

Inside Joke #42

"A Newsletter of Comedy and Creativity"

LOOKS AT

★INEVITABLE NETWORK PROGRAMMING★

\$1

Miami Mice

THIS FALL ON CBS...

THEY'RE COOL,
THEY'RE HOT...
THEY HAVE CLOTHES
NONE OF US GOT!



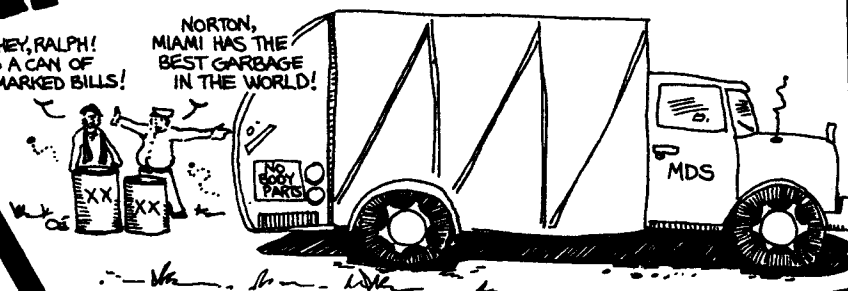
"IT'S NO MORE VIOLENT
THAN THE 6 O'CLOCK NEWS!"
— NRA NEWSLETTER

Miami Sanitation

COMING SOON TO ABC

HEY, RALPH!
IT'S A CAN OF
UNMARKED BILLS!

NORTON,
MIAMI HAS THE
BEST GARBAGE
IN THE WORLD!



NEW ON
NICKELODEON



THWAP!

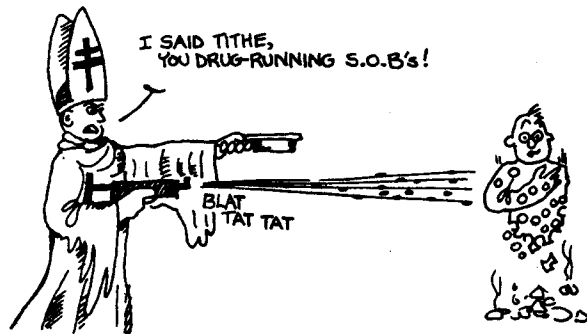
Miami School Crossing Guards

WITH SPECIAL GUEST STAR
GLENN FREY as PRINCIPAL POTAMKIN

PBS PRESENTS...

Miami Vicar

I SAID TITHE,
YOU DRUG-RUNNING S.O.B.'S!



Amster

AND ON LIFETIME...

Miami Vichyssoise



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS ETC.

Hey hey, back from vacation and ready to party, sort of. Details about our (3rd or 4th) Annual INSIDE JOKE End-o-Year Blowout can be found within these very pages (see the "Pointless IJ Trivia Quiz"), but do mark those calendars for DECEMBER 28 at Apt. Third Eye here in Brooklyn, and anybody needing directions, etc. do call me by our dead-line (naturally), December 15, at the H-E-L-P-A-T-1 Hotline (that area code's 718, by the way). There'll be music and video (yes, we can all play with the "toy," the VCR in the living room) and food and I'll even try to make punch, but after the vacation I honestly don't know if I can afford the spiking ingredients so it's a BYO, ok?

UPCOMING EVENTS-

1985

- DECEMBER 15 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #43
 DECEMBER 18 - Betty Grable (b. 1916)
 DECEMBER 19 - Phil Ochs (b. 1940)
 DECEMBER 21 - Frank Zappa (45)
 DECEMBER 25 - Rod Serling (b. 1924); Sir Isaac Newton (b. 1642); Jesus Christ (b. B.C. ?)
 DECEMBER 26 - Boxing Day
 DECEMBER 27 - "Howdy Doodly" TV debut (1947)
 DECEMBER 28 - AMY SWEENEY (24); INSIDE JOKE END-O-YEAR VID & MUSIC BLOWOUT, 8pm - ?, Apt. Third Eye, Brooklyn NY; RSVP to the (718) HELP-AT-1 Hotline or our palatial p.o. by 12/15!!!!
 DECEMBER 30 - Michael Nesmith (42)
 1986
 JANUARY 1 - Frank Langella (45)
 JANUARY 2 - NINA BOGIN (22); Isaac Asimov (66)
 JANUARY 3 - Zasu Pitts (b. 1900); J.R.R. Tolkien (b. 1892); Waxed paper straws patented (1888)
 JANUARY 4 - Sterling Holloway (81)
 JANUARY 8 - STEVEN SCHARFF (24); David Bowie (39); Soupy Sales (60); Elvis Presley (b. 1935)
 JANUARY 9 - Joan Baez (45)
 JANUARY 10 - First photo from airplane (1911); Jim Croce (b. ?); Donald Fagen (36); Ray Bolger (82)
 JANUARY 17 - TOM CORNEJO (22); Benjamin Franklin (b. 1706)
 JANUARY 18 - Danny Kaye (73); Oliver Hardy (b. ?); A.A. Milne (b. 1882); Roget (b. 1779)
 JANUARY 19 - Janis Joplin (b. 1943); Edgar Allan Poe (b. 1809)
 JANUARY 20 - George Burns (90); Fellini (b. 1920)
 JANUARY 22 - D.W. Griffith (b. 1875)
 JANUARY 23 - Ernie Kovacs (b. 1919); Humphrey Bogart (b. ?)
 JANUARY 24 - Gold discovered in California (1848); John Belushi (b. 1949)
 JANUARY 25 - Virginia Woolf (b. 1882)
 JANUARY 27 - DEBORAH BENEDICT (35); Lewis Carroll (b. 1832)
 JANUARY 29 - W.C. Fields (b. 1880)
 JANUARY 30 - Richard Brautigan (b. 1935)
 JANUARY 31 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #44;
 Phil Collins (35)

 * INSIDE JOKE is put on hexaweekly by Elaine "Disclaimer" Wechsler
 * and dear friends, and emanates (despite the address of our palatial
 * p.o. box) from beautiful downtown Brooklyn, where every good run-
 * away cat eventually finds a home (I hope). Batten down, folks;
 * winter's coming on—happy holidays and other daze!
 * EDITOR-IN-RESIDENCE.....ELAYNE WECHSLER
 * (DEAD)HEAD XEROGRAPHER....."UNCLE WIGGLY"

STAFF WRITERS/ARTISTS

* ANNI ACKNER-----DEBORAH BENEDICT-----MICHAEL DOBBS
 * --RORY HOUCHENS-----TULI KUPFERBERG-----PETE LABRIOLA--
 * JOHN P. MORGAN-----SUSAN PACKIE-----GEORG PATTERSON
 * --ROLDO-----STEVEN SCHARFF-----CANDI STRECKER--
 * KERRY THORNLEY-----PHIL TORTORICI-----A.J. WRIGHT
 * FRONT COVER--ANDY AMSTER-----INSIDE BACK COVER--MATT PEAZELL

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE:

* TOM CORNEJO
 * SUE D'ONYM
 * KRIS GILPIN
 * VERNON GRANT
 * KRISTINE KRYTTRE
 * LIGI
 * SARAH MOWNEY
 * LARRY OBERC
 * PETER L. SCISCO
 * BOBBY WARNER
 * L.P. WHITNEY
 * and "KID" SIEVE

* Ads furnished by J.C. Brainbeau, Good Sex For Mutants Dating Ser-
 * vice, Not Available Comics, Sound Choice, the SubGenius Foundation
 * and Yossarian Universal News Service

* Writers'/Artists' Guidelines available for SASE upon your request.
 * c. 1985 Pen-Elayne Enterprises - Kip M. Ghesin, la Presidente!!!!!!
 * PRINTED BY AMERICAN SANIZDAT PRESS - "If it bites, it's an A.S.P."*
 * Subway graffiti quotable quote: "From Orwell to Falwell—boy, are
 * we fucked up!"

*Gypsy has since returned

And speaking of California, Steve (now back in 'Bammy, and IJ's esteemed Production Assistant and Fiance-at-Large will miss the party by one mere day, unfortunately, and shan't return to these pages as layout helper, etc. till March, for those of you wondering) and I would sincerely like to thank all of you folks we saw out there for a truly wonderful time—especially our southern hosts, my brother Gene and sis-in-law Val and neice Erica; and our northern hosts, the too-too wonderful Mistress of Slack, Candi Strecker, Slackmaster and computer (sub)genius Matt Householder, and Sputnik 5 Telstar. Also thanks to Buck Moon, T.S. Child, Denver Tucson, Dana Snow, Phil Proctor (twice), the Low Moan people, Ace Backwards and his impromptu IJ "fan club," and any other names that escape me, mea culpa. Lots of apologia goes out, as well, to all the folks we didn't have the time to see because of time limitations, planning problems, that sort of thing, so hellos just the same to Gail Williams, Bob Armstrong, Robert Rabbit, Louise Yost, and we'll do it next time fer sher! I'd also like to add individual sorries to Bob Bloom and Dan Howland for forgetting to bring their phone numbers with me in the first place. I mean, DUH, you know?

* The bad news, for those of you who keep track of this sort of thing, is that Gypsy the Feral Cat is no more, having leapt out of our grasp as we were two steps away from homebase (my dad not having bought the pet carrier he'd promised to purchase, and oh, so many more should've and would've) and, we hope, into the arms of a loving family somewhere, somehow, never to return. I'll always be somewhat mortified, of course (at the risk of sounding totally silly and maudlin, it feels not unlike losing a child, esp. a firstborn), but have since acquired Phredd (or Fnord, or "Yo, cat!" or whatever you wish to call him), who will be attendance at above-mentioned party.

Also good news and bad regarding staffers. Official welcomes to Ace and J.P. and, as a pleasant surprise, Phil Tortorici, our "back cover man," and incidentally, I HEREBY NOTIFY ANY AND ALL CONCERNED THAT THE SEMI-GRATUITOUS NUDE ART ON PHIL'S BACK COVER THIS TIME WAS TOTALLY UNEXPECTED AND SINCE IT'S TOO LATE TO SEND IT BACK NOW, I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THIS SORT OF THING IS STILL IN THE REALM OF THE USUALLY-REJECTABLE AS FAR AS IJ GOES, IS "MORE THAN I NEED TO KNOW" AND ALL THAT TO BOOT, and like I said, there wasn't time to send it back and get another cover, hence this written dissociation from said contents. And you all thought I was mellowing, huh?

The bad news as far as staffers is two-fold—1) During my absence, J.P.'s autobio was, er, misplaced from my desk at the office, so I'm afraid I'll have to run that next issue, when he sends another. Also, I have not yet heard from Tuli Kupferberg, so he gets another issue to send in his paragraph or he's in "Other Contributors" again, ok Tuli? (Gosh, what power—never envisioned myself having the chutzpah to say things like this to bona-fide cult heroes...=gulp=) As for the long-distance Prudence, I haven't yet heard from overseas, so she remains unaccounted for this ish.

Oh, speaking of =gulp=, many thanks to the Utne Reader for reprinting our review of the Ladies Against Women show, which appeared in IJ a few issues ago, along with a promised plug for this very rag, which should allow us to welcome more new subscribers into the fold, so Welcome New Subscribers!, and Thanks once again to Utne and Julie Ristau and Helen Cordes in particular. I've plugged Utne in Fan Noose but it also sells at real newsstands and everything, so this is a real nice boost for us, hip hip and hooray to boot, etc.!

If all goes well (and I'm pushing myself at this point but no big deal, my boss is out this week), you'll have this issue in time to note our next deadline, which is (as I mentioned above in the party announcement) December 15. Issue #43 will feature a front cover by Ace Backwards that's as wonderful as Andy's is this time, and if I can just keep up this pace, party attendees will be able to see/read the masters thereto (if I can't, maybe we'll have a Gang layout or something...ooh, kinky eh?). Future deadlines as of this point are January 30, 1986 for IJ #44; March 15 (the Ides) for #45; and April 30 for #46.

Deadlines apply to just about everything (art, comic strips, stories [under 2000 words please], articles, letters, plus anything I've forgotten to list) except subscription money, which can be sent to me anytime since I don't have a bulk mail permit. Subs are \$1 per issue, and you can send up to \$8 for a year's worth (8 issues). Anything above \$8 will automatically be considered a donation. SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NON-REFUNDABLE, but we've been around for over 5 years so we're not about to close up shop yet; still, pay at your own risk. If there's an "X" by your name on your mailing label, this is the last issue you'll get without payment (\$5 or 39¢ in stamps if you're a contributor to the next issue or your own publication or notice you're still hanging in there if we're trading and I haven't heard from you). Donations are always welcome, especially during this time of year what with finances seeming to drain right away. Thanks to J.C. Brainbeau and Paul Buhle for their generosity. Send all announcements, publications in trade, submissions, donations, suggestions and drugs to us at

P.O. Box 1609, Madison Sq. Station, New York, NY 10159
 and please, if you're more fond of checkiepoos than those green pieces of paper with dead presidents' pictures on them, don't make the checks out to IJ, make them out to me, ok? Thanks.

This issue is dedicated to the late Johnny Olsen (God said "Come on up!") and the guy who played Sky King (last name Grant; sorry I can't remember his first name, Steve). And since I try real hard not to treat people any differently this time of year than any other time, I probably won't be doing the card-n-present stick but do want to wish those of you who do get into it all due greetings of the season and lots of pretty lights and eggnog and mistletoe, and come to think of it, I want to wish everybody in general the same good things I like to wish them year 'round—take care till next time!

Fan Noose

One of the best bits of political satire I've seen in many a moon came my way just before vacation (and an apologetic aside to all those folks whose publications I just haven't had time to read, again, due to all my manic activity I mentioned on page 2) is called **GEORGE SCHRUB SPEAKS**. George Schrub is the man de guerre of San Fran-based "inciteful songwriter" Dave Lippman (P.O. Box 40800, San Francisco, CA 94140), and I don't know how much this Volume II sells for but it's easily worth far more than a buck or so, and so wonderful that I just may reprint some of the "revelations" in future IJs (and maybe even get Dave to do some new stuff for us?)—do inquire... Meanwhile, on this side of the country, **THE MILL HUNK HERALD** appears to have been circulating around the more activist sorts in the steel industry for, well, at least 16 issues now (they sent me #s 14 and 16, and the latter was the quarterly output for Spring '85, so you can figure it out since I'm no good with numbers). Selling at \$1.50 per, it appears to be a fascinating glimpse into the creativity of this heretofore unknown (at least to me, and that's not saying much) culture. Editor is **Larry Evans**, 916 Middle St., Pittsburgh, PA 15212... And from across the ocean comes what appears to be a sf fanzine, but does contain stories and poems and even plug/reviews, called **IDOMO** and put out by **Chuck Connor**, c/o Sildan House, Chediston Road, Wisset, Near Halesworth, Suffolk, IP19 0NF ENGLAND. It's available for what fandom refers to as "the usual"... And a fan from Canada, the very talented **C.F. Kennedy** (remember **BIBLIO-FANTASTIC**?) has a new one out, **THE BLOTTER**, unread as yet but full of short stories and poems and if they're up to C.F.'s usual standards this is well worth getting, probably for a buck or so, from 233 Woodbine Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4L 3P3 CANADA... More good zine connections can be had from **Lang Thompson** (2111 University Blvd. E, Apt. 33, Tuscaloosa, AL 35404) in his **FUNHOUSE** "contact list." For what amounts to only two repro'd pages, both sides, methinks it's a bit steep at the buck he's asking, but it may be worth it to serious networkers... Meanwhile, it's that time again as **LOOMPANICS** publishes its yearly catalogue of books on "activities and devices which would be in violation of various Federal, State and local laws," but of course there's that wonderful disclaimer on page 2... The place to go if you simply must complete that leary collection, or are looking for a decent mail-order handgun, or just can't get that marijuana plant to bloom. You can get on their mailing list by writing P.O. Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368... If you can't get enough weirdness in your local newspaper, items of strange note are retyped for your perusal in **PHOEBE**, "the newsletter of eccentricity" published by **James MacDougall** (511 Routes 5 & 20, Waterloo, NY 13165) which also has the same kinds of neat stuff found in these pages occasionally and has no price so send him a buck... Another fun-looking paper, which actually manages to give itself away free, is the **DUCKBERG TIMES**, full of nice comic strips but probably too many ads (oh, that's how they manage to be free), available from editor **Ron Baker**, P.O. Box 382, Alexandria, VA 22313... And for mail art enthusiasts, editor "**Rudi Rubberoid**" has put out **THE RUBBER FANZINE**, which, as you may imagine, consists solely of imaginative rubber stamp collages. Very nicely done, and recommended if this is your kind of thing—send a buck or an artistic contribution to P.O. Box 2432, Bellingham, WA 98227-2432 (why does that address sound so familiar, J.C. Palmer?)... Also from the chilly northwest comes **Michael Dowers'** latest **Starhead** Comix productions, like **SEATTLE STAR** and **EXQUISITE CORPSE COMIX**, and other assorted minis and non-minis—write for info to 3615 Phinney N., Seattle, WA 98103... Collagist supreme **Joe Schwind** now has postcards available—if you've been with us you know his address, so do write to him for info... And a couple of "at long last," lumped together so neither of them will think I'm picking on them: firstly, **THE TUBER'S VOICE**, the Couch Potato newsletter, which I heartily recommend not only because I'm a staffer but because **Elder Bob Armstrong** and cohorts deserve all the support they can get. Send a couple bucks to P.O. Box 249, Dixon, CA 95620... And the ubiquitous (god I love that word) **CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS** has just sent out its latest revised "intro pamphlet"; **Ivan Stang**, aka **Doug Smith**, writes "We're back in the saddle! After terrible financial curse from the IRS, I am about to mail this new pamphlet to all Members, plus we're doing all these shows listed on the other side [San Fran, LA, Seattle] plus some in Dallas and Little Rock—and Buck [Naked] and I have a WEEKLY RADIO SHOW!! Every Sunday nite for an hour. We're playing all the tape that people send [I can hear you guys now, "so get a move on Audio IJ already Elaine"]—it's a hot show. I'm getting famous here in Dallas. Maybe the money will come next. BIG FIST to print as soon as that happens." For those of you (and I know there are still a few lurking out there) who haven't yet sent in your bucks for "Bob," the address is P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214-0306—pull the wool over your own eyes!... A fellow who has had woolly eyes for as long as creator **Randy Maxson** can remember is back in **ZEKE THE GEEK'S PSYCHO STORYBOOK**, available for \$3.50 from 56A Bowdoin St., Malden, MA 02148... And our own staffer **J.P. Morgan** has put out **FUDGONG FUNNIES** #3, a tasty minicomic for the usual 50¢ to P.O. Box 78, Keansburg, NJ 07734... One of the most fascinating truly regional pubs, **SOUTHERN LIFESTYLE**, is starting to come out faster than I can plug it, having put out the first two issues of Volume II (their newspaper format) already. Absolutely worth the \$5/yearly sub price from **James D. Furst**, P.O. Box 10932, Raleigh, NC 27605... And apologies for not giving more plugs to **DREAMSHORE** but my copies had kept getting lost between **Jan Byron** and me. They're up to #24 now (#25 should be out by the time you read this), "**Kid**" **Sieve's** considering defecting from IJ over to there last I heard, and I'm still in love with this creative endeavor of childhood and love and magic, available for \$1 from 618 S. Mitchell St., Bloomington, IN 47401... **SOUND CHOICE** is churning itself out with amazing regularity, given the musical (and literary) scope they cover. \$2.50 nets you #3, their latest, from **David Claffardini**, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023 and I don't know how they do it

Inside IJ Staffers

A thousand pardons once again to **J.P. Morgan**, who is officially a staffer but whose autobio has gotten lost in the shuffle somehow; as stated on page 2, we'll run it next time when he sends another, and it is to be hoped we can run one for **Fugs** member **Tuli Kupferberg** as well, if I hear from him. **ACE BACKWORDS** (aka **PETER LABRIOLA**)

1630 University Ave. #26
Berkeley, CA 94703
9-12-56

ACE BACKWORDS DATA SHEET

Height: 6 feet

Weight: 165 lbs.

