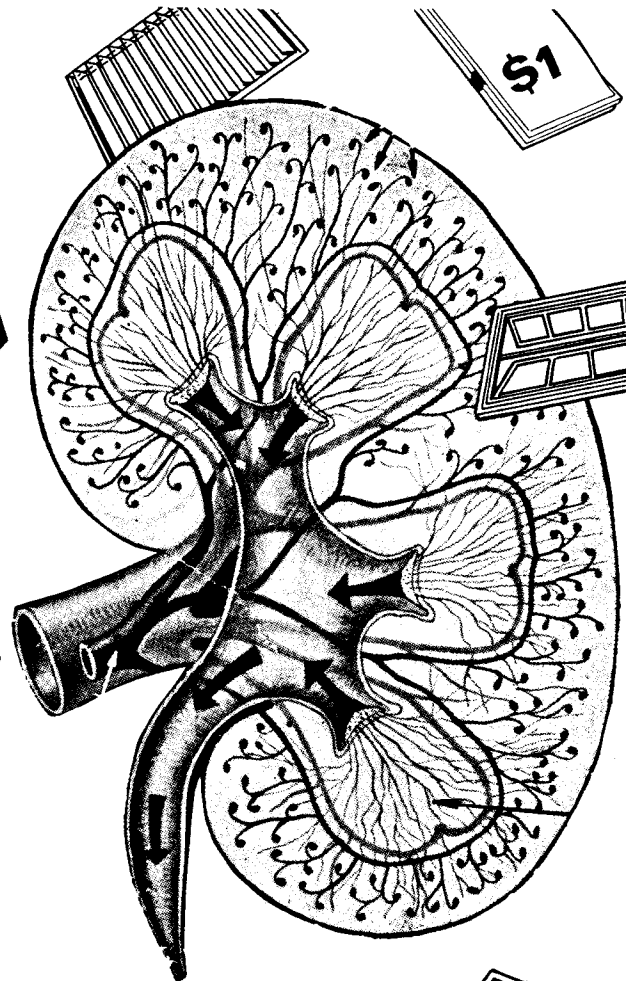


**DON'T DELAY! MAIL TODAY!**



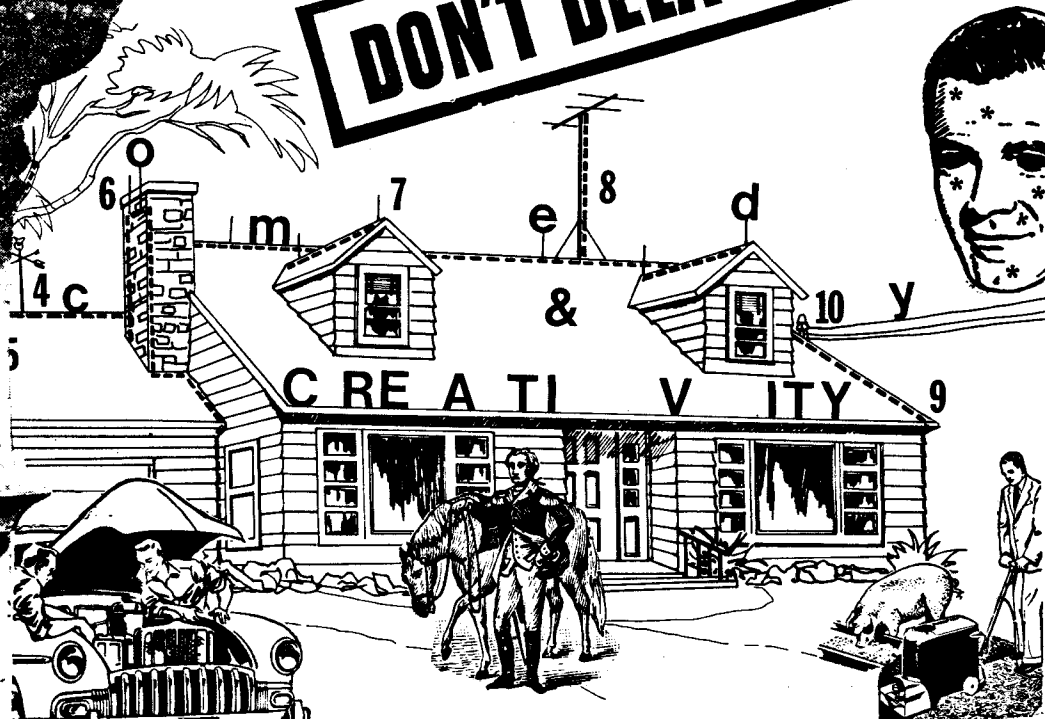
INSIDE



# J O K E

#39

**DON'T DELAY! MAIL TO**



CREATIVITY

## ACKNOWLEDITORIALETC.

As I haven't laid anything out as of this typing, I suppose I shouldn't speak too soon, but except for a dearth in the "other contributors" column, it seems we'll be back to normal size (24 pages or so) with this issue. It's good to see a decent-sized letter column again, for one, even if I still haven't received any questionnaire suggestions nor any monetary contributions save from J.C. Brainbeau (thanks again J.C.!), the latter of which I guess is okay 'cause I'm not hurting that badly yet, but mostly I'm still a tad concerned because we have virtually no backlog on writing and very little art and I'm still looking for submissions etc. etc...

I think the thing that's bothered me most lately is that I've purported to put this out as "a newsletter of comedy and creativity," but many contributors appear unable to have fun writing lately, to, in the words of our esteemed P.A., "lighten up." I mean, to me, the spirit of fun is what it's all about; you might as well crawl into a hole or something if you're not having fun. Since the summer and fall tend to depress less people on the whole than, say, February or hay fever season, I can but hope that the next couple IJs will feature some more upbeat material, and, dare I hope it, perhaps some more actual comedy. I'll even try to write some myself, so don't say you've not been warned ("uh oh, I think she means it, Henry...").

I must confess, too, that I was leery about publishing one of the stories which appears herein. Ace Backwards sent me

## -UPCOMING EVENTS-

(Whenever we send out the questionnaire, there'll be a blank space to fill in your birthday—till then, if you want it or any other event noted, please send it/them in to me!)

JULY 24 - Amelia Earhart (b. 1898)  
JULY 26 - ROLDO (37); George Bernard Shaw (b. 1856);  
Gracie Allen (b. 1906); Aldous Huxley (b. 1894)  
JULY 28 - PHIL PROCTOR (45)  
JULY 31 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #40  
AUGUST 2 - GEORG PATTERSON (25); First street letter-box (1858)  
AUGUST 5 - SPENCER PINNEY (31); First "talkie" (1926)  
AUGUST 6 - JULIE LOGAN (31); Lucille Ball (74); Alfred Lord Tennyson (b. 1809); Yippies capture Tom Sawyer Island in Disneyland (1970)  
AUGUST 8 - Andy Warhol (55)  
AUGUST 9 - President Nixon resigns from office (1974)  
AUGUST 10 - Ian Anderson (38)  
AUGUST 13 - Bert Lahr (b. 1895); Alfred Hitchcock (b. 1899)  
AUGUST 15 - Woodstock opens (1969); Lawrence of Arabia (b. 1888)  
AUGUST 17 - Mae West (b. 1892)  
AUGUST 19 - Orville Wright (b. 1871)  
AUGUST 21 - DOUG SMITH (32)

(Continued on page 3)

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\* INSIDE JOKE is put on hexaweekly by Elayne "Walking on Sunshine" \*  
\* Wechsler and dear friends, and is intended solely for the private, \*  
\* noncommercial use of our audience. Any—oh, sorry, been watching \*  
\* too much baseball lately. Let's Go Mets! \*  
\* EDITOR-IN-RESIDENCE.....ELAYNE WECHSLER \*  
\* PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....STEVEN CHAPUT \*  
\* HEAD XEROGRAPHER....."UNCLE WIGGLY" \*  
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\* STAFF WRITERS \*  
\* ANNI ACKNER=====DEBORAH BENEDICT=====ALIX BISHOFF \*  
\* ==MICHAEL DOBBS=====KEN FILAR=====TOM GEDWILLO== \*  
\* RORY HOUGHENS=====SUSAN PACKIE=====GEORG PATTERSON \*  
\* ROLDO=====STEVEN SCHARFF=====KERRY THORNLEY=====A.J. WRIGHT \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\* FRONT COVER BY JOE SCHWIND; \*  
\* INSIDE BACK COVER BY VERNON GRANT; \*  
\* BACK COVER BY PHIL TORTORICI \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE: \*  
\* ANDY AMSTER PETER LABRIOLA SARAH MOWNEY \*  
\* KRIS GILPIN JAN MAJAY LAWRENCE OBERC \*  
\* DAN HOWLAND RICK McCANN MIKE SELENDER \*  
\* TULI KUPFERBERG J.P. MORGAN LAWRENCE WHITNEY \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

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\* Yossarian Universal News Service \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\*\*

\* Writes revert to righters - Writers'/Artists' Guidelines available \*  
\* (send SASE) \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

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2

the first chapter of his soon-to-be-pubbed (not here but somewhere, I'm sure) book "Journey Through the Tenderloin," which consists of a somewhat fictionalized tale of how he (or someone like him?) lost his virginity. Although not graphic, this sort of thing usually falls into my "More Than I Need To Know" category, but Ace very politely requested he be given a voice, and I dunno, maybe I've been too staid lately. Like, what do I know, I'm just one person. I'd like general feedback on this piece after you've read it—am I just being too squeamish or what?

Other than that, this issue features much interesting stuff (at least, I think so), including a three-part poem on San Francisco by Mike Selender, which I've split by chapter and scattered 'strategically' throughout; the official (if I'm lucky) debut of Phil Tortorici as IJ's permanent "back cover man," if there are no objections; and we look to be deluged with reviews of all shapes and sorts—Anni does a bit on fashion, Rory offers his usual spiffy disc talk, Ken does movies, Tom takes a look at a book, Georg talks music videos, A.J. recalls a poet, and Kris comes back with a report on the Andy Kaufman tribute night at the Comedy Store recently. A real nice and fascinating mix, I'd say.

Among the missing this time are Mike Gunderloy (finals) and Candi Strecker (new job & move) and our planned "Siskel/Ebert" type movie debate, which we still hope to bring you soon, along with an updated staff writer address listing (as many staffers are currently relocating) and the by-now-dreaded questionnaire...

But before we even get to that, I'd like to throw a general query in your direction concerning deadlines and such. Do any of you feel things have been getting too tight lately? I know issue #37 was short on copy because of shortages-o-time, and a couple people pointed out that they only had a few days to respond to that issue before the 15th (the deadline for this 'un). Now granted, I goofed off a little before sending out #38, I should've done it the day I got the printed copies and all and it won't happen again, but my situation is—dear Uncle Wiggly, who's all but donated IJ's repro and paper supplies, requires two weeks to print. I like to have two weeks to type things up and lay them out. Mailing takes another week. That usually gives only about a week for response, if we run on a hexaweekly calendar. My question is, then: How many of you, if any, would like to see IJ go bi-monthly? The main advantage to this would, of course, be that you'd have more response time and we'd probably end up with more material in the long run; the disadvantages are things like having dated material for "Fan Noose" and the calendar and the review columns, and of course that there'd only be 6 IJs a year instead of the current 8. Let me know what you think; if you elect to have us go bi-monthly, I expect the postage will increase (BUT NOT THE PRICE, DON'T WORRY) along with the subscription policy, but in any case I won't put anything into effect until next year. Please feed me back on this, folks; I've tried to get this issue out to you in time for less-than-hurried response, so I'm looking forward to hearing your thoughts on the matter.

Do send them to me, along with submissions (art except for #40's front and back covers, which will be done by Roldo and Phil T, respectively; writing, under 2000 words; comic strips and the like; letters of comment; and whatever else you can whip up, including any extra \$\$ you might have lying around that you'd like to send to da cause), by our next deadline, July 31, to make issue #40, or by September 15 to make #41, or by October 31 for #42 or December 15 for #43, and that'll cover the rest of the year right there. Subscription money can be sent in any time, and that's \$1 per issue, with up to \$8 in advance subs for a year hence (ADVANCE SUBS ARE NON-REFUNDABLE, by the way)—any more than \$8 will be considered donation and I thank you for it—and if you spot an "X" next to your name on the back cover label, this is the last issue you get without said payment. If you contribute writing or art, you can opt to send me a 39¢ stamp instead of the buck; if you're a staffer or an editor of a comparable publication, you get IJ gratis/in exchange. The address is:

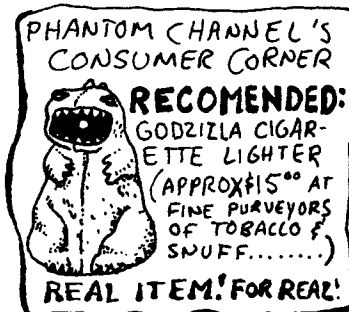
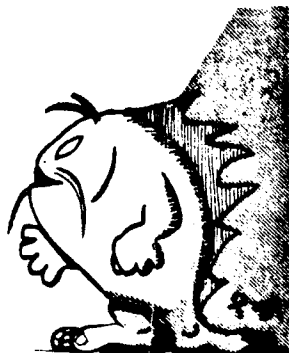
P.O. Box 1609, Madison Square Station, NY, NY 10159.  
Thanks to those contributors who've made up their own headlines, that helps tremendously; thanks also to J.C. Palmer, the only person so far to order an IJ cap. They're \$5 each, if anybody's interested, and back issues of IJ still go for \$1 each. The P.A. would like to suggest we dedicate this issue in memory of the late Richard Greene, and I would also like to say, Get Well Soon, Cyndi...

# Fan Noose

So little time, so much to review...so I'm gonna do what I've kinda been doing for a few issues now, just give you brief first impressions of the new stuff (since I haven't had a chance to read most of it, this past month being so hectic) and mainly addresses of our regularly exchanged publications (though I do seem to have come across a bit of a dilemma, in that there are a couple I'd call "reminiscent" of IJ that I can't quite categorize, so I've decided to refer to them below as creative newsletters)...While watching a weekly collection of "experimental" video work called "New Television" the other night, my production assistant and I often remarked to each other that while we were sure the producers' intentions were lofty, we weren't at all certain of the point of most of the crap paraded before our eyes, and furthermore considered it a travesty of the worst sort that these ar-teeesties actually got mucho grants from all sorts of respectable institutions for the purpose of producing this pointlessness. Now, I probably shouldn't say this, the editor being a good friend of IJ and all, but I feel much the same way about AMELIA, a so-called literary small press publication (or whatever the trendy word to call them is nowadays) edited twice yearly for a whopping \$4.75 per issue by Frederick A. Raborg, Jr. (329 "E" Street, Bakersfield, CA 93304). I haven't gotten through it all yet, but the little I've read has alternately depressed and mystified me to such an extent that I am completely befuddled as to how these folks (who have such noble occupations as "professing English") get all these nifty grants and prizes. The one story I've perused was shockingly downbeat and the rest is all incomprehensible poetry. Well, don't take my word for it, I know jack-shit about poetry, but you know, I like to be able to at least get into what I'm reading sometimes. This stuff leaves me outside in the cold, looking at a lot of self-important, prize-winning "real writers" sharing in-jokes that they probably don't even understand. 'Nuff said; please don't be mad, Fred (I mean, it could be worse, it could be the Southern Literary Digest)...On the other hand, if you want something with a point, even if it'll leave you more depressed than a mere story ever could, send to NEITHER/NOR PRESS (Box 8043, Ann Arbor, MI 48107) for the just-out collection of some of the better works of the late IJ staffer Gerry Reith, entitled NEUTRON GUN. I'd guess Denis McBee is selling 'em for \$5 or so, though the cover price is \$2.95, but I urge you, any of you who've enjoyed and appreciated Gerry's work in IJ and other places, to send for this. It's a fitting tribute to a wonderful artist and friend who took his life just when it seemed we needed him most...MANGLED EFFORTS would seem to be a punk fanzine, but it also contains nice personal articles about student activism, Army recruiters and such, interesting artwork, the usual bad teen angst poetry and probably a few other surprises that haven't yet caught my eye. Worth checking out for \$2 from Murray Kapell (4917 Tokay Blvd., Madison, WI 53711)...The YOSSARIAN UNIVERSAL NEWS SERVICE is a brilliant idea (even if it isn't original) that's well-executed and looks terrific. Our anonymous Yossarian types up on a nice-looking computer lots of funny and bogus news items, the kind I'd adore as IJ filler, and sends them out on a regular basis (I'm not sure how often yet, but he/she appears to print out weekly). The only problem is, I'm not at all sure whether the asking price for subscriptions is bogus as well. You've seen VII's ads in this issue—decide for yourself. The address is P.O. Box 236, Millbrae, CA 94030 and (or?) P.O. Box 40710, Portland, OR 97240...Awhile ago I remember plugging a publication called the NOW/HERE HERALD but not being able to give you any more information because it didn't list an address within. Well, thanks to contributing editor Dee (who informed me they need more stories for their upcoming "America" issue in July), I can now tell you that their address is P.O. Box 13285, Dinkytown Station, Minneapolis, MN 55414...Meanwhile, Phil Krestedemos sends along the latest issue of UNSPOKEN IMAGES (#3), a local (S. Florida) creative newspaper, and informs me they'll be going on hiatus for awhile—"Most of the staff is leaving for college, and though layout for UI#4 is ready and waiting, there is absolutely no money to fund it...in the meantime a few of us have been dabbling in music...we'll send some tapes instead of the magazine in the future...As many people have pointed out (including a horribly truthful review from FACTSHEET FIVE), I'm not entirely cut out for the independent publishing biz..." Well, I haven't read UI#3 yet, but I did like many parts of #2 and if you want to decide for yourself, send a buck or so to 4885 N.W. 6th Ct., Plantation, FL 33317...Also involved in music lately are some friends and/or relatives of IJ artist Dan Howland, who would like me to plug "THE WALLFLOWERS (Todd, Dan, Paul, Art, Armando)—first 7" EP "The Legend of The Wallflowers" (for which Dan did cover art) on Mystic Records (6277 Selma Ave., Hollywood, CA, [213] 462-9005), only \$2.50, 'which is what, less than 75 cents a song, they're getting a bargain...' (Paul), with cover art by Phantom Channel, bluesy R&R, funky bass, sax, reformed rockabilly guitar—buy it!" etc...Speaking of bands, I'd no idea that The Bonzo Dog (Doo-Dah) Band was still around, but I just received a flyer in the mail for THE BONZO DOG BAND FAN CLUB! They say a newsletter is forthcoming, and "to find out more...send us a letter or postcard with your name and address to: Bonzo Fan Club c/o D. Cole, 336 Hoover Ave., Bloomfield, NJ 07003". You can be sure ye editrix will check that out...Fans of the other kind (as in "fandom"), specifically from Minneapolis, have put together the latest (yearly?) issue of RUNE, and if you get past the usual fan stuff, there are some fun articles on "3.2 beer", baking bread and P.D.Q. Bach (by IJ friend Matthew Tepper). Also 'zine and book reviews, an' all that jazz. Send \$1 to M.K. Digre, 4629 Columbus Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55407...Our newest IJ artist, J.P. Morgan, compiles yet more wonderful panels into FUDGONG FUNNIES #2, only 50¢ from him at P.O. Box 78, Keansburg, NJ 07734...And opinionated mini-collage artist Mike Shafer's latest EMOTIONAL VOMIT is subtitled "Art is good?" or, "Artwork? A Novelist's Bible", and is rather indescribable unless you have it in front of you, so if you're curious send him 50¢ at 75 Fair-

