

A.S.P.

# INSIDE JOKE

NEWSLETTER  
*The Magazine of Comedy & Creativity* No. 40 \$1.00

## THE YURBY REVOLUTION

**YOUNG URBAN BOZOS -  
TAKING CHARGE OF THEMSELVES  
IN THE '80'S.**

A CONTEMPORARY LOOK NOT  
TO BE FOUND IN THIS ISSUE



Roldo  
1985

# -UPCOMING EVENTS-

- SEPTEMBER 1 - ANDY AMSTER (28?)  
 SEPTEMBER 2 - MIKE GUNDERLOY (26); Labor Day  
 SEPTEMBER 3 - Idle Rich Day  
 SEPTEMBER 5 - JODI HAMRICH (?)  
 SEPTEMBER 8 - Sid Caesar (63); Peter Sellers (b. 1925)  
 SEPTEMBER 10 - "PREFERRED" DEADLINE FOR IJ #41 (5TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE)  
 SEPTEMBER 11 - Ken Kesey (52); O. Henry (b. 1862); D.H. Lawrence (b. 1885)  
 SEPTEMBER 12 - PETE LABRIOLA (29)  
 SEPTEMBER 15 - "ORIGINAL" DEADLINE FOR IJ #41; CAROLYN MacDONALD (27); Agatha Christie (b. 1891)  
 SEPTEMBER 16 - GREG BLAIR (25)  
 SEPTEMBER 21 - Chuck Jones (73); H.G. Wells (b. 1866)  
 SEPTEMBER 23 - Bruce Springsteen (36)  
 SEPTEMBER 26 - T.S. Eliot (B. 1888)  
 SEPTEMBER 27 - American Indian Day  
 SEPTEMBER 29 - Gene Autry (b. 1907)  
 OCTOBER 2 - Groucho Marx (b. 1895); Mahatma Gandhi (b. 1869)  
 OCTOBER 4 - Buster Keaton (b. 1896)  
 OCTOBER 5 - SUSAN PACKIE (39)  
 OCTOBER 9 - John Lennon (b. 1940)—peace...  
 OCTOBER 10 - Grace Slick (46); Harold Pinter (55)  
 OCTOBER 12 - Aleister Crowley (b. 1875)  
 OCTOBER 14 - e e cummings (b. 1894)  
 OCTOBER 19 - Ye Editrix & PA Trek to California...  
 OCTOBER 22 - ANNI ACKNER (32); TOM GEDWILLO (34)  
 OCTOBER 28 - VALENTINO (33); Fran Lebowitz (35)  
 OCTOBER 30 - "War of the Worlds" on airwaves (1938)  
 OCTOBER 31 - DEADLINE FOR IJ #42; Hallowe'en

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 \* INSIDE JOKE is put on hexaweekly by Elayne Wechsler and some dear friends, and is intended solely for the noncommercial uses of our audience—'scuse me, too much baseball (what am I saying? there's never too much baseball! Let's Go Mets!); we emanate, despite our palatial p.o. in Manhattan, from the wilds of beautiful downtown Brooklyn USA, where the only good thing about August is that it's followed by September. Production Assistant go bye-bye to 'Bammy; ye editrix fall down go boom.  
 \* EDITOR-IN-RESIDENCE.....ELAYNE WECHSLER  
 \* (DEAD)HEAD XEROGRAPHER....."UNCLE WIGGLY"  
 \*\*\*\*\*

## STAFF WRITERS/ARTISTS

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 ==RORY HOUGHENS=====SUSAN PACKIE=====GEORG PATTERSON==  
 ROLDO=====STEVEN SCHARFF=====CANDI STRECKER=====KERRY THORNEY

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DAN HOWLAND	LAWRENCE OBERC	LAWRENCE WHITNEY
TULI KUPFERBERG	TOM ROBERTS	and KIP M. GHESIN, A.E.

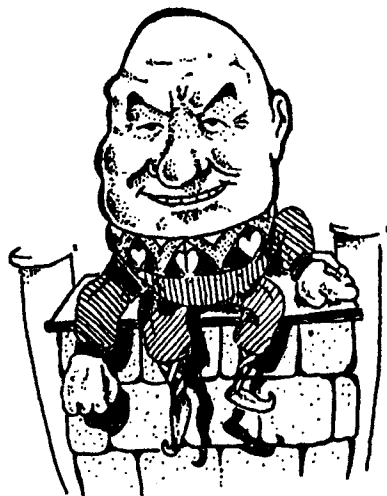
Ads furnished by J.C. Brainbeau, Not Available Comics, and the Sub-Genius Foundation

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Writes revert, etc. - Guidelines available on request (send SASE)!!

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### SEX WORDS!

What's Coming Up  
on July 5, 1988.  
\$1 for Intense Pamphlet  
The SubGenius Foundation

Box 14036,  
Dallas, TX 75214

\*\*\*\*\*  
 IF IT WEREN'T FOR  
 Johnny Appleseed apples  
 would cost a lot more than they  
 do. Don't we owe something to  
 future generations that may  
 have no oil because it will be all  
 used up? If it's worked right we  
 could get along on 100% repla-  
 ceable resources - O.K. - 99.  
 For a start send SASE to:  
 SCRAP DETROIT  
 Box 2243

YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504  
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# ACKNOWLEDITORIALETC.

August...well, thank goodness that month is almost over. Thanks in abundance to Uncle Wiggly for rushing the print schedule this issue, as too, too many things threatened my timing—our esteemed PA has now taken his unavoidable hiatus, leaving for godforsaken Mobile, AL (no offense, A.J.) on 8/11; Kip's latest Firesign newsletter issue came to me for printing and mailing simultaneous with IJ layout; a mandatory-attendance 3-day job-related seminar took me away from the office type-writer when I needed it the most...well, you get the idea. Since my annual Vacation To California (more on that anon) has now been tentatively set for October 19 through November 3, I'll have to mail out our Anniversary Issue (#41, marking the start of our 6th year) by the week-end beforehand, so our next deadline will be moved up slightly, and I do want to urge everyone to get your stuff in just a bit early, if at all possible, for #41. Cause and effect, and all that.

I'd planned to run the staffers' addresses again this time, but decided to hold off until next issue because, frankly, I'm not sure who our staffers are anymore! Mike Gunderloy and Tom Gedwillo have both officially tendered regretful resignations (although each hopes to possibly have things in the "Other Contributors" section in coming issues)—our two "G"-men are currently saddled with job situations that afford them NO SLACK at all, and they deserve all our support and condolences. I don't know where Alix and A.J. went, and hey, you two, if I don't hear from you by our "preferred" deadline, I'll assume you want out as well. You can keep the caps, but really, you know we stick to deadlines, and I honestly don't recall having heard from either of you that you weren't going to be contributing. I'm only requesting a tentative apology here, though, because I've been a bit lax in correspondence...

So, there we are, two—possibly four—staffers less than we were. I'm still hoping a few of you out there will decide you want to become members of our staff, which I've now amended (see the editorial box at left) to include writers and artists. I probably should have done this long ago, given the incredibly high quality of art IJ has had in recent times, but better late and all that. So, if you would like to be a Staff Writer/Artist, please contact me right away and I'll tell you what's involved (mostly adherence to deadlines, but remember that I do accept backlog material so you can always send me five or ten things at once and you'll be set for the year, or something like it).

The "preferred" deadline for IJ #41 is now SEPTEMBER 10, not the 15th. I'll probably accept stuff sent in by the latter date, but I'm planning right now to rush production, layout, etc. a bit, so be forewarned. I hope this won't curb the size of 41 too much, because I certainly would like as much participation as possible in celebrating our anniversary, but as this is a collective, I'll take what I get, natch. As for the Trek Out West, I'd dearly love to meet and meet some of you out in that area, so I'll be making phone calls to most of you during September—hope to see you soon!

No, I'm not sure where Phil Tortorici is either, but I got to make up the bottom half of the back cover again, for those of you who like that. Ken should be back from England any minute now, for the movie-review-lovers out there. Welcome to new writer Bobby Warner, and thank-yous to J.C. Brainbeau and Luke McGuff for supplementing my \$\$ layout. I'm still losing money, but not more than I can afford to yet.

Our influx of quality artwork should put this issue at the usual page count (as usual, I haven't yet laid it out as this is being typed), and I hope that Roldo's cover and Andy's inside back page and J.P. Morgan's full page within and everything else makes up for the lack of a "proper" back page. And I'm happy to say, glancing at our nifty letter column, controversy has flared once again in IJ's pages. I should add that I'm happy because the arguments surrounding Ace Backwords' JOURNEY THROUGH THE TENDERLOIN aren't knock-down-drag-out brawls but well-thought-out viewpoints, equally valid on both sides. This to-do, coupled with our staff writer loss, has led me to nail down a final decision on serialized stuff, and Chapter 11 of JOURNEY is printed in this issue, with my usual caveat: I am personally uncomfortable running material I consider to be "More Than I Need To Know" (see fuller explanation in the letters column), but in the Backwords case, I prefer to defer to your opinions rather than my inner feelings—since it appears the cheering and loathing sections fall about equally. Ace and I both await reactions to the chapter within.

And, of course, from here on in I SHALL be allowing serialized stories, with the FOLLOWING CONDITIONS: The stories should be sent to me in toto (so I'll know the writer won't be making it up as he/she goes along—too often this means one can't think of any other topic on which to write, and thus resorts to ongoing copouts); and chapters of appropriate length should be delineated by the author (I don't want to get one long story with a note attached to "cut it up wherever you feel is right"). Sorry to sound so strict about that first condition, especially as I usually favor spontaneity, but it becomes a problem when a writer develops a mentality of "falling back" on a serial to save him- or herself effort.

Whew—all that said, let me remind everyone once again of our upcoming deadlines: SEPTEMBER 10 (PREFERRED) or 15 (originally planned) for #41; OCTOBER 31 (Hallowe'en) for #42 and DECEMBER 15 for #43. Send letters, art, whole serials, any other writing you deem falls within IJ's acceptability (if it doesn't, I'll send it back & tell you why, as usual), suggestions for a questionnaire (=sob=) and anything else you want to us by the deadline to

P.O. Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.  
 If you see an "X" next to your name, your subscription has run out. Subscriptions are \$1 per issue, up to \$8 in advance for a year's worth (anything above \$8 will automatically be considered donation, unless you tell me you're sending money for back issues [also \$1 each] or our official IJ cap [\$5 each]), or a 39¢ stamp if you have contributed art or writing to the issue for which you're sending. Did I get it all?

This issue is dedicated in fond memory of Pete Sheehy and Phil Foster, and the PA would also like to dedicate it in memory of the creator of the Twinkie, James Dewar.

# Fan Noose

There has lately, in the strange world of the underground/alternate press, been a raging brouhaha between sometime IJ contributor Bob Black (aka The Last International) and some of the folks from PROCESSED WORLD (including editor Lucius Cabins aka Chris Carlsson). Without going into any details or taking either side in the matter (mainly because I'm in no position to stick my neck in here and judge), I've decided to try and give equal-time plugs to both ends. PW, which sells for \$1.50 and comes out quarterly, is ostensibly about combatting robotic attitudes in the workplace, but seems to do so rather flatly—could use some imagination, any politics aside. Judge for yourself by sending the \$\$ to Lucius or Chris or whatever at 55 Sutter St., #829, San Francisco, CA 94104...Black's rallying cries are also echoed by the folks who call themselves Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous, who've put together a fine collection of their best flyers and doctored posters from the last 4 years, under the title ADVENTURES IN SUBVERSION. It's well worth the \$2 asking price, and some of their stuff has also found its way to the inside back pages of a couple IJs in past issues; their address is P.O. Box 11331, Eugene, OR 97400...Perhaps total reconciliation is too much for even this stubborn optimist to expect, but one might hope all parties concerned will eventually come to agree-to-disagree a tad less violently...onward...META-SCOOP "is devoted to promoting communication and art between individuals who are fascinated by 'the wonder of it all'," according to editors Barbara Sowell and Deb Armstrong. Maybe I'm just a female chauvinist, but I try to back as many forays into the small-press world by women as I find, and I'm looking quite forward to future issues of this intellectual enterprise. Subscription price is \$10/yr, but I'm sure individual issues are also available—ask (and/or send written contributions) at 1004 Live Oak Lane, Arlington, TX 76012...Speaking of intellectuals, I recently discovered that even MENSA is getting into the small press act, many of its members publishing what they call "special interest groups." One of the more amusing SIGs is the SACRED COW S.I.G., put out by MENSAN Asa Sparks—if you're at all interested in getting involved [SACRED COW, Asa informs me, is not for MENSANS only], let me know and I'll pass your address along to him...The most interesting acronym I've seen in awhile belongs to J.O.E.S. 6+, which stands for "Journal Of Erickson's Stage 6+—"Erickson," says editor Jeff Wechter, "was a psychologist after Freud. He devised stages of life to rival Freud's...His stage 6 is (more or less) 'intimacy vs. isolation,' or sharing vs. selfishness; this is from around 18 to early adulthood. Stage 7 is 'creative extrovertiveness vs. introvertiveness,' which is adulthood. The challenge of one stage is carried until it is met. This journal is an opportunity to meet these challenges..." I'm not sure whether or not it succeeds, because I'm not sure how much Erickson I buy in the first place, but Jeff's heart truly seems to be in it, so why not send a worthy dollar to him at 718 Clymer St., Philadelphia, PA 19147...Taking a clue from Clay Geerdes' COMIX WORLD is a small zine called XEX GRAPHIX NEWSLETTER, in which editor "Bob X" plugs new undergrounds and minis—I think it should get points for listing only one person whose name I know in amongst all their listings, so if this is your kind of thing send a SASE to "Bob X" at P.O. Box 240611, Memphis, TN 38214...Speaking of comics, I duly apologize to IJ friend Tom Roberts for omitting a plug for his fine comic ANTI-SOCIAL #3, thoroughly enjoyable and well-done and it sells in real stores and all but you can get it by sending \$3.50 to Tom personally at 333 S. East Ave., #209, Oak Park, IL 60302...The second issue of punk-ish rag D.O.V.E. ("Disciples of Violent Entropy") is out and—I dunno, maybe I'm just too much of an old fart for all this, but I'm still trying to ascertain the mysterious connection between punk and skateboarding, so there you are. The usual teenangstartandpoetry abounds here, as well as reviews and calls for peace, and inquiries can be sent to P.O. Box 4-1698, Anchorage, AK 99509...Revo's SURREAL ESTATES is mulling suggestions to either raise hir price-per-ish (from \$1.25 or \$3.50/4 issues) or drop trading, so get those pends out and write hir at P.O. Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061...Nancy Kangas has taken a done-to-death idea and resurrected it admirably in NANCY'S MAGAZINE's "Lite" issue—send 50¢ or more to 2256 Market St. #C, San Francisco, CA 94114...To keep in the know about the relatively successful NO BUSINESS AS USUAL campaign, write for N.B.A.U.'s newsletter at 3309 Mission St., #127, San Francisco, CA 94110...IJ's favorite collagist, Joe Schwind, has a new 8-pp, 2-color mini out—don't ask me what it is, but it's a must for Kansas College of Collage fans, so send 50¢ or so to Joe at P.O. Box 8187, Shawnee Mission, KS 66208...And Matt Feazel is back also, not only in IJ's pages but with good old CYNICALMAN, and C-man's latest adventure is a scream! A neat mini, and a super bargain for a quarter—Matt's at Box 5803, Raleigh, NC 27650...Let us do, then, plug and thank a few friends who dearly deserve it: This column will serve notice that T.S. Child has returned from hir vacation in Europe, so all you fans of hir MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN can now write hir personally again! Issue #32 is just out (my, T.S., you are catching up to us!), and looks good except for John Eberly's bad-taste genital comics (believe me, more than anyone needs to know!). This probably means Denver Tuscon has returned as well, for all you GONE! fans (I'll plug that one more fully when I get the next issue); T.S.'s address, tho, is 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 (send SASE)...I haven't given a nice, proper plug to another of my fave female folks, the Rev. Amy Sweeney (Queen of Margueritas), for a bit either, so be it hereby known that hir publication WALLPAPER is one of the best bargains in NJ alternate press-land! Still going strong and now on Volume 4 (issues 5 and 6 just out), the rag has now expanded to 8 full pages, and I honestly don't know how the wallflower crew does it while only asking for a "25¢ donation", so do send them lots and lots of dough, all to

P.O. Box 3324, Trenton, NJ 06819...And since s/he owns the whole shebang of Pen-Elayne Enterprises, I've no choice but to plug the latest FOUR-ALARM FIRE SIGNA! (#6) from Kip M. Gheshin, just out and free from IJ's address to anyone with even a remote interest in The Firesign Theatre (and a personal congrats to IJ reader Dave Ossman on becoming a grandpa!)...I also just received the latest plugsheet for the collected work of Bruce Duncan, the fellow who put out things like TELE TIMES. If you want to see what he's got, send a SASE to him at the Berkeley Inn Hotel, Room 414, 2501 Haste St., Berkeley, CA 94704...And before we round it off with a few "regulars" (and possibly some stragglers), I'd like to thank the official VIPpie! publication, OVERTHROW, for giving us such nice plugs in their latest edition and even reprinting an excerpt from a recent issue (Candi's "coffee" installment from MY JOB AND WELCOME TO IT), with even better graphics than we have! If you want to see it yourself (it's on page 14), send \$1 to P.O. Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013...And now, again, our usual nod to the regularly-received publications at our palatial p.o.—BABUSHKIN'S DIGEST—L.D. Babushkin, P.O. Box 128, Rosendale, NY 12472 (personal creativity, politically rude and insightful, FREE but send SASE to help out—oops, V.1#7); GOOD DAY SUNSHINE #28—Charles F. Rosenay!!!, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511 (Beatles; \$2 or \$8.50/year); JET LAG #55—Steve Pick and Joe Williams, The Mailman Building, 8419 Hall's Ferry Rd., St. Louis, MO 63147 (musical spectrum in & around St. Lou; \$1); SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #56—Richard Geis, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211 (Hugo-winning semipro/fanzine, \$2.50 or \$9/year; watch out for bad taste gratuitous tit cover on this one); SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER V.XIV#2—John T. Harlee, Rt. 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501 (libertarianism & excerpted newsclips; SASE?); UTNE READER #11—P.O. Box 1974, Marion, OH 43305 (best leftist/alternative press digest around; this issue looks at the 'fitness craze', among other things; \$4 or \$18/year for 6 issues). See you in the funny papers!



## SUBTRACTION WHIZZ

by Susan Packie

Computer got me in grade school when I couldn't do subtraction. Computer socked me with a slew of mousy dates when I was in high school. Computer picked my college, disqualified me for student loans, then found my wife in printout sheets. Computer employed me, then put me on unemployment, taking the enjoyment out of my middle years, and finally decided I had miscalculated my meagre wages and deprived me of Social Security. Computer had me ten feet deep before my time, but computers do not lie. They're just not as good in addition as they are at subtracting!

