

5th Anniversary Issue

Gee, I wonder
what Elayne wants
me to do for the
cover...
Hmmmmm...

...Gee, I wonder
what kind of cover
Brian will do for
this issue?
Hmmm...

Sigh...

INSIDE JOKE!

...A Newsletter of Comedy and Creativity—!

BRIAN
PAGE 85

Fan Noose

A couple plugs for folks who don't even know we exist start off this installment, because I'd deem it a shame to miss Pete Hamill's important and astounding article, entitled "See No Evil" (about the real dangers of television, as opposed to all that shit about sex-n-violence), in the 9/22 issue of the NY DAILY NEWS MAGAZINE, and will gladly repro it for anyone interested (send SASE)...and because TSM Publishing Corp. has another winner with LIKE A ROLLING STONE. You can get the whole set of TSM parody papers (L.A.R.S., COSMOPARODY, and their parodies of PLAYBOY and PENTHOUSE) by sending \$19.95 +\$4.00 p&h to them at Dept. Linc-RS, 226 E. 54th St., New York, NY 10022...A group with which I am acquainted is the CONEY ISLAND HYSTERICAL SOCIETY, doing wonderful work along the boardwalk renovating amusements and sponsoring media shows. For other CI buffs out there, this is a must, so send a SASE inquiry to Richard Egan at 299 14th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215 and tell him I sent you...I must've sent some ideas to katlady out at Box 7742, Salt Lake City, UT 84107, because she's decided to either flatter or take vengeance upon us (in my continual paranoia I can never tell which) by bringing out an IJ parody!! Entitled INSIDE HOAX and selling for \$1 despite the \$5 "cover price," the next issue of this "Newsletter of Travesty and Fecundity" is due out in November, so I can get even more nervous (never fear, staffers, the parodies are only of my stuff)...And an East Coast Subg by the name of Vinnie Bartilucci (45 Newburgh St., Elmont, NY 11003) has put out his first issue of the doktorag OMNITHAGERUM, an excellent intro for beginning 'converts' and a neat refreshment for the advanced ranters among us. Cross your fingers Vinnie can manage to publish this regularly, and send him \$1 "OR KILL ME"...Two 'zines in the "showing promise" category are the 8 1/2 x 11 sheets THE WEST VIRGINIA SURF REPORT (Jeff, P.O. Box 663, Dunbar, WV 25064) and THAT MAXINE (Susan Taylor, P.O. Box 10828, Baltimore, MD 21234)—both contain nice graphics and prose (more writing being in Jeff's publication, due to its reduced print). I'm sure each editor will respond to a SASE...Those readers who've only seen my—uh, Kip's Firesign newsletter might want to check out a real fan club for kicks. I'm a long-standing enough fan of Phil Collins to remember when he wasn't a merchandising commodity. Editor Brad Lentz (P.O. Box 12250, Overland Park, KS 66212) is running quite some business here, but as impersonal and form-letterish as his PHIL COLLINS INFORMATION gets, it has nice touches here and there (lyrics, interviews, and even a Q&A page, although I'm still waiting for someone to ask about Phil's fave breakfast cereal) and is well put together. Brad also promises to forward mail to PC (no doubt for a fee), so let's take him up on that this IJ, shall we?...The former editors of the defunct Unspoken Images, Philip Kretsedemas and David Serlin, have come out with a real winner this time, tentatively called SPACE TIME CONTINUUM AND YOUR POCKET WRENCH (you should read the titles they rejected!). It's very impressive and quite recommended, and even comes with a complimentary cassette (which has been passed on to Rory). Send a buck or more to David at 7824 Kismet St., Miramar, FL 33023...Also returning with more quality comics and mindfuck revelations are the Oddmags gang—just received from the UK (too recent to even read yet) are MAD DOG #10, ARCHANGELS THUNDERBIRD, THE ALTERNATIVE HEADMASTER'S BULLETIN and even ADMIRAL CONNOR'S HOT TRUE STEAMY CONFESSIONS QUARTERLY. I can never say enough wonderful things about Chris Brasted and his company of mutant Brits, so send loads of money and inquiries to them at "The Office," 78 Oxford Ave., Southampton SO2 0DN ENGLAND...If you're as intrigued by the myriad forms taken by performance art in the San Francisco area (the mecca for this stuff, I think, as NY is the center for trendy [feh] art), best get UNSOUND—V.2#2 covers Ellen Zweig, Negativland, Karen Finley and other truly unique and neo folks. It costs \$2.50 and can be had from William Davenport, 801 22nd St., San Francisco, CA 94107 (b-t-w, they also have extensive review columns for records, radio stations and alternate publications)...Congratulations to Paul Summer (Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203) and friends on their successful FIASCO mail-art show in August. Paul's On Line Prods. put together a collage synopsis of the proceedings; if you'd like to view it, send 'em a bucko...IJ staffer Susan Packie's book is officially out, and Saki-Poo describes it as follows: "It is called YANTICAW, the Indian word for Third River, the area around which a group of Unami Indians lived until the end of the seventeenth century. The book is based on historical records, archaeology field work I did in the area in the 1970's, anthropology and observations I have made on daily two-hour walks along the river. It deals with the past, the present, and, to a certain extent, the future. The cost is a mere \$4.95, plus 69¢ in cash or stamps if I have to mail it," so that's \$5.64 total to Susan at 10-D Bellevue Ct., Belleville, NJ 07109...Another staffer, Kerry Thornley, has collected his latest posters under the SPARE CHANGE name for \$1; send to 2981 Lookout Place NE, Atlanta, GA 30305...Extraneous thanks to the UTNE READER for mentioning us (in the same breath as Esquire!) in their introductory form letter...At last, the new issue of CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE is out! This one is a how-to for protest movements, like a "revolution begins at home" philosophy. See for yourself by sending a dollar to editor Jim Murray, 505 West End Ave., New York, NY 10024...Watch for some fun excerpts from the YOSSARIAN UNIVERSAL NEWS SERVICE coming soon to an IJ near you; meantime, if you've the money (send SASE for rates), get the dispatches yourself from Paul Fericano, P.O. Box 236, Millbrae, CA 94030...PROCESSED WORLD #14 examines children and child-care in today's labor-obsessed workscene, and has switched to an 8 1/2 x 11 format as well. The Bob Black feud apparently persists, but not beyond the editorial page thank goodness. You can check out this pseudo-Luddite pub by sending \$3 to Lucius Cabins, aka Chris Carlsson, 55 Sutter St. #829, San Francisco, CA 94104...Barbara Sowell, co-editor of META-SCOOP (v.2, #s 869 just out), has a "fitness tip: When walking your favorite brain through congested areas, don't drop the leash. They have a way of getting away from you." Ah, but they need their exercise, and mine always gets a good workout with Barbara's and Deb Armstrong's New Age journal.

Inside IJ Staffers

I'm pleased to announce that, with the addition of our 3 newest staffers (see page 2), the return of Alix and the disappearance of Ken, we now clock in at 15. As far as I know, the addresses below are current and relatively stable, but ah, you mobile people! Judging by some staffer homebases, I suppose you could now call us an international publication, for what that's worth (not much at today's prices, where this information plus a decent slug will get you on the subway).

Staff writers and artists do like to hear from readers personally about their work, for good or ill, so do consider writing to them if you're so inclined. Also, for those who worry about these kinds of things, Anni is not living in the palatial p.o.; she merely wishes to receive IJ mail there rather than at the Hotel New Jersey.

ANNI ACKNER - c/o INSIDE JOKE

DEBORAH BENEDICT, 854 Y Street, Lincoln, NE 68508

ALIX BISHOFF, c/o Daphne Holton, 6 Chatham Close,

London NW11 6NE GREAT BRITAIN

MICHAEL DOBBS, 24 Hampden Street, Indian Orchard, MA 01151

RORY HOUGHENS, R.R. #2, Colfax, IL 61728

TULI KUPFERBERG, 160 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10013

PETER LABRIOLA, P.O. Box 4846, Berkeley, CA 94704

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

SUSAN PACKIE, 10-D Bellevue Court, Belleville, NJ 07109

GEORG PATTERSON, 3280 Amboy Road, Staten Island, NY 10306

ROLDO, 1232 Downing St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3E 2R7 CANADA

STEVEN SCHARFF, P.O. Box 5004, Hillside Township, NJ 07205

CANDI STRECKER, 590 Lisbon, San Francisco, CA 94112

KERRY THORNLEY, 2981 Lookout Place NE, Atlanta, GA 30305

A.J. WRIGHT, 617 Valley View Drive, Pelham, AL 35124

Coming next time, with any luck, will be the autobio intro paragraphs of the three new kids on the block...

Send 'em a SASE at 1004 Live Oak Lane, Arlington, TX 76012...Another winner from below the Mason-Dixon is SOUTHERN LIFESTYLE. Editor James Furst (P.O. Box 10932, Raleigh, NC 27605) has amassed excellent short stories, graphics, record reviews and political activism in this 16-page newspaper, available (I think) for the usual dollar...Posterist extraordinaire Garrett O'Hara has returned with his latest collection, N.S. #1 (already in its 2nd printing), and is planning more. He'd love to hear from potential participants for issue #2, and promises "there will be a beautifully bound contributor's pressing for your trouble." Best check it out first, though—\$1 to P.O. Box 811, Junction City, KS 66441...Revo might consider writing Garrett, as he's just brought out an all-poster (2 each of 5) issue of SURREAL ESTATES—\$1.50 CASH ONLY for the issue, or \$5/4 issues, to P.O. Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061...Kudos to Dana Snow (7356 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90036) for his IDIOT'S DIGEST—a bit much at \$4, but some quite funny shtick and even a tribute to Mortimer Snerd, my fave...We mourn the demise of Maxwell Malice's MICKEY MALICE Magazine, and request that all interested in this witty rag (inc. a marvelous Ivan Stang anti-Smurf tirade) send your \$5 quickly to 1151 W. Kirkwood Ave. #7, Bloomington, IN 47401...Another publication in danger of folding is Denise Dee's THE CLOSEST PENGUINS—Denise reports that "hardly anyone is mailing submissions and I've been slacking off." While I can't fault Slack, I do think it's a pity more people aren't pitching in to this unique stream-of-consciousness collaboration (I tried, but I can't write well enough in that free style), and I hope there are at least enough folks who want to buy the latest issue—625A Natoma, San Francisco, CA 94103...Welcome back to trade-land for THE STARBLAZERS FANDOM REPORT! They're up to #16 now, and there's always lots going on in the Japanese animation field—send your dollar to Michael Pinto at the new address, P.O. Box 4912, Clifton, NJ 07015-4912...Meanwhile, the XEX GRAPHIX Newsletter continues to scour the surroundings of the underground comics scene, and it's free from Bob X, P.O. Box 240611, Memphis, TN 38124...And the newsletter of cross-pollination, against which this column is humbled, FACTSHEET FIVE is up to triple nickels, with issue #15 still sporting work by Anni Ackner, Kerry Thornley, Phil Tortorici, Sean Haugh and other familiar names, plus those terrific synopses of the alternate press world for which Mike Gunderloy is becoming renown. Worth much, much more than \$1.75 per issue to 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155...Time, at last, for the "regulars": BABUSHKIN'S DIGEST #8—L.D. Babushkin, P.O. Box 128, Rosendale, NY 12472 (irreverent creative zine; FREE but do donate & participate); DREAMSHORE #s 21, 21—Jan G. Byron, 618 S. Mitchell St., Bloomington, IN 47401 ("Kid" Sieve's now a staffer, & thanks Jan—outstanding creative/magical pub.; 50¢ but send \$1 if you can); JET LAG #s 56, 57—Steve Pick & Joe Williams, 8419 Halls Ferry Rd., St. Louis, MO 63147 (music scene, esp. St. Louis area [fie on thy loathsome Cardinal birds—nothing personal, guys]; \$1); THE MONKEES/BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB #60—Jodi Hamrich (finally spelled it right, Jodi!), 508 8th St. NE #4, Watertown, SD 57201 (Monkees; 50¢ + SASE); THE MONTHLY... BULLETIN—T.S. Child, 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 (sorry T.S., forgot what # you're up to—creative mini-mag; FREE); THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER V.XIII, #s 3, 4—John T. Harilee (and I've finally corrected that spelling, John—I must have a hangup on "H" names with double letters), Route 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501 (libertarian news-n-views; SASE I believe). That wraps things for now; see you in the funny papers!

QUANTUM COURTESY

BY MILDRED NEPTUNE,

"God's Favorite Thinker"

"NO SOLICITING - RELIGIOUS OR OTHERWISE!"

So reads the sign on my front door. Unfortunately, the type of person who enjoys hawking amorphous theological nostrums door-to-door is not the type who enjoys literacy. Perhaps it's a selective literacy. (They can talk English when they want to, Marge. Like when they're askin' for money.) But I do have the sign and can point to it arrogantly when a God Prod disturbs me.

"But I'm not soliciting!" one fellow said, his brain as empty as a dead man's eyes. "I'm just sharing The Word!"

"Really?" I asked. "I've got a word I'd like to share with you—Scram!"

Still, at least I have this sign to point to when the Jehovahs or the Mormons or the Cathumpetarians come round to disturb my Sunday morning Decameron Study Group. What do you have? Let Mildred help you. Religious dominance is always a pain, but it is an especial pain when it rings a doorbell. Don't let it be—use these exasperating violations of your privacy as a playground for the wise guy in you who needs to frolic and romp. Consider these interruptions in your hard-won domestic peace as challenges.

Your reactions to these inequities will depend, as always, on your mood. Thus I have made divisions:

MOOD—Sleepy, but basically friendly and mellow. When the God Prod violates your peace by offering you the latest issue of *Awake* or the *Watchtower* or the *Moroni Gazette*, smile broadly and say, "Why, thanks! We just run clean out of kitty litter!" Grab the magazines and shut the door. You can wink at the God Prod if you want to. If you're a winker type.

MOOD—Mean! You just wanna be left alone, goddamit, and you have a hangover so powerful it could stop running water. The only reasons you're opening the door are: you hope it's the paperboy because you want to see if your exploits made the police call section; and you hope it's your friends bringing you a cure. Instead—it's a God Prod and you're so mad, you make hell look like a lightning bug.

THINGS TO SAY: "I'm a Satanist and even as we speak, my minions are disemboweling your household pets and smaller family members."

If God Prod is female and you are female: "I'm premenstrual and I have an axe behind the door."

If God Prod is female and you are male: "I'll tradeja some of my magazines for yours—you like *Hustler*?"

If God Prod is male and you are female: "Ooooh—I always heard that like really religious guys are like really great fucks...you wanna come in, honey?"

If God Prod is male and you are male: "Oh, thay—all this sounds just super yummy! Whyancha come on in and we can have some of those utterly delish International Coffees that Carol Lawrence loves so much. Don't you just love Carol? Isn't she just divoon? And Bob, he's great

ATU XVIII—THE GEZUNDHEIT SONATA (or: Simon's Blues) an Etude in B Natural

by Roldo

One brave lunatic yet howls to the desecrated moon and the single, simple thing still divides at his call.

Who is it who asks. Who answers. Change comes whether we bid it or not. The path my sometimes seek the foot.

The lunatic wonders and finds that wonder sufficient without inquiry. His madness requires no solutions to dilute his illusions. He can carry gravity in one hand.

When people meet the lunatic, he gets in the first laugh. They are lured to the edges of the precipice, given views of depth to strengthen their sense of height. The lunatic is always dizzy. He's seen the backs of soaring birds, the tops of clouds, the fine blue threads the sew the world together.

Cities are solid things. You can wound an eye trying to see through them if you don't know the trick of looking, but the lunatic has learned that trick. Visions tickle his eyes. Stone and smoke share the oneness of fire and water.

The lunatic sees it, smells it, holds it steady and the cities buzz around him, flow through him. Even a lunatic knows a river when he finds one. What he wonders is what the river wonders about.

What he sees is his reflection.

4 That's what makes him a lunatic!

too. Oh yes, let's chat. You can meet my poodles—Oh, Puff! Oh, Fifi! Where are Daddy's little ummy wummies???? Disappear back into the house, calling for your snoogie woogie poochie babies. I assure you God Prod will be gone when you return.

In a feisty, intellectual mood? Feeling Norman Mailerish? Wanna toss out Augustine, Aquinas and Adler at the Cult Cranks? Too bad—it's a waste of time. These people are so contrary you could throw 'em in a river and they'd float upstream. You can try if you want. But I can't give you any logical arguments to make them stop and think. Besides, it's not really your place to change their programming—all you need to do is punish them for being intrusive. It's a personal war. All wars are essentially personal.

THINGS NOT TO SAY—Never say that you are Jewish, Catholic, Discordian, Pagan or whatever. They will only regale you with fascinating tales of the latest Jew, Catholic, Discordian, Pagan or whatever whom they SAVED. Once I decided to play along with them. "Can I really have your magazines?" I asked, mainly because I have severe eye hunger and love to read anything. "Well, yes," I was told, "for a quarter." A quarter! Pretty steep. "Does it have a crossword puzzle in it?" I asked, pointing to *The Watchtower*. No, it doesn't have a crossword puzzle. "How about funnies?" I asked. "B.C.? Peanuts? Nancy?" No, no funnies, either. "Well, shit, I ain't paying no quarter for a rag what don't have a crossword or funnies in it! Ain't you people the little end of nothin'!" You can play with their heads, if you want. But remember, innocent pups though they seem to be, they can turn on you.

INTRUSIVE PHONE CALLS—I got home from work—a 25-minute walk in 102° heat and we won't mention the humidity, ok? But I made it, fueled by visions of a long, cold shower. Instead, as I entered, my phone rang. Because it could have been Mark Knopfler offering to leave his wife for me, or Publishers Clearing House telling me I got the million for life, I answered it.