## EVENTS CONT'D.

AUGUST 22 - Ray Bradbury (65); Dorothy Parker (b. 1893)  
 AUGUST 24 - Jorge Luis Borges (b. 1889)  
 AUGUST 25 - Walt Kelly (b. 1913)  
 AUGUST 26 - Passage of 19th Amendment (1920)  
 AUGUST 27 - Martha Raye (69); Confucius (b. 551 BC);  
 Federal income tax declared unconstitutional (1894)  
 AUGUST 28 - GYPSY the Feral (IJ Mascot) (2)  
 AUGUST 30 - Robert Crumb (42)  
 SEPTEMBER 1 - Edgar Rice Burroughs (b. 1875)  
 SEPTEMBER 2 - MIKE GUNDERLOY (26)  
 SEPTEMBER 4 - Hudson discovers Manhattan (1609)  
 SEPTEMBER 5 - JODI HAMRICH (?)  
 SEPTEMBER 7 - Buddy Holly (b. 1936)  
 SEPTEMBER 8 - Sid Caesar (63); Peter Sellers (b. 1925)  
 SEPTEMBER 11 - Ken Kesey (52); O. Henry (b. 1862); D.H. Lawrence (b. 1885)  
 SEPTEMBER 12 - PETE LABRIOLA (29); H.L. Mencken (b. 1880)  
 SEPTEMBER 14 - Margaret Sanger (b. 1883)  
 SEPTEMBER 15 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #41;  
 CAROLYN MacDONALD (22); Agatha Christie (b. 1891);  
 Robert Benchley (b. 1889)  
 SEPTEMBER 16 - GREG BLAIR (25)



view Ave., #3B, New York, NY 10040...Unlike me, IJ staffer Mike Gunderloy does take time to read all the pubs he receives, and reviews them with more eloquence and detail than I could ever manage. Besides that, his FACTSHEET FIVE also has IJ P.A. Steve Chaput, IJ star writer Anni Ackner and staffer Kerry Thornley, lots of other familiar names and people you might not know too, all writing really nice stuff and making FF still one of the best small-press networking pubs for the money (\$1 for a sample copy; \$1.75 per at subscription rates). I've said it before—when IJ folds someday, this is the place to flock to. Mike lives at 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155...The successor to the music mag OP, SOUND CHOICE ("An Audio Evolution Network Publication"), has come out with its "B" issue, which it sells for \$2.50 (if you want a discount sub, you can send \$12 for six issues, plus you get bonuses like limited edition flexi-discs—and they guarantee refunds if you wish to cancel!) and can't be beat if you wish to follow the scene—send the \$5 to David Ciuffardini, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023...Issue #14 of the alternative music rag from Alaska, WARNING, is "the humorous issue", and I'm looking forward to (you guessed it) getting around to reading it soon, 'cause it has nifty art and color-repro'd letters and reviews and they reprint an A.J. Wright bit we had a few issues ago and give us a nice plug and don't even have any enigmatic skateboard news! A very impressive issue, and well worth a buck to Bill Bored, P.O. Box 102993, Anchorage, AK 99510...Before getting on with the "regulars", we must bid farewell to the one that usually leads off the alphabetical list—the libertarian newsletter AGAINST THE WALL has suspended publication indefinitely—"We decided to allow ourselves some 'breathing space' to reassess our future plans," writes editor C. William George (the royal "we", Bill?). So if you want the last issue (V.13, #4), send \$2 to P.O. Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091...and here's the rest!: BABUSHKIN'S DIGEST V.1, #s 5,6—L.D. Babushkin, P.O. Box 128, Rosendale, NY 12472 (creative newsletter "dedicated to the defeat of the rightwing counter-revolution;" free but send something ok?); THE CLOSEST PENGUINS #7—Denise Dee, 625A Natoma, San Francisco, CA 94103 (note: new address—unpunctuated stream-of-consciousness emotive writing; \$1); CONTACT #52—Elliott Leighton, P.O. Box 9248, Berkeley, CA 94709 (singles; \$3 and a bit overpriced at that!); DREAMSHORE #19—Jan Byron, 618 S. Mitchell St., Bloomington, IN 47401 (creative newsletter [this issue reprints Rodney's IJ story "Land of Beastly Cheeses"]; \$1 and well worth it!); GOOD DAY SUNSHINE #27—Charles F. Rosenay!!!, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511 (Beatles; \$2 or \$8.50/year for 6!); JET LAG #55—8419 Hall's Ferry, St. Louis, MO 63147 (music, esp. around St. Looney area; it states that Steve Pick is now the official editor & Tony Renner has moved to "Promotions," but I never could keep track of this sort of thing; \$1); THE MONTHLY...BULLETIN #30—T.S. Child (on vacation now so don't write her/him for another couple months ok?), 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 (creative newsletter; free but send stamps); ODIS #3—Paul Vandrick, 172 Capp St., San Francisco, CA 94110 (note: new address here too—creative newsletter; \$1); THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER V.XIV, #1—John T. Harlee, Rt. 10, Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501 (libertarian; SASE?). Well, a nice hefty column this time, good; 'til next time, then, see you in the funny papers!

# DIARY of *The* ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

## ON THE RAGS

This will probably come as a tremendous surprise to you all, but as a matter of hard fact, I am not a fashionable person. Now, I have a fairly good idea of what this must do to your image of me—that sophisticated, devil-may-care bon-vivant flitting from nitery to nitery all decked out in the latest little something or other by that marvelously clever designer from the Balkins suddenly and irrevocably replaced by a tedious frump sitting about watching Johnny Carson and picking toast crumbs off a plaid bathrobe—but it's true, nevertheless: clothes happen to fall on my list of priorities somewhere between studying the current Surgeon General's report on the hazards of smoking and spending a sultry evening in the company of Simon LeBon and, while the image of the slob in the plain bathrobe is perhaps a trifle extreme (for one thing, my bathrobe is white), I will admit that my only real contribution to the world of haute couture has to do with my discovery that, if it's a red shirt with a vee-neck that you desire, you will invariably find that fashion dictates green turtle-necks this season, and you will therefore be unable to acquire a red vee-neck unless you are willing to risk some dicey experiments with scissors and a box of Rit. Short of this, however, I am, essentially, unfashionable.

This is not to give you the impression, of course, that I am totally without clothes sense and an interest in my own appearance, because nothing could be farther from the truth. I have, for instance, after several years of extensive experimentation, learned to zip a zipper all the way up without injuring several inches of my skin in the process. I very rarely attempt to carry off a striped shirt with a plaid skirt these days, I have long since jettisoned anything I owned that was made out of Qiana and I can scarcely remember the last time anyone had to inform me that the clothing care label was peeking shyly out of the back of my collar, so you see that I do have some vague notion of what's what as far as dressing goes, and you really can take me just about anywhere without worrying that I'll show up in a pink polyester pantsuit. I can even work up into a rousing good discussion of whether or not Nehru jackets will ever make a come-back and, if so, whether or not it is constitutional to round up and tranquilize their wearers, but the finer points of what is considered fashionable in matters of dress have never managed to hold my attention longer than, say, it takes to root the sex quiz out from the midst of all those ads in COSMOPOLITAN.

It would be a fallacy to assume that, because of this inherent lack of interest in things sartorial, I am automatically incapable of advising others in regard to the subject. On the contrary, it is this very indifference that renders me eminently qualified for the position of Fashion Arbiter to the General Public. In the first place, you know as well as I do that complete disinterest in a topic has never disqualified anyone from teaching that topic (anyone who survived any amount of time in the New York City public school system will attest to this), and, more importantly, because I care not a whit about competing in the arena of fashion, I have nothing to gain or lose by the way you look. A Real, Grown-Up, Fashion Arbiter to the General Public, under normal conditions, has every intention of making him or herself look as well as possible, even or especially by comparison to you, and so will insist, with the straightest face possible, that the Truly Smart People are all wearing orange chiffon cocktail dresses and white ankle socks (regardless of gender) out to dinner this year, solely so that he or she may have the pleasure of showing up at precisely the same party you are attending, clad in something sleek that Yves or Calvin whipped up for him or her, and making you look like a fool over the gazpacho. I, personally, have none but the most honourable intentions, and care about what you wear only insofar as it spares me from having to look at several dozen misguided souls all sporting narrow black ties and gloves with no fingers in them. I will not steer you wrong merely for the sake of making myself appear tasteful. And so, with only your best interests at heart, and at the greatest personal sacrifice, I now present, for your edification:

### ANNI'S FASHION TIPS FOR GUYS AND GALS

1. *The Almighty possesses infinite wisdom, and created but one Madonna.*  
What this boils down to in practical fact is that a rock star is a rock star and you are a file clerk from Hoboken, New Jersey. In the general course of events, you are not going to be spending inordinate amounts of time on stage at Madison Square Garden, in the V.I.P. room at the Palladium or on Page 6 of the NEW YORK POST, and if you insist on wearing a black lace slip, a belt that reads "Boy Toy" and several dozen crucifixes to the A&P, eventually someone is going to expect you to act accordingly.

2. *The same goes for men, too.*

A cat may look at a king, but if a garage mechanic looks like a Prince, that garage mechanic is apt to have more trouble than it's worth hanging around the old bowling alley. Besides, Boy George may be having a whale of a good time, but do you really want to walk into your local Thom McCann's and ask for a pair of size 12 triple E satin wedgies?

3. *Eight out of ten fashion designers are men under the age of 40.*  
Bear this in mind at all times.

Fashion designers do not really mean to hurt you. They simply do not know any better. For example, many fashion designers are now busily engaged in bringing back the mini-skirt. This is understandable because, being men, they enjoy looking at women's legs, and do not have to wear the mini-skirts themselves. If you opt to wear the mini-skirt, however, you will have to resign yourself to either (a) never carrying anything of value, for fear you will drop it and not be able to retrieve it or (b) hearing selected choruses of MOON OVER MIAMI if you do opt to retrieve it. These are not good options. Were fashion designers women, they would not be busily engaged in bringing back the mini-skirt. They would be busily engaged in designing panty-hose that ac-

tually had crotches where women themselves actually have crotches, and not down the knees somewhere.

On the masculine side, always remember that fashion designers are designing for men who resemble themselves, and what looks good—or, at least, as though one were not attempting an elaborate species of joke—on the young and slender does not always look good—ditto—on the mature and, shall we say, settled. Eschew baggy legs and padded shoulders if nature has already blessed you with baggy legs and padded shoulders.

4. *Several fashion designers are homosexual men. They are interested in others who are homosexual men.*

If you have anything resembling breasts and hips, learn to make your own clothes.

5. *There has never been a model home that looked like a real home. There has never been a woman model that looked like a real woman.*

If you have anything resembling breasts and hips, learn to make your own clothes.

6. *When in doubt, dress down.*

Unless you have to dash out afterwards to tame a few lions, Spandex spangled leotards simply do not make it at a formal gathering.

7. *If your mother likes it, throw it out.*

Mothers are endowed with colossal fashion sense—all of it backwards—and an unerring knack for knowing what is absolutely inappropriate for any given occasion. No one is precisely sure what causes this—personally I think that the theory that it is due to the secretion of additional hormones during the gestation period is way off base—but it is an immutable fact, and you would do well to follow it. If your mother tells you you look well in green, you can safely assume that that particular hue gives you the appearance of having an unholy familial relationship to Kermit the Frog. If your mother tells you you look well in gray, you wear it only at risk of casting an extraordinary pall over entire groups of people, and everyone's mother likes Peter Pan collars and nice little tweed trousers with orange flecks, so you know right there and then that there ought to be a law against them on the books somewhere. Pay attention to what your mother has to say, for you have much to learn from her, one way or the other. After all, she managed to make herself attractive enough to snare your father, didn't she? And you remember your father—he's the gent sitting in front of the television in a ripped undershirt and boxer shorts with horses' heads on them.

8. *The spirit is willing; the flesh is pink.*

Or brown. Or black. Or yellow. Or red or occasionally, in cases of the severely cydnotic, blue. If you choose to add to the original colour scheme by tattooing any part of the flesh with green and orange cobras, you have no one to blame but yourself.

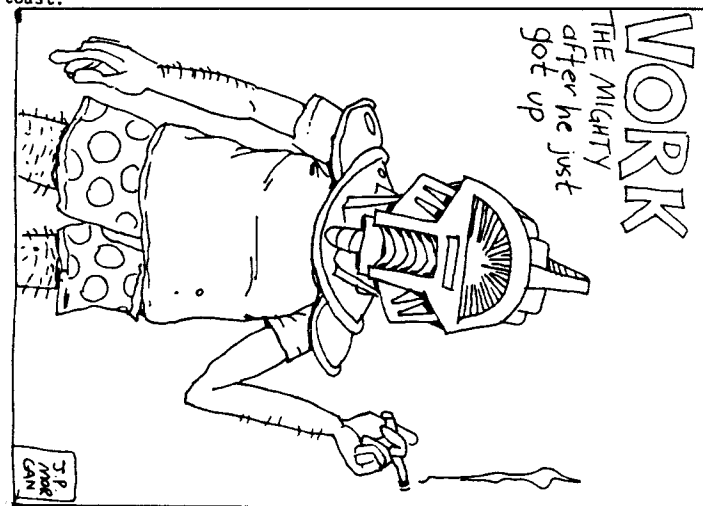
9. *Hair is your greatest fashion accessory.*

The nicest thing about hair is that there's virtually nothing you can do to it that won't ultimately right itself. It takes kindly to teasing, it can live with having hot air blown on it, it may be permed, waved, set, coloured, frizzled and, if you do something really embarrassing to it, it will very obligingly grow out again after a few months. The worst your hair will ever do to you is pack its bags and vacate the premises, and even this is not such a bad thing in itself, for then you may shave it off altogether and effect that sexy, Yul Brynner look, take to wearing clever hats and scarves and create a whole new identity, or accept it gracefully and purchase the wide array of "cute" paraphernalia the mail order houses so nicely merchandise extolling the virtues of the hair-free. However, just because hair grants you a certain amount of freedom does not mean it gives you permission to take undue license. If you try to do something silly to hair, it will retaliate by doing something silly to you. Anyone who has ever attempted to train the sort of hair generic to many Jewish people into a Geraldine Ferraro bob knows exactly about what I am talking.

10. *If the Almighty had meant you to have a diamond stud in your nose, She would have put one there.*

No exceptions. Really.

There now, you see, I can do it. And these tips aren't so very hard to follow, are they? I'm sure that with a little hard work and a little common sense, you can all manage to look better, dress more attractively and keep au courant with the latest fashions without looking too glaringly much like the kind of people who don't quite realize the parade is over. And this, I hope, will end the matter—it's late, Johnny Carson is about to begin his monologue, and I have yet to even begin my toast.





# CITY OF LIZARDS

by Mike Selender  
(for Dan, San Francisco  
1979-81)

## I Sutro

The Romans were here first  
the ruins are proof  
some say that the Spanish  
were here before the Earthquake  
but it's only a rumor  
any Spanish architecture  
is made in America  
like the Victorian-pagoda birdhouses  
built for the Chinese

The Roman Baths  
built by Adolph Sutro  
sit along the shore  
below a silver slope of Cypress  
feathered back along the bluffs  
above waves meeting rock

Built 1896 burned 1966  
a boldhanded commentary  
in green paint tells the story  
how many baths  
the temperature of each  
the Sierra silver mines  
that financed it  
the number of firetrucks  
the number of firefighters killed  
the 30,000 spectators  
that delayed any help

Ducks flota on green scum  
in remnant pools  
once protected by a glass roof  
above this pipes poke out  
of Iceweed covered sand  
and on the sides of concrete walls  
standing like burned out bunkers  
the story runs on  
while on the top surfaces Sun and Fog  
have rendered this attempt at History  
unintelligible

From 1966 to 1970  
498 drowned 29 saved from the Waves

The Sierra silver mines were solid  
but here Sea caves resound with echoes of surf  
the hollow chambers tuned low

They call it the City of Fog  
but by noon the Coast is a study in blue  
an intense arc of sky beyond an edge of cypress  
The Pacific is -

Sun welcomes lizards out from the cracks  
onto rocks jutting out into the waves  
Sea Lions keep a safe distance  
on rocks unconnected  
as Lizards watch from the rocks on shore  
or wander outside seawalls on stretches of sand  
basking in the Sun

## One by One by Susan Packie

"By Jove, it's a brilliant idea! Exactly how are you going to pull it off?"

"Slowly. Just a little bit at a time. One by one."

"Why didn't any of us think of it? And we're supposed to be your top advisors!"

"It seems I'm in less need of advice during my second term in office."

"Uh, yes, we noticed how we're being gradually farmed out to other agencies. But can you be a bit more specific about how you plan to neutralize the entire Senate, plus the House of Representatives?"

"Like I said, one by one. For a start, we're sending a senator on the next space shuttle flight. The guy's practically had a stroke already just thinking about it."

"And space shuttles might not always make it back to Earth."

"Precisely."

"What else do you have planned?"

"We're sending a white ultra-liberal senator to South Africa to criticize the government's apartheid policies and

Editor's  
P.S. -  
Sorry if  
some of  
the issue  
came out  
light -  
nobody's  
perfect  
perfect  
perfect...

praise that Bishop Tutu."

"He'll be torn to pieces!"

"A representative is going to Nicaragua to investigate reports of atrocities committed by the anti-Sandinistas."

"Are you sure that's wise? Even our CIA agents can't survive that trip."

"Another representative will be looking into rumors that Paraguay has been granting asylum to Nazi war criminals."

"Anyone who would go there belongs in an asylum himself!"

"That one's a she. A senator is scheduled to conduct peace talks with the Soviets."

"The hawks will eat him or her alive."

"Another is being investigated for state and federal income tax evasions."

"The IRS will never let the crook off."

"Well, are you getting the general idea?"

"I think so, sir. I'm just thankful I still have a secure job."

No sooner had these words been spoken than a trap door swung open, catapulting the White House aide into the dark chasm that lay directly beneath the Chief Executive's office.

"One by one, yes sir. Oh Nancy, could you step in here for a minute?"

## TALK SHOW HOST CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

I had always imagined that I would meet her in the great modern American common denominator, a shopping mall. Striding along with my wife, we would turn the corner and there she would be with her husband. She would recognize me first and be pleased to see me...I would be cordial and gracious. We would chat. Her husband would quietly check me out and we would part. It was all so civilized...and unplanned. There would be no times for nerves...no anxious preparations for a reunion. It would be all just luck.

I used to have a real desire to see my former girlfriend and almost-fiancee in order to punch in the mouth. I was not particularly a good loser in the contest for her affections that I unexpectedly found myself embroiled. My life had enough surprises...I didn't need emotional insecurity. For years, I knew, at a second's notice, the date of the letter which announced her change of intention. Now, I know only it was mid-August. The letter has long been destroyed.

Over the years, I maintained a tenuous relationship with her two sisters. I heard she became married, and had a family of three children. She was moving back to New England. I often wondered if my little scenario would play itself out one day.

My bitterness has long since faded. With grey hair, an advancing weightline and success, I had mellowed. In many ways, I didn't care if I ever saw her again. If many ways, I wanted to see her in order to close the circle which I felt was unfinished.

When I heard her sister's voice on the phone, I was pleasantly surprised. Could I see her for lunch? Of course. Would I mind if Diane came along? I gaged.

I was not really prepared. Mellowness be damned, I experienced a sudden wave of giddiness. No, no, certainly, I'd love to see her, I heard myself saying. An alien being was obviously in control of my body.

I didn't mind the chance of talking with her but I suddenly became aware of my weight, my relative lack of great financial success...the two factors which nearly put me into a coma at the most recent class reunion. I had committed myself, though—there was no turning back.

She was much thinner than ever she had been when we were together. I was much fatter. Yin and Yang, I thought.

We talked. We ate. We looked each other in the eye. She seemed nervous and at times removed. Mere mentions of things we knew when we were together seemed to make her avert her eyes. I mentioned our break-up in a sanitized, round-about manner. She looked pained.

I realized that she was as nervous as I, but with a difference. I was nervous because of vanity—I wanted her to know that despite her I had survived. I will probably rot in Hell for that concealed thought.

She was nervous because, I think, she felt guilty. Her manner was all the apology I had ever needed or wanted, as, for years, I wanted her to say "I'm sorry." I had long since abandoned that needless demand.

The circle seemed completed. I felt relieved. I hoped sincerely that she did too.

# Wax Ink

by Rory Houchens

**NEW YORK IMPROVISATIONS**—Lenny Tristano (Elektra Musician)  
—For one reason or another, the late Lennie Tristano appears to have been nearly forgotten by connoisseurs of modern jazz piano. He was a master improviser, one of the few jazz artists to fully recognize the possibilities of the recording studio, and a pioneer of overdubbing, yet most of his albums are impossibly hard to find. That's why **NEW YORK IMPROVISATIONS** is such an important release. Taped in his Manhattan studio in '55 and '56 and engineered by Tristano himself, these never-before-released, "private" recordings offer a sublime portrait of a somewhat mysterious jazz legend. His readings of such standards as "My Melancholy Baby" and "I'll Remember April" are cool and controlled, but not unemotional, while his arrangements of his own material ("Manhattan Studio", "Momentum") are clean and uncluttered, obviously the work of a man who knew his own limitations. On one hand, **NEW YORK IMPROVISATIONS** is a much-needed document that helps throw some light on a very deserving musician; and on the other, it's a polished piece of modern music that satisfies no matter what history it brings with it.