THERE ARE NO WINNERS IN WAR as there should be (one wins one loses). So now come Barry Goldwater is still living? Send SASE to: WINNERS — LOSERS Box 2138 • Youngstown, OH 44504

# DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

SUMMER CUM LAUDE by Anni Ackner

I've never made any great secret of the way I feel about Summer, which is to say that, if you've been paying any sort of attention at all (and I assume that someone has, judging by those peculiar phone calls that often come in the bleary hours of the night, accompanied by chortling), you know perfectly well that I consider Summer to be one of the meanest, rottenest, most scabrous tricks Mother Nature has in that little bag of hers, right down there with PMS, the set point theory, and the amount of energy it takes to work one's way through to the edible part of a lobster, so I see no particular need to belabour the point. Suffice it to say that I don't like Summer and it, most assuredly, does not like me. I show my dislike of Summer by saying disparaging things behind its nasty, sunny back, and it retaliates by causing me to chafe, sweat, wheeze, hack and find myself in Uncomfortable Situations. The Hundred Years War was but a mere schoolyard skirmish compared to the battle that rages between Summer and me.

In the course of this battle, I have recently come to feel that it is my duty—as well as a real kick—to undermine Summer's noxious effects wherever possible, going beyond the simple act of dishing it in public. It has become obvious to me over the years that I am not the only person who suffers from the ravages of Summer (as must have also been extremely noticeable to anyone who has ever found him- or herself in the position of having to take the Lexington Avenue shuttle during rush hour in mid-August), so that it becomes more than a personal vendetta, but a Civic Responsibility to escalate the war and teach others the myriad ways I have developed (and long held secret) for avoiding the worst pitfalls of The Joyless Season.

Unfortunately, as much as I might like, I can't do very much about chafing, sweating, wheezing and hacking, besides recommending the judicious use of cornstarch, Neo-Synephrine and strong draughts of iced tea laced with a soupçon of rum (I do have acquaintances that advocate a timely sacrifice to the Goddess of Humidity, but that's strictly your own business, goats being hard to come by in some urban areas), but I can, through much experience, lend a hand with those Uncomfortable Situations for which Summer is so justly infamous, and, in the interests of beating Summer at its own evil game, I intend to do so.

Now, it must be understood right at the start that, even working together, we are not going to eradicate all of Summer's Uncomfortable Situations entirely. Even though a Thinking Person would undoubtedly prefer to pass the Summer months curled up in a nice, air-conditioned room, indulging in the occasional sherbet or iced beverage and thinking cooling thoughts, and many Thinking Persons endeavour to do this, there is always going to be a certain element (you can usually spot this crowd by their exceptionally white, even teeth, resembling those of small, feral, hyperactive animals, and the fact that, no matter what their age, no piece of their flesh jiggles when they walk) who will try to coerce us into participating in an Uncomfortable Situation, and times that a Thinking Person, no matter how disinclined, will have, because of expediency or good taste, to go along with it all (it is always a good bet never to borrow money from anyone who smells of Bain de Soleil). The following tips, therefore, are designed to get you through those times when you find yourself in an Uncomfortable Situation, either through accident, mishap or unavoidability. They will not save you from the Situation itself, but they will, I guarantee, help you survive it as unscathed as possible and, taken to extremes, will perhaps insure that you make yourself so difficult that no one in his or her right mind will ever invite you into an Uncomfortable Situation again, which is a plus in itself. With that proviso in mind, then, the United Anni Front Against Summer now issues its

## MANIFESTO OF GUERRILLA TACTICS IN THE ESCALATING WAR AGAINST THAT SEASON

### 1. The Beach

The beach is not, in and of itself, a bad place. In fact, used correctly, it can afford great pleasure even to a Thinking Person, and I myself am quite fond of it, in its proper place and season. Its proper place and season happens to be Winter. In Winter, one can stroll along the shoreline, hands shoved into the pockets of a lovely wool coat, and work up into a really suitable brood while watching the gray ocean waves, afterwards repairing to the beach home of an intimate companion for hot toddies and conversation. Utilized in this manner, the beach can be a thing to be treasured. It is only during the Summer that the beach shows its other face. Its other face is that of Alfred E. Newman.

In Summer, the beach sheds its solitude, peace and gloominess and gives way to a festive atmosphere roughly equivalent to that of New Orleans the day after the Mardi Gras. Thousands of bodies litter it, all of them wearing ridiculous outfits and all of them younger than yours (except for the few that are older, but which are striving to look younger, arriving at a state of petrification rarely seen outside of the Egyptian Room in some of the larger natural history museums). Thousands of radios issue forth with the melodic strains of this season's number one song, which you will be unable to tell from last season's number one song, thousands of vendors will attempt to sell you odd, odorific bits and pieces of things which they will claim are food-stuffs, thousands of frisbees and volleyballs will hurtle dangerously close to your head and thousands of tiny, invisible grains of sand will work their way into places you might have thought were unreachable. In Summer, in short, the beach is nothing more than a relatively scenic torture chamber.

If you go to the beach before carefully perusing this section, you must accept two absolute givens: (1) You are going to have to wear a bathing suit; and (2) You are going to get sunburned. Going to the beach and accepting these givens is not a viable option for the Think-

ing Person. Bathing suits are peculiar little garments whose sole purpose is to make your thighs look like something that rightly belongs supporting a fair-sized Steinway, an effect particularly outraging when you discover that you are the only one on the entire beach who is susceptible to it. Bathing suits cause embarrassment, regret, depression and, if you are the slightest bit overweight, small boys to point at you and shriek "Whale on the beach!" as if they were the first to think of this witticism. Sunburn, on the other hand, does not cause any specific embarrassment. It does, however, lead to wrinkles, skin cancer and, if you are not careful, a daunting resemblance to Heather Locklear, none of which are encouraging prospects. If you must go to the beach, therefore, it behooves you to take certain precautions.

The previously described bathing suit syndrome (also known as Elastic Shock or Greenwich's Evil) can be avoided altogether by visiting only nude beaches, where everyone will be too busy worrying about the size of their genitalia to care how your legs are doing. This, however, is not always feasible, as nude beaches rapidly disappear to make room for oceanfront condominiums, and also doesn't do very much for sunburn, but, rather, gives it a larger area on which to work. The more likely alternative is to beach it clad from head to foot in something nice and black. An exotic black caftan and fashionable, floppy brimmed black hat are perfect for women and those men who either frequent Fire Island or don't mind engaging in pleasantries with charming souls carrying baseball bats; black jeans and a long-sleeved black cotton shirt are fine for everyone. Rent an umbrella and deck chair (under no circumstances sit on the sand, unless you truly appreciate picking ice cream stick splinters out of unbearable places), arm yourself with a thermos of something cold and relaxing and a thick, genial book, lie back and bask, bask, bask. Occasionally look out over your dark glasses and sneer at the passersby. Ignore all attempts to get you to disrobe and project, at all times, the impression that you find all this too, too utterly amusing, and you prefer to be left alone to enjoy it quietly. Yes, you will garner some off-kilter looks and yes, you will sweat a bit, but you will be the only one later on that evening who does not signal her appearance with an advance wave of Bactine and, should you happen to meet a little something interesting over the course of the day, your body will not give mute support to the theory that one of your ancestors was a barber pole. It is well worth it.

### 2. The Pool Party

The Pool Party is a distant, man-made cousin to the beach, invented by a gourmet striving to get that distinctive, chlorine aftertaste into the deviled shrimp. It is normally given by someone who wishes to entertain several people all at once and feels that it will be easier afterwards to hose down the pool area than have the living room furniture reupholstered, and it is always attended by at least four men who think that tossing a woman who can't swim into the deep end and watching her flail about is on a par with Lenny Bruce's Carnegie Hall performances. As such, it contains all the drawbacks of the beach with none of its rare attributes—there is absolutely nothing romantically depressing about something that cost \$25,000 to install and is shaped like an inflad kidney—and boasts a few liabilities peculiar to itself, among them the accoutstical truism that Twisted Sister sounds a lot louder echoing off cement than it does off sand.

The Pool Party should be handled in more or less the same way as is the beach, with two minor additions: (a) You should always carry a small caliber revolver in the pocket of your jeans or caftan to ward off any chance strangers who wish to toss you into the deep end (even if you can swim, this sort of activity wreaks havoc on a \$75 sensor-perm); and (b) Because most pool parties take place in the vicinity of an actual house, you have an escape hatch you would not ordinarily have at the beach. Make use of it. Anyone who has the unmitigated gall to invite you to waste an entire afternoon picking your way gingerly over an expanse of hot Astro turf deserves to have you in his or her bedroom, chatting with your dear friend in Madagascar on the touch-tone and rootling through the Valium.

### 3. The Picnic

No one has ever been able to quite figure out why otherwise normal adults, who not only possess perfectly adequate kitchens but pay upwards of \$750 a month for the rental of said kitchens, will willingly forsake said kitchens to go sit out on a sweaty old patch of grass, cook wretched food on a grease-encrusted piece of metal and then fight off insects of all ilk for the dubious honour of eating the stuff, but there it is. In actual fact, though, and strange as it may seem, the worst of picnics is not the stomach-wrenching food, the rocky surroundings or the marauding ants and mosquitos. The worst of picnics is that you may very easily find yourself having to play softball or volleyball.

Softball and volleyball are not real games, nor yet are they sports. They have no discernable rules—although softball claims to be aligned with baseball, the King of sports, this spurious analogy goes right out the window when you note that there invariably seems to be one extra infielder running dazedly back and forth between second and third in an apparent attempt to score a touchdown—and no predictable outcome (as no one has ever decided how to keep score), and their sole purpose seems to be to get as many people as possible out on the field and making total jackasses of themselves.

Despite all my best research, I have not yet been able to work out a way to duck out of a softball or volleyball game. You can't plead inaptitude, because there is no way to be apt at these pastimes and, indeed, general crudeness seems to be one of the major criteria for getting involved in the first place (it is always the person who obviously hasn't done anything more strenuous all winter than make a grilled cheese sandwich who is the one to yell "Play ball!" at inappropriate moments). You can't plead an old war wound, because you will be cheerily informed that this form of exercise is beneficial to anything



short of basal cell carcinoma, and you can't even rely on good, old-fashioned bad sportiness, because it will only lead to people cajoling you with such manic heartiness that you consent to play simply to keep the price of Thorazine down. My only advice under these circumstances is to join in the game at its outset and hope to break it up before it gets utterly out of hand.

Although none of the following work all the time, some moderately successful game-stoppers include: throwing a spitball and then wondering quietly if the dirt on the horsehide will upset your AIDS; pausing to cut a few chair doilies out of the net; glancing up in the sky, screaming in shock, and running into the bushes scattering Reese's Pieces behind you; and the ever-popular intimating that the dogs have gotten into the beer keg. Under no circumstances, however, should you pretend to faint, unless you truly relish the idea of being propped up and used as a bat rack.

#### 4. The Camping Trip

There is no excuse for going on a camping trip. There just isn't. I don't care if the organizer of the expedition advanced all the venture capital that floated your sushi-in-a-pita business, no Thinking Person will ever consider going camping. Sell the business and take up hawking ceramic unicorns if you must, but if you deliberately leave the safety of your apartment to go sleep on the ground in a polyester sack with rocks and sticks, you'll get no help from me, and I hope you get eaten by a bear or a wolverine or something.

If, after following these rules, you find that you are still in the midst of more of Summer's antic moments than you can easily bear, please be advised that I have saved the most potent remedy for last, even moving back into Letter Gothic to get the point across. This should be used only as a last ditch effort as, if you try it too often, people will get wise to it (I'm assuming that the secret won't go beyond us, will it?) and it will lose its effect but, applied judiciously, it is absolutely foolproof for avoiding Uncomfortable Situations.

If Summer gets to be too much for you, don't go on vacation.

Not going on vacation is deceptively simple. First, announce to all your friends and acquaintances that you are going to some lovely, far-away spot—any of the various Club Meds will do, although you may substitute Maine or Vermont or even El Salvador if you think there is even the slimmest possibility that anyone will volunteer to join you. Book a flight, make your hotel reservations, have a farewell dinner with your friends, let them drive you to the airport, and then duck out the back way when they aren't looking. Take a cab back to your apartment, which you have previously stocked with delightful food, and prepare to enjoy anywhere from three days to two weeks of blissful solitude, depending on how much time your office gives for not going on vacation. No one will phone, no one will drop by unexpectedly, and you can stay up all night watching movies, sleep till noon and live on rocky road ice cream and Gatorade, if that's what you've a mind to do, without fear of embarrassment or criticism. Since everyone already knows your standard methods of treating the beach, no one will question your lack of a tan upon your "return" and, if you really want to carry the illusion to extremes, cheap gaudy souvenirs for your friends are readily available through mail order catalogs. Not going on vacation is undoubtedly the most comfortable, civilized, relaxing way to survive the Summer, and I can't recommend it highly enough. This year, I'm not going to Bermuda—sure hope I see you there.

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# Zenarchy STORIES

by Ho Chi Zen

## LEFT AND RIGHTeousNESS

Although he has refused to call himself an anarchist, Robert LeFevre is the man who convinced me governments are not necessary.

"The difficulty with both liberal and conservative positions," he once wrote, "is that violence against some for some reason is justified. And that is the crux of it. There is no way we can prevent bad actions on the part of others. We are limited to preventing bad actions we ourselves are capable of committing. It is not violence per se that we can prevent. But we can prevent self-righteous violence. And that is the burden of all political action that is related to government. It endows men with the belief that violence under certain conditions is righteous.

"If we are to have an occasional bad action—and it cannot be prevented—let every man's mind and hand be turned against it to the degree that he does not commit bad action. If all men opposed violence per se, and not merely violence performed by others, we will have drawn the straight line.

"The straight line, if achieved, can bring harmony and

peace. And without harmony and peace, freedom is impossible."

His words about government amounting to self-righteous violence remind me of what Lao said about celebrating victories in battle with funeral ceremonies. His point about the bad action that cannot be prevented reminds me of what Laughing Buddha Jesus said about letting the dead bury the dead and the evil of the day being sufficient unto itself.

### HERE AND HEREAFTER

Once someone unfamiliar with Zen asked Rabbi Koan the same question the ex-emperor asked Gudo, thinking to test him to see if he gave the same answer: "What becomes of the enlightened and unenlightened being after death?"

"Enlightened beings attend to the Here and Now in death as in life. As for the unenlightened, I suspect when they die they are assigned to shit details like answering Ouija Boards."

### TENURE THEORY

Asked by what line of reasoning he justified the notion of Zen Without Zen Masters, I once said of Camden Benares, "I imagine he figures that among Bodhisattvas, as in all other careers, there are two types: those who are successful—and those who are not, and therefore must teach for a living."

### WORDLESS WORDS

That old chatterbox Lau-Tzu wrote, "Those who know, do not speak; those who speak, do not know."

Say the Vedas, "Those who understand it, understand it not; those who understand it not, they understand it—this we have been told by those who understand it." We avoid spiritual pride by failing to think we understand the intellectually unknowable.

Of such matters, Jesus said the first would be last and the last would be first, that the highest were the lowest and the lowest were the highest. Useful sometimes is remembering that attachment to great saints and their teachings can cause us to confuse the symbols of enlightenment for the reality of the experience.

Mohammed forbade his followers to draw pictures of him.

After attaining spiritual illumination, Thomas Aquinas said all his writings looked to him like so much straw.

### THE PISSING BUDDHA

At a party someone asked Ho Chi Zen an abstract question.

Without answering he retreated to the bathroom. Upon returning he rolled a number and began talking about what good grass it was.

"Hey," objected the inquirer, "I asked you a serious question and you went off to take a piss and then came back and changed the subject!"

"Yes," he said. "That is one of my favorite methods of teaching."

### LOOKING GOOD

A Zen abbot went dressed in rags to the door of a rich man and was turned away with an empty bowl. So he returned in his formal robe of office, and was invited in and served a sumptuous meal.

Removing his robe and folding it, he placed it in front of the feast and departed with the words, "This meal is not for me; it is for the robe."

### THE OWL'S MOUSE

After Hui-Tzu was appointed Prime Minister of Liang, Chuang-Tze went to pay him a visit. Thinking that Chuang coveted his office and was coming to take it away from him, Hui-Tzu sent the police to arrest him. For three days and three nights they searched for Chuang-Tze who meanwhile evaded them and arrived of his own accord, whereupon he said to Hui: "In the South is a bird called the phoenix that lives forever. Rising from the South Sea it flies to the North, never alighting except on sacred trees, touching no food but the most exquisite nectar, drinking only from the clearest waters. But once an owl with a decaying dead mouse in its clutches looked up to see the phoenix flying overhead. Afraid that it was after his mouse, the owl screeched and screamed. Are you not like that owl?"

### THE SECRET TEACHING OF GREG HILL

When Greg was living in New York during the summer of 1974 and I was staying with him during my vacation, I asked him how much money he recommended I carry with me in the unsafe streets of that expensive city.

"Twice as much as you think you will need and half as much as you want stolen," he replied.

# I WAS URI GELLER'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

by Philomena Fandango,  
*as told to Deborah Benedict*

"Seek simplicity—and distrust it."

— Dee Dee Lemma, Cheerleader, SANDALPHON COLLEGE

"Uri! Don't be bendin' that metal like that! Shame on you, cheatin' and jivin' folks!" I said, but Uri paid me no mind. He was out for money, fame and The Good Life...and he probably didn't really believe in Guardian Angels...but that's what I was—until The Old Man fired me. Now, at last...my story can be told.

In the late sixties, God told me to make it down to the Sherry Netherland Hotel to meet with Mr. Irving Azoff, his rep on earth. I had kicked the bucket a year earlier, and had been given the choice: Guardian Angelhood or reincarnation into the Osmond Family. I didn't look forward to a life of dental hygiene and worshipping the angel Moroni (a real chucklehead, anyhow), so I opted for GAing. I never thought I'd be called to watch over a phoney psychic with enlarged pores, but the Lord moves in mysterious ways. So do most phoney psychics.

I met Mr. Azoff in the bridal suite of the Sherry. He was watching "The Secret Storm" and drinking a can of Rainer Ale. He bade me welcome and told me to park it. I did.

"Well," sez he, "Let's get on with it. Time is money."

"What's that got to do with God?" I asked.

"You'd be surprised, damned surprised," he replied, and took from his Pierre Cardin silk jacket a pink envelope. "Open this," he said and so I did. Inside was a gift certificate for a million bucks at Neiman Marcus, that fancy store way the hell and gone in Texas.

"Whutfor?" I asked and he said it was to buy a wardrobe and other sundries to make a good impression on my first charge. "Whozat?" I asked and he said, "It's a cat named Uri Geller who thinks he's gonna blow the minds of everyone by bending metal with his mental powers."

"Hey, I can do that!" I said.

"Sure you can, Philomena, but Geller can't—he's a fake. He's so screwed up he don't even know he can do it for real! Anyway, we want you on him, like white on rice—see if you can't talk him outta his game. You meet him in Texas, at a fancy fakers gig, attach yourself to him, use your sex appeal and keep his psychic nose clean. The Old Man, the Big Guy—he don't want no more phoney psychics till like the nineties. Houdini will be your contact. You get in dutch, need anything, you call Harry at the Eusapia Palladino Memorial Mind Jive Headquarters—here's the number and a roll of dimes."