"Hi! This is Scott Dorfman, owner of Ace Furniture here in town—I wanna tell you..." I was aghast. How did that schmuckhead get my permanently unlisted number? Random Computer Selection. (Isn't that oxymoronic? How can a selection be random?) Boy, the nerve of greedy local merchants! Guess how I'm gonna quantum Brother Scott? I'm going to call him at 3:30 this morning and say, "Hi! I'm Mildred Neptune, owner of a really pissed off aura because you called me today and I didn't want you to do that. Just like you don't want me calling you right now, Scott. Furthermore, Scott, I'd rather live in an empty cave than buy anything at your store. To the moon, Scott! Your mother, Scott!"

WE MUST STOP Computer Phone calls NOW, and no method is too diabolical.

LETTERS

Just a few, because, Land O' Goshen, I guess my essay did run on and I know it's rude to take up too much space—speaking of space...

Dear Miss Neptune,

Hi. My name is Camille and I work at the Record Shop and I want to know what to do, how to react when people invade my space by sticking their face right into mine? It makes me want to shout, shout, get it all out—it's one of the things I can do without! Any suggestions?

Sincerely,
Camille, Lincoln, NE but I'm moving to Phoenix real soon.

Dear Camille,

And we will all miss you, dear. Yes—there's plenty that you can do when people invade your space. First, though, try to determine why they are sticking their face into yours. Is it a gesture of intimidation or do they have eye trouble? Always determine the motivation of the offender, no matter what their transgression! In Quantum Courtesy, it is essential that we comprehend the motives of these people—then we can, as Willard says so well, "tear 'em up."

Anyone who invades your space should be treated with subtlety. Step on their shoes, touch their nose with yours and ask, "Like, do you have a zoom lens in your head or what?" Chronic space invaders can be easily deterred by keeping a clove of garlic at the ready for crunching and exhaling. Yes, it's desperate—but think of it the way a spy thinks of his or her cyanide capsule. My friend Wanda says the best way to quantum a space invader is to give them a big, sloppy wet kiss. If this is your style, then g'head.

Best of luck in Phoenix, Camille. Watch out for those ashes, babe.

Dear Mildred,

I have never written to any kind of advice person before but this problem is so difficult, what else can I do? Last night, I was making love with my girlfriend and afterwards I got up to get us a bowl of ganja—and I looked out the living room window and there was the couple who live upstairs—they were staring at me. It was late at night and I thought we were alone, but I know these people must have heard us and possibly have seen us because this morning they were out there with their little yippy dog and they gave me such a look, you know? Then they turned away and laughed. I am really embarrassed—we were pretty enthusiastic and loud. What should I do? How can I possibly face these people?

No Name, No City, No Self-Esteem.

Dear No No No,

Ah, come on—it's not so bad! Everybody has been overheard or over-seen at least once and they've lived through it. Still, it was very rude of the couple to remain outside listening—but really, who can blame them, eh? My advice—walk straight up to them as soon as possible and say, "Hey, I know you guys heard us the other night—it was great, too. What I wanna know is how would you like to join us next time? We've got the megabits and the two Clydesdales, but we could use another couple. How about it?" Then, laugh it off.

That's all, folk. In the meantime, enjoy everything that life brings your way because it won't last till it's gone.

DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

OUT, OUT DAMNED G SPOT

As hard as I try to remain au courant and in the swing of things—and really, guys, I work like a little trooper at this. Honestly, you should see me. Why, not a day goes by when I don't study ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT as though it were the uncut version of CITIZEN KANE, I would never dream of going anywhere without my WOMAN'S WEAR DAILY and Page Six of the NEW YORK POST, and I have even, occasionally, with the awe-stricken respect of a novice television preacher about to approach someone who has just made \$400 million selling toilet tissue printed with the chapters of Leviticus, been known to glance at the personal ads in NEW YORK MAGAZINE—there are still those horrifying, soul-wrenching things (which, coincidentally, usually seem to come at about 3 in the morning after I have indulged in perhaps a smidgen too much jalapeno dip at someone's Trivial Pursuit marathon) when I cannot avoid the feeling that somehow, somewhere, through absolutely no fault of my own, I have irretrievably managed to miss the boat.

There is, for example, the matter of sushi. Now I am, in most instances, what might be termed a hearty and adventurous eater, meaning that I enjoy the pleasures of the table to the extent that people very rarely come around asking me to pose for pictures for the Anorexia Nervosa Foundation, and I have absolutely no qualms about trying out exotic dishes, to the extent that I have been known to walk into otherwise normal restaurants, order things with names like gung choy poo yuk and poisson etouffee au mouche and actually eat them. In short, I will eat pretty nearly anything that doesn't come served in a hollowed-out pineapple and isn't actively trying to carry a writ of habeas corpus to the Supreme Court, but, trendy as the stuff undoubtedly is, I hit right against a brick wall when it comes to sushi. The problem with sushi, as I see it, is not that I don't know what's in it—a complaint often voiced by people when faced with uncommon food-stuffs—but that I know precisely what's in it, and what's in it happens to be seaweed and smelly old raw dead fish. The only creature I ever knew, aside from the current crop of People on the Move, who would willingly eat a combination of seaweed and smelly old raw dead fish was a dog I once owned, a creature of immense cheer and good will who would also willingly eat skunk cabbage, ice cream sticks, smelly old raw dead squirrels, banana peels, and little knobs off the television set, and if anyone's planning to come out with a restaurant featuring THOSE items I'd prefer not to attend a business luncheon within its confines, so there you go. Sushi and I are not on speaking terms.

Then, there's exercise. As I always understood it, exercise was something regularly taken by racehorses, baseball players, aging politicians wishing to maintain a youthful image among their constituents, and anyone else who, by some evil twist of fate, was compelled to earn his or her living by sweating copiously and gasping for breath; or, alternately, one might occasionally, on an especially pleasant evening, remark to one's companions, after a particularly fulfilling dinner, "It's such a lovely night. Let us get a bit of exercise and walk to the theatre from here." It simply never occurred to me that exercise was something for which one paid \$1000 a month, and during which one was expected to contort oneself into unnatural positions, strap oneself to machines formerly not seen this side of the island of Dr. Moreau, and perform weird, ritualistic dances to the strains of LIKE A VIRGIN while wearing peculiarly cut, nylon garments with an annoying tendency to ride up into intimate places, so it's hard to avoid the notion that I may not be travelling quite in the twentieth century as far as this goes.

It is, however, in the case of Sex that I have begun to feel that I am most out of step with What's Happening Now. Of course, lest you get the completely false and erroneous impression from that statement that what you are dealing with here is a timid, naive and inexperienced sort of a girl, let me hasten to assure you that I have lived for nearly 32 fairly checkered years, and I have certainly been around—or, as that paragon of wit and common sense, Mary Richards, once had it, if I haven't exactly been around, I've at least been nearby—so I do know a thing or two, none of them being any of your business. The thing of it is, though, that I've always been preoccupied enough with Sex plain, without ever troubling myself unduly about it fancy—as far as I'm concerned, two's company, three's a crowd, seventeen is a sit-down dinner at Lutèce, and leather and studs look simply adorable if one happens to be a Harley-Davidson, but are slightly less appealing when frolicking about on \$45 Misoni sheets—and thus seem to have missed many of the finer—not to say more ornate—things in life. My ignorance on this particular subject was brought home to me with exceeding force (if you'll excuse the expression) when, quite recently, I was presented, under odd circumstances, with a rather extensive collection of pornographic magazines.

Well, naturally, I'd seen pornography previous to this. Round about the age of eleven—eleven being the age when little girls of my generation normally taught themselves to hold a book with one hand—a group of my schoolmates and I pooled our resources and bought copies of CANDY and I, JANN WENNER (no relation, as far as I know, to the esteemed editor of ROLLING STONE, or, for that matter, to any other human male possessing standard amounts of stamina), both of which were considered pretty hot stuff for the time, and both of which made the rounds of Walt Whitman Jr. High School until their bindings finally became unstuck from being breathed upon with undue intensity, and I had my chance at them the same as everyone else. As I grew older, and theoretically more sophisticated, I discovered Henry Miller—who was a great boon to teenaged self-abusers because it was relatively easy to convince one's parents that one was reading Important Modern Literature, and not plain old smut—and then, at the time at which I lived

therein, one was simply not allowed into San Francisco if one had not perused the KAMA SUTRA, THE JOY OF SEX (the original. They hadn't branched out into their 31 Flavours yet), THE STORY OF O and MY SECRET GARDEN so, really, I consider myself tolerably well-read in the field. Imagine my surprise, then, when, upon receipt of the aforementioned collection of erotica (under MOST peculiar circumstances) I found that, while I had been frittering away my time with the most ordinary of men, doing the most garden-variety sorts of things, there were people out there indulging in the type of activities that make the Marquis de Sade look like the educational programmer for the Christian Broadcasting Network. It was, in short, a revelation to me.

For one thing, to my utmost shock and almost idiotic delight (because it was something of a relief to notice that I could still be disconcerted by something), I discovered that there is a sexual eccentricity of which I had not only never heard, but which had never even crossed my mind, in all my wildest imaginings. Admittedly, my wildest imaginings don't usually involve anything more arcane than Jackson Browne and a waterbed; still, my circle of friends is so wide and varied, and contains people of such creativity, that I honestly thought I'd been clued into everything at one time or another. Besides, one weary night, while looking after the children of a marriage counselor, I had passed the time by browsing through a little volume called (and aptly) PSYCOPATHIA SEXUALIS, by a charming fellow named Kraft-Ebbing, and thereby had discovered that there are people who have deep emotional involvements with shoes and manhole covers and all manner of jolly inanimate objects and what else, thought I in my ignorance, could there possibly be?

What else there could possibly be is Adult Babies.

Adult Babies—working on the assumption that someone besides me didn't know this—are people who, for reasons which were never made quite clear to me, enjoy dressing up in infant wear and pretending to be toddlers. What this means, in effect, is that, even as we speak, somewhere there are 35-year-old systems analysts wearing diapers and romper shirts (which I suppose is marginally better than For Members Only jackets and Chic jeans, at any rate), chairpeople of the board crawling about the floor and sucking on pacifiers (do I have to tell you it's possible to buy adult-sized pacifiers shaped like male genitalia, or could you work that one out for yourself?), and perfectly nice real estate lawyers disgracing themselves on plastic crib sheets. This went immediately to the head of a little list I have of Things I Not Only Do Not Want To Try, But Can't Imagine Why Anyone Else Wants To Try Either (which includes, in case we ever get together in an intimate sense, acts which involve Creatures Other Than Those Human, Things Which Involve Inflicting Serious Pain, and Things Which Involve Climbing to the Top of the Chiffonier and Swinging By Something), as opposed to Things I Do Not Want To Try, But Can Imagine Would Amuse Another Sort Of Person (menage of trois, orgies, bondage of the mild sort, and engaging in any act of a sexual nature while crammed into the front seat of a foreign car with stick shift); still, I think it's sort of interesting, and for all you would-be entrepreneurs out there, it seems to me that there's a certain amount of money to be made from this. While there already exist alert businesspeople who manufacture adult-sized nappies, rubber pants, cribs, teddy bears and the aforementioned pacifiers, there are untapped worlds to conquer in the way of things like Adult Wipes, giant-sized car seats, mammoth sand boxes (also good, I guess, for those of us who like to keep Siberian tigers about the house), and family-sized jars of Gerber strained peas and carrots for Adults. Truly, I think it would behoove somebody to look into this.

Then there are the stories—oh, the stories. Never again will I waste an evening curled up with Twain or Tolstoy or even dear old Henry Miller, not while there are works like "Rock Hard Penis" and "Campus Puss" circulating through the country and just waiting to tell me about life, glorious, sensuous life. My favourite of all the stories I encountered was a little gem called "Island Slave" and, believe me, if the Pulitzer committee passes up THIS one this year you can just assume the contest is rigged, that's all. "Island Slave" is a heart-wrenching, soul-stirring account of a man who is shanghaied out of a bar in Miami (the sort of thing that I just know happens every day. You can never be too careful about Miami) and taken to an island in the Caribbean where he is given hormone shots and turned into a female slave (which begs the question of why, if they wanted female slaves, they didn't just kidnap females, but let it pass, let it pass). Honestly, the things the poor man is put through—let me give you some examples (words in parentheses are mine):

"Don't worry, Mr. Smartass," the deep voice said. "We don't want any damaged merchandise going to our island. As of this moment, you are our slave. You will be given a new name at the appropriate moment. The new name will fit your new identity. There is no escape. No slave has ever escaped from us." (The Slavemaster obviously has some experience working for my old boss.)

"For some reason, I felt different but I could not figure out why. Then I saw that my entire body had been shaved and my toenails had been painted a bright pink." (Yeah, well, that would do it, all right.)

"A jeweled collar was placed around my neck and a thin leash was attached. Mistress led the new slave to the mansion. I was dressed in a short skirt and white, lacy blouse and, although I had little practise, I was doing quite well walking in high heels." (Gee, and I've had 20 years worth of practise and I still get caught in subway gratings.)

As tempting as it is to just go on and quote and quote and quote, time forces me to move on, so suffice it to say that our intrepid hero eventually escapes his captors when a hurricane hits the island (well, it's an ill wind). He wanders around for several years, trying to convince people of his story (don't know why he had any problem with that one. He had me hooked from the first sentence, though admittedly,

I also believe that the National League will one day adopt the designated hitter rule), ends up in a mental institution (sorry, troops. I wouldn't touch a straight line like that with a ten-foot pole), and eventually decides he LIKED being a female slave and returns to the island. I mean, you can see why I'm never going to spend my leisure time reading Twain again, can't you. Twain, hell—I may never read anything again.

What really, finally, utterly did me in, however, was a catalogue of sexual aids. Until that point, I was still a fairly normal woman in tenuous possession of her mind and senses. Afterwards, I degenerated into what you see here: a shell of a woman with a Big Problem. My Big Problem is thus: Again, I wish to point out that I am a tolerably sophisticated individual. The pictures, for the most part, in the sexual aid catalog neither surprised nor confused me. I understand the use of penis extenders (though I wonder at their efficacy. I mean, if it was THAT easy...). I understand the use of whips. I understand wicker baskets that hang from the ceiling (though I shudder at their use in the type of cheeseboard apartments to which I am used) and, thanks to a lovely Norwegian sailor with whom I was once acquainted, I have even had some experience with french ticklers and Ben Wa balls. What I don't understand—and herein lies the Big Problem—is the final illustration in the book, a Scavullo-level black and white of an attractive young gentleman, totally nude (no, loud mouth—I understoof that part), except for a leather-studded harness. Okay, I was with them that far, but, see, the thing of it is that, attached to the harness, in what you might safely call a strategic location, is, well, uh, this boot. That's it, just a boot. A plain old black leather man's boot. Just hanging there. I'd way it was a boot in the \$60 price range. And, you know, I would really love to know what that boot is for. There was no explanatory paragraph (and I so longed for an explanatory paragraph) and, I apologise, but I simply cannot figure out how this accoutrement is supposed to be used, though it does conjure up some slightly surreal mental images. I mean, gang, it was a BOOT. If anyone out there has ANY idea whatsoever of how this little item is supposed to be used, I do wish you'd write and tell me. Later, it's all I think about, and, frankly, I'd much rather be thinking about that unfortunate chap on the island, or even considering whether or not our vice-president of sales is wearing didies under his Brooks Brothers leisurewear than worrying about why a boot is hanging from this model's...well, you know. If you have any information at all, please, please pass it on.

BACKWORDS LOGIC by Ace Backwords-015



BACK INTO THE FIRES OF HADES by Bob Warner

On the morning of the third day after he died, the old man rose from his deathbed and told all the startled mourners how happy he was to be alive again after his brief stay in the hereafter.

"There first was darkness, then the Fires of Hades," he said. "You can't imagine what it is like, to be popped into that fiery furnace, knowing your juices will be stewed forever!"

Then the old man's wife came forth. As sharp-tongued as ever, she shook a fat finger in his face and launched herself into a scorching tirade the enormity of which cannot be recounted in this brief tale.

Suffice to say, the old man, clutching his chest, was thankful for the second and ultimately fatal seizure which sent him back into the darkness, then back into the cooler Fires of Hades.

Unleash Your Weirdness

The Church of the SubGenius is the cynicism religion of the future, uniting superior mutants, renegades, weirdos, kooks, twisted geniuses and sci-fi sinners in a brain cult of prophetic yuks.

"This is either a sleazy fly-by-night scam, or the most incredible work of art I have seen in ten years." — TOMORROW '90
Insane Church of the SubGenius propaganda \$1.

The SubGenius Foundation
P.O. Box 148366
Dallas, Texas 75214

TALK SHOW HOST CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

INTER-OFFICE MEMO

FROM: MARKETING

TO: PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT

The last quarterly report would indicate the success of your development efforts, and we in Marketing would just like to add our own congratulations. Our job to sell these products has been made much easier because, in reality, they are pre-sold. You've identified the market which exists and designed products for it.

Whoever realized just how isolated and paranoid we've become deserves a sizable bonus. We in Marketing can only hope the company doles out some cash to keep your creative team happy.

We all know just how insecure American society has become. We worry about everything from proper fashion to underarm odor, and companies such as ours profit from these fears.

The suggestion has been made to us to review with you some of your successful product ideas in the hopes of generating some quick and relatively easy second-generation merchandise. We've added our own notes for your consideration.

CABBAGE PATCH DOLLS—Who would have thought that exploiting children's natural urge to ape parenting would have resulted in this bonanza? With the money spent on clothing, summer camps, strollers, beds and much more, certainly a family could involve themselves in any number of foster child or big brother/big sister programs. The role-playing here is, of course, much more satisfying, as it is all neatly controlled.

MY BUDDY—We understand that early sales figures show another winner here. If a child outgrows the need to be a parent, they can be a friend with this new doll. For the child who needs friends but can't get them, this is cheaper and better than sending the kid to a counselor.

CELEBRITY GREETING TAPES—Although not a great success, this idea might become something very big. Instead of sending a card or letter to someone celebrating a birthday or anniversary, these cassette tapes with dubious "celebrities" mouthing some cheap banality fit the bill for those who just can't bring themselves to give something that requires much thought or caring.