**WHO'S LAST**—The Who (MCA)—Generally (and wrongly) accepted as the band's last, wheezing gasp, **WHO'S LAST** not only ranks among the most energetic live albums of the past few years, but stands out as (perhaps) The Who's most earnest, coherent record since **BY NUMBERS**. Townsend plays guitar like his life depended on it, and Daltrey settles into the task of "lead vocalist" with a ferocity not witnessed in recent cons. "Behind Blue Eyes" and "Love, Reign O'er Me" are given grand treatments, while "My Generation", "Magic Bus" and "Long Live Rock" smoke more than the studio versions. Even tame batter like "Who Are You" and "See Me, Feel Me" bake up into respectable desserts. A last live glimpse of a great band.

**JESSE JOHNSON'S REVUE (A&M)**—Prince protégé and former guitarist for The Time, Johnson does his best to emulate his Minneapolis peers, but lacks the purple pizzazz and tongue-in-cheek funkiness to pull it off. "Be Your Man" sports a promising bass line and The Time's trademark keyboard sound, but little else—certainly not enough to flesh out a nearly seven-minute song. "Want My Girl," a gauzy sort of ballad, fares better, partly because it forsakes the tried and true formula used by his former teammates, but it would sound better in the hands of Ray Parker, Jr. And "She Won't Let Go" and "Just Too Much" unhappily infringe upon Rick James' "freaky" territory without discovering anything new. **JESSE JOHNSON'S REVUE** offers lots of potential but little fulfillment.

**THE THIRD DECADE**—Art Ensemble of Chicago (ECM)—As the title would imply, the Art Ensemble of Chicago is beginning its third decade as a recording and performing unit, and to celebrate this auspicious anniversary they've put together one of their most varied and inventive albums to date. "Prayer for Jimbo Kewsi" begins with some stately synthesizer tones and ends on a subdued, slightly somber note with characteristic horns and a soft marching beat. "Walking In The Moonlight," written by the father of the AEC's Roscoe E. Mitchell, touches a lot of bases, among them dance bands of the forties, melodic jazz and Spike Jones. "The Bell Piece" opens season on anything percussive, "Zero" is a straightforward piece of post-bop jazz, and "Third Decade" is an improvisational free-for-all. **THE THIRD DECADE** covers a lot of ground and stretches a lot of boundaries, and is good for opening eyes and ears.

**WELCOME TO THE PLEASUREDOME**—Frankie Goes To Hollywood (Island)—So much hype reached these shores before either Frankie or their record that most people already had their minds made up (one way or another) before ever sampling the group's music, which is, like, always a bad scene, man. Anyway, a debut album that is also a double can usually be expected to harbor a lot of filler, and this one has its share (truth is, Todd Rundgren could have easily fit all this material onto a single long player), but everything fits together so nicely you hardly notice the fluff. Side one contains assorted noise and the dynamic title tune, which sounds like a barefoot walk down an icy road to Hell. Side two features FGT's two big hits, the catchy "Relax" and the less-than-hummable "Two Tribes," and an over-politicized makeover of "War" (I'd rather hear Bill Murray's version). Side three has the band doing covers of "Ferry 'Cross The Mersey", "Born To Run" and "(Do You Know The Way To) San Jose," and their own "Wish (The Lads Were Here)," which is destined to become

# THE WORLD OF Martin Gardner by Tom Gedwillo

Scientific principles form the nucleus of everything that exists. Astronomy and space, biology, chemistry, earth science, environment, mathematics, medicine and physics, each in their respective ways, are what make us what we are. I discovered a wonderful book, "Science: Good, Bad and Bogus" by Martin Gardner (Prometheus, 1981). In the next few issues of **IJ** you'll read about some of the topics he covers in this book. It offers a skeptical look at some of the extraordinary scientific claims of recent years. It is through the electronic media and freedom of the press that the ideas of numerous scientific "cranks" loom larger than those of legitimate experts.

Mr. Gardner serves on the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, and through this council we are able to enlarge upon manipulation of our lives. When Gardner's committee met with officials of NBC to protest the network's pseudodocumentaries about occultism, one executive declared, "I'll produce anything that gets high ratings!" I think not. Would NBC do a show that dealt with the adulteries of JFK? No, because it would be in poor taste and eventually damage the network's image. But since these electronic big shots lack any knowledge of science fact, they take free will at distorting these subjects for prime time.

Among other subjects covered in this book are quantum theory and quack theory, magic and parapsysics, Uri Geller, ESP, and the team of Fliess and Freud. It is the latter that makes for some fascinating reading about the organic qualities of the numbers 23 and 28. Wilhelm Fliess was a nineteenth-century surgeon and a close friend of Sigmund Freud. Among the theories expounded by Dr. Fliess was one that maintained the bisexuality of humans. The male component, he said, is keyed to the rhythmic cycle of 23 days, the female to a cycle of 28 days. (In this numerological context, the female cycle is not related to the menstrual cycle.) Fliess further speculates that in normal males the male cycle is dominant, the female cycle repressed. In normal females, it is the other way around. These cycles start at birth with the sex established by the first transmitted cycle. Continuing throughout life, these cycles, according to Dr. Fliess, define our vitality up to our death. (A seemingly unrelated aspect of this numerology is the attribution of "genital spots" on the interior of our noses! This was a supposed link between nasal irritations and sexual variability.) Freud regarded the 23/28 cycle as a major discovery and used it in his biological essays. In his book relating to dreams, Freud noted that "Fifty-one (23 + 28) is the age which seems to be a particularly dangerous one to men. I have known colleagues who have died suddenly at that age." Freud was soon to realize, however, that Fliess's theories were nothing more than the juggling of numbers.

Fliess died in 1928 (note the obliging 28) but his cycle theory was still in discussion for years. Books soon followed with reports on family trees that were affected by the computation of male and female cycles. It may be possible that these calculations were the basis of the modern biorhythm charts. According to a study done by two Swiss authors, the most dangerous days are those on which a cycle, particularly the 23- or 28-day cycle, crosses the "horizontal" line. These transitions are called "switch-point days." Since the 28-day cycle is four weeks long, switch points will occur on the same day of the week. A Friday switch point will mean that every other Friday will be critical for female energy throughout your life. Only because of the Freud connection this numerology of Dr. Fliess is remembered today. Otherwise, it is of interest only to students of recreational mathematics.

"Science: Good, Bad and Bogus" is a remarkable literary work. Mr. Gardner discusses much in the way of unorthodoxy in science, and you'll find the subjects to be ones that have affected you in an unperceived way. I highly recommend this work. (A related publication to which Mr. Gardner contributes is **THE SKEPTICAL INQUIRER**, Box 229, Central Park Station, Buffalo, NY 14215.)

a future hit single for Stephen Stills. Side four steps up to bat with the wholesome "Krisco Kisses," the apocalyptic "Black Night White Light," and the spunky and funky "The Only Star In Heaven." I'm not sure, but next time I just may wait for the movie.

## INFIRMITY

by Ergoloid Grubbs

Pink Bunny didn't like the room in the infirmary. Maybe because the beds had gold blankets and Pepto-Bismol-green sheets. Or maybe because there were four white walls, bare except for curtains. Bunny liked the room they had the night before better. One of the beds had green blankets and there was a sink. And the beds had backboards on them—wooden ones—instead of the metal bars on the frames of these beds.

"But Bunny, in this room the beds are higher," came a muffled voice from behind a gold blanket. The beds were so high Prudence had to jump just to get on top of them. "And look, there are these rolly tables and a big shiny number six right on the door, it's much nicer than that plain ol' two we got last night, don'tcha think?"

Bunny agreed that the number two was indeed plain, and dumpy besides. But still, the other room did have a sink. Prudence was glad there wasn't a sink in this room, because then she would feel obligated to wash the lipstick off of her face and chest.

Prudence had spent the day with her friend, Beline. Beline had this lipstick that was green. Or at least it looked green. Prudence had always thought it would be neat to have green skin, kinda sorta like those lizard people on V, but without the scales, or like the witch in the Wizard of Oz. She decided to see what she would look like with green skin. She smeared some green on both cheeks and went to look in the mirror. Beline laughed and told her it was magic lipstick that would take her natural skin color and "enhands" it or something like that. Prudence didn't know what enhances was but she thought it was something like clear nail polish for the skin because when she looked in the mirror her cheeks were all pink and shiny. She smeared a little on her chest, in the area just below the jugular, and a little pink streak appeared. Prudence was disappointed. "Green lipstick should stay green," she thought. "Beline thinks she knows it all, but I bet she bought that lipstick thinking it was really green too." She contented herself with that notion.

Prudence felt very small sitting in the strange bare room. She didn't like the naked walls, they made her anxious so she concentrated on sipping her grape juice from a paper cup with a motif of dead leaves—they were brown—arranged on a vine like flowers. Both Bunny and Prudence agreed that the picture on the cup was very silly.

"Do you know why they call this place the infirmary?"

Prudence nodded her head from side to side, "Nuh-uh."

"Well it's all very simple, this is where they send all the people who are infirm."

"Oh," Prudence brightened, "like Gumby! Hold on, let me get this down." She repeated "infirmary" three times till she could pronounce it right and three times more just for good measure. Pleased with herself she smiled and gulped down the last of her grape juice, leaving a purple moustache.

She checked the little can that the juice came in to see if there was any more left. None. Prudence and Bunny agreed that it was a shame that there was no more grape juice left and that the little can was cute.

"I bet if the little tin foil thingy on the top of the can hadn't been struck on so hard, I wouldn't have to pull so hard and I wouldn't have spilled grape juice on my nightshirt and I would have had more to drink."

Bunny remarked how that was probably very true and commented that it was a very astute perception on Prudence's part.

Prudence and Bunny looked around the room. In the corner there was a wooden dresser and there was another door right next to the door that entered into the hallway. Prudence wondered what the other door led to.

"Bunny, do you think that it's a magic door that leads to another planet?"

"I doubt it."

Prudence thought that that was too bad, but she figured Bunny was right. Since he is the proprietor of the world and the next king of the galaxy he would know about these things.

"Well I wonder what's behind that door. Maybe there's a dragon, or a...a...flying whoonitsis! I mean there has to be something behind that door or there wouldn't be a door there. What's the sense in building a door if there's nothing to build it in front of?"

Bunny doubted that there was anything as spectacular as a flying whoonitsis behind the door but sometimes one never does know. For a while they amused themselves guessing at what was behind the door, they made a game of it. But after a while their imaginations ran out and they grew tired of the game.

Prudence, feigning bravado, leaped from the bed, saying, "I don't know about you, but I'm going to find out." She went to the door and grasped the knob. Bunny ran over to the other side of the door carrying a plastic tray to "bash his head in just in case." They both decided it was a necessary precaution. Slowly, Prudence turned the knob and then she pulled the door open really fast.

It was a closet.

Prudence climbed back on the bed. This was another disappointment. First there was the lipstick and then the room...the day had just too many disappointments. And it was a closet, of all things. Neither of them had thought the door would lead to a closet. Bunny pointed out that there was a very small trap door in the closet and asked if wouldn't she like to investigate. Prudence yawned and said no, she might only be disappointed again.

The third night in yet a third room, Prudence sat contemplating the decor. "It seems, Bunny, that this room is quite hideous." The room had one high bed and one low bed, one rolly table and a desk, a dresser and one mystery door. The low bed had green sheets and a gold blanket and the high bed, on which were seated Prudence and Bunny, had green sheets and a blue blanket. The walls were so white they were almost yellow, which was okay because they went with the ugly yellow, red and orange plaid curtains. And there wasn't even a number on the door.

She continued, "Every time we come here we get a different room. Why I bet that if we came here a hundred times we would get a different room each time."

"I don't think they have a hundred different rooms."

"Well it doesn't matter, I wouldn't want to come here a hundred times anyway."

There was a long period of silence. Bunny insisted that if Prudence was to get well she must sleep. He tucked her in, kissed her forehead, and turned out the light.

"Bunny, tell me about your trip to visit the Moat Monsters. What were they like? Were they really plagued by those nasty beasts, the ferocious Smoky Bars?"

"Well, Prudence, if you want my opinion the Moat Monsters were rather dull fellows. And they weren't plagued by the Smoky Bars at all, they were just an excuse so that the Moat Monsters can just muck about at home all the time. You see, the Moat Monsters are lazy. They just like to lie about—and out in the Sun no less."

"Oh yuck," interjected Prudence. She sat up and took a swig of ice water from the glass at her side. Drinking, an ice cube beamed her in the nose.

"And when they lie out in the sun, their scales turn the most sickening shade of orange. Once I saw this I rushed right back. Even the thought of it is enough to send shivers through my whiskers."

"Bunny, why is it that in the infirmary the ice cubes they put in your drink never melt?"

"They don't melt because they are made of plastic."

"Bunny?...Next time you go away, can I come with you?"

"Do you really want to?"

"Only if you're not going to visit the Moat Monsters." Prudence sank down further into the bed. "It's a shame about them Moat Monsters."

## CITY OF LIZARDS (cont'd)

by Mike Selender

### II Market Street

Market Street runs like a canyon  
thru the financial district  
trolleys running down the middle  
electric buses on the sides  
cars flowing inbetween

Pilgrims wearing backpacks  
pop out of Bartholoms  
eyes open wide lost in confusion  
"Is this where it's at?"

They perch on stone blocks  
sunning in the blue haze  
some lying back heads propped  
on bedrolls or packs

Others sitting in alcoves by store windows  
with those going out of business sales  
that seem to keep on going

Sitting stoned  
their eyes roll out like lizard tongues  
vacantly reaching for traces of Stardust  
spilled too long ago to matter

Tourists stand in line  
waiting for cablecar rides  
while SanFranciscans dodge Tourists and Pilgrims  
as they scurry between work and lunch

Tourists watch Pilgrims watching Tourists  
watch Pilgrims trying to find out  
how to cross a street in California  
until a resident bounds out ignoring traffic  
and a wife tells her husband "I told you so!"

Then there are Tourists taking pictures  
of Pilgrims watching Tourists take pictures  
of Pilgrims thinking Tourists are San Franciscans  
while people walk by and shrug

Nice young people from Scientology  
round up Tourists and Pilgrims  
and anyone else they can get  
to take a questionnaire that measures happiness

In SanFrancisco Rome precedes Greece  
men walk arm-in-arm down Market  
doing the Castro Street shuffle

Tourists on Ninth approach a storefront  
lured by brightly colored cakes  
but as the colors take form  
and the shape looms apparent  
they jolt back aghast as a sculpted phallus  
rises from a cake



You know why I like this singer?

No, why?

Baby, let me hold your pseudopod!

My cilia are all a-gulver...

We could go find a doctor...

Stomp and infect his liver!

Stereo.

Amster

# the postmodernist party viking

by Rodney K. Dioxin

hey dere dudes and etcetera lifeforms. it's da new criticism—live in yer livin room or kitchen or wherever ya keep this thing. by way of explanation, in early june (the 1 of da month ta be 'zact) chan. 68 in da metro area went to a music video format. for da 1st coupla weeks dey only had three hours of programmed material for each week, endlessly reshuffled. however, as i type this (on sunday the 16 of june) 4½ hours of videos have shown up already.

dis is obviously a good thang cos dere's no way ya can stay in bizness wif so much repetition (altho come ta think of it "i love lucy" does ok...). so it's summer an dere be little else better than sittin round watchin this shit as my brain turns ta jello. it's amazing the amounts of money that can be spent ta produce somethin that'll get me cross a room ta turn da damn channel in near-record times. but dat's true every place.

watchin all dis cathodeness has made me ta realize that heavy metal bands are all uniformly ugly and make shitty videos (special dispensation ta Ratt and Twisted-Fuckin-Sistah for hirin cool background casts...but not all that much slack unless ya turn down da volume). no surprise at all dat so much of this is boring to kill. i could go off on a terminal bitch-on-wheels here, runnin down all the crap i've paraded in fronta my eyeballs recently (from geranium jackson ta ultravox ta cock robin) but why bother? sumone should have some fun here. so let's go ta the ole doc cop-out bag of cheap devices for sum allegedly rhetorical questions.

1) why's bruce so dull? i mean, he's apparently a pleasant enuf guy. but look at "dancin in the dark"—did they really need ta get de palma ta do this? i mean look at it. you know in yer heart dat you coulda done this in yer sleep. at least john sayles put some imagination in "born in the usa". but it's still pretty dull. proof of dat is amply available in the stanley clark version of the toon and its accompanyin vid. sure it don't mean nuthin but it looks better by a coupla miles. i'll take good art over so-called meanin any time tanks anyway. i also just like the clark mutation of da song better anyway. dey were rite 'bout dat too. good video cannot save a bad song. not dat "good" and "bad" mean jack shit. my good could verrah well be yer quick genuflect ta da porcelain throne and (miami?) vice-versa. still, after absorbin so many videos both now an in da past i still don't think these things mean ennything half da time an dat at least half of da remainin times dey only mean whatevah ya bring to 'em. sure ya may know mosta dis but i think every critic-type should blow it off inta print at da start ta sorta set da parameters and limitations of da whole gig. (but back ta questions.)

2) why do all dese bands think dat seein 'em lipsynch along wif dere stuff is such a god all major thrill? well, this one's easy. it's cos sum of 'em can actually pull it off (so to speak an no reflection on ennyone's personal habits). if da song strikes yer fancy, or dere's a good concept or set design or scenery behind 'em den ya can still wring a lil gem outta the same tired old band on a stage doin da toon formula. recent faves of mine in dis area would be

"sussudio" by the inescapable phil! (i think he should drop the surname a la frank! and sammy!)—i don't even like da song all dat much but phil's havin so much fun it sorta sucks me in too. extra points for da jerry garcia clone on bass (welcome to da 80s?); also dere's "Modern Industry" by Fishbone—just cos they're so fuckin weird; "Out of Touch" by Hall and Oates—where's my drumsticks?; "Love and Pride" by King—even if it is overpacked wif cliches like graffiti and breakdancers (enthusiasm and a good tune wins out again); and "Never You Done That" by General Public—New Yawk City, jus' like i pictured it...

3) why don't ya drop dese lame questions an' go wif da format distinctions ya were usin in da last 'graph? OK smartass, i will. another of my fave genres is da "throw the band on da streets an have 'em move around eitha wif or wif-out some probably unintelligible plotline." positive examples of this kinda work would include: "Everybody Wants to Rule the World" by Tears for Fears—great car (free something to anyone who can convincingly explain this thang); "Walkin' On Sunshine" by Katrina and the Waves—ok, Kimberly! fall on yer ass one mo' time (more prizes to ennyone who can get me Katrina's fone #); "Bad is Bad" by Huey Lewis and the News—my gods, how did these guys get so dropdead cool? San Fran nevah looked better. dis is one of my all time faves. special award to the oriental bud melman that gets Huey's harnonica serenade.

say, dere's an idea. how bout sum awards? dat's always a good way ta kill time...

best sonuvabitch: "Voices Carry" by 'til tuesday. where'd they get dis guy? ferget dat it's preposterous (rite —all yuppies hang wif new wave chicks). i wanted ta string him up by his cojones. a great venom venter.

best whiteface: "You Talk Too Much" by Run D.M.C. good fun an i liked da car ("...like my garage") even if da Independent Network News is on ch. 11 and not 9.

worst whiteface: "Change Your Mind" by Sharpe and Numan—best moment when Sharpe smashes the bust of ole Gary. he only beat me to it by da merest mo'. give dat man a contract.

best celebration of bisexuality: "The French Song" by Joan Jett—hey Joan, great doberman!! i yam wot i yam. rite arm!

the first Al Frisch serious weirdness award: and it's a three-way tie between "Isn't That Just Like Empty-Vee?" by the Atavistics (the title sez it all); "Don't Come Around Here No More" by Tom Petty (all yer worst lysergic dreams cum true—great cameo by Dave Stewart as the caterpillar); and "The Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight" by Dominatrix (all twisted—all rite!...vid directed by Beth B, famous NYC indie film-maker [see "Vortex"]—big lotsa fun indeed, and check out dat ice-cube action...i took notes).

life-time achievement award: Joe "King" Carrasco!! yeah let's give it to him now an beat da holiday rush. a fuckin genius and he wears a mean crumpled currency bowtie. for "Dinero" alone he merits sum instant an heavy canonization action. get da pope on it an i'll go back and check out "Current Events" again. true greatness cums ta yer home screen. da dioxin choice for s.d.p.s. (ask "Bob") for da month.