Measurements: 41-46-38

Turn-ons: Alcohol, leisure suits, women who don't smash out all the windows in my apartment as a means of expressing their displeasure at my smoking cigars in their presence
Turn-offs: No money for alcohol, intimate details of **Barry Manilow's** sex life

Turnips: (n.) a plant of the mustard family with roundish edible root

Favorite Quotes: "Do you have alcohol?" "Laugh and the world laughs with you—cry and the world laughs at you." "People in tin houses shouldn't throw can openers!"

Ideal Evening: Go to 7-11, buy large bag of sour cream potato chips, say hello to checkout girl, and not have anyone attack me with large stick

Favorite Zine: It's **INSIDE JOKE** or it's nothing at all.

Ace Backwords: **INSIDE JOKE** man!

Phil Tortorici is a rather cantankerous, over-thirty, who has just gotten back into the cartoon biz in 1983, after a false start

PHIL TORTORICI

P.O. Box 57487

West Palm Beach, FL 33405

11-19-54

in 1981, and a long pause starting in 1976. He lives in a modest half-a-duplex in a declining section of Lake Worth, FL, with his wife, **Barbara**—a **Louise Jameson** lookalike and avid horror novel reader—, two noisy Siamese cats (refer to back cover IJ 40), many magazines, and 700 lp's. He likes R-P-Gs, **Doctor Who**, '70s progressive rock and humiliating science fiction fans (they are mostly big targets, if you know what I mean).



either... **Rich Geis**, though, is winding down, announcing that his terrific semi-pro pub **SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW** (#57 just out, for \$2.50) is folding in November of next year, after I've lost count of how many Hugo fan awards, so it's good luck to **Rich** and you can get in on the final issues by sending your \$\$ to P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211... Good gosh, it's after 5pm already and I've got a hungry mouth to feed at home, I'd better get on with plugs for our esteemed "regular" publications: **BABUSHKIN'S DIGEST** #s. 9, 10—**L.D. Babushkin**, P.O. Box 128, Rosendale, NY 12472 (creative political zine; free but send him \$\$, he deserves it!); **GOOD DAY SUNSHINE** V.2, #28—**Charles F. Rosenay III**, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511 (Beatles; \$2); **JET LAG** #58—**Steve Pick/Joe Williams**, 8419 Hall's Ferry Rd., St. Louis, MO 63147 [St. Louis area music scene, reviews in general, even some **Baboon** Dookey for those who've been wondering what **John Crawford's** been up to; \$1]; **JOURNAL OF ERICKSON'S STAGE** 61 V.2, #2—**Jeff Wechter**, 718 Clymer St., Philadelphia, PA 19147 (creative zine; free); **META-SCOOP** V.2, #10—**Barbara Sowell/Deb Armstrong**, 1004 Live Oak Lane, Arlington, TX 76012 (New Age spiritualism; \$10/year); **THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN** #34—**T.S. Child**, 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 (creative zine #1 personally think T.S. and Denver are brilliant; free but send \$\$ 'cause they're neatokeen folk!); **THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER** V.XIV, #s 5, 6—**John T. Harilee**, Route 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501 (Libertarian; \$ASE?); **SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM** AND **YOUR POCKET WRENCH** #2—**David Serlin/Phil Kretschedemas**, 7824 Kismet St., Miramar, FL 33023 (creative zine; \$1); **UTNE READER** #12—**Eric Utne**, Box 1974, Marion, OH 43305 ("the best of the alternative press"; \$4/issue or \$24/year). Except for the latecomers, that's it for now; see you in the funny papers!

"DENSE PACK"

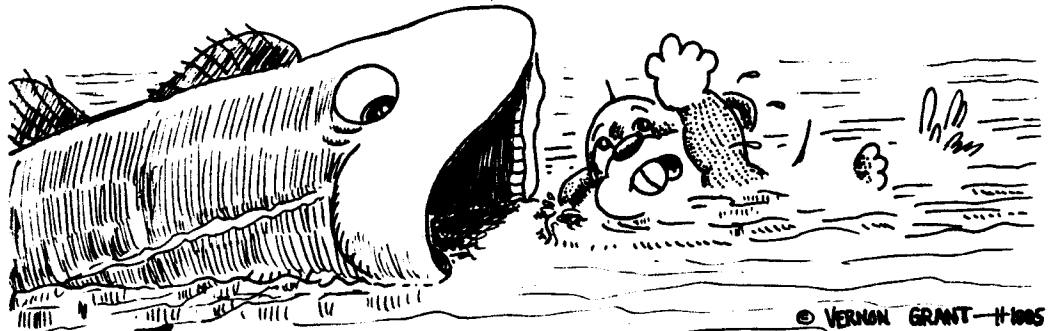
Should be 21 cigarettes in a 20 cigarette pack — that and NOTHING MORE.

End the threat of nuclear war by ending winnerless wars along with a few more wrongs that have been with us since Christ knows when. Send SASE to war-ending, WINNERS

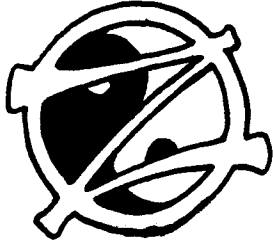
Box 2243

YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504

... OUT FOR HIS MORNING SWIM, "MANHATTAN MOUSE"
UNFORTUNATELY FINDS THAT STURGEON STILL LIVE IN
THE HUDSON RIVER...



© VERNON GRANT—1985



Zenarchy STORIES

by Ho Chi Zen

DETROIT ROULETTE

For the bored and restless, this Zenarchist version of *sumari* Zen dueling requires at least two participants who care nothing whatever for their own lives, nor for the lives of others. (Oddly enough, contestants eager to play can be found almost anywhere.)

Player number one climbs into a large-wheeled contraption weighing approximately one or two tons called an automobile which has been manufactured for this purpose. Driven at a speed of between forty to seventy miles an hour down an asphalt runway known as a road, this vehicle approaches player number two, traveling within the same speed range in an automobile also made of steel and weighing approximately as much, going in the opposite direction. To pass one another at a distance of from two to six feet without a collision is the object of the game.

If these vehicles miss one another and the object is therefore attained, then each contestant wins a trip to a chosen destination, providing he or she pays for the gas. Should the vehicles collide, both players lose.

In America this harrowing sport is the nation's top killer, taking more lives than war and shortening life in general by means of pollution. Indiscriminately, it maims and murders not only players, called drivers, but also passengers and pedestrians of all age groups and levels of involvement.

Considerably more complicated than I have described it here, it involves an intricate set of rules called a motor vehicle code, exorbitant insurance rates and road taxes, chronic time-payment indebtedness, deliberately calculated obsolescence and enormous amounts of litter in the way of junked and scrapped vehicles.

Political ramifications are also stupendous. As Gary Snyder observes, General Motors is bigger than Holland. If you calculate its equivalent of a Gross National Product it exceeds the GNP of most European countries combined. As might be expected, these things make for an impressive lobby in Washington. During World War II both General Motors and Ford made war materials for the Allied and Axis powers alike on an equal opportunity basis. And while the toll of bombing on the German civilian population was devastating, little of the American automotive property in Europe was damaged in the least by the Allies.

A variation of Detroit Roulette is called *Kami Kaze*. You qualify for this game by seriously promoting alternative transportation systems to the automobile or nonpolluting substitutes for the internal combustion engine. Soon all manner of unwelcome additions to your social circle will appear, and so if you don't get it on the open highway, you can always find plenty of excitement by walking down a dark alley.

The automobile industry is a sublime example of what the world thinks is practical and necessary.

THE USE OF DISCIPLES

When Ho Chi Zen decided to take on students, Rabbi Koan was scandalized. "I thought you were a Zenarchist who be-

lieved in Zen without Masters and anarchy without ideology. You yourself have said that there is nothing to teach and no one to teach it. What's the idea of acting like an ordinary guru?" Rabbi Koan demanded.

"In the first place," said Ho, "we must never make the mistake of becoming so fanatical about our own ideas as to practice without exception everything we preach. In the second place, whenever I get stoned I become inspired and think of one thing after another that blows my mind. Seldom can I avoid the temptation to write these things down. So I rush around looking for a pencil, finding some paper and then trying to recall word for word what I said, half a dozen new thoughts come pouring into my head from I do not know where, and before it's over I'm thoroughly confused. I need somebody to take notes. That's why I'm accepting students."

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Noting that the Zen Master who served in his court always dressed in rags, a Japanese Emperor bought the *roshi* a whole new wardrobe. But the next day he found his own children playing in costumes consisting of the fine clothes the Zen Master, yet in rags, had given them.

SECURITY

Of safeguarding property Chuang-Tzu wrote, "For security against robbers that snatch purses and rifle bags, people stow their possessions in trunks and bind them with ropes and bolts and strong locks. This is what the world calls wit. But in reality it is only saving up for the strong thief, who hoists the trunk on his back and runs—fearing only that the ropes and bolts will not hold or that the lock will break. Isn't everything we do to secure ourselves against future losses a little like this? Aren't we always saving up for the strong thief?"

Then he describes the Kingdom of Khi, where the government protected the property of all its citizens until one day Tien Khang Tzu, the Attorney General, assassinated the King. "Was he content with stealing the land? No. He also appropriated the laws and the lawyers, the legislators and the police. For all the kingdom had been saved up in the same package... The invention of weights and measures has made robbery more precise. The invention of contracts has made it more sure. The invention of ethics with its fine language about love and duty has made it possible to prove that robbery is for the public good. But the moral is plain for all to see: steal a hook and hang for a crook; steal a kingdom and win a crown."

THE MAGPIE DIALECTICS

In Aldous Huxley's utopian novel, *Island*, there are in the trees magpies who say, "Pay attention!" while others say, "Here and now!" and yet others: "Compassion!"

As Zenarchist social revolutionaries, isn't that just about all the ideology we require? For if we pay attention to incoming data from all our senses, will we understand as much as is possible? If in whatever we think about the past or the future we remain emotionally rooted in the here and now, will we not complete the work at hand—without leaving our problems unsolved to create troubles for us in the future? And if we stay in touch with our compassion, won't that ensure that we don't forget our purpose in becoming involved at the beginning?

If I had to contribute anything else to an ideology of Zenarchy it would be only this: "Unite the oppressed and divide their oppressors."

DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

23 WITH A BULLET

I have never made any secret of the fact that I am not a great reader of newspapers or, put more accurately, the last time I glanced at a newspaper, Garry Trudeau was still managing to be cogent once every three or four panels. Oh, I used to read newspapers, all right—being, as it happens, in my thirties, from a relatively liberal environment, and college-educated, I am, necessarily, part and parcel of a culture in which admitting one did not read newspapers was tantamount to admitting that one bit one's toenails and picked up one's raw meat in one's fingers prior to gnawing it off the bone, so every day I dutifully read both a morning and an evening newspaper (in the entirely erroneous belief that things actually happen between the hours of 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. For anyone worried on this score, let me assure you, as one who recently, owing to unemployment, saw more of those hours than the average working person generally does, that absolutely nothing of any import happens after breakfast and before Happy Hour or, if it does, it's going to depress you and you're better off not knowing about it anyway), and on Sunday I settled down to an entire day of getting eye-strain, and nasty black stains all over my fingers. I might have gone on this way for years, in fact—people do, you know, which is one reason why Valium is such a hot item—had I not, quite by chance, realized, one day, that I had reached the Overflow Point. This epiphany occurred at precisely the moment I heard myself describing a perfectly nice gentleman as "a former Vietnam veteran with a history of emotional disturbances who is currently terrorizing the midtown area," and from that second on I stopped reading newspapers. That's all, just stopped. Cold turkey.

I can't say it was easy. Habits that strongly ingrained are not comfortable to break, and many was the time I caught myself staring at some juicy headline in the NEWS or the POST (HINCKLEY IN SECRET MEETING WITH WHITE HOUSE AIDE was an especial temptation, as I recall) with longing, but I prevailed and, after a couple of months, I'm happy to report that the craving left me entirely and these days I'm quite content with getting my news in five-minute spurts in between cuts from AQUALUNG on Z-100. While this approach might be said to lack depth—I don't always get all the details of a particular story, to my regret—at least in this manner I am able to keep au courant with What's Happening, while conserving my reading time for more meaningful material, like the latest V.C. Andrews.

And I do so like to keep up with the important issues of the day, don't you? For instance, recently I have been most interested in the efforts of Tipper Gore and her friends—who seem to sort of move in a unit normally identified as "Unnamed Senate Wives"—to have ratings placed upon rock'n'roll records, much in the same way movies are rated, in order to warn parents and other interested parties that some of the songs contained therein might not be fit for the ears of young children and impressionable teenagers. Now, personally, I think this is an absolutely splendid idea. Unfortunately, there are devious and prurient creatures—one hesitates to call them "human beings"—loose in the otherwise respectable field of rock'n'roll who seem to like nothing better than purveying improper and indecent ideas in the guise of "lyrics" to our innocent children, to say nothing of those who, as mature, thinking adults, would rather not be exposed to this sort of trash. While no one is suggesting censorship—however enticing the idea may be when one considers the depths to which some of these monsters will sink when writing and performing their "songs"—it does seem to me that a system of ratings is the perfect solution to the question of how to keep junk of this variety out of our homes. As no one has ever been able to say that I am not a public-spirited citizen, and as no one likes a good, clean rock'n'roll song more than I, and so I have a vested interest in keeping the more unsavoury elements from sullying the field, I have decided, therefore, to do my bit for the Cause by offering a system of ratings that I am sure will be acceptable to the estimable Ms. Gore and her band of right-thinkers. Though I am equally certain that some modification will be called for—surely such a group of informed individuals will have more ideas on the subject than the humble likes of yours truly could even begin to imagine—I think that, as a basic beginning, these suggestions of mine could do quite a bit towards cleaning up and cutting out the unhealthy fat of the music industry as we know it today. Ergo, I present, with all due modesty:

DOC ROCK FIEND'S RATE-A-RECORD GUIDE

RATING

S/S (Singer/
Songwriter)

WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU AS LISTENER

Contains material written and performed by one person, generally male but occasionally female, who has had the sort of luck in romantic affairs that John DeLorean had in the car business but who, in spite of it all, struggles to "keep on keeping on" and retain a positive outlook even though he or she is plunged to the very brink of depression. Lyrics contain references to "moving further down the road," "gray skies at morning," "city lights," "seagulls wheeling over sandcastles," and there will invariably be at least one "feel-good" song about either walking through the streets of a funky neighborhood or dancing to the strains of a funky record on an old jukebox, or both. Liable to cause anxiety attacks in those sensitive to sensitivity or those who have shown previous hyperallergic reactions to acoustic guitars or pianos played entirely on the black keys.

SOUND CHOICE

An Audio Evolution Network Publication

Find out about obscure music of all genres, alternative publications, networking, audio and psycho experimentation, more. Articles, interviews, reviews, opinions. Hundreds of contact addresses. Internationally distributed. Article submissions welcome. Sample (80 pages): \$2.50. Subscriptions (U.S.): \$12/6 issues. SOUND CHOICE, P.O.B. 1251, Djai, CA 93023, U.S.A.; Tel. (805) 646-6814.



F S/S (Former
Singer/Songwriter)

Material recorded by a singer/songwriter who has, for one reason or another—usually accidental exposure to real rock musicians—decided to change his or her image and "lighten up." Will still contain references to roads, skies, cities, seagulls and sandcastles, but will now be backed by several former members of the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band or Hot Tuna. The wary listener will be especially careful with this rating, as it is possible to mistake this stuff for actual rock-n-roll if one does not listen very closely.

GCE (Group
Charitable Effort)

A committee effort by several dozen otherwise normal rock musicians all competing with each other to raise money for a Worthy Cause and prove to the listener how unselfish and egoless they are. Songs show unmistakable signs of having been written by four or more people, all with conflicting musical styles—known colloquially as the Sybil Effect—and performance is distinguished by having each Major Musician sing one line of the verse, reminiscent of childhood renditions of "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall." Absolutely only for those who videotape Jerry Lewis' Muscular Dystrophy telethons so that they may enjoy them again and again.

PR (Political Rock) GCE is actually an offshoot of this genre, in which musicians attempt to show that they are Serious and Thinking Individuals, Concerned about the Issues of Our Times, a delusion second only to that of the vaginal orgasm, and on more or less the same order, as both have been known to give rise to grandiose statements, fiddling around in the wrong places, and a lot of faking. Unless you really feel a desperate need to have a group of half-educated white boys tell you that Negroes are just like everybody else and nuclear war is a Bad Thing, steer clear.

BC (Bad Cover)

Record contains at least one remake of an originally good song by an artist who has no feeling or understanding for the songwriter's intent. See, e.g., James Taylor's HANDY MAN, David Lee Roth's CALIFORNIA GIRLS and anything ever recorded by Manfred Mann. See also: "L".

L (Lame)

Any attempt by any performer to record in a style or genre to which he or she does not, by any stretch of the imagination, belong. Rating applies to such nightmarish travesties as "blue-eyed soul," "white reggae," "country rock" and Michael Jackson. Any Michael Jackson.

LL (Louie Louie)

Contains still another version of "Louie Louie." Is not rated BC because there has never, in the history of the recording industry, been a good cover of this be-nighted tune.

And there you have it. Most assuredly, if we adopt this rating system, or one similar to it, and thanks to the efforts of Ms. Gore and cohorts, we can once again make rock'n'roll a safe and pleasant thing to which to listen, and to feel comfortable sharing with our children. I offer it free of charge, with no strings attached, and only add the slight proviso that, if adopted, the news is not placed in any of the local newspapers, or I'll never hear about it. A small, appropriately worded notice in forthcoming editions of something like HOLLYWOOD BABYLON III will do very nicely for me, if you don't mind.

In the name of decency, I thank you.

SEX WORDS!
What's Coming Up
on July 6, 1985,
\$1 for Internet Pamphlet
The Sex-Comics Foundation
Box 140206,
Dallas, TX 75214

ORANGE DOORS

Anthea Trephine

Losing things seems easy. People do it all the time. Yet it's not until you actually try that you realize how hard it is to lose things well. So that you can't find them. So that no one can find them. And this only becomes harder when the thing you're trying to lose is yourself.

That's the problem that Prudence and Bunny were facing in the hotel. Actually they were facing the television, waiting for the Transformers to come on. Prudence liked Starscream, although Bunny only got interested when the Insectoids were on. He much preferred Danger Mouse but that was already over for today. But cartoons (or even scary movies, which were also over for a while) will only take you so far, even if there is air conditioning. So Prudence decided to try out her idea (well actually it was Bunny's idea but there was no telling Prudence some things) about hiding so Mummy would forget them and they could go to Yona's party. At first, Prudence thought it might actually work as Mummy came in one time all upset because she'd lost one of her gloves. Maybe it was a losing things kind of day. But Prudence's sneakers were sticking out from under the blanket and Mummy just told her not to play under the furniture and went back out again mumbling something about getting rid of those ratty old red All-Pros.