VARIOUS CHILD SAFETY PRODUCTS—Who would have dreamed anyone could have turned the issues of child abuse and snatching into a money-making product field? However, all the videotapes, child fingerprinting kits, books, records, coloring books, etc. are making money. Again, the idea of substituting a book or record for some parental attention has proven to be a marketing commandment.

TALKING CARS, REFRIGERATORS, etc.—Unnecessary and expensive additions to everyday products has long been another marketing commandment, but adding the ability for an appliance to talk is a stroke of genius. Repairmen love it.

POCKET-SIZED CONTAINERS OF DISINFECTANT—Absolutely brilliant...people can spray all those nasty germs in public restrooms away. Of course, the spray doesn't take care of all the germs people are obsessed with, but why tell them that?

As far as new products go, we just have to do something with AIDS. Perhaps some sort of identifying jewelry for gay men...neat little gold pendants signifying a believer in "safe sex." Definitely, a book or video on AIDS...an instructional of some sort...We let the herpes thing go by without any real amount of merchandising, and we really shouldn't miss this very golden opportunity.

With liquor liability laws the way they are in many states, we must start doing something for people who drink at home or at parties...perhaps a line of anti-drunk posters, coasters, bar lights, etc.? Perhaps a standard form people could sign at a party to absolve the party-giver of any liability? We'd be doing a public service and making money.

Please get back as soon as possible on this last idea, as we would like to have a product line ready for next summer.



"Late with her annual TV review again, eh?"
"Ah, give 'er a break, it was baseball season. Maybe in #42..."

TALES OF THE AX MURDERS

by A.J. Wright

Leon:

The day before it happened Miss Violet brought me the ax to sharpen. I thought it was strange that she and not her father came...I had no idea...but I put the blade to whetstone just the same and it sang to me as sparks streamed into the air like the tresses of a beautiful woman drowning in the undertow of a dream. I took the ax to her and not her father.

Vanessa:

I saw her, my best friend, only hours before the deed. We had known each other for years and I never suspected she had desires beyond the usual ones of our sex and station: a few nice things in a modest but clean house, children, husband sober and discreet. How could I know she had this awful seed growing in her like the warped fetus born last year to Missy Faulkner?

Carl:

We only saw each other, alone, a few times. In the winter we would sit in the parlor and I listened as she read to me from Poe or Baudelaire. In the summer we sat on the veranda, she in the swing, or walked in the garden at dusk. During all these times together her father was elsewhere in the house or on the grounds, spying on us, but we never saw him. I brushed one of her hands with my own a few times and even kissed her right cheek once. I thought she had the most beautiful dark hair but I never saw it fall to its full length. We were not in love, we were just friends.

Violet:

I know less now than I did before. I thought things might open up; I am so tired of this fog in my head. I remember days that were as clear as a glass of water lifted out of Sander's Creek and held in the afternoon sunlight. I can even remember what I thought on those days: that the absence of love is a cruel hood separating us from ourselves like a falcon from its flight; that the voices surrounding me tie me down to both the past and the future; that perhaps Carl was fond of me. I remember little else, having no reason to try.

Reverend Allen:

Let us pray. O Lord, we commend the body and soul of this man to Thy care. We cannot begin to understand the motives of that woman, but in her name we beg Thy forgiveness. Take this flesh and this spirit, O Lord, and reunite them as Thy will directs. Let them shine in heaven as they could never hope to do, clay walking upon clay. Amen.

Mr. Sanders:

No one regrets his passing, perhaps only its manner. A few of us will miss the daughter while she stares out the window of that pit, that institution. She was kind, but I imagine the kindness will soon be washed out of her. I think these roles should be reversed; we should be lowering her body into the grave and her father should be staring at the insides of his head. There would be a better measure of justice in that ending—the loose ends of our lives would not be quite so unravelled.

TEMPORARY SITUATIONS

by Steven F. Scharf

"Be wit' ya inna minute."

Those were the words he said on 5:30 of that day. Appropriately enough, on Friday the 13th. I had wanted to talk to him about how I was doing at the press I had been working on for the past three weeks. Now that my trial period was over, I had only two possibilities. Remain with the PIP franchise, or go job-hunting again.

After my employer's phone call ended, he steered me into his cubicle (as the other employees left for the weekend) and gave me the news.

To quote him exactly, "Either you can juggle, or ya' can't juggle."

I couldn't juggle.

I already knew that from school. My teacher suggested I go into the field or pre- or post-production work for a printing plant. But I tried to fight the truth and, through the help of a friend of the family, got a job with a "Mc-Printshop" as a press trainee. But I didn't have the knack to run the damn machine.

As I drove home, I reflected on my Kerouac-esque job history. Washing dishes in a deli for a redneck who kept a sawed-off behind the counter. Having a teacher friend help me cheat on a CETA form so I could get a summer job pushing a broom in the elementary school where I spent a miserable eight years. Answering the Census' plea for enumerators and having to ask people some personal information; people who had refused to fill in their forms on political grounds (try to ask a man how much he makes in a year, while you're sitting amid his gun collection). The many one-day jobs taking inventory in hardware stores. My driving job for a veterinary lab, shuttling samples and results across rural New Jersey, driving into majestic, Wagnerian sunsets. Six weeks' work in a record store, trying to maintain order amid noisy, doped-up people (not the customers, the other employees!). And the temporary work at a shopping mall gift shop that lasted 3½ years.

After working in two department store concessions (Halloween supplies and assembly-line oil paintings), I silently swore off working retail.

Now I'm on the verge of rescinding that action.

As I try to think of an ending for this piece of self-pity, with a list of clipped want ads by my typewriter, I realize that everyone has had various money-making ventures they remember, but why are they only temporary or low-paying?

The UHF tv often shows "get rich quick" schemes involving buying real estate at tax auctions, scavenging off of others' failures like vultures picking the bones of those foolish enough to wander too far into the desert.

They say the state of mind where contradictions and paradoxes, as in the Zen koans ("What is the sound of one hand clapping?" et al.), finally make sense is called *satori*.

Then *satori* must be "it"—peace of mind, or, in the business sense, a secure paycheck every week.

Forgive me for saying this, but my situations seem to be "trans-satori." Things shifting from one thing to another. But I seem to be better off than people living in the streets.

I guess the punk adage holds true: "The world's got problems, I've got problems of my own."

RON'S "IMAGINE"

tune: John's "Imagine"

by Tuli Kupferberg

Imagine there's no Earth
It's easy if you try
Just Hell below us
Above us mushroom sky
Imagine zero people
Dyin' all today, Aye...
Imagine there's no cities
It isn't hard to do
None left to kill or cry for
And no atheism too

Imagine there's no people
Atom Death means Peace

You, you may say I'm a schemer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And Armageddon will be won.

Imagine my possessions
I wonder if you can
No greed for love so tender
"A"-netherhood of Man
Imagine zero people
Offin' all the world
You, you may say I'm a schemer
But I'm not the only one
I know someday you'll join us
And the world will die as one...

RADICAL INSANITY.

a cult of screamers and laughers, scoffers, blasphemers and sinners

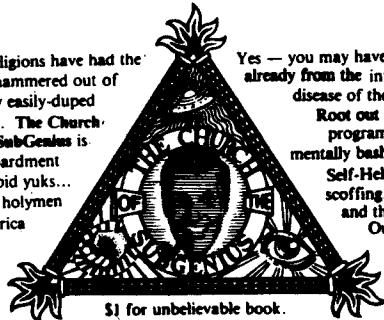


A Fanatical Attack on

FANATICISM

The Church of the SubGenius
P.O. Box 14036
Dallas, TX 75214

Most religions have had the 'grins' hammered out of them by easily-duped fanatics. The Church of the SubGenius is a bombardment of morbid yuks... the last holymen in America today.



Yes — you may have *Snapped* already from the information disease of the TV Age. Root out your false programming and mentally bash it to hell. Self-Help through scoffing, mockery, and the Casting Out of False Prophets.

\$1 for unbelievable book.

Our Lady

by Jo Aphasias

Michelle just didn't know what to do anymore. Billy was driving her crazy in more ways than one. He was hot, she couldn't deny that. But he was also clearly way past the point of madness in many ways. And oh-so-cute with it. Michelle couldn't deal with all the contradictions, couldn't resist the ardor. Who could?

"What am I supposed to do with you?"

"Love me until my brain explodes." He wasn't kidding either.

"But Billy, you're on the wrong side of a very big ocean."

Or maybe she was. He just said that he didn't care. He could no more stop loving her than he could stop breathing. Nothing she did made any difference. She didn't even need to exist, certainly didn't need to care. That made it easy to stop.

"If you leave me I'll ram a goddamn screwdriver through my ear."

"I don't wanna be fuckin' worshipped," she screamed down the phone lines at him.

He said he'd change. He cried. But his poems were still full of crucifixion and she saw each and every one.

"You say you love me but all you ever do is pout and whine when we talk. Make that whenever I call. You could call, you bitch..."

Maybe she even did care. He never called. She stopped it all. Got on a plane and flew to London. His letters were icy cold. Or maybe that was before London. Sequence meant nothing. It was all the same. Finally he called.

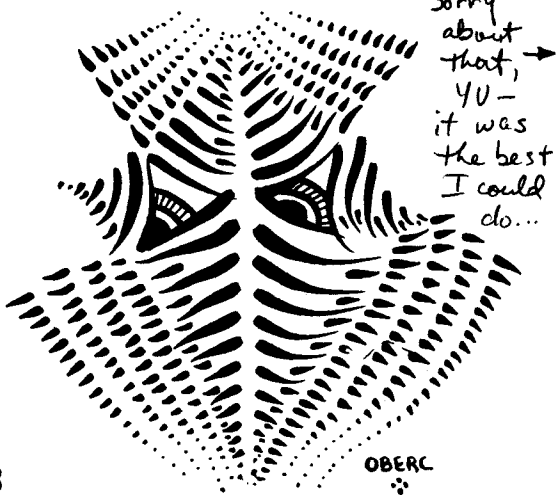
"Billy, you're so drunk."

"Hey, we all got our freedom. Be free. I don't care. I don't care if you fuck every punk in Europe. I just love you. Can't you understand that?"

"Come and be with me."

He wouldn't cut loose. She wouldn't go back. He said he was an asshole, she was a cunt. He was crying as she hung up on him.

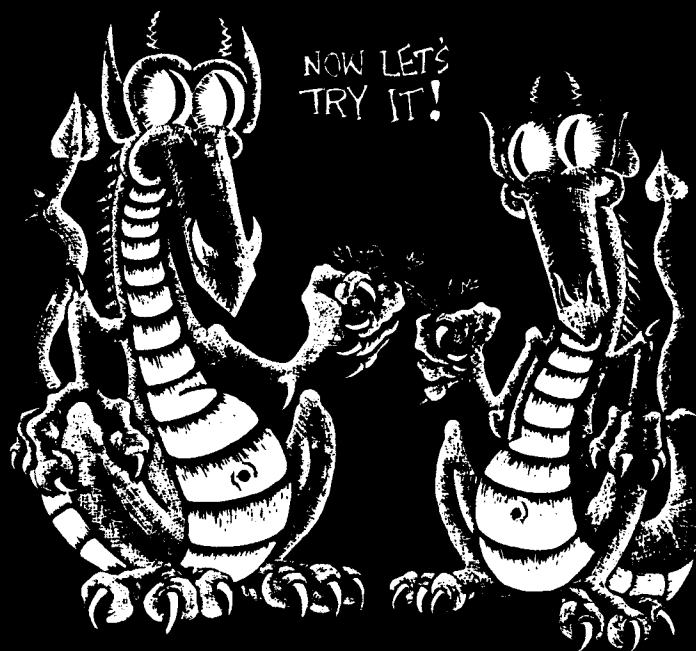
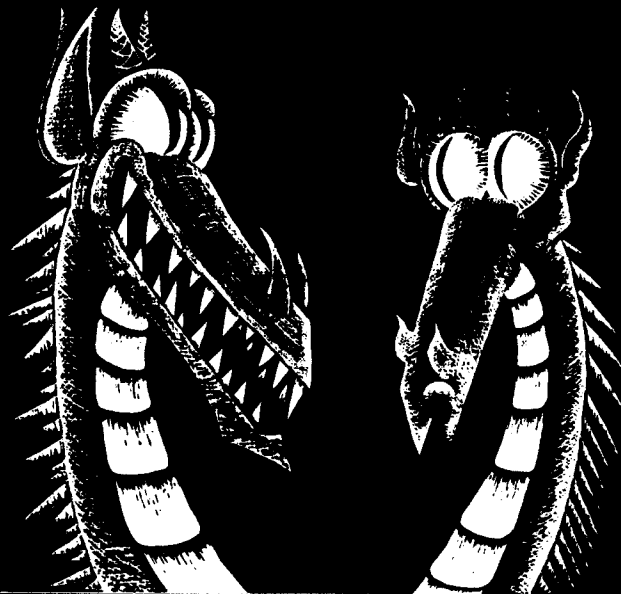
Michelle didn't feel any better. But not any worse either. She went out and got very drunk, ended the night up on the strip getting a spider tattooed on her shoulder. Thought of Billy with each needle. Gods, he was such a little prick.



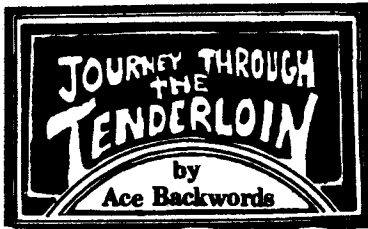
Sorry about that, →
YU—
it was the best I could do...

OBERC

IT'S EASY TO EAT, REALLY... JUST PICK IT UP IN YOUR HAND AND HOLD IT FIRMLY... THEN JUST SQUEEZE IT TILL THE STUFF SQUIRTS OUT!



NOW LET'S TRY IT!



CHAPTER III: "THE GREAT
NEBRASKA BOLOGNA ROBBERY"

I was all set to drive off in my beat-up ole Chevy Impala when Charlene came running out of her house. She was lugging a small suitcase. "Lemme in," she said. "Okay," I said. "Where to?" "I dunno." I sat there for a second looking at her. She was staring

straight ahead out the front windshield.

"Just drive," she said. "Get me out of here."

I started the car and off we drove. The streets were pretty empty. Ridgeway, New Jersey—what a wonderful place. I was pretty nervous at this point, so I tried to whistle along with the song on the car radio, "Angie" by the Rolling Stones. I'm not much of a whistler, but sometimes it keeps my mouth occupied from saying something stupid.

"Listen," Charlene said finally. "I can't go back home. I'm leaving Ridgeway. I've got a girlfriend in San Francisco. I'm going there."

"San Francisco??!" I said. "For godsake, that's 3,000 miles away! What about school? What about your parents? What about the game next week?"

Charlene kind of groaned, and gave me a look like I was a complete idiot. "And don't you tell anyone where I'm going, Christopher. Promise?"

"Well, sure," I said. "But gee, how are you going to get there?"

"I've got a little bit of money. Just give me a ride to the freeway and I'll start hitching. I'll be out of this shithouse town in no time."

"Don't you know it's dangerous for a girl to be hitch-hiking? And in the middle of the night."

"I don't need any lectures, Christopher. If you won't do it just let me out here, dammit."

I ran my fingers through my hair. "Okay, I'll give you a ride to the freeway."

"I appreciate it. Honest Cricket, I didn't mean to get you messed up in this thing."

"Yeah, well what the heck was going on back there anyway? I mean, your parents are kind of peculiar."

"Jesus, don't I know it!"

"I mean, it's none of my beeswax getting involved in your domestic squabbles but..."

"I don't want to talk about it!"

We drove in silence. I could tell she REALLY didn't want to talk about it. But what the heck were we supposed to talk about? I looked out the window at the passing trees and houses. Sometimes the whole world seems rotten. It seemed like the whole world was contaminated with poison gas or something and the only safe place was inside my car. Just keep driving and everything'll be all right.

"Well hey, here's the freeway entrance," I said. "What the heck. I don't have nothing else to do tonight. I'll drive on a bit until we find you a good spot to hitch from." I pulled onto INTERSTATE 80 WEST.

It was well after midnight when I realized we were entering into Pennsylvania. YOU ARE NOW LEAVING NEW JERSEY—"THE GARDEN STATE".

"Gee, I hadn't realized we've been driving for so long," I said. "Good-bye New Jersey."

"Good riddance New Jersey," said Charlene. "The only good thing about New Jersey is, it's a good place to leave."

We both laughed at that. Then we stopped laughing. And she started crying.

"There, there, Charlene," I said. I put my hand on her thigh, patted her a few times. Then she REALLY started bawling. Loud sobs and everything.

I turned up the radio. Whistled a little bit. Looked out the window. Nothing but gray trees and shrubs and the blaring headlights of the cars coming at us from the opposite direction. My car was a missile, blasting down the freeway. I pointed it directly at the horizon, blasting into the unknown.

Good riddance, New Jersey.

It wasn't until we reached Chicago that it started to dawn on me: THIS WAS GETTING SERIOUS! We had been driving non-stop for nearly two days and were already halfway across the country. We were knee-deep in empty McDonald's litter and I was wired to the gills on coffee.

"So what are you gonna do when we hit San Francisco?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Try to relax and get my ball bearings straight. My girlfriend says she might even be able to get me a job where she works."

"What does she do?" I asked.

"She's a professional dancer."

"Oh really? A ballerina?"

"Not exactly..."

We had been pretty lucky so far. The radio reports kept predicting a big snowstorm on the way, but we kept just ahead of it. We really didn't have any problems at all, until The Great Nebraska Bologna Robbery.

"I hate to bring this up," said Charlene, "but I'm down to my last \$12."

"I've got about \$7 left," I said. Visions of being buried alive in an Illinois snowdrift danced through my head. "We need gas money!"

The solution: Rex and Bill.

Rex and Bill were hitch-hiking just out of Chicago. Rex was small

and mean. Bill was 7 foot tall and dumb.

"I'm goin' to Los Angeles to git m-me a j-job as a radio disc j-jockey," drawled Bill in a thick Kentucky accent, made thicker by his speech impediment.