"Will the gift certificate be enough? How about the hotel stay?" I asked.

"You can rely on the old man's money," Irving said.

## I GO TO TEXAS

When I arrived in Dallas, the air was thicker with more rumours than Fleetwood Mac. I rented a car, a souped-up Chevy, was a cherry red '53. I wanted to drive it to New Orleans, but I had a job to do at the Custerdome. I went to Nieman Marcus and bought as many overpriced, fancy outfits as I could find. I was gonna use the old Femme Fatale, glam-scam on Geller—little did I know how stupid this would be. But the Old Man had his ideas, and a Guardian Angel who gets into it with the Big Guy usually ends up working in the Lost and Found Dept. I'd rather be an Osmond than play that gig.

The Psychics Convention was being held in the Cosmic Encounter Suite of the Custerdome. The decor was black and silver. Black plastic wallpaper shimmered with silver glitter. If Diana Ross was a wall, she'd be the wall in the Cosmic Encounter Suite. In the center of the ceiling a huge, Sputnik-shaped chandelier rotated to the music. The band, Robbie Condor and the Nervous Breakdowns, was playing "Bang A Gong" and I was worried that the chandelier would go spinning off its orbit. I looked at the dais and saw Thelma Moss, Jeanne Dixon and—yes, the man, Uri Geller himself.

I waded my way through the crowd; my deep blue sea blue Norell original gave little butterfly kisses as I frottaged the conventioners. I had to get Geller's attention before he started bending the hotel spoons and forks. The Old Man owned the Custerdome and he was getting pretty hot about the overhead.

I made it to the dais. Geller sat at the table drinking Pagan Pink Ripple. I knew it was Pagan Pink 'cause I could see the label peeking through the brown paper sack on the floor. I decided that boldness was the best style to adopt.

"Uri! Baby!" I yelled. He looked up, puzzled. "I love you," I said, "I want to take care of you!"

"Aw, Jesus," he muttered.

"No, Jesus is in the Phillipines," I said. "I'm Philomena Fandango. I'm your Guardian Angel. I'm here to see you do right." By this time I was sitting next to him, schmoozing cozily.

"Right," he said, drawing the word out to the utter wilderlands of irony. "Like, I'm sure I believe in Guardian Angels and shit." He snorted. "Got any uppers?" he asked.

"Baby, I AM an upper. Now, honey, listen steady: You gotta stop this bizness of faking people out. I can teach you how to do this bending stuff for real."

"You can? How?" he asked.

"Well, it involves a pure heart and soul, love of God and man, total psychic concentration and you can't take no money for it."

"Forfuckin'get it," he said.

"But Uri, you're in deep with the Old Man. He's really ticked, like 800, at you. He may decide to take you out if you don't do right."

URI LAUGHS!

He laughed at me. You ain't never supposed to laugh at your Guard-

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ian Angel. It's like a rule. But he did.

"The Old Man? Hah! Take me out! Hah! How stupid. You can say anything, but talk is cheap."

"Yes, but how do you pay for it?"

"Like this!" he said, and brought up the bottle of Pagan Pink. He chugalugged the rest down, faster than you could say 'Rosabelle Believe'.

"Uri, don't be doin' that! It's BAD. Let me just show you how much better things could be if you wised up." At that moment, Jeanne Dixon appeared and introduced herself.

"Hi, I'm Jeanne Dixon, the Catholic Astrologer."

"That's an oxymoron," I told her.

"Thank you, my dear. What's a nice-looking Negress girl like yourself doing wearing an expensive Norman Norell original in the Custerdome?"

"You're the psychic," I said. "You tell me."

She giggled. It sounded like a smiley face with hiccoughs. "Oh, I'd need your chart to do that. It's not as simple as you people seem to think. So what are you doing here?"

"I'm a Guardian Angel. The Old Man sent me here to make sure Uri toes the line and stops being so jive."

"Ahhh," Jeanne sighed, sounding like bees farting. "It won't work, you know. It's Uri's destiny. Even God cannot interfere with destiny!" I was stupefied. God IS destiny, I wanted to say, but the words were stuck like a zipper on a wedding night. "You poor fool," she said softly. "Don't you know you can't make Brother Uri go against his own nature? He enjoys pulling the wool over people's eyes. If he really had the gift, it wouldn't be so much fun. For Uri, it's nostalgia, too, right Brother Uri?" Uri nodded sleepily. "It reminds him of the days he was a professional—a real stage magician...but this brings in more money."

Uri was nodding off, wineglass in hand. Jeanne was offended by this and she snapped, "Goddammit, Uri, I am Jeanne Dixon—you don't cack out on me, you slimy bastard!" Uri woke with a start and broke his wineglass.

"Look!" he yelled. "I merely touched this wineglass and my psychic energy made it shatter! Jeanne—Jeanne is a witness!"

"Praise! Praise!" Jeanne rhapsodised. "It's a miracle!"

"A miracle, my golden apple!" I shouted. "He done broke that wineglass 'cause she spoke him when he was floating off from all that booze!"

"Get Security!" Uri screamed. "She's a Negro spy—a spy from James Randi! She means to ruin us all! Get her!"

and faster than you could say 'Arthur Ford,' I was whisked away by six ex-Cowboy linebackers. They tossed me in the hotel dick's office.

## HOUDINI AND GOD

Old man, rescue me! I cried. But nothing. "You can make one call," the hotel dick told me. I called Houdini. He promised to have me dematerialised as soon as his team was done with dematerialising Nixon's 96th Guardian Angel. I waited in the dick's office. He grilled me for over an hour. I told them the truth about everything. Angels cannot lie. If they even try to tell a lie, their lips turn in to big black caterpillars. The dick called the Dallas Looney Bin and told them to hurry up and pick up a real weirdmobile. I was on the verge of making a break through the 7th story window (yes, we can fly) when Houdini's team beamed me up to the Eusapia Palladino Memorial Mind Jive Headquarters.

Houdini stood before me, his eyes blazing.

"The Old Man wants you. NOW."

Well, that was that. Obviously, I was fired. I had only met the Old Man once before, with a bunch of other recruits. I had never been alone with him. I was ushered to his office. I knocked on the door and heard him yell, "Get the hell in here, you little dickbrained schmuck!"

I went in. The Old Man was in his hammock, as usual, watching the Cubs lose to the Phillies. "Goddamn the infield fly rule!" he said. "And maybe I will."

He turned to me. You all want a description of God, don'tcha? He looks a lot like Ed Asner. He wears jeans and T shirts—today he had one on that said, "I'm God. You're not." He wears Birkenstock sandals with fat wooly socks. He's got long hair, a beard—salt and pepper, not white. He wears a Timex watch. He's got everything he needs, he's an artist, he don't look back.

The Old Man shook his head. He blew a bubble from his usual wad of Bazooka. "Sheesh, kiddo," he said, in more gentle tones. "I really thought you could do it, but you're about as effective as strangling someone with toilet paper. I give up. You're not going to be a Guardian Angel anymore."

I shivered. Visions of being a Lost and Found clerk floated in front of what was left of me.

"What am I gonna be?" I asked in a peeping chicken voice.

"You're getting reincarnated on Earth as a pop vocalist. Gwan—get outta here."

I left the office and immediately went blank. Next thing I knew, I was in a cradle and I heard the voices...and this is your sister Marie, your brother Donny..."

## TALK SHOW HOST CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

George was out of work. Since he had been laid off, his life revolved around the custom of spreading the daily newspaper around the kitchen table and carefully studying the employment pages.

His days were filled with futile journeys to dinky offices. He became used to the routine...the application forms which asked questions that he didn't want to answer...the secretaries with the frozen faces and the perpetual lies..."yes, we'll call you back"...yes, your application looks just fine, just what we're looking for"...

George applied for everything. He had some retail and management experience and went for stock room, cashier and lower-level management jobs. He did not care. He just wanted to work.

He enrolled in a resume-writing course, and checked DRESS FOR SUCCESS out of the library. Studying this near-mystical tome with great concentration, he used the last few dollars left on his credit card to purchase a set of the right clothes.

This did not help.

His friends were supportive, but could not help him. Their jobs were tenuous at best. No one seemed to be hiring, although every morning there were dozens and dozens of ads.

George slowly came to realize something very important. He was not going to get a job. He knew he would keep on trying, but in his heart he knew that, at least for now, he would stay unemployed.

And this knowledge set him free.

George started to appear at interviews wearing an arrow through his head. People at first refused to even acknowledge the arrow piercing his temples. But as the interviews wore on, they would cast furtive looks at George and then slowly smile.

George would begin to go to the same place using different names. The secretaries would laugh and talk to him. They got to know him and would expect him.

George built up a regular route around the city. He used not only his rubber head arrow, but also squirt rings, Groucho glasses and clown noses. He started leaving Christian tracts he would buy at a religious store with his telephone number crayoned on the back.

His applications showed his creativity. Former occupations included shepherd, olive stuffer and genius. He had business cards printed with his name, address and the legend, "I'm For Sale."

He was having a lot of fun. His friends were envious. Suddenly, he began to lose weight and became relaxed. He had greater ease meeting available women. Some treated him to home-cooked meals and a sympathetic ear because of his plight. But mainly, they liked his style and his stories.

Still, he was unemployed. He did have some money, thanks to a prudent lifestyle, savings and unemployment benefits, and for the first time in his life, he could breathe easily.

Still George knew that he would have to face the end of his benefits one day, and he decided to do something quite spectacular—he would become a consultant.

He put an ad in a little weekly newspaper. It read: "Tired of not getting to first base at job interviews? I can't get you a job, but I can tell you how to have fun. If interested call this number for the first session of classes."

Ten wary people met George two weeks later at a local American Legion hall. George brought all his props and copies of his job applications. He charged a modest \$2.50 each, and no one complained. In fact, everyone seemed completely pleased.

George held another session, and another. He began to run two a week. He was written up by a local newspaper, and the classes increased in size.

George incorporated his business. He became, quite in spite of himself, a rousing success. Articles appeared in several national publications on his programs. Phil Donahue did a show on him. People wanted to buy stock, and franchises.

George kept his operation a one-man operation. He became the object of adoration from some. He met a wonderful woman and married.

Employment offices around the nation soon were filled with

## The War Between The States by Susan Packie

The battle line is drawn, and it's called the Hudson River. Gone are the days when Circle Line ferries toured New York City from the vantage point of its waters. Never to be used again are the bridges and tunnels, the buses and trains that once tied New York and New Jersey so closely together.

Now it's war! Forts have been reactivated on both sides of the river—Fort Lee in New Jersey, Fort Tryon and Fort Ya in New York. Nuclear weapons are being stockpiled at a faster rate than in the Soviet-American conflict of understanding. Young people from Columbia University, City College of New York, Hudson County Community College, and Stevens Institute of Technology are being conscripted at an alarming rate.

The issue is, of course, Westway. New York claims New Jersey is trying to stymie its development by blocking construction of this West Side road. New Jersey claims New York is trying to sink it by advocating its construction. The striped bass, once the bone of contention, do not have any opinion on the matter, as long as fishing aficionados ignore them for a while.

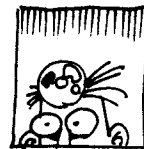
Each state is seeking allies, from the forty-eight other states to foreign powers. Global warfare is a very real possibility. The conflict might even escalate into a Star Wars-type confrontation! The President was quoted as saying, "Jersey? Isn't that a breed of cow?"

Old injuries are being brought up continually—the teams New Jersey has stolen from New York, the workers and students New York has stolen from New Jersey, the stink of the Meadowlands and New York's sewage. The governors of the two states are tearing each other apart. Schoolchildren are sewing flags bearing embroidered state seals for display along the coastlines.

The gigantic wall bisecting the Hudson appears to be a permanent addition to the landscape. Cut telephone wires will probably never be spliced. No more will there be any sort of communication across the waves. The United Nations has called off negotiations.

What was that, Tom? A free bus trip from New York to the casinos in Atlantic City if we call off our feud? Oh, sure, any time, any day. I mean, what else are neighbors for?

### IMPORTANT HEALTH TIPS BY DR. VON BLADDER



1. Don't eat barbed wire.
2. Don't drink creosote.
3. Never tease a lion if it's not in a cage.
4. Don't eat broken glass.
5. If you are out of condoms, do not substitute aluminum foil.

Clip out and tape to inside  
of medicine cabinet



**Jehovah IS  
an Alien  
and still threatens  
this planet!!**

God has been misquoted  
for 5,000 years!  
His actual words may disturb you...

people who wouldn't give a harried interviewer a correct answer. Some had nervous breakdowns. There were threats of lawsuits against George. These merely made the demand for his services even greater.

Fortune Magazine and USA Today both predicted, thanks to George, that the way Americans are selected for work was changed forever.

George had his revenge. He lived well to the age of 85 and left his money to a major novelty manufacturer.

# Wax Ink

by Rory Houchens

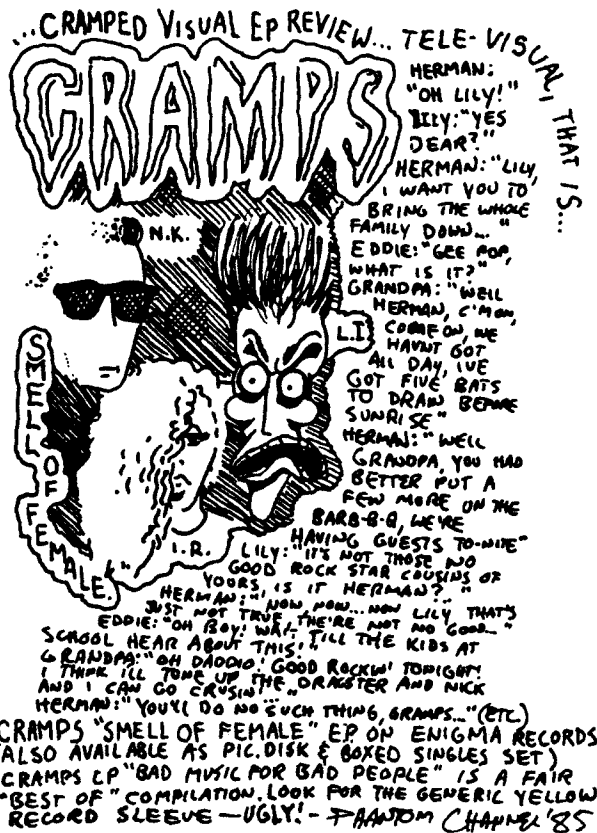
**THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES**—Sting (A&M)—After being scrapped time and time again and waved temptingly under a handful of producers' noses, the first solo album by world traveler, international pop star, screen personality and one of the few great white musical hopes of the eighties, Gordon "Sting" Sumner, is finally at hand and poised for chart and turntable domination. Lacking some of the flash 'n sparkle and taut energy evident on all Police recordings (Andy Summers' resplendent guitar work and Stuart Copeland's nonflaging polyrhythms cannot be overrated nor replaced), **THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES** covers a wide range of styles and addresses a number of modern problems and emotions. Backed by a group of young, gifted and black jazz musicians, Sting rips into "If You Love Somebody Set Them Free," a tambourine-thumping gospel that makes it well known that too much affection and too tight a rein can smother a loved one (in other words, when a relationship gets too suffocating, don't expect Gordon to hang around). "Love is the Seventh Wave" is a pleasant, light calypso, and "Russians," a dirgey time bomb ticking away the seconds to world destruction via nuclear weapons, puts too much emphasis on making our Soviet friends the heavies—maybe it should have been rewritten as "Reagans." "Children's Crusade," a tune relating the brutal effects of war and opium addiction on Britain's youth, and "We Work The Black Seam," about the coal miners' plight and the earth's gradual disintegration, are two of the album's strongest cuts, both urging drastic steps be taken to save future generations and our planet. Sting and the band stretch out a bit on "Consider Me Gone," a smooth slice of electronic bebop, and the title track, a Thelonius Monk-ish instrumental featuring Kenny Kirkland's cascading piano; and "Shadows in the Rain" (a Police tune from **ZENYATTA MONDATT**) is given a raw and gritty overhaul by these jazz-drunk punksters. "Moon Over Bourbon Street," the sad tale of a New Orleans vampire, is one of the most ambitious and fully realized tunes Sting has composed, deftly juggling strains of Dixieland jazz and neo-classicism, while the blindingly beautiful "Fortress Around Your Heart" sounds almost like an outtake from the Police's heady **GHOST IN THE MACHINE** lp (drummer Omar Hakim approximates the graceful wallop of Stu Copeland and Sting's lighter-than-air guitar fondly mimics the playing of Mr. Summers) with a chorus that'll send you a mile high. **BLUE TURTLES** is not another Police record, but it is a very good one—if only more "artists" would open themselves up to other musics, maybe we wouldn't have to accept so much dreary crap.

**STANDARDS, VOLUME ONE**—Keith Jarrett (ECM)/**CALLING IT THE 8TH**—Cecil Taylor (hatMusic c/o hat Hut Recs., Box 127, West Park, NY 12493)—Pianist extraordinaire Keith Jarrett has recently found himself on the receiving end of some much-needed criticism. His bullying (more or less) of the audiences at his live performances and his loosely connected, seemingly never-ending stream of multiple-disc solo recordings, not to mention his vehement bad-mouthing of non-acoustic instruments (he honestly believes that synthesizers and their ilk are poisoning the musical soul!), has led not only to a decline in record sales and a smaller turnout at concerts, but some sharp words from peers, fans and jazzophiles alike. Maybe it was all this grief or just the desire to fulfill a dream that prompted Jarrett to hook up with bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Jack DeJohnette to record some of America's most endearing modern music. Or maybe he wanted to concentrate on his playing, sharpen his skills and prove that he could still do justice to other people's tunes. Whatever the case, **STANDARDS** couldn't have come at a better time. While Peacock and DeJohnette build a strong yet amiable rhythmic framework, Jarrett pounds out spirited, sincere versions of American classics like "All The Things You Are" and "It Never Entered My Mind." His 15-and-a-half minute rendition of "God Bless The Child" ends a brilliant, if somewhat eclectic, album on a strong, positive note. He may have a bit of an ego problem, but he's no slouch at the piano.

Like Jarrett, Cecil Taylor is an extremely talented and prolific pianist with a penchant for recording live, solo albums. Well versed in the arts and willing to travel any new musical path, Taylor delights in surprising and confounding his audience with his blistering compositions and boundless energy. **CALLING IT THE 8TH**, recorded live in Germany a few years ago, catches Taylor setting fire to the mind and soul while fronting an uncompromising quartet including long-time associate, alto saxist Jimmy Lyons. The pianist beats out flurries of notes, then before they can register, unleashes another barrage while Lyons' horn squawks and screams sending messages as far out as the stars. Always at the forefront of the avant garde, Cecil Taylor has rewarded us with another free-form masterpiece; don't let this one pass you by.