"Next time I'll have to be cleverer," said Prudence, crawling out from under the big brown bed. "But at least I found the rest of my crayons." They'd gotten lost earlier when Bunny had decided that he'd had just about enough of the Mr. T "Whopper" commercial and had begun pelting the screen with anything in sight. This hadn't gone down too well with Prudence, but she forgave him because she'd already finished Yona's card anyway. Besides, Bunny had agreed to help her be clever (even though he hadn't brought any of his helpful books--this being the first adventure he'd ever heard of that you needed to bring books for). He figured he owed her that at least, seeing as how she'd helped him out of some pretty awful happenstances, like the time Beline had wanted to practice experimental brain surgery on him. Besides, he really wanted to go to that party, what with having bought a present and all and not having seen Yona in such a time.

"Perhaps," suggested Bunny, "if we got a lot of ice-cubes from that little green box down the hall, we could build them up near the window and Mummy might think the hotel had hit an iceberg and get so excited she'd run off and forget we're here."

Prudence didn't think that too likely, even if Bunny had read about it in a book. "For one thing, if she thought there was an ice-burger headed for the hotel she'd grab us first. That's what Mummy's always do. Even in monster movies. 'Sides, I don't think there's enough ice anyways. It's an awfully little box."

Bunny suggested that the small green box could just make more ice but Prudence wanted to know where its tools were and as Bunny couldn't answer that they decided to look for another plan on how to get themselves lost.

They tried thinking for a bit, but neither of them were feeling in any way particularly clever. Prudence kept getting sidetracked onto things like lunch. It was Bunny's talking about ice-burgers that had done it. That and the Mr. T commercials she kept seeing. When Mummy had come in looking for her gloves she'd brought some grape juice but that was long gone now. Even the grayish-purple water from where the ice had melted in the bottom of her glass was gone. Party or no party, something had to be done about this.

"Let's go for a walk," Prudence said in her best decisive voice as she hopped down from the top shelf of the closet where she'd been lying drawing a secret escape map on the sort-of-tan ceiling. The blue crayon did look nice up there but the map was one she'd seen in an old movie with pirates in it and so was not at all useful (as Bunny insisted in pointing out several times). "If we can't find anything good to eat we can at least get some more non-plasticoid ice to suck on."

Bunny wasn't too pleased with this little excursion, as he'd been on the verge of a great idea on just how they could get out of the hotel. Actually, it wasn't all that great an idea as it would've involved stealing all the fire hoses and tying them into a big long rope that they could throw down to the ground (Mummy's room was very high up--"must be the eleventh floor," said Prudence looking out the window, but Bunny didn't look as he wasn't fond of very high heights).

"It would be much easier if we were only as high as the mountain in the toy store. Yona and I used to jump from there all the time. Well, she did all the time anyway. I did too... Once." Here Bunny stopped as he realized that Prudence was already halfway down the hall to the elevator. When he caught up with her she was standing on Melvin (as she'd now named the ice machine) and reaching way over across to push the button to make the elevator show up. When it did, Prudence decided that she didn't much like it, as it was glass and let in all the light from outside. Bunny quite enjoyed the ride, however. It reminded him of when he used to look out the windows of the toy store. At least it did for a while, specifically the while between when the elevator got down into floors with rational numbers and when the fifteen women all wearing lavender dresses and too much perfume got on. Bunny found himself pressed against the glass looking out. Prudence was next to him, sitting on her pack (which she'd originally brought along to hold ice) and playing with a spider that she'd found on the rug. They went down and down until Bunny got tired of looking at the outside. So he closed his eyes and pretended that he was in the temple of the Flying Whoonitsis and that the head priest was burning incense while she got ready to make a sacrifice to her awful big and nasty Whoonitsis-god and that only she, Bunny the Mighty, could save the day.

Then the elevator stopped and all the women got off, leaving a lavender cloud and Prudence and Bunny stood up and saw that they were down in one of the parking lots. "They're called that 'cause there's lots of cars here," said Bunny even though no one had asked. Nor did anyone have to ask what to do next. Another mighty important thing to know if you want to have an adventure is how to take advantage of a golden opportunity. Prudence led the way over to the stairs and up they walked and soon found themselves out on the street in back of the hotel.

Prudence was glad she still had her sunglasses as it remained bright. The clock on the big building near the hotel said that they were very late for the party which was supposed to start before lunch, it now being almost time for afternoon snack. Bunny suggested that there'd still be plenty of food at Yona's so they could just wait and eat there and save their supplies for a real adventure-type emergency. They started walking while Bunny tried to remember what number bus they were supposed to get on, hoping it wasn't anything dull like a two. Prudence hoped it would be the X67 which she felt was a particularly attractive combination.

On they walked, Prudence worrying that something bad had befallen the spider from the elevator, what with her not having had a chance to name it or anything, and Bunny fishing around in Prudence's bag for the little slip of paper that had the directions to Yona's on it.

"Whoa. This looks very familiar," he said, poking his head out of the bag as they crossed a particular street. He hopped to the ground and started tugging at Prudence's shoelaces. "It is, it is. This is the street!"

It wasn't much of a street, as such things go, but Prudence didn't care, so long as there was some lunch available. Bunny bounced along, feeling very proud of himself, especially when they finally got to #206.

"Do ya know what 'partment we're s'posed to go to?" asked Prudence. Bunny replied that of course he did seeing as how he was nobody's fool. Prudence wasn't too sure about that but they headed up the stairs together anyway. While climbing those stairs, Prudence noticed that the front door to the building was painted a rather annoying shade of orange. She pointed this out to Bunny but he got all defensive and huffy.

"That's okay, Bunny. She probably didn't paint it herself. I'll bet there's a whole buncha orange farmers living here or sumthin."

"As long as it's not a Moat Monster tanning parlor."

"Well, I think Yona would've warned you 'bout something like that."

They were a little surprised to find the front door open although pleased that there were no vicious attack beasts lurking about the lobby waiting to devour them. Yona's place was on the second floor and they decided to walk, since the elevator wasn't present. "And besides, I really like this pink carpeting with all the little flowers and things sewed on it. Looks kinda like a flying carpet, don'tcha think, Bunny?"

Bunny actually did agree with that but he didn't say anything because he was too busy looking for apartment 2K. While he stomped along with all the determination he could muster, Prudence looked for orange groves and admired the mural on the walls of the second floor. It did look a lot like Florida and she quite enjoyed it, even if it wasn't done in blue crayon.

When Bunny stopped, Prudence knew he'd found the place even before she saw the little 2K on the doorframe. Unlike all the other doors, this one wasn't orange. This one had a painting on it of the moon peeking out from behind a big mountain. After noticing this Prudence noticed something else.

"It's awfully quiet for a party, Bunny."

And indeed it was. Prudence knocked on the door, careful not to bop the moon on the nose. "Hullo. Is this the party?"

"C'mon in," said a voice from behind the mountain, "it's not locked."

Bunny and Prudence walked inside. It really was a great place, Prudence decided, even though it was extremely bright. There were lots of neat things to look at everywhere. Great carpets with dragons on them and curtains made of old coins and little wooden animals and a stained glass window and lots of old, dark, comfortable-looking furniture including a particularly nice sofa that was the only shade of brown that Prudence had ever liked and had big roses stitched on it. And sitting on this sofa was a fuzzy brown bear, rubbing her eyes. There was no one else there.

to be continued ~

NEW! a whole 'nother way to cat!!
the breakfast sensation that

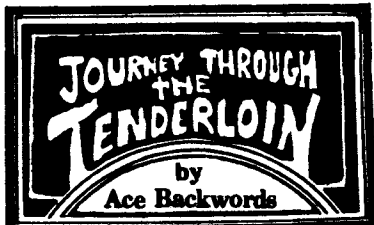
can't be beat--not even with a stick!!!! it's
KILLOGG'S CRUNCHY TURTLE FLAKES
NOW WITH DATES, ALMONDS, Really
REAL BITS'O'SHELL AND Fookin'
BRAISED SNAPPER AU JUS! Great

Liam Sturgeon
--poseur

DRB
G



COMPLAINTS



THE HUMAN RACE'S
Prospects of survival were
considerably better when we
were defenseless against
tigers than they are today when
we have become defenseless
against ourselves —
Arnold Toynbee
I don't feel all that defenseless
thanks to being the sole possessor
of the richest and most
truth-revealing experience the
world has to offer. Forty years
later I'm still flabbergasted.
It first happened a million years
ago more or less unless I fail to
win over the rest of you bird-
brains to my way of thinking in
which case we will surely wind
up with a lifeless planet and no
afterlife. Nature demands fair
play. Send S.A.S.E. to:
4 WAY HEREBEFORE
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504

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

CHAPTER IV: "BEAUTY & THE BEAST"

SAN FRANCISCO! We had
made it. And what a
relief it was to finally
pull off that freeway. I'll
never forget barreling over the
Bay Bridge and there was the San
Francisco skyline, glittering off
in the horizon like the City of
Gold.

Charlene got a hold of her
girlfriend, Nina, on a pay phone, and pretty soon we were sitting in
Nina's cramped little apartment in the Espanol section of town.

The next morning Nina treated us to coffee and breakfast. Then she
gave us the guided tour of San Francisco. We checked out Market Street
and Chinatown and the tourist stuff like the Wax Museum at the Wharf.
Also the homo scene on Polk Street. I couldn't get over all the men
walking hand in hand. Kissing each other, even! With beards!

Nina said, "If you drop your wallet on Polk Street, make sure you
kick it all the way to the next block before you bend over to pick it
up." I didn't get it at first, but now that I think about it, that's
pretty funny.

Later that day, back at Nina's place, Charlene asked me again what
my plans were. I told her I wanted to stay in San Francisco. I wanted
to stay with her. Charlene told me I couldn't stay with her; that she
had explained that on the ride over. I said why not? Charlene got up-
set at that. Nina offered to loan me 75 bucks to get me back to New
Jersey. I told Nina to forget it.

"I don't want to go back to New Jersey," I said. "I was just flunk-
ing out of school anyway. All I ever did was sit in the parking lot
and get stoned."

I slept in my car that night. Nina's place was just too small for
three people. The next morning Charlene and I went out for coffee.
I told Charlene that I liked her very much. She told me she liked me
very much too—as a friend—but that she was going through a very dif-
ficult period in her life. She needed some time by herself to sort
things out. So I told her I would give her some time to think about
it. I called the next morning to see if she had any new thoughts about
it. She didn't.

I spent the next day roaming the streets of San Francisco by myself.
I'll show her ass. I don't need her. Checked the Want Ads. Not a
single opening for a Cartoonist Wanted. Maybe tomorrow...

That evening I dropped by Nina's place. Charlene was very excited.
"I GOT A JOB! I GOT A JOB!" she shouted. "NINA GOT ME A JOB, WHERE
SHE WORKS! I'll be making \$10 an hour, plus tips!"

"Congratulations!" I said. "That's damn good money. What are you
gonna do?"

"I'm gonna be a go-go dancer!"

"Oh, you mean one of those girls who dances in a cage at the disco-
teque wearing those little bikinis?"

"Well yeah, sort of."

We polished off several bottles of wine in celebration. Nina was
gone so we had the place to ourselves. It was cozy and warm. I put
some Bowie on the stereo and sat on the couch next to Charlene. She
gave me a big, sloppy kiss and hug.

"Thanks a million, Christopher," she said. "I couldn't have made it
here without you."

"S'nothing," I said. I was plastered. I looked deep into her eyes.
"Charlene, there's something I've been meaning to tell you for a real
long time..."

"I have just GOT to show you something!" said Charlene. She jumped
off the couch, staggered into Nina's room. A few minutes later she
returned.

"God!" I said.

Charlene was practically bare-ass naked. I was so shocked I could
hardly speak. She had on high heels and stockings and a tiny little
thing that barely covered ANYTHING between her legs. A g-string,
that's what they're called. Her breasts were pushed upwards by this
flimsy little see-thru bra.

"I'll show you my dance act," said Charlene with an innocent smile.
"This is what I'll be doing on my job. Nina showed me how to do it."

She turned up the music real loud, and whispered to me:

"I'm gonna blow your mind."

Back in the living room, Charlene had dressed herself in an old
sweatshirt and jeans. She and Nina were talking as if nothing had
happened. Maybe nothing had happened.

Soon Nina's friends came by. They were two older men in their 20s
or 30s. We sat around drinking and telling dumb jokes. A swell time,
you can imagine.

One thing, though. I had never noticed this before. One of the men
was sitting on the couch talking away with Charlene, really laying it
on thick with the old charm boy routine. Oh, what a dazzling smile
this guy had. But one thing I noticed—it was really odd—was that
every time he thought Charlene wasn't watching, he would stare at her
with this really weird look on his face. It's hard to describe, it
would just flash on his face out of the corner of his eyes when he
was staring at her. It was like he literally wanted to eat her, devour
her like she was a succulent roast beef or something. Like he wanted
to jump right on top of her and drag her away. But then Charlene would
look back at him and he immediately would wipe his face clean and put
on his ever-so-dazzling smile. Weird. I had never noticed that before.

I sat there for awhile in a drunken daze. I excused myself for the
evening and walked out the door. As soon as I was outside, it all of a
sudden seemed like I was locked out. I mean, I could've gone back in
and parted it up with the charm boys and all. But I couldn't. Char-
lene was in there and I was out here, and that door was there in the
middle and I don't know quite what I'm trying to say. But I walked
back to my car and passed out.

I don't know, but I think that Charlene really did blow my mind
that night.

The next morning when I woke up, the very first thought that came
into my head was: What the heck kind of frigging job did Charlene get
anyhow?

I mean, what kind of job would pay you good money to dance in public
the way Charlene had danced last night?

By the time I got out of my car I was feeling pretty good. I was
really lucky to know a beautiful girl like Charlene. And her dance
last night was just the beginning. The start of a very good thing for
us. Together.

As I walked over to Nina's I rehearsed in my mind exactly what I was
going to say to Charlene. I had it all worked out in my head.

Nina answered the front door. When that door swung open, it hit me
like a slap in the face. There they were, sitting together. Charlene
and the Charm Boy. They were sitting on the couch. Practically sit-
ting on each other's laps, for godsake. They were smiling and laugh-
ing. Probably at something stupid.

"Hi Charlene," I said.

"Morning Christopher," she said. "Guess what? Rick is going to
help me find my very own apartment. Isn't that great?"

She was all wide-eyed and excited.

"That's great," I said. I couldn't think of anything else to say.

I stood there for awhile, feeling like a jerk. Finally Nina said,
"Do you want something, Chris? Would you like some breakfast or some
coffee?"

"No thanks," I said. "I just dropped by to say hi. I'm on my way
out to do something. I better get going."

I got going.

I walked and walked and walked. San Francisco is actually a very
scenic city. The weather was very nice, too, for winter. The sky was
gray and starting to drizzle rain, but it sure beat New Jersey winters:
all that snow and slush.

I walked all afternoon. I didn't know where the heck I was. Some-
how I ended up on 7th and Market. I went into this Jack-In-The-Box and
ate a 39¢ hamburger.

Walked around a bit more. Saw a dog with only three legs. Weird.
I wondered what Chuck and the gang were doing back in New Jersey. Pro-
bably getting ready for the game on Friday.

I decided I wanted to talk to Charlene real bad. It was dark out-
side by the time I finally found Nina's place. Nina answered the door.

"Where's Charlene?" I asked.

"She's moving in with Rick until she finds her own place," said Nina
"Oh," I said.

I walked back to my car and tried to go to sleep. I couldn't sleep.
I lay there on the hard seat all night long. And I just hurt and hurt
and hurt.

I sat there trying to think. But I couldn't think. There was,
like, this silent scream going off in my head. It was very quiet out-
side on the streets, but there was this silent scream going off in my
head. It was like there was someone inside of me, jabbing me with a
knife—and I didn't know how to stop the pain. I lay there all night
trying to understand why it hurt so bad.

I'm still trying to understand it.

MY JOB
and welcome to it
~by Candi Strecker

"I'VE FORGOTTEN MORE THAN I'LL EVER KNOW"

At one job I had about six years ago, I picked up an old repertory of skills. I could phonetically read Russian written in the Cyrillic alphabet. I could understand the jokes in the British mathematical humor magazine. I could juggle four colored pencils—blue, green, red and black—without looking while proofreading. And I could spontaneously string together abstruse mathematical terminology into plausible-sounding but meaningless parodies of journal article titles—probably the nearest I'll ever come to the experience of Speaking in Tongues.

It would take more than my allotted space in these pages to explain why each item in this mixed bag of tricks was job-related. But indeed they were, which may explain why, many jobs later, I've lost every one of these skills. Or perhaps "misplaced" would be a better word, for I can't shake the feeling that these abilities still exist somewhere in my mind, temporarily inaccessible, pushed to the back. They say the heart is a lonely hunter, but for me the mind is a dusty storeroom, a warehouse with faulty Inventory Control.

When I think about how my current job requires me to be a human database, then the idea that Everything I Ever Knew is still up there, somewhere, becomes an appalling and preposterous conceit. My head is currently stuffed full of trivia about a certain company and its competitors: the color of MGMs one designer wouldn't eat, the height of the company president, the reason one of the company's founders identified with Mister Spock. The projects I work on seldom last more than six months, which means that every six months I've got to learn a new and different body of trivia. Over just a few years, that adds up to a lot of raw data input. It's hard to imagine that the brain could possibly absorb new loads of this sort of temporarily-needed information without first jettisoning a previous batch. FILE DUMP time, as my computer pals might say.

But though logic suggests this is how the brain works, experience seems to indicate the opposite. You'd think that the things learned on one job would eventually fade away from disuse, kind of like the way an Etch-a-Sketch drawing fades when you turn it upside-down and shake it. But in fact it doesn't take much to bring those memories back. You'll see a name in the paper, for instance, and suddenly you remember the whole chunk of names you used to know, and even for a glowing moment are able to feel the space this memory occupies in the 3-D matrix of your brain. You feel certain that if you worked with this information again, that within a day or two you'd be as familiar with it as the day you left it. I guess there are people out there who don't have this problem, who don't go through these cycles of on-the-job learning and on-the-job forgetting, who work on job, one field, from the day they leave school 'til the day they retire. Must be nice...must be dull.



QUESTION:
In your ads why do you pick on
the pope and doctors in your
even age work force ads?