"I just got out of reform school," said Rex, "and I ain't going back!"

We explained the gas problem.

"Pull into the next small town," ordered Rex. "I'll get you some gas." He had an evil smile on his tight little face. I distrusted him immediately.

Rex held up a short piece of garden hose. "We've been siphoning gas all the way from Kentucky."

"Shit yeah," said Bill.

We siphoned gas all the way to Nebraska. Actually, it's pretty easy. You just stick one end of the hose into somebody's gas tank and SUCK. The only trick is to get your mouth out of the way before you get a mouthful of gas. BLEECCH! I didn't feel too cool about ripping people off. But what alternatives did we have?

One night we snuck onto a sleepy Nebraska farm. Rex broke into the garage and stole a bunch of expensive fishing equipment and a razor-sharp knife. The fishing stuff he traded for a tank of gas at the station down the street. The knife he kept.

"You could slit somebody's throat with this baby," said Rex from the back seat, admiring his knife. "If they don't do like I say."

Rex wasn't very much older than me, but there was something prematurely mean and hard about his baby face—as severe as his crew cut.

Rex spent the next hour regaling us with tales about how he was the leader of this gang in Florida. How they pulled big jobs robbing banks and stealing cars. How the cops were all scared of him because he was such a bit-time criminal. How he was known throughout the state as Big-Time Rex. He was too smart to get caught, and the cops knew it. And now he had this weapon—this knife—so he had REALLY big plans now. No one could stop him. He had absolutely no fear.

Bill mostly just wanted to talk about the alleged rumors that "the g-gals in Los Angeles don't even wear n-no brasieres or nothing."

We stopped in a little Nebraska town to use the restrooms and get some lunch at a small grocery store.

"Wait here," said Rex. "I'll get us some food. I'll show you how it's done."

We waited in the parking lot while Rex and Bill went into the grocery store. "That guy gives me the creeps," said Charlene.

"Don't worry," I said. "He's gotten us all the way from Chicago."

But after waiting ten minutes, I started getting nervous. Finally big Bill, the 7 foot goof, came running out of the store in a hurry. "Shit. They g-got Rex!" he gasped.

"What?"

"Yeah. H-he was shoplifting this little 98¢ package of bologna when the manager spotted him sticking it in his jacket. The manager says to put the bologna back and get out. But Rex keeps saying he don't got n-no bologna and starts for the exit. S-so the manager grabs Rex and holds him down—sits right on top of him for crissakes so he can't move. And Rex is hollering and yelling about Big-Time Rex, and how they'll never take him alive, and his gang and everything. But the manager is pretty fat and he's just about squashing p-poor li'l Rex. Then another store guy called the cops."

Right on cue a cop car pulled up to the store. Then another, and another, until there were six cop cars in all.

"Jesus," said Charlene. "This must be the biggest crime wave to hit Nebraska in 20 years!"

All the cops went storming into the store. A minute later, all the cops came marching out of the store, with Rex in the middle, his hands handcuffed behind his back. Rex had a defiant look on his mug—like Little Caesar or one of those gangsters—but he was bawling tears all down his face.

We sat there for a second in the car.

"What a dumb fuck!" said Charlene. "Why didn't he just put the bologna back? All that for a lousy 98¢ package of bologna!"

We all agreed Rex was a dumb fuck. I started the car, and we were back on the freeway.

We had been driving about half an hour when we all started getting second thoughts.

"Y'know, he d-did get us all the w-way from Chicago," drawled Bill.

We decided to turn around and go back to the town. That night we all slept in the car. The next morning we all went to the trial.

Justice moves swift in sleepy little Nebraska towns. The judge sentenced Bi-Time Rex to 30 days in jail for stealing 98¢ worth of bologna, "to teach you a lesson, boy."

Bill decided to stay behind and wait for Rex, so Charlene and I waved good-bye and hit the road.

And that's the story of The Great Nebraska Bologna Robbery.



An Early Christmas Present

by Prudence Gaelor

Dear Everyone,

I must tell you how glad I am to be back. Because of what I said about her, Alix demanded that I leave or make it up to her. Being stupid, I chose the latter. I went on a journey so terrible that it took me to the very depths of Abyss and unfolded horrors that would turn Mr. T into Marshmallow Fluff. And as it is that time of year to do my one good deed so to prevent receiving coal when everyone else is opening brightly wrapped packages, I will give several hints in order that anyone else thinking of undertaking such a journey might make it back alive and possibly still sane.

In cleaning your refrigerator:

First, throw out anything that predates the height of Mayan civilization. With the exception of dairy products; these I would throw out if obtained before the Huberty Slayings. For example, there was this nasty cottage cheese that ...

You most probably do not want anything that went into the fridge dead and is now coming back to life before your eyes. Do not think of this as the Second Coming, but more as something out of Night of the Living Dead.

Throw out anything that is unidentifiable. Get rid of it if it is, or is covered with something that you don't recognize.

Throw out anything that recognizes you. Your three-month-old corned beef sandwich is not going to want to make friends when all it can remember was that you tried to smother it with Saran Wrap.

As gross as it appears to be, you must clean out the vegetable bin in the bottom of your fridge. I happen to know that if I left Alix's for another week we might not have needed to go shopping for vegetables again. There were mushrooms growing on her mushrooms. However, as neat and economical as it sounds, clean it out. Think Triffids.

If it walks, crawls, slithers or slides—kill it. You have a constitutional right to defend yourself. If nothing else, any court would find you innocent by reason of insanity. Think Triffids.

Get someone else to do it.

Do not attempt to clean out the fridge by eating everything that is inside it. I won't even explain how disgusting that is. Yuck.

There you have it. With these hints you too might make it to the New Year. And while you're slaving away, remember that Sigourney Weaver turned into a bald celluloid creature and all because she failed to clean out her refrigerator. Merry Christmas.

Love,

PRUDENCE



IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT MY FEMININITY,

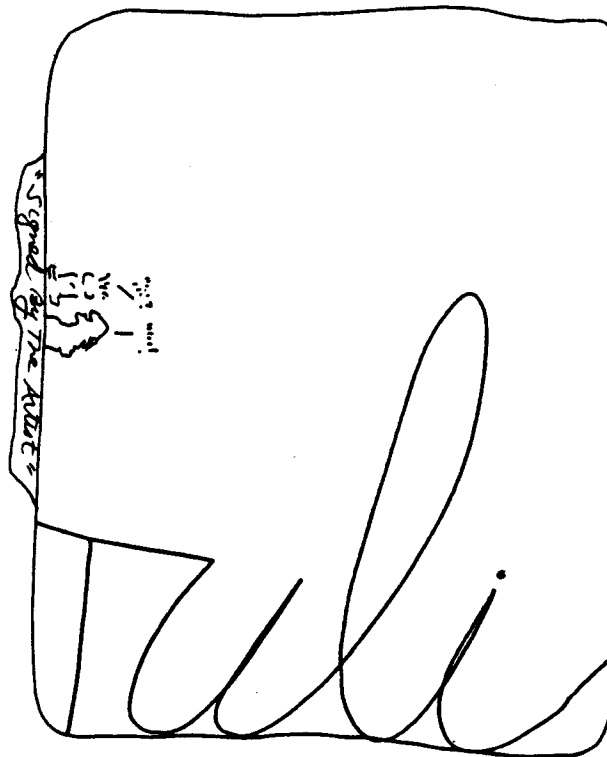
I'll kick your ass!

BLACK PRAYER

by Susan Packie

Our Father
Who art in Harlem
Hollow be thy name
We wait on our ass
For this world to pass

And are rewarded
By taking the blame
If poverty and thy will
Are the same
We'll let the kids know
Thy kingdom came



An A Propos Name

by Susan Packie

No one knows if the soul's final destination is up or down, but a number of Brooklyn residents are experiencing a sinking feeling.

"Dummy, I told you to put the car in the garage. What's it doing in the basement?"

"Well, Ma, I'm not perfect, but neither are you. I thought you were supposed to be in the kitchen getting dinner ready."

"I am in the kitchen getting dinner ready."

"If this is the kitchen, why is the street on the same level as the middle of the window?"

"Good grief, the street is rising!"

"That's one way of looking at it. Where's Dad?"

"Upstairs. Why?"

"I thought I saw him outside a minute ago."

"Nonsense. He couldn't have come down the staircase because I have the laundry on the bottom step."

Good old Dad waved in the kitchen window.

"George! How did you get outside?"

"I just stepped outside my bedroom and...Oh, I see what you mean."

"That bedroom door leads to a balcony, not to the lawn. I know this is a split-level house, but that's impossible!"

The house gave a loud groan and the staircase split into two sections.

"Just as well, I suppose. We don't really need it any more. Do you know if we live in a geologically unstable area?"

"Only when you start throwing things, dear."

Outside, traffic lights were sinking into the pavement, cars were being swallowed up by tremendous cracks in the roadway, and the tops of trees were taking on the appearance of bushes.

"Have we always been able to see the bay from the kitchen window, dear?"

"No, and we won't be able to for very long."

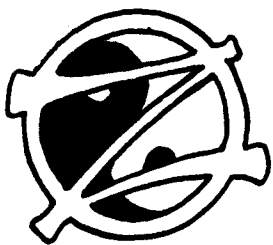
Just then, ground level crept over the top of the window.

"You know, George, we really should have suspected that something like this would happen one day when we moved here."

"Why?"

"This section of the city is called Sunset Park."

THE MEDIA WANTS TO
Keep writing and talking instead of
working. If they want to keep living
they better send a SASE to work-
sharing Even Age WorkForce Plan or
EVEN AGE
Box 2243, Youngstown, Ohio, 44504



Zenarchy STORIES

DOG DHARMA

by Ho Chi Zen

"Dogs don't understand us," wrote Robert Anton Wilson. "We sit around and bark at each other for hours when there is nothing to bark about. Note especially how puzzled dogs look at parties: a whole pack of us barking together and no reason at all for it."

ENJOYING THE UNIVERSE

Wrote Chuang-Tzu: "Take your seat in the Tao and its Attributes and be not addicted to any one thing: Enjoy yourself with the Author of All; let things be things and be not a thing to them."

A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW

As a technical writer in the aerospace industry, Camden Benares was moonlighting by helping an Indian exchange student in engineering with his thesis on the industrial uses of laser beams.

At work during the day he was busy gathering data for an instruction manual from various departments in his firm. In one of those departments the personnel kept postponing supplying the information he needed. To them, his exact status happened to be unknown. That he was on official business was evident, but no one had bothered to ask whether he was a messenger, a writer, or a high-level executive.

"What's holding you up?" he finally asked them.

Said one of the engineers, "We haven't been able to solve this one problem, having to do with laser beams." Camden requested the details, saw that it pertained to matters covered in the exchange student's thesis, made a couple of calculations and gave them their answer. Everyone in the department was astonished.

"Say," inquired one of them, "where did you go to school?"

"U.C.L.A.," he replied, gathering up his papers and preparing to leave.

Someone inquired as to the date of his graduation and he named the year in the late Fifties when he had completed his studies.

"Wow!" said another of them. "I didn't know they were that up on laser technology at the U.C.L.A. engineering school that long ago!"

"I wasn't in engineering," he replied dryly.

"Well, then, what was your major?" they wanted to know.

As he walked out, he looked back over his shoulder and said, truthfully but without further explanation, "Theater Arts."

DING DONG DHARMA

Five-year-old Kreg was giggling with his four-year-old friend, Brendan, one day about "ding-dongs."

Brandon's mother overheard them and said, "Watch your language, Kreg!"

"Ding-dong" isn't a bad word," he retorted. "It's a word that bells make."

A ZENARCHIST PASTTIME

Krishna loves to dance with the Gopis. Jesus loved to drink wine and joke with his friends. Chuang-tzu loved to sit on a bridge and fish. Zen Masters love to sit in meditation. Waiting for the Permanent Universal Rent Strike is the favorite pasttime of Zenarchists.

If you are tired writing such bathroom graffiti as, "This is Lenny Bruce Memorial Number Five—he died of the shit you are taking!", you might instead want to make "Permanent Universal Rent Strike" your handwriting on the wall.

Or if, when you are loitering, a policeman wants to know what you are doing, at a moment when your mind is asleep and doesn't volunteer anything original, you might just say to him you are waiting for the Permanent Universal Rent Strike.

POLITICAL FREEDOM

Said Judge Crater, writing in Saint John's Wednesday Bread Messenger: "In America we do not call it the Communist Party, we call it politics; you get your choice of a politician."

A RABBLE ROUSER

According to a Buddhist fable, there was once a monk named Sadaparibhuta (Forever-Not-Having-Condemed) who practiced no austerities and did not preach any doctrine, but simply approached all different kinds of people and said, "I don't blame you."

On this account he was abused, insulted, defamed and persecuted. In the event of all such actions he merely responded with, "I don't blame you."

On his deathbed he heard a voice in the air recite a sutra, and his last words were the Bodhisattva's Vow.

Later he returned incarnated as Sakyamuni Buddha and those who had mistreated him returned as his loyal monks.

TINY ZEN MASTERS

Gary Snyder once said that raising a child is like having a Zen master in your home as a permanent guest.

Once, when my son was five years old and we were walking along together, he said: "Daddy, what does your life feel like?"

I said, "Well, what do you mean by that?"

"What does your life feel like?" he repeated.

"Well," I said, "that all depends on what you mean by 'life' and what you mean by 'feel like'."

Not to be contented with discourses, he stomped his foot and said in irritation, "Your life! What does it feel like?"

Trying another approach, I asked: "What does your life feel like?"

After a long pause, he replied: "Well, that's hard to explain."

Ever since then I have been wondering. What does my life feel like?

THAT CERTAIN FEELING

A Discordian named Scott Medley of Texarkana, Texas, responded to my Zenarchy mailings by writing: "*My greatest religious experience came while deep in Zen meditation. It was then, in a sudden flash of awe-inspiring illumination, that I realized that all the Universe was a supremely funny joke and that I was the punch-line! Since that time, the mere fact of my existence has been such a source of joy and wonder to me that I am driven nearly wild with delight.*"

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE

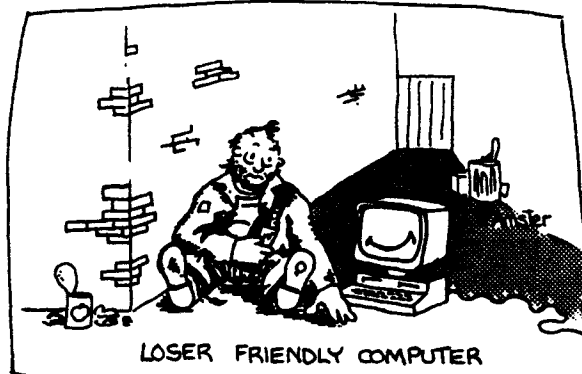
How many Zen masters does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Two. One to screw in the lightbulb and one not to screw in the lightbulb.

IF YOU LIKE ZENARCHY STORIES

...you will dig Zen Without Zen Masters by Camden Benares, who stopped speaking to me because my devotion to transcendental paranoia is, in his opinion, heretical to our shared faith in cornball Zen. This book is easily found in bookstores and contains, among other wonders, a delightful picture of Ho Chi Zen.

In the few Zenarchy stories that are actually true, Camden has sometimes been played by Rabbi Koan. His Zen Without Zen Masters is a collection of American Zen stories that range from the likes of that lightbulb joke to one (about a guy who was either a holy man or a shithead) that was the enlightener of Hagbard Celine of Illuminatus! trilogy fame—whose authors have also stopped speaking to me.

If you know of any way to get people to stop speaking to you without going through the complexities of first getting them to mention your name on the dedication pages of their books—as mine was in the books mentioned here—write and tell me how it is done! In return for such valuable information, I'll write back and tell you whether I am a holy man or a shithead.



SNIDE CRITIC TEARS APART:

The Black Cauldron

by J.P. Morgan

This year has not been kind to Disney—has anybody seen BABY (ET-as-dinosaur), RETURN TO OZ (a reportedly solemn non-musical about Dorothy & weird animatronic critters), or THE BLACK CAULDRON? All three films had very short runs this summer, but I caught the last one during its final week in beautiful Middletown, NJ...and I must say, THE BLACK CAULDRON has an odd, schizophrenic feel to it: dark nastiness, gummy cuteness, and some strange sexuality thrown together in a big pile of non-entertainment.

Basically, the story (adapted from Lloyd Alexander's books) concerns some Boy-Who-Dreams-Of-Being-A-Great-Warrior (I forget his name) who must hide Hen-Wen the all-knowing pig from the Evil Horned King, who wants to use Hen-Wen's visions—the pig don't talk, her visions appear in the water she drinks from—to find the Black Cauldron, which in turn will enable him to raise an army of skeletons to conquer the land. The Boy stumbles into one mess after another, meeting Gurgi (a "cute" little pest: like an upright Benji with Donald Duck's voice), some weird Girl (I don't remember her name either) with a magic flying lightbulb (which seems video-composited over some of the animation), and some washed-up old minstrel (his name evades my memory) with a harp that busts a string whenever he lies.

Our heroes meet in the Evil Castle, escape after the Boy picks up a Magic Sword that was lying around, encounter a crowd of cutesie-pie fairies, find three silly old witches who then trade the Boy's Magic Sword for the Black Cauldron...only to be captured by the Horned King's thugs (in an earlier scene, one thug looks just like a debased Captain Hook...after drinking a gallon, maybe, of hard booze). Our heroes are then faced with the prospect of being made into Undead Warriors! Fortunately, the Horned King leaves the room long enough for Gurgi! The cute pest to untie our heroes and, in a fit of depression (or boredom maybe), jump into the Black Cauldron, which undoes the evil spell—causing the Undead Warriors to crumble apart! The Horned King is sucked into the Cauldron, the Evil Castle collapses, our heroes trade the Cauldron back to the witches for Gurgi—and Gurgi is alive, alive! Happy Ending! Orchestra swells and credits roll.