"Me and Orange"/"The Lurker"/"Sparky and the Shortstops"—Strappado (C.D. Presents, Ltd., 1230 Grant Ave., Suite 531, San Francisco, CA 94133)—This three-track 45 from San Francisco's Strappado seems to have something for everyone (weird). The overall sound is close to the lean, hard bite practiced by the late, lamented MX-80 Sound (SF by way of Bloomington, Indiana) with horn charts echoing Chicago (the group) when they were fresh and good, and arrangements that could have come off any Frank Zappa lp since 200 **MOTELS**. "Me and Orange" tells the touching tale of two inseparable "beings," while "The Lurker" (my favorite) favorably leans toward Oingo Boingo-land and contains some mighty fine Jim Morrison-inspired grumblin' and yodelin'!

**ONE NIGHT IN WASHINGTON**—Dizzy Gillespie (Elektra Musician)—Gillespie's gratifying **ONE NIGHT** album perfectly complements the equally superb Charlie Parker lp of the same name that was released in 1982. Both were recorded at Washington, D.C.'s hoppin' Club Kavakos in the '50's (Parker in February '53, Gillespie in March '55) and feature the guest soloists fronting The Orchestra, a group of anxious jazz musicians living in and around our nation's capitol. And even though these concerts were taped by jazz aficionado Bill Potts for his private collection and not intended for public consumption, the sound is surprisingly good. Diz is in particularly fine form here as he success-



fully recreates a hip trip to the tropics by injecting some swingin' bop numbers with a healthy dose of Latin flavoring. Steamy versions of Chano Pozo's "Tin Tin Deo," Duke Ellington's classic "Caravan" and Gillespie's own 16-minute "Afro Suite" will take the starch out of anyone's collar. Good music is timeless, and **ONE NIGHT IN WASHINGTON** sounds as fresh now as it must have 30 years ago.

**RIFF RAFF**—Dave Edmunds (CBS)—Dave Edmunds has made some of the most enjoyable music of the past two decades—it makes no difference that the bulk of it amounted to spirited remakes of past hits and obscurities, it was good enough to send shivers up and down your back-bone. So it was with much anxiety that I witnessed Dave's recent involvement with quickly-wimping-out Jeff Lynne, whose idea of production seems to be to make everyone he works with sound as much like ELO on its death bed as possible. Could rock and rollin' Mr. Edmunds afford to put his red hot, rebel yellin' music in the hands of this popemeister-turned-Svengali? Lynne, besides producing half the cuts on **RIFF RAFF** (where he does his best to make Dave's voice sound like the poor, mixed-up creature in the film **THE FLY**), is actually allowed to contribute a trio of tunes which can only be described as interchangeable schlock at best. But don't fear, dear readers, our boy Dave is at the console for the other five cuts, and turns out such gems as a version of the Holland/Dozier/Holland classic, "Something About You," the tear-jerkin' ballad "How Could I Be So Wrong," which neatly mixes George Jones and Richard Thompson influences, and Edmunds' own Chuck Berry-styled "Can't Get Enough!" **RIFF RAFF** may not be as lethal (or as lovingly produced) as **SUBTLE AS A FLYING MALLETT**, but it's just about a step in the right direction.

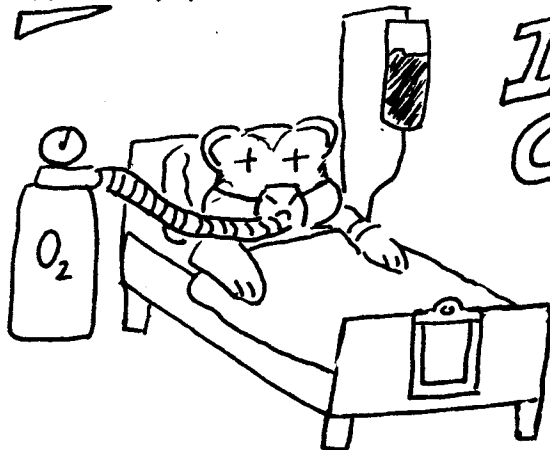
**INS AND OUTS**—Lalo Schifrin (Palo Alto Recs.)—His name is hardly a household word, but Lalo Schifrin is without a doubt one of the most hard-working and prolific composers in contemporary music with more than a hundred television and film scores to his credit (including "Starsky and Hutch," "Mission Impossible," **VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED**, and **BRUBAKER**). His talents as a pianist, arranger and conductor are constantly in demand, so it is a rare treat that he was able to find time in his exhausting schedule to record this album of jazz with a quartet of friends. Dizzy Gillespie's lovely "Con Alma" and sweltering "Manteca," two of his most enduring tunes, are covered here, both highlighted by Sam Most's lush flute work and Schifrin's agile piano runs. A classical motif with tropical undercurrents is captured on "Brazilian Impressions," a spirited piece adapted from Heitor Villa-Lobos' "Bachianas Brasileiras #5." Rounding out the lp are five Schifrin originals, including the title song from **THE FOX** and "Down Here On The Ground" from **COOL HAND LUKE**. Impeccably performed and produced, **INS AND OUTS** is a solid and seductive album from a composer who is too seldom heard away from the big screen.

**ONE FINAL NOTE:** If anyone out there has videotapes (BETA II, original or excellent dub) of the daytime portions of Live Aid, I am interested in obtaining (one way or another) the Sting/Phil Collins, Dire Straits and (for the youngun's) Rick Springfield segments without interruption (commercials, editorials during performances). If somebody has these from MTV or independent TV, let me know—business will go to the lowest bidder! Thanks!

(Rory's address is R.R. #2, Colfax, IL, 61728, for anyone who might have these BETA tapes—I wouldn't mind a copy of Sting/Collins in VHS either, come to think of it...Also, for the information of anyone out there with records or tapes to plug, send them to Rory rather than to IJ, okay? I totally defer to Rory on musical matters in this pub...)

NEW FROM AMERIKAN BLEATINGS...

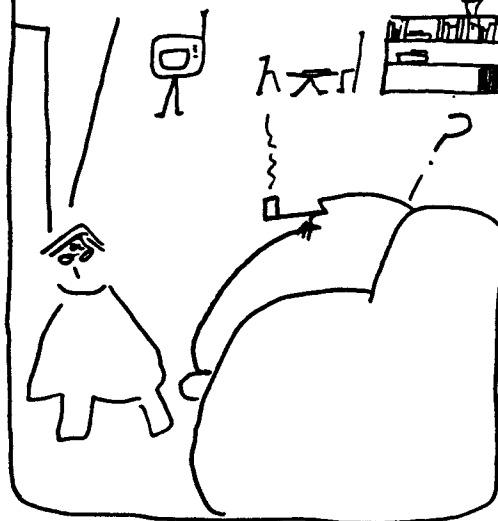
# INTENSIVE REG US PAT OFF PDQ CARE-BEARS



© // // // //

IT NEEDS  
CONTRIBUTIONS!  
SEND ART &  
WRITING IN  
BY THE  
DEADLINE...

DADDY, WHAT DID  
YOU DO IN THE GREAT  
CULTURAL WAR?



(Herewith responding to last issue's editorial is the President of Pen-Elayne Enterprises—KIP M. GHESIN, A.E.)

The esteemed Chicago Tribbie Mike Royko, in a recent ongoing series of columns, describes the hypocritical phenomenon of the War Wimp—that typical right-wing hawkish fanatic who leaps to criticize war resisters and the like but who has never seen combat him/herself. Has Elayne become the Comedy Wimp of INSIDE JOKE?, I wonder aloud. 'Twould seem so, to the point where she has pleaded and cajoled with me in such a marvelously pitiful fashion that I could scarcely resist her whining request to "clarify a few points" regarding #39's "Acknowleditorial". Lest you, gentle readers, assume this presages an imminent return to these pages on a regular basis from li'l ol' me, I assure you it does not. Elayne is not only still nauseatingly in love with our esteemed PA (not a bad sort, in his own way, but the atmosphere has gotten rather too stifling for my type lately), but shows no signs of letting up; and I maintain, asset or not, naught but ill comes of mixing the "I" word with attempts to put out a quality newsletter such as this was meant to be. I strongly suggest, in no uncertain terms, that had she continued to live our her meaningless little existence sans partner, IJ would have upheld far higher standards than at present. Nonetheless, as I was saying the other day to my dear friend Rup Murdoch at the Metromedia Shareholders' Retirement Dinner, "I won't sit by silently while one of my holdings goes down the tube!" and there one has it.

1) COMEDY, folks, is not some Katskill Komic bungling one-liners in the lounge of an hourly-rated motel; neither is it some Andy Warhol clone witticizing about the latest Palladium painting. Friends, Comedy is the opposite of Gravity. It is light, it is aspartain. It does not weigh you down with cumbersome syllables and solemn notions, but lifts your spirits and lets your intellect soar. You don't try to write or draw comedy, like you would try to make 50 pushups at dawn. You let it tickle you, and through you tickle others. To quote St. Roldo of Staffers, Make Light Of It! And it will, in turn, make light of you, for taking one's self too seriously is a drag for you and all around you. How now, brown chao? If I read one more After-The-Apocalypse story, I'm gonna lose yesterday's lunch.

2) CREATIVITY is, or should be, conveying an idea that will be found Novel or Interesting, by whatever acknowledged standards are held by your peer group of writers and readers. (Some of these standards may or may not be found in IJ's Writers'/Artists' Guidelines, available from Elayne for a SASE.) Why are you even writing or drawing if your stuff doesn't meet this basic minimum? Remember that elementary school teacher who would always say, right after springing that horrid what-I-did-on-my-summer-vacation-in-25-words-or-less essay assignment on your cherubic faces, "And be original"? Oh, you must have been the ones with your heads on the desk fast asleep. If I read one more after-the-apocalypse story, I'm gonna...

3) It's about time you asked. I am now editing, highly, Four Alarm FIRESIGNAL (FAlaFaI), issue #6 of which has just emerged from the abyss (see "Fan Noose"). If you are a Fire-sign Theatre aficionado and are not on our mailing list,

blame Yon Editrix, who all but drove FAlaFaI into the ground (or below) before Somebody rescued it. I'm also maintaining a fair degree of philanthropic involvement in various Pen-Elayne subsidiary interests, such as the Bad Analogy Society (over 100 memberships personally bestowed so far) and our newest venture, NICE (Nice Individuals Committee/Enterprises)—the members of which even now roam the country raining compliments on deserving sweeties across the great forty-eight. Meetings are bi-weekly under the Shrine of GC (Gary Carter or George Carlin, depending on personal preference), and are always preceded by the sacred mantra, "It's NICE to be NICE to the NICE..." and the "Geeee, Wally" intonation period. But I digress—or do I? Perhaps it is More Than You Need To Know, after all, but it's light, it's original, it's nu-n-improved. If I read one more after-the-apocalypse story...

4) "Who says you can't get ahead without losing your soul?" I DO, SUCKER. Christ, Sieve, come off it babe! Yuppies t'aint nothin' but born-again money&status worshippers just like their Establishment mummies and puppies used to were. There were more power trips than acid trips in the Halcyon Sixties, fool. They am what they always wuz, do what they always duz. Ain't no such thing as a free mind. Not when you and I eat at McBurgerMart too, and Some of Us even look at the health spa commercialettes and vogue headliners and wistfully sigh to be jes' like that sub-standard species (who nod all the while saying "Those people just oppose the vacuousness our plasticity represents because they could never hope to have the bodies to win beauty contests or prostitute themselves for Bob Gucciguccigoo," and you're beginning to believe 'em). So whaddaya 'spect? All tremble before the great god Finance. Don't everybody want to be rich? 'No interest,' you say? Make my day, weirdo. And if I catch you writing one more after-the-apocalypse story...

RIMBAUD  
FIRST BLOOD3



IN SEARCH OF  
SYNTAX

Amster

# Rooting for Snowflakes <sup>by</sup> *Antea*

\*\*\*\*\*  
**WHEN THE PHONE RINGS AND YOU MUTTER TO YOURSELF, "THAT'S A SALES PITCH OR WRONG NUMBER". — THAT'S OLD AGE.**

It was much too early and much too bright. Prudence wanted to go back to sleep but that was quite out of the question, as Pink Bunny was jumping up and down on her feet. She rolled onto the floor, leaving him bouncing away on the bed, and reached for her Jabba-the-Hutt sunglasses. Finding them seemed to make everything just a little bit less unpleasant. There wasn't much time. Even Prudence, although she was rather small and not too experienced in such matters, knew that time was everything if you wanted to have an adventure.

And the time was now, of that she was sure as she scrambled into her favorite pair of corduroys and her Mr. Freeze t-shirt. They were both black which meant, she knew, that they didn't clash. She liked black because it went with everything. Except brown but she hated brown so that didn't matter. She also hated orange even though it went with black like on tigers but she decided that she'd spent enough time thinking about colors for now.

"C'mon Bunny. Stop that bouncing. We've got to leave before Kim gets back."

Kim lived next door and was sitting with Prudence for the morning while Mummy was at some big meeting at some big hotel. "Something about real states. What's real states, Bunny?" asked Prudence as she finished tying her sneakers and grabbed her pack from under the bed.

"Well, that's where we live. The Real States of Merica."

"Then why do they call it USA?" Prudence found this all rather confusing, especially so early in the morning on such a bright day and with no grape juice around.

"It's leftover from when the dinosaurs were here," said Pink Bunny although he wasn't really sure. He tended to read lots of books when he was in the closet but the light wasn't so good in there and sometimes he'd get them mixed up and read parts of three different books but think they were all the same. Still, he didn't mind as he was more interested in going adventuring. Bunny liked to think of himself as a brave adventurer rabbit although what he mostly did was talk and look at the moon and not get on with any of the other animals, especially Mrs. Sweeney the brown sheep who'd been Prudence's favorite before Bunny arrived. Shortly after the shower incident Prudence had sold Mrs. Sweeney to her friend Steffi for two pieces of blueberry bubblegum and a shiny black rock that Pru thought looked like it came from another planet.

But that's another story and today Prudence and Pink Bunny were off on an adventure. At least Prudence thought it would be an adventure. Never having been on one before, she wasn't too sure. She was sure that they had to get moving 'cause Kim'd only be gone for a few minutes at the store where they sold grape juice in little boxes which was the only kind Pru liked. Pink Bunny finally stopped bouncing and they went out the back door and hurried along the path by the lake that would take them to the train.

"Did you remember the present?" asked Prudence, who hadn't looked to see if Bunny had put anything inside her knapsack. He had which was good because their adventure was all involved with getting to a birthday party for one of Bunny's friends in the city. He tells the story better.

"It was back before Christmas. I was living in this big shop in the city and we always had the wildest parties, especially when someone got bought. After someone picked you out, they'd clip a little pink flower on you so that the first people who came in the morning would know which animals to ship that day. So the night before we'd have these great bon voyage parties. Anyway, I'd managed to get myself to the top of the display--this big thing that was like a cross between a mountain and a marshmallow. Which was fun 'cause only from there could you see out the windows at all the people passing by and the snow and everything. And also all over the store and all the displays and decorations and lights and such. I once was way down near the bottom and the only things you saw there were customers and feet and the walking Christmas tree, but he was real mean. Used to play basketball with us, tossing us into the cribs across the aisle."

"So, it was right before the holidays and I was all by myself up top. My pal Biff had been there for a while but he'd got bought the night before. He was a cow. From Maine I think. So there I was, watching the snow fall on a horse who was parked across from my window. And they moved this bear in next to me. Honestly, I never had much use for bears. Always thought they were uppity, no-sense-of-humor types. But the first thing this bear did was point out that by bouncing up and down we could make the Cabbage Patch kids in the middle tiers fall off to the ground. And that's how I met Yona."

All the while Pink Bunny was telling her this, Prudence had been sitting on the edge of the platform, waiting and making a card for Bunny's friend with her crayons. There hadn't been time to buy a present. Pru heard the train coming at about the same time Pink Bunny had made his pause for dramatic effect (one of the things he liked the best), so she got up and bought her ticket. Bunny had told her that world-class adventurers like himself always rode for free--"just in case we do something spectacular that they might want to use for a TV commercial." They got on the train when it arrived.

Prudence decided that she rather liked this train. It had smoky windows that made it look like the sun was going down and night was coming, even though it wasn't really. She wanted to get something to drink but Bunny said they probably wouldn't have any grape juice and certainly not in the little boxes. This got Prudence all upset so Bunny said he'd tell her some more about Yona, which was what he really wanted to do anyway.

"We were having a party for a bunch of the animals that were going off the next morning. Yona was in charge. Even when she was down on the bottom she'd been the one to throw the parties. I learned later that bears are known for their parties. And even among bears, Yona was especially known. She was from Albania and always said she loved mountains. That was why she served so much food, 'cause lots of food always makes nice mountain shapes. Bears never seem to do much except throw parties. At parties they like to throw food although it's not so much the food as the throwing. Anything will do in a pinch...dishes, chairs, Cabbage Patch kids."

Pink Bunny stopped here as Prudence got up an announced that she was going to see whether they didn't have some grape juice after all and for Bunny to stop so she wouldn't miss anything.

While she was gone, Bunny looked around the train for spies. He didn't see anyone who looked like a spy at all. The person sitting across from him looked the most not like a spy so he guessed she was probably the one. He'd read somewhere that every train had to have at least one spy or it couldn't leave the station. Back at the store, all the other rabbits thought he was a spy because he hung around with Yona all the time talking and laughing and looking out the window. They liked to shout encouragement to the snowflakes. Yona said it was a race so they'd pick one they liked and root for it.

Of course, it wasn't winter now so there wasn't any snow to look at. Pink Bunny was wishing that he'd brought along some secret spy equipment that he'd been experimenting with. He wanted to ask the spy across from him what she thought about it. While he was looking around for some way to amuse himself he saw Prudence walking back to her seat drinking some grape juice. But behind Prudence was Mummy.

"See Bunny, I met Mummy while I was getting my juice. Isn't that simply wonderful? And now she's going to take us to the hotel with her."

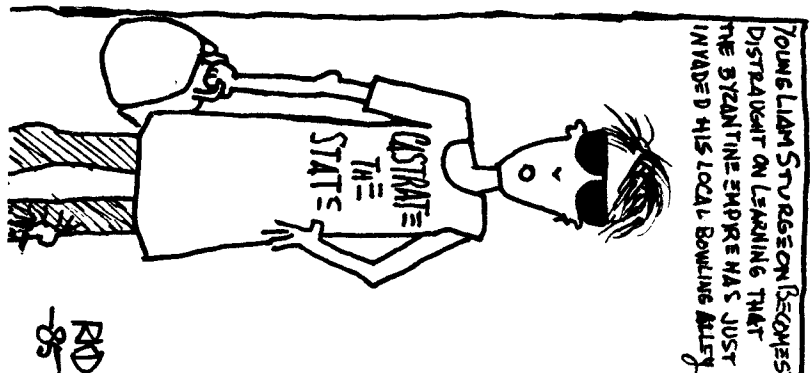
Pink Bunny was sure that Prudence didn't find that at all a wonderful idea. He hoped that the hotel would have really thick curtains so they could make the room all dark and then watch some scary movie on cable. That was the way it went with adventures sometimes though.

"Maybe," he said to Prudence later when they were in fact at the hotel and waiting for Last House on the Left to come on, "if we hide under the bed she'll forget and leave us behind. Then we could still go to the party."

Prudence didn't think that was too likely but she decided to finish her card anyway. It had a picture of a zombie on it. "I think, Bunny, that when I grow up I want to be a zombie."