ANSWER:
When such a plan is adopted it
will take all the 20 - 60 even
agers to get things done and
you'll always find some who
will say "I won't do my share
until the doctors and

clergymen do their and maybe not them". Odd age vacationers on the birthmonths of their full years paid vacations will have baseball bats to keep everyone honest so there won't be many "maybes". Send SASE to world-wide work-sharing and unemployment-ending
EVEN AGE WORKERS
 Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504
 ~~~~~

## TALK SHOW HOST

**CONFIDENTIAL** by Michael Dobbs

Hey guys—how many times have you blown a business deal because you had no idea of what the hell was going on in the pennant race or the playoffs? How many times has your father made remarks about wishing he had had a son? Have you ever realized you weren't going to get to first base with your date because she was old-fashioned and you weren't?

WELL, DON'T LET THESE THINGS HAPPEN AGAIN TO YOU! BE A MAN, DAMN IT! AN "EIGHTIES" MAN!

That's right, an "Eighties" Man. You've heard about them and read about them, and now you can be one of them. An "Eighties" Man instead of the Guy that you are.

Let's take this simple test:

- 1) An RBI is a
  - a) type of record chart in BILLBOARD; or
  - b) sports statistic.
- 2) True or False: A car is just a means of transportation.
- 3) Do you have a nickname for your penis? Yes or No
- 4) List the number of gold chains you're currently wearing.

If you don't have a nickname for your penis, if you don't wear gold chains, if your car is just something to get you to work and back, and if you think RBI is some sort of music, then you're just another guy and not an "Eighties" Man.

But don't despair, there is hope for you right now and right here—because becoming an "Eighties" Man does not mean you have to join a club...it doesn't mean you have to work out...you can become an "Eighties" Man in the privacy of your own home with our exclusive home study course.

Becoming an "Eighties" Man is a process you can control yourself. Do it all over a weekend or gradually...they'll wonder at the office about the changes in you and they'll like them...if someone doesn't that's because they are just envious of the "Eighties" Man.

Don't know anything about a car? We'll teach you everything you ever need to know to harass your mechanic or impress your girlfriend. Do you think the "Eighties" Man should know something about food and drink? You bet! We'll teach you how to order in any kind of restaurant—you'll never have to ask the waitress for a suggestion! And we'll teach you how to mix the most popular drinks! Not sure about clothes and tired of wondering if you're dressing like homosexuals? We'll teach you how you should look and where to buy the right clothes for you. Can't ever remember a joke and you never have a good dirty joke to tell to the boss or to other "Eighties" Men? We've got a fool-proof way of remembering the best jokes, plus a six-month subscription service to one of the finest joke services.

And there's MORE...

We'll teach you how to look collected and cool even when your nose runs, your stomach rumbles or even when you pass wind! And things to say! You'll never be at a loss for words. We'll give you a comeback for every possible situation, from the classic "Your mother dresses you funny" to the simple "Fuck you, asshole!" And if sex has been your problem, we'll make sure that as an "Eighties" Man you'll know when to turn on the sensitive routine or be a macho creep.

Now, how much would you pay for this course? Two hundred, three hundred, five thousand dollars? It would be worth much more than that for all the good it will do you, but we want you to become an "Eighties" Man; therefore, we're offering this great course at the unbelievable price of only \$99.99... If you act now, you'll receive absolutely free these fine gifts...

- 1) The "No Heat" Fireplace—a great two-hour videotape of a roaring fire that will "heat" up any situation an "Eighties" Man might find himself in;
- 2) The "Official" "Eighties" Man Corkscrew—don't ever wrestle another cork again!; and finally,
- 3) The "Official" "Eighties" Man "Little Black Book"<sup>TM</sup>—something no "Eighties" Man can be without...

Call today—Our operators are standing by—Visa and Master Card accepted.

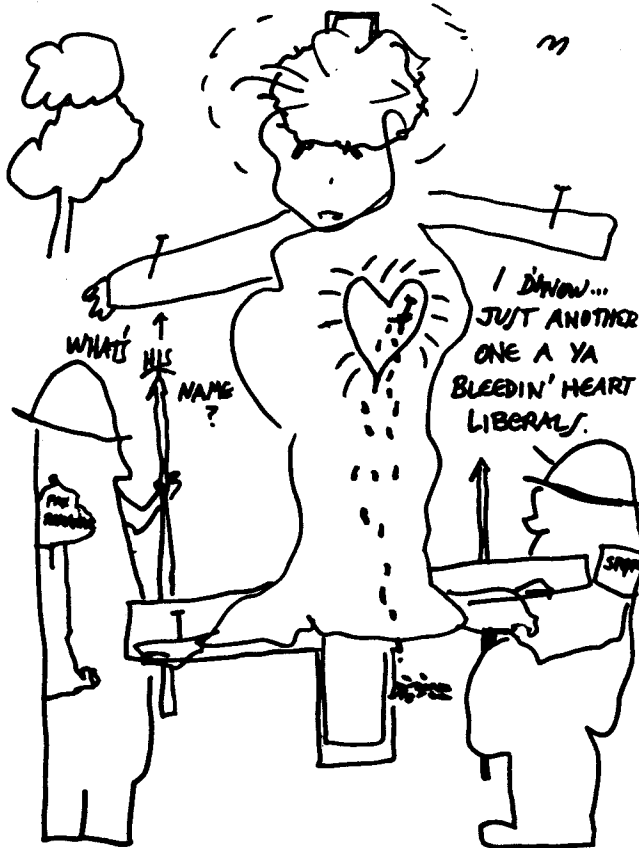
# GS4MDL

The Good Sex For Mutants Dating League

SASE/Info

\$5.00 Application/\$2.00 with 'Proof' of SubGenius Reverendship

POB 7742, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107



## CHRISTMAS

by Aleister Crowley

Once upon a time, in a far-off land,  
Surrounded by several oceans,  
Where no one agreed on the color of the sky,  
And no one ate fish or kept pets  
So there was no need for newspapers yet,  
A child was born with His head up His ass.

Oh sure, you say, what's the big deal,  
My boss keeps his head up his ass.  
Some of the greatest figures in history  
Had their heads up their asses.

But you are speaking figuratively,  
While I am speaking of an Actual Child,  
Conceived of a Virgin and the Big Bad God,  
Whose mouth and anus were shared  
Like the lowest of worms.  
He was eyeless without a sense of smell,  
And from His earliest heartbeat  
He could speak a mysterious language.  
Frweeeep He went Frweeeep  
It was a goddamn miracle.

Fortunately for this Kid  
Most folks found Him hideous  
And couldn't understand what He was saying,  
Which is just as well.  
If they could have understood Him  
They would have killed Him  
Instead of prolonging His life  
In the interest of medical science.

## SOME SERIOUS REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURE OF LIFE, LOVE & LIGHT

by Roldo

There are those who think the horizon is a straight line and the Sun is a circle. These same people think no star shines by day.

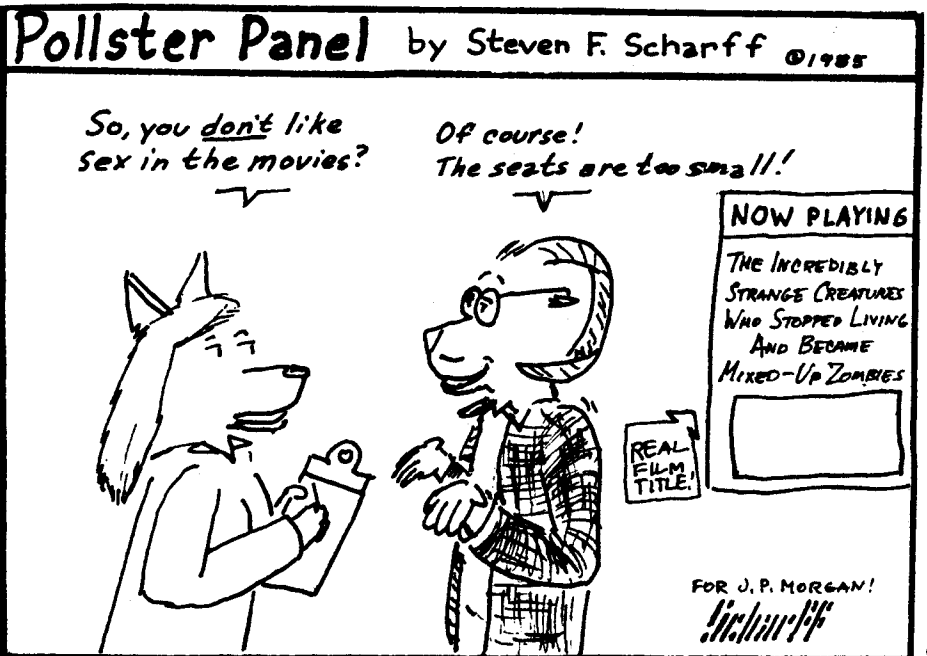
Would all those who so believe please stop reading this right now? Thank you.

Now, for the rest of...hey, just a minute! I take back that "thank you." If you read it, you didn't stop when I asked you to, so you don't deserve it—and if you're still reading now, you have no intention of stopping, do you? Well, alright, but I warn you...I'm in a goofy mood tonight, and this could get pretty confusing. Look—I'll tell you what I'm going to do, and then you can move on and read some other column, okay? First, I'm gonna explain what I mean by "Make Light Of It" 'cause since Elayne quoted me in IJ #40, I've gotten letters telling me that's a "frivolous statement." So I'm going to explain that it doesn't mean you should just "laugh things off." Actually, it has two meanings. First, it means "illuminate"—that is, really look at things. Secondly, it means "levitate"—lift the object/idea so it can be viewed from all sides. Do you know how many people think a pyramid is a four-sided figure because they don't notice the base? Thousands. Maybe millions. Take a survey among your friends. Then I'll go on a bit about how Levity, as the Firesign Theatre have pointed out, is the opposite of Gravity, and I'll say something silly like "Gravity's heavy, grabbity Levity," an old Lafta Yoga mantra. Then I'll likely toss in some quotes, like Alan Watts' "True Religion is the transformation of anxiety into laughter," or I may answer the popular poser: "Who was God speaking to when He (or was it "They") said 'Let There Be Light'?" and I'm quite sure you're not interested in knowing that. I may even do my pseudo-academic routine and toss in lines like: "The ninth century Irish scholar-monk Scotus Ergina said 'Omnia Quia Sunt, Lumina Sunt',' or I could even get into one of my opto-mystical moods and look at things through Rose-coloured glasses. No, really—you'll just be bored and it'll be nobody's fault but your own, so just go away now, will you?

Right—now, let's get to it:

His hand slid across her firm stomach, the silky cream of her skin trembling beneath its calloused roughness. His thumb dipped into her navel as his fingers gently kneaded the soft flesh just above—now look! I asked you politely, now Go Away! Scram! Take a powder, noney! Alright—you forced me to do this; I'm just going to have to make you leave by getting pedantic—and I don't want to see any letters saying I'm self-indulgent or pretentious 'cause I warned you fair, level and square. Here goes...the Secret of Life is encoded into the letters of the word—Let It Flow Effortlessly, just as the word "Light" means...oh, look, They won't stop reading. It's no use—

We'll just have to finish this later.



FOR J.P. MORGAN!

Richard P.

## Party On The Borderline

by A.J. Wright

Even if we stand very still, we are really moving very fast. The sensation of stillness is illusion. This is our motto and our party's theme.

The guests arrive by chauffeured limousine. The first couple includes Dawson James, Ph.D., academic psychologist and the editor of Journal of Personality Crisis. His wife Patricia is wearing her usual high-back, low-front deep red evening dress. She adores the color of blood when it reaches atmosphere.

Close behind them is James Dawson, Ph.D., Professor of Paragenetics at the University of Stealth. Dr. Dawson is the author of the recent bestseller, The Genetic Basis of Astral Travel (Piriformis Press) and co-editor of the classic Text-book of Paragenetics. His wife Denise is deceased, but he carries her with him always in the form of a lock of hair.

The other guests arrive in clusters. There is Robert Delaney, art critic and patron, accompanied by his extraordinary ego. Brenda O'Hara, former porn film actress fresh from her triumphant performance as Brunnehilde in the rock version of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelungs, has in tow her lover of the week. Darryl Watkins, editor of the recently-published, definitive edition of The Lost Rimbaud Manuscripts, has brought his cockatoo, White Slaver. Dirk Roberts, certified he-man and author of the hilarious memoir I Bought Hemingway's Shotgun, is here with a lovely lady attached to each beefy arm. Finally, as the numbers swell, the party truly begins.

From the back porch we can all see the border. The waves rise and fall like the endless breathing of the human race. In the distance dolphins arc above the water, and clipper ships pass in their journeys of self-discovery.

Under a huge tent set up on the beach, the Jim Thorpe Sinfonia is deep into Gorchev's "String Quartet No. 4," better known as the "Silent Quartet." The musicians move furiously, but the sound is only in our heads.

"This work is a revelation," one of my guests, Sylvia something-or-other, tells me as the ice melts in her drink.

"Yes, it peels back the skin of music and reveals the soft pulp of silence," I reply.

She nods, smiling. I have always liked her smile, so innocent, so completely devoid of intelligence. In just the few moments since I first met her, I am able to tell she must be good at her job. Sylvia works in the Living Mannequin Exhibit at the Los Angeles Museum of Modern Found Art. I really must go to see her there; I'm sure she makes a stunning dummy.

"Do you give these parties often?" Sylvia is asking me.

"As often as necessary," I tell her. "Sometimes the edge comes for us, but most often we must seek it ourselves."

Sylvia wasn't listening, having turned her very blue eyes and very blonde head to watch one of the street performers I had hired as wandering entertainment. This particular young lady, completely nude except for the black and white stripes that covered her body and hair, was juggling five or six of what appeared to be human hearts. I was about to tell Sylvia that they were plastic when I realized I wasn't sure of that.

Behind us the sun has already set; night is spreading like a tumor in the sky. Sand crabs wait in their darkened holes. Japanese lanterns bathe the faces of my guests with a gentle light. Overhead the stars resume their patterns. As the party's innumerable human vortexes form, swirl vigorously and dissolve, three new people are created. None of them will survive for long.

I begin to take notice of my interest in Sylvia. However, she has drifted away from me like a flower on the outgoing tide. I see her on the other side of the patio, deep in observation between the Evans. Rick and Ruth met in high school, where they began to learn sign language so they could communicate across the classroom. They dated throughout college and finally married. The couple liked signing so well that they eventually dropped spoken language completely. Sylvia seems fascinated by their swift and subtle motions.

And so another party develops and devolves. Tomorrow morning's paper will inform us of different limits: the shopping mall massacres, hearts replaced by artificial pumps replaced by hearts, the endless deluge of events happening to other strangers. Tonight the search through the flux of personal borderlands has brought us this far. The result flickers briefly when Sylvia smiles.

## RAMBO: THE FINAL CHAPTER



Presenting, the first-ever



## Pointless IJ Trivia Quiz

by Margaret Whozinsky (a real inside joke)  
aka "Kid" Sieve

This probably should have gone in our last issue, but it was thought up the night of #41's layout, and then all these other things came up and—well, you get the idea. So better forgotten than late but nonetheless now and herewith, in a shameless burst of arrogance and self-congratulations, and because maybe we really will all be famous someday like Uncle Andy says and people will want to make board games out of us, we present the Lucky 13 Q&As:

- 1) Which IJ staffer has been a reader & subscriber since the infamous "Volume I" days?
- 2) Which former IJ staffer "hated his broccoli?" And to whom is he married?
- 3) Whose "Notes From A Nut" became too dangerously literal?
- 4) Where in IJ was the line "See you in the funny papers" found before it became Fan Moose's tagline?
- 5) Why did Kip originally leave IJ to its own devices (besides the lack of cash flow)?
- 6) How many issues were there of the infamous "Volume I," and who really cares anyway?
- 7) What IJ item is Elayne always trying, even in harmless-looking quizzes like this, to push off on people for five hard-won bucks that she gives free to staffers probably in some sort of sick Satanic ceremony to which none of us ever gets invited?
- 8) So, when is the next IJ New Year's Eve Eve party anyway? What's the scoop (~~ENCLOSURE~~ ~~UNRECORDED~~ ~~OR ROCKY ROAD~~ ~~W/ R&D~~)?
- 9) Who reviewed records for IJ before (and concurrent with) Rory Houchens?
- 10) What the hell is "Audio IJ," and why do we even bother asking any more?
- 11) What are the three faces of "Ev"?
- 12) What was Anni Ackner's first published piece for IJ?
- 13) Why did everyone think Elayne hated Paul Buhle?

(answers elsewhere in this issue)



# LITTLE-KNOWN ROCK FACTS: NOW IT CAN BE TOLD! THE FIFTH BEATLE !!



JOHN, GEORGE, PAUL, RINGO AND FRED MERTZ !!

## Wax Ink by Rory Houchens

**FLIP**—Nils Lofgren (CBS)—The seemingly ageless and perennially good-natured Lofgren has been poised for rock and roll superstardom since his emergence with Crazy Horse in 1971. And even though the past 14 years have seen a number of impressive solo albums (with some classic songs), the closest Nils has gotten to the limelight is as a supporting musician for others (most notably Neil Young and Bruce Springsteen). This relative lack of recognition would have forced most popsters to throw in the towel years ago, but our pint-sized hero not only continues to make great records, but fills them with optimism and dreams rather than anger and bitterness. "Flip Ya Flip," an energetic, "never give up" anthem, quotes the Lofgren Credo, "the world keeps getting tougher, but so do you." Words of wisdom, no? "From The Heart" juggles a Motownish melody, a bittersweet chorus, and a compact, horn-fueled march that cements it all together with no rough edges. The wistful ballad "Delivery Night" tells of the search for "that special someone," while the hard-driving "King of the Rock" states Lofgren's reason for being—to rock and roll, baby! **FLIP** is unpretentious, no-frills rock from a man who deserves a much bigger audience.

**SAX TALK**—Norman Salant (C.D. Presents, 1230 Grant Ave., Suite 531, San Francisco, CA 94133)—Saxophonist Norman Salant is unlike any horn player you're ever likely to hear. He can play with the steel-lunged ferocity of Sonny Rollins and the blues-tinged funkiness of Hank Crawford, but he prefers to concentrate mainly on avant-garde techniques and exotic third world rhythms, multi-tracking his arsenal of saxes to achieve the desired effect. **SAX TALK**, a brilliantly conceived and executed album, is comprised of seven examples of Salant's exceptional prowess. The title cut and "Europe After Dark" are both prime dance numbers, the former meaty and aggressive, the latter smooth and cool. "No Night," with its dark mysterious synthesizers and Arabian Nights melody, sounds a lot like Tuxedomoon; while the mournful yet beautiful lament "Molih Ta" is reminiscent of Albert Ayler's American spirituals. For sax maniacs and fans of new music, **SAX TALK** is a necessity.

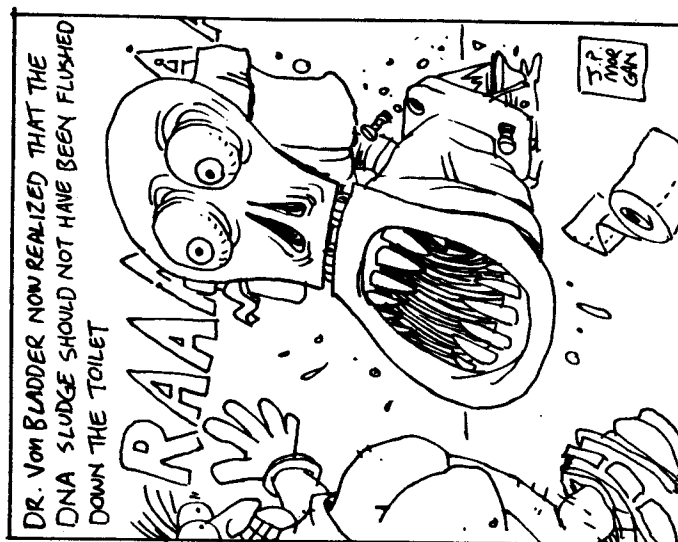
**NEW DAY RISING**—Husker Du (SST Recs., P.O. Box 1, Lawn-dale, CA 90260)—1984 was a big year for Husker Du. Not only did they find themselves pegged as one of the best bands in virtually every critic's poll from sea to shining sea, but their massive **ZEN ARCADE** album was showered with superlatives that were usually reserved for **PURPLE RAIN** or **BORN IN THE USA** (it was called everything from the group's "white album" and **EXILE ON MAIN STREET** to the first bonafide rock opera since **TOMMY**). Not bad for a band on an independent label known for their "hardcore" following. **NEW DAY RISING**, while lacking much of the rich diversity and wild experimentation of its

predecessor (**ZEN** was a double lp, this one's a single), shows the trio progressing into new and more focused territory with gusto. "Terms of Psychic Warfare" borrows liberal doses of mid-period Rolling Stones and J. Geils Band to mold a classically grungy slice of garage rock, and the relatively light "I Apologize" features a melody that might be more at home on a dB's or old Byrds album. Husker Du's state of the union message is delivered post-haste on "Folk Lore," while a girl obsessed with outer space is poppishly profiled during "Books About UFO's." Bright, inventive and daring, Husker Du remains one of modern music's truly powerfully satisfying bands.

**DANGEROUS MOMENTS**—Martin Briley (Mercury)—Martin Briley is an unassuming sort of guy. A former session musician and ex-member of the minor British band Greenslade, he is equally adept at writing, arranging and playing, and is capable of creating some very fine, mainstream rock, yet for some reason he doesn't get half the exposure a lot of people with a fraction of his ability do. Hopefully, **DANGEROUS MOMENTS**, his third nearly flawless solo album, will help his anonymity vanish. The title track is an irresistible little bit of intrigue that would work nicely as the theme song for an upcoming James Bond movie or maybe an imported spy series for TV. "It Shouldn't Have To Hurt That Much," a tongue-in-cheek ditty about a guy who gets beaten up regularly by his lady love, could pass for Peter Gabriel at his most poppily resilient; while the rock and rollin' "Before the Party Ends" rivals Dave Edmunds for barrelhouse intensity. Lush synthesizers are put to good use on "Underwater," a slow motion dreamscape that ranks as the record's most elaborate cut. He may be a relative unknown to most, but the masterful work done on **DANGEROUS MOMENTS** should soon make Briley's name a household word.

**MILK CRATE TAKEOVER**—Moose and the Mudbugs (Arf Arf Recs., P.O. Box 954, East Dennis, MA 02641)—Beware of musical groups bearing fictitious insect names! This competent garage band (complete with whiny, obnoxious lead singer) must be preoccupied with milk crates (the plastic ones that'll hold almost anything except 12 inch records) 'cause they go to great lengths to point out their attributes on the title tune. The Bugs stick their toes into the murky waters of psychedelia on "Is This Any Way To Be?", and contemplate insanity and insomnia on "Can't Sleep At Night," the musical equivalent of industrial waste. Raid is optional when listening to **MILK CRATE TAKEOVER**.

**CLASSICS**—The Doors (Elektra)—My casual interest in the Doors didn't begin until their end with 1971's **L.A. WOMAN** and unwilling to backtrack through their earlier lp's, I'm grateful for the material and information posthumous releases have made easily available. Concentrating mainly on album tracks (instead of "solid gold hit" singles), **CLASSICS** features 13 digitally remastered (hi-fi buffs) cuts from seven long players, **THE DOORS** through **AN AMERICAN PRAYER**. A few of these classics sound dated ("Unknown Soldier," "Wild Child"), but most are surprisingly fresh, in particular "Land Ho!," "Peace Frog," and the opaque "Crystal Ship," which is nearly 19 years old. **CLASSICS** is a worthy musical portrait of what has proven to be a timeless band.



# QUANTUM COURTESY

BY MILDRED NEPTUNE