'kay dudes, that's it fer now. here's hopin that 68 hops up an plays sum of my faves like "dear prudence", "howling at the moon" or "heaven" (by da furs please not bryan "cuts like a squid" adams). do tune in next time fer shock, horror, an controversy as i muster my defense of Madonna. or not...

# STUPIDITY *by Lawrence Oberc*

When Kevin left the party early I knew I was in trouble. I kept on drinking even though I didn't have a ride home. I finally reached that point where I had to leave. Two more beers and it'd be all over. I staggered out to the street and stuck out my thumb. The first few cars that passed didn't even bother to slow down. Then a cop car, lights flashing, pulled to the curb. I was trying to figure out where I was going to get fifty bucks to get me out of jail when this kid yelled at me from inside of the car.

"What are you waiting for?" he said.

I got in the car. Why, I don't know.

"Where you headed?" I asked.

"Don't rightly know," said the kid, adjusting a hair under his nose. "I guess it'd be a good idea to dump this car some place first."

"Dump the car?" I asked.

"Yeah," said the kid. "I just ripped it off a few minutes ago."

"Ripped it off?"

"What are you," asked the kid, "stupid or something?" He was looking at me funny.

"Why don't you drop me off at the next corner?" I suggested.

"Don't have the time," said the kid, adjusting a hair under his nose. It seemed like the hair wanted to crawl into the kid's nostril for some reason.

"You sure?" I asked.

"Sure I'm sure," said the kid. "If I had known you were so stupid I'd'a never stopped."

"Why did you stop?" I asked.

"I thought you might know where to ditch the car."

"Maybe," I said, "you gave me too much credit."

"Sure looks that way," said the kid. "Got any bright ideas?"

"Why don't you turn off the lights?" I suggested. "It'd make us look a little less obvious."

"Glad you finally came up with something," said the kid, flipping a switch on the dash. The lights turned one more time, then stopped.

"See that road over there?" I asked, pointing to a turn-off.

"What about it?" asked the kid. Another hair was working itself into his nostril. Two more and every hair in the kid's moustache would have made the trip.

"Take it," I said. "It goes into the country. We can dump the car out there."

"Maybe you're not as stupid as you look," said the kid, taking the turnoff.

"Don't bet on it," I said. "I got in this car." ➔

The kid laughed, then said, "You're all right."

"You do this often?" I asked.

"This is the first time," said the kid. "Some friends of mine said I didn't have a hair on my ass if I didn't steal this car."

"What would you have done if they had dared you to do something stupid?"

"I don't know."

"Seems like you would," I said. "Especially after stealing this car."

"You don't have no right talking to me like that!" said the kid.

"Sorry," I said, grinning.

"I mean like," said the kid, "you're a lot stupider than me. You wouldn't catch me hitching if I was drunk."

"You probably never been drunk before," I said.

"I have too!" said the kid.

"Sure," I said. "You don't even know what drinking is all about."

"What are you," asked the kid, "a professional or something?"

"My friends think I am. Do yours?"

The kid didn't answer.

"Whatever," I said. "Here, pull over. That field there looks like a good place to dump the car."

The kid pulled off of the road and began to drive across the field. When he was in the center of the field he stopped the car and turned off off."

"You're not going to leave the car here, are you?" I asked.

"Sure," said the kid. "Why not?"

"I wonder," I said, "how stupid one has to be before he can recognize stupidity in someone else."

"What do you mean?" asked the kid, trying to figure out whether or not I had insulted him.

"You have to park the car where it can't be seen from the road," I said. "That way the cops won't find it right away."

The kid started the car.

"Don't turn on the lights," I said.

He drove the car through the field and finally parked it behind a clump of trees.

"Is that good enough?" asked the kid.

"As well as can be expected," I said. "Now let's get the hell out of here before someone shows up."

We left the keys in the car and walked across the field. Just before we got to the road the kid stopped and looked at me.

"You know," he said, "somehow I get the feeling you've done this before."

"Don't be silly," I said. "I wouldn't be that stupid."

Then we began the long walk back into town.

## Mrs. Small Meets Oliver Garky (or, 'Stick our Your Tongue & Say 'Awance''')

*by Roldo*

Mrs. Small was a large medium, and yes, she was also a happy one.

She could speak to the departed or talk the living to death as the situation required. She could read a palm or turn the Tarot, or consult the stars for a modest fee, and for a slight additional sum she could quite accurately foresee the Future.

Considerably more remuneration was required, however, to encourage her to reveal it.

Consequently, as her reputation grew, Mrs. Small found herself being sought out by increasingly Important Personages, first among the rich of the financial world, then, with more secrecy, by the leaders of the Church and the heads of State. The Government "tested" her—for military purposes, they said—and she charged them the amount of her taxes for that year for the pure fun of seeing how they'd calculate that paradox.

The Important Personages would receive her with the air of aloof dignity always affected by the pompous. She would leave them pale and shaken. There are conditions of naked beyond nudity, even nudity of the soul.

When the long black car arrived, unannounced, Mrs. Small was waiting and ready to leave. She had known this moment was coming, and she knew it would be known that she knew.

He sat in elegant shadows and was silent. Mrs. Small knew his question. She also knew her answer. ➔

"You believe yourself to be the most powerful man on Earth," she said, "the Head of the Ultimate Conspiracy, the mind behind the secret hand that moves all the kings and queens, the bishops, knights, rooks and pawns of this game you call 'Reality'. Only one thing still troubles you: You do not know the identity of your opponent and that's why you've sent for me."

"I've come to tell you."

He sat in silent shadow, motionless.

"You play against yourself. You try to convince yourself that your power and position justify your greed and arrogance, but all things are connected and the actions of one are reflected in the whole. While one knows discomfort, no power or position can truly give you peace. The harm you do returns to you."

In elegant shadows, he moved his hand in a silent and ancient gesture of dismissal.

"No," said Small. "I've also come to answer the question you fear to ask—and the answer is 'yes'. There is a Power beyond you, and yet another beyond that, and on and on, farther than I or any mortal Eye can see. You are, as you have always feared, only a piece on yet a greater board, moved by a hand that manipulates not for the lie of gain but in the knowledge that the Good of All is the Good of Each."

"Against that hand, you have no power at all."

He sat, still in shadow and still without moving.

"No," said Mrs. Small, but gently, "I'll not tell you that."

Motionless and in shadow she left him.



# Filmviews

by Ken Filar

A glorious beginning? Qui? How many of you remember your dreams? Entire dreams, from beginning to end? Very few, no doubt. Usually, the part that stays with you, that haunts your waking, as it were, is that part which stands so far apart from your day-to-day existence as to seduce you with the very fantasy of the vision. Hence, you deride the unreality. You say: "It must be a dream." Yet, some deeper part of your psyche still yearns for it all to be so. (The same, of course, might be said for nightmares. Though, then, the unreality speaks to your fears rather than your desires.)

Those of you who have had the good fortune to grow up in the ism/age of commercial/consumer have been treated to no end of fantasies. Whiter whites and brighter brights, no wax buildup, a new you, and oh, what a relief it is. Because you've been subjugated (like a virgin?) to such constant potential you have, in some respect, tarnished the purity of your seducibility.

Perfect, for example. John Travolta is a super-journalist. No toady for the Daily Planet he, a feature writer for Rolling Stone with credits as diverse as junk food, Abscam and Carly Simon. He's currently trying to scoop (read: seduce) an interview from a prominent businessman who is on trial for drug importation (a la DeLoe...and if that isn't enough, while in LA on that assignment, he decides to investigate the health club scene. He wants to write a story on how they have become the singles bars of the 80's. The fly in the ointment proves to be a beautiful aerobics instructor (enticingly fleshed out by Jamie Lee Curtis) who he wants to peg the story on, but who refuses to be the subject of an interview. It seems she'd been shafted by a reporter once before—though she's not above a little deeper probing (read: seduction) here, as long as it's off-the-record. But it's not as if anyone set out with the express intention of being seduced...

Nor can you deny that you're less than willing victims. After all, you plunked down the five dollars only after making a decision based on any number of factors, including:

- 1) Are the stars "hot"?
- 2) Are the stars "legend"?
- 3) Do I like this director (his previous work)?
- 4) Is it sequel to a film I've enjoyed in the past?
- 5) Is the story one I can swallow—or even follow?
- 6) Has word of mouth been favorable?
- 7) Is it "the thing" to see?

And sometimes, even:

- 8) Is it playing in a "good" theater?
- 9) Are the show times convenient?

Aside from the immediately seductive of Duran Duran's title track for A View To A Kill and the wonderful wickedness of Grace Jones' "May Day", there is little to recommend this film over any past Bond. Granted, it had some good moments, but overall, it was more boring than Perfect, which was also visually arresting and pulsed to a soundtrack that guaranteed sweat. (Within days I found my own slothful self in a Manhattan health club signing away my vices and my savings.) In point of fact, the only fantasy the Bond inspired was to parachute off the Eiffel Tower when I get to the top. So let's not say adieu. Let's say au revoir.

Another potential box office killer this summer would appear to be Prizzi's Honor...and for all the right reasons: Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, John Huston and daughter Angelica (giving the best performance of her career...and of this film). However, all the reviews painted such a seductive portrait (even throwing out bits of dialogue) that coming away I felt a bit cheated. It just wasn't that good. On top of which, the cows in the audience applauded every line they already knew so vociferously that the retort was often lost in the moo. Get along little doggies. Overall, though, it was amazingly enjoyable...but wait and see it in the comfort of your own home. You'll better appreciate the Brooklynese and the virtually bloodless tale about two "hitters" (Nicholson and Turner) who fall in love and then get contracted to eliminate each other. If you begin to imagine comic possibility as geometric, you wouldn't be square. Isosceles? Possibly?

Grace Quigley was at least as underrated as Prizzi's Honor was overrated. Certainly, all of the wrinkles show in Katherine Hepburn's labor of love. But when the script was thrown at her over a wall and she decided to do it, it took a couple years to get it shot, and a couple more to get it released. But you cannot see what kept it in the can. Time may be the cruelest hoax of all, for though it's not her best movie, she's done worse. She hires a contract killer (Nick Nolte) to do her in, then sees the potential and is seized by the idea (read: seduction) of knocking off old people who no longer have a reason to live. It is an odd-ball sort of humanitarianism, but it is entertaining. I laughed out loud much more often during Grace Quigley than I did during Prizzi's Honor, though they are both from that same school of morbid knock-knocks that I think I graduated from.

And, by gum, seduction just seems to rull from one bed of thought to another (even as old Jack Sartre thinks therefore he rolls over in his grave)...Cocoon presents quite the other side of the coin for old-timers. Seems there's this pool house in St. Petersburg where some extra-terrestrial types are storing some pod-pals from Atlantis. Seems there are these three old geezers who have been sneaking over from the retirement community next door to use the pool. But when the swim with the cocoons, they feel more chipper than they have (in decades?). The movie breezes along at such a pace that when the last scene comes around, you can hardly believe that director Ron Howard took so much screen time to replay a scene that's been used to better effect in (1) Close Encounters Of The Third Kind, (2) E.T., and (3) Starman. But, I confess, the hopefulness that this final seduction engendered was still enough to bring a little mist to the corners of my eyes. Guess I'm a sentimental old fart.

10 Your guess is as good as mine.

...And meanwhile over at the Megabuck Cute Fuzzy Animal Co. (Merchandising Division):

Sorry... you'd fit right in our Saturday morning cartoon toy campaign, but your navel is too big and disgusting



## A Note on the Forgotten Baroness

by A.J. Wright

Her poetry appeared in some of the leading literary journals of the twenties: transition, Transatlantic Review, Broom and The Little Review. The Baroness makes brief entrances into many of that period's memoirs and histories, such as Margaret Anderson's My Thirty Years' War, William Carlos Williams' Autobiography and Albert Parry's Garrets and Pretenders. Despite these appearances, her colorful character and connections (her father-in-law, the Baron Hugo, was a military writer and assistant chief of the German general staff), Else von Freytag-Loringhoven is almost totally unknown today.

A decade ago a modest revival seemed about to start. Two anthologies published at that time, America, A Prophecy (1973) and Revolution of the Word (1974), contain several excerpts, complete poems and appreciative comments about the Baroness. Little if any of her work has been published since.

Our view of the life (1874-1927) and work of the Baroness is easily influenced by the almost stereotypical manner of her death—suicide by gas in Paris. In fact, in the letters to American writer Djuna Barnes published by The Little Review and transition after her death, the Baroness wrote vividly about suicide, "I am dead already. Death cannot commit suicide. I am safe..."

The Baroness' public and private antics during her lifetime were hardly the work of a corpse. She made headlines in America in 1915 as the "Refugee Baroness." Her husband, Lieutenant Leopold, was a prisoner of war in France; and the stranded Else designed her own costumes and worked as an artist's model to make ends meet. A New York Times reporter described her as "lithe in figure and as graceful as a leopard. Her hair is red and her eyes a turquoise blue...some might call her bizarre in attire." She was quoted as saying, "Always was that soul hunger—always that raging protest within me against the conventional."

In fact, Else was dada poetry and performance art in frantic motion. She once appeared in a New York restaurant in outrageous clothing with a postage stamp on one cheek and a coal scuttle for a hat. In Berlin she celebrated one of her birthdays by shaving and shellacing her head and walking naked down a street. She might stroll the sidewalks with sardine cans around her head and tea balls hanging from her bust. Writer George Hugnet described her as "an empress from another planet." According to William Carlos Williams, she once "advised me that what I needed to make me great was to contract syphilis from her and so free my mind for serious art." Williams also described one of her "sculptures" as "chicken guts, possibly imitated in wax." Finally, the twilight of this calculated madness set in; for several of her later years she was supported by Djuna Barnes or in an asylum or charity house.

Her melodramatic poetry is just as disturbed—and disturbing. In a long primal scream called "Mineself—Minesoul—and—Mine—Case—Iron Lover," she writes, "...it is THOU—mine soul—and thine desire to flare by thineself which maketh thine body say: 'Alas!'" The editors of America, A Prophecy, Jerome Rothenburg and George Quasha, call her a "conscious purveyor of a 'poetry of madness;'" she had her own unique solution to the mind-body problem.



# Zenarchy STORIES

by Ho Chi Zen

## INSTIGATING A ZENARCHIST TRADITION

For many years it has been a custom among my closest friends to make little gifts of ordinary things and bestow them upon one another, either in person or through the mails.

Times are I've taken a piece of cardboard, pasted a collage on it, then sent it to Greg Hill as a postcard. When we would voyage together on LSD, my friend Bud Simco would bring me a ball of scented wax or a bead or an attractive pebble to groove on as we were tripping. I've received from others decorated boxes filled with "street jewelry"—bits of colored glass and other items rescued from sidewalks and roadsides. Roach clips and hash pipes are easy to make from all kinds of odds and ends discarded by industrial society. I've transformed cigar boxes into three-dimensional collages the have noticed that old political buttons can be pasted over with words or pictures clipped from magazines. As was known to the original Americans, seed pods can be turned into beads and medallions.

Most such gifts are enjoyed for reasonable lengths of time and then passed on to someone else. A spontaneous circuit of gift-giving—literally, a small gift economy—is now the result.

For me, this activity keeps alive the spirit of the day when, as I sat under a tree, a stranger took what I had to offer and, adding to it only his imagination, returned to me something more.

Hopefully, these Zenarchy stories will be received in a like spirit. They're for you. Throw out the ones you don't like. Add some new ones of your own, and pass them on to people you dig.

## THE I CHAO

Greg Hill began writing a Discordian I Ching (the Chinese Book of Changes with which it is difficult to go wrong because all sixty-four oracles contain excellent Taoist advice; English translations generally contain a large amount of footnotes to explain its occasional obscurities). In typical I Ching fashion, the first oracle in Greg's I Chao begins with, "No error!"—to which is appended the following footnote: "Yet."

## LAYMAN P'ANG LIFTS A LEG

Between 740 and 808 A.D. there lived in China a Ch'an (Zen) layman who once loaded all his riches into a boat and set fire to it, sinking it in the river, but who steadfastly refused monastic vows. Consequently he became known as Layman P'ang Yun and according to The Recorded Sayings of Layman P'ang, translated by Ruth Fuller Sasaki, Yoshitaka Iriya and Dana R. Fraser (Weatherhill, 1971): "Wherever the Layman dwelt there was much coming and going of venerable priests,

and many exchanges of questions. According to the capacity of each the Layman responded as an echo to a sound. He was not a man to be categorized by any rule or measure." As such his actions contained the spirit of Zenarchy.

Renowned as a poet, he once wrote:

*The past is gone  
so don't try to bring it back.  
The present flees  
so don't try to grasp it.  
The future is beyond  
so don't try to anticipate it.*

Once he was lying on a couch reading a sutra. A monk approached him and scolded, "You must maintain dignity as you read a sutra!" So Layman P'ang lifted up one leg. Without another word, the monk departed.

## JUDY'S SISTER CLAPS ONE HAND

"What is the sound of one hand clapping?" is a popular Zen riddle.

In reply to this, Ho Chi Zen smacked both hands together and exclaimed: "Exactly half!"

But when he heard of the answer given by Judy's Sister, he gave her his Paisley Belt in Zenarchy. She swept the flat of her palm through the air and said: "Whhhhhoooooooouuush!"

(Note: Zen masters say these are not correct answers to this koan, but since not a single one of those sly old foxes has ever been awarded a Paisley Belt in Zenarchy, what do they know?)

## HIDE-AND-SEEK BUDDHAMIND

When Camden Benares was living in a small town in Northern California in 1972, compiling stories for his Zen book, I payed him an extended visit only to find him very depressed most of the time. Attempting to shame him out of his low spirits, I said, "How can a man of the Tao go about depressed all the time? What are you going to do after your book is published and people come seeking you as a mentor, but discover instead that you don't have your own shit together?"

"Ah, ha!" Camden replied, brightening. "That's one problem I've solved already! When they knock on the door, I don't answer! If they accost me in public, I'll run and hide!"

## MEDITATION PROBLEM

"Meditation is very good for peace of mind," Camden Benares said to me one day, and then added, "provided you have the peace of mind to meditate."

## THE ONE TRUE FAITH

An earnest young lady once asked Ho Chi Zen if Zenarchy is the only true spirital path. "On the contrary," he said, "it is one of the many false ones—just like all the others before which words and concepts do not recoil."

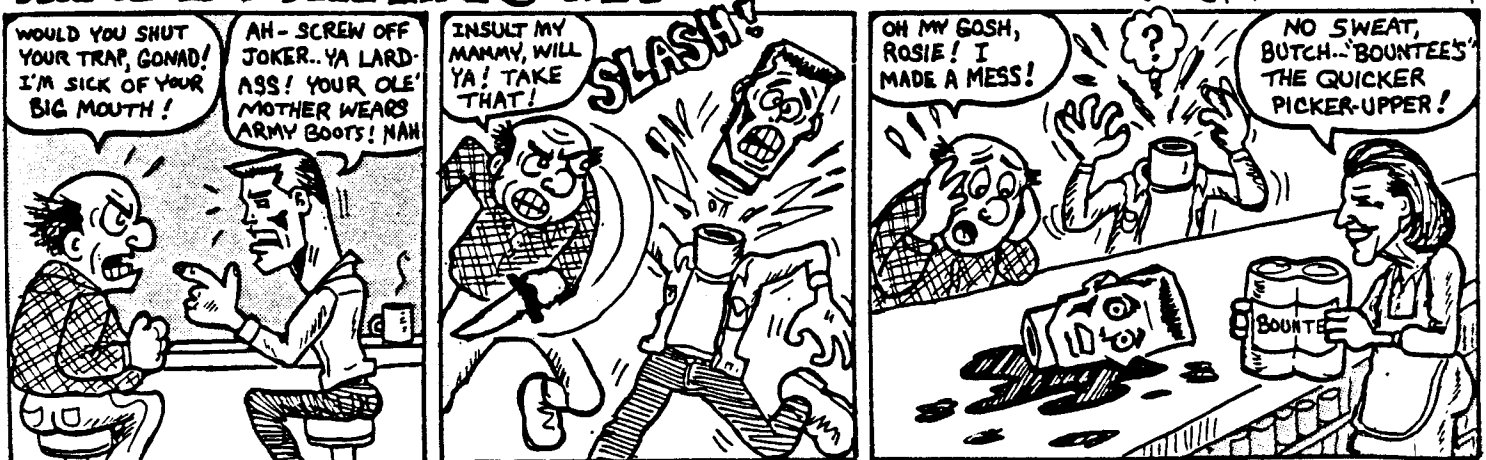
## THE LAST WORD

Rabbi Koan gave Ho Chi Zen this Zenarchy riddle: "Treasonous old rascal that you are, imagine the authorities have finally caught up with you and, facing a firing squad, you are permitted to utter your final remarks. Quick! What would they be?"