This synopsis might give you an idea why this film did a quick fade at the box office, but let's clarify some problems mentioned earlier: Dark Nastiness: some effective scary scenes, but they are undercut by the rest of the film. The Horned King fellow (introduced like the Emperor in RETURN OF THE JEDI) is largely rotoscoped, and pretty menacing; he'd be a lot more so if he weren't saddled with some obnoxious "funny" little green underling, who is supposed to supply comic relief with old routines like: "We did it, Master, we did it!" (Horned King raises menacing claws)... "Oh! I, I mean YOU did it, Master!" All the King's thugs seem to be black-garbed clones of each other; they are surlier than the usual Disney goons, but dull in their sameness. As for the Undead Warriors, they are a fairly tame bunch of armor-garbed skeletons—they really could have used some George Romero-type zombies. Also, their appearance is too brief (they don't even make it out past the drawbridge), and marred by an unnecessary overlapping-image effect.

Gummy Cuteness: the big problem here is Gurgi. He is obviously meant to charm us like, say, ET or Yoda; unfortunately, Gurgi is (1) irritating, (2) bland-looking, and (3) lost in the crowd too easily. (In an overlong bid for our sympathy, there is an intro scene where the Boy threatens to bludgeon Gurgi with a stick for what seems like twenty minutes...why the hell would he follow the kid after that?) Another error is the flock of sweetie-poo fairies (who look like escapees from a DePatlie-Freling Saturday morning cartoon). There's one ornery grouchy fairy, but the sweetness-and-light schtick doesn't fit well here...they seem spliced in from another cartoon! Hen Wen the All-Knowing Pig also fits in this category, but even more so in the next area...

Strange Sexuality: weird stuff, folks! Hen Wen is so voluptuously drawn—complete with ass-shots and a bath scene (I briefly wondered if the Boy was going to scrub her down or fuck her!)—that she comes off like a semi-sentient version of Miss Piggy, here meant to be taken seriously. And why do all the fairies (even the small children) fly around with their groins projected at the audience?! Eh? And the witches! Two of the witches are standard old crones, but the third is an unbelievable, fat, ass-and-boob-wiggling old tart! What makes her so remarkable is a longish scene where the old minstrel gets turned into a frog—and then gets wedged between the fat witches' boobs! In close-up! Under ve all know, don't ve, dot der frog is der psychological symbol of der penis, ya? Yow!!

It's highly doubtful that THE BLACK CAULDRON will become one of Disney's perennial classics, like PINOCCHIO or SNOW WHITE, or even the more recent THE RESCUERS; thus you may never get to see it for years, if ever. This is not necessarily a bad thing...this slightly disrespectful review may have made it sound so-bad-it's-good, a Golden Turkey to see out of curiosity. No way, Jose! World-famous cartoonist Andy Amster claimed drinking a half-bottle of wine (how big?) before enjoying this cartoon, but I personally would have appreciated something a hell of a lot stronger as I sat and winced through it. Trust me!

(P.S. - It was no help at all that they first subjected us to a remarkably unfunny Donald Duck/Chip and Dale cartoon short. Where's Bugs Bunny when we need him?)

"BUT THE MORE DRAMATIC CHANGE IS AMONG THOSE WHO CAN CORRECTLY IDENTIFY THE NICARAGUAN REBELS AS THE SIDE THAT THE U.S. SUPPORTS. IN THE APRIL 1984 [NATIONAL] POLL, 19% CD IDENTIFY THE AMERICAN SIDE; NOW 26% CAN." NYTIMES, JUNE 5, 1985



Getting In Easy

by Rick da Beast

This time out I'm going to present you with a guide to door crashing at gigs. Having done enough of them, I think I've seen just about every technique ever devised.

The old "I-know-so-and-so-in-the-band" has got to be the oldest and most likely not to succeed. Age does not improve a line in a case like this. One way it might work, however, is to hang out at the door and kinda glance at the guest list. If you can see a name, then give that one as yours. It will often work. The times it doesn't is if said guest is directly behind you or if the doorman knows said guest is 65 with a beard and you are 18 with a mohawk. This practice is the one most likely to end your ass down in the alley, so I recommend using it with caution.

The next best, but most criminal, is circling the building seeking an unlocked door or window. Doors are generally a waste, but windows are a good gamble. The main disadvantage to this is if you are a male and end up in the female bathroom or vice-versa (especially vice-versa). I usually end up in the owner's office, but not everybody has luck that bad.

If you're not into breaking and entering, then I suggest going around to the back entrance and trying one or all of the following:

(A) Say, "I am with the press." Be sure to know the proper name of the 'zine or rag that's maybe supposed to show up; or make up your own. Once again, don't say your with BARFING HEADS ZINE if the rep. of said 'zine is directly behind you. It might also be a good idea to whack out a piece of cardboard and scrawl "Press" on it and dress kinda human too... ya know, like, except for a few 'zines I know, not many reps. go around in leather and chains.

(B) If you're dressed weird (or normal, depending on your frame of mind), you can always pick up a loose piece of equipment (or safer yet, bring your own dummy amp case) and attempt to enter as a roadie. If you struggle, grunt and groan enough with it, you might get by (and even helped—probably by other pseudo-roadies). The trick to this is to (a) look like you belong; (b) know generally which way to go once in the door; and most importantly, (c) dump the fake amp before you get to the stage, or you are liable to have to hook the thing up and you better do it right or you will be worse than dead.

What? You still haven't gotten in and you got two black eyes and a broken arm? Tooooo bad. I guess it's time for Radical Last-Ditch Effort Number 666. Listen close.

Go around to the front door (yeah, again)—and try paying the door price!! After all, these dudes aren't doing this shit for their health. Everybody's gotta eat, including the band people, and the money you save on doctor bills can feed a lotta band-type people. But like I say, half the fun is getting away with something; just be sure you're up to it. Remember: It is better to take a shit than have the shit take you.

Displaced by Bobby G. Warner

Never have I been so insulted by anyone. He was a perfectly hideous and absolutely obnoxious young man. When he knocked so persistently at my front door, when I could no longer tolerate that damnable tap-tapping on the front door, I reluctantly opened the door and saw him standing there. He was naked—naked as the day he was born. And his eyes—oh, there was such intense, confident knowing in those beady-black staring eyes. He pushed past me, shoved me aside as though I did not belong and marched right into the house. He looked around, nodded his head, clucked his tongue approvingly, then—sat down, cross-legged, in the middle of the living room. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "I must ask you to leave, right now. Who are you?" He sat quite still, statue-still I might add—infuriatingly still. He said his name, and said it only once; and that is all he said: "Hugo"; and he made it sound as though he were saying "You go." Of all the insufferable nerve! I have had enough of this—too much of this—and I know exactly what I shall do. Here; off with these damned clothes. Yes, I shall leave; I cannot stay another moment. Somehow—it is unthinkable but true!—he has taken over this place. Now it is his and only his. I must leave while I still have a shred of sanity left. I must flee this silent, mocking old house and its new occupant. "Good riddance!" I say, throwing my—his—clothing toward him. As I open the door and step outside, thankful for the darkness of night which hides my (hopefully) temporary nakedness, he says in a soft but triumphant voice: "Happy hunting!" I give him one last look, one fleeting glance over my shoulder, and see that he has already put on the shirt and is now reaching for the trousers.

CUTE

by Larry Oberc

Timmy wandered into the dining room, after his bedtime, as usual. Whenever we had friends over he fought sleep like the sun fought clouds on a rainy day.

"Isn't he cute?" said Mary, having just told us she had to go through all kinds of hell to get a babysitter tonight.

"He's not old enough to be cute," said Bill, Mary's husband. "They don't get cute until they're four or five."

"I still think he's cute," said Mary.

Timmy loved all of the attention he was getting, and he used that smile of his to impress the Joneses. He was standing under the dining room table, holding the legs of the table like he was the main means of support. Patty, my wife, started to get up, but I glanced at her and she sat down.

"Don't bother," I said. "I'll take care of it."

Patty and I had a way of saying things to each other. A nod, a wave of the hand, a glance—they all meant something. We didn't need words to talk to each other anymore. Somehow it was better that way.

Timmy started to jump up and down like a monkey. He kept this up until I was a few feet away. When I was in between him and the Joneses he stopped smiling and stood there, looking at me. Then he grinned, almost with contempt. That caught me off-guard and scared me a little.

"Come on, Timmy," I said, "it's time for bed."

A dark stain formed on the front of Timmy's pajamas. Then it turned into a stream of water flowing down his leg. A puddle formed at his feet.

"Goddamnit!" I said, picking Timmy up like a weight I would rather do without. I carried him down the hall to his room and dropped him on his bed. He was still grinning at me, waiting to see what I'd do next.

Suddenly Patty appeared beside me. "I'll take care of it," she said.

"He did it on purpose," I said.

"I know," said Patty, pulling Timmy's pajamas off.

"Aren't you going to do something about it?" I asked.

"What do you suggest?" asked Patty. "Grounding him?"

"You know what I mean," I said.

"Why don't you see how the Joneses are doing?" suggested Patty, putting dry pajamas on Timmy.

I walked back to the dining room. The Joneses were doing fine.

"I still think it was cute," said Mary. "Kids are so mischievous at that age."

"Kids don't get cute until they're four or five," said Bill, looking at me to see if I understood.

THE MYSTERY OF "STREETFARE JOURNAL"

by Elayne

Count this, if you wish, as a late-breaking addendum to my "Brighton Beach Express" series, for, while it is not specifically about the subway line on which I commute to and from the World of Korporate Amerika, it has to do with, I believe, mass transit in New York City nonetheless. It is also one of the more peculiar discoveries it has been my delight to make and to report to you in these many months.

Bus riders take notice of the overhead ads—you know, those rectangular posterboards telling you how you simply must enroll in any one of hundreds of technical career schools to "make it" in Their World, or how you can't live without the *Paginas Amarillas para la Comunidad Hispanica*—as infrequently as do subway riders. They're just another form of white noise, blocked out (with practice) as easily as the loud rantings often heard from the occasional Jesus freak or con artist "beggar." Well, into this milieu of tuned-out, overbearing fluff creeps something so insidiously mutant it even took *Ve Editrix* (normally the very modicum of commuter nonchalance) by surprise and storm. Enter the *Streetfare Journal*—"The Magazine of the Rider."

"Magazine" is, of course, hardly the word to describe this sudden outburst of posterboard madness. Okay, it's mass-produced and seems to be on every Brooklyn bus I've taken in one form or another, and there's some sort of corporation behind it (although, judging by the sheer inventiveness of the whole stunt, the corporation can't be too large and impersonal, I'd surmise) called *Winston Network* or something like that. But just the same, it's wonderful. I've glimpsed *Streetfare Journals* containing poetry and short stories (what Luke calls "minifictions"), art and folksy 'helpful hints', and just about anything else one would care to imagine. For example—on the bus I took home today I counted no less than five *Journals*. One was about baseball, and consisted of a quote from Pete Rose about the advantages of stealing bases head-first (it ended something like "Besides, you get your face in the papers more, too."). One commemorated "Primates in Space", No. 16, "Sam" the Astrochimp (who, the *Journal* tells us, flew on a Mercury mission back in '61). One was an art display, but it was positioned beyond my vision so I can't be more specific, except to say it was definitely modern art, all colors and splash. One was a 'helpful hint' from "Aunt Linda" about how to give yourself a head rub. And there was another which reprinted a poem about a laundromat—quite a good poem, too, from what I was able to read. Very funny.

I'm still not over the blessing of the *Streetfare Journals* actually having been approved for placement in NYC's buses! In these days of everything having to have a catch, and nobody putting out art for art's sake any more except those few of us who couldn't care less about being in it for the money, the *Streetfare Journals* have given me reason to hope again. Who can resist a minifiction about a conversation between a hippie and a cowboy (wherein the hippie admits that "all hippies secretly want to be cowboys", admiring the cowboy's boots)? Who can't help but smile at "Primates in Space"?

I wonder if anyone else has noticed *Streetfare Journal* yet. Yo, you New York bus riders, let me know. I wonder if this has spread yet to other cities. I'd like to hear about it, if so. Meantime, I'll try to get in touch with the folks at the Transit Authority, and see if anyone's talking.

BORED? TIRED? DEPRESSED? SUICIDAL?

Before you blow your brains out, send \$1 to The SubGenius Foundation®, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214. You might change your mind.

Cynicism and
a society for the bizarre.



WEIRDOS:

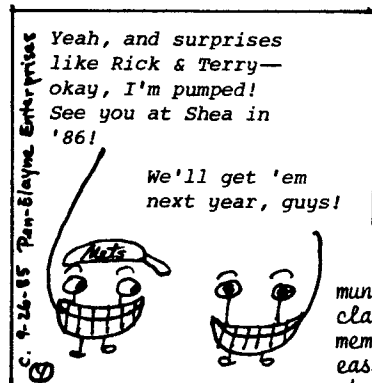
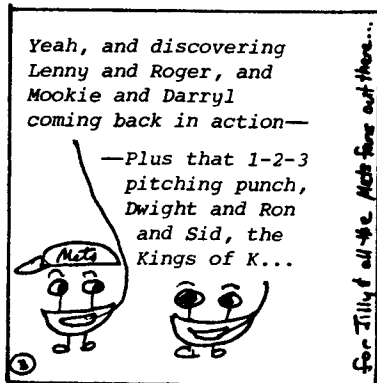
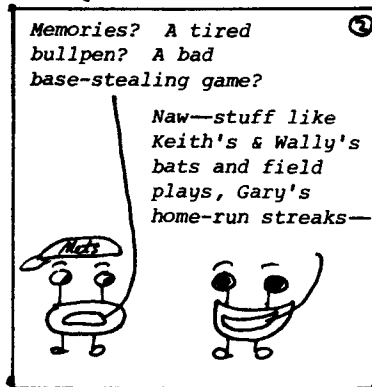
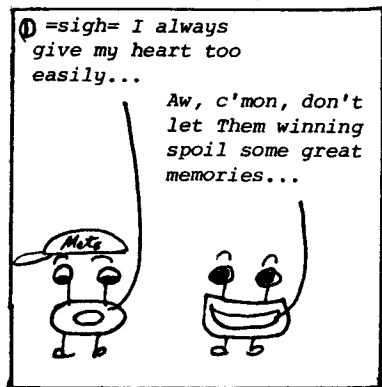
TRAVEL
EVERYWHERE!
LEARN
NOTHING!

Kerry Wendell Thornley
and J.R. "Bob" Dobbs
tell their secrets. Rants and posters.
4 for \$1. WALL-OP, 2981 Lookout Place NE
Atlanta, Georgia 30305.



NON-WORK

WHIZZITS by Elayne - "There Is No Joy In Metville..."



THE ALEISTER CROWLEY DIET, OR YOGURT FOR YAHOOOS

by Sarah Mowney

Like most people, I spent a long time with a total misconception of the enigmatic pronouncement "DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW", which, like most people, I encountered in my youth when the writings of Aleister Crowley enjoyed a brief renaissance among a bunch of stoned kids who had about as much chance of understanding the subtleties of this master of paradox as they did of making use of a complex neuro-tool like L.S.D.

So last year, when my copy of the "Book of Lies" resurfaced during my move from L.A. to Hollow Hills, I found myself re-reading it and discovering one of the few, and perhaps the only, benefits of age: maturity.

But still that curious injunction haunted me, its elusive meaning playing a taunting will-of-the-wisp with my mind, until an October evening last year.

Like most people, I tend to console myself over the ending of summer by relaxing my dietary vigil, on the grounds that the heavier clothing will disguise a few extra pounds, and on that night every cell in my body had eventually joined in the silent chant of "piz-zal piz-zal piz-zal!"

As my gaze began to drift towards my telephone, I contemplated, "Do I really want a pizza? I had a quite adequate dinner, and I don't really need more food. Besides, it's the beginning of a tendency that will end my usual spring exercise blitz and all those annoying winter occasions when I find myself wishing a new lover could have seen my ass or thighs six months earlier," when suddenly a new voice intruded, intoning the injunction, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."

I passed on the pizza.

This was my first glimmering glimpse at what Crowley calls "will." It's not the whole book, but it's definitely a first chapter or at least a prologue.

EPILOGUE: I wrote an article, of which only the title now remains, and mailed it off to The Great Wild Beast Furtherment Society. A week later, it returned, the envelope stamped "NO SUCH ORGANIZATION EXISTS, signed T.G.W.B.F.S."

14 Life's a funny thing if you don't take it too serious.

PICASSO SELF-PORTRAIT IS SOLD FOR \$572,670

Headline, New York Times, Dec. 3, 1975 by Tuli Kupferberg

Five seven two-six seven zero
This is the worth of an artistic hero?
Wouldn't it be more to believe in
If it was made a million even

How much (ho!) is a man's true worth?
A bagful of bones, a shovel full of earth?
A fraction, an auction, a pig in a poke?
An ikon, an ingot, a guilt framed joke?

What has art to do with money?
The same a beekeeper has with honey
One man paints, others deal
Together they make the art world real

Poems are dismayed by fools like me
But only God now paints for free

"...OR NOT TV"—Coming in 6 weeks...

TRIESKEDECAPHILIA

by Elayne

The day had outdone itself in the realm of the humdrum and mundane. The world They inhabit and lease to us grudgingly clamped its grinning jaws tightly round my waste, and I remembered having a very hard time breathing. Nothing came easily, and time whirled and sped away from me, leaving me choking in its paper wake. I had no ideas whatsoever, dripped-dried as I was, let alone specific notions of taking leave of this nonsense for the next four days (as was my supposed birth right, renounced or no). I had endured subway fires, bureaucratic triplicate-speak and the humiliation of having runs on both the front and back of my panty-hose (the Bane of Modern Society), and when I at last exited my office into the East Village September coolness, lugging over 20 pounds with alternating hands, I truly did not believe anything could prop up my weary mind now.

But, this being Friday the 13th, woe to unbelievers.