In our fair (and unfair) society, there exists a plethora of general assumptions that all but the Very Wise take as Fact. These assumptions are very rarely articulated, but it has come to Miss Neptune's attention that if a thought is spoken aloud or written down, it assumes magickal properties and through these properties, it can be proven or disproven. As Bjorn Fnord so wisely puts it, "Define a thing and you can dispense with it." At least, I think it was Fnord who said that—although it may have been Banana Mae Parker. The idea of this is actually a basic tenet of Magical Behavior, Miss Neptune's best subject at Shrinking Dragon University. Miss Neptune has researched societal facts so thoroughly that she is sick of them. She wishes to dispense with them once and for all—to share them with you, dear readers, for your imprimatur or refutation. Miss Neptune personally feels that the following "facts" that everybody knows are but a veil on an exotic dancer. It is her fondest wish to tear the veil away and dance the boogaloo with this dancer. Therefore she lays them out, once and for all, in the silly hope that they may be banished forever from the kingdom of human thought.

1. All women with large breasts are sexually promiscuous.
2. All fat men are jolly and love to dance.
3. It is okay for a man to be fat, but not for a woman.
4. It is okay for a man to get drunk and aggressive, but not for a woman.
5. Women with short hair and short fingernails are probably lesbian.
6. Jews like money and will do practically anything to get it.
7. Men who wear earrings are queer.
8. All people on welfare are stupid.
9. Negroes drive Cadillacs and live in run-down shacks.
10. All male nurses, hairdressers, fashion designers and interior decorators are homosexual.
11. All female construction workers, truck drivers, cops, miners, steel workers and athletes are lesbians.
12. All fat people eat too much and never move.
13. Californians are too laid back, mellow and apathetic.
14. New Yorkers are too uptight, paranoid, intense and unfriendly.
15. People with southern accents are stupid.
16. All Texans are braggarts.
17. Women with both careers and children are depriving themselves and their children of a "normal" life.
18. All jocks are conceited, stupid dope addicts.
19. Women who go to bars to meet people are tragically lonely, desperate, brazen hussies. Men who go to bars to meet people are fun-loving, adventuresome party animals.
20. Dieting is always admirable, no matter how thin you are. Dieting is to modern society what the Search for the Holy Grail was to Arthurian legend, or the Quest for the Golden Fleece to ancient Greece.
21. Men who wear 501 jeans are automatically hip and desirable.
22. The government suppresses everything—especially info about UFOs.
23. All photos of UFOs and the Loch Ness monster have been doctored.
24. Speaking of doctors, all of them are money-grabbing greedouts who will perform unnecessary surgery just to up their incomes.
25. All college students love beer, pizza and sex.
26. Madonna is a slut and her marriage to Sean Penn won't last a year.
27. Liz Taylor will gain it all back.
28. A male negro is the social equivalent of a female white.
29. AIDS is God's way of punishing all those perverts.
30. It's unfeminine to drink beer.
31. America is the greatest country in the world because you

can get away with saying it isn't.

32. The president has no real power—he's just a puppet of higher authorities.
33. The president is ultimately responsible for everything bad that happens.
34. The bad economy is really the fault of all those foreigners.
35. There are jobs for everyone, but people are just too lazy.
36. If a rich person is arrested for a crime, everything will be to his advantage and he will ultimately get off. If a poor person is arrested for a crime, he will go to jail forever even if he's innocent.
37. Rape is perceived as a woman's problem, although of course it is not.
38. Religious leaders are allowed to tell people what to do, but scientific leaders are not.
39. All men who like contact sports are neanderthals who like to get drunk and screw all the time.
40. It's okay for Americans to kill other Americans—it happens all the time—but a foreigner, especially anyone from the Mideast, is inciting war if he kills an American.
41. More black men prefer white women than do black women prefer white men. See #28.
42. Both the post office and the telephone company are deliberately incompetent.
43. Goldilocks loved it.

What? No letters this month? It's not because I haven't had time to answer them, it's because I haven't received any. What's wrong? None of you have any problems anymore? Is it utopia yet? Why wasn't I informed? (Ed. note: No, no, I can't take it anymore—please, folks, write Mildred already! She can be reached at 854 Y Street, Lincoln, NE 68508.)

This is Mildred Neptune signing off and saying, Take good care of yourself—the chances of anyone else doing it are pretty damn slim.

## SCRATCH THAT ONE

by Susan Packie

The moment the city administrator left his house, he knew he would not be arriving at the City Council meeting on time. Garbage was piled so high along the curb he would need a ladder to climb over it. Why, oh why had the Department of Sanitation workers picked the hottest month of the year to go out on strike? They were getting as bad as the grave diggers, the city administrator cynically thought.

After a half-hour wait, an unmarked bus finally rumbled along.

"Does this bus go downtown?" the city administrator asked.

"I hope so, mister. It's taken me two hours to make a fifteen-minute trip so far. I can't give you any guarantees!"

One hour, and one block later, the city administrator decided to switch to the subway. Maybe he'd be lucky and catch an express train.

"Okay everybody, throw your wallets and jewelry into the aisle and you won't get hurt."

The city administrator had inadvertently stumbled into a robbery in progress.

"You ain't getting my dough!" an irate passenger shouted, brandishing a revolver and a heavy chain.

Somebody yanked on the emergency cord and the subway train came to a screeching halt. The robbers escaped out a window and everyone else sat in an un-air-conditioned subway train for 45 minutes until the engineer was able to start the train again.

The city administrator got out at the next stop and searched for a taxi. He found plenty, but they were all off duty. What the hell, he thought, it's only a 35-minute walk from here.

As he neared City Hall, he noticed flames shooting out of an upper window. But where were the fire engines? He ran to a telephone.

"I'm sorry, but our engine is on a meal run right now. Is this an emergency?"

The city administrator assured the operator that it was, and ran into the building to see if anyone needed help. Outside, ambulance attendants were arguing over which service would transport the injured to hospitals in the suburbs twenty miles away. The city's hospitals had all shut their doors due to lack of funds.

The city administrator tore up his speech. No one would have believed it, anyway. It was entitled, "City Services: They Are Getting Better and Better."

# KNOCK YOURSELF OUT

by Lawrence Oberc

"Are they really going to blow us up?" asked Tina, pulling her thumb out of her mouth and looking wide-eyed at her mother. She had a look on her face of confusion, of wondering why anyone would want to do a thing like that.

"I hope not," said Corra, Tina's mother.

"...we'll be back with the news as soon as we hear more about it," said the TV set. "Now back to 'Three's Company,' already in progress..."

"There's this book in school, Mommy," said Tina, "that talks about what we did to the people in Japan. Is that what Russia's going to do to us? Are they going to do to us what we did to Japan?"

"I don't know, honey," said Corra. "All they said on TV was that there was the possibility of a war. They won't know for sure until the meeting's over."

"Why do they want to blow us up?" asked Tina. "Why would anyone want to do something like that?"

"It's not that they want to, really," said Corra. "It's just that they don't want to lose face. Actually it's just as much our fault as it is Russia's. We've been pushing the idea as much, if not more, of starting a war."

"Why don't people act grown up?" asked Tina. "People are always telling kids to act grown up, but they don't act grown up themselves."

"People are basically stupid," said Corra. "It doesn't matter whether they're grown up or not. If you make a rule someone'll go out of their way to break it. If the rule hadn't been made it wouldn't have been broken. Sometimes I think that's all people are good for, making rules and breaking them."

"We interrupt this program to bring you a special news cast," said the TV set. "The meeting has just ended and we have been informed that war is inevitable. The United States and Russia have agreed to declare an all-out war. We urge you to take shelter in the nearest building with a basement set up for such an emergency. If no such buildings are nearby immediately go to your basement. Our scientists estimate the missiles will begin to arrive within the next twenty minutes. Within an hour the planes will be here. Once again, war has been declared. We urge you to take shelter..."

"Is this make-believe, Mommy?" asked Tina.

"No, honey," said Corra, "this is the real thing. This is the grand finale, the proof we needed to prove that people are basically stupid."

Tina jumped up and ran into the other room. She returned a few seconds later with a bottle of whiskey. "Here, Mommy," she said. "This will make you feel better."

"Thanks," said Corra, taking the cap off of the bottle and taking a long drink. "Here," she said, offering the bottle to Tina, "take a drink."

Tina laughed. "You know I'm not old enough to drink," she said.

"You are now," said Corra. "You're as old as you're going to get. If you don't start now you won't get the chance."

Tina took the bottle and sniffed the contents. "I'm not going to drink this," she said. "It smells funny."

"I'll make you a real drink, then," said Corra. She walked into the kitchen and pulled some collins mixer out of the cabinet. She opened a bottle of vodka she had been saving for something, but couldn't remember what it was, and poured a glass a quarter full with it. She threw in a few ice cubes, added the collins mixer, and stirred it up. Almost as an afterthought she went into the bathroom and got her Valiums out of the cabinet above the sink. She poured what was left of the Valiums in her hand, seven or eight of them, and took them into the kitchen, where she crushed them up and dropped the powder into the drink. She mixed the drink and decided to add a little sugar to take away the tang. When the drink was thoroughly mixed she handed it to Tina, who had watched the whole operation, and said, "Here, knock yourself out."

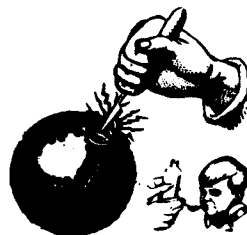
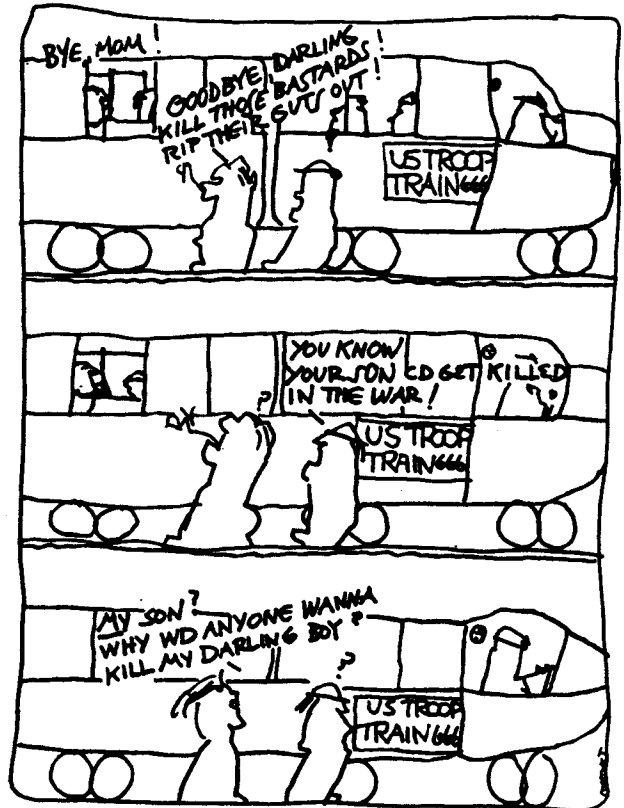
Tina took the drink and tasted it. "It's like soda," she said.

"Glad to hear it," said Corra, sitting down next to the bottle of whiskey.

Off in the distance there was the sound thunder makes on a hot summer night. Tina sipped on her drink, giggling, looking wide-eyed at her mother. Her mother took a drink of the whiskey and smiled.

"Better hurry up and finish your drink," said Corra. "We don't have much time left."

Tina started drinking faster and Corra took longer and longer drinks of the whiskey.



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# Skinning The Cat

by Peter L. Scisco

There was no doubt about it. Harold's wife had brought him a cat three weeks ago and now the animal was trying to kill him. He was sure of it: He saw murder in those sleepy green eyes, those slow-blinking eyes that saw everything. Just yesterday Harold had offered to take Kitty (yes, she had named it Kitty, and Harold had groaned to himself, ashamed at her lack of imagination) to the vet. The cat lay quietly on the front seat during most of the drive, but as Harold negotiated a particularly difficult turn the cat pounced and bit him on the hand. Harold had cried out and pulled his hand away, only to lose control of the car and sideswipe a bread truck.

Today his hand lay in his lap like a fat wounded bird. His wife was driving him to the doctor. Every few minutes she would take her eyes off of the road and make a clucking sound at him. He seethed. She thought he had done something to provoke the attack, and she wished he would just admit it. The poor thing hadn't meant to hurt him.

The doctor tut-tutted over Harold's hand. The doctor called him Mr. Robertson, and said that he wouldn't believe the number of animal bites he saw over the course of a year. Very nasty, cat bites. Their mouths were full of certain bacteria, the name of which Harold forgot when the doctor launched the hypodermic into his naked, humiliated rump.

His wife drove him home and let him out in front of the house. "Go in and lie down," she said. She was a great believer in lying down. She did it quite often herself. And she had the girth to prove it. "I'm going to the grocery, and I'll stop at the drug store to fill your prescription, and then I'll be back to fix you a nice lunch," she said. Harold awkwardly waved his healthy left hand as she pulled away.

He fixed himself a drink as soon as he got inside. Going to the doctor, for any reason, always unnerved him. He looked around the room from his vantage point at the bar, but there was no cat in sight. He crossed over the floor to the telephone. He dialed and listened to the tiny ringing on the other end. A woman's voice answered. "Hello?"

"Lucy, it's me."

"Where are you calling from? Are you at work? God, Harold, it's eleven in the morning." Lucy was a professional dancer. She needed her rest.

"I know what time it is, Lucy. I'm sorry, but she has a cat."

"A what?"

"A cat. Barbara's got herself a cat."

"Well, congratulations, Harold."

"He knows about it, about us."

"Who? For God's sake, Harold..."

"The cat. Barbara got this cat, this tabby cat, and he knows all about..."

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about, Harold, and if you're drunk, at eleven in the morning, oh shit Harold, I think it's time I hung up..."

"No, wait, what about the—" The line went dead. Harold hung up the phone. His hand throbbed. He decided to watch TV in the other room until his wife came home with the medicine. When he talked past the living room couch Kitty sprang between his legs. Harold went down immediately, first to his knees, then forward to bang his head on the coffee table. He saw his falling reflection in the hallway mirror and thought how he looked every bit like the mortally wounded cape buffalo he had seen on American Sportsman last week. Kitty ran into the kitchen and leaped onto the window sill.

Harold rose slowly. "Son of a bitch," he muttered. He held his throbbing hand to his ringing head. A knot was forming already, but he wasn't bleeding. His drink soaked into the carpet.

In the kitchen Kitty had stretched himself out along the sill, bathing himself in sunlight. Harold glared at him from the doorway. "You furry-assed little wretch," he spit. The cat looked at him and yawned. Harold moved slowly toward the sideboard. He opened the drawer and drew out a carving knife. The cat's eyes were closed. Harold crept close, the knife poised above his left ear. The light from the window glinted off the blade. Harold's fingers tightened on the handle, and he drew a deep breath. The back door opened.

"Harold!" His wife stood at the door, a bag of groceries in her arms. She moved swiftly into the room and set the food on the table. Kitty jumped to the floor and rubbed himself against her ankles. "What are you doing? I told you, and the doctor said you should, to lie down. If you wanted a sandwich you could've waited till I got home." She took the knife from him. "I told you I would make you lunch," she said. "Did you want me to carve some of this leftover ham?" she asked, opening the refrigerator door.

"Sure," he said. He walked back into the living room. He listened to his wife putting away the groceries.

That night he could not sleep. His wife breathed deeply beside him while he lay on his back and stared at the ceiling. It would have to look like an accident. What kind of accident could a cat have? Harold had had a dog once, when he was a boy, that had been hit by a car. But Kitty never went outside. Maybe he could accidentally leave the door open and let Kitty out. But how could he get the cat to go into the road? If anybody saw him chasing Kitty into the street it would look suspicious. He needed a better plan. The other day he had heard on TV of a young boy who'd been electrocuted when his radio fell into the tub while he was bathing. But whoever heard of a cat taking a shower? Harold tossed and turned in his bed. He invented and discarded plan after plan, never satisfied. Finally, just before dawn, he felt he had the answer.

As the days went on, Kitty became more adept at guerilla tactics. At night he would lay on the floor in the hallway, his tail in front of the bathroom door. Harold would emerge from the bedroom and make his way through the dark house, only to step on Kitty's tail just before

switching on the bathroom light. Kitty would shriek and Harold's heart would race to his mouth. Harold could feel days subtracted from his life like beads on an abacus.

A week after the car accident, Harold's hand had healed well enough for him to return to work. He told everybody that his brakes had failed and he had sprained his hand while fighting for control of the car. At lunch he called his wife and told her he was staying late to catch up on all the work he had missed. At five o'clock he left work in his dented Honda Accord and drove toward Lucy's place. But first he stopped at K-Mart.

Harold walked past lingerie and men's wear to the sporting goods department. He spent a few minutes examining rods and reels and bowling balls, and then he walked to the counter and asked to see some of the handguns that were on display. He settled on a Smith and Wesson 9mm automatic with a 14-shot clip. "Sanctioned as the official assassina-tion weapon of the SLA," joked the clerk.

"What?" asked Harold.

"You know, SLA, Patty Hearst. Course now that the MAC-10 is on the street, this is the citizen's piece."

"Oh," said Harold. "Yes, I remember that." The clerk was staring at him funny. "Let me have a box of shells, too," said Harold. He filled out the paperwork and waited as the clerk double-checked for a felon file. Harold congratulated himself on his cleverness. Three days ago he had gone to the police station and received a permit for the pistol, and his wife was none the wiser. The clerk returned, all smiles. "Thank you for shopping at K-Mart. Have a nice day," he said.

Harold felt really good when he pulled up to Lucy's trailer. Things were starting to take shape, starting to go his way. He hadn't talked to Lucy since that phone call the day after the accident, but he had taken the time to send her flowers this morning. He saw them in a vase on the coffee table when Lucy let him in.

"Oh, Harold, you are the sweetest man," she said. They embraced, and Lucy held her mouth close to his ear. "Please forgive me for talking that way on the phone, but you were saying some really crazy things."

"It's okay, baby. Already forgotten." Harold let her go and set the shopping bag on the table.

"What have you got there?" Lucy asked.

"A little surprise."

"That right?" Lucy smiled and pressed herself against him. "You going to show me what it is?"

"I most certainly am. But first, why don't you get me a nice cold beer?" Harry watched Lucy walk into the kitchen. He followed the movement underneath her robe and felt a familiar twitch.

Lucy called out from the kitchen. "Whatever have I done to deserve all these presents?" She appeared in the doorway, smiling, a glass of beer in her hand. "Or is it something I haven't done," she giggled. "Yet."

Harold took the beer from her. "This," he said, lifting the bag up in front of his face, "isn't just for you."

