable coverage of a deadly battle that has long plagued us all. "Max Ink" is, as someone comments in the letter-column, surprisingly diverse. I don't think Sheena Easton should have been given so much space, though. "Belly Signals" is actually the first Rodney K Dioxin piece I can recall reading, although I remember seeing the byline quite a bit. It reminded me of the days I kind of hung out with the Dadistics and Immune System in Chicago, and made me wish I wasn't such a wimp. Oh well. "The Gras is Always Greener" was pretty amusing. A lot of expatriate New Orleaners up here would sympathize with it. "Me and My Chameleon" was kind of long and thing. If Prudence Gaelor had reached a little deeper inside herself while writing "More Accurate Vision," it would have been more personal and more insightful. And less of those annoying questions! Whew!

"After the Fair" was a little thin, maybe the monolith ride is where the chameleon went (sorry). (well, sheesh, I was going to say "well no, not really," but then I saw the awful pseudo-pun I just inadvertently made). "French Kissing a Fish," hmm-hmm. "First Remove the Hook." Okay. Is that what they mean by "kiss like a fish?" I don't know. Oh, then there's that guy again, this time talking about something else. His ideas don't quite seem to connect. I hope more people write in to say that everything in "Anarchy and Technology" is blatantly obvious. Yeah! Was "The Hot-Tub" beyond me or I beyond it? A point to ponder. And then the letters, and then, wrapping things up and winding them down, too, were Kid Sieve's musings and A Call to Act, the two of which fit together pretty well. Yeah!

Hmm, a couple letter writers say that number 36 is thin compared to previous issues. And then we see that the letters column is actually mostly written by contributors talking about other contributors. The principle is that if you write in talking about everybody else then that increases the chance of somebody else writing in to talk about you. (We see this principle in action above, right up there, see?) So we should all talk about something else. Or shut up, but then where would we be? I don't know.

Well, anyway, enclosed is other stuff, if the deadline weren't so soon I'd send something longer...what do you mean I should plan ahead for a deadline? Why?

LUKE MCGUFF

P.O. Box 3680

Minneapolis, MN 55403

P.S. I liked and agreed with Roldo's back cover statement...very Zenarchistic.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF JAY WARD PRODUCTIONS

by Dana A. Snow

I understand Jay was rich before he ever got involved with cartoons. From real estate. His first involvement was with Crusader Rabbit. Then he partnered with PUA writer Bill Scott (who had written Mr. Magoos with T. Hee, who is apparently a real person). Bill Scott also did some writing for Warner Bros., but not a lot. Jay and he put together a series called Frostbite Follies, from which Rocky & Bullwinkle were considered the only viable characters.

The first Rocky & Bullwinkle story was a super-long one, which started with R&B returning from the moon, having used Bullwinkle's fudge cake as rocket fuel. It was very sophisticated humor and had an ADULT laugh track; like being aired at an art film house or nightclub. That first story introduced most of the major characters, including Gidney & Cloyd (the Moonmen—Cloyd is Paul Frees' voice and has no moustache, Gidney is Bill Scott in a kind of Prof. Gizmo voice and has a moustache; Cloyd is the one who's trigger-happy with the scrooch gun); Boris Badenov ("I have to double-cross my friends! My enemies don't trust me!"); and Natasha Fatale and Fearless (sic) Leader (why was a German bossing around a Russian and both calling themselves Pottsylvaniaans?) and my favorite, Captain Peter "Wrong Way" Peachfuzz, who had a shrill voice in this first serial but later settled in as Bill Scott's Ed Wynn imitation.

Ward never hired any women but June Foray, and had her repeat voices even when a new voice she had would fit. June Foray told an audience once that when she did these shows, playing both Natasha Fatale and Rocky Squirrel (and Nell Fenwick and every witch and princess), that she always underlined Natasha's part in red because she's a Communist. Natasha was the sexiest character in animated cartoons, with the possible exception of Betty Boop; your preference would depend on whether you like innocence or seductiveness.