Perhaps it was the weather that turned it for me. It was hard to ignore the tingling air, the signs of relief from summer sighing all around a pleasantly subdued evening city. And when I emerged into above-ground Flatbush, homeward-bound, some nameless emotional state crept over me, a familiar quasi-nostalgia for the symbols of September—the new beginnings for my two favorite pasttimes of old, school and baseball; the remembrance of collecting pine cones and unbroken acorns; the secret obsessions harbored in the pages of a notebook nobody ever saw...It's still hard to describe the vague longing this atmosphere conjures within me, except to perhaps acknowledge that it may, indeed, be magical. I seem to sense a mystical excitement, a feeling of being able to accomplish anything, a renewal of spirit and energy that simply can't be explained by single factors like the weather or the time of day or year. From the recesses, perhaps, of collective memory, I have put out feelers without realizing it, hoping to draw in the powers rampant around me, the triskadecademons who romp this night, whetting my appetite for a still far-off Hallowe'en, and an even further-off San Francisco...Then it happens, so quickly I kicked myself for not grabbing the moment—a faint whiff, the Scent I cannot and never could identify. Jasmine? Cinnamonlike? Does Love, does Life's Essence, have a scent?

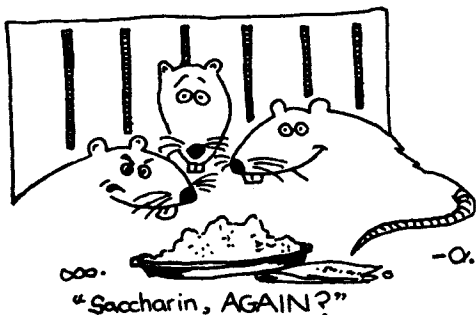
Foolishly, I snorted out the odor before it could work on me, absently thinking it the remnant of some over-perfumed dowdy. By the time I breathed in again, it was gone. Magic is like that. It was disappointing—rarely does the Scent come this easily to me—but I can't be too discouraged knowing autumn has only begun, and I'll undoubtedly be given at least a few more chances in the next three months.

Meantime, a gate of creative inspiration has opened, just a crack, but enough to allow these few words to seep through. Autumn fever has gripped me again—thank goodness.

On Friday the 13th, just about anything is possible.



Get ready for a pretty tough future.



"Whatever became of
the two stars from
Zachariah?"

ANSWER IN
"...OR NOT TV"
in IT #42

IT'S THE SPOOKY TRUTH by Tom Gedwillo

"An innocent device...the great American postage stamp. It can be your ticket to mailbox shenanigans."—Alex McGillan, U.S. Philatelic Society

I share with you a few of the many business letters that I innocuously deposited at various neighborhood collection boxes last year. The first one was a test to see how seriously our Washington constituents respond to complaints and/or inquiries. Mr. Dornan has yet to acknowledge me. The subject matter, however, has been overshadowed by the Parents Music Resource Center (PMRC) in their attempts to have the music industry institute ratings for recordings—X for profane or sexually explicit, V for violent, and so on. Senate committees have held hearings on behalf of the PMRC. But I'm still waiting to hear from Bob. The second letter, directed at Ronnie, has probably earned me a spot somewhere in the files of the CIA and FBI. Nothing like cult status. The remaining letters were designed as corporate "time bombs" and a few didn't work, so they remain in my "no reply" drawer. My thanks to Lazlo Toth (aka Don Novello) for the inspiration.

The Hon. Robert Dornan
House of Representatives
The Capitol
Washington, DC

Sir:

I am very curious to know the outcome of your 1982 introduction of House Resolution 6363 regarding the "backward masking" on rock and roll recordings. Through extensive research of my own, I can suggest the following songs that further support this theory:

"Get Off of My Cloud" The Rolling Stones (1965)

Spoken over the instrumental break is a message dealing with cohabitation.

"Eight Miles High" The Byrds (1966)

When played in reverse, there are obvious clues to drugs and alcohol. This was banned on many midwestern radio stations.

"Fire" Crazy World of Arthur Brown (1968)

At the beginning, one can clearly hear a voice proclaim "I am the God of Hell Fire..."

"Something in the Air" Thunderclap Newman (1969)

Played at 45rpm, there are references to pot smoking and other drugs.

"The Letter" Joe Cocker (1970)

Deals with abuse of women and children. "Clean" version was given to radio stations.

"I Saw the Light" Todd Rundgren (1972)

As an indication to the technology of the era, the hidden messages on this one were only evident on the quadrophonic versions.

"Knockin' on Heaven's Door" Bob Dylan (1973)

Just one example. Dylan was a pro at using the backward masking techniques.

"Waterloo" ABBA (1974)

A special version sung in Swedish (the group's native language) contains numerous details about demonic possession.

"Miss You" The Rolling Stones (1978)

Another entry by Mick Jagger and his group, who head the list of Satanic music. The worst offenders to Christianity, they use hidden and obvious clues about violence, devil worship, and sexism.

Those were just a few of the many contributors to the sick messages available in record stores across this land of ours. Youngsters have very sophisticated stereo systems these days, capable of detecting these electronic instructions. Secret commandments can also be found on the albums, pressed directly into the vinyl. Check the blank portion between the last track and the paper label. Among the production code letters and numbers you will find actual words printed or handwritten.

I hope these new findings will aid you in your continuing fight against subliminal corruption of our youth. If you have any Congressional material to share with me on this subject, I would be pleased to review it.

Sincerely,
President Reagan
The White House
Washington, DC
Mr. President:

Thomas Gedwillo

As acting director of GUFFAW (General Union of Famous and Funny American Writers) I take great pleasure in announcing your selection to our Hall of Fame. GUFFAW recognizes the achievements of those Americans who help to sustain the attitudes of humor and vitality in politics and business. In a society where violence and hatred are predominant, it is comforting to have you as our leader. The constant wit that you display in your press conferences and other public functions

ANY QUESTIONS?
by Susan Pacific
They asked for
bread and cheese
and got bombers,
space stations,
evacuation plans.
They pleaded for
unemployment benefits
and got speeches on
reducing the deficit,
closing tax loopholes,
putting the economy
back on its feet.
They asked if they
could wait in the back
of the bus
and were told that
there was no bus.
So they can stop
yelling about
discrimination.

was the main factor in your selection to our Hall of Fame. We also took into account your career in motion pictures and entertainment. Special merit was given to your inclusion in the book Significa which tells of your involvement in these two unique areas: The First Motion Picture Unit of the Army Air Force, and a nightclub act with the Honey Brothers in Las Vegas in 1954.

We would like to further honor you with a lifetime subscription to our official publication LAUGHING GAS. Just let us know the exact address to which it should be mailed.

We look forward to your continued leadership and we extend our thanks to you for all the cheerfulness you have shown.

Sincerely,

Thomas Gedwillo

Dear Mr. Gedwillo:

I have been asked to thank you for your kind invitation to the President.

Although he is unable to accept, the President wants you to know he appreciates your thoughtfulness and sends you his very best wishes.

Sincerely,

Frederick J. Ryan, Jr.
Director, Presidential Appointments
and Scheduling

AMF, Inc.
Westchester Ave.
White Plains, NY

Gentlemen:

I understand that you designed bowling balls for The Beatles (personalized with their names) when they first visited the USA in 1964. Ringo was (and still may be) an avid bowler. At what American bowling alley did they play? I'd like to send Ronald Reagan a personalized bowling ball. (I know him because my cousin works in the Pentagon.) How much do you think such a bowling ball would cost? Some pictures would help. What exactly are your balls made of? Are you using any precious natural resources in their production? I think we've used enough trees already for all of those waxed alleys.

When I think of bowling, I think AMF!

Sincerely,

Thomas Gedwillo

Dear Mr. Gedwillo:

Thank you for your recent inquiry about AMF.

The National Bowling Council in Washington, DC is in touch with Mr. Reagan regarding bowling and the publicity that could be generated from having the President bowl in the White House.

For further information you may contact the National Bowling Hall of Fame, St. Louis, Missouri.

Thank you for your interest in AMF products.

Sincerely,

Virginia Sheppard, Marketing

The Pepsi-Cola Company
Anderson Hill Road
Purchase, NY

Gentlemen:

In a recent article in ROLLING STONE magazine, Eddie Liles, formerly with the Deauville Hotel in Miami, says that many companies, including Pepsi, sent him samples to pass on to the Beatles during their 1964 American tour. Did the Beatles ever sample Pepsi? Did they like it? I watched the movie "Mommie Dearest" and don't remember Joan Crawford mentioning the Beatles' use of your soft drink.

On another subject, how did McDonald's react when Pepsi ran those ads with Burger King? Did Ray Kroc have something going with Coca-Cola? I suppose next it will be Dr. Pepper and Wendy's hamburgers.

A final question: Does Pepsi use fructose as a natural sweetener? Did you know that it comes directly from our Nebraska corn? It's much safer than Nutra-Sweet. That stuff causes cancer! I know for sure that Coca-Cola uses our Nebraska fructose. How about Pepsi?

I will appreciate your immediate reply. Let's hope that Michael Jackson can still drink Pepsi. Can't wait for the commercial.

Yours truly,

Thomas Gedwillo

=NO REPLY=

Walt Disney Productions
South Buena Vista
Burbank, California

I used to live in North Hollywood (right off Lankershim) and want you to know that I always drove through Burbank before heading south to Anaheim. What would Orange County do without Disneyland? Speaking of that wonderful place, do you plan any special exhibits on The Beatles? It's the 20th anniversary of their first USA appearance, you know. There could be a section next to Fantasyland called Beatlesland. Who do you think was more popular, Mickey Mouse or The Beatles?

Did Disney Studios do the animation on "Yellow Submarine"? Sure looks like it.

I really liked your TV show. Too bad about the ratings.

Walt Disney forever,
Thomas Gedwillo

=NO REPLY=

(What a big buildup
for such an insignificant
column...)

OR NOT
TV in IT #42

OR HILL
ME...

FROM THE UPCOMING COFFEETABLE BOOK —
"NASTY FAERIE"



IT'S O.K. TO WAIT
Until the last minute for much
needed social changes in the
world-wide socialistic plat-
form but does it have to be the
last second? As a 1920's admi-
rator of socialism I can under-
stand the attraction but
because of a W.W.II. must-be-
lived-again experience I came
up with a 100% improvement
in not just one but four concepts
under which we have been
LIVING AND DYING.
If they are adopted we'll keep
living — if they aren't we will
surely die. Send \$ASE for
4 WRONGS RIGHTED OR
SCRAP SOCIALISM
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504



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

BOSTON

by Susan Packie
Tossed in Boston
I decided to stay
On The Fenway

Intrigued
By its circularity
I lacked the clarity
To see it was
Hopelessly stranded
'Tween Commonwealth
And Huntington

A convenient walk
To the park
I thought

Not so
said my feet
In the heat
And the sleet

Harvard not far
By car
Which I lacked

Left to hitchhiking
Or biking
I chose to roam
The land
closer to home
But was wrangled
With tales
Of the Boston Strangler

Right here
On this street?
Please be discreet

How 'bout
If I tarry
In Roxbury?

Need I draw you
A picture?
Somebody
Made a sign
And tacked it
On my behind:
Lost in Boston

EVERY TIME I GET CONGEALED...

by L.P. Whitney

(written upon reading first copy of BABUSHKIN'S DIGEST)

Every time I get confused feel misused and abused, I asks myself: What would BABUSHKIN do? BABUSHKIN owns the BaBoon-Balloon-A-Rama, publishes BABUSHKIN'S DIGEST AND PLAYS THE POLISH HORN. Making up lies about BABUSHKIN is a fine way of relieving tension, an alternative to TRANSCONTINENTAL MEDITATION, an unrecognized form of birth-control, an over-the-counter, non-prescriptive sedative, and an all-around practical exercise in procrastination.

BABUSHKIN is the crippled genius who has changed all our lives.

BABUSHKIN is from an astounding tribe from Kenya whose average IQ is 172.

BABUSHKIN is responsible for the gypsy moth outbreak feared in Oregon.

BABUSHKIN is the innovator of the Electro-Shock Behavior-Modification scale; he is also responsible for flooding the Tri-bro bridge Authority with Mexican pesos (worth half a cent or \$.005) that manage to pass for the tokens (worth \$1.50).

BABUSHKIN, as a boy, was locked in a closet every night. "It taught me manners and gave me great insights into the relationships between human behavior and breath control."

BABUSHKIN has formed a cable network called ETV and is buying up all the tv rights to execution by electrocution, has also come out in favor of mining on the moon; he has promoted psychotherapy in Zero-Gravity.

BABUSHKIN has tutored soccer teams on how to ward off black magic spells used by the witch doctors in Swaziland, sprinkling drops of 3-In-One oil in front of the goalie and hiding giant cockroaches in the soccer ball...BABUSHKIN was officially Persona Non Grata at the 1984 Olympics.

BABUSHKIN is the author and father of the BABUSHKIN DIET PROGRAM & SURVIVALIST CHALLENGE where you kidnap a fat kid from New York City, tie him up and blindfold him, drive him to a small New England town and leave him with nothing but a bushel basket and a blueberry rake.

Baby BABUSHKIN was raised by the Pat Buchanan system of child care. As a result he veers 60 kilometers to the right of Daddy Warbucks. However, as an adolescent, BABUSHKIN was shanghaied on GREENPEACE and spent much of his impressionable years on the whale and seal round-up and reading Montessori and Marx. Now BABUSHKIN is not sure whether he's a closet liberal or an outhouse conservative.

BABUSHKIN excels at only one sport: AIR HOCKEY. But he cheats. He keeps a hidden air compressor in the basement and runs a hose up his pants leg and down his sleeve. What some people might call "body English", BABUSHKIN calls "Swahili Airborne".

BABUSHKIN is the only entrepreneur daring enough to publish the Dennamora, Attica and Sing Sing Walking Tours and sponsored the Thomaston Triathlon.

BABUSHKIN'S MOTTO: "HEY!!! LOOK INSIDE THAT TV GUIDE!!!"

BABUSHKIN THE PIRATE: The real story of the Nina, the Pinta, and Santa Maria and the Zelda and how they rescued the Canary Islands from Dr. Torquanda and Electro-Shock Therapy.

BABUSHKIN THE CLOTHES HORSE: He single-handedly made the words "Robert Hall" synonymous with dining at the BOWLER-DROME. BABUSHKIN once said, "I thought that Robert Hall and Thom McCann were two of my multiple personalities."

BABUSHKIN, THE ORIGINATOR OF THREW-OPP MUSIC of the late 40's and 50's. Always the innovator, never content with the trend, the now thing BABUSHKIN created music to end the party by. Later implicated with Alan Freed and Murray the K in a Handel scandal. BABUSHKIN still awaiting extradition from Faraway.



THE SECOND JESUS IMPERSONATOR

by Luke McGuff

You may think it odd that I have nothing much to say about the Second Jesus, especially as I am kept quite busy with posing for calendar shots and appearing in tv miniseries and people are always stopping me on the street asking "Aren't you Him?" and asking for favors and miracles and all that. But the truth is that I really only look like Him, and I can never perform miracles like Feeding the Convention Center on a handful of trail mix and half a carton of strawberry yogurt. I can't even quote much of the Sermon on the Indie Channel, which some people can quote all up and down.

Cynics used to say that if Jesus were alive today, He could be ignored, or locked up. But that is not at all the case. The Second Jesus is just as popular with the multitudes as the first one, and just as much a crick in the neck of the authorities. I am not up to much when He comes around, so I take to following Him and His crowd, especially as I soon find that walking through the crowd with my hat in my hands when He gets going good moves people to quite an astounding generosity, and this is the easiest racket I ever come across. I never say why the hat is in my hands, and nobody really asks, so it isn't as if I lie. Besides, I always cut the Second Jesus in on the action, sometimes as much as 15%, on a good day, which is more than He asks for, so I put it to you that he has no beef.

The Second Jesus is the son of an auto upholsterer in Hamtramck, MI, and a lot of people say that His first miracle is being able to pronounce Hamtramck from reading it. The Second Jesus is the middle child, so He is by no means a virgin birth. His mom claims divine interference, as pop is taking some medicine that banks the old fires, so to speak, and there is talk around town of putting her away for daffiness, as the Second Jesus is not even the same race as the old mom and pop. But the Second Jesus starts quoting balance and pass code to bank accounts the town president wants kept hush-hush, so the matter is dropped right away.

Hamtramck is shaken up once or twice by some random miracle the young Second Jesus performs before He gets His powers on straight, like when His old pop comes home and complains about having to upholster car seats all the time. When everyone wakes up the next day, they see all the upholstery in Hamtramck, MI, tucked and taped as neatly as you please, only no cars to go with it yet. But you can read all about this in Max's Gospel and Quick Weight Loss Cancer Prevention Diet, which, as you might guess, is quite the best-seller.

I am one of a crowd of people that follows the Second Jesus around, from town to town, all over the U.S. and once or twice into Canada. The Second Jesus is a regular old hand at performing miracles like Recharging the Dead Batteries, and Finding the Lost Computer File, and other such, which really increases His popularity, but does not endear Him to the battery companies, as the batteries He recharges never run down again.

In fact, I am there at the convention center when He feeds the people with the trail mix and yogurt, which He takes from some lady wearing a backpack. At first she is quite upset when the Second Jesus takes it from her, but when she gets her ration, she gets a blissful look on her face and says no more. In fact, all around me, people are saying things like "Caviar!" and "Beef Wellington!" and "Canard Rôte à l'Orange!" as if they have been fed a banquet, but all I get is two Spanish peanuts and a raisin and a spoonful of warm yogurt, so I guess I am not a true believer. Maybe if it had been a bacon double cheeseburger and a side of fries, but I really can't say.

Even then I looked somewhat like the Second Jesus, and after letting my hair and beard grow out, the effect is enhanced more than somewhat. This really increases my luck with the ladies, many of whom are quite turned on by the Second Jesus, and since He, of course, is not having any, they make do with whatever is handy, as ladies often will. I never really say I am the Second Jesus, and nobody really asks, so it isn't like I lie or anything. Besides, I make sure to say "Thank you Jesus" at the appropriate time, which I consider to be an offering up, and so I put it to you that He has no beef.