Pink Bunny thought that was a good idea as they did get to be in lots of movies. "I'll bet they have adventures all the time."

"Yeah," said Pru as she went looking for her green crayon under the bed.





# MY JOB

## and welcome to it

~by Candi Strecker

### "WHEN AVON CALLS, PEOPLE LISTEN"

You don't need a storefront to be an entrepreneur. You don't need a table at a flea market, or a blanket to spread out there in the offices and factories of America that the economists don't seem to be aware of. The term "underground economy" seems to imply something else entirely: street hustlers dealing goods of dubious legality, cash only please. What I've observed is the cultivation of the side deal, the creation of the under-the-desk market, stretching one's worktime to cover sales for one's own benefit.

The classic hustle of this sort is Avon Products—a line of cosmetics, perfumes and soaps only available through "Avon Representatives." The operation is based on plump, colorful pocket-sized "sale catalogs," delivered biweekly by the Avon Rep—typically, dropped off at your desk, with a few more going into the various Ladies' Rooms. The catalogs are always welcome because they provide the recipient with a nice break, some fun browsing time easily taken at one's desk. The modern Avon Lady doesn't dingdong at the doorbell; she just cruises by everyone's desks a week later with the most casual, low-key sales pitch imaginable: "Anything this week?" Your order is delivered to your desk a few weeks later—another pleasant diversion. Almost every office gives its workers enough slack on the job to make it possible to deal Avon. Nobody makes a living off of Avon Products, but it's a way to augment one's deskjob salary with a nice chunk of pocket money, with a minimum of effort and all on company time. The secret is that one can use one's co-workers as a convenient customer pool, a captive audience in effect.

Avon has a number of imitators: jewelry items, clothing like the très-polyester Beeline Fashions, "crystal" glass-

ware. I was always a sucker for a line of cutesy stationery with a very clever sales procedure. Someone would get hold of their catalog and discover that the company offered a 50% discount on orders over \$50. The catalog is eagerly passed around to co-workers, and everybody chips in for a few bucks worth of bunny-and-butterfly note cards—"at 50% off these prices are really reasonable!" The beauty of this scheme is that the first person does all the work of a salesperson—finds customers, takes orders, collects money, delivers the product—for no more benefit than the 50% discount that her cooperating customers get.

Other office sales activities have more altruistic goals, but are equally based on exploiting the ready availability of co-workers. These are the "charity" sales schemes: raffle tickets, magazine subscriptions for the booster club, those big thick chocolate bars sold for various school organizations. It always pissed me off that the kids who won prizes for the most sales of this sort were, by the strangest coincidence, the kids who had working moms (relatively rare in my childhood). While I was out flogging Field & Stream door-to-door, Billy's mom was hustling orders in the break room at the rubber glove factory.

The best-organized sales plan is the one for Girl Scout Cookies. Not only do they have a swell product with impressive name recognition, they cleverly limit their sales to one specific time of the year. You order them, anticipate them, get them, scarf them—and wait another eleven months, ruefully reminding yourself throughout to order TWICE as many next time. I've seen whole offices brought to a standstill by the excitement of Cookie Delivery Day. Sure, you can buy a box of cookies anytime, anywhere, maybe even better cookies than the ones in the Girl Scout line. But somehow that's not the point. Girl Scout Cookies are cookies that are delivered to your desk in the middle of a boring workday!

All the sales operations I've mentioned are based on using someone else's Plans, Product Lines, or Marketing Programs. The only independent workday sales scheme I can think of is "dealing"—letting it be known to one's co-workers that one can obtain for them small quantities of certain controlled substances. These operations seem to spring up in almost any company with more employees than you can count on your fingers. And it's so easy to be discreet at the workplace: hey, talk to you in the parking lot after work, there's something you might be interested in in my glove compartment.

### A Fanatical Attack on FANATICISM

The Church of the SubGenius is impossible to categorize. A comment on and parody of the cult phenomena of our times, it has itself become a 'weird cult' — a cult of scathing satire particularly suited to the cynical mood of modern America.

Crammed with deviant propaganda for those who figure God must have a strange sense of humor, this "occult novelty" is packaged as a series of distinguished yet utterly uncouth pamphlets. Not easy reading — if you get offended, you lose the game by default.

"A society for strange people which, by identifying itself as bogus from the outset, remains consistent with its own internal belief system... a wonderful but disturbing mishmash of scholarly and trashy contradictions. I found myself reading it over and over." — OVERWORLD

Send \$1 for the first booklet. Money back if this isn't the most startling approach to religion you have seen.

"The SubGenius Pamphlet is amazing — the ultimate satire on cults — they don't miss a single target. Yet at the same time one gets the impression that these people have quite seriously started an actual cult in the lurid disguise of anti-cult propaganda." — World Age

### Future Vignettes

by Quert Yuiop (as told to Roldo)

One of the most humorous occurrences of the next century will occur between June and August of the year 2000.

With the accelerated pace of life, it will become increasingly difficult to remain fashionable, because fashions were moving at the same accelerated pace.

For one thing, it became almost impossible to find a fashionable shop. Any shop that made three sales was immediately declared "trendy" and unfashionable. To complicate this further, the shops themselves were forced to constantly relocate, since their customers would declare any area that more than five people were shopping in as trendy. Shops relocated by night.

The fashions themselves changed even faster, daily, sometimes several times a day. The most determinedly fashionable found that it was often necessary to shop, go home, dress, find a fashionable boutique, shop, go home, change, find a fashionable area...life became hectic.

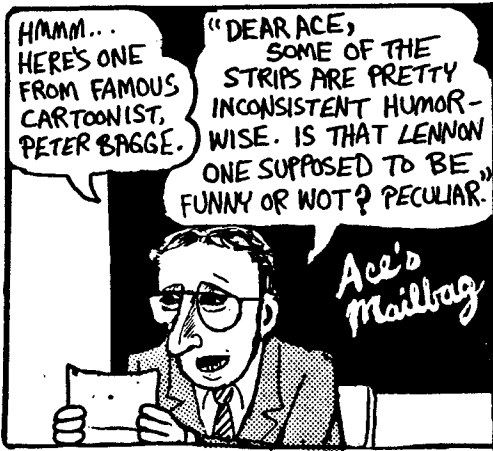
For a brief period a trend started that saw (or will see) these dedicated moderns using vans to shop and change in, but this became dated within two days.

On July 26, 2000, a 23-year-old woman will start a brief trend by appearing naked in an unfashionable area and not buying anything.

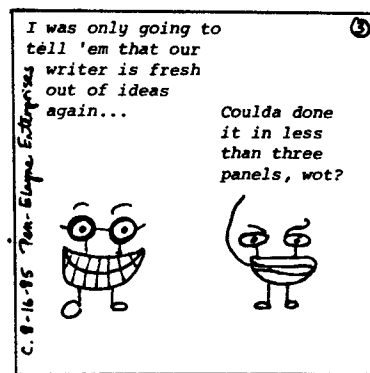
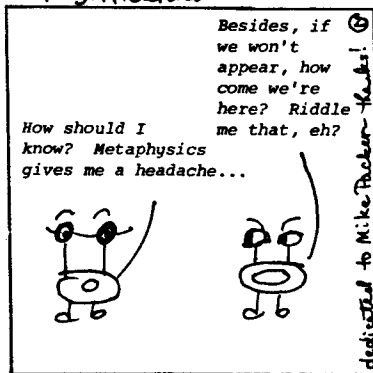
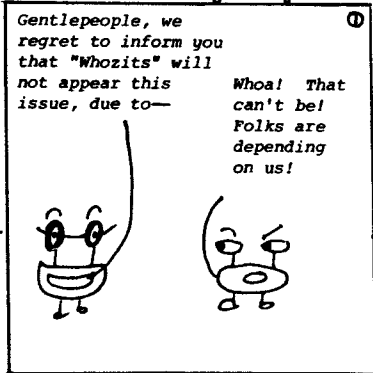
Three days later, a 32-year-old artist will start the final sequence by committing public suicide.

This trend will end on August 5, 2000, when the public finally exhausts its imagination of various ways of doing one's self in.



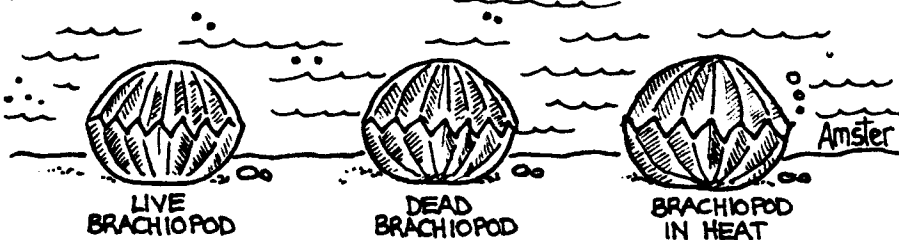


## WHOZITS by Clayne "Technical Difficulties"



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p  
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The  
Bosc pear  
on top of  
the kitchen

## PALEONTOLOGY 101



**QUESTION:**  
"In a recent ad you claimed that with your war-ending plan we could operate on 100% replaceable resources and then added - O.K. 99. My guess is that we used less than 1% of irreplaceable resources this year - otherwise they would all be gone in close to 100 years - right?"

**ANSWER:**  
Let's assume 99 and 99.9% would wrap it up in a THOUSAND YEARS. We should think of people two thousand or two million years hence. I'll say - O.K. 99.99. Bring back bicycles, street-cars and sailing ships and send S.A.S.E. to: SCRAP DETROIT Box 2243 YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44504

table imagining  
she is a sexy blond  
is wrong. Her ID is  
merely a brown lump  
dipped in sun.  
(Susan Packie)



## PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS *by Camille Lyon*

It was brand-spanking-new, the penny, and it glistened in the fading sunlight, daring me, playing on my doubts and teasing me with wistful hope.

"But what if the water's all gone?" I mused as I stared into what appeared to be dark solidity. "What if it doesn't work—what if life isn't really like they say on tee-vee?"

Not to worry, the well taunted. Trust me. I envisioned a greedy hand reaching up to grasp the coin, a hungry mouth agape at the bottom of the tantalizing abyss...

I had to jerk myself back from the seductive stones. Surely, I thought, this cannot be the workings of my own meager imagination. This well is haunted; this well almost radiates its peculiar magic. It was in cahoots with the copper in my hand: marble and metal in concert, seeking only a slight bending of the will, a slight willingness to bend...

How did I get back here? I vaguely wondered. I could have sworn I was ten feet away from the opening. I recalled my high school science class, when we learned about magnetism—I was pretty certain agate and granite couldn't be polarized. But maybe the well had some other kind of alloy in its make-up; now that I looked at it more closely, certain parts of it appeared to sparkle, like the tiny glassine fragments I've seen on the sidewalks around work that make me want to dance on them and stare until my eyes get sore and touch the power that lies within...

I was falling, I suddenly realized as I woke from the trance. Now let me see, I mused, what did Alice do in this situation? The only things I could remember from a book I thought I'd memorized were "Curiouser and curiouser" and the times table, so I said one aloud and thought the other and rubbed the penny and clicked my heels three times, and I was still falling only more slowly, so I figured something had worked right, and I made up my mind not to be scared. It was a little strange, now that I came to think about it—I wasn't ever really frightened, not even by the falling, which was not even falling so much as it was like being pulled somewhere—Then gravity became cushiony again...

"See, I told you to trust me," said the well-sprite very matter-of-factly. "I couldn't hurt a flea, truly. I just get a bit STARVED for company, you know," and his eyes strayed to the coin in my hand.

"Oh, sorry—here, this is yours. I was gonna give it to you anyhow, throw it down from up there—" and I broke off as I watched with fascination his doings with the penny. It's rather indescribable, it was sort of a cross between digestion and photosynthesis, or osmosis or something. He kind of absorbed the penny and shimmered a little, and in the light his body gave off I could see he was copper-coloured.

When he finished 'eating' he turned his attention back to me, and went on as if nothing unusual had happened. "Yes, I know you would have wished on the penny and all that, but I thought this would be a little more, um, personalized, you see? Besides, like I said, I get lonely. There haven't been a lot of people to the well lately."

"Don't the children even come here anymore?"

He motioned me to sit down beside him, on what I thought were giant sponges or some such. They resembled those beanbag chairs that everyone I know used to have in their college dorm rooms. "Well, some children still do, and every now and then I try to start up a conversation, but most of the time they get scared or start crying and run away, so I stopped talking to them. They're too full of tee-vee or school or their parents' 'reality' to even believe in me, let alone carry on decent chats."

I have to admit, this disturbed me. "What's so wrong with tee-vee? I like it, it can be kind of magical if I watch the things I really want to."

"Yes, but what a passive kind of magic, don't you see? I like to pop up occasionally, during the slow season, and catch a few SNL episodes too, don't get me wrong, but come on, it certainly can't rank up there with a good book or just plain imagination, can it?"

"I s'pose not..."

"And that's what's wrong with trying to communicate with these modern-day kiddies. I'll tell ya somethin', I've been around since before Marconi, girl, and there were always those who were a little duller than others, but nowadays it seems like nobody wants to put forth any extra effort! The closest I got to an actual two-way connection was a couple years ago, some boy heard my voice (which is a plus right



there, most of them don't even bother to acknowledge that much) and spent the rest of the afternoon looking through the surrounding bushes for a ventriloquist. I mean, doesn't that just beat all?"

If you think it's easy to sit on a beanbag sponge and try to find the right words to console a cynical sprite, you may as well stop reading here and return to your tube-viewing. I'm admittedly weak in the area, but you don't mess with an obviously powerful creature of olde, so I did what I'd do in a similar situation with a human-type—I put my hand over his and clucked something like, "There, there, it can't be all that bad. I mean, I heard you, so there must be others..."

He looked up at me, his expression unreadable, and seemed for a long moment to hold my gaze with his. I felt not unlike I did on the first date I'd been on where I knew the guy and I were thinking along the same lines and the knowledge of that mutuality was almost as good as what might follow...wait a sec, was I nuts? This bloke was definitely a bit out of my century, even if there was no religious conflict!

I must have overlooked the chapter in the magical beings handbook about not even bothering to fight your feelings. It was a foolish thought on my part in the first place, since I became aware at that moment how utterly attracted I was to this copper-coated chap.

"No, I'm afraid there aren't many left like you," he practically whispered, and I started shivering (or was I trembling?). "The magnetic power you felt up there, that caused you to jump in? Well, that was as much you as—"

"Wait right there," I replied, trying and failing to sound somewhat authoritative, "I didn't jump, I was pulled!"

"We were pulled. Pulled together. I needed warmth and company, you needed to wish...what was your wish, anyway?"

"Well, I—uh, that is, I wasn't expecting to have to say it out loud to somebody, I thought I was just supposed to throw in the penny and—"

"Yes, ordinarily that's what would have happened, and then your wish would have come true, or not, depending on whatever my capacity to produce it and my desires were. And also, of course, depending on how nicely you asked; niceness always counts, you know. But hey, you jum—oh, all right, you were pulled in, so here you are. It's a wishing well, I'm its spirit, I've accepted your token already, so—what's the wish, huh? Name it."

My face turned redder than the reflected sunset in the sprite's small well-bottom pool into which his feet dangled. His expression looked mischievous enough to have probably guessed my thoughts, if that weren't already in his power. He was either being very polite or it was stated somewhere else in the unread magical beings code that I had to verbally submit my deepest desire to him...my word, though, how he shone, who could concentrate on the right wording when looking into those eyes...

"Mind if I make a suggestion?" he volunteered, edging softly onto my beanbag and bringing his face closer to mine. "How would you like a permanent tan?" he offered as our lips touched...

I needn't have considered my alternative, which basically came down to languishing in my suburban apartment for the rest of my life alone. The copper skin does look like a tan on me, for which I am still complimented from time to time in the office. I kept the apartment—I mean, like Peter said, he enjoyed a little tee-vee from time to time too—but I'd rather hang out at the well in the forest, subbing for Pete when he does the shopping or takes little Penny for her daily pram ride. Besides, it gets on my nerves when I hear too many people prying, "So, what did you say your husband does for a living?" I mean, you don't go around calling someone a fairy in the city, and anyway, it's really not any of their business.

## Wrong Turn at G-Nebula....

by Carrie Mebach

"Jump! Jump!" they cried, pretty much in unison. What a cruel, cruel little world, I thought as I jumped.

How were they to know we can fly?

The military aircraft were ready for me, though. The minute I took off, they started shooting. Just like these assholes, I noted. It took half my energy to keep the bombs and bullets from hitting the not-so-innocent bystanders, and I sincerely hope at least a few of them were allergic to the flowers into which I turned the destructoids.

The cops looked furious, and I suppose if I lobotomized my mind down to their sub-primate level for a moment I could see their point. They'd been led on quite a chase during my months of hiding out. I mean, I could have left, certainly, but I had a job to do, after all, and no matter how hazardous and distasteful it might seem, a duty is a duty. Besides, I couldn't help but be fascinated that such a culture flourished despite this planet's seeming headlong rush into suicide; such a feat is bound to be a learning experience for our kiddies, and undoubtedly a source of much philosophical fascination among the adult populace.

How naive I was back when my surveying started, I recalled as I transformed the helicopters into multihued balloons and gazed at startled pilots floating away on my whipped-up breezes. I figured that once I read all the science fiction books and watched the old movies and televi-d shows, I'd be prepared for rational discourse and mutual exchange with an obviously halfway-intelligent species. I hadn't counted on the sheer terror held by most of the ones wielding the power, the stark raving fear of anything unknown and beyond their abilities to regulate or control or tax. I felt like giving them all a good spanking during those countless closed-door briefings, much like a parent on this planet punishes a wayward child; then again, perhaps they'd all been spanked too much in their youth and that lay at the heart of their varied troubles and physical maladies. The empathetic feel of so many stomachs churning almost overwhelmed me at first. But I withheld my offers of aid, and a good thing I did. I have never known such unabashed suspicion, such pure mistrust of one's own senses and intuitions, in all my travels!

I briefly considered leaving this province for another, but from all I'd observed thus far, I would have received no better treatment anywhere else. Even the curious had their own sensationalistic angle on me, once I announced I would reveal my presence to the population at large no matter what their so-called leaders had to say. I'd delighted, with a remembering smile as I perched atop a metal mountain, in subsequently proving to these amorphous, white-skinned gentlemen in grey drabness that their "followers" would react with disbelief and apathy rather than mass panic, but I thought that at least a few of them might just wish to communicate on a peer level instead of pointing their weaponry at me or dedicating shrines in my name as if I were some demi-god or, worst of all, merchandising my face for hordes of misdirected fans in repeated attempts to trivialize what I thought was a rather serene and dignified effort on my part to come to a mutual understanding with members of this planet's diverse societies and cultures.

From what I was beginning to understand more and more, they'd not yet come to any sort of mutual understandings with each other, so there didn't seem to be much hope for me.