Ward apparently owns rights to the characters for shirts and stuff, sold at the Dudley Do-Right Emporium on Sunset Blvd. in Hollywood, a few doors east of the studio, which still sports the statue that Bill Hurtz (who designed the characters) built in parody of a statue now long gone of a Las Vegas showgirl above a billboard across the street; both

A DEFINITION OF AMERICA by Luke McGuff

A tall woman, muscular, wearing a black sleeveless Harley-Davidson t-shirt, smoking a Kool Light 100's, type-setting a coupon for Pillsbury biscuits, singing along with a Bob Seeger tune on the oldies station like she was there, and you know she was.

statues used to revolve. General Foods now owns those characters.

Bill Scott seems to have written all the R&B stories himself until The Bullwinkle Show, which always had four- or six-part stories. He was also the voice of Bullwinkle, Dudley Do-Right and many other characters. I often felt that Ponsonby Britt [the name at the end of the credit roll—ed.] was a mythical character or a tax dodge, but I'm told he's real.

The order of Hoppity Hooper and Fractured Flickers is vague in my mind. Hooper didn't seem too funny to me, but they did give good room to perform for Hans Conreid (who played Waldo Wigglesworth, the conman fox, here and Snidely Whiplash in the Do-Right cartoons), though Conreid never respected ANY of his acting except his Shakespeare work.

Fractured Flickers was only run in syndication, though some network affiliates carried it. Hans got to be emcee and Bill Scott and other writers created the most brilliant satire of the variety show format in-between the flickers. In Ward's caginess he was using footage that was in public domain, even though Stan Laurel's version of Jekyll & Hyde (which became a drama about "chonklit sodas"), Babe Ruth, Lon Chaney and Ben Turpin were in it.

When I came in as a "trainee" (an unpaid messenger/gofer in exchange for art training), they were doing commercials for Quaker Oats: Cap'n Crunch, Quisp, Quake and Monster Munch. Cap'n Crunch is still being made (with Daws Butler as the Captain and Bill Scott as the narrator), but director Lew Keller says they did too good a job of selling, going from 60-second spots (where Lake Michigan was drained and filled with milk and Crunch was dunked) to 30 seconds and now 10 seconds when Quaker has a new Crunch variation to sell. Don Ferguson wrote and drew funny package-back comic strips. The Cap'n Crunch comic book that was packaged in them during their early months was VERY funny. It had a vinyl wall map of the Cap'n's travels, but for some reason it was never given away or sold (to my knowledge). Monster Munch never made it to market, but had a Jekyll-Hyde format. Last year they presented potential campaigns for a Quaker cereal called Halfsies, which are surprisingly tasty. Quisp was delicious; Quake was okay.

Also at that time, they had done the pilots of Super-chicken (vs. Eggs Benedict) and George of the Jungle (a funnier opening but the African Queen parody within was well-drawn but nothing writing). I knew nothing of Tom Slick. Meanwhile, I was one of two trainees—me and Clark Gist. It was about 1966. Clark was doing a silent cartoon called "A As In Aardvark." I later saw a little of his work in "Laugh-In Magazine," but nothing since then. I was doing "Tank U-235," a joke I had unintentionally stolen from Beany & Cecil. It was about an army tank that inherits a million dollars from General Sherman Tank...and this tank was also afraid of loud noises so it made him a pacifist. Pacifism, trust and wit seemed to be the hallmark of Ward cartoons, but there I may be reading things into it. I think my greatest thrill—other than being there and talking about it to school friends—was the day I watched Bill Scott at the xerox machine when he thought he was alone and he did 15 voices while just talking to himself!

So what's new with them? Well, they did two cartoon pilots—Fang the Wonderdog, which was very funny, and Hawkear, about an Indian scout with a John Wayne voice (Bob Ridgely, I believe)—that had a lot of potential. I understand one or more of the networks was interested but wanted too many changes. Jay was rich from real estate, as I said, so this was all (apparently) a 20- or 30-year lark for him.

There was going to be a Bullwinkle special about football this year, but it fell through.

Jay also got the rights to some Robert Benchley shorts and an undiscovered Fields short, if I understand correctly, but something proved unsuccessful in the marketing.

So nothing is new, sadly. I wish something were.

LADIES AGAINST WOMEN

reviewed by "Kid" Sieve

I'm reminded of times of that great Ms. cover from about a decade back that had a comic strip panel of a guy saying to a gal, "Did you know the women's movement has no sense of humor?" and she replying, "No, but if you hum a few bars..." The dilemma with much of the humor that comes out of the feminist movement, or post-feminist I guess (sometimes I lose track of what era I'm in), is that a lot of people just don't have the capacity to understand the joke—they don't get it, therefore they pronounce it not funny.