"It's not?" Lucy sounded hurt.

"No, no," Harold said. He pulled the pistol from the bag. "It's a group gift, for you and me, for Barbara, and most of all for Kitty."

"God, Harold, put that thing away this instant."

"Don't worry, Lucy. It can't hurt you, it's not even loaded. Besides, I'm saving it for a special purpose."

"What are you talking about? Why did you bring that thing here?"

"After tonight, there'll be one less cat in the world."

"Harold Robertson, I don't want to hear this."

Harold stood and reached across the coffee table to stroke Lucy's face. "I'm doing it for us," he said.

"I swear, Harold—"

"You haven't seen him, Lucy." Harold looked into her eyes. "That cat—he's trying to destroy me, to hurt me. He'll hurt you too, unless I stop him."

Lucy backed away. "You're talking crazy. Think, Harold. You just can't walk into your house and shoot some defenseless animal. What's the matter with you?"

Harold smiled and sat down on the couch. "You're right, Lucy. I can't just walk into the house and shoot Barbara's cat." Lucy breathed a sigh of relief. "I have a plan," Harold said. He pulled the clip and the shells from the bag. One by one he inserted the bullets into the clip. "I'm going to say it was a prowler, that I thought somebody was trying to get into the house," Harold said. "I'll get up in the middle of the night, say I heard a noise. When I blow Kitty's head off I'll swear I didn't mean to, that it was an accident." Harold pushed the last bullet into the clip. "And that will be that," he said. He slid the clip into the pistol with a bang.

The noise deafened him and Lucy spun out of view. Harold screamed and ran to the kitchen, where she clawed at the linoleum. "Oh, God," he said. He dropped the pistol.

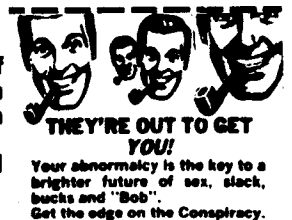
Mail day. Harold came to the door of his cell and received his envelope. He recognized his wife's handwriting. He opened the envelope. Inside was a card. "Happy Birthday," it read. "We love you." His wife had signed her name. And below that was a stamped paw print and the single word: "Miaow."

## NO OFFSPRING?

Actually, each of us created everyone else from the day of our own creation or very soon after. Have any two breaks in pool ever been the same?

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# INTERVIEW WITH A COMEDIAN: EDDIE DEEZEN

(Part I of two parts.)

by Kris Gilpin

I first saw and remembered Eddie Deezen from the first Grease film, and met him one day on Hollywood Blvd. Eddie is a very nice and very funny person (he played Eugene, the butt of the campus jokes, in both Grease 1 and 2, to mention only two of his films), and it was a pleasure to have lunch with him in Los Angeles on November 6, 1982; I even found we had a lot in common.

KG: Okay, Eddie, tell me about yourself.

ED: My name is Edward H. Deezen the First, and I was born on March 6, 1957, in Cumberland, Maryland. I lie about my age, but that's the true day.

KG: How'd you wind up in L.A.?

ED: The day after high school graduation, I came out here to be a comedian.

KG: When did you first know that's what you wanted to do?

ED: I started doing gags in high school at about 16; I'd conduct a band and do pratfalls, stuff like that. Then I wanted to come to New York and it didn't work out there, so I decided to come out here instead and hit the Big Time. Friday the 13th, 1975, I arrived out here, in June.

KG: Okay, now let's take your career step by step. Did you have friends out here?

ED: I had a friend when I first came out here named Mike; he left and went into the service a week later, so I was alone. For about a year and a half I was like a bum; I didn't do anything, just wandered the streets. In the meantime, my parents wanted me to work, so I'd make up jobs for them; I'd say I was an usher in a theater, and I'd be a bum all day, just lay around.

Then one day in a laundry room, I saw a note that said: Need A Manager? Call This Number! I did, and he got me into The Comedy Store (a club for stand-up comedians), and I performed there a couple of times. After that I did a routine of it.

Then they had open auditions for The Gong Show, and I got on the show; Paul Williams gonged me with 2 jokes left. I loved that show; it was one of my favorites. And Chuck Barris was a really nice guy. He'd say, "You have a really good act," and he congratulated me. They had called me back again, but then I was the very last act and I just got scared and walked out, so I was on only one time.

After that I got a hold of a real cheap agent, and they were having open auditions for Grease (the film); I went into that and somehow I got it, so that got me my union card, and I started working after that. 95% of me got cut out of that first film, but you can see little bits of me jumping around in it, but it was something, you know. And I got a lot of residuals from it, from the bubble gum cards, when it's shown in Sweden, whatever. \$34 or whatever.

After that I did a bomb science fiction flick called Laserblast; what a turkey!

KG: I remember. You played a heavy in that film, which was a change for you. How did that happen?

ED: I just walked in, they said, "We need somebody!" and they (snaps his fingers) hired me right on the spot, and I got about 400 bucks for it; my agent said we needed the money right then, so I took it.

Then I Wanna Hold Your Hand came; a great movie!

KG: Yeah, it was!

ED: I had gone in and auditioned for Zemeckis and Gale, the two writers who later went on to write 1941, and we hit it off right away; we just started breaking each other up with improvisations; Gale was laughing so hard he was actually crying. I auditioned about 5 times; they originally had me cast for a different role, then they switched me over to my character (a Beatles fanatic) in the film.

After that came Steven Spielberg's 1941. Spielberg was Associate Producer on I Wanna Hold Your Hand and he helped a lot, so that was really the first time I ever worked with him. And he is great, a total pro! Even if it didn't show so much in 1941, he's got a great head for comedy and a great sense of humor; very inventive.

The editing is what killed 1941; we had a great script and the stuff I saw filmed was great, but the editing was terrible.

I rode that ferris wheel down the pier and into the ocean with Murray Hamilton (who was the mayor in Jaws); I got sick and threw up on the last day. Steven took me into his trailer personally and watched over me, he fed me good stuff and all. They had all of Hollywood in miniature, but on the last day they were spinning us around real fast in the full-size wheel, and I got very sick!

Oh, I want to tell you about Belushi and Aykroyd, what professionals they were, how great they were. Once we were all freezing cold and Aykroyd was sitting by a fan, and he got away from it and said, "Eddie, come over here," and he gave me his space by the fan, which was really professional and nice. I remember when I met Belushi, I was talking about a pilot I did—we'd known each other for awhile; he'd seen I Wanna Hold Your Hand—and I told him that they'd almost cut all of me out of it, and he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Well, they're assholes to do that!" And that was nice of him to say. And I remember that Belushi used to talk on the phone a lot; I don't know who he was calling but he was always on the phone.

KG: Do you remember any funny anecdotes from the film?

ED: Oh, yes! There was a ventriloquist's dummy in the wheel with myself and Murray, and I kept feeding it buttermilk and it had to keep squirting Murray and I; there was buttermilk all over the place, but it was cut out of the film, and it was a funny bit. We did it about 6 times, and they had to keep cleaning us off to retake it.

Then after '41, I did a pilot of I Wanna Hold Your Hand at Universal called Just Us Kids for TV; no one but myself was in it from the original cast. It didn't sell; it was on CBS.

Then I did a film called Midnight Madness, a giant bomb at Disney Studios. It was like Scavenger Hunt; David (American Werewolf in London) Naughton was in it and it was fun to do, but it was a real

bomb. It was about 5 different teams of kids going out for a scavenger hunt, and I was the leader in one of the teams, and they had three Eddie Deezen clones in it, there were three guys who looked like me; one of them was my neighbor, who looks like me. It's not that bad a film, but it really bombed.

After that I did a film in San Francisco which was never released called Save the Last Dance For Me (laughs); it's a tremendous cult film! It was about roller skating; there was a roller skating fad about three years ago, and two roller skating films had come out then—Roller Boogie was one of them—and they both bombed, so the producers didn't want to release this one, so it hasn't come out yet; maybe someday it will, if I hit the Big Time.

Now we come to a pilot I did at Paramount called Home Room on ABC, and it didn't sell. The original Mork & Mindy people—Garry Marshall and all—were around on that one, and they were nice to work with.

So, then we come to a little cameo bit in Zapped, with Scott Baio; El Bombo again, but that was fun. I was in it for about 5 minutes, and I got about eleven hundred dollars for one or two days' work. Compared to a lot, that's not a lot of money, but...

Then, between that one and this year, there was Grease 2, which I got all cut out of, which was a terrible film; I'm in the very first scene, that's about it. A few little bits but, just like Grease 1, it was a disappointment.

Then we're getting into this year with Surf 2, which is coming out this spring. (into mike) Giant film, go to see it, tell all your friends and relatives about it! First time I ever had the lead in a film; everyone go to see this film—a little plug there. In it, I am a mad scientist who wants to turn the whole world into punk rockers; the people against me are surfers. I play the bad guy; it's real fun. There are some good people in it, like Cleavon Little, Lyle Waggoner, Ruth Buzzi. I own all the punks in the film, and I want to turn people into punks; finally in the end they capture me and they get me, but it's the first time since I Wanna Hold Your Hand I really get to show my comedy stuff; I get some real funny gags in it, so be sure to see that.

And I did an episode of The Facts of Life that (was on TV) December 8; it's a pretty good series. And I did a Here's Boomer last year; you'll have to see that one in reruns. Boomer, a great friend of mine!

I'm now under contract with Tandem Productions at Universal, and that's my first time with them; it's a good contract, but it runs out in March; they may use me some more, I hope.

KG: Since there is no Surf 1, whose idea was it to call your new film Surf 2?

ED: The producer, George Bronstein, I guess, came up with the idea; he thought it would stir interest to, instead of Surf, call it Surf 2; it's all comedy, with Linda Kerridge, the Marilyn Monroe lookalike from Fade to Black; she's Australian, and she's great. The release date for Surf 2 should be next April or May, next spring.

KG: Will you be doing any publicity for the film?

ED: I don't know; I'd like to, but I guess it's too early to plan it, but I'd sure like to do it. I did a promo tour for I Wanna Hold; that was the only time I'd done that, and it was fun. We got to go to New York and stay in the Plaza, in the same room in which The Beatles stayed, and it was a lot of fun. We covered the local New York TV shows, and we were on a discussion panel before college students; they'd ask us questions and all that, and we went to screenings of the film. Steven went along, too.

KG: When did you stop filming Surf 2?

ED: September 13; it was just a little while ago. Great people; best cast and crew I ever worked with. The director's name is Randall Badat; it's his first film and he's really a good director, a great guy. The shoot lasted about 2 or 3 months. They got all the junk from my bedroom and put it into the laboratory set and made it up to be a really neat place.

KG: And what's happened since Surf 2?

ED: I'm set to do this improv film with Rob Reiner and Michael McKean from Laverne & Shirley; they're going to do a film called Spinal Tap, all of it improvised; I have a script that's all outlines, there's no dialogue, and I'm set to do that in the middle or end of November ('82), and it was great to meet them. In the film, Spinal Tap is the name of a group, like The Beatles, and I'm going to be like the groupie-fan I was in I Wanna Hold Your Hand; "Spinal Tap's the best group in the world!" and I'm gonna play that kind of character again.

KG: So what else has come up?

ED: That's about it; I was supposed to have an interview for a show called Square Pegs, but it was just cancelled yesterday, the interview that is. First they said that the producer had the flu, and then they said that they wrote the character out, but I would've loved to have done it. So that's about it; I'm waiting around for Spinal Tap, or to do some looping (voice-over re-recordings of certain lines in a film which were not originally picked up on the set during filming) for Surf 2.

KG: Do you get called in for looping a lot?

ED: Well, in a movie you have to; it's maybe one day's work but it's fun; you get to see a lot of your stuff on the screen. They sit you in front of a large screen and you put on earphones; it's real professional.

For instance, when Murray and I are rolling down the pier in the ferris wheel in 1941—"Get me out! Hey, get me out!"—that's all looped. In I Wanna Hold, I remember I looped the line, "Gangway, copper!" where Wendy Jo and I kick the guy in the shin; that's looped.

KG: How do you pick your properties? Through your agent?

ED: Yeah; Progressive Artists, greatest agents in the world, they are! I've been with them since '77, when I first started, and they send me out.

And now, Surf 2 is what I'm really waiting for; it may not be big, but even if it bombs the industry can really see what I can do. All

cut me out this time, so maybe I'll get a good job from it. KG: I hope so. I mean, someone saw you in Laserblast, and... ED: Yeah. That's right; scary, but right. (Part II will appear next issue.)

the big films I get into I get small parts, and all my big parts are in films which bomb; that's what always happens. But I hope this makes just a little, tiny impact on them, you know. I figure it'll probably bomb, but I really get to do my comedy; they're not going to

# BRAIN~RACKING

by Camille Lyon

For a literary giant, Harcourt today resembled more the flustered, nervous little professor so often satirized and caricatured in more traditional circles. These detractors came out in force on this, their day in the sun, to celebrate the verdict and witness what they felt was a long overdue judgment.

The arbiter's face was noncommittal, but the verdict was as clear as the flexiglass booth in which Harcourt sat, meek and motionless.

"Mr. Fenton," began the arbiter, "you have, by your own plea and admittance, been found guilty on all charges brought against you. You have, during the past few years, been given ample opportunity on your own to take action against your so-called 'writer's block,' and have failed to do so. As an Artist-in-Residence under the protection and aegis of the State, you have continued to enjoy the many benefits accorded a citizen of your status. We have been patient with you, Mr. Fenton, and you have not produced." She shuffled some papers on her bench before continuing, her tone slightly changing to sound not unlike a parent scolding a wayward child. "My task before me is not a pleasant one, Mr. Fenton, nor do I relish executing it, despite what you may believe. However, the Law is the Law, and I have a duty to uphold our sacred principles. We have been lenient thus far, and you have not take due advantage of our grace. We can be lenient no longer.

"Therefore, it is our considered and final judgment, subject to no further appeal, that you either renounce immediately your claim to artist's privileges and title, or submit yourself herewith to the Expander, for such amount of time not less than five full minutes and not exceeding fifteen full minutes. So be it," and the gavel stamped down.

The blood-curdling screams that usually made the event worth attending for the curious, kooky and news reporters were not to be heard, as Harcourt merely emitted a soft sob as he was led away. He couldn't claim he didn't know what might happen, and since the Martell Proviso was passed back in '89, he was pretty sure he could no longer use the excuse of writer's block legitimately. Still, it had to be attempted, to save imaginary dignity if nothing else.

He clamped his eyes shut as the helmet was strapped on and the nodes attached to their proper pressure points. He had noticed with relief that the dial had not been set at maximum strength, and prayed his inner talent would blossom quickly enough to spare him the worst of the tampering.

The "on" switch was thrown, and the images began. They rolled through Harcourt's mind, touching all his senses and filling him with inspirations, ideas, notions fairly bursting to be revealed. His syntax swam, his metaphors crackled crisply on the paper in his head. Words came together and caressed each other, rhyming and coupling to produce more words, glorious groups of sentinal sentences, standing guard on the floodgates holding back the tide of new thoughts.

When it was over (could it really be only seven minutes?) Harcourt was wildly euphoric, and grabbed the proffered paper the second his eyes focused again, scribbling violently. He had to change sheets every so often during the next few days due to excessive drooling, but the committee was used to that reaction, and kept him supplied aplenty. After two straight nonstop weeks of using every writing implement at his behest, filling up computer chips and tape recorders and reams and reams of the finest bond rag, Harcourt dropped from exhaustion and dreamt still more images.

The Expander's magic lasted a full three months in this frenetic cycle, after which time Harcourt again sensed that certain bleeding dry which had plagued him in previous times. He feared the consequences no longer, but when he put in his request was told, "Sorry, Mr. Fenton, the Expander can only be used once in a person's lifetime. Too much danger of addiction, you know. Like stimulating the pleasure centers of labrats, they get so hooked on the feeling that they start pushing the buttons themselves to the exclusion of eating and breeding and all those other important things. All you writer types, you're always ranting about how inhumane the Expander is because true creativity should come only from within, and should be what you're born with, not what's artificially enhanced for you. So you had your chance, sir, once without the Expander, and once with. It was up to you to make it last; that's why you get the big bucks."

16 Harcourt chose the artist's way out instead. When the

clean-up crew arrived to dispose of the remains, they found him still grinning, his last potential masterpiece in hand. The only words on it were, "The 'on' switch was thrown, and the images began."

"Category B," remarked the forewoman nonchalantly. "You think they'd've figured out by now there's some things ya can't put on paper. I mean, he ain't never seen anyone else write about the Expander instead of because of it. Sheesh, the stuff that memory musta dredged up in 'im—" She shivered. "I don't even wanna think about it."

"Yeah," said the other, "we lose more writers that way..."

## SANDS & THE GLASS

by Sarah Mowney

Dave Short pointed to his foot and grimaced. "It finally hit me when I realized I was spending over \$200 a year on Adidas and I still hadn't worn out the sandals I bought in '71."

Dave is a "Recovered Yuppie," part of a growing phenomenon occurring among the Baby Boom generation.

"I was really a mess," Dave admits. "I bought the whole scam. I even tried to blame it on drugs. Looking back, I can see it started when the price of pot started going up. It's a short step from spending \$300 an ounce for smoke to spending twice that on coke. Shit—it's not drugs that're addictive. It's money."

At forty, Dave is re-evaluating his existence. A hand-lettered sign pinned over his resurrected woodworker's bench reflects the sentiments of thousands his age. It reads:

I THINK I WAS DUPED, BUT I DON'T FORGET.

THE THINGS THAT WERE TRUE, I BELIEVE THEM YET.

The quote is from the song "Sands & The Glass" by Robin Williamson\*, a poetic reflection on becoming mature without losing the lessons of youth.