I hated to report failure, even when it was through no fault of my own. I knew my kin would be proud of me regard-

less, and, I reminded myself, my very life might have often been in jeopardy had I ever let my shield down or allowed myself to be attacked while in unwarded sleep. In a way, it was extremely fortuitous that the planet's stalled social evolution prevented them from developing mental powers to challenge my own, although I still believe them to be nearly equal to my home culture in many artistic fields. I decided to risk one more pass through the Museum of Modern Art, and then perhaps a walk through Central Park, before revving my engines for the homeward jaunt. This time, though, I'd keep myself invisible. Aliens aren't meant to be seen nor heard.

## PUMPING IRONIES

by Lawrence Whitney

Life is strange; life seems funny  
To think of Gloria Steinem

As a Playboy Bunny

Sometimes shady and sometimes sunny  
Just imagine and call her "Honey?"  
Life seems strange; Life is funny

Serving winks and drinks and such  
Moving curvaceously through the  
bunny hutch

Long of leg and bare of shoulder  
She'd make any out-of-towner's heart  
grow bolder

Is it Fantasy or just a bit of whimsey  
To imagine Gloria in something sleek  
or flimsy

Going from table to table ever so  
spritely

Sharing quips, collecting tips while  
licking her lips ever so lightly

And I as host must wine 'em and dine 'em  
Be ever vigilant and ready to remine 'em  
To watch their hands when they're around  
Gloria Steinem

Life seems strange; I say it with a  
stammer

Just look at what happened to TV's own  
Mike Hammer

Who spent the Hols in the British  
slammer

"Coke's No Joke!! It's lost its glamour!!"  
cried Stacy Keach in his prison pyjammers  
Life feels odd. I better watch my  
grammar

He's the tough guy in the porkpie hat  
When the Muggs lean hard, he knocks  
them flat

He's quick with fist and swift with Gatt  
But now the English have something to  
say about that

Life does seem strange; I guess every-  
body knows

What with Boy George modelling in his  
Mum's clothes

And Joe Namath reclining in pantyhose  
We might as well decorate them in  
buttons and bows

But leaving room for tattoos on all of  
their toes

Life seems strange and so it goes,  
so it goes.



## IS YOUR LIFE DULL?

Who do you blame? If it's everyone's fault by yours, send \$1 to The Subgenius Foundation, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214. You'll never have another dull moment.

## They're Out To Get YOU!!

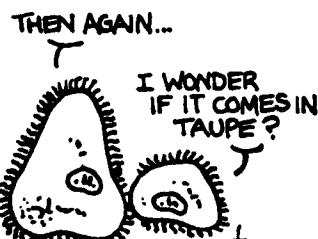
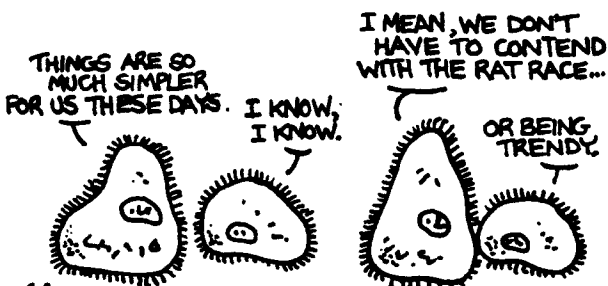


Global conspiracy to keep those who are "different" silent.  
**WEIRD MEN ARISE!!**

## The Future Revealed

by startling means.  
Find out who "They" are and how to overcome them for big \$\$\$.

ATTENTION: COVER FOR ISSUE #41 NEEDED  
DESPERATELY - CONTACT VE EDITRIX...



WHEN ALL ELSE IS LOST, THE FUTURE STILL  
 REMAINS. — CHRISTIAN NESTELL BOVEE.  
 That's not so good either. It stands to reason that  
 you'll have to lose it again in the afterlife.  
 At least you'll never die as in the past million lives  
 more or less. Spirit a SASE to arithmetically and  
 spiritually sound  
 HEREBEFORS  
 Box 2243 — YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, 44504

This one's still alive."  
 I opened my eyes in a flash. Two cops were standing over  
 me. One of them was gently nudging me with his big black  
 boot. I sat up in my sleeping bag, rubbing the sleep from my eyes.  
 "Yeah, this one's still alive," said the other cop.  
 "Huh?" I said, staring up at them.  
 "Yeah," said the cop. "We find dead bodies dumped in this part of  
 the Park all the time."

There are many good ways to wake up in the morning. This was not  
 one of them. I rolled up my sleeping bag, hoisted on my backpack, and  
 trudged out of the Park.

I walked down Haight Street. Here I was. The legendary Haight-  
 Ashbury. Birthplace of The Hippie, home of the Grateful Dead and the  
 Flower Children. I had read all about it in the old LIFE magazines my  
 Dad used to keep stashed in the basement. And here I was, in the midst  
 of this, having A Real Life Adventure.

I had already asked one hippy if there were any Be-Ins scheduled for  
 this weekend. He said no. Actually, he had been kind of surly. Prob-  
 ably on a bad LSD trip or something.

The memories of last night were vaguely filtering through my brain.  
 My hillbilly sweetheart. Yep, I had definitely stuck it in there. Now  
 I was a man. I looked at my reflection in the storefront window to see  
 if I looked any different. I didn't. It occurred to me—I couldn't  
 remember her name...

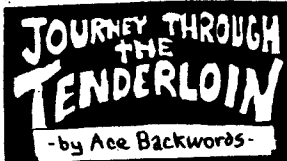
I pulled into a coffee shop on the Haight, ordered a large soda—no  
 ice. Maybe I would take up smoking cigarettes. Or maybe even grow a  
 beard. Who knows, anything's possible.

I sat by the window, gazing out at the early-morning passersby on  
 the street. Mostly long-haired hippies and barefoot street people try-  
 ing to panhandle their morning cup of coffee. I felt about a million  
 light years from home.

What was I DOING here, anyway?

I took another sip from my Coke and ran the story through my mind  
 one more time. It made sense, sort of...

#### —CHAPTER TWO



How long ago WAS it? Just a  
 couple of months ago? It  
 seemed like a very long time  
 ago. Yeah. I guess it was the night of  
 the Big Game when all this crap started  
 coming down.

I guess you could say at that point I was still your typical New  
 Jersey teenager. The most daring thing I had done to date was go into  
 New York City with Chuck and Red and get royally drunk at the Burger N  
 Brew. Ended up throwing up all over the bus, but that's another story.

But the night of The Big Game. We were playing our arch-rival Park-  
 view High, and I was sitting at my usual spot at the end of the bench.  
 I'm a scrub, okay? I admit it. I'm one of the worst players on the  
 team. They only let me in the game when the score is so lopsided that  
 I can't do any damage.

I still think I could be pretty good. If I could just grow a couple  
 of inches...

Usually it kind of bugged me that I didn't get in the game. I mean,  
 the whole school was jammed into that auditorium, and there I was, sit-  
 ting on the end of the bench like a lump.

But on this night I didn't care, you see. Because I had a date  
 lined up for after The Big Game with none other than Charlene Hamilton.

And who's Charlene Hamilton, you ask? Why, Charlene Hamilton was  
 none other than the best-looking girl in the entire Class of '81. Oh,  
 some of the jerks thought Amy Alders was better looking—probably be-  
 cause she had bigger breasts. But for my money, Charlene was THE ONE!

And she wasn't a snob or stuck-up like most of the other good-look-  
 ing girls in our class. She sat next to me in English class and she  
 talked to me all the time. And she wasn't an airhead either. She  
 liked to read books even, and we talked a lot about Vonnegut or CATCHER  
 IN THE RYE or whatever we were reading at the time.

There were a lot of weird rumors going around about Charlene—that  
 she was wild, and that she took drugs, and that she had sex with col-  
 lege students, even. But she always seemed real nice to me. Shy, even.

I was sweating clear through my shirt when I finally got up the  
 courage to ask her out on a date. I caught her coming out of Math  
 class with an armful of books. She didn't seem overly enthusiastic,  
 but she accepted. SHE ACCEPTED!

Anyway, we lost the game 62-47, sports fans. I went into the locker  
 room to take a shower (even though I hadn't gotten in the game, I had  
 worked up quite a sweat watching Charlene in her cheerleading uniform,  
 shaking it up on the sidelines! She really could shake it.)

Charlene had gone home to change out of her cheerleading uniform and  
 get ready for our date. You know how girls are—it probably wouldn't  
 take her more than 20 hours to get ready. The Master Plan was for me  
 to pick her up at about 9 in my good old Chevy Impala, and we'd grab a  
 burger at the Char-Broil and then take in a flick. Funny how it didn't  
 turn out quite that way...

That jerk Jamie Toaden let me have it as soon as I walked out of the  
 shower. Jamie Toaden—the all-star forward and all-around jerk-face.

"Christopher's got a big date tonight!" he shouted. "Heads up,  
 scrub." Toaden rolled up his wet towel and whipped it at my bare ass.

"Knock it off, Jamie," I said.

"Oh Christopher," he squealed in a mock falsetto. "I-I love you!"

"Very funny."

"Oh Charlene, you dance so divinely." Toaden held out his towel  
 like it was an imaginary dance partner and began pirouetting around  
 the locker room. A real wit, this guy.

I sat down by my locker, drying my hair with my towel. I had been  
 taking a lot of crap from those guys ever since they found all the po-  
 ems I wrote about Charlene in my locker. They were all so immature,  
 especially Toaden. I wanted to hit him on his head.

"Crick-Nick! Crick-Nick!" That was my most hated nickname, derived  
 from running my name together, Christopher Nicholson.

Toaden walked up to me, real friendly-like. "No hard feelings,  
 pal." He reached out and shook my hand. Water burst out everywhere.  
 He had a water-filled condom in his hand.

"HARD feelings. Get it?"

Jamie Toaden—whatta guy. When he wasn't looking I filled the con-  
 dom with water and snuck over to his locker where his trousers were  
 hanging. I poured the water all over the crotch of his pants. That  
 should help him impress the girls.

I got in my good ole Impala and drove around for awhile, killing  
 time before the date. Good ole suburban New Jersey. It's actually  
 very pretty in the autumn. All the leaves are changing colors and  
 falling off. Some of the trees were already standing there naked,  
 branches bare.

I knew exactly how long it would take to get to Charlene's house on  
 Elm Street. I had driven by there a million times. Not that I was  
 spying on her or nothing.

I pulled in front of her nice big house. The first thing I noticed  
 was that the front door was wide open. That should have tipped me off  
 that something weird was going on. But it didn't.

I got out of the car and walked up to the front door. Wide open.  
 The air was cold, already had the bite of winter in it. I had the sud-  
 den urge to flee. Pre-Big Date jitters.

"Uh...Hello? Anybody home?"

Nobody answered. I poked my head into the doorway, looked around a  
 bit. Everything seemed normal. Except—what was that? A bag of gro-  
 ceries was dumped by the couch, as if somebody had left it there in a  
 hurry.

I stood there on the front porch, getting more nervous by the se-  
 cond. Maybe Charlene didn't want to go out with me. Maybe the whole  
 family had run off in a huff to avoid an embarrassing scene.

I knocked again. "Charlene, it's me, Christopher..."

Nothing.

Suddenly, I heard a muffled crash coming from upstairs. Was that a  
 lamp smashing against the wall? I could see up the stairway to the se-  
 cond floor. What was going on here?

It all happened so fast I wasn't sure WHAT was happening. Suddenly  
 the bedroom door upstairs flung open and out they came.

"YOU BASTARD! YOU FILTHY BASTARD!"

It was Charlene's mom and dad, and they were having a terrific fight  
 at the top of the stairs. Charlene's mom had a pillow in her hands and  
 she was beating the heck out of Charlene's dad. He had his pants  
 around his ankles, and he kept tripping over them as he tried to avoid  
 Mom's wrath.

"YOU FILTHY SCUM!" shouted Charlene's mom. "HOW COULD YOU??!"

"B-but Martha, let me explain—" But before he could explain,  
 Charlene's mom unleashed a vicious series of kicks that sent him  
 sprawling towards the stairs.

"GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!! GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!!!" She gave him a  
 solid boot to the butt that sent him bouncing down the stairs like a  
 deflated basketball.

It wasn't until they were halfway down the stairs—kicking and  
 screaming and fighting—that they noticed, for the first time, my pre-  
 sence at the bottom of the stairs.

Charlene's mom froze in mid-kick, her heel about to come crashing  
 down on Charlene's dad's head. Charlene's dad was cringing with his  
 eyes closed in anticipation of the coming blow. He opened his eyes  
 slowly, blinking hard twice when he saw me down there at the bottom of  
 the stairs.

"Uh...Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton," I said. "I'm here to see Charlene."

"Jesus fucking Christ," muttered Charlene's dad. He hastily pulled  
 up his trousers and began stumbling up the stairs.

Then I noticed her. Charlene. She was standing at the top of the  
 stairs. Her hair was all messed up and her shirt was completely unbut-  
 toned. I could see her white brasier.

"YOU DIRTY WHORE!!!" shouted her mother. "I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!!!"

At that Charlene's mom ran off down the hall, slamming the door  
 behind her.

I looked up at Charlene for a second. She had kind of a sour look  
 on her face. It's funny how a pretty girl can sometimes remind you of  
 a deer. To tell you the truth, I was kind of at a loss for what to  
 say.

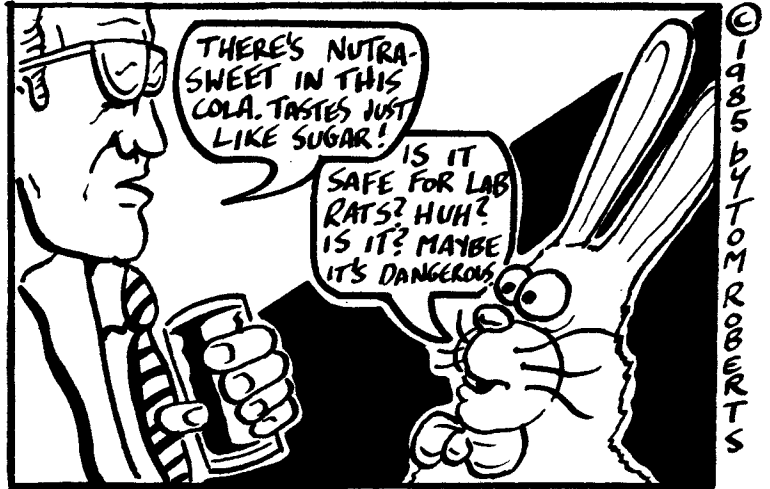
"Uh...gee Charlene, you still feel like taking in a flick?"

Charlene let out a real loud sob which, I guessed correctly, meant  
 she didn't feel like taking in a flick.

Then she turned and ran off down the hallway.

I stood there by myself in the doorway. I scratched my chin. It  
 itched. All I could think was: Boy, my Big Date isn't turning out  
 like I thought it would.

# HARVEY 1985



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## SHIM...SHIM...SHIM...CHIMERA

by L.P. Whitney

I visualize virtue as some honey-gold luminescence radiating from a Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard jar. Viscuous ectoplasm like pig fat and jungle butter. Virtue is its own reward. That is one way of looking at things; it's a way of keeping your bowsprint pointed into the wind. Jonah was finishing a beer he didn't enjoy drinking. He enjoyed an icy cold beer on a very hot and tiring day. The beer was cold enough; the day was not hot enough to chase the bubbledrops on the bottom of the can. A gentle lapping slapping against the hull, a cold—not a cool—but a cold October breeze passing over the deck. As far as the eye could see, blue sky over blue water under a thin ribbon of coral snake-colored foliage—the autumn jewels glistening in the sunlight.

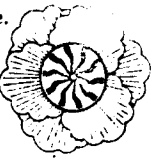
The waves seemed to be tapping out a message, reminding Jonah of a prisoner rapping stone against stone; a blind man's red-tipped cane looking for an unobstructed path—the water seemed to speak directly to another deeper part in him. Flip-lap, flip-flap-flap-flap, flip-fillap, fellap, fellap... unconscious messages—the sunlight dancing in his eyes, he suddenly heard a splash about five yards off the starboard bow. What was it? A fish? A seal? Jonah lifted his head up and saw a dark shape boil in the waters below. His face turned white beneath the reddened skin: that old Captain Hook fear of crocodiles; that old Captain Jonah Whimbles' fear of dark submerged denizens rose up like a shark and caught in his throat. Jonah leaned his head back slowly to the day-glo orange floatation device. He thought about the dream he had had earlier that morning, that long black ancient truck, gothic truck that held that whale boat. So it wasn't a truck after all; it was a warning that something very old and very black was coming to meet him. What good are all these warnings if I don't know how to deal with the real terror when it finally comes along?

Are you complaining again? It was good to have a merciful conscience. You are not least of it, some poor shark's dinner; you are tied up in a safe and secure harbor awaiting for your friends to come along and go for the last sail of the season. We're going to have a party: a little wine, a little beer, some bread sandwiches and some potato chips and people are going to tell you some wonderful stories along the way.

"Ahoy, Captain Jonah!" Ooh I can see the cast of castanets worming their way into my consciousness. Jonah rubbed his nose across his Kruggerand Medallion. Reassurance is soothing. Especially when you're tootching. "We'll fight them on the beaches; we'll fight them in down spouts; we'll fight them in the cubby holes..." Jonah muttered as he pressed the stereo switch for Fleetwood Mac's "You Can Go Your Own Way." The mildly inebriated crew struck up with the chorus—out of tune and sounding like a warped record: "You-oo can go yer own way-ay-ay/Go your own way/You can call it A-nother lonely day..." "Everything seems in place," Jonah said to himself but he caught another shiver as he watched some dark shadow swirling near the mooring post.

## THE BODHISATTVA'S Vow

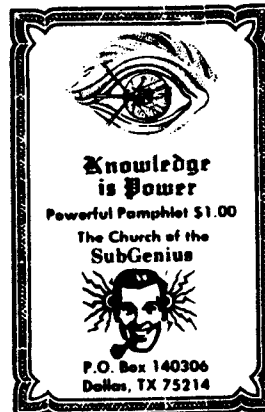
The deluding passions are inexhaustible.  
I vow to extinguish them all.  
Sentient beings are numberless.  
I vow to save them all.  
The truth is impossible to expound.  
I vow to expound it.  
The way of the Buddha is unattainable.  
I vow to attain it.