Well, as "Happy" Harry Cox says, "That's old age thinking." Nothing, of course, could be further than the truth; I find post-fem humor hilarious for the most part, even more so when it's combined with deft satire on the current abysmal state of The Union as handled by the Big Gipper. At first glance, the Plutonium Players' revue LADIES AGAINST WOMEN would seem to be a rather one-joke premise, albeit it a topic open to many different spoofs. But the six-member San Francisco-based troupe (Selma Vincent, Gail Ann Williams, Jané Angeles, Jeff Thompson, Jaime Mars-Walker and lighting coordinator Louise Vost) take it all one step further with their subtle social commentary and intimate, interactive setting.

Er, perhaps I should explain "intimate." LAW wasn't given a heck of a lot of space for their second NY performance, the one I attended. The WOW Cafe is apparently a run-by-women theatre (about to lose its lease due to rent being hiked up the usual 500% by East Village tyrants, but I understand they will open up again somewhere else nearby) with all the room of a Park Avenue elevator, and not much more. I'm astounded they could fit 35 chairs in the place! But that just meant everyone in the audience (mostly women; I think I counted only 5 men, which is a shame because LAW isn't really "just for girls") got a good view and could get more involved with what was going on on the sparse stage. Besides, it made me feel, for the first time, like a big fish in a small pond, what with breezing through the small throng waiting outside before the doors officially opened and having a seat actually reserved for me next to the Press people (undoubtedly a bunch of Village Voice holier-than-thous from the way they talked during intermission)—and I say it's about time INSIDE JOKE got the respect it merits! Ahem.

But that wasn't what I called you here to talk about. No, I instead would like to echo the opening remarks, or parts thereof, of LAW "lady chairman" Mrs. T. Bill Banks (Mrs. T-Bill for short), as she explained to all of us what had gone wrong in our lives, in preparation for this Evening of Consciousness Lowering. "No one," said Mrs. T-Bill, "should be 'women' [as opposed to 'ladies']—especially men!" She related some of the warning signals of a consciousness raised too high—"All of your sons play with dolls...and all of your daughters play with themselves!" We were a smug, sorry lot indeed, Mrs. T-Bill concluded. Oh yes, she told us, you think you're right where you want to be—"but can you leave Manhattan?"

Mrs. T-B then introduced fellow lady Virginia—I mean, Mrs. Chester Cholesterol—"my late husband ran a margarine ranch, had a large spread in the Midwest"—and Candy Cotton of the junior chapter of LAW, known as the Moral Sorority, and the three ladies proceeded to delight the audience with the LAW Manifesto. Far be it for me to reveal the whole—after all, if I'm heartily recommending you catch this program when it comes to your area, I'd hardly give the whole thing away—but some of its parts went "China Today, Curtains Tomorrow!" and "Who, me? I'm no queer, I have a baby every year!" Candy did a marvelous job cheerleading, and Mrs. T-B reminded us of LAW's fight for the Rights of the Unconceived, shaming those who would destroy perfectly innocent sperm cells (she called them "future soldiers") by using prophylactics as "penal colonies".

There is, it seems, hope for men also, although not as much (purely personal opinion, as I found the women's performances infinitely more satisfying than the men's). Jed Shrapnel and his brother (whose name escaped my ear at the time) head up the Men's Auxiliary of LAW, and it is their job to do all those male-type things, like lifting heavy objects and drinking beer. "We don't wanna break the law," Jed reminded us—"we just wanna write it." The audience appeared to regard the brothers' talk as extremely effective, especially when the men pointed their shotguns at us.

The Lady of the Year Award was given to Mrs. Phyllis La Schaft, who reminded us the worst thing about homosexual marriages was the ever-imminent breakups afterwards—"and there's nothing worse than a gay divorcee..."