Without hesitating Ho Chi Zen replied, "'About face! Ready, aim—fire!'"

## WHATEVER-I-FEEL-LIKE COMIX starring MIKE GONAD

by Ace Backwards - ©12-1987



REAGAN COULD LOOK AT ANY ONE OF US SAVE YOURS TRULY AND SAY WITHOUT A SENSIBLE RESPONSE "YOU COULDN'T DO ANY BETTER AND WOULD PROBABLY DO WORSE".

It's in the nature of things that YOU don't have ONE of the must-be-adopted concepts let alone all four. For the revolution (bloodless) of the 80's as in past and future lives send a S.A.S.E. to:

4 WAY HEREBEFORES  
Box 2243 — YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, 44504

## The More Things Change...by Steven Scharf

Gary lay half asleep in his bed. Two days' worth of beard was scraping against the pillowcase as he scratched an itch he'd never scratch in public. His eyes were closed as he vainly tried to go back to sleep.

School was out, and he was looking forward to another summer before returning as a senior. The plans for this day would probably be the usual—pack some towels and swim gear, gas up the GTO, get a six-pack and head for the shore.

He rolled over to face the window beside his bed, raised a foot from under the covers, and caught the edge of the shade between his toes. A sharp tug sent the shade rolling up to expose the window.

It was then he realized something was amiss.

A magnificent stained glass hanging was staring down at him from the window. It showed a rampant unicorn, looking incredibly masculine, standing in the center of a scaled-down version of Stonehenge. The sun beamed through it as if to give it life.

Gary bolted upright, first in shock, which gave way to disbelief, and then cooled down into awe of the craftsmanship. This wasn't a decal stuck onto a sheet of glass, but an actual stained glass work with hand-painted pieces of glass held together with strips of lead.

He rubbed his fingers against the hanging as he looked out his upstairs window, staring down at the house next door. He clearly remembered Mr. Pydeski's ranch house with green siding, the pool in the back that he helped him dig, and that classic '64 Studebaker in the driveway.

Instead he saw a stone house that seemed to be growing out of the ground, with an idyllic looking pond in the back. Ferns grew around it as a constant mist drifted off its surface. Gary half expected a female hand to rise out of the water, holding a broadsword.

In the driveway was parked a teardrop-shaped car that had a pointed rear end, held up by a single rear wheel.

Gary's heart began to race as he looked about his room. The leather-clad Aryan figures on his heavy metal posters were replaced by people of various ethnic groups, dressed primarily in white, looking almost angelic.

He reached under his unmade bed and grabbed his boom box, which he always kept tuned to a local station that specialized in heavy metal. The switch was flicked to "RADIO" and the news came on...

"...In the present situation in the midwest, the Iriquois Nation has announced that it will establish formal trade relations with the United States. Meanwhile, The Kingdom of Scotland and the United Irish Republic have stated their support of the Libertarian rebellion in England last Thursday..."

He rolled the frequency knob to find that all the regular frequencies were occupied, but bore stations with names like "Radio Truth" and "Voice of Wisdom."

Gary closed his eyes, shut the radio off, placed it at his feet and dragged his underwear-clothed body out of bed. He staggered across the Chinese rug (where his shag remnant had been the night before) to where his stereo should be.

It wasn't "his" stereo, the big component system with 200-watt speakers that rattled the windows across the street. This was a sleek, black, streamlined setup with a vertical turntable. He reached over to where his stack of favorite heavy metal lp's stood and picked a jacket at random.

The cover showed a painstakingly detailed drawing of the jackal-headed Egyptian god Anubis, seated on a throne. The title of the record, the song list, and the performer's name were unfamiliar to him.

He fumbled with the unit, trying to see how the turntable worked, then placed the vinyl disc in the unit and pressed the switch marked "play."

Instead of skull-smashing guitars being launched out of killer watt speaker cabinets, the sounds of humpback whales drifted out small black speaker boxes, giving way to the music of flutes, non-verbal vocals, and some sort of stringed instrument, evoking images of events too long ago to be remembered clearly.

Gary knelt in front of the unit, hypnotized by both the music and the spinning yin-yang pattern on the record label.

After the side ended and he regained full consciousness, Gary stood up and walked the familiar three paces to his right to the television set. Just the way he left it. Battered woodgrain plastic with a pair of ancient rabbit-ear antennae on top. A flick of the switch later, the tube began to glow...

He briskly changed the channels, watching bits of various programming that further alienated him. A news report on the benefits of nuclear fusion and how it had helped the economy; a children's cartoon that dealt with spiritualist aspects of the afterlife; a commercial for a holistic medicine clinic that was open 24 hours; some form of sermonette that showed a guy dressed up like a wizard; and a tourist agency ad offering vacations to some place called "Mu."

Gary turned the set off. He dared not venture any further into the video wilderness, and shuddered to think what sort of stuff he'd see on UHF.

On his chair, the cast-off remainder of someone's abandoned dining room set, lay his jeans and prized "kung-fu shoes," made of cloth and rubber soles. The patch on the jeans, which Gary never really bothered to notice, showed an ankh which formed the initial letter in the brand-name: "Osirus Jeans, Lei-kung Fabric Co-operative; Agrippa, Atlantis."

A few moments later, the alien jeans clung to the young man's body with curious familiarity. The rubber-soled shoes scuffed down the hardwood stairs to the kitchen.

The refrigerator was filled with foodstuffs that Gary only remembered seeing listed in health food catalogs. Things like alfalfa, soy milk, and countless small jars of unidentifiable herbs. Not a scrap of meat.

He shut the door to read the note fastened with a magnet:

"Son, Dad & I went to do some volunteer work at the clinic. The rear tire on your trivet needs air. Don't forget to put the trash in the recycler. Blessed be, Mom."

It was her handwriting, all right. And the sunlight came through the windows onto the dish drain just like it always did in the morning. But the window was lined with curtains with what looked like hieroglyphs instead of the usual lace motif.

The screen door shut silently behind him as he stepped onto the front porch. He didn't bother with locking the door or even looking for his keys; just "hadda get outside."

The houses seemed to be wider apart than they usually were, and the crabgrass was replaced with wildflowers. Gary stepped off the brick porch and turned left to see if his GTO was still there.

In the driveway was parked a dull green "car" that looked like a giant guitar pick on three wheels, the single rear one needing air. The car's body bore scratches, a slight dent on what was apparently the hood, and a grey fiberglass panel on the rear. Pretty much the same condition of his GTO.

He turned the other way and began to walk towards the city proper. This suburb that he had grown so bored of had now turned against him and seemed to be playing with his mind. Houses looked like they were growing out of the ground, or like extraterrestrial versions of log cabins. Tiny cars that hummed instead of rumbled breezed past the pale white youth with stringy, long black hair. What few people who were up and about here were wearing clothes that contradicted with everyone else. A woman in a sari casually chatted with a man standing on his porch. The man dressed in a brown and forest green outfit, looking like one of Robin Hood's men.

The blocks of organic housing gave way to the shopping center where Gary would spend idle hours and idle cash. Except now the arcade featured games based on intellect and cooperation instead of blasting aliens and fighting dragons. The gas station across the road had pumps marked "Methane" and "Ethanol." The hardware store offered a sale on solar cell repair kits.

The morning crowd that would normally consist of little old ladies in outdated clothes now featured people many years Gary's elder, but in far better physical condition than himself.

He felt as if someone had taken the world and turned it upside down while he was asleep. Except he was the only one who landed in the right place.

As he stood on the sidewalk near the ivy-covered walls of the shops, an older man of unidentifiable ethnic origin bumped into him as he briskly walked by. Without breaking stride, the man turned and said, "Oh, sorry if I entered your space!"

Gary sighed heavily and started to walk again, this time to the outlying industrial district. Someplace where he could be alone. His t-shirt and jeans would have made him almost invisible back in the "real world," but now he stuck out like a sore thumb.

The shopping center yielded to the offices, where rooftop gardens looked down onto the street. And then the warehouses, with names like "America-Lemuria Transport."

Finally, a street that led to a waterfront. He staggered down the road until he stood in front of the guardrail at the paved road's edge. He sat on the rail, looking out at the city across the body of water that he could have sworn was an ocean. A city that showed tall gleaming spires, pyramids that seemed to pulse with energy, and what looked like a cross between a freight ship and a blimp, sailing over the water to his general direction.

Gary heard footsteps come up from behind him. He quickly stood and turned to see the stranger, fearing a burly security guard might grill him for trespassing.

Instead Gary saw a young man, identical to his height and approximate build, wearing white shoes, pants and shirt, and a blue thunderbird motif airbrushed onto the shirt. His long black hair framed his tan face and was apparently tied behind his head, braided into a thick pony tail.

The two stood in silence for several moments—Gary in total confusion, the stranger in concern, apparently uncertain what Gary would do.

Gary finally opened his mouth to speak, and then his eyes opened wide in realization. And the more the realization struck, the more the stranger began to smile. A smile of delight, and of wisdom.

The stranger was himself.

Gary grabbed his doppelganger by the shoulders and bellowed, "Who ARE you? What the hell is going ON?"

The stranger stared back in silence.

Gary's arms fell to his sides. He whispered in near exhaustion, "Am I dreaming?"

The young man smiled, and said, "This is real. You're the dream!"

The tan young man bent down and picked up a small flat stone, and with a twirl of his wrist sent it skipping along the water's surface. Then he closed his eyes, sighed, and opened them again to see the dock, unpopulated save for a few noisy gulls and himself. He turned back to walk home. There was garbage to be recycled, a tire to be looked after, and most important, a front door to lock.

It was a beautiful morning.

# QUANTUM COURTESY

BY MILDRED NEPTUNE

Doctor of Heavy Mettle

Dear and darling readers, this issue I shall take issue with a group of nasty and worthless people—the ones who make highly personal comments and ask highly personal questions of total strangers and almost acquaintances. Miss Neptune has had many an encounter with this insensitive and churlish delegation of humankind, and has less tolerance for them than she has for camouflage clothing. Because Miss Neptune has flaming red hair, she is often accosted by blatantly curious types, whose questions range from: "Is that your real hair colour?" (Yes, but this is not my real skin colour.) to: "What do you put on your hair?!" (Hand of Glory Juice, of course!) Miss Neptune dislikes these questions—because she knows everything about her is very real—too real for her, actually, and the intrusion of total strangers makes her life even more difficult. Miss Neptune has observed the more weighty members of our society victimised by cruel remarks and ultracrepidarian questions regarding their eating habits—and these questions and remarks always seem to emanate from preternaturally wraithlike creatures who do not even recognise the holy name, Sara Lee. Surely everyone of us has been, in some way, violated by these unfeeling, curious cretins and don't we all wish we had an arsenal of witty repartee to wilt the little bastards? Of course we do. If you are a large sized person and a stranger glares at you in obvious criticism of your size or makes an unkind or sarcastic remark about your bulk, you have, at your command, one of the most chilling pieces of verse ever written. I urge you to deliver it in your most taunting and childish voice, very sing-song, with a malicious grin playing on your lips. It goes thusly:

"FATTY AND SKINNY LAID IN BED.

FATTY ROLLED OVER AND SKINNY WAS DEAD!"

A high-pitched, *nyah nyah nyah* manner of laugh may be useful as coda. Should someone say something like: "Are you fat enough, or what?" or, "Help! The bus is listing to one side!", you should say something along the lines of: "If you don't shut up, I'll sit on you and crush you to death." Stupid, unevolved people should be treated as they behave. Ignoring them will only make them think you think they are right. And they are not. Size only matters when it requires extra postage. If you are a sweetheart type of person, smiling and saying, "More of me to love!" may work well. Remember that your personal style will often dictate response. But there must be a response. We take enough destructive criticism from our friends, why put up with it from strangers? Should a near acquaintance remark, "My, you've gained weight!", a snappy comeback is: "Yes. And you have no aural", followed by a maniacal Dr. Phibes chortle. Curious kids whose beady little eyes bore into you while you are in the worst of places, Out In Public, should be treated to two things: First, a steady and frozen gaze of hypnotic malevolence, quickly followed by a bright and cheery smile—nothing confuses them more! In general, the best rule is to not repress your anger and exasperation at these types. Be just as rude as they are. It won't accomplish a damn thing—but neither will the suppression of your emotions. Now, on to our letters.

Dear Miss Neptune,

Is perfection attainable? If so, how? If not, why?

Jake Ace - The Haven, On the Border

Dear Jake,

Yes, perfection is attainable. How? Relax. Don't ask.

No, perfection is not attainable. Why? Because we can't relax and we can't stop asking.

Dear Miss Neptune,

The scene in ANNIE HALL where Woody Allen sneezes away 2,000 clams worth of cocaine is no joking matter for me. I actually did this recently. Everyone hates me!

Alphonse Louis-Constant - Tuna Falls, France

Dear Eliphaz,

Well, what do you want me to do? Give you Stacy Keach's phone number? So what if you've alienated a few snowballs? You'll get over it, if they don't have you offed first. You could have your face changed or you could move to someplace obscure, like Marie Byrd Land. But if you have any class at all—and you must because you wrote to me—you'll stay in town, face those friends of yours and should they glare or make remarks about your "fox paws," laugh gaily and say, "Yeah, I was funny, wasn't I?" Next time, make sure the cocaine is cut with Inositol, a relaxing B vitamin. It makes the coke heavier and less effective.

Dear Miss Neptune,

I am at that awkward stage of pregnancy where people don't know if I'm fat or pregnant or what. They stare at me and sometimes ask "Are you expecting?" What should my reaction be?

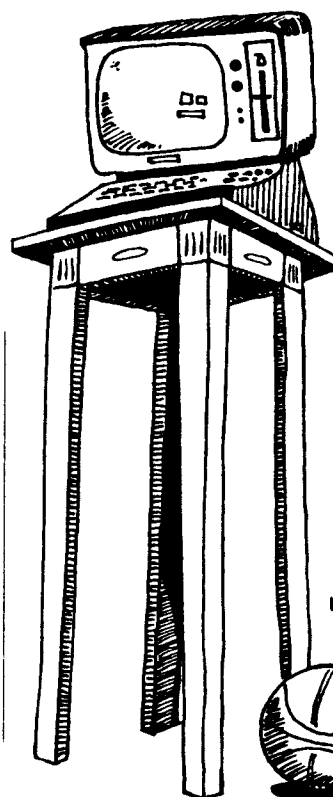
Mommed Out - Wahoo, Nebraska

Dear Mommed,

Your best response to the Are You Expecting query is: Yes, I'm expecting you to mind your own business. As for starrers...always stare back, at their crotches or their feet. A dear friend of mine handled a long stare and the question "Are you pregnant?" from a total stranger with the answer: "Yes, I am pregnant. I got this way by fucking." It

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KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR'S

is perfectly acceptable, and may indeed be necessary, to shock and horrify those who invade your privacy, and this does include government agents. Miss Neptune knows you will bring your adorable offspring up in the best traditions of Quantum Courtesy, and she wishes you every possible happiness, and is sending you some cents-off coupons for Pamper's.

Dear Miss Neptune,

Someone told me that you had several "all purpose, all occasion excuses." Is this true and if so, what are they?

Kay Ballah - Fiorinal, Idaho

Dear Kay,

Yes. They are:

1. Something came up.
2. It was just one of those things.
3. Must be the gypsy in my soul.
4. I forgot.
5. I'm on medication.

No one can successfully argue with any of these, so you needn't be bothered with additional rationalizing.

Dear Miss Neptune,

Is it rude or bad to look into other people's medicine cabinets when you are visiting them? How about pilfering drugs?

Darlene Doriden - Catalina Island

Dear Darlene,

It is very rude to look into the medicine cabinets or kindly people who have invited you to their home, but it is so prevalent that it does no good to protest. Instead, a few guidelines should be established:

1. Always run the water or flush the toilet so no one can hear the squeak of the cabinet door.
2. Memorise the way the bottles stand and be sure to leave them in their original configurations. Study everything closely before touching anything—many canny hosts how leave hairs to booby trap people like you, Darlene, and you look good explaining yourself.
3. Pilfering drugs is also called stealing, and neither Aristotle or God approved of this. If you cannot stop yourself, be smart. If there are only four 20 milligram Valiums left in a bottle, don't take just one or two. Take the entire bottle. This way, your hosts will think it's been mislaid. Never take diuretics. They don't work, anyway.
4. If you do steal anything, try and compensate for it. Leaving a five-dollar bill in the refrigerator is a nice gesture.

Miss Neptune abhors deceit and theft in any form (unless, of course, it occurs in a Hitchcock film), and in no way advocates this sort of behavior. But she is not naive. She realises that people will be wicked. The least she can do is to make sure they are courteous about it.

Until next time, when, hopefully, jelly shoes and neon will have run their course, I wish you all a most exciting and libidinous summer; and remember: Never do unto others what you would not do unto yourself. 13

# Lady Loverly's Chatter

by Sarah Mowney

There's a new fad sweeping the West Coast that must have begun with someone among the Silent Hordes of Fighting Clowns and Esoteric Jesters.

It's called "Looney Props Poker" and it is played thusly: Two or more people will be conversing when suddenly one will produce a "Looney Prop"—say, a clown nose—and put it on. A second person will produce another LP and say, "I'll see your nose and raise you (name or description of LP)." A third person may join in. As with conventional poker, the raising goes on until someone "calls", whereupon the final LP is produced, of if all the LPs are in play, the players can "vote". The one who has the most original LPs is declared "Bullgoose" or whatever (as long as it's not "Winner"—the winner/loser scam is scored by the kind of people who enjoy Looney Props Poker).

The use of K-Tel Looney Prop Kits automatically disqualifies the player—the point of the game is originality. It has that in common with Life.

Mayhem, Madness, Mass Murder, Child Abuse, AIDS, Jonestown II, Beirut, Washington, Sinatra, Fresh Greens, Grave Robbing, Mindless Enlightenment, Sax, Violins, Alcoholism, Salem, Winston Smith, Gossip, Fine Foods, Investment Tips, Idi Amin, Free Cheese, The Budget Deficit, Nixon, Diet Plans, African Relief Programs, Do-It-Yourself Advice

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### NEWS REPORTS

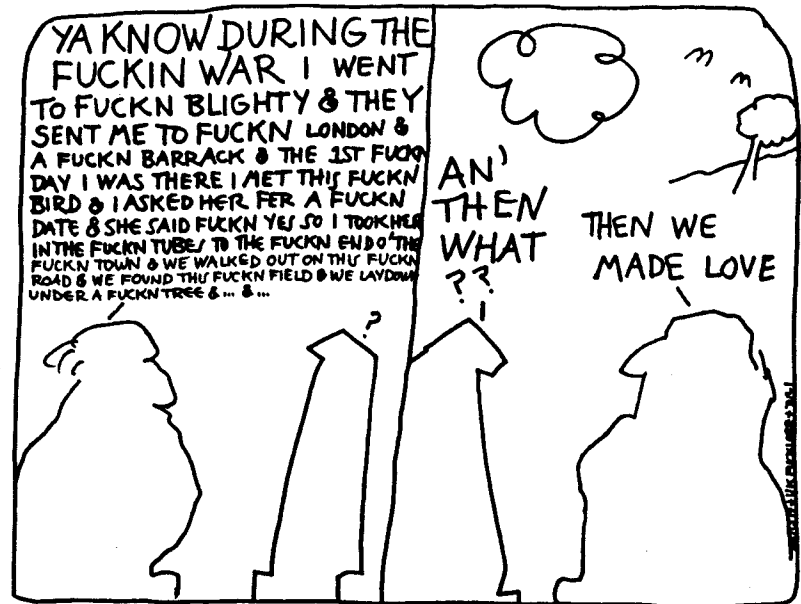
by Lawrence Whitney

- Over one thousand Pillowgrams of Spanish Fly were released into the atmosphere near the El Rancho Libido testing center in New Celibacy, Oklahoma. The substance, which is used chiefly to inhibit stammering by public speakers, often causes chronic agitation among domestic animals. A travelers advisory is ineffective and a copy of this report is being made available for the Transgressional Record.

- The latex weevil (coitus interruptus) is the only creature known to breed and thrive in a man's wallet. Colonies of these minute organisms have been found spreading through secret compartments and forming a gelatinous crust in the billfold interior. These colonies seem to subsist almost solely on condomolecules, chewing intricate lace patterns and subsequently creating a mulch that smells faintly like burning tires or scorched pantyhose. Gentlemen: spraying your wallets with a mixture of chlorox and lysol will usually do the trick—wait thirty-six hours before continuing use of same.