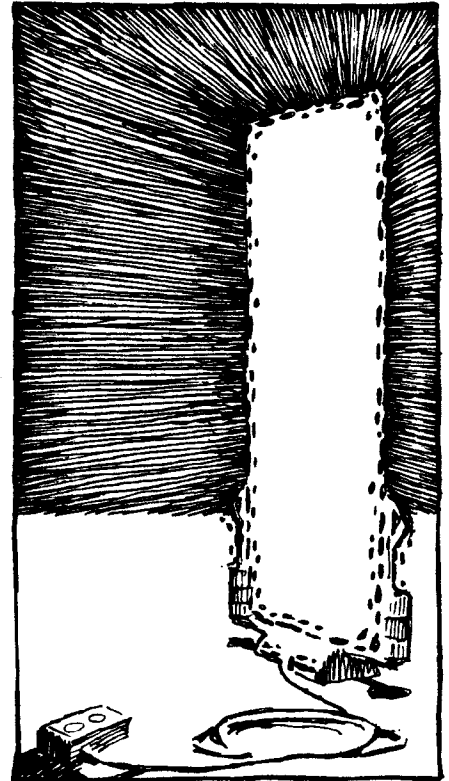
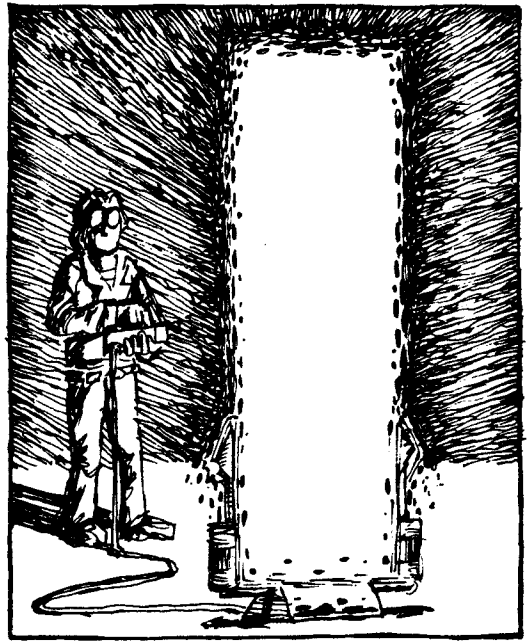
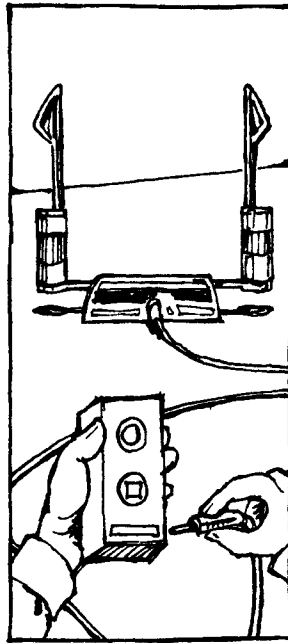
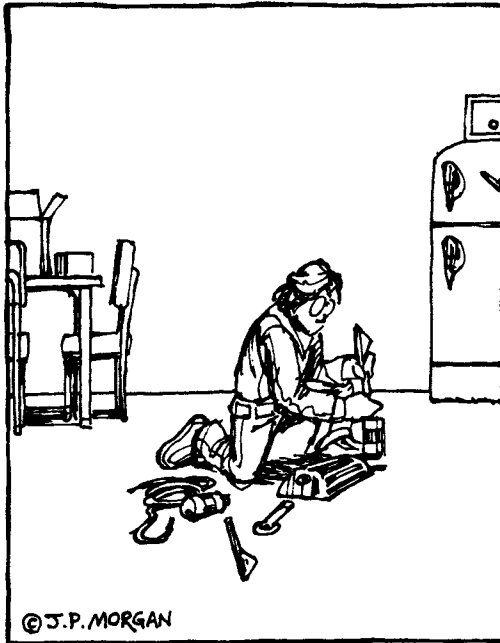
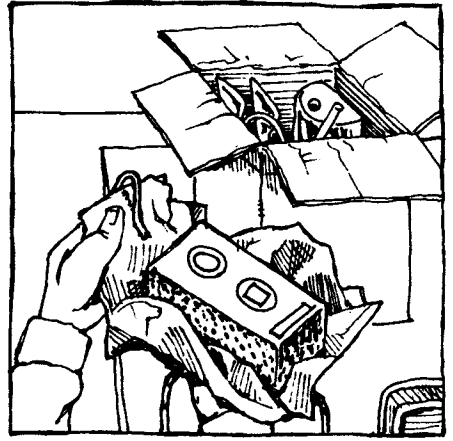
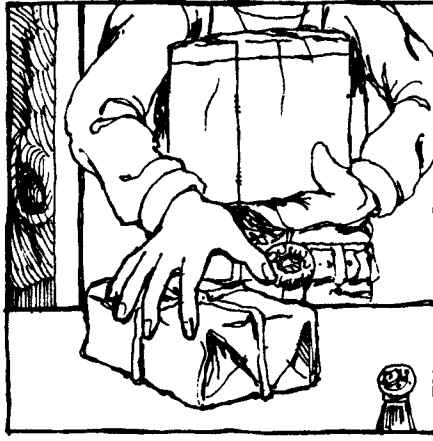
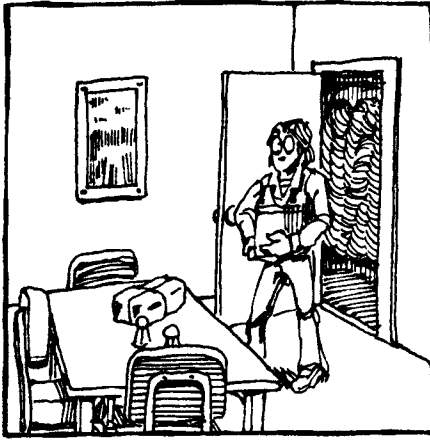
THE VOW  
OF THE ZENARCH  
THE BODHISATTVAS ARE  
INEXHAUSTIBLE AND NUMBERLESS.  
I VOW TO CONVINCE THEM  
ALL JUST TO MIND THEIR OWN  
BUSINESS AND RETURN TO  
NIRVANA.



Become a SubGenius  
or a Discordian or  
a 100% Enlightened  
Zenarch of Zenarchy  
or all three.







# Sayz-U! (Letters)

Dear Elaine,

I'm composing this missive in the Eden-like splendor of Goshen, MA, a small, very rural community about 45 minutes from my home in Urban Squalor, MA. I feel the spirit of Thoreau taking control of my typing fingers, all three of them, and perhaps the column which will accompany this letter will reflect the beauty of my surroundings.

Then again maybe I'll write about sex.

I was elated at the positive remarks about my black little fable. I feel very good about it as Cathleen Webb is writing a book about her experiences. I seem to have predicted something rather nasty.

On issue number 39:

Anni's piece was, as usual, quite good. Despite absolutely terrible paragraph construction (sorry, Anni, but they are way too long), her thoughts and language are always first-rate.

Rory Houchen's notes on recording were also very good. Rory seems to be able to write reviews which are accessible and inviting. When he writes of an artist I did not know, I feel the urge to run out and buy the disc.

I also liked Tom Gedwillo's column on bogus science, one of my favorite subjects.

Rodny K Dioxin should get some sort of medal for his perfect analysis of rock videos. I'd like to arrange a working lunch for Rodny with the veejays of MTV. Perhaps he could inject a little social realism into their polystyrene souls.

Steven Scharff's realization of a future time was nifty, and Mildred Neptune was uniformly funny. Lawrence Whitney's NEWS REPORTS were short and snappy.

I liked all the sordid, but tastefully presented, details of Ace Backwards' JOURNEY THROUGH THE TENDERLOIN, and Rick da Beast's little piece on the supernatural was nicely done.

The cartoons by Backwords and Amster were just great. I loved the Mike Gonad strip and the Turtles on Speed panel.

Elayne, is Audio IJ a thing of the past?...

Slack and Slack

MICHAEL DOBBS  
24 Hampden Street  
Indian Orchard, MA 01151

*[I figured by now everyone would've caught on that Anni writes that way deliberately [sorry if I've spoiled an in-joke, Anni], and is quite capable of using short paragraphs and the like, which she has on occasion even done in these pages...Rodny merely touched on the wonderful phenomenon that is U68. UHF hasn't done something this right since they imported Dr. Who and Monty Python...Audio IJ, for all of you out there who've queried of late, is temporarily on the back burner, at least for another year or so. When I first envisioned our 'sister show' I hadn't counted on a number of things, including a) falling in love and shifting the focus of my life a bit to coincide; b) needing more equipment than I have in order to do what I wanted; and c) having my friendship with one of the original principle participants, my downstairs neighbor, completely deteriorate. I will attempt to script some shows this fall and winter, and we'll see what the new year brings.]*  
Greetings Elaine,

So, here I am again, still, whatever. The zine was cool this time, great artwork on the covers and the 'Bounty Towel' cartoon was V-I-L-E, really rad. I always like the letter section 'cuz that's where you can really get inside people—it can never be too long. (Complete agreement there.—ew) JOURNEY THROUGH THE TENDERLOIN was really touching—at least to me. I guess ya gotta live on the streets to know how real that is. Well anyhow, I got something for ya here but I know that maybe my stuff has not been exactly comedy lately but maybe it takes a few years of being away from the input before it becomes funny—as it is, I feel the need to write about how I live and what I see; and there is damn little funny out here these daze unless ya wanna count the whole scope of the thing. Do I make any sense? I hope not 'cuz I HATE to break tradition...

Beastingly,

RICK da Beast  
P.O. Box 2842  
Winter Park, FL 32790

*[I'm assuming at this point, which perhaps I shouldn't, that Kip's surprising article elsewhere this issue may clear things up a bit regarding comedy and/or creativity, but I didn't mean to sound demanding or like I was giving an ultimatum last time about comedy. I realize that "lightening up" is not an easily-mastered art, but I would suggest that if you can't do comedy, at least try to be creative. Both words tend to be encompassing enough to give writers and artists much leeway.]*  
Elayne:

I am looking out at an island with a gnarled spruce tree and an osprey's nest on top. The osprey (sea hawk) is sitting on her nest undisturbed. In the bay there are all these rowboats, sailboats, motorboats, lobster boats—people coming & going. Just as long as nobody messes with her nest she's fine. There's a young woman in a kayak paddling through the cove and a couple of tourists in straw hats are circling the island. This is the way summer was meant to be—warm but not devastating; hot temperatures tempered by off-shore and on-shore breezes; the wonderful subliminal sounds of waves lapping the shore rocks.

Suddenly, a car stops behind me—a door opens, someone gets out—I hear the door slam and the car pulls away. Footsteps walk right up behind—"Halloo theyah!" I turn around to find a strange woman walking up to me, explaining why she is late and something about her husband leaving tomorrow. She hasn't really looked at me yet, because if she did, she would realize she had made a big mistake. Her eyes keep darting over the water, the rocks and boats. She wants to blurt it out

—it's over, she doesn't want her son coming home saying "Mommy, what's a whore?" I look up; two seagulls circle noiselessly above me—looking for victims, I presume—I won't play their game.

"I'll never give you up!" I shout as I grab her and plunge into the grassy open spot next to the road. "They'll have to rip my dead lips offa yo face!!!"

That snaps her concentration:

"Who the hell are you?" she screams. I'm not sure I can answer that question; I've been living on organic seaweed supplements and liquid protein so long that I've lost my culinary identity.

"I'm the one who'll fight for you to the death!" I scream.

"I don't even know you—get the hell away from me! Where's Bernie?"

"Bernie couldn't make it," I lied. "I'm from A-1 Temporary...I,

well, Bernie said to tell you that he loves you and that he's just

about to break even in taxidermy..."

Just a typical day in Vacantland.

Love,

LAWRENCE P. WHITNEY  
Box 435  
Blue Hill, ME 04614

Yo, Elaine!

#39 is in my hands...I'd like to mention Ace Backwards' "Mike Gonad" strip first; it had me laughing out loud. Fun-nee! And it's pleasing to see that Andy Amster has an (ahem) "odd" sense of humor, too. Turtles on speed, indeed! Vernon Grant's "The Boss Strikes Back" (notice how I first remark upon the cartoons)...funny, but most real bosses don't even wait for you to win the lottery before they throw you in the alligator pit. Ties in nicely with Sue Packie's "One By One"! L. Oberc's "Stupidity" was fun. More "Zenarchy" and Rodny K Dioxin! Scharff's "The More Things Change" reads like a New Age Twilight Zone episode!! Lots of good stuff. And ya don't even have to wade through layers of ugly ads to get to it! Just teensy print (sorry, I couldn't resist)! Credo!

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

Dear Kind Hearts and Corvettes,

1. Hey, I don't wanna brag, but look for another great poem by ME in the next few Rolling Stones...

2. I want I.J. to go bimonthly. But then, I want everyone to go bimonthly...that's me, I like to ride in the middle, I'm just here to have some fun.

I enjoyed Anni's fashion comments enormously and would like to ask her: Why the hell are they bringing back pants with stirrups? It's bad enough, like in a GYN's office...but to wear them deliberately???

I don't want to be unkind or start yet another feud, but I reely reely truly felt Ace Backwards' "memoir" was both unfunny and unfeeling. Maybe if you're J.D. Salinger and you're writing from a Holden Caulfield p.o.v. it works. But this didn't. Jeez, I felt nothing for nobody in this piece. Everybody was ugly and mean and I could find nothing to learn. Maybe it is true—but then so is my cancer surgery story; I ain't writing that up for nobody. I'm sorry, Ace; I liked your cartoon—that was funny. But in this piece, the problem seems to be a lack of affection and/or respect for your characters, yourself included. It really is a depressing piece, in many ways. If you take the subject and write about it seriously, if you inject some pathos into your people, it might work. As humour, though, it fails—and it fails because it's basically a sad story about sad people in a sad situation. Sure, the woman is a lunatic—but she's a serious, troubled, screwed-up lunatic who exploits and is exploited. To exploit her even further does not make me laugh. With more sympathy—dare I say Love—for your characters, you might pull this off. Sex is very difficult to write about, even to very brilliant and seasoned writers. One either comes off as too delicate and squeamish or too cavalier and rough. Perhaps accentuating the p.o.v. that you had, Ace, toward your characters might be a better way to do this. Very few writers can balance the sadness and joy of life and make it work on both sides. I guess I dislike the mockery in this piece—it mocked everyone in it. A memoir needs a hero. And all stories with sex need equal amounts of prurience and tenderness.

I still like everything from the Dioxin kid. In fact, I liked everything in the last issue except that one piece by Mr. Backwords. So, go figure.

That's all I have to shoot off my mouth about this time.

See ya around campus!

DEBORAH BENEDICT  
854 Y Street  
Lincoln, NE 68508

Dear Elaine—

Just took possession of IJ #39 from my mailbox this afternoon and thought that I'd answer your requests for feedback.

First, if the other pieces that you've been holding back are anything like JOURNEY THROUGH THE TENDERLOIN, you've been too staid. It was very well done and not offensive (to me) in the least. I'm sure that you have come across some real slime but just because a story is blunt about sex is not reason enough to repress it. Perhaps such stories don't fit into the "comedy" side of the zine's motto, but it sure belongs in the creativity column. You're knowledgeable enough to sort out the literary gold from the dross. Relax, and trust that if you offend the readers, they'll tell you about it!

Second, I'm not a contributor but from a reader's point of view, 6 IJs a year isn't enough.

I can see where you want more comedy. Things have been awful serious as of late. But, the serious stuff has to be good. I wouldn't go so far as to stop accepting or printing submissions if they aren't comedy oriented. I hope that your request for funny stuff is filled.

Hope everything in Brighton is just 'beachy' (arrg!).

Yrs...

JOHN R. SCHARFF  
PSC Box 2087  
APO SF 96366-0006

Dear Elayne—

No, I don't think you're being "too squeamish" re: TENDERLOIN. I went about a month where I couldn't even stand to look at it. I've been through all sorts of changes regarding the subject matter. Being a Methodist minister's son I have all sorts of squeamish reactions... sex is such a powerful, and potentially disturbing, force that I feel the subject should be handled with the utmost delicacy. (Whether I've succeeded at that in my book is something I'm still mulling over.) Alas, most media handle the subject of sex as nothing more than a way to manipulate readers and sell products. In terms of manipulating the sexual tastes of the public, Madison Avenue has been pissing in the soup for years—the real tragedy is, they too have to drink from it.

So far, men have reacted favorably to my book, comments like "important," "needs to be said," "know exactly where you're coming from." My target audience while writing it was the 16-year-old boys of the world—this is my writing to them—"Watch out when that ol' hormonal explosion starts erupting through your tender loins!"

I don't think it has quite the same appeal to women, partly because I was unable to create any good female characters. My girlfriend thought it was "boring"...At any rate, I respect the hell out of you for giving Chapter I a shot...

One other disturbing thing about IJ #39: I couldn't help noticing lines like "dearth of contributors," "unable to have fun writing," "when IJ folds someday..." "Tell me Momma, can this really be the end? To be stuck in San Francisco with the IJ Blues again..." I've been following IJ avidly since 1981—to tell you the truth, it's the only zine I've ever paid for—and I feel it's the best 'zine in the underground alternative network. I mean, FACTSHEET FIVE is an interesting 'zine, but it sure as hell isn't a replacement for IJ.

Well—keep on jokin' em,

ACE BACKWORDS  
P.O. Box 4846  
Berkeley, CA 94704

*(Readers might want to refer to this issue's editorial on page 2 for reasons, explanations, etc. on my decision to print the second chapter of Ace's book, and all future serials for that matter [I should mention that this policy change is also due to the increase in the number of IJ advance subscribers; it makes much more sense to have continuing stories when you have a continuing audience]; as for my 'squeamish' stance, perhaps this needs further clarification. I am loathe to put into print in a public forum things I find very personal and private. I'm not from the "Sex Is Dirty" school; I subscribe, rather, to the "Sex Is Nobody's Business But The Participants" theory, or, as I put it, the "More Than I Need To Know" attitude. MTINTK is in itself something of a controversy, but it has eliminated a lot of discomfort for me, and probably spared IJ readers a bit of drivel over the years as well...I do agree, Ace, that your female characters are certainly less interesting than your male ones, and the attitude of treating the women in your stories auxililarly even when they are chapter subjects is one of the things that does bother me, and perhaps others, about TENDERLOIN; I'm sure you'll be working on this as you keep revising your story for publication. Bear in mind that my problems, if they are such, with TENDERLOIN may also stem from the fact that your referred-to 'target group' is the type of person I usually try to strenuously avoid [I've often said that I despised teenage boys even when I was a teenage girl], so this puts my judgement on the story even more in doubt. And it is this doubt, even in the face of the trust and encouragement given me by IJ readers, that leads me to throw my own opinion out the window with something like this and leave the judgement totally up to you folks out there.)*

Dear Elayne,

There's something to be said for not letting this getting-older business get a person down. (My birthday is the same day as Mr. Mike Gunderloy, and don't think I didn't feel left out of this month's calendar, thank you very much.) I think I handle it well. The last grocery clerk who offered to help me with my groceries is recovering nicely from his surgery, and will think twice before saying "sir" to someone wearing a Talking Heads baseball cap. To Arizona with aging gracefully—that's my motto.

Case in point. Last evening, I drank half a bottle of wine and went to see "The Black Cauldron" at the local bijou. And, by golly, I had a grand ol' time! I suppose Ken Filar will say that it could use another half hour of character development (not this issue, at least; Ken's on vacation in Merry Olde), but at \$25 million for 81 minutes, I think the guys at Disney did the best they could. The animation is terrific. My only complaint is directed at the parents of three 10-year-olds who should have been in bed long before this Saturday night late show. How many times can these brats run up and down the aisle before the temptation for some old fart to stick out his foot and trip them becomes too great? No, I didn't, but it was a comforting thought. What would Miss Manners do?