I am one of the people who follows the Second Jesus into the Righteous Plurality Telethon, which He busts up real good, calling the Rev. Risegood a phony and a cheat, which gives everybody a cheer. The Rev. Risegood is quite upset at the lapse in security, as the whole point of the Righteous Plurality Telethon is to put the Second Jesus away, and does his best to call some guards and have the Second Jesus thrown out.

Well, the Rev. Risegood starts screaming about the Second Jesus being a commie secular humanist, and associating with homosexuals, and sinners, and what all else, but all the Second Jesus does is lean over and whisper in the Rev. Risegood's ear. Nobody else can quite hear the things the Second Jesus is saying, even though everything else He's said so far is very clear, and whatever it is, the Rev. Risegood sneaks off the soundstage and is never seen again.

This really makes the Second Jesus popular, as everyone is getting good and tired of Rev. Risegood condemning everyone who doesn't send him any money, and forgiving everyone who does. The Second Jesus says no such thing. He goes on to talk about what is soon called the Sermon on the Indie Channel, which you can read about in Lizzy's Feminist Gospel and Horoscope of Love, which, as you might guess, is quite the best seller.

That night I am in the lobby of some hotel that has given itself over to the multitudes following the Second Jesus around, trying to find some lady to stay with, and not having any luck, as everyone is too carried away with the Second Jesus busting up the Rev. Risegood's Righteous Plurality Telethon.

In fact, I am beginning to think that I will have to sleep in the lobby, or find some other place to stay, when one of the disciples of the Second Jesus walks up to me and says like this:

"Come with me. He wants to see you."

I don't have to ask who He is, and we go up to the suite the Second Jesus is occupying with all his disciples and cohorts. The room is crowded but as soon as the Second Jesus gets off the phone, He makes a gesture and everybody else leaves.

"Do you think I don't know what you're doing?" He asks straight out.

Right away I make sure to say that I don't lie, that I don't claim to be His brother, or even His cousin, and I always cut Him in on the action, in one way or another, but He waves aside my protest and says, "Look, I'm going to be leaving soon, and I need someone to carry on my work."

Well, that makes me a little weak in the knees, as I am not used to public speaking, and in fact, my usual rackets depend on a little invisibility to be successful. I don't say anything right away, and what the Second Jesus says is "Look, I don't expect you to perform miracles or anything like that. In fact, I don't expect you to do much more than what you are doing now, and you can even keep betting on the horses, if you like, especially if you pick horses named after saints."

"But anyway," He says, "I know more about how the world works this time around, and for all the fact that there are more people, and you all think you're so sophisticated, with your VCRs and CDs and all this and that, you're easier to get in the right place. No, what I want is someone to carry on the image-making and merchandising aspect of the modern-day savior business."

I am quite shocked to hear the Second Jesus say such stuff, as up to now he takes a very ascetic view of life, and rides the public bus to speaking engagements and whatnot. In fact, this makes me think that maybe the Second Jesus has ulterior motives, and maybe He's up to more than just spreading goodness and light, like He says He is, and maybe He wants to cut me in on the action.

But He speaks up before I can say anything and what He says is "Who are you to question my motives?" so I settle back down.

"No, I'm taking a hand from this singer, Elvis Presley," the Second Jesus says. "You know, the first time around, there was a very popular singer that everyone talked about, and when he died, some people started dressing and acting like him, and making pretty good livings at it. I didn't really notice it, as I was busy getting crucified at the time, but seeing all the Elvis impersonators around makes me think that maybe I could work something out, and since you are already doing a good job impersonating me, I figured it would be fit and proper that you be the one. How about it?"

Well, you can't exactly say no to the Second Jesus, even if He doesn't outline the details all that much, and I just kind of nod my head.

"Okay, you look even more like me. How's that for a miracle? No one will notice you until I'm gone. But then you'll be kept pretty busy. You'll have to work closely with Paul to keep from endorsing the wrong product or appearing in the wrong calendar. Do you know how to pray?"

"I pray all the time," I say.

The Second Jesus just kind of smiles at that, and says, "Well, I know what you pray for." He stops for a minute to think to Himself and then He says, "I will be leaving soon, and you will take over then. Take a lunch with Paul, he's my agent, he's beautiful, he'll take good care of you."

The phone rings and the Second Jesus turns to answer it and that is that for that. I go back down to the lobby, and although I am expecting people to ask favors or miracles, I get nary a peep from a soul, so to speak.

What happens the next day, Friday, but the Rev. Risegood, looking very crazed, comes up to the Second Jesus where He is walking down the Nicollet Mall in Minneapolis, MN, shaking hands, and curing fevers, and all of that, and pulls out a pistol and empties it into the Second Jesus point blank. This pistol is more like a cannon, and by the second shot everyone is lying flat but the Second Jesus and the Rev. Risegood. Right away cops come up from nowhere and cordon off the Rev. and an ambulance drives up and takes the Second Jesus away, and it all happens so quick that it almost seems pre-arranged, and a movie director would be glad to have a take go so quick.

The Second Jesus is pronounced DOA as soon as He arrives at the hospital, but He is hooked up to some life support system or other, so He can't be pronounced officially dead. Well, there is quite some argument about whether He is dead or not, in the courts and in the newspapers and in the streets, but nobody reaches any kind of decision that everyone agrees on, although everyone thinks they are right and everybody else is wrong. This goes on for three days, when finally, on Sunday, the Second Jesus just rears up out of bed and disconnects the machinery.

I am there in the intensive care unit, because indeed, I am as invincible as the Second Jesus said I would be, and as soon as the Second Jesus rises up, He starts dishing out the contracts and residuals, appointing Paul as His business manager, although Peter is displeased by this no little. The Second Jesus points to me and says I am to represent His likeness in all calendars, posters and bubble gum cards, and to be used in the case of movies or tv miniseries. Furthermore, He says, I have made enough money impersonating Him so far, which I haven't, not really, and that although I should be taken around and fed and housed, I should in no way receive direct financial compensation, except a little to bet on any horse named after a saint. I can even appear on talk shows, if I want, but Paul has to be there to actually answer the questions.

Well, when the Second Jesus says all this, I get quite scared and all on my knees, and ask Him to forgive whatever I have done wrong, and He says, yes, you are forgiven, and when He says that, I think maybe it won't be such a bad gig after all, although I can see I won't get laid anymore.

Out-AIDed

by "Kid" Sieve

As I write, 1985 has seen more than its share of aid. There's been LiveAid (ostensibly combining USA for Africa and BandAid, Anti-ApartAid (the song "Don't Play Sun City") and even AIDSaid (I kid you not—could I make this up?). This morning I heard the DJ say words to the effect of "This will be the year that sees the stars give their all for charity." Of course, this depends on what you mean by "giving," or "charity," or "stars"...

Benefits are nothing new to the rock music world. In recent years we've had events like the Concert for Bangladesh (widely believed to be the prototype for how not to run a fund-raiser—needless to say, this concert took place before George Harrison acquired his business savvy as Handmade Films headman), No Nukes and Great Britain's efforts on behalf of Amnesty International. These have all been worthwhile and urgent causes, obviously, and I should preface the criticisms which follow by admitting that I myself am sorely lacking in the "So what have you done for your fellow human beings lately?" category. Still, unqualified as I may be for stone-casting, I plead journalistic immunity for the purposes of pointing out a few inconsistencies within this whole charity milieu.

One question that has nagged at me from time to time concerns the extent to which these luminaries really put themselves out. I have no qualms with Nobel nominee Bob Geldof (who I think certainly deserves something more than a mere prize), nor with most of the participants in BandAid. After all, the genius of combining some old ideas (fund-raising, the Christmas spirit, uniting performers for a worthy cause) into something fresh and workable is not to be detracted from, and many musicians went to great lengths to rearrange schedules and forego personal comforts (sleep, meals, etc.) for this historic gathering.

No, what rambles me is this USA for USA—I mean, for Africa. It's so easy to get confused, isn't it? In a typically American display of culture-pouncing (US ripoffs of Brit culture span the gamut from "All in the Family" to "Three's Company" and lots of things that aren't even TV shows), some millionaires on this side of the Atlantic (Ocean, not Records) decided why should they have all the glory? (who in Band-Aid would even have thought "glory"?!) and we can do it better, we're the USA! And not only will we show them up, but we'll do it so expertly and corporately that everyone will think it was our idea to begin with!

Thus was born "We Are The World," because, apparently, we are. Fast on the heels of a lopsided Olympic games in which half the world didn't even participate, which saw so-called "patriots" shamelessly exhibiting their elitist snobbery to nauseating proportions, one might have expected this vulgar, smarmy attitude even in this context. Quick now, without peeking—who remembers what the "USA" in USA for Africa is supposed to stand for? I used to know, but I've long forgotten. I'm sure that to most people it means more excuses to cheer ourselves and jeer Everyone Else, and perhaps a few gold medals to boot—plated over with sugary syrup so nobody can tell they're tarnished...but I digress...

Performers didn't seem to go out of their way to sing about how they were the world, either. Most of them had just come, fully bedecked, from the Grammy Awards. It's rumored the catered champagne and caviar was flowing (after all, you need incentive, don't you?). I've heard no reports of artists having to check their egos at the door to the Band-Aid sessions. Do I sense an inequity here?

Sometimes I can't help but wonder if modern American 'causes' are more often merely forums to make the involved performers look good. To be sure, this theory isn't universally applicable, but I know something's out of balance when I admire Huey Lewis for turning down his LiveAid slot because food was rotting on Ethiopian docks and not reaching the people more than I admire Madonna calling attention to herself because she was wearing a top and being able to say "shit" on international live television. I mean, I'm more disposed to admiring Lewis than Penn anyway, but you get the point.

What of LiveAid itself? From what I saw, I thought the technical

aspects were handled fantastically, given the unusual circumstances, and I believe any complaints about backstage confusion and mike failures and the like are pretty damn nitpicky. I would have liked to hear the first strains of McCartney singing "Let It Be" too, but Dick Clark's obnoxious and redundant explanation/excuses were far, far worse than the malfunctioning sound. Television itself seemed to have covered the event rather shabbily. I don't have MTV, so I was forced to sit through pre-recorded Sally Field teletown whining (and I liked Sally Field, previously) and various other international millionaire heads-of-state telling The People how important it was for us to give money. I also had to endure ABC cutting to pretaped Madonna in lieu of covering the historic 3/4 of Led Zep reunion—they at last designed to broadcast the last few strains of "Stairway to Heaven." Swell. And not once did I recall any network or station touching on what is probably at the heart of the African famine situation—politics as usual. Even Huey, in his refusal, only scratched this surface. But, my dears, how can you talk about how banal and selfish political aims are behind this if all the politicians have prerecorded 'encouragement spots'?

You want to know the difference between LiveAid and Woodstock? I'll tell you the similarity—they were both concerts. Everything else is a difference. To use one dramatic example—when the Army helicopters descended over Woodstock, announcements had to be made to the effect that the Guardsmen were there to help, that they weren't The Enemy; at LiveAid, those formerly considered The Enemy were all but embraced (all those American flags & smiling Reagan faces—the only American flags at Woodstock were burned or worn). But just for fun, folks: At Woodstock and similar counterculture events, hosing people would have been considered pig brutality; here the police used hoses to cool off the concert-goers. Woodstock had no corporate sponsors. Woodstock wasn't concerned with schedules. Woodstock was about rock's rebelliousness; LiveAid was about its conformity and drawing power, its consumerism. (How many t-shirt-buying androids stopped to consider who was really donating that money into that escrow account—where still it sits, for all we know? Did the stars purchase the "Making Of" videos? Did they donate a couple spare thousands for the cause? Perhaps a few did; still, is not taking money for performing the same as donating money?) Yes, Joan Baez was right after all when she looked out over all the Yuppies and pre-Yuppies in the audience and decreed, "This is your Woodstock." LiveAid was as close to Woodstock as these humanoid bipeds are ever likely to get, and I'd say that's a good thing. The beauty of a Woodstock is that it just seemed to happen—no hype, no overplanning. Today's movers and shakers can't live spontaneously. Hell, they don't even remember how to play. If you want to have a concert, say they, it must be for a purpose, period. We can't have all these wonderful performers getting together just to play music; I mean, how decadent!

And what of the cause at hand? According to a month-old update in the NY Daily News (scarcely a blurb), the money is being counted by a corporation called Worldwide Sports and Entertainment, and its representative, Carol Agerer, reported that the only purchase so far had been for trucks. To quote, "The Band-Aid Trust is meeting again tonight, Agerer says, and may authorize further expenditures then. Food and other aid will be in Africa 'well before the end of the year,' she says." May authorize? End of the year? Huey Lewis is starting to make a lot more sense.

Good intentions and a token will get you on the subway. Maybe I feel no pressing need to send my money to a LiveAid or FarmAid or AIDS-Aid escrow account because they seem to feel no pressing need to send the money out. Somehow, I recall that things appeared a lot clearer when we were fighting against the establishment, not making bargains and co-sponsoring with them. My heart breaks for the family farmers, for the tragic victims of AIDS, for the starving worldwide. I might be more tempted to give more of myself if the whole nature of giving weren't so perverted.

WHATEVER I FEEL LIKE COMIX

I WAS TRYING TO DEVELOP A CUTE LIL' "KIDDY COMIC" TO MAKE MONEY, WHEN I HAD A GREAT FLASH:



I IMMEDIATELY FELT BETTER AND DECIDED TO DEDICATE MY LIFE TO EXPRESSING MY ARTISTK SOUL AND TAKING A LOT OF DRUGS.



AND BESIDES, NOW I GOT SOMETHING TO DO WHEN NOBODY CALLS ME ON THE TELEPHONE!



REAGAN'S

Biggest problem is that he's sworn to follow a 100% wrong platform — yours.

Whether you voted for Reagan or what's his name is

immaterial. Both platforms are as like as peas in a pod when it comes to basic concepts under which the whole world lives. To continue our herenow thus

insuring our hereafter send

S.A.S.E. to:

4 WAY HEREBEFORE

Box 2243

YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504

Sayz-U! (Letters)

Dear Elayne,

Always get a kick out of your notes. Gettin' my ads in IJ for the bucks is a plus plus...lack of time & the teensy print turns me off but reading IJ is an education. I thought J.P. Morgan was a rich bitch but that's another John P. Morgan. Ace Backwards has to be a classic nom de plumer. J.C. Brainbeau isn't mentioned too often. Aren't you all aware of who the next Jesus Christ is? I never wonder but maybe I should. Modesty pays. As in past herenows keep up the good work...

J.C. BRAINBEAU
Box 2243
Youngstown, OH 44504

Dear E—

I thought Deborah Benedict's letter was very perceptive. She hit on the main flow of my book and—alas—my personality.

Loved the cover by Roldo! Hah! Also the "Toys R We Uns" was slick. That guy Amster can REALLY draw! CynicalMan was hilarious. You really have got yourself one helluva collection of cartoon talent (Crawford where are you? Get yer Dooley-kicking ass back to the 'zine of record —INSIDE JOKE!). "Care Bears" was cool, too.

Candi Strecker is my favorite writer. I really enjoy her slice o' life pieces. "Zenarchy" is great, too. As for the Uri Geller story—I don't know if he's a fake or what but I was watching him once on the Mike Douglas Show and he said to bring out your broken appliances and he'd fix them with his psychic powers—well, lo and behold, he fixed a TV set of mine that hadn't worked in 2 years. I still don't know what to make of that guy.

Yours in "Bob" (he REALLY performs miracles!),

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

Dear Elayne,

Well, thanks for sending me the latest IJ...Candi Strecker hits the nail on the head with office sales-pitches, as she has done before and one hopes she does again. Especially the bit about Girl Scout cookies. Yeah! In fact, she is dead on about wanting to order twice as much next year, because that is exactly the thought that went through my head. Girl Scout cookie time and Minicon (Easter weekend) are pretty coincidental, so I would just use them then. Otherwise they would sit in my cabinet, un-et. Oh well.

I also liked Anni's article, even though I kind of like summer, hot weather and all. Yeah! And beaches, too, although the beach I go to in Minneapolis is called Hidden Beach, and has no guards, and so on, and very few people altogether. In fact, it used to be a nude beach, but it isn't anymore. Oh well. These things change...I never went there when it was a nude beach, but I did go skinny-dipping there once, with a lady after a Dr. John show. It was fun.

I haven't read any of Ace Backwards' serial, but the controversy in the letters column makes me curious. I might wait until the entire series is in print, and then read it. But the "controversy" seems to be more on the order of critical comments, much like what one gets at Clarion and so on. (No, folks, I've no idea what "Clarion" is either.)

I didn't quite "get" Talk Show Host Confidential this time around, but I did read and enjoy it. I also liked the full page graphic story of the guy building the matter translation device. Pretty cool, and good science fiction, right then and there.

Some of the other stuff I have a hard time reading, but don't feel like going into names or details. Where was rodny k. dioxin, or did I just miss him this time? Oh well.

Anyway, I should go now, I guess. I vote for bimonthly, if it makes things easier for you, and Phil Tortorici back covers, if he ever reappears. Yeah!

LUKE MCGUFF
Box 3680
Minneapolis, MN 55403

Greetings Elayne,

Good issue last; lotsa nice cartoons and artwork. J.P. Morgan's (time warp?) door thing was way cool. Like where d'ya get onea those things? My K-Mart is all out! "Journey Through The Tenderloin" is becoming my read-first thing. I see lotsa +/- stuff on first in series but I think to myself "anything that stirs up controversy has at least got some people thinkin'!" that, I think, is good. I think the subjects are done well—just presented with little judgement, that is left to the reader. Good goin'. "Zenarchy" had some stuff so cool in it that I am going to 'borrow the thought' to put up on a few alley walls. Good thoughts need to be shared...

Take care and never hiccup if you can hic-down.