- PEAS OFFENSIVE: The first thing that I remember noticing was the large number of tiny green pellets congregating around the nooks and corners of kitchen appliances, ovens, refrigerators, dishwashers, sink and pantry. I feel obligated to warn, despite the overwhelming amount of false bravado being displayed by government officials, this sudden increase of leguminous reproductive nodules may have serious consequences with regard to an increase of the roach ratio.

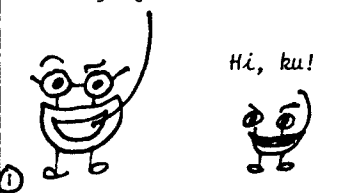
(ED. NOTE: Don't look at me—I just type 'em.)



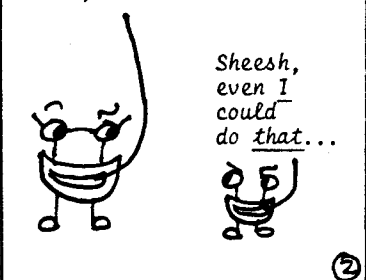
WHOOZITS "Art" by Elaine; "Poetry" by Maiden Tappan

In a feeble attempt at culture, Prof. Von Whozits attempts a poetry reading.

Greetinks, friends. Ve haf a special Haiku today courtesy of der author...

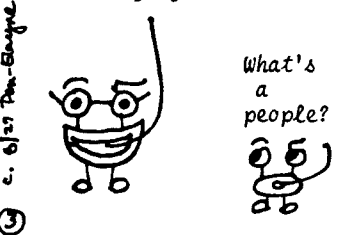


Notice der Haiku meterr, der "5-7-5". Iss brilliant, no?

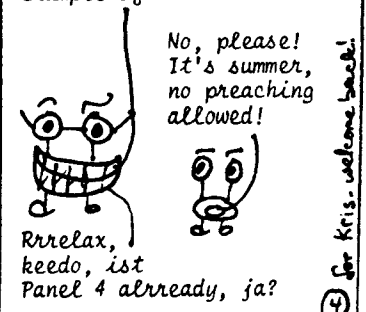


Dis ist called "City Haiku." Ahem...

"People in New York Are all so goddamn touchy, Including myself."



Now, if ve take dis small example of—



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# ANDY KAUFMAN REMEMBERED AT THE COMEDY STORE

*reviewed by Kris Gilpin*

L.A.'s famous Comedy Store was packed to the gills for "Tony Clifton Live (and Guests)," a tribute to the late, great Andy Kaufman, which was held on the night of May 16th, 1985. Co-sponsored by the American Cancer Society and the Andy Kaufman Memorial Fund, tickets were priced at \$50, \$75 and \$100, with the top donors invited to attend a celebrity reception at the Comedy Store Annex across the street after the show. All net proceeds for the benefit went to the American Cancer Society; although he was not a smoker, the unique stage/screen/television comedian had died of lung cancer two years earlier.

As the story goes (and who knows how much of a story was true when it involved Andy Kaufman?), Tony Clifton was an aspiring Las Vegas entertainer working (busing tables, dumping garbage or whatever) at one of the hotels. To appease his pleas, the management would throw him up on stage for one or two songs on an exceptionally slow night.

Andy Kaufman caught Tony Clifton's act on one such night in 1969. Stunned and highly amused at the man who has been termed "the world's worst comic-entertainer," Andy later went on to mock Clifton's act in his stage show.

(It must be noted at this point that there is no real "Tony Clifton;" rather, he is a tasteless, anonymous singer-comedian sporting dark shades, sideburns, moustache and wig, and a phony paunch, working under a pseudonym. This naturally led many people to believe that the "real" Clifton and Andy's gross caricature of an already-gross character were actually one and the same while Kaufman was alive. This was, of course, the type of bizarre confusion which Andy Kaufman reveled in in his work; and if anyone knows the true identity of today's Tony Clifton, they seem to be sworn to secrecy. Besides, who would admit to being such a schmuck on stage after all these years?)

As the legend continues, Tony Clifton found out about Andy Kaufman's parodies of him (since Kaufman would actually use the name "Tony Clifton" at these moments) and threatened to sue. Andy settled their differences by making Clifton his opening act, and introducing him as, "My mentor."

Now, years later, Clifton would be giving Andy Kaufman his own warped tribute at the Comedy Store.

A 3-headed spotlight and balloons dotted the night sky over the Sunset Strip that evening, and photographers and the Channel 7 entertainment newsteam were on hand. Dan Aykroyd, Elayne Boosler, Richard Pryor, Steve Martin and Robin Williams also helped put this evening together but they, along with the other celebrities in the audience, had all donated their time and efforts gratis. Consequently, they could not advertise which stars might show up, as this would have signified official performances, which would've assured exorbitant admission prices to see all these people under the same roof.

I spotted actors Joe (Eddie and the Cruisers, The Goonies) Pantoliano and Dennis (Blowout, Psycho II) Franz, and make-up man Rob (The Howling) Bottin, in the attending crowd as we sardined into the main room. Once seated, there was a long wait of nearly 45 minutes, after which the benefit's master of ceremonies, Gary Owens, jumped on stage and begged the dozens of dolts standing around guzzling to please sit down so they could start the show.

Owens then introduced Andy Kaufman's writer, Bob Zamanda, who thanked people and then reintroduced Gary Owens. (Some people think Tony Clifton to in fact be Bob Zamanda, which would make some logical sense, but who knows? I can't swear to it.) "25 years ago I lost my innocence 100 feet from this spot in the back seat of a car," Gary related. "Too bad I was alone at the time."

Owens then introduced 24-year-old Byron Allen, who has just signed a two-picture deal with Universal. Among other topics, Allen spoke of his own home herpes test: "Tell them you have herpes. If they stay, you leave."

Comedienne Pam Mattison was then called on-stage; she did a lot of good musical impressions, with her clever Julie Andrews being the favorite.

Gary Owens introduced producer-director George (Laugh-In) Schlatter, who was sitting in the audience, to the rest of the crowd before he brought on Paul Rodriguez. Paul had just finished a film with Tom Conte and Teri Garr, and was constantly hysterical from joke one ("What's this Madonna-Like a Virgin bullshit? That woman's had school buses up her pussy!"). He hit on everyone from Prez. Raygun to Iranians: "I can't stay too long; I have Vietnamese neighbors and I left my dog home alone tonight." Rodriguez then introduced David Lee Roth, Rodney Dangerfield, Howie Mandell and Eddie Murphy, who were all seated in the audience.

Gary Owens then introduced Andy Kaufman's sister, Carol, to the folks, then the Cliftones did 3 songs at the musical break; they were a good band, with a country flair. This long intermission period ended with Billy Swan singing "I Can Help," after which Owens again took the stage.

The M.C. pointed out Shari Belafonte-Harper and Charlene Tilton in the crowd, then acknowledged agent George Shapiro, "who discovered Andy. He also discovered Mrs. (Merv Griffin Show) Miller." After receiving some razz from a heckler in the crowd, Gary replied with a smile, "You're about as sincere as Liz Taylor saying, 'Ouch!' on her honeymoon!"

We were all waiting for Tony Clifton to "show" (get into make-up) at this point, as I spotted Angelyne, that miracle of modern P.R., being ushered up to a front-stage seat (the main room is not very large). Thanks to the invention of the billboard, she is infamous for being on two coasts and having done nothing.

A screen was then lowered on stage, and a long video presentation was shown featuring introductions of Tony Clifton on TV variety shows by hosts such as Dick Cavett, David Letterman (on which Clifton sang "My Way"), George Hamilton on The Muppet Show, Merv Griffin and Dinah Shore, upon whose head the bogus showman poured eggs.

Finally, Tony Clifton waddled on stage to sing "I will survive! I'll stay alive!" Made up to look around a bloated 55 years of age, Clifton received a plethora of amused and confused applause, whistles and boos. The first heckler of the night (there were countless others as time went on) then yelled out, "Clifton, you suck!" Tony did a stunned, angry take but, as the night droned on, it became obvious that Tony Clifton has inherited one thing from Andy Kaufman: the ability to offend people. But while Andy did this playfully, the former shows no restraint or taste, as will become apparent later.

The large stopwatch prop to the left of the stage was finally explained at this point in the proceedings: Tony proclaimed that tonight he would beat Johnny Mathis' record for the longest note ever held (Chicago, 1959: 58 seconds). He then went into a vomitus medley of "I Gotta Be Me" (the working second-hand only made it to 13 seconds at the end of that tune, Clifton straining all the while), "Volare" (the band pooped out halfway through that one) and "New York, New York." As he would do constantly, Tony yelled at people who would get up to leave halfway through his singing: "Where the hell you goin'?! Get the hell outta here!" "You still suck!" "Thank you very much."

He then got Angelyne to strut around on stage in the tight dress she was crammed into, then sat his girth back on a recliner on stage to warble "My Way." By now, amid unending boos and hissing, people were walking out left and right; after all, it was 11:30, and folks had to go to work the following morning.

"I did it...my-yie-yie-yie way!!!" That produced a cascade of loud, unanimous booing, which caused Clifton to sing another chorus, mispronouncing lyrics throughout. But he had made it to 15 interrupted-for-a-breath seconds that time.

The singer's high-pitched, off-key, quite amusing nasal whine had caused a chant of "No more! No more!" to rise from the audience, as Clifton called five people up on stage for some "audience participation." This consisted of lots of bad Polish jokes, too embarrassing to laugh at, along with some awful puns. Seeing that one man on stage was balding, someone shouted, "Hey, Clifton, give him your wig!" (The crowd was really having fun tearing this guy apart.) One by one, the anti-entertainer threw the people off the stage, feigning anger at them for blowing their "Row, row, row yer boat" cues, or such as that.

This, however, was taken to its limits when, as Clifton threw the final participant off the stage, he violently threw a drink in the man's face; this act brought audible gasps and reprimands from the viewers. Of course, this was a moment reminiscent of Andy Kaufman, when you virtually could not tell if you were being put on or not, but I saw this poor guy (the bald one) as he walked by my table and left disgustedly out of a side door; he was wiping his face, stunned, and it sure didn't look like it had been a joke.

Clifton then put on a colorful rag a la Prince and sang "Purple Rain," complete with Prince-like wails. He actually found a way to gargle the last note.

Tony Clifton was alternately very funny, awful and very offensive, sometimes all at the same moment. But no one was laughing at his censer jokes now (!), which is obviously just the response he was trying for.

Calls of "Not another song!!!" rang out from the audience, as Tony destroyed "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?" "You're a bum!" someone stated from amidst the catcalls.

Clifton then told one horrible story about, "this racist white woman that shot a black baby, stuffed it with Stove Top Stuffing and ate it. She told the cops that she thought it was one a dem black rabbits. It's true; I read it in the Enquirer!" Of course, this opened the floodgates for some genuine cries of hate from the crowd. His following rendition of "Down on the Bayou" ended with screams of "Go home, Tony!"

And then the fateful moment finally came: "And now," Tony Clifton said, "my little tribute to Latka himself." This began with a bad impression of Andy's nerd character. ("And now, my Elvis Presley." "Tony, nobody cares!") He then donned a sparkled cape and performed a terrible, lip-synched job of miming to a tape of one of Andy/Elvis' routines played at an absolutely ear-splitting level. This shit went on forever, with Clifton gesticulating and flailing his arms embarrassingly, bringing stunned apathy from the onlookers.

It all worked to trash our wonderful memories of Andy's work, the tape causing us to miss him sadly, creating visions of the man himself on that stage in our minds, instead of this asshole bouncing up and down before us.

Tony Clifton's last song, "Dedicated to Andy Kaufman," was "That's Life," as he held the final note so long you feared his heart might burst; it lasted way past 60 seconds on the oversized clock and, as he took his bows, we discovered that last note sung to have been pre-recorded all the while, playing on a tape behind him as he sang.

The comedian's exit off-stage, accompanied by rousing applause from those remaining, was followed by one final video clip: that of Andy introducing Tony on some television show, as Clifton came out and sang "Young at Heart."

"Tony Clifton," whomever he may be, has a very funny, and very obnoxious, act; this was true of Andy's bits on occasion, to be sure, but he would have never made any jokes concerning cancer (before or after his illness) or dead babies.

But then, there was only one Andy Kaufman and, as an avid fan, I believe his exact type shall never be seen again. I am anxiously awaiting the day a good book is published chronicling his entire life and career.

In the meanwhile, I leave the Comedy Store and walk the Sunset Strip long past midnight with his other fans and colleagues...

Remembering Andy Kaufman.

CITY OF LIZARDS (cont'd)

by Mike Selender

III Goldengate

Finally Pilgrims make it up to "The Haight"  
where you can watch them staring at storefronts  
still trying to find out where it's at

On Saturdays the streets fill  
with Weekend Hippies dressing down  
couples walking with painted Hippie Dogs  
imitation Hippies staking sidewalk space  
selling everything and anything you don't want

And there are Weekend Bibliophiles  
browsing through bookstores  
from Goldengate to North Beach  
though rarely buying  
and the weekend Gays  
who call themselves "Bisexuals"

Weekend Panhandlers  
Weekend Bums and Musicians  
from Sunset down to Tourister's Wharf  
it's enough to make you nostalgic  
for Weekend Bikers

Fortunately there are Low-Riders  
on Mission Street  
on Saturday night

And the United States Military is here too  
where else but The Presidio  
can you find a military pet cemetery?  
for lost Beloved hamsters dogs and frogs  
along with alcoholic Parakeets

Fiffi Joe Killer  
and other lost Souls rest  
pierced by wooden crosses  
or weighed down by stone  
and plastic flowers  
though none perished in action

We cruise down to the beach  
to look at the motor pool  
safe behind a fence  
discussing how jeeps overturn  
on east curves  
as an official pulls up  
searchlight glaring  
"the beach is closed"  
warns a megaphoned voice

So we climb back in  
and cruise down to the park  
at the foot of The Bridge  
stumbling out shouting  
"the park is closed!"

Ambling along the rocks  
and Iceweed covered bluffs  
and over a chainlink fence  
attempting to climb  
the walls of a fort  
not finding any footholds  
"the fort is closed!"

Then standing in silence  
listening for nuts and bolts  
falling beneath The Bridge  
as it arcs over water to the other side  
"The Bridge is closed!"

Out across The Bay  
there is only a nebula of lights  
packing the darkness on all sides  
"The City is closed!"

Heading back into the thick of it  
we have yet to answer the truly important questions  
like "what kind of meat do they serve at Doggie Diners?"  
and "is Clown Alley truly world famous?"

and when things get all too much the same  
and you've had enough of Buffalo chips  
in Goldengate Park  
with fake mountains and waterfalls  
and Pilgrims and Tourists running all over  
16 you can always travel East

# FRIENDS THROUGH THE DOOR

by Rick da Beast

Most supernatural tales take place in a run-down, deserted house in a spooky woods at night during a lightning storm, complete with thunder, wind and rain. This is a place where fear can grow. This is a place where people expect to find spirits, demons and spooky things. If you fear these things and avoid these places, you might feel that you are safe.

This setting is different; just as in real life there are no set patterns for things, thus is true for the things in life that are not so real—until they happen to you.

I had been living in a motor home for quite some time. Not a big one; you could sit in the rear and look at the front. It went where I went and seldom stayed for long in any one place. I parked behind the clubs I worked in at night and moved to shopping centers or side streets during the days. It was always hard to sleep during the day—I worked or hung out most nights. Kids play and cars go by and all the sounds of the world at work go on and ya just don't do much sleeping with all that underway, just a few feet away under full sunlight. It was on a day a lot like that that it happened.

I was sitting in the side dinette doing my usual paperwork on the last few days' shows when suddenly I heard—nothing. Hearing nothing would not at first seem too sinister, except for the fact that the normal sounds of a normal day suddenly ceased to exist. The curtains were open and while the glass was one-way (mirror-like outside), I had a clear view (if deeply tinted) from inside. I glanced out. All the life of a parking lot at midday was in full swing. There was a car pulling in two slots away (a man and a woman inside). Some black dude was making his way on foot across the front of my unit with a blaster in his hand (strangely silent as he moved to sounds I could not hear). Without getting up, I looked out the other side window. Traffic on the main road was in full swing as the sun hit the asphalt covering, producing pulsating heat waves. I was not even sure now when the sounds had stopped, but I was a bit uncomfortable, to say the least.

A plop sounded from the sink. The faucet leaked just a little, and had ever since I had taken possession of the unit. I had heard that, so it wasn't my hearing, but what the hell gave with the business outside? Just as quickly as I had become aware of the lack of outside sound, the interior darkened just a bit—not enough to need lights, but it was noticeable. I turned my head to the massive side window over my table. It was totally dark outside. My insides seemed to twist around—what the fuck was happening to me? That car I just saw pull in—the people had not had time to leave yet. The black dude had to be just a few feet past me now—but—it was total dark—like the window over-looked nothing.

Somewhere deep inside me was a fear of something that there were no words to talk about. The fear that had no material substance but had made me run from the bathroom to the living room where my parents were when I turned out the lights sometimes many years ago. The fear that had made me fumble with the door keys on a dark night, and then race through it when opened. No real fear of ANYTHING, yet some unnamed fear of SOMETHING.

I suddenly felt totally alone except for SOMETHING that I didn't know, had never seen, yet knew was there and had been there all of my life. I was at a loss for what to do. Here I was at my table in my motor home in the middle of the day in the middle of the city with people I KNEW all around, and I could see or hear nothing except within the twenty-foot confines of its length. I was about to get up and open the rear entrance door to see if it was an eclipse (I knew it was not) when I felt a gentle rock of the entire unit, like a gust of wind...or a sidelong push...then...one rap at the door. I somehow knew that no person had made that rap—I somehow knew that the reality I had been in the center of seconds before was gone from me.

That small gnawing at the back of my brain from childhood had taken a form and whatever it was—was outside? In someone else's daytime. In someone else's reality. My world of things I had come to accept was inside these walls—this I knew somehow from some knowledge older than me...older than time itself. My table was here; my posters on the walls of music few understood; my skull coffee cups which had held fascination for me for who knows what reasons; my papers which were a record of a life I had tried very hard to understand. It had brought me a lot more pain than happiness, but I had known good times and had never stopped looking for the signs I needed to find my place.

I somehow knew that all those things were inside here and everything else was...out there. My guide to where I was supposed to be was waiting, but it was also the vortex of the tiny stabs of—not knowing? Fear? Confusion? I had all those times in all those years before. I was alone in here with all of that, and the remains of the life I had been a part of for so long. If I opened the door, I knew the winds of whatever was in that OTHER place would blow in and eradicate all that came before except for the memories, which would always be with me.

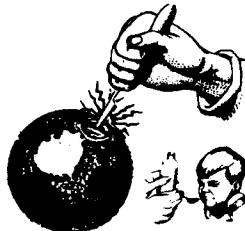
I guess I knew all along that this day was going to come, and my main fear was that it might not.

I opened the door to embrace my long lost friends.

Over the Central Dustbowl  
and the arched back of the Sierras  
to the high desert plains  
of Western Nevada  
where time flows thru a one-armed slot  
and money travels at the speed of light  
and after you lose yours  
you can pass the time waiting for the next bus  
drinking sand



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.



**Capitalist Doom & Gloom  
boys got you in a Spin?  
Now you no longer need  
fear the End of the World.  
Send \$1 for Intense Pamphlet:  
The Church of the SubGenius®  
P.O. Box 140306  
Dallas, TX 75214**



# JOURNEY THROUGH THE TENDERLOIN

by Ace Backwards

They say that everyone remembers their first time. Well, almost everyone. According to the wonders of modern statistics, 5 percent of the adult population are still virgins. But you other 95 percent know what I'm talking about.

She was drunk. She was ALWAYS drunk. Even when she wasn't drunk she SEEMED drunk. Or maybe she was just a bit looney in the head. At any rate, she was definitely punch-drunk. She had taken a few shots in life and she was groggy. But now she was drunk and feeling no pain. And laughing.

"guh-HAW! guh-HAW! guh-HAW!"