Then Col. Beauregard Lee came out to remind us again what wimps we all were, especially the men, and tried to teach us how to be "hard as steel & twice as dense." This was followed by the LAW Endangered Accessories fashion show (to the tune of "Born Free" on the rickety old Cafe WOW piano), and Mrs. T-B and Candy's heartwarming plea to adopt the homeless baby MX missiles. This rapid-fired into one of my fave segments, as Mrs. C showed us how to make Twinkies From Scratch. She won't be upset if I revealed that her secret ingredient is "non-dairy latex whitener," would she? More sugar!

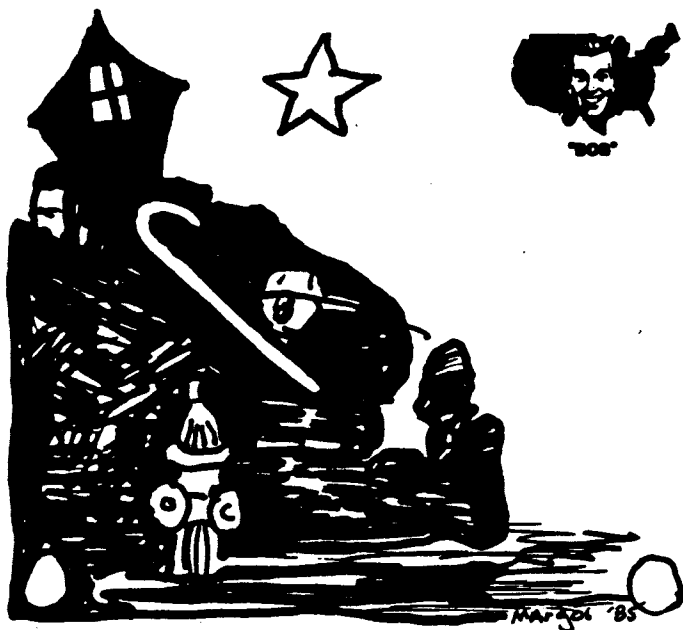
After intermission, Mrs. T-B read a few well-wishing letters (my heart goes out to poor "Bitter in Bitburg"), and it was then time to stretch our legs and shrink our minds with the Candy Cotton Workout, done to sentences like "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be apologetic!" Not enough whining.

Mrs. T-B isn't all play, though, and she got back to business reminding us of LAW's campaign to "Abolish the Environment". After all, as she observed, "It takes up too much space!" They're starting by carpeting the beaches, an idea which leant itself to romantic scenarios of "walking the Hoover along the shore" and exciting possibilities for new activities like sport vacuuming.

If there was any kind of lag, it was provided by Dr. Mal Practice, trying to talk about 'female problems' but ending up looking and sounding like a bad Bill Murray; and Mrs. T-B talking about her activities in the society of Filthy Rich Landlords, which seemed a tad predictable. Ah well, they can't all be gems...And it didn't matter when this was followed by Mrs. C's marvelous narration of the Dallas Slide Show. As funny as a SubG convention! Yes, LAW actually visited the Republican Convention last year, and the slides are just too hysterical to be believed! Quite the highlight.

After taking too few questions from the audience, LAW closed out the evening with a benediction from their spiritual advisor, the Rev. Jerry Fallout, who silenced hecklers by yelling, "You're going to HELL!" and reminded us that "America is big enough for only one opinion!"

So, in this lady's opinion, LADIES AGAINST WOMEN is not to be missed for anything, even television. Kudos to Selma as Mrs. T-B, Gail as Mrs. C, Jaime (there is an "i" in there after all, right Jaime?) as Candy, and not-bad-but-needs-a-little-improvement to Jaime Mars-Walker as one of the bros. and the Rev. (he also played the doc) and Jeff is the macho colonel and the other brother. If you want more info on the Plutonium Players, do write them at 1600 Woolsey, #7, Berkeley, CA 94703. They have a wonderful newsletter too, as mentioned in last IJ's "Fan Noose." They also came back to play NY again throughout the end of May, as this was being printed, so it's too late to catch them on this go-round, but they have made Apt. Third-Eye (Elayne's place) a sort of headquarters during their stay here so you could probably find out about future appearances by asking us here at IJ. As you probably suspect, this show gets five full stars!!!!!! 17





That's right.
For life.

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

Each and every item guaranteed
true. Really.

"No time to say hello goodbye, I'm
late I'm late I'm—no no, you're—

Ever notice how
most pants feel better
when they're off?



Make strangeness