"If I was going to blame anything, it'd be television. I was listening to my ten-year-old son telling me how I could improve my R.R.S.P. by using his plan for profit-loss efficiency over a ten-year period, and I thought it was 'normal' because I'd seen this same scene on the boob a thousand times. I was even watching and identifying with the characters of Hill Street Blues when it occurred to me that in '69 a cop had stuck a loaded gun in my face and told me if I hadn't cut my hair the next time he saw me, he'd blow my head off. It's so easy to get manipulated," Dave said with a rueful chuckle.

These days, Dave has deliberately simplified his life. That doesn't mean he's trying to live like a twenty-year-old again, but, as he puts it, "I realized I'd not only thrown out the baby with the bathwater, I'd tossed the washtub as well. I was letting someone else define my values. I was so caught up with the idea of 'winning' I wasn't even thinking about whether I actually wanted the prize."

Dave wasn't alone in this. All over the world, Yuppies began to question their "lifestyles."

"Lifestyles," Dave snorts with disdain. "What a stupid word. I'm embarrassed I didn't see it as Orwellian 'Newspeak' the first time I heard it."

"Back when I was 'into astrology,' I recall reading about something called 'Saturn Return'—it's a point in your life that happens when you get into your thirties. You become unsure of things and tend to clutch on to anything that promises stability. There's predators out there just drooling to make that offer. 'Buy our product and be a winner.' They use that same slogan to sell everything from colas to politicians."

Dave knows whereof he speaks. A year ago he made \$60,000 as an advertising executive, selling, as he puts it, "a lot of garbage to other people so I could buy a lot of garbage for myself."

"Sure, money is important," Dave admits. "I'm 42 years old. I have a family and I'm not about to leave them and go back to sleeping on the floor in other people's living rooms. But I did find a lot of the ideas I'd rejected as 'youthful folly' were still valid. Like 'Voluntary Simplicity.' It's a great idea, if you don't get fanatic about it. So is 'Living Well.' What's really important is finding a balance."

Today Dave uses his talents to help small, independent businesses. "It pays less than working for the Big Money Boys, but I'm a long way from starving. I've learned to live with the idea that I won't be able to update my VCR this year."

\*For details on Robin Williamson records, write to ROBIN WILLIAMSON PRODUCTIONS, P.O. Box 27522, Los Angeles, CA 90027



# The Candy Lovers

by Bobby G. Warner

Ooratyrk squirmed excitedly as he watched the small planet of the star ZTB:4720/t grow in the viewer. Ooratyrk rechecked the galactic coordinates, satisfied. Yes, they were just as Naachyk had said they would be; exact within twenty spatial units.

"It is such a marvelous place," Naachyk had told him. "Quite primitive and bleak, but filled with the most luscious candy in the galaxy! I came upon the place purely by chance. Azznaryk dared me to input a random set of coordinates, and I did so. You know me—cannot resist a dare! I knew the penalty, of course, and I served my time in Isolation for doing it. As usual, Isolation was sheer hell—but well worth the taste treats I found on that planet!

"You know the ordinary tepid fare that passes for candy on most of the Charted Worlds. Well, on this perfectly obscure little planet circling a virtually unknown star called ZBT:4720/t (which is where I ended up!), I found the most delicious candy in the universe! I can't even begin to describe—but here are the coordinates. If you want to risk Isolation again—try it for yourself. You will not regret it!"

And Ooratyrk, who had himself been in and out of Isolation so many times he had lost count, snapped at Naachyk's offer without a moment's hesitation.

Ooratyrk set his podship in orbit around the small planet. As he scanned the sensor monitors, he was mildly surprised to see that a moderately high degree of radioactivity was being registered over the entire planet's surface.

"They are simply marvelous little—if I may laughingly call them this—'fellows'," Naachyk had said, several times. But Naachyk was such a talkative sort! "They have little colonies all over the planet. Social organisms, of a sort. One might almost imagine them quasi-civilized. But of course they aren't. A carbon-based form of life. Terribly uncomplex. They seem to live by ingesting organic materials. Incredibly inefficient. They actually excrete a large portion of the substances they use to fuel their units! But tasty—Ooratyrk, you've never experienced candy such as this! You know how delicious the zzyrrgrn candy tidbits of Sector HMT-47/tNr:HH457 are? No comparison!"

Recalling Naachyk's words, Ooratyrk began to palpitate with excitement and anticipation. He adjusted the podship's altitude above the planet's surface and began fine-tuning the candy-energy sensors. Once he had located a significant clustering—or colony, as Naachyk had referred to them—he would make landfall nearby, begin the process of atmospheric dispersion, then leisurely settle over the colony and assimilate the candy. If only. If only the candy proved to be half as tasty as Naachyk had built it up to be!

Ooratyrk circled the small planet half a dozen times, becoming more depressed with each orbit. The candy-energy sensors picked up virtually nothing, while the atmospheric evaluation sensors continued to register planet-wide radioactivity.

Ooratyrk was suddenly wrrenched from his brooding mood as the Sector Security Patrol detection warning devices informed him he was being converged upon by thirty-seven pursuit craft of the advanced Galactic Type 7A-Triple 5—which meant that even with the advanced warning now being given, it would be futile (and possibly even fatal) to even attempt escape.

After his release from the agony of Isolation, Ooratyrk's first act was to seek out Naachyk.

"I just do not understand!" he said.

"Ah, now, my friend, relax," said Naachyk, offering Ooratyrk a piece of squirming candy-energy units from Sector AZB-32/xt9:Ty002. "How unfortunate for you. To have to endure Isolation for something truly worthwhile is one thing. To have to endure it for nothing is so disheartening. But how could I have known? Who would have guessed? There was not any way of warning you; you were already out of communication range."

"What are you babbling about?" demanded Ooratyrk.

"How awful—how terribly ironic the whole thing is, Ooratyrk! Talk about your cosmic humor!"

"As delicious as they were, it turns out those damned candy units from that dismal backwash planet were—how I hate to say it!—semi-intelligent. They actually daggled in primitive nuclear energy to the point of producing moderately destructive weapons."

Naachyk paused for a moment to assimilate a plate of candy, then continued:

"It is back to Isolation for me. A complete review of my podship's data banks revealed the whole sordid thing.

"You see, Ooratyrk, when I came upon that damnable planet, apparently the candy units were preparing for armed nuclear conflict between the major colonies. Can you imagine it! How primitive and senseless! Anyway, when I made landfall near one of the larger colonies and began atmospheric dispersion, why—my energy particles were mistaken by the candy units of that large colony as—as an attack by another large colony located on a nearby continental land mass.

"I assimilated literally millions of the units before I departed. You would not believe the ecstasy with which I gorged myself. The other units—'thinking', I suppose you could say—that my little snack was an all-out attack by the other large enemy colony, retaliated. In a very short time, apparently, the entire planet was devastated by a worldwide conflict between the various colonies.

"And—can you believe it?—now the Council feels that I may have contributed to the extinction of what might have been the beginnings of a sentient race of beings! Ridiculous! They were hardly more than things with playtoys. Given time, they would have wiped themselves out without my—ah, helping hand. Anyway, I have been given double time in Isolation. Worse than that, they have suspended my podship permit for—well, for a lot longer than I care to think about."

# ...or not TV

by ye editrix

I'm afraid my Couch Potato-dom is still somewhat in doubt this fall season, as I have not yet (due to a number of reasons, ranging from vacation to having a new kitten to playing with my VCR) had the kind of chance I'd prefer to cue in on the new shows. Therefore, pending my ability to scope out a few more between now and the new year, the following will be tentatively labelled "Part I". Not included are shows I have no real interest in watching anyway, even for review purposes, so chalk out high-glitz vidmusic cop shows, nighttime soaps and any combination or spinoffs/ripoffs of either or both. Plus, much to my regret, I haven't had one single Saturday morning free, so my cartoon reviews will also be next issue, Grid willing.

**SATURDAY:** Like I said, no cartoons to talk about this time, and the new season of SNL only just got started. I saw the first 10 minutes of the premiere featuring you-know-whore, and nothing impressed me, though I'm told the show gradually got better. So I'll save this for next time also, and instead talk about a show I can't watch here in the Land That Cable Forgot, but was lucky enough to catch in California a couple times. So far it's my pick for LJ Show of the Year 1985—

**The Young Ones** (MTV, 11:30pm Eastern time)—I can't even describe it, it's so strange. It's ostensibly about four, er, college students, but what it actually is is a combination of astute satire, broad physical schtick and hip nuwave jokes, all rolled up into the most stream-of-consciousness half hour I've ever seen. The **Goon Show** was never even this weird! Incredibly recommended, even if I don't quite get it yet (and neither will you, sort of).\*\*\*\*

**SUNDAY:** This day kinda bothers me, because it has the most annoying scheduling conflict of the week, even with the VCR. I'm a big fan of **Murder, She Wrote** (CBS, 8pm) and **Angela Lansbury**, but have chosen to view/tape the NBC shows I'll talk about in a moment. This has left me out of the audience for **MacGyver** (ABC, 8pm), a genuinely likeable, low-key pseudo-adventure tale starring some ex-soapie named Richard Dean Anderson as a guy who makes startling use of the laws of science. The one episode I caught of this was lots of fun, there are in-jokes aplenty (11/10's episode featured scenes from "The Naked Jungle," a 1954 George Pal movie, as stock footage!) and I wish ABC would consider rescheduling this to give it time to grow on one. Meantime...

**Amazing Stories** (NBC, 8pm) is somewhat of a disappointment, a feeling which seems to have been echoed by everyone in the known galaxy by now. Where has Spielberg gone wrong? I dunno. Possibly the scripts, as he appears more intent on playing up directors than writers (unlike the new **Twilight Zone**—see "Friday"). The stories are okay, they're just not spectacular. The most fun tale so far has been "Fine Tuning," featuring the by-now-standard Spielbergian "lovable friendly aliens" and lots of neat old tv footage and Uncle Miltie as Himself. Some stories hit the mark; some miss badly. At least Stevie worked himself into a sweet deal with NBC; he's committed for 44 shows. I personally think they're bound to get better.\*\*

**Alfred Hitchcock Presents** (NBC, 8:30pm) is appropriately macabre and not at all my cup of tea, but to paraphrase Frank N. Furter, "I didn't make them for you!" and so I'll have to give it high marks because it appears to achieve what it sets out to do, and the colorization techniques are first-rate. I just wish I had the stomach for this sort of thing, but I was scared shitless by the premiere.\*\*\*

**MONDAY:** I usually don't watch tv on Mondays, except for stuff on tape and sometimes Monday Night Football (which is neat without Howard Cosell but I'll scream if I hear one more Fridge story—talk about media manufacture!), but so far the only staple for me on Mondays has been **Kate & Allie** (CBS, 9pm), which is still intelligent and fun and, hey, New York. I think Monday is the most pre-empted night on tv now...

**TUESDAY:** Everybody's been telling me how absolutely fabulous the show **Moonlighting** (ABC, 9pm) is, that it's got that Remington Steel feel about it and it's really witty and clever, and while I've followed some of the innovations it's been going through (particularly that episode where a dream sequence was shot in black & white and narrated by Orson Welles, or something like that), it's not fair to present a review until I've had time to see it. Early word, though, is that this is the **Miami Vice** of '85-6, so a word to the wise and all that. I have, however, been taping, and occasionally watching, much to my surprise, **Spenser: For Hire** (ABC, 10pm)—I was turned on to this by Steve, who's enjoyed the books on which the character is based. Lord knows I'm not the world's biggest Robert Ulrich fan, but I must admit to liking this show (even though Spenser is—what else—an ex-cop...to his credit, he's a literate son-of-a-gun, which makes up for everything). One of my favorite things about the show, besides good writing and acting and the usual things that make shows work, is Spenser's relationship with

(continued next page, really)

"So what you're telling me," said Ooratyrk, "is that by the time I got to the planet, all the candy units had destroyed themselves—and I spent time in Isolation for nothing more than a planet full of disintegrated candy!"

"Unfortunately, that is so," said Naachyk. "But, there is a bright side to all this. Roostak has finally perfected the invention he has been working on for quirrs. It will allow us to go anywhere in the known galaxies we want, undetected. Of course, there are one or two variables he has not completely tested, so there is a slight chance one might still get caught. He has also discovered another star—HE2:8214/r—with a planet literally teeming with candy units so delicious and nourishing that one can hardly bear the delights of assimilating them. He brought back a plate of them for me, so I can bear out his claim. As soon as I finish this damnable stretch in Isolation, I am going to bribe someone to take me there! In the meantime, if you would like to 17 have the galactic coordinates..."

...or not TV, continued from  
previous page (see, toldja)

his girlfriend—they actually do things like telling each other they love each other, and practice monogamy without being married, and all that stuff that, like, real people do! Amazing. Neat show.\*\*\*  
WEDNESDAY: Lots of new shows have debuted here, but you really don't know me well at all if you think I'd watch either Michael Landon as God—I mean, an angel, or Robert Blake as Satan—I mean, a priest out of 'hell', or some British chap as a vigilante...I mean, I'm usually not even awake by St. Elsewhere any more. I do, however, watch George Burns Comedy Week (CBS, 9:30pm), and religiously so. Because this is the forgotten gem of the season, and will probably be cancelled due to Nielson stupidity by the time you read this. I have all the episodes save one on tape, though, thank goodness, and by and large, all are of such high quality I can't believe they made it on the air. Super casting, great writing, and Burns is neat too. I could gush on and on about the first brilliant episode (starring Catherine O'Hara) alone, but you get the idea by now.\*\*\*

THURSDAY: I personally find nothing terribly wrong with the sitcom fare here, LCD though it may be, and would in fact do wonderful things to Harry Anderson if I ever got him in a dark alley, so there. The newest debut here is the Ghostbusters ripoff, which I may or may not bother watching for next issue's conclusion.

FRIDAY: Yes, it's true, Misfits of Science (NBC, 9pm) really is one of the worst shows ever to hit the airwaves. It's not even so bad it's good; it's just bad. Wooden actors, incomprehensible plots...I mean, why the hell bother? And while Vice may be nice, The Twilight Zone (CBS, 8pm) hits home (okay, but you try rhyming at 10:30 at night). The key to this show has to be the writing, which is simply wonderful. Some of the episodes have brought tears to my eyes, and I think good old Rod is smiling down (or up) at this living tribute to everything he stood for. I mean, all this and Danny Kaye too? I'm in absolute seventh, eighth and ninth heaven.\*\*\*

And for those of you who don't give a whit what They say about public tv, a nifty sf show called The Tripods is currently running on PBS. It's no Dr. Who, but it's pleasant fare, and has gotten me hooked enough to keep on watching it to see how it all comes out. Do try to look it up if it's in your area.\*\*\*

(continued, with any luck, next issue)

A TRIP ON THE BUS (Spring '83, Summer '85)

by L.P. Whitney

Cherry red popsicles melting down through upholstered seats  
If I can't be simple, I'll try to be neat  
Egg salad on white bread oozing through  
Dancing sandwich halves, the smell of musk perfume,  
stale cigarettes and muscatel mingle and mix  
Anxious Noxious Sleazel Nose Diesel Slicks  
Swaggering up and down this unventilated bus.

The man at the wheel  
Has bought a 3-box Crackerjacks Meal  
and a short pack of Chesterfields  
A well-rounded woman in white chiffon  
with powder-puff thighs sits side-straddle  
in both seats behind the night driver.  
The Alfalfa twins sit behind her taunting  
her nose with a bag of Hershey kisses.

A man in a snakeskin mask stows his gear  
in the rack—a sign over his breast pocket  
Reads "Face Fried in A Flash Fire:

Contributions Toward Plastic  
Surgery—Gratefully Accepted"

High-Church Hype, His skin intact, in fact,  
His semi-celebrity "Snake Face" was on  
Its way to New York City to try its Hand

At Midnight Hustling

Six Days later in Central Park His Body  
Is to be found hanging upside down  
in the arms of the Mad Hatter  
"Twas Brillig and the Slithy Toves  
Did Gyre and gimble in the wabe..."

A little girl in white dirty leotards  
is reading Caspar the Friendly Comic Book Ghost  
Snapping her Bubblah-Booblah bubblegum  
Adding artificial grape odors to diesel doldrums  
The Eye is caught on a pair of pastel cowboy boots  
Boots of leather and polished silver  
Hand-tooled leather and gleaming silver  
Streams of silver and blue-green turquoise

From out of the West rode Captain Cowboy  
From out of the West to see green scenic America  
Spread-eagle on Rubbermaid mats, the crackle of  
the gum shod gucci imitation shoe-boots  
the zither of pantyhose snaking down aisles  
leather on leather in all kinds of weather  
Followed by soldiers 'n sailors 'n nuns  
A radio-ranger, the box glued to his ear  
stumbles and diddy-bops his way to the rear.

THE ORDER OF THINGS  
by Susan Packie  
At the Ladies' Society  
no one suggests mixing  
white clothes with colored  
Men sit to one side,  
women to the other

Children eat in the kitchen,  
adults in the dining room

Old folks totter  
off to retirement villages  
or stay out of sight

It is not a question  
of discrimination,  
just keeping  
one's collar clean.

"in  
"LOONEY TUNES"

"Of course, de vay ve're drawn,  
any of us could be in der  
place of dese poor losers..."

=here I come  
to save the  
day! =

=Ve kill  
moose and  
squirrel! =

"Sad cases, all. Sad, but  
verry amusing, no?"

=Not bird nor  
plane nor even  
frog... =

=Thufferin'  
Thuccotash =

"Ve save so much money  
because ve don't need  
a tv anymore!"

=Know what?  
I'm happy. =

WHOSITS by Elaine

Once again, Dr. Von Whozits!

"Welcome," bids the Doc, "to der  
Whozits Home fur der Terminally  
Animated..."

=Boop boop  
a doopi! =

=What a  
maroon! =

C. 11-14-85 Pen-Elayne Ent.



WHAT MORE I CAN WANT

by Aligi Walker

that man understand his skin  
ain't no demand  
I don't need his Winnebago parked  
out front my house

don't want no one coming up  
to ask to use the phone

don't want no one begging clothes  
for the needy  
I ain't got

god let this wasp  
find its way out of my shirt



Businessmen, businessmen, businessmen  
Each looks the same, choked by a necktie, hung in a frame  
Slow suffocation by boredom repetition and routine  
Weeds become witchgrass Wheat riddled with tares  
Hope springs eternal into a world filled with cares  
The Big Butter and Gun men never ride on a bus  
Wouldn't know what to make of the congregational fuss  