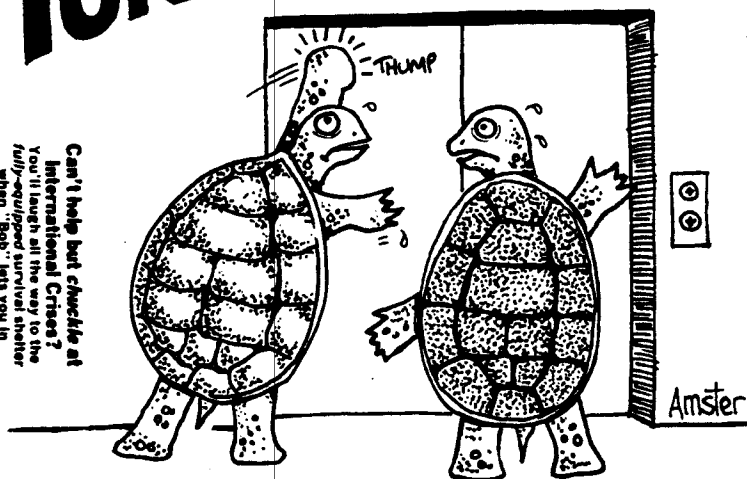
She had a real funny, drunken laugh, like a hillbilly hiccupping. She was sitting in the Golden Gate Park drinking from a quart bottle of Schlitz.

"HEY YOU!" she shouted.

"Uh...Who? Me?" I said.

"Who the hell you think I'm talking to, the wall? guh-HAW! Want some beer?"

# TURTLES ON SPEED



"FUCK IT. I'M TAKING THE STAIRS."

YOSSARIAN  
UNIVERSAL YU News Service

P.O. Box 236 Millbrae, CA 94030

P.O. Box 40710, Portland, OR 97240

Yossarian Universal is a satiric news service operating in an era of unintelligence and dedicated to the notion that all news is created equal in an age of disinformation.

In its subjective approach, YU does not pretend to constitute the news, but does so in spite of itself. We offer our subscribers an opportunity to be a part of a unique service, backed by the solid commitment to report on all the news that we see fit to print.

We therefore extend an invitation for you to join us. Subscribe to YU. Receive our dispatches. And spread the news.

YU News Service  
Unbelievable News for Unbelievable Times

We sat in the grass, talking about nothing and passing the bottle of beer. She looked about 35, kind of beat-up, stringy blonde hair, and her front teeth were missing. But what the heck. She was about the first girl in 20 million years to be friendly to me, so pretty soon I was smiling and laughing.

We drank all afternoon. The cold beer tasted just fine. The drunker we got, the goofier she acted. She grabbed my jacket and ran off with it. I caught her from behind and pinned her to the grass. She looked up at me, beaming, smiling her toothless smile, and said real slow...

"Ah...wanna...FUCK...you!"

"guh-HAW! guh-HAW!"

It was getting dark. I was wading into new and unfamiliar waters. I was 17 years old and still a virgin. I finished the beer and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand.

"Let's go to a bar," I said.

"I can't," she said. "I been kicked out of all the bars on Haight Street."

"What for?"

"Oh, gettin' drunk and fightin' and shit." She was a real hillbilly sweetheart, this one. I wondered if that was how she lost her front choppers.

Now this may sound corny to all you hipsters out there, but I still had this idea about saving my first time for The One. I had this very romantic vision of The Way It Was Supposed To Be. You know, "Mrs. Right" and all that crap. Or maybe I was just scared of girls. At any rate, here I was, young and drunk with Mrs. Wrong.

We sat down at the bus bench at the entrance to the Park where it runs into Haight Street. It was well after midnight at this point.

"So where are you staying?" I asked.

"I sleep in the Park," she said. "I got kicked out of my hotel room. My sleeping bag is stashed in the bushes over there."

Just then two guys approached. They were both mean-looking, young Hispanic punks. Real thug-types.

"Look at the two love boids," sneered one of the punks. "Is that your new boyfriend, you ugly shit?"

"Go away," she said.

"She fucks every guy that sets foot in the Park," said the punk to his partner. "Fucking slut! So the State made her get her tubes tied!"

I didn't know what that meant, but he sure made it sound unappealing.

"Tubes tied!" he sneered. "You're nothing but a dirty whore."

They were both young, mean and menacing. He drained his can of beer and threw the empty can on the sidewalk—hard. It clanked and rolled noisily down the empty street. No one left out on the streets at this hour but the hardcore losers.

"You jus' leave us alone," she said. "Beat it!"

"Beat it, huh?" he said to his partner. "She says 'Beat it'...HA HA!" They both laughed a mean laugh at this non-joke. They acted like two cats toying with a mouse.

"I should kick your ass, you ugly bitch." They circled us menacingly. He opened another can of beer, spraying us with the suds.

"Oh-oh, I got you wet," he said with mock sincerity. They both laughed. "That reminds me, I gotta take a leak."

He unzipped his fly and started pissing on the bus bench, walking closer and closer towards us. I jumped back out of his line of fire. I opened my mouth, not sure what would come out.

"Hey listen, man. We're just trying to have a quiet evening," I said. "Watch out where you're pissing." I tried to make it sound reasonable, non-threatening.

"Oh yeah?" said the punk. "Real tough guy here. The All-American Boy and his Girl."

I stiffened my body and clenched my fists. These guys were both crazy-mean, and looking for someone to burn. My heart was pounding. I knew I'd have to defend the honor of this lady from getting pissed on. I half expected to hear a switchblade click at any second...

Instead, she stood up between me and the two toughs and—of all things!—she started to kiss him!

"C'mon Jose, gimme some of your beer," she said drunkenly.

"You ugly bitch!" he said with disgust. He gave her the can and she drank greedily.

By this time I wasn't sure what to make of any of this. From the darkness of the Park came a third person.

"D-damn near f-freezing out here," he said. He was a frail-looking hippy, dressed in a short-sleeved shirt. He was holding his sides and shivering. He sat down on the bus bench slowly, wincing in pain.

"Whats'a matter with you, Bob?" asked my hillbilly sweetheart.

"It's nothing," he said, still holding his sides. "I woke up the other night in my sljeping bag and someone was kicking me and stomping me with their boots. I think my ribs are cracked." He winced again.

"Can I have a hit off that beer?"

This was getting too weird for me. I got up and left. The hell with this shit. I walked through the dark, deserted Park. My backpack was stashed underneath a dead log off the main trail. I unrolled my sleeping bag and climbed in. The hell with these nut-cases and drunk women. And besides, the First Time should be something special. Not some drunken roll in the dirt with some half-wit lunatic. The Right Girl would come along someday and I would KNOW. I rolled over on my side and closed my eyes. It had been a long, strange day and I was exhausted. Good night...

I felt the hand on my face and bolted upright, thinking those two punks were after me again. She was lying on top of me—a big, drunken, toothless smile on her dumb, half-wit face. Her face glowed in the white moonlight.

"Ah...wanna...FUCK...you!" she drawled softly. "guh-HAW!"

I felt her tongue work its way into my mouth, moist and warm. What the hell...

# Sayz-U! (Letters)

(As suspected, a few letters came in after last issue was already put together, with various comments on IJ #37, so let's print them before we get on to comments about the last IJ...)

Dear Elayne—

I wanted to commend your last issue of IJ. I enjoyed just about everything except for "Anarchy and Technology" (I'm sorry, Luke, I'm trying...). Luke—I just did not get the point. Amidst all the non-sequiturs, the one-sentence paragraphs and that after the first two paragraphs you didn't mention anarchy until the last sentence, I found whatever you were trying to say completely eluded me. Although I do believe you know what you are talking about—B+.

Alix has put me on vacation, so I've been going out a lot and I met this band and you'll probably hear about them next ish. Definitely cool people—even if they do live in Roanoke! Rory—I would like to send you a copy of some of their stufh, so you could review it. Is this okay with you? Send me a letter at my new address. Thanx.

PRUDENCE GAELOR  
10331 Wilde Lake Terrace  
Columbia, MD 21044

(As far as I know, Rory will be happy to accept for review any records that you'd care to send him. And if there are any bands or record companies who happen to glance at this newsletter, do send things to him instead of to me, ok? I couldn't do a decent record review if my bread-n-butter depended on it.)

Dear Elayne,

IJ #37 was very enjoyable. I'm sure you get tired of hearing it (but does she?)—Anni's contributions were great! I also particularly enjoyed Candi Strecker's column (an inspiration), Quantum Courtesy (who writes this?) (Mildred Neptune, under the auspices of Deborah Benedict), "After the Fair" and your closing editorial; also the letters column in general, which is shaping up to be my favorite part of IJ (and DeeBee's and Anni's letters in particular). Why are my favorite contributors to IJ all females??? I also commend you on including Luke McGuff's piece—this has probably all been said before, but it can't be said too often. Abstract science is one of the most beautiful ways of knowing!

All my best until next time!

DON LEIGHTY  
RD #1, Box #51  
Scottdale, PA 15683

Greetings Elayne:

I'm finally getting around to answering your letter and IJ37 after days of alphabetizing files and pulling out little bitty cards at work ...you may print any of the below comments.

1. COVER—I love it. Perfect for my current feeling about self-publishing...

2. DIARY OF THE ROCK FIEND: Parties, yes. The parties I like are the ones where everyone sits around quietly talking, drinking & smoking and the music is like Brian Eno's Ambient Music or Crosby, Stills & Nash, with raw vegetables & some sort of neat onion & cheese dip, and the host doesn't own a dog, just a couple of friendly cats, and the host's child is a genuinely honest, naive, truthful child and not one of those horrific showoffy tv moppets rightfully dubbed "no-neck monsters" by Harlan Ellison. And have I been to any parties like that? Many. At the last one, a sort of Bloomington Playwrights Project Theatre (the non-lissome dedicated young artists) cast party, I ended up telling Zot Szurgot all about Our Lady of Garabandal; Melanthe sat down next to a lady at least as old as she is and they belted out Del Shannon's "Runaway" in beautiful drunken Patti Smith voices; André Deschambres got hold of a bad joint and choked out "I think I smoked a PCB!" and the little boy patted my face gently and said "I think you're Wonder Woman!" which made me happy.

3. QUANTUM COURTESY: I like the rule on Freedom of Emotional Excess. When you stay at someone's house & they sleep late & you get up early, get into their bookcase & find a really interesting book. There always is at least one. Few people mind if you read their books & you'll have something to discuss with her when she finally wakes up.

4. MAIL ORDER: Dreamshore Productions sells buttons & jewelry. Are we eligible or just weird?

5. ONE FINAL LOOK AND MUSIC IN THE GLEN: Well written but both rather predictable. ONE FINAL LOOK was, I think, inspired by the Donovan song on Atlantis, am I correct? As for MUSIC IN THE GLEN, I was reminded of Karen Anderson's short story TREATY IN TARTESSOS which appeared in Fantasy & Science Fiction some years ago.

6. MY JOB—No freebies at my office except paper clips. In fact, it's like pulling teeth to get any supplies at all. The lady in charge of supplies acts like she's having a heart attack every time I get into the cabinet for a typewriter ribbon. I'm asked to keep typing logs (how many reports by each doctor) every day and they gave me no memo pads to write them on, I had to supply my own. I have never managed to get an ashtray or a stapler for my office. You are fascinatingly lucky.

7. TALK SHOW: Does Mr. Dobbs know what the surviving Dionne Quintuplets are doing at this very moment? Does anyone care?

8. WAX INK: Will you review the new Stevie Nicks record when (if) it ever comes out? Rumor has it Patti Smith is making a comeback. Be still, my throbbing heart...

9. POETRY WAR: I'm not sure I understand it.

10. BELL SIGNALS: My favorite thing this time. Rodny does it again, and STILL talks like Melanthe! (Mela protests: "I don't say 'wif da.' It's not 'wif da,' it's 'widda.'")

11. THE GRAS IS ALWAYS GREENER: What has Byron got to do with ladies showing off their tits on the balconies? I'm curious, not the least of which reason is Rodny Dioxin's recent letter to me addressed to Jan,

Lord Byron...(there is supposed to be a distant connection, actually, another reason I'm curious!)

12. ME & MY CHAMELEON: I predict you will get a lot of very bad feedback on this one. I hated it. Rev. Maxwell Malice tells me he took it to be a metaphor, and he didn't like it. I took it literally. It made me want to write a piece on how well I take care of Nigel Bruce Byron and Sidney Greenstreet Byron, the two incorrigible parakeets. It would be a very Shirley Temple, sickeningly Hollywoodish, happily-ever-after story. It would also be true.

13. MORE ACCURATE VISION: Very satisfying. Loved it.

14. END OF THE WORLD: Oh no, not again.

15. AFTER THE FAIR: I read this very, very, very carefully. I like the characterisations of the different people in the group and how things are in The Future. I'm eager to see what'll happen next, and in my book that means It's Good. It feels like a Tanith Lee story that has backfired on Miss Lee and has gone off in search of someone who'll do it right and has found that person in Camille. Tanith Lee never does the right things with her stories, and Camille is already doing the right things with this.

16. ANARCHY & TECHNOLOGY: This is all true.

17. THE HOT TUB: I hate hot tubs and the kind of people who frequent them.

18. TOWARDS WHAT, CARLA?: Beautiful!

19. HALLUCINATION FLU: AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHH!!!!!!

20. THE STACKS: Not sure I understood it but got a clear picture of what our university library would look like with dark woodwork and lovely carved doors and dark, ominous stacks.

21. LETTERS: Groovy, especially that one from that brilliant Jan Byron. Where has this pearl of intellectual genius been hiding herself? Someone should give her a Carnegie grant to write reams of her fascinating observations. Someone should support her rock band, "Nathan Karle's Studio," in the manner to which they'd like to be accustomed. Someone should run right out and buy every Dreamshore they can get their hands on, cos they'll be worth a fortune someday!!!!

22. WE ARE THE PARENTS: I see everything just like the Kid said. The new young children coming up (ages 6-12 or so) hate Yuppies and want to protest to clean up & make this a brighter world, just like the 60s. There'll always be people who really believe in that stuff, and who cannot be destroyed by the legions of plastic hippies or plastic whatever who came flocking into the Haight or wherever, just a bunch of rich kids with nothing better to do. A man on All Things Considered recently referred to those who always feel like "the 60s" no matter what as Mudpies. Those who always try to fix things to how they should be with less pollution and such. The "60s" after all didn't just happen in the 60s. There were movements like that before. There always have been and there always will be people who feel that way which we call "the 60s." Before then they were called Pre-Raphaelites and "Romantics." You have to be eternal. I'm glad to find other eternal ones. That's why I read this stuff and write it and print it, too! NO BUSINESS AS USUAL: Hooray! It even got on TV while Unca Ronnie goes to Germany to a Heil Hitler place and embargoizes Nicaragua to force their hand so he can send the saints all marching in to blow everything up for Jeezus. There should be several No Business As Usual days every year...

(GAIL) JAN BYRON  
618 S. Mitchell St.  
Bloomington, IN 47401

Dear Elayne,

I do admire the ambition of Messrs. Scharff und Dioxin, but I hope the next IJ cover has something done without the aid of rejects from the clip-art files. A ransom note theme is developing here unless someone gets serious with pen and ink. I hear that Peter Max is looking for work. Onward.

Number 37 has an abundance of competent writing so as to make #38, in all of its brevity, sort of an after dinner drink. Nothing wrong with an 18 page issue now and then. Saved some postage, yes? (Er, actually no, it was still 2 ounces, but I did save a bit o' time.)

Here follows a critique of the 38th INSIDE JOKE...No humor is to be found in Lawrence Whitney's account of "Mugger-Whacking Grannies." He seems to condone the elderly as victims and also perpetuates the myth that sufferers of this crime are strictly female. Anni's tour de force on labor relations hit me right where it counts. Having stood in numerous unemployment lines and dealt with voluminous forms in triplicate that required the dissemination of intimate details about previous supervisors, I couldn't help but smile. Superb! Since I have no personal contact with movie connoisseurs Siskel and Ebert, I rely on Ken Filar to take my seat in the theatre. He does an admirable job and I wish he would let me in on his source for passes. Candi Strecker's observations on work atmosphere were faithful. Everyone needs a sense of validity in their line of work. In addition to such office topics as bowling leagues, I can add softball, fishing, and "did you read in the newspaper about..." These may all be indigenous to the midwest, however. I always anticipate Rory Houchens' vinyl studies. Now if there was only a way to get these sounds on the radio. (Aside to Rory: two of the best selling albums in West Germany are by Herbert Grönemeyer and Matt Bianco. How about coverage of imports?) Michael Dobbs writes about an overpublicized incident but yet manages to conceal this fact until the very plausible ending. It's a scary testimonial to the relationship of the sexes. Well crafted, Mike! "The Night Surgeon" by A.J. Wright is a rehashing of familiar themes. It appears that much of IJ 38 was approached in this solemn regard. Dobbs did it in a fresh way, but the same cannot be said of several others. If it is not humorous, make it thought provoking. (Yes, folks, you may have caught me on a bad day, but at least you caught me.) Take no offense, Rodny K, regarding my aforementioned comment on cover art. Your tale "Dead Men" was a delight. Hope it will be continued. "In Memorium" was very touching. I have encountered a few people such as Cynthia described. This was one of the strongest contributions to IJ in quite awhile. As

I said, at least make it thought provoking. Kristin Dooley's vacation story seemed to have a false ending. Was there more to it?

My sincerest desire, above all comments contained herein, is for Roldo to lengthen his stories and to submit more of his outstanding artwork. He is one of the most enduring of the IJ staffers. Too bad J.C. Palmer doesn't construe the meaning of Roldo and others' magick work.

My book-of-the-month selection is "The Malling of America" by William Kowinski. It contains an entire chapter on Lincoln's shopping centers, including the one where Mildred plys her trade.

Don't expect a miracle,  
TOM GEDWILLO  
854 Y Street  
Lincoln, NE 68508

ew:

got IJ38 recently. wuz dis da special billy barty ish or wot? but aside frum dat i liked it fine. 4 lacka nuthin better, let's talk bout 38. t'anks much ta anni (great as per usual) ackner fer da unemployment column. it'll help me deal wif georg who's always a bitch when he's outta work. me? i'm above all dat but dat's another story. filar wuz fun as usual. i still can't get inta da zenarchy stuff but dat's my prob too. "dick cavity" sucked but "true punk romance" killed me. as did "the story of stan." jeez the man is fuckin great. make him a staffer. (Staffers are born, not made. If anyone wants on, and lets me know, they usually get on. Many folks just feel like contributing every now and then, though, and aren't up to submitting things every issue.) da reason i usually skip rory's stuff is dat he invariably reviews shit i ain't into. wuz glad ta see him do sum shit i like dis time—especially decent take on branca. who did da "visual album reviews"? (The ever-ubiquitous Dan Howland.) great idea & well executed. luvved dobbs' thang. mebbe his best ever. den dere's me. first off, if ya didn't want no fuckin serials ya coulda just called me after i handed it to ya. (Awfully hard when your phone's been disconnected, dearie. Seriously, I sometimes don't read submissions till I actually type them up, so I can enjoy myself while I'm drudging, and I'd no idea it was a continuing story till I got to the end, by which time it would've been too late to ask you for an alternate submission.) second, dere wuz, i think, sum reference to possible serials in a letter col a few ishes back. (Yes, the reference was that maybe I'd consider beginning to run them again in the near future, and that I'd let people know on page 2. I'll let you know on page 2.) third, by now y'all can see dat "dead men" didn't conclude dis time. nor is it goin to in dese pages as it's stretchin out ta at least three more installments at IJ size. sorry bout dis all. dat's life in da big city i guess. word up! watch da skies. johnny carcinoma is a CIA fink fer sure. lies all lies. article on jay ward wuz interestin as wuz da kid's review of LAW. as 4 jargon, see my column. my jargon is yer etc...on da whole, another good ish. best of luck to anni. mebbe we could organize "skinheads for hotel new jersey" or sum such nonsense. j.c. palmer is obviously an individual of true taste an perception (yer check's in da mail j.c.). ahh...luke mcguff. gee, what are we s'posed ta write about in da lettercol 'cept "other contributors"? dis ain't an apa after all. am i s'posed to stop writin in cos i'm a writer here? are dese questions annoying enuf? oh, hell wif it all...

dis was great, 38 bein short enuf so i could blow thru it and not only haf time to save da world from Randarr the Hell-Okapi but also ta say dat STIERVA's on temporary hold and ta recommend a coupla flicks—THE SECRET OF THE SWORD and PRIZZI'S HONOR. good mutated fun. see ya 'round gang...

nostrovyia,  
RODNY K DIOXIN  
don johnson's sock drawer

Dear Elayne;

I don't care if #38 was a tad on the brief side, it was great. I really enjoyed it...I will try to be a little less self-conscious about critical reviewing, but I do hate non-constructive criticism and killer reviews, in other people as well as myself...