Once again, the most enjoyable parts of IJ #39 were the cartoons by J.P. Morgan. I have to remember to find some loose change to send this guy for a collected works. I enjoyed "Infirmitis," but felt "Quantum Courtesy" and Whitney's "News Reports" were more in keeping with what I expect in each issue. There must be some humor out there somewhere. "Zenarchy Stories" are actually growing on me, issue by issue; my doctor says a liberal application of soy sauce should alleviate the problem within a week or ten days. I don't have an opinion on the story of Ace and his cherry, except to say that I'm beginning to thank the powers that be for the Barracuda. Hey, if the confession is funny, bring it on! Otherwise, save it for the Enquirer.

Glad to hear Anni is back at work. In the age of Ron, 'tis better to be the trickler than the trickle.

I leave you with these final words: Ralph Bakshi, eat celluloid mouse shit and die! I got it out of my system. Whew!

Greatly relieved,

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

Chinese People,

Ok, I thought my "Visual Review" of Springsteen was a real clever IDEA, but I guess I was wrong. If you go to your news dealer and pick up the "Like a ROLLING STONE" parody, you'll find a painting of Mick Jagger on the fictional album "Born In The U.K., Eh?" So I'm real upset. Some Lit. Major at Harvard Lampoon is obviously reading IJ and swiping (is that a word?) stuff. Next thin you know, Roldo's stuff will be showing up in the MAD marginals. The Whozits in Bloom County. Anni interviewed by Mark Slackmeyer...

"Mahatma Kane Jeevus"  
The Continental Man

Dear Elayne,

It's 8:30 in the morning even as we speak and I am sitting, bleary-eyed, at the reception desk in my new office (which, just incidentally, happens to be my own little desk as well. I have been called many things in my life, but "receptionist" is a new one. I always assumed that receptionists were clever, bright little chirpy creatures in mini-skirts who passed a good portion of their day in painting their nails and reading COSMOPOLITAN, but that's apparently another stereotype on the verge of biting the dust because, though they call me an "administrative assistant"—which is rather like calling Spike Jones "a musician"; it's true enough, but scarcely descriptive—and pay me an administrative assistant's wages, if you sit at the front desk and answer the telephones you are, it seems to me, inescapably a receptionist. Not that I mind calling myself the receptionist—I'll call myself Lyndon LaRouche as long as it pays \$300 a week—but it does seem a bit peculiar somehow. There is the little girl who was going to grow up and marry John Sebastian? For that matter, where is John Sebastian?), in a last-ditch attempt to prevent Bernie from writing you another letter. Although he bitched and moaned most convincingly over the last one, somewhere along the line he decided that he enjoyed the activity, and actually had the nerve to approach me with the idea that he would write all my letters to you from now on. Of course, I told him in no uncertain terms that I was perfectly capable of handling my own correspondence and that, after his previous effort on my behalf, the only career I could envision for him in the area of letter-writing had something vague to do with the David Letterman programme, but, nevertheless, he is waiting hopefully in the wings, expecting me to falter at any moment. Well, I think we're all agreed that it simply would not be politic to have Bernie gracing these pages to any great extent so, rushed and sleepy though I am at the moment, I am going to try to get you something. I am just conceited enough to believe that even a hurried effort from me is at least somewhat preferable to the best that Bernie can do. I do wish, however, that those with conflicting opinions would kindly keep to themselves. There's only so much ego-deflation a person can take, after all.

Well, then, let's see. IJ #39, eh? First of all, I must let it be known that I thought Phil Tortorici's back cover was the best thing I've seen along these lines since I've been connected with IJ (nearly three years now—imagine). I don't know where you found this peculiar genius, but I hope he sticks around for a long, long time. Wonderful work, just wonderful, especially the little growing of you, which was a remarkably good likeness. (Even more so considering Phil and I have never met!—ew) I hesitate to say that a cover drawing was the best thing about any particular issue (I don't know why I hesitate to say this, but there it is), but in this case there simply isn't any getting round it—the thing was marvelous.

Later

Although you can't tell it unless I tell you—which I'm wont to do—the scene has shifted to a dark little luncheonette called Deli-Makers, where I have just ingested what is jocularly called lunch in these parts (we have, in the neighborhood of my office, a Roy Rogers, a Del Taco, a Godfather's Pizza, several assorted chain burger palaces, and Deli-Makers. I normally opt for the latter because I can at least get some sort of clue as to what I'm eating is supposed to be), which accounts for both the longhand and the mayonnaise stains on the paper. Do please bear with me—keep in mind that it's either this or a letter from Bernie, and it will be easier for you.

Getting back to #39—bravo to Mildred Neptune for addressing a serious problem of everyday life! My particular favorite comeback for this type of rudeness requires a bit of practise. For the timing has to be just right or it loses its punch, but is well worth the effort. When I am bothered by the sort of person who finds it incumbent upon him- or herself to point out that I don't fit society's concept of slimmness, I first affect great surprise. "I'm FAT?" I say in shock and horror. "Really?" Shaking my head in wonder, I remove a small mirror from my purse and gaze at myself for a moment or two. "My, my," I say, "what do you know about that? I am fat. So that's what a fat person looks like. Imagine." I wait two beats and then offer the mirror to the offender. "Now," I say, smiling pleasantly, "would you like to see what a flaming asshole looks like?" This method is adapted from something that was once printed in BIG BEAUTIFUL WOMAN magazine, and nothing beats it for shutting off un-asked for opinions, though Ms. Neptune's suggestions were excellent too. Kudos to her for her column.

Still later

Back at the office (this isn't a letter—it's a travelogue) and frantically attempting to get this finished off before someone comes along and notices that, whatever else I'm doing, I am not typing bank reconciliations which, theoretically, is what I should be doing. Of course, I'm sure if I explained to them about the ravages of Bernie, they'd understand, and even applaud my intense devotion but really, I can't see that it's any of their business, can you? One has to have some secrets...

In any event, the other piece that stood out, to my mind, in #39 was INFIRMITY by Ergoloid Grubbs. Now, I don't know if Mr./Ms. Grubbs is really Prudence Gaelor, or Rodney Dioxin, or Pope John Paul II, and I'm not at all sure that I want to know, but this was one of the most

gorgeously creepy little stories it's ever been my pleasure to read, and it completely restored my faith in psychotic dada. I don't know if Grubbs should actually be allowed to run loose without an attendant, but if they ever do catch him or her (or it, for that matter), I do very much hope they don't take away the typewriter.

Well, I think this should be enough to hold down Bernie for awhile. The rest of #39 was pretty typical, by my lights—the Selender poem was a nice effort, though I'm not sure it was entirely successful all the way through. Ho Chi Zen was marvelous, as always, and there was some tolerable stuff, some mediocre stuff, and some horrid stuff, in just about equal proportions, but nothing I have the time to get into now. The main issue is solved, however, and I don't think we'll be seeing much from Bernie any more.

Do be pleased.

Nyah, nyah, nyah,

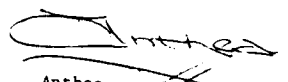
ANNI ACKNER  
The Hotel New Jersey

Dear Elayne:

Well this is a bollocks, for sure. Rodney's gone on holiday till he can find an idea (not easy for the lad, but that's OK). So I'm staying at his flop to make sure no one (save for me) pinches anything. And while I'm here—and since I agreed to write some load of old tosh for #40—I thought I'd best scan the lines in the issues that haven't gone missing around here. Must say, it's a pretty impressive pile. Break out the bubbly (it's much too dry in here). And so hot! How do you stand it all? But we all make sacrifices so I guess this is mine (and if that bitch thinks he's not gonna pay...well huh huh say moi). But it's time for a pause. I must go sneer at "Dynasty" and its queen-monsterbitch (on wheels): Joan Colons. No, no, no...no more intestinal humour. Thanks anyway.

I'll restrict my comments to 39 which was quite fine indeed. Especially did I enjoy J.P. Morgan's "Vork the Mighty". Bravos also to "Turtles on Speed" and who did "Little Bitty Literature Comix"? (I believe that was our boy Danny Howland again...) Truly a work of genius, Descartes. Ah yes, but writing's in bloom and there's a Pliny in the air. Anni was her usual (as I've noticed) god-like self. Would she be interested in the Queen job? Frankly she'd be much better than either the present monarch or the soon-to-be Q (m-b-o-w) Diane (or even the oft-rumored G. O'Dowd). Wasn't there some talk of this a few issues back? Too much bubbly, I guess. Also dandy and antinomian were Messrs. Oberc and McCann and Gedwill. Many kudos to Mildred Neptune, taste-arbiter to several intergalactic empires, and to the always-obtuse Ergoloid. How's the rack, luv?

But I must away to Exeter Sidings. 'Tis the call of the lesser spotted Aristarchus. How beast things on Samos? Last words to Rodney (postcard of a giant Bud can): "shock!horror!! i barbecued brian beware the plonker, dears..."

  
Anthea  
the Oporto

## LATE by Lawrence Oberc

I was late for class. I grabbed my books off my desk and locked the door on my way out. I ran down the hall and pressed the button for the elevator. The button lit up dimly and glowed DOWN.

My students hated my guts. I knew it. They knew it. Everyone knew it. But it didn't bother me. Just because forty-three people would grin at the opportunity to miss my funeral, that was no reason not to go on living.

Then the elevator door opened. I hopped inside, surprised to find the car empty. Usually the elevators were packed just before a class. Maybe it was later than I thought. It wasn't until the elevator door closed I noticed the elevator was going up, not down. There were fourteen floors up, to the top, another eighteen floors down. And the elevator was acting up. It was moving too fast, faster than it had ever moved before. It flew past five floors before I got a chance to press the red emergency stop button.

The button worked alright! But it wasn't a stop stop. It was the kind of stop a rock would make before being launched from a slingshot. Then there was a clanging sound, like a rope under pressure, trying not to break. The sound got louder, higher pitched, more intense, until it sounded like it was going to break the sound barrier in some kind of cosmic sonic boom.

The elevator was moving straight up, towards the top of the building, bumping all four walls like a bullet tapping the sides of a gun barrel. My breath was sucked away; tears streamed down my face colliding with the floor.

Then there was another sound, of air flowing past, with the feeling I was flying towards the sky, the universe. I felt like an astronaut, going into space for the first time. The elevator began to lean to one side, then it began to level off. It was like being a part of a rainbow, flying smoothly, colors bouncing off in layers.

The elevator was on its side now. It was losing speed and the top of the car was starting to top towards the earth. I was heading back to the planet, taking a nose dive towards where I was born.

Suddenly it occurred to me I was going to be late for class. The hell with it, I decided. The students hated me anyways.

## IMMORTALITY by Bob Warner

Jason Lurch was deathly afraid of dying. He lay awake nights, listening to the throbbing of his heart, wondering when it would suddenly stop. Instead of going *ker-thump, ker-thump*, like a normal, healthy heart, Lurch's heart beat in a soft whisper which seemed to say to him, "You'll-die, you'll-die."

A legion of doctors had gone over Lurch with their medical fine-tooth combs and had not found one single thing wrong with him—except that he worried inordinately that there was something fatally wrong with him. Lurch visited half a dozen psychiatrists but nearly always fled after the second or third session, disgusted because all any of them wanted him to do was lie quietly on a couch (or sit comfortably on a chair) and try to dig back into his past and dredge up some non-existent "repressed" incident which had precipitated his phobia.

Lurch turned to Religion, and was told repeatedly that he should have faith and, if death indeed came, to welcome it. He was not in the least reassured or consoled; if anything, he grew more afraid of dying.

He went so far as to visit a well-known L.A. psychic, one Sister Destiny: Seeress of All Things Past and Future Good and Bad. She told him calmly that he would, provided he used caution in his personal relationships and took care of his health, live to be ninety-five years of age. But she didn't fool him one bit; he saw the tell-tale twitch of her left eyebrow, and knew she was lying. He became more sure than ever that his death was imminent.

Finally, as often happens to mortals so desperately wrapped up in their own self-made obsessions with impending doom, Jason Lurch, after mouthing a half-hearted plea to God (while at the same time certain beyond any doubt that it had gone unheard), turned in ultimate desperation to that other well-known personage, the Fallen Angel, Satan.

And much to Lurch's astonishment, Satan appeared in all his crimson-complexioned ugliness. *My God*, thought Lurch. *Except for the horns and cloven hooves, he looks just like Uncle Ramond!*

"Well?" said Satan—a trifle indifferently, Lurch thought.

"Can—can you help me?"

"More than likely," said Satan. "If you can stop gawking at me and trembling in dread long enough to tell me your problem. I don't bite, you know!"

"Can you make me immortal—make it possible for me to live forever? You know, like so I'll never die?"

"That's easy. I've granted that one billions of times over the millenia."

"What—what do I have to do? Do I sign in blood or what?"

"That's silly!" said Satan. "All you have to do is acknowledge me for who and what I am. Do that—and you'll live forever. I guarantee it."

"You're the Devil. Anybody can see that!"

"Close enough," said Satan.

Lurch was suddenly aware of heat—intense heat. Flames leapt up around him on all sides. He inhaled fire; his lungs felt like twin furnaces; he could feel the blood beginning to boil in his veins.

Satan grinned at Lurch through the flames.

"What's happened?!" shouted Lurch, hopping from one foot to the other on the floor, which had turned into molten metal.

"You're in Eternal Hell, of course," said Satan.

"But," said Lurch, beating frantically at his burning hair, "you said I would be immortal—that I'd live forever!"

"Indeed I did," said Satan, putting his hand in front of his mouth to stifle a yawn. "In fact, I gave you my guarantee you would live forever."

"But if you'll recall, I didn't say where your eternal life would be lived, nor did you bother to ask."

# TOYS R US WE'UNS

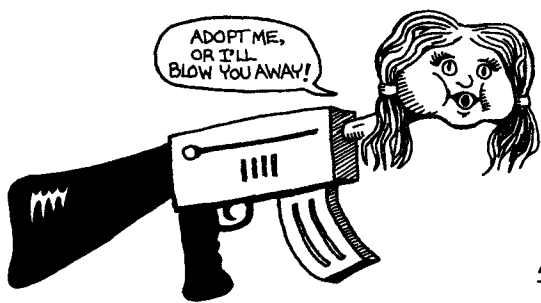
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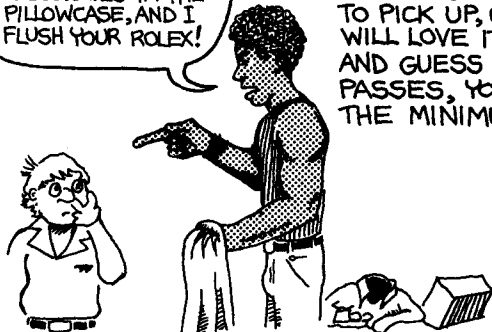
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LOOK, MOTHERFUCKER! ANY MORE GODIVA CHOCOLATES IN THE PILLOWCASE, AND I FLUSH YOUR ROLEX!



THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WON'T EAT WITHOUT IT!

### BOB GELDOF DESIGNER CUTLERY

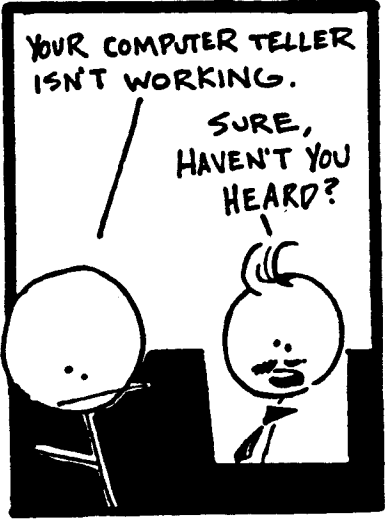
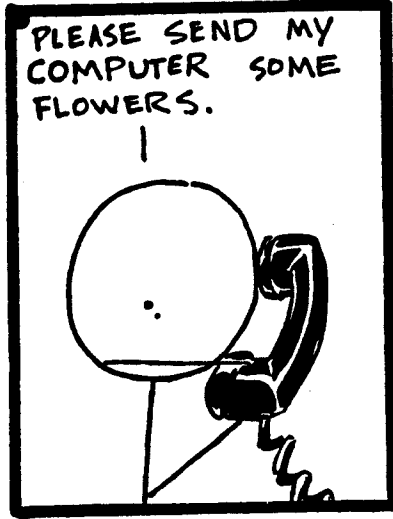
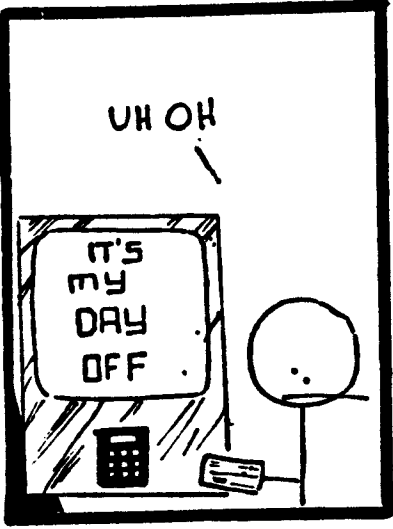
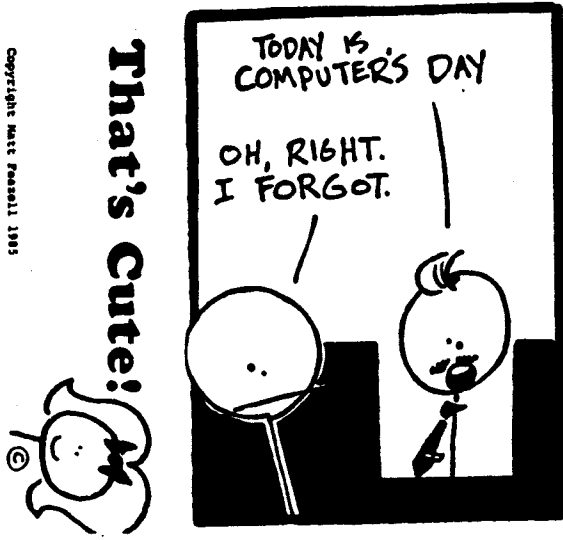
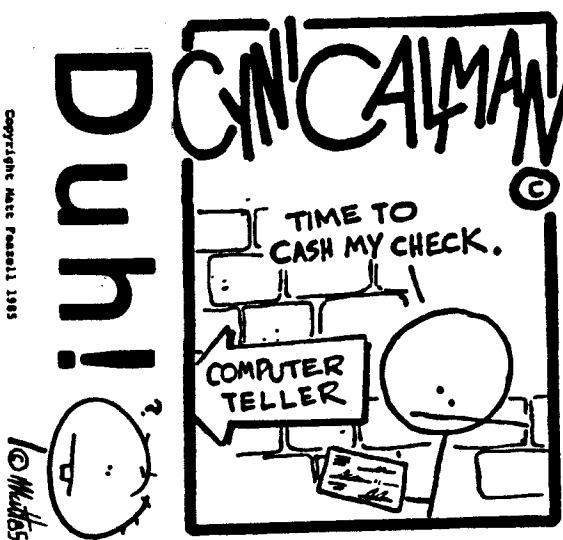
WELL, BOB, THEY MAY NOT KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS, BUT WE DO! AND WE'LL HAVE MORE TOYS IN STOCK THAN SANTA. SO COME ON OVER!

Amster

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