Beastingly,

RICK MCCANN
P.O. Box 2842
Winter Park, FL 32790

Dear Elayne,

Issue 40: Great cover by Roldo! Young Urban Bozos "Taking Charge of Themselves..." yeah, right, by kissing up to The Great Machine, Yup, Yup. Liked M. Feazell's "Cynicalman"—gotta send for his stuff. The toy ad by Andy Amster is terrific; Rimbaud/First Blood 3, too—he gets crazier with each issue. Scharff's Intensive Care Bears, a good chuckle. T. Roberts' Harvey 1985: odd-but-funny! The writing? Oh yeah...I always enjoy Anni Ackner's Rock Fiend stuff, this time on the evils of Summer. Love that Zenarchy, Ho Chi Zen! "Uri Geller's Guardian Angel" by Deborah Benedict was swell. Likewise R. Houchen's Wax Ink...I had bought Dave Edmunds' "Riff Raff" some weeks before, and I agree with his comments (especially about Jeff Lynne). Anthea's Rooting for Snowflakes is always welcome. Ace Backwards' "Journey Through the Tenderloin"...like broccoli, I can take or leave it; his cartoons are always great, though. The letters page is always fun...especially

when I get compliments on my stuff. (But then, don't we all feel that way?)

"Bob" Bless You,

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

Dear Elayne,

Thank you for your letter...As for IJ #40 I'm most impressed with Zenarchy stories. I guess I'll have to run to catch the train, but I'll hop aboard the Anni fan club. IJ certainly entertains me & it helps my focus search (maybe this, definitely not that, etc.) so thanks again, I'm glad I tripped over you...

SUSAN TAYLOR
THAT MAXINE Magazine
Box 10828
Baltimore, MD 21234 USA EARTH

Dear Elayne,

This being one of those rare days off from work (the very nicest thing about my new job is that the company is run by Orthodox Jews, a circumstance that leads to the company being closed, or run by a skeleton crew, on holidays that aren't normally included in corporate benefit packages, such as Rosh Hashonah and Passover), and most daytime television being what it is (someday, when I have a few years and dollars to waste, I'm going to have to look into my congenital inability to follow soap operas. It isn't at all that I don't like them—on the contrary, I like them very much, as I like anything that involves people who seem to be in deeper shit at any given time than am I—but for the life of me I can never figure out what's going on, and it worries me. I can understand the intricacies of baseball, including the force play, the suicide squeeze, the infield fly, and why the players went out on strike this time; the complexities of three foreign languages hold no mysteries for me—including the lack of prepositions and the letter "w" in Swedish—and I was even, after a couple of months of steady pondering, able to figure out the last issue of ELQUEST, so why is it that I can't keep straight the plots of a group of programmes that virtually hold still and let you examine them under microscopes? There's one show—I don't remember which one, which I suspect is part of the problem; it all seems like one continuous airing to me, which whimsically changes the names of its characters at irregular intervals—in which I swear there's a woman who's been visibly pregnant since the last time I had a chance to watch it—when I had the flu last November—and you'd think with this sort of snail's pacing—or else this is the way the Elephant Man got started—I'd be able to keep track of things, but the problem is I can't remember who the father is, and the four men to whom I've narrowed it down all seem to be having meaningful relationships with each other, and even the mother-to-be looks a bit confused—to say nothing of exhausted—and it's all in a tremendous muddle, yet there are hundreds of people—including The Sister To Whom I Do Not Speak—who don't seem to have any trouble unravelling it at all, so I begin to worry about the state of my powers of logic), I have just spent the last three hours strolling down the Nostalgia Freeway with the good folks over at CBN. As you don't have cable TV living, as you do, in the Land That Cable Forgot, I ought to explain that CBN is the Christian Broadcasting Network. Now, whatever else you might wish to say about them, the Christians are no fools, and they early on realized that 24 hours of nothing but religious programming would have appeal to absolutely no one but other Christians, who were already in the fold, as it were, and even there you ran the risk of overkill, so they decided to fill in between harangues and pleas for money by using secular programming, and they looked for these fill-in shows, as have so many independent stations, in syndicated repeats of network programmes. Ah, but you see modern reruns like THREE'S COMPANY and M*A*S*H and MARY TYLER MOORE are full of decadence and sin, so what to do, what to do? Why, here's a blessed idea—we'll just buy up a bunch of those good, old-fashioned virtuous shows, like the PATTY DUKE SHOW and DOBIE GILLIS and I MARRIED JOAN, shows that were made in the good old days when married couples slept in twin beds, and you weren't allowed to say "pregnant" on the air (which would have been difficult for that poor woman on the soap opera, come to think of it, though, actually, if they were all sleeping in twin beds the need to use the word "pregnant" probably didn't come up all that often anyway), and drugs were something the doctor gave you for stomach cramps, and show them instead. A fine idea, but what I don't think the Head Christians ever considered was that apostates like me would be monitoring their broadcast day (and making fun of their preachers with no good grace whatsoever) just for the kick value inherent in the thing. What the suits at CBN seemed not to have realized was that, deprived of the easy laughs that sex and drugs always get, the writers on many of these early programmes were forced to actually be clever in order to be humorous. Political references, sly pokes at fifties morality (they had to be sly with the censors breathing down their necks) and character development all abound in these things (well, not in all of them, of course; PATTY DUKE is no better, in its way, than THREE'S COMPANY, but DOBIE GILLIS, for instance, is certainly right up there with M*A*S*H for poking fun at the government of the times), and they're yards better than any history book for giving one the tenor of the times. DOBIE GILLIS happens to be my favourite, so perhaps I notice it more with that one, but it seems to me that one brief shot of a sign in his father's store advertising milk at 19¢ the quart is more eloquent than a thousand presidential warnings about spiralling inflation, so I think the CBN plan to present clean, decent, mindless family fare fell just a bit flat. I'm terribly sorry for them, of course.

(The previous paragraph was dedicated to Michael Dobbs.)

Well, that was a lengthy beginning, wasn't it, and not particularly coherent, but the best I could do since my preferred beginning, the one in which I address you whilst you sit in my very own rocking chair watching my very own television, was taken from me when I was too lazy to write this yesterday. I do think that would have been much more

amusing, but what CAN you do? After pulling an all-nighter, watching the Yankees begin their slow decline into oblivion, and spending the afternoon chasing around Englewood with the likes of you and Jill Zimmerman, I simply didn't have the strength, so we have to settle for a soap opera and DOBIE GILLIS and doing a page and a half of close spaced type without ever getting to the last IJ. Unfortunately, I can't do anything about the first two consequences of my lassitude, but I can do something about the last, and so...

I must say that the major thing that struck me about the last IJ was all the brouhaha over Ace Backwards' story. I read the thing, and then after seeing last issue's letters column I read it again, and both times it struck me as just your average, not-very-good-not-very-bad, life on the streets story. I mean, I was awfully surprised at the depth of reaction on both sides, as I've read about a dozen of these things previous to Backwards', some more graphic, some less so, and couldn't quite understand what all the fuss was about. I lived in the Tenderloin myself for awhile, so I can vouch for the accuracy of description, and I don't want to denigrate Backwards' experience by placing a value judgment on his reactions, but beyond all that the piece inspired nothing more than an off-hand "so what" in me—it neither offended me nor gave me any particular pleasure in the reading, and certainly didn't arouse me—so I wonder if I might have missed the boat about it, as everyone else seems to feel so strongly. The second half, by the way, I thought was just boring and silly—though I'm quite sure the first part had been based, at least in part, on some sort of fact—and I found the adolescent coldness with which it was written faintly annoying (I realize that Backwards' target audience is 16-year-old boys, but he must realize that he's exposing his work to other people by placing it in IJ, and this 32-year-old woman, at least, found his most recent attempt to affect juvenile self-centeredness irritating and outlandish. I'm no fan of teenaged boys in general, but I doubt that many of them would casually walk away from discovering a girl they liked involved in incest with nothing more than a passing regret that their big date had been ruined). Or maybe it's just that I find life on the street somewhat more interesting anyway than life in suburbia. Ah well, Backwards must be doing something right to garner all this reaction, or else something very wrong—he'll probably sell the book and make a million dollars, and more power to him. Wish I could—but I'm damned if I can see what it is.

Beyond that, let's see. I thought the latest Prudence story made a serious tactical error in showing so clearly that Pru is a small child. The things are much eerier when one can't really tell if Pru is a child with occasionally adult reactions, or an adult with the mind and emotions of a child. The latest in the batch was as well-written as the others, but lacked the lovely creepy, semi-surreal quality I've come to admire in the series. Don't want to tell anyone how to write their stuff, but I'd down-peddle references to Mummy and babysitters, were I the writer, and if the writer doesn't mind a suggestion from a devoted fan.

What else now? Oh, ZENARCHY STORIES were excellent, as always; Candi's article reminded me pleasantly of the fun of purchasing things in one's office (I used to love working where someone sold Avon, and would buy stuff I had no intention of using, just for the thrill of the catalogs every other week); and I liked the Toys 'R' Us cartoon on the inside back cover, though for some reason the other cartoons seemed to lack punch this month. What gives, guys? I know everyone's entitled to an off-month, but all of you at once? (Whoops, I forgot the Rimbaud cartoon—that one was good, too.) Well, I'm sure the cartoons will be up to their usual crispness and humour by next issue—I have faith in you artists.

Oh, lord, the 700 Club has just come on. This is the part of CBN's broadcasting from which not even I can glean anything entertaining—though one of their headlines, concerning God's judgement on those committing adultery, sounds like it has some promise—so I think it's time to close. Next time, stick around for a couple of days and you might conceivably get a better letter, eh? (When in doubt, pin it on the editor.) For the sake of your audience, do oblige.

Religiously,

ANNI ACKNER

The Hotel New Jersey

(Okay, my bags are packed, but first you have to stock your fridge with something besides cola, deal? Heh heh...)



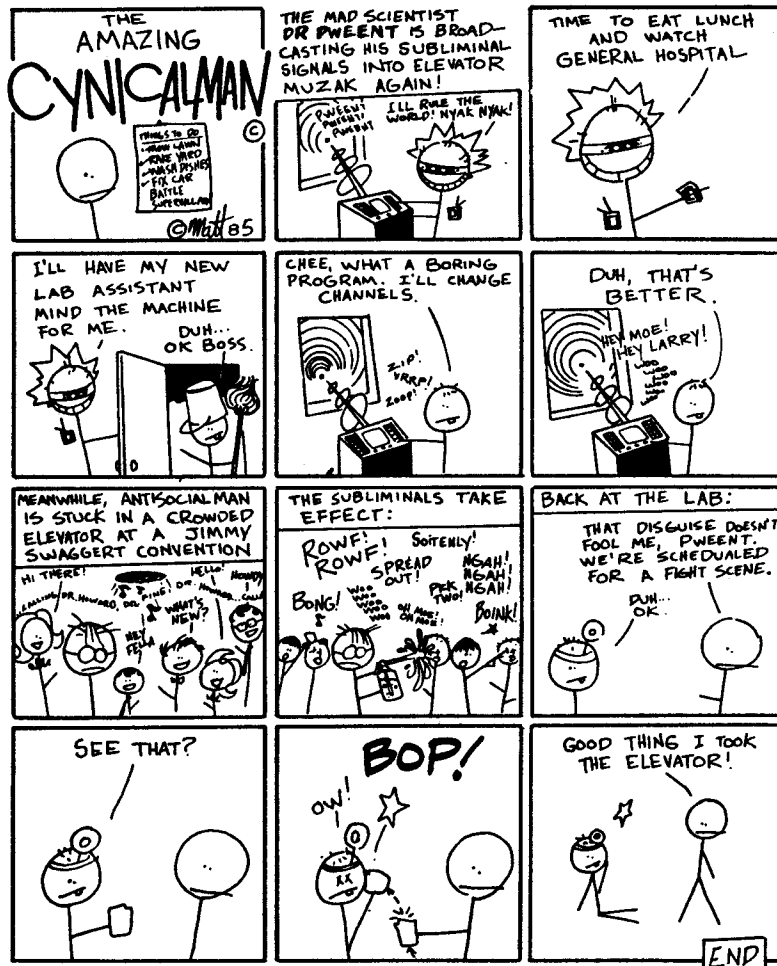
WORKING CLASS WORK

As compared with the other kind was something like 80 - 20 back in the early 18th century — mostly farmers. In the late 20th century it's approaching 20 - 80. Then and now it would best be 50 - 50 with everyone doing his or her share of such essential work via a world-wide year 'round paying even age work force.

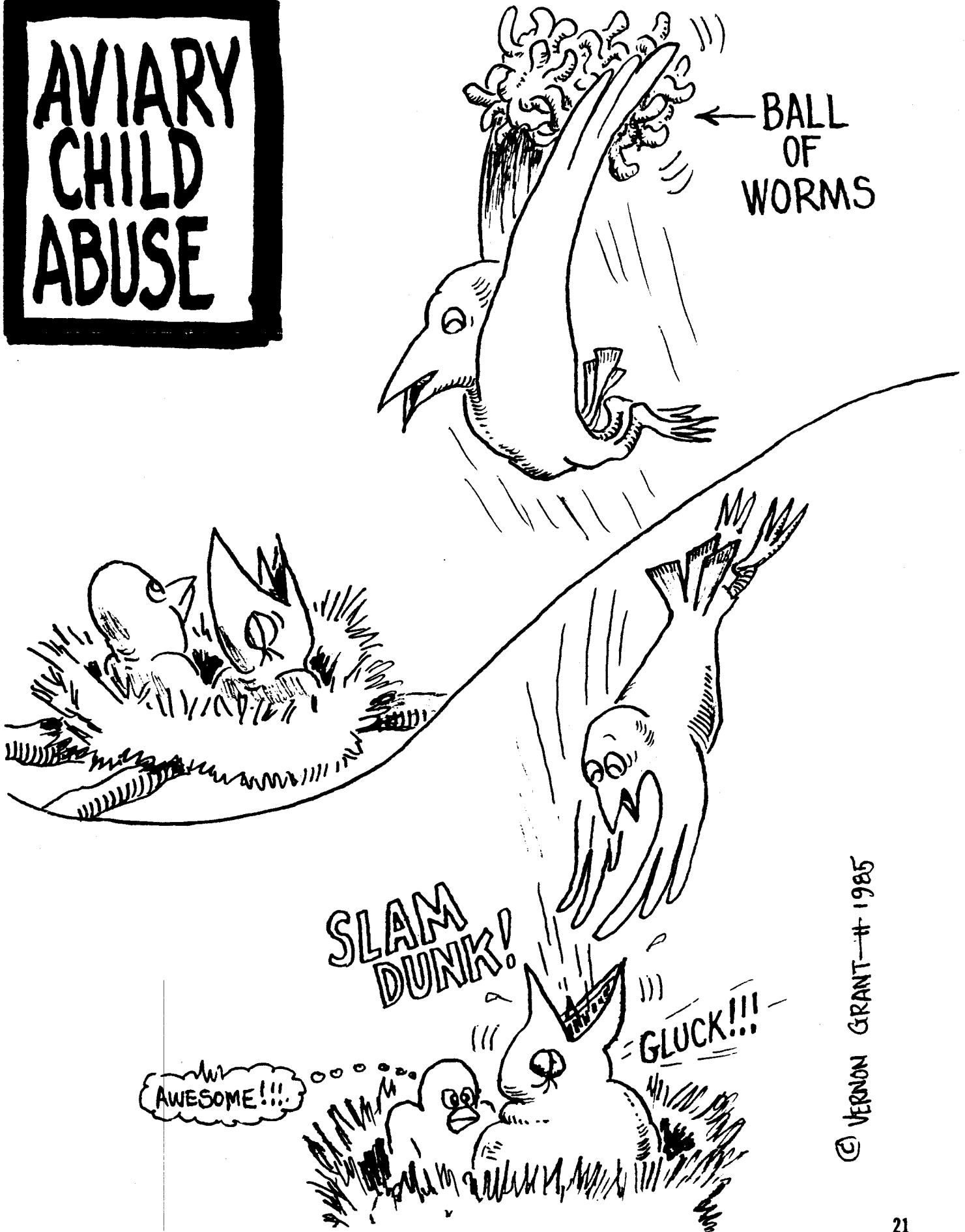
WHY WORK?

Harness your eccentricities for your own gain!

Most ordinary people are just strange enough to channel their Abnormality Potential into new talents of persuasion. Exploit the secret portions of your personality and generate higher intelligence, greater slack in daily life.



AVIARY CHILD ABUSE



© VERNON GRANT—# 1985

Wednesday 2 AUG

Friday 2 AUG

Saturday 24 AUG

Monday 20 AUG

Thursday 2 AUG

Friday 3 AUG

Advertise in

Section

Labels: "Just don't torture me with any more long speeches." My sentiments

his staging is

viewer might

to n

Divin

night

his tu

is se

mass

ling c

land

s cati

n as a

for me

her als

with

emore

to be

anti

story:

I'd be

exact

VER

piece i

piece

d to d

ships

ent, an

xhilar

e note

progra

be h

l in n

Rema

d.

PLEASE GIVE YOUR LOVE TO ME - THROU IT IN THE WIND AND I'LL BE THERE

IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT

AND AFTER ALL IS SAID, IS SAID AND DONE.

TIME AND TIME AGAIN, I'LL ALWAYS THERE TO

TIME AND TIME AGAIN, REST YOUR TIRE HEAD AND

SEE YOU THROUGH THE NIGHT

Monday

SEP 2 B

Tues 1

SEPT 1

IT AF SA

Frid 1

SEPT 1

Satur 1

SEPT 1

Weekend 18

SEP 1

PLE N

CODY LEE & THE WALK ROADHOUSE

EVERY MONDAY NIGHT!

inside JOKE

ELAYNE WECSHLER
ELAYNE WECHSLER
PO#1609
MADISON SQ. STATION
NEW YORK, NY 10159

Amazonas RESTAURANTE BRASILEIRO

Ripley's "Believe It"
NEW OLD
KOC, DLG
switch

22
N
RATE
S
23
SUNS
GO
24
REGION
ETTY

0632
nington

IZ
North V
INFO
' AI
HOU
best i
y is L
WKS
per 9pm f

GO GOM

PARKING AVAILABLE 19 and over

★ ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE ★

Mr. "C"

Sat. Aug. 24 **BRAZILL**
Samba, Carnival, Forro