Best,  
J.C. PALMER  
P.O. Box 2432  
Bellingham, WA 98227-2432

Dearest Elayne and All I.J.

Readers of All Ages, Sexes and Peculiarities,

Well, here I am, back on my feet again and ready to play our little game. I am actually gonna make a few comments about recent IJ jazz and maybe I might even sound sensible. I dunno, might be my new medication ...

To J.C. Palmer: Thanks from Mildred for your kind words. But—jeez, you really oughta study up on Magick and like that so you can better enjoy things like "Music in the Glen." What Roldo was about in that piece is a thrill that can actually be experienced viscerally by those who have all their metaphysical ducks lined up. By the way, J.C., did you know that the American Tarantula Society used to be headquartered in Bellingham, WA? And they left town rather quickly, leaving behind some of their largest and most wonderful arachnid buddies... so if you see any, let me know and I'll come get them, ok?

I surely do like Rodny K Dioxin loads and loads. I say unto him: Brother Georg, keep writing and don't be stingy. You are not only readable, you are also thoughty. Sartre said: Thought is serpentine, you have to unravel it. I picture Georg with a but really major huge ball of thoughtstrings.

I like Cynthia Cinque, too. Dunno anything about her, but if she hasn't read Hilma Wolitzer's books, I urge her to do so. They are simpatico.

Anni's Notes From the Unemployed was beaucoups pithy. I want her to do a bit on filling out applications. Be sure, Anni dear, to mention how they always give you pens that have only 2 letters worth of ink left in them...

One of the things I enjoyed the most in IJ 38 was "A BRIEF HISTORY OF JAY WARD PRODUCTIONS" by Dana Snow. I, too, had a brief (too brief)

gig there—when Bullwinkle wore a bikini and the parking lot at Ben Franks was the place to buy goodies. Ponsonby Britt IS real, or at least was. Now that's something you don't see every day, Edgar...But thank you, Dana—it was just great to stroll down Memory Lane. There are days when I want to yip in frustration at not being able to see and hear Gidney and Cloyd!

Elayne, I wish I could send you some coin to help out more, but nearly all my money is tied up in illegal activities...maybe later in the summer...

I sure hope that you can persuade Roldo to do some more covers—his recent cover for Carefully Sedated was not only brilliantly conceived and limbed, but great fun to colour in. (Roldo, as reported on page 2, has already sent in his cover for our next issue, #40.)

See ya all at the end of the next evolutionary scale!

Still selling vitamins,  
DEBORAH BENEDICT  
854 "Y" Street  
Lincoln, NE 68508

Dear Elayne—

Got IJ #38 last week...Liked WAX INK (& Visual Album Reviews), Ace Backwards' stuff (loved his "Bob" cover awhile back), Ho Chi Zen's Zenarchy, and the Jay Ward History! But I notice J. Crawford's BABOON strips are a couple years old—is he still alive?

Yours,  
JOHN P. MORGAN  
185 Seabreeze Ave., #4  
East Keansburg, NJ 07734

(As far as I know, John is alive and well and residing in Long Island with his lady at the moment while working in a local record store. I haven't heard from him in a few months. I have a huge backlog of Baboon Dookeys, and have suspended publishing any more until I hear from John again [I don't like to publish work from people who don't appear interested enough in IJ to want to see it].)

NOTE: Anni Ackner has gotten a new job and is therefore much too tired and worn out to write a letter; ergo, her letter is being ghostwritten this month by her associate, Bernie Hayden. Ms. Ackner will return at her usual time next month.

Dear Anni,

Okay, but you owe me one, babe. I mean it.

First of all, this is a great magazine if you like magnifying glasses, but I guess you know that. I mean, it's all right for awhile, if you don't mind severe eyestrain, but I'm glad there wasn't more of it, you know?

Anyway, the cartoons are mostly okay. I liked the Dick Cavity one and Rice Curspies and so forth. John Crawford I can't figure out and the one on the back I figured out but didn't think was particularly funny and the others are passable. Whozits aren't bad.

About the articles, well, for the main thing I thought this was supposed to be a humor magazine, but I guess somebody forgot to tell Cynthia Cinque, right? I mean, she didn't even try, as far as I could see. Am I getting it right so far?

About the rest of it, well, you know how it is? You remember that girl back at S.F. State, "Tits" Fleishacker, the one with the tremendous, well, you remember. Anyhow, she had this, I guess you'd say, series of maneuvers that she used to call, uh, "Fifty Ways to Love Your Lever" which I won't get into right now but which was a real, um, eye-opener, and very energetic. So the point of it is that after reading IJ I felt pretty much the same way I felt after "Fifty Ways to Love Your Lever"—I was all tired and exhausted, a little confused, and pretty sure I'd had a good time, but I couldn't really remember why, though it was all pretty impressive.

If you're waiting for me to say something about YOUR stuff, keep waiting.

Can I stop now?

Love ya, Bernie

P.S. The article on Jay Ward was the best.

P.P.S. Jacki says hi and do I get paid for this.

Dear Elayne:

Well, ask a friend to do you a favour, and see what happens.

I typed this up for you, because Bernie's handwriting is impossible to read without years of practise, but I take no responsibility for the content. Were I you, I'd try to ignore it as much as possible.

I liked ZENARCHY STORIES better than Jay Ward, but, on the other hand, I must admit wondering about Cynthia Cinque myself.

In a state of nervous collapse,

ANNI ACKNER  
The Hotel New Jersey

P.S. If HE gets paid, I quit.

(Me too, Anni.)

Dear Elayne,

I know I've missed the deadline for IJ #39. (Me too, I guess.) It's a shame, too, because I had these cartoons ready to mail three weeks ago. My problem is that I wait until I have an IJ in hand before I write to you in an editorial capacity (as I really enjoy writing letters of comment). BUT you only seem to mail the issues such that I have three days to react and write, or lose out entirely. Any thought of moving back a deadline here or there, so that the mailing date and the next deadline aren't quite so close together? (See page 2; also, I will from now on try my darndest to mail 'em out the day I get the printed copies back.) Or else, announce deadlines sooner (as if any of us are dedicated enough to keep track of anything more than two weeks away). (I do announce deadlines two or three ahead of time, each issue on page 2. Really.) Just for kicks, here are a few random thoughts on the last two issues:

Did you notice how similar the covers to issues #37 and 38 were? I didn't until now. Hmm. Issue #37: Biographical note or not, I still don't believe in Alix Bishoff. Ms. Benedict and Ms. Ackner were both in fine fettle, whatever that is. Candi's column on the joys of a supply room struck home; I guess I'll miss Amoco after all. Scharff and 19



Packie were unusually mediocre. OK, typically mediocre. "After the Fair" was a lot of words to no end. Really, Anni is about the only person who should be allowed free rein with the page count. Rodny is starting to overflow a bit, too. Enough already. I thought the issue was a little weak on cartoons. I like Vernon Grant's stuff, but the eyes left me cold, and "Baboon"s all run together after a while. However, the arrival of this J.P. Morgan person in issue #38 was a welcome addition. GREAT STUFF! I'm jealous.

Overall, #37 was meatier, but I enjoyed #38 more, just because of the cartoons. I don't care if Rodny's piece is continued. I did, strangely enough, enjoy the piece on Jay Ward Productions. I, for one, am against full-time employment because it stands between me and the BAM reruns of "Bullwinkle." I hope Anni finds a job. I'm wondering whether it's possible for us to have some guy named Guido bump off Cynthia Heime!, and substitute Anni in her place. If you talk to her, see if she likes the idea. I think Heime! has a kid, but we could kill it, too. If this works, we could branch out, have our operatives in important positions throughout the entertainment industry! Think about it! Susan Packie can replace Nancy Reagan...

A belated happy birthday to Jill Zimmerman.

Sorry to be such a snail, Elayne. I'll try to do better. If nothing else, I'll try to upgrade my act to escargot. OK?

Love,

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

## The Packrat Mentality

by "Kid" Sieve

Elayne has cautioned me about my tendency to commit the seemingly mortal sin of sweeping generalizations. "Not everyone," she reminds, "plays true to stereotypes, and you do both the object of your criticism and yourself great wrong by not making the effort to think up original ways to describe individuals, on their own merits, not on the basis of surface comparisons." On the other hand, though, my dear editrix, some people simply cry out to be stereotyped, and it therefore cannot be helped on occasion. When I see ads in places like New York magazine—which, let me reveal to the public, actually finds its way to the apartment mailbox of your above-mentioned editrix weekly—expounding upon the virtues of the newest cultural target group, which the media has chosen to call "Yuppie Puppies" ("Hi! My mother's a doctor, my father's a lawyer, and I'm a Yuppie Puppy! That's why I use..." whatever...), making this state of being seem like the absolute ideal for which every smart-thinking person should strive (ah me, I remember when kids didn't have to strive!, when you could enjoy a fun to show without having to worry about whether you were learning something or whether it was compatible with your Commodore), it's time to give these sheep the labels they not only deserve, but by which they actually wish to be known! Yes, okay, I'm stereotyping, but I'm only calling Yuppies, baby boomers, etc. what they have already chosen to call themselves.

Look at one of the premier Yuppies, Jerry Rubin. In reading, as I'm wont to do, some of the excerpts from his traveling road show with Abbie Hoffman (you know, the "Yippie vs. Yuppie" fiasco—I used to be a fan of Abbie's except in bed, but it gets real hard to support talk of self-sacrifice from a guy who participates in a \$10-a-pop extravaganza...no wonder most of the attendees cheer on Jerry instead; only the Yuppies can afford to blow that kind of money on that kind of show...Yippies are too busy doing things like putting out underground newsletters or somethin'...still and all, for the record I do believe Abbie's still perpetuating that old idea of protest as theatre, the only problem being that it used to be more shock theatre and now it's sitcom time), I noticed that he not only proudly sports his self-appointed mantle of

Yuppieness, but figures that he'll lead all his Yup friends into the promised land of world peace and no more hunger and all those neat goals of the 60's 'cause now that the Yups are The Establishment they've got it made. (He never quite says how he's going to lead 'em; I can only assume it has something to do with networking, lord help us.)

What he keeps conveniently forgetting is that The Establishment of the 60's didn't give two shits about bettering the quality of anyone's life other than their own either. The Yuppies (as a momentary aside, I particularly like this acronym because I've always thought of the current holders of power as yes-men [or "yup-men"] and -women anyhow) are too busy getting ahead to even enjoy a decent sex life (except post-achievement, after age 30 or so, when they want kids), let alone take time to care about their fellow human beings.

Then, too, there is the Packrat Mentality.

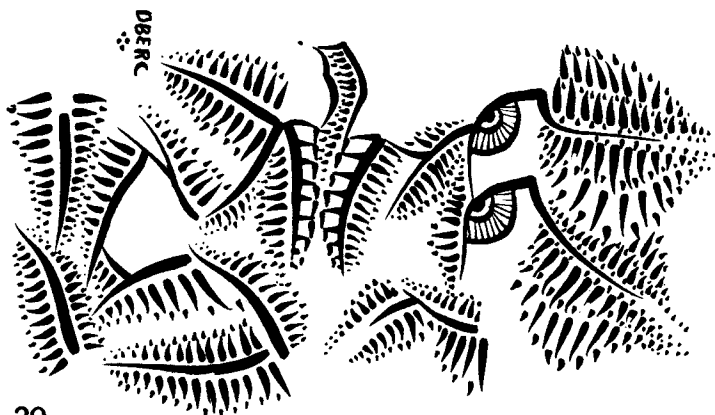
Now, I was never really a joiner. I used to hang out by myself even at the peace rallies, although I logged my share of time with picket signs and all. I mean, I pitched in when and where needed, but didn't really align myself with any one group or anything. And while I've always called myself a "hippie", I used the word in an individual sense; I cared not what the others called themselves (especially the weekend hippies, whom I couldn't abide). I guess I figured groups were not for me, ever since I got kicked out of the Girl Scouts for cutting my sash to make the ends into fringe. (I personally think I brought a badly needed sense of style to the whole affair, but the group leader had other notions. All that crap about rules, really.) Once I went to see the Johnny Carson show, for a lark, while down in El-Lay, and it was truly weird what happened to the studio audience. Lots of apparently intelligent, fairly hip individuals got together and suddenly became a collective entity with a double-digit IQ and a meek, obedient will to follow any flashing neon signs they saw straight to the bowels of Hell. What scared me more was, I was one of them.

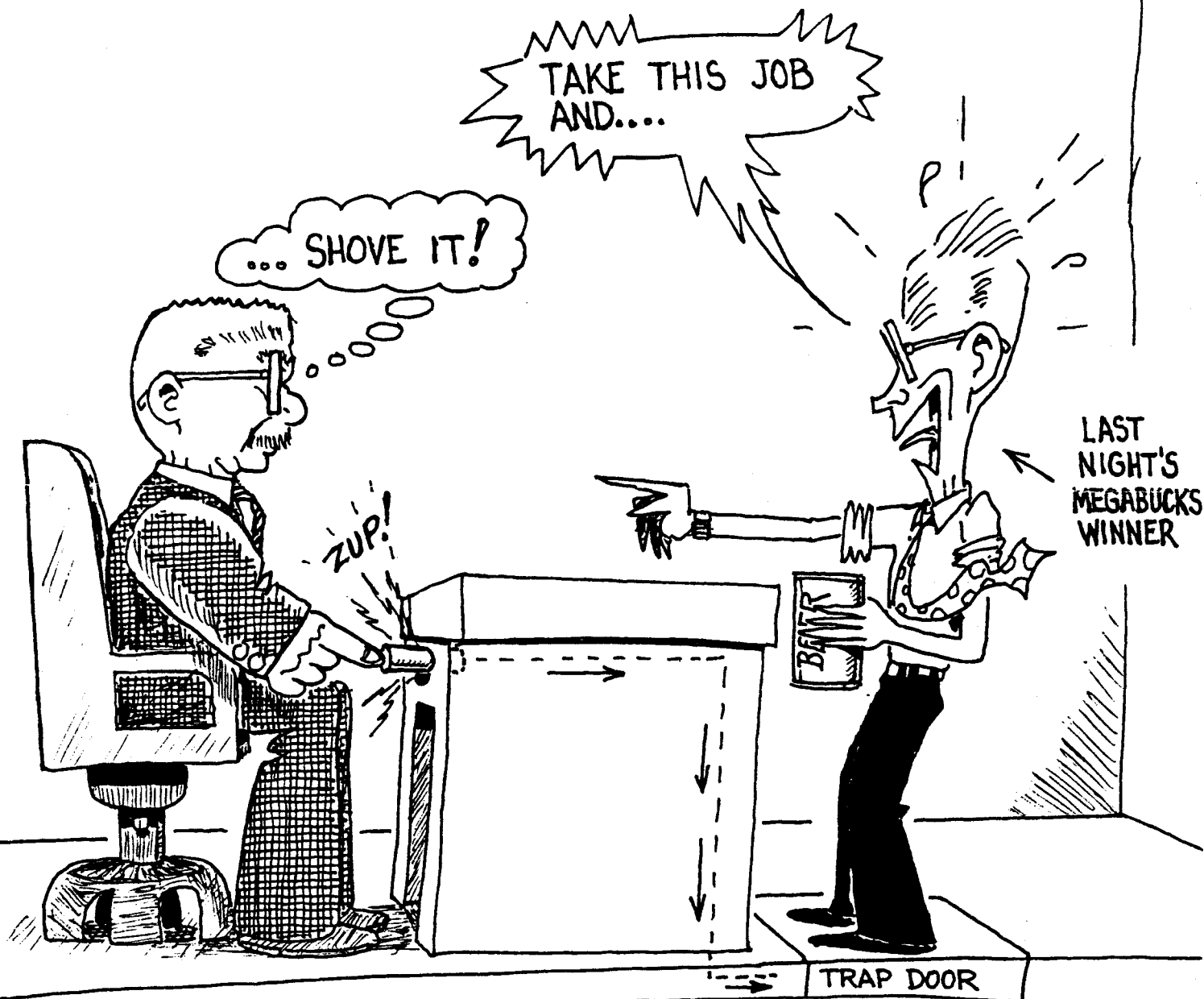
So I stay away from groups, because I truly believe something happens to you when you're part of a collective. You somehow start to think differently. Some groups make you bolder (as many activist groups did and do), some (like a studio audience or heavily social organization) can make you want to disappear into the ample background or take on a least-common-denominator mentality.

Well, this may indeed be another one of those dreaded sweeping generalizations, but I tend to put Yuppiedom into the latter category, surprise, surprise. I don't think the striving for more money and power is even a good thing, let alone a sign of boldness. That's like saying that making war is a sign of macho (which, in fact, many Yuppies do believe...after all, once you renounce your old ideals you have little choice but to publicly brand them as stupid and naive, so as not to seem like the fool in the present tense). This surprises me not at all, given the fact that sheep (whether in good herds or bad) tend not to question their status quo. If everyone around you does the same thing you do, and your personality or drive or whatever isn't strong enough for you to go against the grain, you accept the attitudes and shrug. After awhile you stop shrugging.

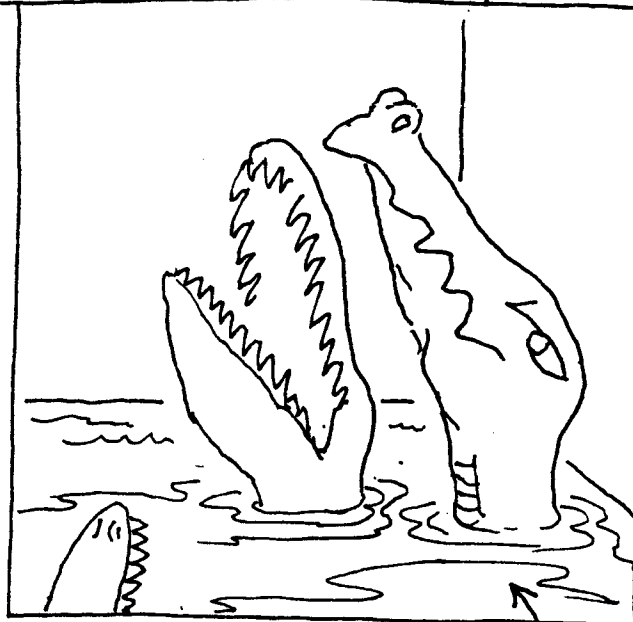
Even for someone like me, it gets harder and harder to stay afloat over this sea of nonsense. I'm literally bombarded daily with perfect people claiming exercise should be fun and inhaling NutraSweet and being told they can, and should, have it all. ("Who says you can't rise to the top without selling your soul?" asks the beer commercial. Well, as I recall, a few years back, just about anybody with a grain of intelligence in their head said so...) Only by constant questing and questioning have I managed not to drown in the muck. Only by not doing that which I may inwardly long to do the most, tuning out the white noise and muzaky pabulum, have I maintained an ability to remain alert to the horror that "giving in" to one's surroundings presages.

And it helps to have a small circle of friends, a number of individuals to counteract the masses. This newsletter is, for me, a joyous affirmation. There shouldn't—I agree with Elayne—be an "us" against "Them". Only "They" think that way, and for "us" to do so is self-stereotyping of the worst sort. I prefer to think of "us" as simply a group of friends with probably no goal other than to sail through the sea of life more or less unscathed by the rat packs who flock to, not from, the sinking ships.





"THE BOSS STRIKES BACK!"



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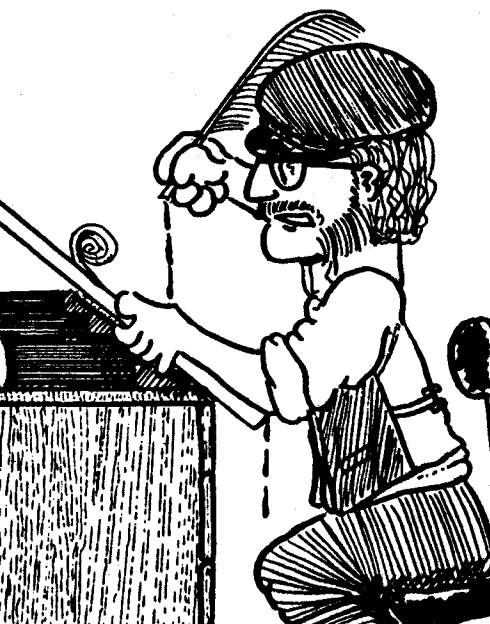
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