Or you can throw up in the bathroom and leave the driving to us.

# Sayz-U! (Letters)

Dear Elayne,

For all those just getting started in the field, a brief object lesson in how not to write an IJ letter of comment:

1) Do not wait until a week past the deadline and only give yourself 15 minutes in which to do it.

2) Do not misplace your copy of IJ under four back copies of MYTH ADVENTURES, a bunch of cassette tapes, a copy of THE TEMPLE OF BASEBALL, 12 unanswered letters, T.V. Guide, two pairs of sneakers and a sweater that you don't remember buying and aren't entirely sure belongs to you.

3) Do not stay up all night the night before watching bad movies and reading THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER. (In fact, it is never a good idea to read THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER before writing anything, as it tends to have the effect of making one wary of committing anything to paper more important than a grocery list.)

4) Do not spend 20 minutes beforehand trying to find a lost Kohl pencil. (There's a force field on Venus that beams down and disintegrates them, that's why, not entirely unrelated to the one on the moon that gets rolls of Scotch tape.)

5) Never wear anything new while attempting to write the letter. IJ letter-writing can be a down and dirty business and it's distracting to have to look out for a \$40 Gitano shirt while one is trying to accomplish it, even if said shirt was a steal on sale at \$22.50.

Having said that, and having broken all my own rules, let me now just say very briefly that it was a joy to have Brian Pearce gracing the cover of IJ once again (of course, I would say that, wouldn't I? Hi, darling), Ho Chi Zen gets better and better, and JOURNEY THROUGH THE TENDERLOIN is starting to degenerate into the sort of stories old hippies used to tell each other while sitting around waiting for Jefferson Starship concerts to start.

Oh God, time to go.

For all the wrong reasons,

ANNI ACKNER  
The Hotel New Jersey

Dear Elayne-

...As I am a bit rushed for time, I shall limit my comments to IJ 41.

My goodness, you've been publishing for so long. Do you think she would have learned her lesson by now. I recognize your cover artist! He had staph printed in the Fandom Directory 6. I liked Tuli's bits, too, and the piece he did in NatLamp. I met him once on a lecture tour while I was at FSU (go Notes). He autographed a copy of "Tenderness Junction" for me. And now I am being published in the same magazine that he is Staph on...neat.

QC is especially pertinent, as I have been enthralled by the chatter on Christian radio lately. But it has been wearing me out lately, so I am trying to wean myself back to South Florida's only rock station.

Anni's piece was fun, as usual. I read it while sitting in a topless bar, I guess is some sort of artistic statement.

Cleaning the fridge isn't exactly my cup o' tea either, though I don't mind doing laundry, 'cause it gives me two hours of quiet time. Whilst Barbara and I were dating, I got a panicky phone call from her one Sunday morn. Seems as someone had left the door of her folks' full-sized freezer ajar and she noticed it about five days later. I think you know the rest of the story...

By the way, did anyone see the A&E presentation of Day of the Trifids? A bit long but fun anyway.

"The Second Jesus Impersonator" was interesting also. Right now I am listening to a lecture on how screwed-up book clubs are. My charming wife is reading the daily mail. It seems she has gotten a reactivation notice on the duplicate book club account she has recently cancelled. That is two identical memberships in the same book club with different account numbers. Hell, I am still getting staph from Columbia House and I haven't been a member for five years.

And "Kid" Steve hits it right on the head with "Out-AIDed" as far as I'm concerned. I watched bits of it and it was nice, but the aid will never make it to the people who need it 'cause those are the people the government is trying to exterminate. And even if the food made it to them, it wouldn't do any good because malnutrition has created an entire generation of low-level functioning Ethiopians, who unfortunately couldn't rebuild their culture even if they had the ways and means to. I have worked with the handicapped before and have seen this in person.

Anyways, I hope this made it in time and I can't see what all the flap was about in IJ 39. I have seen dirtier stories in my time, and I thought it was done in good taste.

Yours,

PHIL TORTORICI  
P.O. Box 57487  
West Palm Beach, FL 33405

("Good taste" wasn't necessarily the only thing I questioned with Ace's entry, Phil. Like your back cover this issue, I felt it was simply "More Than I Need To Know". MTINTK isn't a matter of 'dirty' or clean, it's a matter of gratuitousness and such, as I see it.)

Dear E,

Congrats on your "5th Anniversary Issue" and many happy returns!! Your article on "Streetfare Journal" kinda summed up my feeling about IJ—"putting out art for art's sake" without some financial catch, and yes, that is rare indeed.

Rick da Beast's tips for getting into nightclubs free was the funniest piece in some time (good God! actually comedy?)...wouldn't that make a great Warner Bros. cartoon, with Daffy Duck as a frustrated punk rock gate crasher, continually getting the door slammed in his face while a rock star Bugs Bunny casually saunters in on everybody's guest list?

"Zenarchy," as usual, was packed with gems—"Raising your child is like having a Zen master in your home as a permanent guest"—whew! I swear, Ho Chi Zen must be a holy man! Or at the very least, a shit-head.

As for Anni Ackner's pornographic piece, there's really nothing sadder than a writer grovelling for an audience by stooping to writing about sex...nyuk! nyuk! C'mon Ms. A, get back to writing about really important subjects, like the primal urge for "M&M Plain and Peanut" candies, and whether George Steinbrenner should be publicly sodomized annually as part of the "Great Autumn Harvest Festivities"...

Actually, I'm continually dismayed and saddened by my seemingly endless talent for irritating and annoying Ms. Ackner! It is pretty much public knowledge that my ultimate dream in life is to win the undying love and respect of Anni Ackner, and her increasingly hostile poison pen attacks on my literary talents have, on more than two occasions, reduced me to sobs of grief...Thank God in these trying times I can still turn to "Zenarchy" for spiritual relief.

I remain, humbly and sincerely just another bonehead on the road to hell,

ACE BACKWORDS  
1630 University Ave., #26  
Berkeley, CA 94703

(Gosh, Ace, maybe it's none of my biz 'n all but this being my newsletter I figured I could get away with saying, I mean really, if you want somebody to like and respect you, it just seems to me that you can't go around picking fights with them, y'know? I mean, first off, and for the benefit of the new folks out there, Anni wrote about weird porno mags and stories last time, which is of course not the same as writing porn or MTINTK herself. And tsk tsk, Acie-wacie, look who's complaining about nonos when he writes stories of incest and losing virginity and suggests sodomy as clean material [tho personally, I'm all in favor of Anni doing literary justice to Mr. Steingraber once and for all]...Seriously, I know a lot of this letter was sarcastic—I may be dumb but I'm not stupid—but I still think the tone could have been a little lighter and less patronizing. On the other hand, you seem to have no real desire to be buddies with some people anyhow, so maybe I should just crawl back into my editorial cubbyhole, slump slump...) Dear Elayne and Assorted Peoples...

Thought I'd 'splain about WHAT IS CLARION? (Luke McGuff IJ 41) CLARION is a writers workshop in Ohio—some hotshots like Harlan Ellison have done teaching gigs there. They have WOSs (Writers of Stature) doing gigs there. Quite a worthwhile thing to get involved in.

I also wanted to write and welcome back Brian Pearce. (Much to ye editrix's dismay, Bri has not returned permanently yet, but all due pleas and beggings will certainly be forwarded to godforsaken Buffalo, and we shall await Mr. Pearce's response.)

The only big deal here is the Halloween costume party at CHERCHEZ LA FEMME—I am going as a wall of graffiti. Will let you know if anybody writes anything GOOD on me.

Still driving with my eyes closed,

DEBORAH BENEDICT  
854 Y Street  
Lincoln, NE 68508

'ullo Elayne:

First off, I've gotten the okay from all here resident at Macy's Smoked Shark Counter to extend formal apologies for "Our Lady" which we now consider a mistake and a piece of true vileness. We placed ourselves under restrictions. No bubbly for a whole week. Dire times at the Oporto, and dry too. No party to honor the return of Fearless Leader Dioxin from points best left un contemplated. C'est dommage...

But things are looking upward-style these eves, what with the arrival of IJ 41 and all. This ish was dandy, as per usual. Anni was totally fino, but that's no news. Major kudos also to DeeBee. I plan to try out those tips immediately if not sooner. These are important life hints, indeed. As were young Ms. Gaelor's (and good to see her back also.) Plus Rick and Larry and a dandy cover by our Bri and Tom and I wanna see more info on this Crowley diet. Personally, I've been a follower of the Lovecraft fitness program for many a year now (those years when I've not subsisted solely on bubbly and real ale—accept no substitutes!). And...and...other brill things as well. But I don't want to blather on infinitely here. So I won't. Ah then, mitosis beckons—gotta split...

ANTHEA TREPHINE  
Under Table 3  
the Oporto

Dear Elayne,

A few comments about the last issue...

BACK INTO THE FIRES OF HADES—a neat little fable which reminded me of Ambrose Bierce.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE TENDERLOIN—the writing was nicely detailed, but the anecdote seemed to lack the necessary twist or punch.

THE BLACK CAULDRON—although I disagree with the assessment given of the new animated Disney feature, I appreciated the new cinematic voice of IJ.

GETTING IN EASY—too easy, Rick da Beast...you could do much better. CUTE—Larry, my man, you've voiced something I've longed to do—the premise that all kids are cute is one which should be definitely revised, and you took the first step...congrats.

IT'S THE SPOOKY TRUTH—largely a lot of fun, although some of the letters were just too offbeat and tipped off the recipient of the gag.

THE SECOND JESUS IMPERSONATOR—well-timed and well-written, a nice counterpoint to the HAIL MARY controversy.

The graphics are quite sharp, and the FAN NOOSE column was inviting as usual...I'm often compelled to write off for all those publications, although I barely have time to read the 'zines I get now.

Slack,

MIKE DOBBS  
24 Hampden Street  
Indian Orchard, MA 01151

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...yet more letters on page 20...

Dear Elayne:

Thought I would give you a real treat for a change by typing this letter instead of subjecting you to my printing again. Which I think is pretty charitable of me considering the terminal eyestrain you put me through in various parts of IJ #41, namely the Fan Moose section and all the longer articles and stories. Is it carved in stone that only the shorter pieces are legible? Bitch, gripe, moan... I do like IJ but sometimes reading is a real ordeal, even a pain in the ass. But worth it... (Lest people automatically presume I'm putting a gun to this person's head to read IJ, I hasten to dissuade you of that notion. If everything in IJ were reduced less—and, as noted, the shorter pieces only get reduced to 77% of original size, while the longer ones shrink to 64%—I'm afraid we'd have too many pages for practical purposes such as mailing [we just barely make it under 3 ounces now as is] and printing. Someday I'll put out a zine with full-sized print, but IJ isn't it.)

Lots of things in #41 were quite fine but I was particularly taken with "God's Favorite Thinker." Mildred Neptune really knocks me out. This has become an increasing problem around here. We have many of the strong Christian groups in this area, all more or less crazed. While I thought some of Mildred Neptune's solutions to the persistent door-to-door proselitizers were more imaginative than practical I did enjoy them immensely. I have this horrid tendency to be too nice to these people; which is why I was horrified when my sweet, soft-spoken and considerate wife, on first moving to Bellingham with me, showed me the absolutely best way to handle the situation. She just opens the door, says "NO!" in a loud voice, and shuts the door. That's all. Works. The worst around here are the fundies who are also Tight-To-Life. They send their kids to the door with these awful more-than-full-color photos of chopped up foetuses while they hover out of sight. (Not only that, but the NV-area ones actually whine at you, leading me to believe that any 'undecideds' they encounter are more tempted to lean towards the other side of the fence after a few moments of wailing.) Those people aren't funny. But Mildred's God Prods were.

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

Dear Elayne,

I'm sitting at a bowlful of my grandmother's rice pudding, veritable manna from heaven, man, so excuse any stray, misappropriated crumbs or stains.

Thankou for the nice write-up. Wow, we were really awed by your anniversary ish. So many thousand words have passed by since your initiation into the world, no?—actually, considering your microscopic format (=sigh= some days I just can't win...), probably a few million. Anyway, it's really encouraging to see that even ideas can last a long time. Scratch that. I guess I mean 'ideas' as an all-encompassing word for, well, you know, do I have to explain everything? Needless to say, I bow and grovel at your accomplishments. (Hey, far out, you mean that secret-formula mind-enslaving ink Uncle Wiggly and I printed onto last issue has taken effect? Oops.)

Isn't Mary Lou Retton the most gruesome achievement in human evolution? Oh, I can think of many uses for the Cancer Research Fund to put her through... Out of non-sequesterville now!

...David Letterman's on. Well, you know, priorities... Take care and best to your mag, 'the mag,' et cetera.

DAVID SERLIN  
c/o Space-Time Continuum and  
Your Pocket Wrench  
7824 Kismet St.  
Miramar, FL 33023

Dear Elayne,

Congrats on your fifth anniversary. When I spent 7 years on the first magazine I founded (Radical America), I thought it was enuf for a lifetime. The next one, Cultural Correspondence, I only had the energy to bring out about once/year. How you do it, I don't know; but it's always full of tasty stuff, the occasional bad writing slips right by and something unexpected jumps out. I spoke on a panel at the Marxist School a few weeks ago, about the "Left Press in America," and it struck me afterward that you are probably a better representative today than me, or the Guardian writer, or even Jim Murray. You continue doing something new and different. Please keep doing it!

Enclosed the local socialist newsletter a la punque, just keeping my hand in and trying to make the domestic elite a little nervous. Actually, I'm copying you and Babushkin. I have a theory that there have always been about 30 loudmouthed radicals in Rhode Island, since at least 1880 (probably further back: we used to be known as "Rogue's Island"), and that, via the transmigration of souls, we're the same 30. Unsuccessful tsadikks, I guess. Anyway, ours is the weird generation. Or self-consciously weird. We gotta be.

Can you give me the address for the Chicago Sub-G publication? I keep forgetting to send for their stuff. (Can anyone out there help out on this one? Doug? katlady? Pope Flores?)

See my HELLTOWN piece in the Voice? Was hoping to talk to Robert Blake himself, no luck, but I got the pleasure of taking on the first cross between Quincy and Lassie. Great stuff you do on MTV. I wouldn't dare it. Enclosed a few bucks\$\$ for your persistence.

As Ever, the Maligned

PAUL BUHLE  
P.O. Box 3104  
Providence, RI 02906

#### QUESTION:

What's the big hurry for the adoption of your must-be-adopted concepts? These of us in the media, finance and government feel threatened.

#### ANSWER:

I want to go out in style - not just once but every three score and ten years more or less. Under present concepts this heretofore could be the end of HUMAN EXISTENCE.

## YOSSARIAN UNIVERSAL News Service

P.O. Box 236 Millbrae, CA 94030

P.O. Box 40710, Portland, OR 97240

ALL THE NEWS TO GIVE YOU PITY

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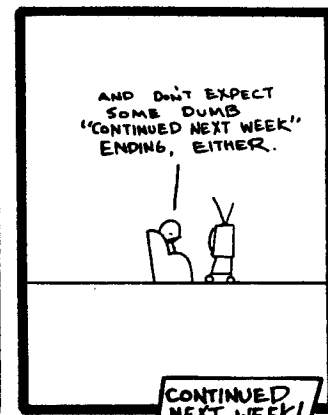
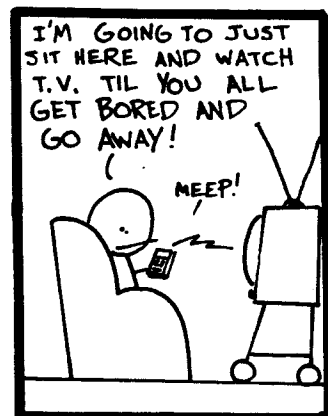
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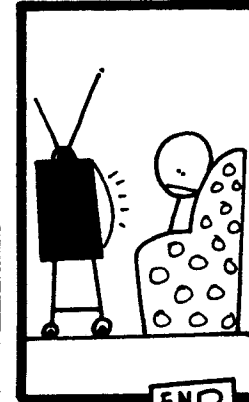
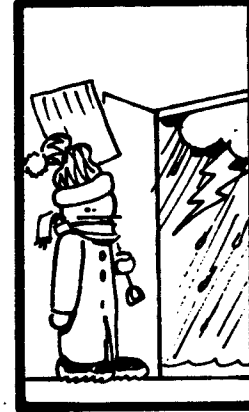
#### ANSWERS TO "POINTLESS IJ TRIVIA QUIZ"

- 1) Steven F. Scharff, come on down!
- 2) Brian Pearce, who may just rejoin us yet. Bri's wifey is the lovely-n-talented Ms. Anni herself.
- 3) When Paul Zuckerman had a particularly tasteless piece sent back to him with all due apologies, he began writing horrid little letters and postcards comparing ye editrix to a Nazi death camp commandant. And you thought the IJ letter columns got nasty sometimes!
- 4) Elayne used to write stories instead of having a front cover drawn for page 1, and "See you in the funny papers" was always the punch line. She still writes stories, but usually under various pseudonyms and within the rag, not in front.
- 5) Because Elayne fell in love with longtime IJ subscriber and friend Steven Chaput, and Kip foresaw her brain turning to mush and IJ along with it, so s/he got while s/he considered the getting good. Kip still runs Pen-Elayne Enterprises, however, and nets what imaginary profit there is.
- 6) Volume I was when IJ was strictly an "Uncle Floyd Show" newsletter, and it consisted of eight issues.
- 7) By the way, there are still plenty of IJ caps for sale! This was kind of a trick question, though, because \$5 will also get you five IJ back issues of your choice, which we also push with nauseating consistency.
- 8) Details on the party (now no longer called the NYEE bash because NYEE is usually a bad night for attendees) can be had by calling (718) 435-7281 (the HELP-AT-1 Hotline) or writing our palatial p.o. Apt. Third Eye in Brooklyn is easily gotten to by most forms of transportation (tho it's a little tricky by helicopter), and the party's slated to start around 8pm and last till we drop. Video and vidmusic will stay in the living room, as it's too rough to move all the tech stuff to the bedroom (which will have the stereo and cassettes).. Bring your own alcohol and drugs, as they're too expensive for us to purchase in quantity. Long-distance travelers can crash, of course, with the first two RSVPs getting actual bed space on my high-rise in the living room.
- 9) That was Brian Catañzaro.
- 10) "Audio IJ" was scheduled as a taped equivalent of what we do here in print, but never got off the ground because other things kept coming up, and various cohorts dropped out of the picture. The project is not entirely shelved, however, and will definitely see the light of day any year now, when E buys a double cassette deck and starts planning shows.
- 11) "Ev" is of course the Ever-Popular, Carolyn Lee Boyd, or Carolyn Bottum (but not Mrs. Murdoch...yet).
- 12) Anni, who heard about IJ from the abovementioned Carolyn, first sent us a couple poems, plus a letter she didn't know would be reprinted (yes, folks, she does write real letters like that!)...and that's how the ball got rolling.
- 13) Paul wrote a marvelous review of IJ in the Village Voice a couple years back, but mentioned some personal items about Elayne that were either untrue (that she was perpetually unemployed) or More Than Anyone Needed To Know (she wasn't particularly proud of living with Mom-n-Dad at age 25). Many IJ readers were perplexed as to what was going on, since the plug itself was so nice (and it was), but you know E, she can't deal with mixing the personal with the literary (something many IJ readers understand even less). Obviously, as evidenced by Paul's letter in this issue, all this is water under the bridge now, as the upset passed relatively quickly with a few letters in same column and E has naught but respect and gratitude for Mr. B, one of the acknowledged fore-runners of this type of publication.

SCORING: Are you kidding?



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**END**

